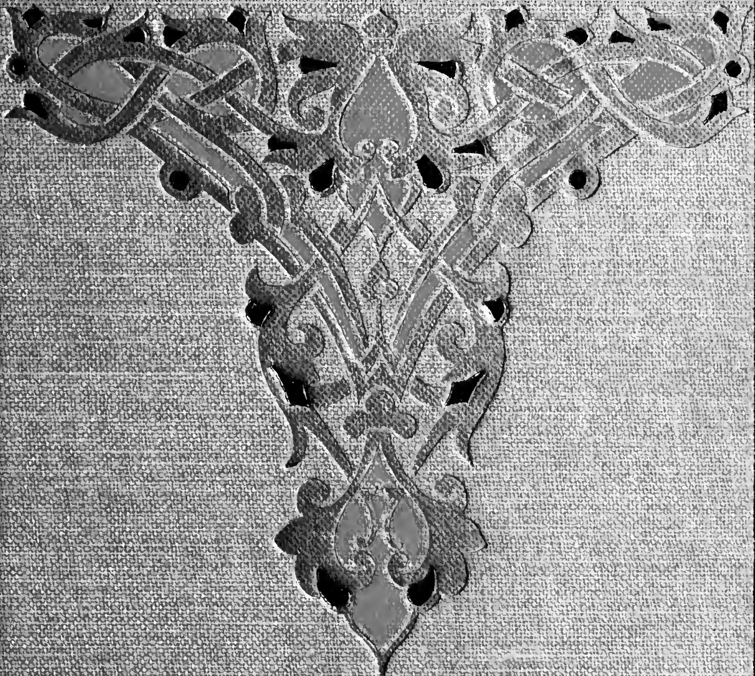
RESURRECTION



LYOF · N · TOLSTOI

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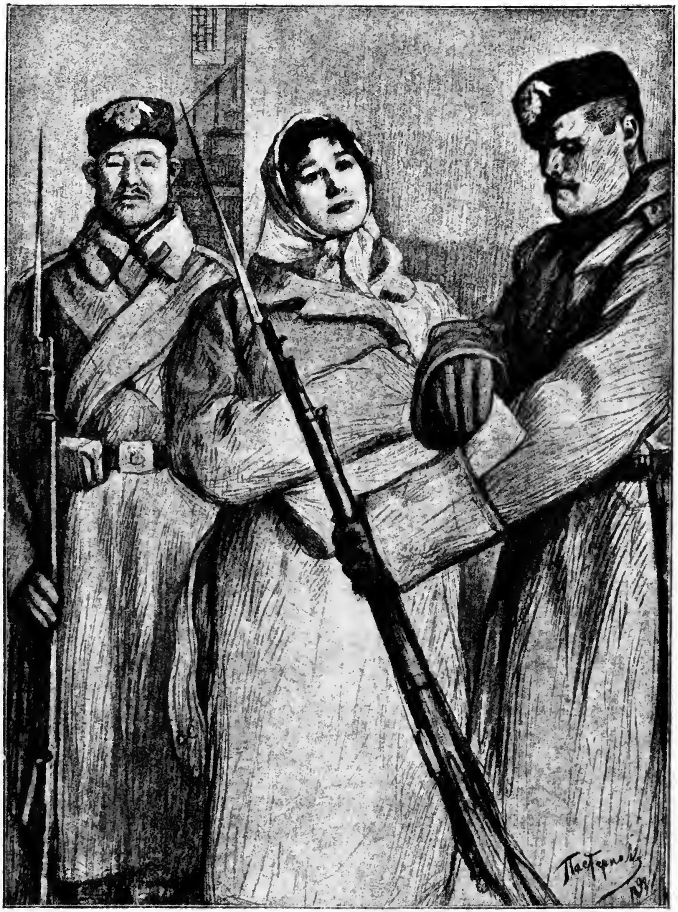
Пастернакъ
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Tolstoï

Resurrection

New York
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RESURRECTION

BY

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

TRANSLATED BY

ALINE P. DELANO

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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GIFT

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PREFACE

It would be a task of literary supererogation to point out in detail the aims that Tolstoï pursued in writing the last of his great trilogy, "Resurrection." The "Great Writer of the Russian Land," as Tourguénef was the first to call him, had devoted his whole life to the betterment, the uplift, of his fellow-men. The two preceding prose epopees, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina," may be likened to huge canvases on which the portraits of Russian men and women stand out in amazing clearness. "One may walk all around them," we may say, using the definition of a little girl's preference for sculpture.

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In "Resurrection," as in all his writings, Tolstoï displayed his absorbing interest in humanity. Endowed with a microscopic power of observation, he described personal and mental characteristics with so fine a touch that every man and woman, principal or subordinate, lives and moves before our eyes. We hear them speak, rejoice in their joys; we grieve for their sorrows, we sympathize with their hopes and fears, we venture to peer into the depth of their souls.

The contention of the novelist's opponents is that in "Resurrection" Tolstoï aimed at undermining popular confidence in the system of trial by jury, and that by the unveiling of irremediable social evils he played into the hands of the reactionists. These critics, however, must admit that the author not only stirred the slough of mental inertia in which many of us spend our lives and made his way into the very depths of human hearts, but that he threw, in this powerful work, a searchlight on that milieu which had remained untouched since it had been

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portrayed by the pen of Dostoevsky. Dostoevsky pictured Siberian convict life; Tolstoï shows us the prison life in the heart of Russia and the transportation of convicts to Siberia. Here also we have portrayed the type of the political prisoner.

At the time of its appearance in Russia in 1899, "Resurrection" was awaited with breathless expectation. The Sage of Yasnaya-Polyana had not only won his way into the hearts of his countrymen, but was the only defender of their few remaining rights, which the reactionary policy of the government was curtailing and withdrawing. And strange as it may seem, both revolutionists and government looked to him for approval and moral support. As an advocate of peace, of giving Cæsar what was due him, the Russian government found an ally in Tolstoï and his theory of non-resistance. On the other hand, the younger generation, as well as the liberal and educated classes of Russia, appealed to him as the only man whose talents, sympathy, and world-wide influence had been repeatedly used in their defense, —whose voice was fearlessly lifted in behalf of the oppressed and whose social standing allowed him to expose the "lawlessness" of the government.

"Resurrection" appeared in the *Niva*, a popular Russian magazine. But in that publication all denunciations of government officials, whole chapters relating to the dogmas and forms of the Greek Church, and all allusions to illicit government measures were carefully expunged. Needless to say, in the present edition care has been taken to include all of Tolstoï's work as it stood originally.

The all-powerful Procurator of the Holy Synod could easily recognize his portrait in one of the characters, and Tolstoï's realistic pen did not hesitate to depict what influence was used to promote unworthy causes. On the other hand, the cause of the revolution, so dear to the hearts of Russian youth, was not upheld as the desideratum of Russia's destiny, even though some of its representative types were treated with tender sympathy and consideration,—as, for instance, Madam Vera Figner as Bogodúhovsky.

The great corner-stone of "Resurrection" is Tolstoï's love of men. "You may make good bricks without love, but you cannot treat men without love," is what he says in substance. Nekhlúdof and Máslova are used to show the truth of the doctrine. All men were dear to Tolstoï. From his lofty heights he longed to uplift not only the morals of his own people, but those of humanity. He longed for all to strive for the divine ideal; his great heart embraced mankind. And as a reward, while he now sleeps under his oak, he still lives and will continue always to live in the hearts of men.

ALINE DELANO.

"Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven."—*Matt. xviii.* 21–22.

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"
—*Matt. vii.* 3.

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."—*John viii.* 7.

"The disciple is not above his master: but every one that is perfect shall be as his master."—*Luke vi.* 40.

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RESURRECTION

VOLUME I.

RESURRECTION

BOOK I.

I.

What if a few hundred thousand men huddled together in a small corner of the world had done their utmost to disfigure it, had paved the ground with stones so that no green thing, not even a blade of grass, could grow; had filled the air with the fumes of coal smoke and naphtha, trimmed all the trees and driven away every animal and every bird, — in spite of all, spring was still spring in every town. The sun warmed the earth, the grass revived and began to grow green, not only on the lawns along the boulevards, but even when it got a chance pushed its way between the cracks of the pavements. The birches, the wild cherry-trees, and the poplars unfolded their gummy and fragrant leaves, the bursting buds of the lindens expanded, the jackdaws, the sparrows, and the pigeons were busy and joyous over their nests, and the very flies warmed by the sunshine buzzed gaily along the walls. Plants, birds, insects, and children rejoiced. But man, mature man, ceased not to cheat and harass himself and his fellow-men. Man took no heed of the sanctity and significance of this spring morning, — the beauty of God's world vouchsafed for the enjoyment of all, which should incline the hearts of men to love and concord, — he thought only of his own schemes for self-aggrandizement and tyranny over his fellow-creatures.

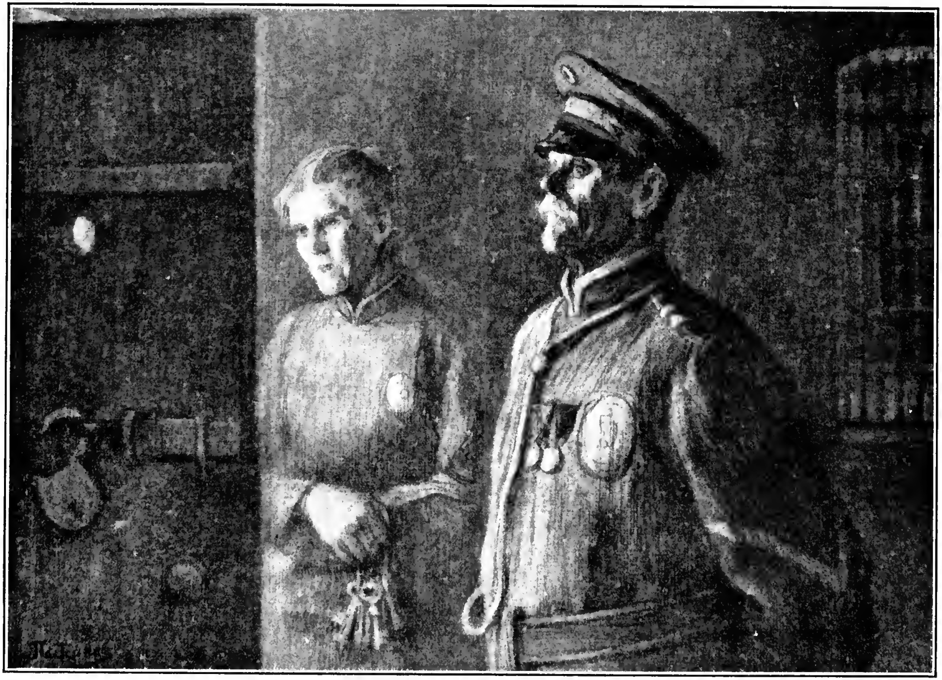
The idea that every man and every living creature has a sacred right to the gladness of the springtime had never penetrated the office of the city prison. But of the sacred character of a certain sealed and numbered document received on the previous evening, ordering that on this day, the twenty-eighth of April, at nine A.M., three prisoners, two men and one woman, should be summoned, they entertained no doubt whatever. The woman, as the more important prisoner, was to have a special escort. Therefore, in conformity with this order, on the twenty-eighth day of April, at eight A.M., the senior warden entered the foul and gloomy corridor of the women's ward. He was followed by a gaunt, gray-haired woman, who wore a jacket with gallooned sleeves, girt about the waist by a belt with a blue edge. It was the superintendent of the women's ward.

"Is it Máslova you want?" she inquired of the warden on duty, as she went towards the door of one of the cells that led from the corridor. The warden, clanking the padlock, opened the door of the cell, which sent forth a whiff of air still fouler than that of the corridor.

"Máslova is summoned to Court," he called out, and while waiting reclosed the door.

It was possible in the prison yard to perceive a sweet, refreshing air wafted from the fields into the city. But in the corridor the atmosphere, heavy with the germs of typhoid, the vile sewage, the odor of tar, and the stench of putrefaction, was oppressive the moment one entered it. And the matron coming in from the yard, although familiar with the atmosphere, was affected by it. No sooner had she entered the corridor than she felt languid and drowsy. The scramble in the cell, the voices of the women, and the pattering of bare feet were distinctly audible.

"Come, Máslova, make haste, I tell you!" called the senior warden. Two minutes later a small, broad-chested woman, with a gray prison cloak thrown over a white sack



"THE SENIOR WARDEN ENTERED THE CORRIDOR OF THE WOMEN'S WARD"

and skirt, came out and stood beside him. On her feet were linen stockings and prison shoes. Beneath the white kerchief tied round her head escaped, evidently by intention, a dark ringlet or two. Her skin had the peculiar whiteness that comes from long confinement, the sort of hue that brings to mind potato-sprouts grown in a cellar. The short, broad hands and as much of the full neck as could be seen beneath the ample prison cloak were of the same color as her face. The eyes, which were black and gleaming, still bright though swollen—a slight cast in one of them—offered a striking contrast to this pallid face.

She carried herself erect, her full chest advanced and head thrown back, and as she entered the corridor she looked straight into the eyes of the warden, ready to obey his order, whatever it might be. Just as he was about to shut and lock the door, an elderly woman showed her pale, morose, and wrinkled face. She started to say something to Máslova, but the superintendent slammed the door in her face; and as the head disappeared a peal of women's laughter rang out from the cell. Máslova smiled too, and turned towards the barred window of the cell. The old woman pressed her face to the inside grating and muttered in a hoarse voice, "Don't forget you are to say as little as you can and stick to it."

"If the business could only be settled one way or another, I should be glad; no change could make it worse," said Máslova, with a shake of the hand.

"Yes, one way, not two ways," said the senior warden with an air of official superiority, and satisfaction with his own joke. "Follow me, come along."

The old woman's eye vanished as Máslova stepped forward into the middle of the corridor and swiftly followed the lead of the warden. They descended a flight of stone steps, passed the still more foul and noisy cells of the men's quarter, pursued by many eyes peering at them through the grated windows, and entered the office, where two armed sentinels were on duty. A clerk handed to one of the soldiers a paper reeking with the odor of tobacco, and pointing to the prisoner said, "Take charge of this woman." The soldier, a peasant from Nijni-Nóvgorod, with a red, pock-marked face, tucked the document into the cuff of his sleeve, and after glancing at the woman bestowed a sly wink upon his comrade, a broad-cheeked Tchouvásh. Then both soldiers and prisoner descended the stairs that led towards the main entrance. Here a small gate was opened, through which they passed and turned into one of the paved streets of the town.

Izvóstchiks,[1] cooks, laborers, and clerks paused to gaze at the criminal; some shook their heads, with the air of thinking: "Such are the consequences of bad behavior, — so different from ours!" Children trembled as they stared at her, but when they saw how she was watched by the soldiers, they knew she could do no more harm. A peasant, who having sold his charcoal had just been drinking tea in the tavern, went up to her and making the sign of the cross offered her a copeck.

The prisoner blushed, inclined her head, and murmured something indistinctly, conscious that all eyes were fixed upon her though she never turned towards them. She looked aslant from time to time at those who were staring at her, and seemed to derive a certain amusement from the attention she attracted. The pure spring air, such a contrast to that of the prison, was really grateful to her, although she seemed to think of nothing but picking her way over the cobble-stones of the pavement. She tried to step as lightly as she could, but it was not easy to walk in those clumsy prison shoes. As she passed a grain-shop her foot by accident nearly struck one of the pigeons that were waddling unmolested along the walk. Fluttering it rose, and as it flew, fanned the air close to her ear; she smiled, and as the sense of her present predicament came over her, she heaved a deep sigh.

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[1] Drivers of public carriages or cabs.

II.

THE story of Máslova, the prisoner, is just an everyday affair. She was the daughter of an unmarried serf, who lived on an estate belonging to two maiden sisters, where her grandmother was a dairymaid. Once a year this unmarried woman became a mother, and, according to the usual custom in such cases, the child was baptized; but the mother never thought of nursing the unwelcome little stranger. The baby was simply a hindrance to her work; she had to do her work, consequently the baby, neglected, soon died of hunger. Thus she disposed of five children. Each one was regularly baptized, starved to death, and buried. The sixth child, whose father was a traveling gipsy, happened to be a girl, and her fate would not have differed from that of the others, had it not so chanced that one of the two maiden ladies while visiting the barnyard for the purpose of reprimanding the dairymaid on account of her unsatisfactory cream, caught sight of the mother with her handsome, healthy-looking child. Having scolded the dairymaid about the cream and also for keeping a woman with a newly-born child on the premises, she was about to leave, when her eye rested again on the child. Touched with pity, she offered to be its godmother. The little girl was baptized, and out of compassion for the godchild, milk and money were sent to the mother. This was how it happened that the girl lived, and forever after the old ladies always called her "the rescued one."

The child was but three years old when her mother sickened and died, and as her grandmother, the dairymaid, showed that the care of so young a child was too much of a burden, the old ladies took her into the manor house.

The little girl, with her black eyes, was unusually bright and attractive and a real comfort to the good ladies. It was the younger and more kindly of the sisters, Sóphya

Ivánovna, who was the child's godmother. The disposition of the elder, Márya Ivánovna, was more stern than that of her sister. It was Sóphya Ivánovna who dressed the little girl and taught her to read, intending to keep her in the house. Márya Ivánovna used to say that the girl must be brought up to work, and trained for a housemaid; therefore she was more exacting; if she happened to be out of sorts, she would relieve her feelings by spanking the child. The result was that under two opposing influences the child grew up half a servant and half a lady. They called her Katúsha, a sort of compromise between Kátka and Kátenka. She sewed, kept the rooms in order, polished the irons with chalk, roasted, ground, and served the coffee, did the small washing, and now and then read aloud to the ladies.

She had several offers of marriage, but was not inclined to accept any of them. She realized that the life she would be obliged to lead with the laboring men who offered to marry her would be too hard for her, accustomed as she was to a life of comparative ease in the house of her mistresses.

When she was about sixteen years old, there came to the house on a visit a rich young Prince, nephew to the ladies of the manor and at that time a student in the University. Katúsha fell in love with him, though she hardly dared to acknowledge it to herself. Two years later, when he was about to join the army, he paid his aunts a four days' visit. On the eve of his departure he seduced Katúsha, and when he bade her good-by he thrust into her hand a hundred-rouble note. Within five months of this time she realized that she was about to become a mother.

From that moment life became a burden to her, and absorbed in schemes for escaping the disgrace which threatened her, she went about her duties in a listless way, and one day before she knew what she was saying, she spoke insolently to her mistresses,—and bitterly did she repent of this in after days,—asking to be discharged.

Of course the ladies were seriously displeased, and dismissed her from their service. Then she found a situation as housemaid in the family of a *Stanovóy*,[1] but she could not keep it, because the master, a man who must have been fifty years old, began to torment her with his amorous advances, and one day when he was particularly aggressive she lost her temper, called him a fool and an old devil, and gave him a blow that fairly felled him to the ground. She was dismissed for impertinence. There was no chance for her now in domestic service, and as the time of her confinement drew near, she took lodgings with a village midwife, who also plied the trade of liquor-dealer. She was not very ill when her baby was born, but the midwife, who had previously delivered a peasant woman now lying ill with puerperal fever, carried the contagion. Meanwhile the baby boy had been sent to the Foundling Asylum, where, according to the story of the woman who carried him, he died on his arrival.

When Katúsha arrived at the midwife's house, she had one hundred and twenty-seven roubles,—the one hundred which her seducer had given her and twenty-seven which she had earned. When she left she had only six. She had no faculty for saving. Not only was she improvident, but she never refused money when she was asked for it. The midwife charged her forty roubles for two months' lodging, including her meals and tea. She paid twenty-five for having her child carried away. She lent the midwife forty roubles to buy a cow, and twenty roubles were flung away on dress and feasts, so that when Katúsha recovered, she had no money and must look for a place. One was found in the house of a government forester, a married man, who, like the *Stanovóy*, very soon began to importune her with his attentions. She loathed him and did all she could to avoid him, but he was a man of experience and far too crafty for her. Moreover, he was the master and could send her wherever he liked. So one day, having chosen his time, he succeeded in overpowering her. Soon afterwards his wife chanced to find her husband alone with Katúsha, and in her rage at the discovery she threw herself upon the girl; Katúsha resisted; there was a struggle, and the consequence was, she was turned out of the house without her wages. Then Katúsha went to her aunt in the city.

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[1] Petty officer of the rural police.—Tr.

The aunt's husband was a bookbinder, who formerly had a good business but, discouraged by losing his customers, had taken to drink and squandered everything he could lay his hands on. The aunt kept a small laundry, by which means she supported herself and the children, not to mention her good-for-nothing husband. She told Máslova she would take her in as a laundress; but the latter, seeing the hard life of the other laundresses whom her aunt employed, hesitated about accepting the offer, meanwhile visiting the employment offices in search of a place. And behold a position was offered her with a lady who had two sons, both pupils in the public school. A week later the older boy, who was in the Sixth Form and who already possessed a mustache, neglected his studies and began to devote himself to Máslova. The mother laid all the blame upon the girl, and sent her away.

She had no other place in view, but it so happened that just as she entered the employment office she met a lady bedecked with rings and bracelets, who, when she learned that Máslova was looking for a situation, gave her her address and asked her to call. When Máslova called she was received with a certain hospitality; the woman offered her pastry and sweet wine, and straightway sent out her maid with a note. At night a tall, gray-haired man made his appearance, who, as soon as he saw Máslova, took a seat beside her and, smiling, began to joke with her in a familiar sort of way. The mistress of the house called him out into the next room, and Máslova heard her say, "Fresh from the country." Then she took Máslova aside and told her that the man was a rich author who would treat her generously if he found her to his liking. She proved satisfactory, received twenty-five roubles and the promise to send for her again. The money was soon spent in repaying her aunt and buying a new gown, bonnet, and ribbons. A few days later she received another summons, twenty-five roubles was again paid to her, and besides this she was offered a private apartment.

While she was living in this lodging hired for her by the author, she fell in love with a jolly clerk who lived in the same house. She told the author of this herself and left him, taking another and smaller apartment. But the clerk, who had promised to marry her, left her one fine day and went to Nijni-Nóvgorod; and so she found herself alone. She would have liked to keep her apartment, but was not allowed to do so. The police officer told her that she could not live in that way, unless she procured a yellow ticket[1] and submitted herself to a medical examination. She then returned to her aunt, who seeing her fashionable garments, gown, cape, and bonnet received her with respect, and now no longer dared to offer her the employment of a laundress, for it was plain to be seen that she had risen in the world. In fact it no longer occurred to Máslova herself that it was possible for her to be a laundress. She looked with mingled pity and contempt on the hard lives of the laundresses, — those women who live in the house, some of whom were already consumptive, with their thin, white hands, — washing and ironing in a temperature of thirty degrees,[2] the steaming atmosphere reeking with soapsuds, windows open in winter just the same as in summer; she looked at them and was horrified to remember that once she herself thought of accepting this life of torture. About this time it was that, no new patron making his appearance, Máslova encountered a woman who earned her living by providing women for houses of ill fame.

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[1] License for prostitutes. — Tr.

[2] Réaumur. — Tr.

Máslova had long ago acquired the habit of smoking, but it was only during her *liaison* with the clerk and after he had left her that she began to drink. Wine was consoling, not only because it was pleasant to the taste, but because it made her forget all she had been through; it gave her abandon and self-esteem as well as confidence in her own attractions, which she never felt except when she was under the influence of wine. Her natural mood was sad and dejected. The newly-found friend first treated her aunt and then, having treated Máslova also, offered to introduce her into the best establishment of the kind in town, loudly extolling the numerous advantages of such a life. It was for Máslova to choose between the degrading position of a servant, where she could not fail to be harassed by the men, with casual debasement, or the position, countenanced by law, of legalized adultery regarded as a financial transaction, and she decided to accept the latter. Besides, she had the idea that to adopt this profession would be a kind of revenge on her original betrayer, on the faithless clerk, and on all those who had wronged her. But the bribe that chiefly enticed her, the prime factor that brought about the final decision, was the woman's promise to let her order any kind of gowns she chose,—gowns of velvet and silk, ball-gowns with short sleeves and cut low in the neck; and the picture of herself arrayed in a bright yellow silk gown trimmed with black velvet and décolleté, was simply irresistible and she surrendered her passport. That same night her new friend hired a team and took her to the famous house of Mme. Kitáev.

And thus Máslova entered into that life of chronic crime in disregard of every commandment, divine and human, a life which hundreds and thousands of women lead, not only with the consent but under the patronage of government, anxious to promote the welfare of its citizens, a life which ends for nine women out of ten in painful disease, premature decrepitude, and death.

The forenoon is spent in sleeping off the effects of the night's carouse. At three or four o'clock in the afternoon, wearily rising from foul beds, Seltzer water is needed to settle the stomach; this is followed by a cup of coffee, and then, clad in loose wrapper, sack, or dressing-gown, they dawdle from room to room exchanging idle visits. Now and then from behind a curtained window one takes a peep into the street. Listless squabbles divert them for the moment; then comes the bath, the perfuming of the hair and the body, the trying on of gowns, the disputes with the proprietress, the contemplation of themselves in the glass, the painting of face and brows, and finally the toilette. Now, arrayed in a resplendent gown cut to display the form to the greatest advantage, they enter a decorated and brilliantly lighted hall. The guests arrive, and then come the music, the dancing, the sweets, the wine, the smoking, and the adultery with men of all conditions, young, middle-aged, and decrepit, married and unmarried, merchants and clerks, Armenians, Jews, and Tartars, rich and poor, healthy and diseased; adultery with men drunk and with men sober, men tender and men brutal, soldiers and civilians, students and college boys, men of every rank, age, and character. Shouts, jests, squabbles, music, tobacco, and wine; wine, tobacco, and the never ceasing music all night long, till early dawn. And this goes on day after day and week after week. At the end of every week there is a visit to one of the government offices, where the officials who are in the government's employ, the physicians—sometimes with dignified gravity and sometimes with a jovial hilarity fatal to that sense of shame bestowed by nature upon man and beast,—the physicians subject these women to a medical examination and then issue a permit for the continuance of the crimes they and their friends have committed during the week. And so on, day after day and week after week, summer and winter, week days and holidays.

And thus Máslova spent seven years. During this period she changed her abode twice and was once in the hospital for a time. It was during the seventh year of this life and the eighth dating from her first sin, and while she was yet only twenty-six years old, that she was arrested and sent to jail; and now after six months' detention among thieves and murderers she was on her way to the Court House to undergo her trial.

III.

While Máslova, fatigued after that long walk with her guards, was drawing near the Court House, the nephew of her lady patronesses, Prince Dmítri Ivánovitch Nekhúdof, the man who had seduced her, reclining on the down mattress of his high spring bed, loosened the collar of his immaculate linen shirt, with its elaborate tucks. He was smoking a cigarette and gazing vacantly into space, thinking about his engagements for the day and meditating upon what happened yesterday.

As he reviewed the incidents of the previous evening, which he had spent at the Korchágins', people of wealth and social importance, whose daughter he was shortly expected to marry, he sighed; then, throwing away the butt of his cigarette, he was about to take another from its silver case, but changed his mind, felt for his slippers, thrust his feet into them, and throwing a dressing-gown over his shoulders and stepping heavily, he hurried into his dressing-room, where the atmosphere was oppressive with the scents of various elixirs, *eau de Cologne*, pomatums, and all sorts of perfumes. First, with a special powder, he cleaned his gold-filled teeth, rinsing his mouth with perfumed water; then he proceeded to his ablutions, and the drying process was accomplished by the use of various towels. Having washed his hands with scented soap, he carefully brushed his long nails; and after washing his face and neck in the marble basin, he entered a third room, where a shower bath awaited him. Here his white, stout, vigorous, and muscular body was bathed with cold water and dried with a Turkish bath towel; he then put on fresh linen and his shoes, which shone like a mirror, and finally seated himself at the toilet table. Here he proceeded to brush his close-cut black and curling beard, and his hair that was just beginning to grow thin at the temples, using a special brush for each.

Everything that he used about his toilet, as well as his linen and all his clothing, his shoes, his neckties, scarf-pins, and studs, were of the finest quality,—quiet, simple, durable, and costly.

Taking at random from the dozen neckties and scarf-pins the ones that lay nearest his hand—this affair of dressing, once so novel and entertaining, had lost its interest,—he put on his carefully brushed clothes, which lay upon the chair waiting for him; and now, spotless and perfumed, if not thoroughly refreshed, Nekhlúdof entered the oblong dining-room, whose waxed parquet floor had by the labor of three peasants received its brilliant polish on the previous day. This room was furnished with a large oaken sideboard and a stately dining-table with heavily carved claw feet.

On this table, covered with a fine, starched cloth, on which was embroidered his coat-of-arms, stood a silver coffee-pot filled with fragrant coffee, a silver sugar-bowl, a cream-jug containing boiled cream, and a basket of freshly baked rusks and rolls. Beside his plate lay the morning mail,—letters, journals, and the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

He was just going to open the letters when the door that led into the corridor was opened, and a stout, elderly woman came into the room. She was dressed in mourning, and wore a lace fichu on her head to hide the thinness of her parting. This woman had been lady's-maid to Nekhlúdof's mother, who had died not long before in this very apartment, and she continued to live with the son as his housekeeper.

Agraphéna Petróvna had, off and on, lived abroad, with his mother, and she had quite the air and the manners of a lady. She had lived with the Nekhlúdofs ever since she was a child and had known Dmítri Ivánovitch when they used to call him Mítinka.

"Good-morning, Dmítri Ivánovitch!"

"Good-morning, Agraphéna Petróvna! Any news?" he asked jestingly.

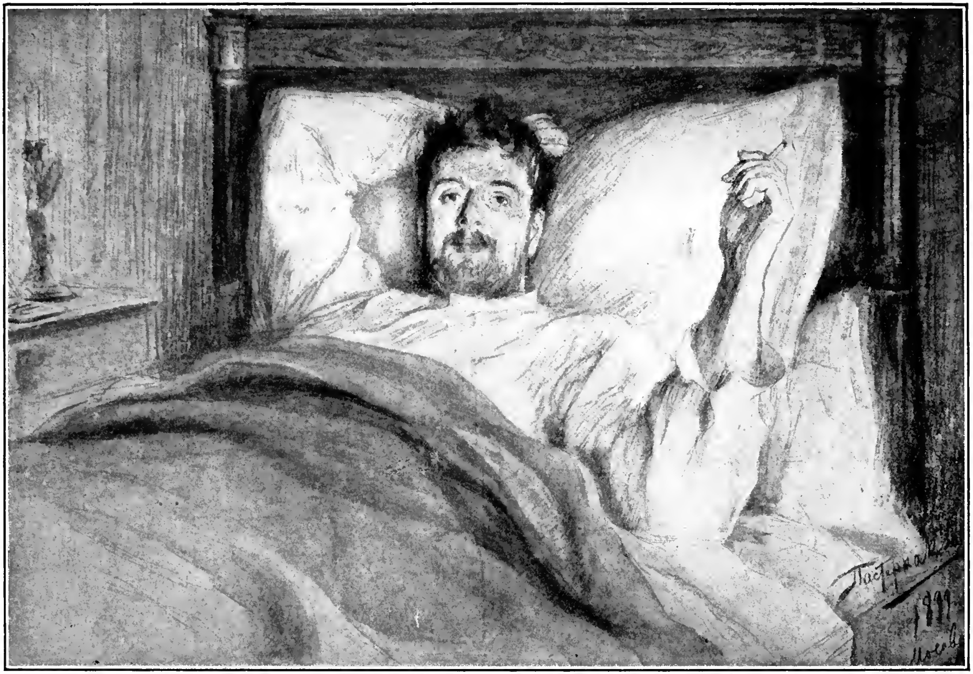
"A letter from Madam the Princess, or it may be from the young lady. The maid brought it some time ago, and she is now waiting in my room," said Agraphéna Petróvna, smiling significantly.

"Very well, I will attend to it," said Nekhlúdof, and as he took the letter, noticing Agraphéna Petróvna's smile, he frowned. What her smile meant was, that she believed the letter came from the young Princess Korchágin, whom Agraphéna Petróvna was sure he had made up his mind to marry; and it was this idea of hers expressed by a smile that annoyed Nekhlúdof.

"I will tell her to wait," she said, and restoring a crumb-brush that lay on the table to its usual place, she waddled out of the dining-room.

When he opened the scented letter, which Agraphéna Petróvna had given him, he read:

"Having taken it upon myself to be your memory," thus ran the letter, written with a bold hand on a sheet of heavy gray paper with rough edges, "I hereby remind you that to-day, April the twenty-eighth, you are obliged to appear in Court as juryman and therefore you will not be able to go with Kólossof and us to see the paintings, as in your usual reckless fashion you promised to do last night; *à moins que vous ne soyez disposé à payer à la cour d'assises les 300 roubles d'amende que vous vous refusez pour votre cheval*, for not appearing on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PRINCE NEKHLÚDOFF

time. I thought of it last night after you left. Now do not forget it. Pr. M. Korchágin."

On the other side of the sheet, it said:

"*Maman vous fait dire que votre couvert vous attendra jusqu'à la nuit. Venez absolument à quelle heure que cela soit.* M. K."

Nekhlúdof frowned. This note belonged to the sequence of the skillful campaign which the Princess Korchágin had been waging for nearly two months, designed for the purpose of chaining him to her side with invisible bonds. But apart from the customary hesitation peculiar to men who have passed their first youth and who are not deeply in love, there was another and more important reason which prevented Nekhlúdof from making an immediate offer of marriage. It was not because ten years ago he had seduced Katúsha and then deserted her,—that affair had quite gone out of his mind, nor would he have considered it any obstacle to his marriage; it was because just now he happened to have a *liaison* with a married woman. Now, so far as he was concerned, this affair was practically at an end, but he had not yet succeeded in persuading the lady to agree with him. Nekhlúdof was very shy with women, and it was that very shyness which tempted this woman to try to conquer him. She was the wife of the Marshal of the Nobility of the district in which Nekhlúdof voted, and she had drawn him into a *liaison* which grew daily more and more absorbing, and at the same time more and more distasteful to him.

At first he had not the strength to resist the temptation, and when later he realized his guilt, the same weakness prevented him from breaking with her against her will. And for this reason he felt that he had no right, even had he been inclined, to propose to Mlle. Korchágin.

That letter lying there on the table—there was not a doubt but it came from the injured husband. When he recognized the writing and postmark, his color heightened and instantly his spirit rose as it always did in the face of danger. But his excitement was uncalled for. The Marshal of Nobility of the district where Nekhlúdof's principal estates were situated, had written to inform him that a special assembly of the *Zémstvo* was to be held on the last days of May and he was anxious that Nekhlúdof should be present *pour donner un d'épaule* in the discussion of important questions concerning the schools and the roads, projects which were to be violently opposed by the reactionary party.

The Marshal of Nobility was a liberal-minded man, and there were others who, sharing his political views, supported him in his opposition to the reaction which had set in during the reign of the Czar Alexander III; absorbed heart and soul in this struggle, he was quite unconscious of his own domestic misfortune.

Nekhlúdof recalled all the trying moments he had spent on account of his attitude towards this man. He remembered the time when he thought that the husband had been enlightened, and he was making all his arrangements for a duel, deciding that he would fire into the air; and that shocking scene he had with her when she rushed desperately into the garden to drown herself in the pond, and how he had gone out in search of her. "It is impossible to undertake anything whatsoever, until I have heard from her," he thought. A week ago he had written her a decisive letter in which, taking the entire blame upon himself and declaring that he was ready to suffer any penalty, he said that for her sake it seemed to him better to consider their intimacy as an affair of the past. It was the reply to this letter for which he was waiting. That he had received none might possibly be a favorable sign. Had she not agreed to the breach between them, she would before this time have either written or have appeared in person, as she had done on a former occasion.

He had heard a rumor that some officer was devoted to her, which though it made him jealous still encouraged him to hope for release from this dishonorable life he was leading.

The other letter was from his chief steward, who wrote that it would be necessary for the Prince to visit his estate in order to take formal possession thereof, and to give verbal instruction concerning its management. Was it to be conducted as it had been during the lifetime of the Princess, or would the proposition which he, the steward, had made to the Princess and now repeated to Prince Dmítri,—that is, to increase the tract of arable land formerly distributed to the peasants and also to cultivate it themselves, be considered? He said that the latter would certainly be the more advantageous. He also apologized for not sending the three thousand roubles which were due on the first of the month. The money would be sent by the next mail. He was somewhat in arrears because he had been unable to collect it from the peasants, who were so unprincipled that he had been obliged to appeal to the authorities.

This letter was pleasing in some respects and displeasing in others. It was gratifying to feel himself the master of his property, but on the other hand it disturbed him to find that whereas in the first dawn of youth he had been an ardent admirer of Herbert Spencer, now that he had become a prominent landed proprietor, he was shocked at Spencer's propositions in "Social Statics," that equity does not admit the right of private ownership in land. At that time, burning with the enthusiasm of youth, he maintained that land could not be considered private property, and while in the University he wrote a thesis on this subject and determined to live up to his principles; he had actually surrendered to the peasants a small piece of land which he had inherited from his father. Now he had become a large landowner and must make his choice between the two issues: either give up his property as he had done ten years ago with the two hundred *dessiatins*[1] that came to him from his father, or acknowledge, by remaining quiescent, the fallacy of his former convictions.

He could not well repeat his earlier action, for his estate was his only means of support. He was unwilling to enter the government service, and he had already contracted habits of self-indulgence and luxury, which it would be impossible to break. Neither was there any call for it, since he had lost the conviction, determination, and pride of youth as well as the desire to astonish the world. The alternative of denying the lucid and unanswerable arguments against the legality of landownership, which he had found in Spencer's "Social Statics," arguments which afterwards received such brilliant confirmation in the writings of Henry George, — this alternative he refused to consider.

And all this made the steward's letter unpleasant.

IV.

After he had finished his coffee, Nekhlúdof went into his study to examine the summons and ascertain the hour when he was obliged to be in Court, and also to write an answer to the young Princess. In order to reach his study he had to pass through the studio.

Here stood an easel and on the easel an unfinished portrait with its face turned to the wall, where a few studies had been set up. The sight of the picture, over which he had labored for two years, the studies, in fact the very studio itself, deepened the ever growing conviction that he had made a failure of art. He told himself that it was because his esthetic taste was too highly developed. Nevertheless, the assurance of failure was not pleasant. Seven years ago he had abandoned the government service, feeling sure that he had a taste for art, and from the heights of his artistic existence he viewed all other occupations with a certain scorn. Now he hated to recall his fond delusion. With a sense of depression he surveyed all the luxurious appointments of the studio, and entered his study in a dejected frame of mind. The study also was a spacious and lofty room fitted up with all the modern conveniences, decorations, and luxuries.

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[1] About ¾ of an acre. — Tr.

He found at once in one of the drawers of his huge writing-table, labeled "Immediate," the summons which bade him appear at the Court House at eleven o'clock. Seating himself at the table, he wrote a note of thanks for the invitation of the Princess and said he would endeavor to be with her at dinner time. But he had no sooner written it than he tore it up; the note seemed too familiar; he wrote another, but the second one seemed too cold; it was almost rude. He destroyed this also. Then he pressed an electric bell in the wall. His summons was answered by an elderly, morose-looking man, with side whiskers and smooth chin and lip, who wore a gray cotton apron.

"Call an *izvóstchik,* please."

"Yes, sir."

"And isn't some one here from the Korchágins'? Tell her to present my thanks to her mistress and to say that I shall try to come."

"Yes, sir."

"That is not a very courteous way of replying, but I cannot write. Never mind, I shall see her to-day," thought Nekhlúdof as he left the room to change his clothes. When he was ready he stood at the entrance. A familiar *izvóstchik* with a rubber-tired *droshky* was waiting for him.

"I was at the door last night just after you left Prince Korchágin. The door-keeper told me you had only just gone," said the *izvóstchik*, turning towards him his strong, sunburnt neck, set off by the white shirt binding.

"The very *izvóstchiks* are aware of my visits to the

Korchágins," thought Nekhlúdof, and the undecided question to marry or not to marry Mlle. Korchágin, which had preoccupied him of late, arose once more in his mind; and like most of the questions that presented themselves to him, he could not decide it either one way or the other.

There was this to be said in its favor: In the first place marriage, besides giving him the comforts of a home and regulating his relations with women, offered the possibilities of a higher life; in the second place — and upon this his hopes were chiefly founded — a family of children would give a meaning to his meaningless life. Thus he argued in favor of marriage. Then followed the arguments against it, and foremost among them was the fear, common to bachelors past their first youth, of losing their freedom, and also an unaccountable awe of that mysterious being — woman.

Among the arguments in favor of marrying Missy — Mlle. Korchágin's name was Márya, but according to the custom in the higher circles she had been nicknamed Missy — were first that she was of good family and bore no resemblance whatever to the ordinary woman, either in dress, manner, or carriage. Her very laughter was not like that of other women. Not that she was eccentric, far from it. She was merely well bred, — a qualification which he prized above all others. Secondly, she had held him in high esteem; no one had ever shown him so much respect, and therefore he was sure that she understood him. It was her sympathy with him and discernment of his superior qualities that influenced his estimate of her intelligence and good sense. When he thought over the arguments against this marriage, it seemed to him not unlikely that a girl might yet be found with even higher qualities and who would therefore be still more suitable for him, also that Mlle. Korchágin was already twenty-seven years old and probably she had had other lovers. This tormented him. His vanity revolted against the thought that there had been a time in the past when she had not loved him. She could hardly have been expected to know beforehand that some day she might meet him, and yet the mere idea that she ever could have loved another was extremely disagreeable to him.

So the arguments pro and con were thus fairly well balanced, at least they were equally forcible, and with an involuntary smile Nekhlúdof recognized in himself the ass of the fable between two bundles of hay. He could not make up his mind to choose either of them.

"Until I get an answer from Márya Vasílievna (the wife of the Marshal of Nobility) and that affair is off my hands, I can pledge myself to nothing," he reflected, and the respite was not without its consolations.

"However, there will be time enough to think of this later," he said to himself as his *droshky* drew up noiselessly before the asphalt-paved entrance of the Court House. "The question now is to discharge a public duty in my usual conscientious way."

And as he passed the door-keeper and went into the vestibule of the Court, it occurred to him that the case might by chance prove an interesting one.

V.

When Nekhlúdof entered, the corridors of the Court House were already crowded. The messengers were gliding noiselessly to and fro, carrying papers and messages. Lawyers and clerks went back and forth, plaintiffs and defendants in civil suits wandered aimlessly about, or sat still waiting.

Nekhlúdof addressed one of the messengers. "Where is the Circuit Court?" he asked.

"Which Session do you mean? Civil or Criminal?"

"I am one of the jury."

"Then you want the Criminal Session. You should have said so. Turn to the right, and it's the second door on the left."

Nekhlúdof followed the directions. Two men stood by the door, waiting. One, a tall, stout, good-natured-looking merchant, had evidently had his bite and sup and was in the jolliest of humors. The other, a clerk in some shop, looked like a Jew. They were discussing the price of wool when Nekhlúdof approached them and inquired for the jurymen's room.

"This way, sir, this way. Are you one of the jurymen, too?" asked the merchant, with a merry wink.

When Nekhlúdof replied that he was, the man went on: "That's good. We shall be together. My name is Baklashóf, I belong to the Second Guild," he continued, extending his soft, broad hand. "We have to work. To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?"

Nekhlúdof gave his name and went at once into the jury-room. There were about ten jurymen present, of every sort and condition. They had but just assembled; some were seated, others were walking up and down inspecting each other and getting acquainted. One officer of the Military Reserve was in his uniform, others wore frock-coats and business suits, and one was attired in a peasant's coat. In spite of the fact that some of them were heard protesting against it as a nuisance and an interruption to their business, every man among them was pleased at the idea of discharging an important public duty. The jurymen, some of whom had already become acquainted and others who did not yet know to whom they were speaking, discussed the weather, the early spring, and the business before them. Those who were still strangers to him were making haste to become acquainted with Nekhlúdof, evidently considering his acquaintance a great honor. He always received the homage of strangers as nothing less than his due. If he had been asked why he considered himself superior to the majority of men, he would have found it hard to tell. His life certainly gave no evidence of special excellence. That he spoke English, French, and German like a native and that his wardrobe was supplied from the best furnishing establishments, would hardly justify his presumptive superiority. He was quite well aware of that, and yet he really seemed to think himself better than other men, and not only accepted every manifestation of homage as his just due, but showed his resentment if it were withheld. Now it seemed to him that he was not treated with sufficient respect in this jury-room. There was one man there whom he knew — Piotr Gherássimovitch — (Nekhlúdof rather prided himself on never having known his family name); — he used to teach his sister's children. Piotr Gherássimovitch had finished his studies and was then a teacher in the public schools. Nekhlúdof could never endure him on account of his free and easy manners, his self-complacent laughter, and his pervasive vulgarity, as Nekhlúdof's sister phrased it.

"Aha! So you're trapped too, are you? You didn't manage to get off?" he shouted to Nekhlúdof.

"I had no intention of escaping," replied Nekhlúdof, in a formal tone.

"There's civic virtue for you! But you just wait, you will sing a different tune when you begin to grow hungry and sleepy!" he shouted still louder.

"The next thing, this priest's son will be calling me 'thou,'" thought Nekhlúdof, and he assumed such an expression of gloom, one might imagine he had just heard of the death of every member of his family.

He walked away and approached a group gathered around a tall, cleanly shaved, fine-looking man, who was talking with great animation about a trial now going on in the Civil Session, where he seemed to be familiar with the judges and prominent lawyers, whom he called by their middle names. He was describing the clever way in which a famous advocate had handled the suit. He had actually compelled an old lady who had the right on her side to pay to his client, who was her adversary, a large sum of money.

"That man is a genius!" he said.

His hearers listened to him respectfully and occasionally one or another attempted to make some remark, which he invariably interrupted with the air of one who is much better informed than the rest of the world.

In spite of his late arrival Nekhlúdof was obliged to wait after all, because one of the Judges was delayed.

VI.

The Presiding Justice, a tall, portly man with grayish whiskers, had arrived early. Although a married man, his standard of morality was low, and his wife imitated his evil example. They made a point of never interfering with each other. This morning he had received a note from the Swiss governess who had been in their employ last summer, and who was now traveling northwards to Petersburg, telling him that she would be in the city that day, and would expect him between three and six at the Hotel "Italy." So he was naturally anxious to begin the session earlier than usual in order to adjourn in time to call on this red-haired Clara Vassílievna, with whom he had had an intrigue last summer at their country house.

Entering the Judges' Lobby he locked the door, took from the lower shelf of the cupboard a pair of dumb-bells, made twenty passes up and down, forward and sideways; then, holding the dumb-bells above his head, he bent his knees three times.

"Nothing does a man so much good as a cold shower bath and gymnastics," he said to himself, while he felt the biceps of his right arm with his left hand; he wore a gold ring on the third finger of his hand. This was the exercise which he always took before a session which promised to be a long one, and he had not yet done the whirling movements when some one tried the door. Hastily replacing the dumb-bells, he opened the door.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

One of the Members of the Court, a small man with high shoulders, gold spectacles, and a frown upon his brow, entered the room.

"Matvéy Nikítich is absent again," remarked this Member, and there was a shade of annoyance in his voice.

"No, he has not come yet. He is always late," said the Presiding Justice.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," said the Member angrily, and seating himself he took out a cigarette.

This individual, a very thrifty man, had had an unpleasant dispute with his wife that morning.

It appeared that having spent all of this month's allowance, she had asked him to give her an advance before the beginning of the next month. He said he would do nothing of the sort, and a quarrel ensued. The wife told him if he persisted, he would get no dinner, and he needn't expect any. Whereupon he departed, very much afraid that she would keep her word, as she was a woman from whom anything might be expected. "I should like to know what good it does to be an honest man," he thought to himself as he glanced at the beaming face of the jolly, vigorous-looking Presiding Justice, who with arms outstretched was passing his handsome white hands through his long whiskers, arranging them on each side of his embroidered collar. "He is always cheerful and contented, while I am a martyr."

Just then the Secretary came in, bringing a case.

"Thank you very much," said the Presiding Justice, and lighted a cigarette. "Which case will be heard first?"

"Oh, I suppose the poisoning case," replied the Secretary, carelessly.

"Very well," said the Presiding Justice, thinking to himself it might be ended before four o'clock and then he would be free to go. "Hasn't Matvéy Nikítich come yet?"

"Not yet."

"Is Brevé here?"

"He is," replied the Secretary.

"Then tell him if you see him that we shall begin with the poisoning case."

Brevé was the Public Prosecutor, whose duty it was to read the indictments. The Secretary met Brevé in the corridor. He was hurrying along with a portfolio under his left arm and sawing the air with his right. His uniform was unbuttoned and his heels clattered as he walked.

"Michael Petróvitch wants to know if you are ready?" said the Secretary.

"Ready? I am always ready," said the Prosecutor. "Which case comes on first?"

"The poisoning case."

"Very well," replied the Prosecutor. But in his own mind he thought it anything but well. He had not had one wink of sleep the previous night. He had been at a farewell party given to a friend; they had been drinking and gambling till two o'clock; then they had called on some women at the house of ill fame where six months ago Máslova was living. Consequently he had no time to look over the poisoning case, which he had expected to do that morning. He felt convinced that the Secretary, who had known of his spree, had maliciously advised the Presiding Justice to try the poisoning case first. The Secretary was a Liberal; he might even have been called a Radical, while Brevé was a Conservative, and like all Germans in the Russian Government service was devoted to Orthodoxy. The Secretary disliked him personally and envied him on account of his position.

"And how about the Skoptzý"[1] asked the Secretary.

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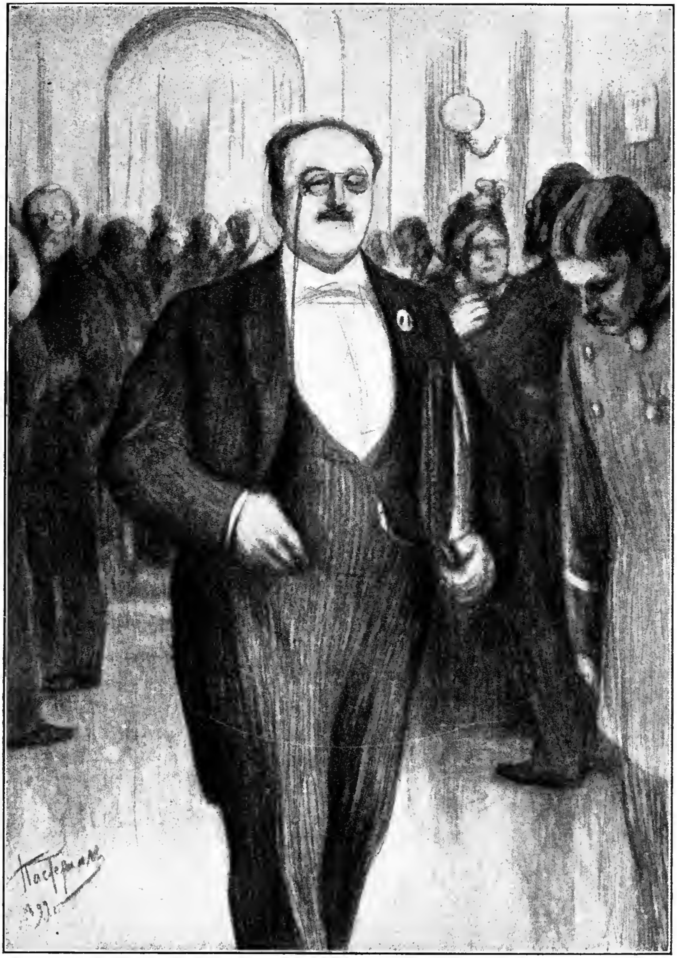
[1] *Eunuchs*. A religious sect. — Tr.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99

"THE FAMOUS LAWYER, WITH HIS SHINING SHIRT-BOSOM"

"I told you it could not be heard for lack of witnesses," replied the Prosecutor. "I shall say so to the Court."

"What difference does that make?"

"It can't be done," replied the latter, and still swinging his arm he ran into the Lobby. He had availed himself of the absence of an unimportant and superfluous witness, to postpone the case of the Skoptzý, simply because if this case were to be tried in a Court where the jury was composed of intelligent men, the accused might possibly be acquitted. It appears that he had connived with the Presiding Justice to transfer this case to a session held in a provincial town, where most of the jurymen would be peasants, thereby increasing the chances for conviction.

The crowd in the corridor continued to increase. A large group of men gathered at the door of the Civil Court were listening to the discussion of the case by a good-looking juror, evidently a connoisseur in such matters. The old lady who had been despoiled of her estate by the craftiness of the gifted lawyer acting in behalf of a sharper who had not the slightest right to it, came out during recess. The Judges were as well aware of this as the plaintiff and his lawyer. But the presentment of the case was such that it was impossible not to take the old lady's property and give it to the sharper. The old lady was a stout personage in a gaudy dress and a bonnet trimmed with enormous flowers. She stood at the hall door with her lawyer, gesticulating wildly and saying over and over again:

"Well, then, what are you going to do, I should like to know! Tell me that!"

The lawyer gazed abstractedly at the flowers on her bonnet, evidently unconscious of what she said.

The famous lawyer with his shining shirt-bosom came out next. His self-complacent countenance shone, too, for had he not succeeded in impoverishing the old lady with the gay bonnet and enriching his client, who was to pay him ten thousand roubles out of the one hundred thousand roubles which he had just won? He was conscious that every eye was fixed upon him and seemed to say: "There is no need of any expressions of devotion! I know what you feel." And he quickly passed through the crowd.

VII.

Matvéy Nikítich arrived at last. An officer of the Court, a gaunt-looking man with a long neck and uneven gait, his lower lip slightly protruding, entered the jury-room. This man was an honest fellow who had had the advantages of University training, but who could never keep a position for any length of time because of his periodical sprees. Three months ago, a countess, a patroness of his wife, had obtained this one for him, and he was rejoicing that he had succeeded in keeping it so long.

"Are all the gentlemen here?" he asked, putting on his glasses and glancing over them.

"I believe so," replied the jovial merchant.

"We will call the list," said the officer, and taking it from his pocket he began to read, looking at those whose names he called, sometimes over his spectacles and sometimes through them.

"Civil Counselor I. M. Nikíforof!"

"Present!" said a dignified-looking gentleman, a man familiar with legal affairs.

"Ex-Colonel Iván Semiónovitch Ivánof!"

"Present!" replied a lean man in the uniform of a retired officer.

"Merchant of the Second Guild, Piótr Baklashóf!"

"Ay, ay," said the good-humored merchant, grinning. "Ready!"

"Lieutenant of the Guards, Prince Dmítri Nekhlúdof!"

"I am he," replied Nekhlúdof.

The Court officer glanced at him over his glasses and bowed to him with a pleasant and courteous expression, as if he thought it respectful to distinguish him from the others. "Captain Yoúri Dmítrievitch Danchénko, merchant Gregóry Yefeemóvitch Kuleshóf," and so on.

All but two were present.

"Then, gentlemen, please proceed to the court-room," said the officer, courteously pointing towards the door; and only pausing to make way for each other as they passed through the door, the jurors entered the court-room.

This was a long and spacious hall. At one end of the room three steps led up to a platform, in the middle of which stood a table. This was covered with green broadcloth trimmed with fringe of still darker shade. Three easy-chairs with high carved backs were placed behind it, and on the wall beyond hung a life-sized portrait of the Emperor, dressed in the uniform of a general and with the wide ribbon of some order across his breast. He stood with one foot advanced, grasping the hilt of his sword. In the right-hand corner of the hall was a shrine with the image of Christ wearing the crown of thorns upon his head; a high lectern stood in front of it, and somewhat farther towards the right was the desk of the Public Prosecutor. On the left and opposite the desk was the Secretary's table, and still nearer to the public an oaken railing behind which was the empty bench where the accused were to sit. On a platform towards the right were placed two rows of high-backed chairs intended for the jurors, and underneath this platform were the tables for the lawyers. The railing divided the hall into two parts, and all this was in front of it. The rear end was entirely filled with benches, rising tier after tier, till they reached the wall. At the back of the hall four women were seated on the front benches — they might have been servants or possibly factory girls — and two men, also of the laboring class, all evidently overawed by the imposing decorations of the hall and talking timidly in whispers.

Soon after the jurymen entered, the Court officer stepped forward in his sliding fashion and called out as if he meant to overwhelm his listeners with awe:

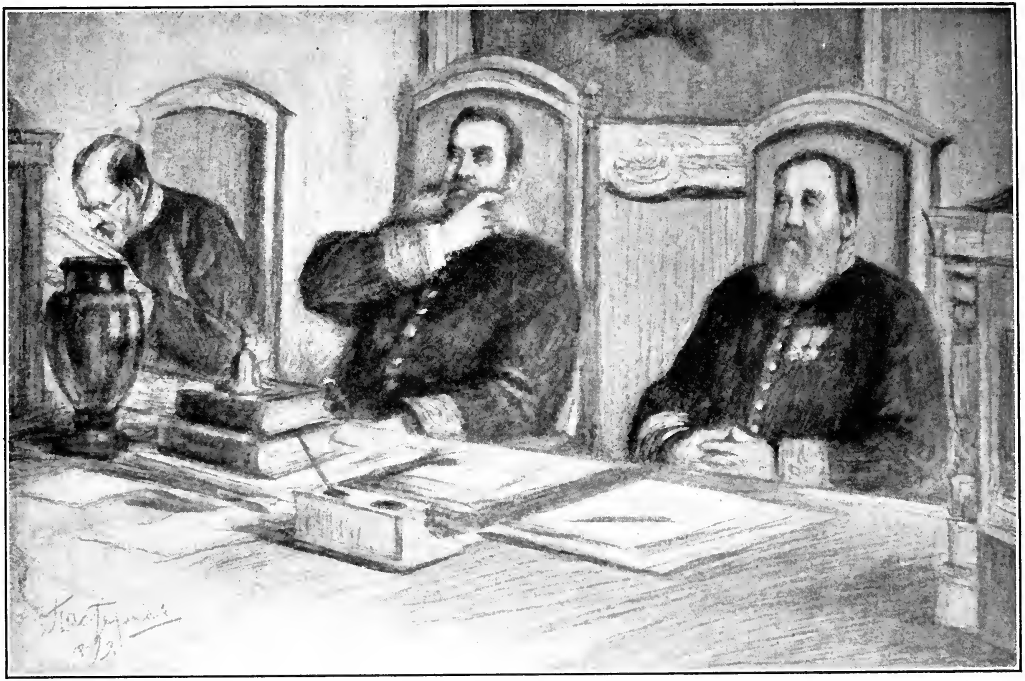
"The Court is coming!"

Every one rose, and the Court entered. The Presiding Justice with his powerful muscles and elegant side-whiskers came first, followed by the gloomy Member in gold spectacles, whose former depression had grown a shade deeper, for just before he entered the hall he met his brother-in-law, a candidate for some position in the Government Law Department, and the latter had told him that he had just been to call on his sister and that she had casually mentioned the fact that there would be no dinner in the house that day.

"It looks as if we should have to go to some restaurant or other," said the brother-in-law, laughing.

"I don't see where the joke comes in!" replied the gloomy Member of the Court, and grew gloomier than ever.

And last of all came the third Member of the Court, one Matvéy Nikítich, who was always late, a bearded man with kind eyes, large and slanting. He suffered from a catarrhal affection of the stomach and had by the advice of his doctor begun a new treatment that very morning, and that was the reason why he was later even than usual. As he came up the steps, his face wore an expression of deep concentration. He had a curious belief in the doctrine of chances, and the habit of speculating on all sorts of subjects. Just now he was counting the number of steps from the chairs to the door of the Lobby and if the number could be divided by three leaving no remainder, the new treatment would cure his catarrh, but if it could not be so divided there was no chance for him. When he discovered that there were



THE PRESIDING JUSTICE AND THE ASSOCIATE JUDGES

exactly twenty-six steps, he added a short one to make twenty-seven, and then he took his seat.

The Presiding Justice and the Associate Judges, who had stepped upon the platform, arrayed in uniforms with gold-embroidered collars, presented an imposing appearance. They realized the fact themselves, and as though overcome by a sense of their own grandeur kept their eyes cast down and lost no time in taking their seats behind the table covered with the green cloth. On this table stood the three-cornered article surmounted by the eagle, several of those glass jars commonly used to hold candy that one sees in restaurants, an inkstand, pens, and newly sharpened pencils of different sizes. The Public Prosecutor came in with the Judges, swinging his arm as usual. With the portfolio tucked under his arm, he reached his seat and became instantly absorbed in reading up the case, taking advantage of every moment to prepare himself. It was only his fourth indictment. He was very ambitious and determined to make his way, and his idea was that he must obtain a conviction in every case that he prosecuted. He knew the general facts of this poisoning case and had the skeleton of his address already sketched, but he still lacked certain facts and he was hurriedly searching for them and taking notes. The Secretary sat at the opposite end of the platform, and having prepared all the papers which he was likely to require, was reading over an article forbidden by the Censor which he had obtained the day before. He was to discuss it with the bearded Member of the Court, who shared his views, but he wished to be thoroughly posted before he began the discussion.

VIII.

The Presiding Justice examined the papers, asked a few questions of the Court officer, and having received answers in the affirmative ordered the prisoners to be brought into Court. Forthwith the door of the grating opened and the first persons who appeared were two gendarmes wearing their caps on their heads, and carrying unsheathed swords in their hands. They were followed by three prisoners; one was a red-haired, freckled-faced peasant, the other two were women. The man wore the prison dress, which was both too wide and too long for him. To prevent his long sleeves from slipping down, he held his arms close to his sides with his thumbs thrust out. He looked neither at the Judges nor at the public, but kept his eyes fixed on the bench he was approaching. Passing to the further end of it, he carefully made room for the others; then, taking his seat on the very edge, he looked at the Presiding Justice and his cheeks twitched, as though he were muttering something. He was followed by an elderly woman with red eyes, who also wore the prisoners' garb. A kerchief was tied around her head. Her face with its red eyes was of an ashen-gray tone, and had neither eyebrows nor lashes. She seemed perfectly composed, for as she passed to take her seat, pausing to detach her wrapper from some impediment, she released it carefully and without haste.

Máslova was the third prisoner.

As she came in, every man, attracted by those shining black eyes contrasted with her white face and by her finely molded figure, riveted his eyes upon her. Even the gendarme, as she passed him, gazed after her until she was seated, and then with a guilty look turned away hastily and looked steadily at the window in front of him.

The Presiding Justice was waiting until the prisoners were seated, and as soon as Máslova was in her seat he spoke to the Secretary. The Court then proceeded to its regular business: first the roll-call of the jury, then discussions in regard to those who failed to put in an appearance, followed by the imposition of fines, the allowances made for those who had some excuse, and the filling up of vacancies in the jury from the reserve list. After rolling the tickets, the Presiding Justice placed them in the glass vase, then with all the gestures of a showman he proceeded to turn up his gold-embroidered sleeves, revealing his hairy arms; he took out the slips one by one, unrolling and reading each one as he withdrew it from the jar. Then letting down his sleeves he made a sign to the priest to swear in the jury.

The old priest, with his sallow, pale, and puffy face, his brown vestment, his gold cross hanging from his neck, and a trifling decoration pinned on one side of his breast, shuffled towards the lectern which stood beneath the ikon.

The jurymen rose and crowded round the lectern.

"Come forward," he said, touching the cross with his fat hand, as he stood awaiting the approach of the body of the jurors.

He had been a priest for forty years. Soon he would be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration, as the Cathedral arch-priest had recently celebrated his anniversary. He had served in the Circuit Court since the opening of the new Law Courts and was proud to have sworn in many thousands of men, and also proud that in his old age he was still able to labor for the prosperity of the Church of his native land, and of his family, to whom he expected to leave thirty thousand roubles in securities that paid good interest without mentioning the house they lived in. That his labor in Court, that is to say the administration of the oath upon the Bible, which, by the way, is expressly forbidden therein, was not of a virtuous character, never once entered his head, and it was anything but irksome to him, for he really loved it. It brought him in contact with men of wealth and influence. Just now he was pleased to meet that famous lawyer who had won his respect by making ten thousand roubles out of the case that went against the old lady with the beflowered bonnet. When the jury had mounted the platform the priest thrust his gray, bald head into the greasy opening of the stole, and then after rearranging his thin and scattered locks, addressed the jury.

"Raise your right hand and place your fingers like this," he said in his slow, tremulous voice, as he lifted his plump and dimpled hand and bent his thumb with his first two fingers. "Now repeat after me: 'I promise and swear by the Almighty God, His holy Gospels and Our Lord's Life-giving cross, that in this matter which. . .'" he paused after each sentence. "Don't lower your arm," he said, addressing a young juror who had dropped his arm, "'in this matter which——'"

The dignified personage with the side-whiskers, the colonel, the merchant, and a few of the others held their hands aloft, with the fingers bent, exactly as the priest required, and seemed quite enthusiastic; others were reluctant and indifferent about it. Some repeated the words loudly and defiantly, so to speak; others hardly spoke above their breath, too slowly at times, and then with a rush as though fearing to be left behind. Some held their bent fingers tightly pressed together, as though they were afraid of dropping something; others held them loosely for a while, then suddenly compressed them. Every one but the old priest felt more or less uncomfortable. He, however, had never a shadow of doubt that the function he was performing was both useful and important. After the oath had been received, the Presiding Justice requested the jurymen to select a foreman.

They rose and jostling one another hurried into the jury-room, where most of them instantly produced their cigarettes and began to smoke. Somebody suggested that the stately personage would be a suitable foreman, to which all at once agreed, and having extinguished and thrown away their cigarettes they went back to the court-room. The foreman having notified the Court of the selection which had been made, they once more resumed their seats in the double rows of high-backed chairs which had been prepared for them.

All went smoothly, without a hitch and with a certain degree of solemnity, and this decorum evidently commended itself to the participants, confirming them in the belief that they were performing an important public function. Nekhlúdof himself was deeply impressed.

After they were seated the Presiding Justice explained to them their rights, duties, and responsibilities. All the while he was addressing them, he was in perpetual motion; now he leaned on one arm of the chair, now on the other, now he flung himself against the back of it. He stooped over the table, straightening the papers in front of him, stroking the paper cutter, and fingering the pencils.

It was their right, he said, to question the accused through the medium of the Presiding Justice, and they were allowed pencil and paper and the privilege of examining the articles of material evidence. It was their duty to pronounce an honest verdict. They were responsible for preserving the secrecy of their deliberations, any betrayal of which would render them liable to the penalty of the law.

He was listened to with respectful attention. The merchant, diffusing around him the fumes of wine and trying to suppress his hiccoughs, nodded his approval of every sentence.

IX.

Having finished his speech, the Presiding Justice addressed the criminals.

"Simon Kartínkin, rise!" he said.

Simon sprang to his feet, the muscles of his cheeks twitching with nervous excitement.

"Your name?"

"Simon Petróv Kartínkin," he answered in loud tones, as if he had been prepared for certain questions and had his answers ready.

"To what class do you belong?"

"I am a peasant."

"In what government and district do you live?"

"Túla Government, district of Krapívensk, parish of Kupiánsk, village of Bórki."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-three; I was born in 18—."

"Of what religion are you?"

"Orthodox."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"What is your occupation?"

"I was employed as indoors man in the hotel 'Mavritania.'"

"Were you ever brought into Court before?"

"No, never; because before we lived—"

"You were not?"

"Never, so help me God!"

"Have you a copy of the indictment?"

"I have."

"Sit down. Evfémia Ivánovna Botchkóva!" he continued, turning to the woman who sat next.

But Simon remained standing, and consequently Botchkóva was invisible.

"Sit down, Kartínkin!"

But Kartínkin did not sit down.

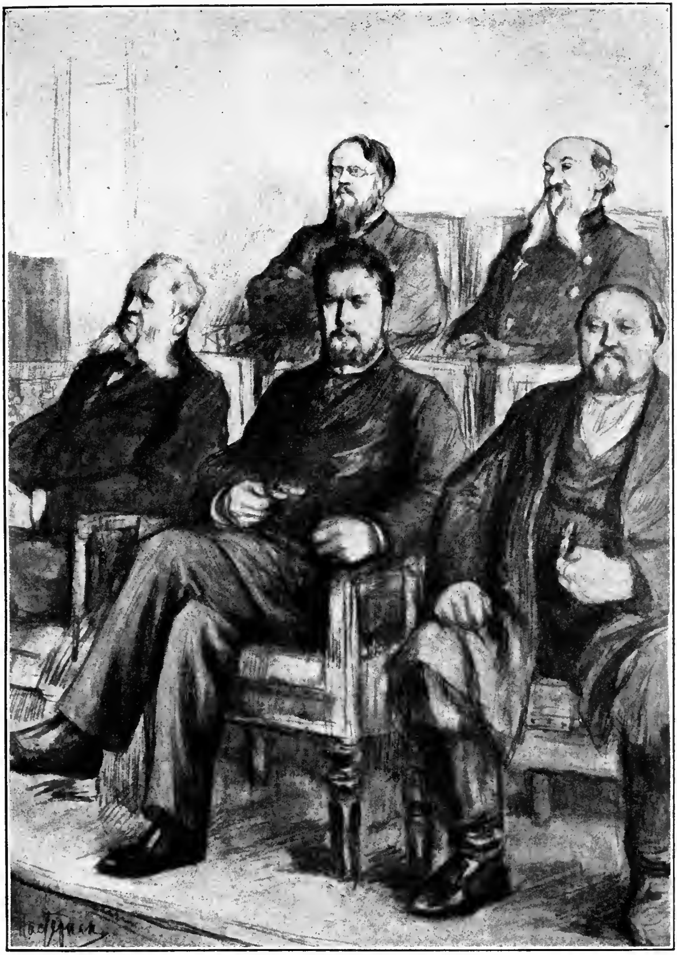
"Sit down, Kartínkin!"

And still Kartínkin continued to stand and was only induced to seat himself after an officer of the Court with an insistent sideway gesture of the head and eyes opened wide with indignation whispered in tragic tones:

"Sit down! down!"

Kartínkin took his seat as swiftly as he had risen from it, and drew his prison cloak around him, while the same convulsive twitching of his cheeks began again.

Pursuing his search among the papers before him and without so much as glancing towards the woman, the Presiding Justice, heaving a weary sigh, put the first question.



THE JURY

"Your name?" All this was a mere matter of routine for the Presiding Justice, and in order to expedite affairs he could do two things at once.

Botchkóva was forty-four years old, a *mezchánka* of Kalómna, a chambermaid in the same Hotel Mavritania. She had never been arrested before and had also received a copy of the indictment. She answered boldly, and the tone of her voice seemed to say: "Yes, my name is Evfémia Botchkóva, and I have received a copy of the indictment and I'm proud of it and nobody need think he has a right to laugh at it." As soon as the questions had been answered, she sat down again without waiting to be told to do so.

"Your name?" amiably inquired the susceptible Presiding Justice, addressing the third prisoner. "You should rise," he added gently, noticing that Máslova still kept her seat.

Máslova promptly rose and throwing back her shoulders fixed her smiling black eyes with their barely perceptible squint upon the Presiding Justice, but she spoke not a word.

"What do they call you?"

"Lubóv," she replied without hesitation.

Meanwhile Nekhlúdof had put on his pince-nez and as the prisoners were examined, he scrutinized each one in turn. "Impossible!" he thought, letting his eyes rest on this prisoner's face. How could it be possible? Lubóv? He turned the name over in his mind.

The Presiding Justice was just going on to the next question, when the Associate Member in spectacles whispered impatiently in his ear. The Presiding Justice nodded and turning to the criminal, "How can it be Lubov?" he asked. "That is not the name entered here."

The prisoner was silent.

"I am asking you for your real name. The one given you in baptism. What is that?" inquired the indignant Judge.

"They called me Katerína."

Although Nekhlúdof said to himself over and over again that this could never be the girl his aunts had brought up, the maid with whom he had been in love, then thoughtlessly seduced and forsaken, yet he felt almost sure that it was. It had not been a very pleasant episode to remember, and so he seldom allowed himself to think of it. The fact remained that he who had so prided himself on his good breeding had proved to be anything but a gentleman. He had played a contemptible part with this woman.

Yes, it was she. There was no mistaking the mysterious individuality that nature stamps on every human countenance, peculiar to itself, that differentiates it from every other in the world. In spite of its unwholesome pallor and bloated aspect, her face retained the same fascinating expression about the mouth, the eyes; he remembered the characteristic little squint and the air of submission that seemed to belong to her whole personality.

"Then you should have said so at once." The voice of the Presiding Justice was very mild. "What is your father's name?"

"I am illegitimate," she replied.

"Well, then, tell us your godfather's name."

"Mikháilovna."

"What crime can she possibly have committed?" thought Nekhlúdof. He found it difficult to breathe.

"What is your family name; your last name?" repeated the Presiding Justice.

"They called me Máslova, like my mother."

"What class do you belong to?"

"*Mezchánka.*"[1]

"Of Orthodox religion?"

"Yes."

"And what was your occupation? How did you support yourself?"

---

[1] One who belongs to the class of *Mezchane*—citizens of a low grade or class.—Tr.

Máslova made no reply.

"What was your occupation?" he repeated.

"I was in an institution," she said.

"What sort of institution?" asked the Member in spectacles.

His tone was severe.

"You know that kind of house well enough," replied Máslova.

With a swift backward glance she smiled upon him, then turned again, and gazed at the Presiding Justice.

There was something so extraordinary in the expression of her face, something so pathetic, so awful in the words she had just uttered, as well as in her smile and in that glance which she cast towards the rear of the room, that the Presiding Justice lowered his eyes, while a profound silence reigned in the hall.

This pause was suddenly interrupted by the sound of laughter followed by hissing. The Presiding Justice raised his head and proceeded with the questions.

"Were you ever on trial before?"

"No," said Máslova, with a gentle sigh.

"Have you received a copy of the indictment?"

"I have."

"You may take your seat."

The prisoner arranged her skirt with the same movement that a well-dressed woman makes when she adjusts her train, and seating herself she folded her small white hands inside the sleeves of her prison cloak, and resumed her intent gaze at the Presiding Justice.

The witnesses were now called, and several of them were rejected. The physician who was to act as expert was chosen. Then the Secretary rose and read the indictment. He read loudly and distinctly, but far too rapidly, and his mispronunciation of every *l* and *r* gave a dreary and monotonous effect to his reading. The Judges were restless. They sat with their elbows on the table, leaning first on one arm, then on the other. Now and then they closed their eyes and whispered to one another, while a gendarme was seen trying to repress an incipient yawn.

Kartínkin kept moving his jaws all the time, and Botchkóva, who sat quite still, occasionally thrust her finger under her kerchief to scratch her head.

Máslova was also quiet, listening to the reader, with her eyes fixed upon his face. Now and then she started, as though she were about to speak, then changed color, sighed, shifted the position of her hands, and again looked steadily at the reader.

Nekhlúdof sat in his high-backed chair, the second chair from the end in the front row. He never took off his pince-nez, but sat staring hard at Máslova, while a fierce and agonizing conflict raged in his soul.

X.

The indictment read as follows: On the 17th January, 188–, the proprietor of the Hotel Mavritania informed the police of the sudden death of a Siberian merchant belonging to the Second Guild, Ferapónt Smelkóf. The doctor of the fourth district testified that Smelkóf's death was caused by a rupture of the heart, induced by the excessive use of liquor, and on the third day his body was buried. But on the fourth day after his death came the Siberian merchant Timókhin, who, learning of his friend's death and the attendant circumstances, declared his suspicion that Smelkóf's death did not proceed from natural causes. He felt sure that his friend had been poisoned by malefactors, who stole his money and diamond ring, which could not be found when the inventory was taken, whereupon an investigation was ordered which brought to the light the following facts:

I. That the proprietor of the Hotel Mavritania, as well as the clerk of a merchant — Starikóf by name — with whom Smelkóf had some business transactions, had known that he, Smelkóf, had in his possession three thousand eight hundred roubles which he had received from the Bank, whereas all that was found in his valise, which was sealed after his death, and in his pocketbook, was the sum of three hundred and twelve roubles and sixteen copecks.

II. That Smelkóf had spent the day and the night previous to his death with the prostitute Lúbka, who at two different times had gone into his room.

III. That said prostitute had sold Smelkóf's diamond ring to the keeper of the Public House where she lived.

IV. That on the day following Smelkóf's death the chambermaid, Evfémia Botchkóva, carried to the Commercial Bank and deposited in her own name the sum of eighteen hundred roubles.

V. That from the examination of said prostitute Lúbka, it was discovered that the waiter Simon Kartínkin had given said Lúbka a certain powder advising her to put it in Smelkóf's wine and to make him drink it, which according to her own confession said Lúbka had done.

At the examination of said Lúbka she had testified that during the merchant Smelkóf's stay in the House for Prostitutes where she "worked," as she expressed it, he had sent her into the room which he was occupying in said Mavritania to fetch him some money, and that having unlocked his valise with the key he had given her, she had opened it and had taken out forty roubles just as he had directed, but no more. Simon Kartínkin and Evfémia Botchkóva could both testify that what she said was true, for it was in their presence that she had unlocked the valise, taken out the money, and locked the valise again.

In regard to the poisoning of Smelkóf said Lúbka testified that when she came to his room for the third time, she had at the instigation of Simon Kartínkin given him a glass of cognac into which she had put something—she thought it was a powder to make him sleep

—so that she could get away from him; but that she had taken no money whatever. She said that Smelkóf gave her the ring when she threatened to leave him because he struck her.

At the cross-examination of the witnesses, Evfémia Botchkóva testified that she knew nothing whatever about the disappearance of the money, that she had never gone into Smelkóf's room, and that said Lúbka was the only person who had entered it. That if anything was stolen said Lúbka must have been the one who did it, when she went to the room to fetch the money and used the merchant's key.

When this was read, Máslova trembled all over and gazed at Botchkóva open-mouthed.

That when Evfémia Botchkóva was shown the bank receipt for the eighteen hundred roubles, the reader continued, and asked how she had come by such a sum, she testified that it was what she and Simon had been saving for twelve years, and that she was going to marry him.

At this first examination said Simon Kartínkin had confessed that he and Botchkóva had,—at the instigation of Máslova, who had come from a Public House with a key,—taken the money and divided it between Máslova, Botchkóva, and himself; he also confessed that he had given Máslova the sleeping powders which she was to use to put the merchant to sleep; but when he was examined the second time he denied that he had taken any part in the affair and accused Máslova as the sole culprit. Concerning the money which Botchkóva had deposited in the Bank, he testified, just as she did, that the money was the fruit of their united earnings—chiefly fees received from guests—during the eighteen years they had served in the hotel.

In order to verify the accusation of poison, it was found necessary to exhume Smelkóf's body and to make a post-mortem examination of his internal organs and ascertain what chemical changes had taken place. The examination of the internal organs showed that merchant Smelkóf's death was caused by poisoning. This was followed by the preliminary examination of the witnesses and of their evidence. The indictment concluded as follows:

"Smelkóf, merchant of the Second Guild, being addicted to drink and debauchery and having intimate relations with a certain woman called Lúbka, with whom, on the seventeenth day of January, 188–, while in the House for Prostitutes kept by one Kitáev, he had become violently infatuated, had sent the aforesaid prostitute Lúbka with the key of his valise to the hotel room he occupied to fetch him forty roubles to pay for a treat. That said Lúbka having entered said room and while in the act of taking the money from the valise did conspire with Botchkóva and Kartínkin to steal and divide among themselves all the money and valuables of said merchant Smelkóf. This design was accomplished."

Here it was observed that Máslova trembled again and half rose from her feet, while a deep crimson color suffused her face. "At which time," continued the Secretary, "the diamond ring—and very likely a small sum of money—was given to Máslova, which she, being intoxicated that night, had either lost or hidden. Now in order to conceal the traces of the crime, the accomplices decided to coax said Smelkóf back to his room in the hotel and there to poison him with arsenic. With that intention said Máslova had returned to the House of Prostitutes and there persuaded said Smelkóf to go back with her to his own quarters in the hotel, and then having received the powders from said Kartínkin, the said Máslova had put them into the wine which she gave Smelkóf, and which had been the direct cause of his death.

"In view of the aforesaid, Simon Kartínkin, peasant from the village of Bórki, thirty-three years of age, the mezchánka Evfémia Ivánovna Botchkóva, forty-three years of age, and the mezchánka Katerína Mikáilovna Máslova, twenty-seven years of age, are accused of having, on the seventeenth day of January, 188–, stolen merchant Smelkóf's money to the amount of two thousand five hundred roubles, plotted together to kill him, and in order to conceal all traces of their crime had given him poison from the effects of which he had died.

"These crimes are provided for in section 1455 of the Penal Code. Therefore according to Art. so and so of the Code of Criminal Law the peasant Simon Kartínkin and the mezchánkas Evfémia Botchkóva and Katerína Máslova are to be tried by the Judges of the Circuit Court and a jury." Thus ended the monotonous reading of the long indictment; and the Secretary, having collected his papers, resumed his seat, mechanically smoothing his long hair. Every one drew a long breath, and the sense of relief was followed by the more pleasing anticipation of the trial, when all would no doubt be made clear and justice would be satisfied. Nekhlúdof was the sole exception; he did not share that feeling. He was horrified at the thought of what Máslova, the charming and innocent Máslova, whom he knew ten years ago, might have done.

XI.

When the indictment was finished, the Presiding Justice, after consultation with the other members of the Court, turned towards Kartínkin with an expression which seemed to say, "Now we are going to get at the truth of the matter."

"Peasant Simon Kartínkin!" he said, with a sidewise inclination of his head. Simon Kartínkin rose, let his arms fall along his sides, and stood leaning forward; his lips moved, but he made no sound.

"You are accused of having on the 17th of January, 188–, in conjunction with Evfémia Botchkóva and Katerína Máslova, stolen money from the valise of merchant Smelkóf, and of having brought the poison and persuaded Katerína Máslova to give it to the merchant Smelkóf in wine, which caused his death. Do you plead guilty?"

"I couldn't have done it, because our business is to serve the guests——"

"You will have a chance to tell us about that later. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not at all. I only——"

"You may say that later. Do you plead guilty?" the Presiding Justice repeated in calm but resolute accents.

"I could not have done it, because——"

Here the Court officer again rushed to Simon Kartínkin and in a tragic whisper reduced him to silence. The Presiding Justice with an air of finality changed the position of his arm and addressed Evfémia Botchkóva.

"Evfémia Botchkóva, you are accused of having stolen money and a ring from the valise of merchant Smelkóf in Hotel Mavritania on the 17th of January, 188–, and, after dividing the stolen property with your accomplices, of poisoning the man Smelkóf, from the effect of which poisoning he died. Do you plead guilty?"

"I am not guilty of anything," she said glibly. "I did not go into the room at all. That shameless hussy must have done the business when she came——"

"You may give those details afterwards," repeated the Presiding Justice, as firmly and calmly as before. "So you do not plead guilty?"

"It was not I who went into the room; I never persuaded him to drink; I was not there at all. If I had gone into the room, I should have put that creature out."

"Then you do not plead guilty?"

"Never."

"Very well."

"Katerína Máslova," began the Presiding Justice, addressing the third prisoner, "you are accused of having come from the Public House into one of the rooms in the Hotel Mavritania, having the key of merchant Smelkóf's valise in your possession, of stealing from his said valise certain money and a ring." He uttered these words mechanically, leaning all the while towards the Member on the left, who was telling him that from among the incriminating articles, the glass flask was still missing,— "of stealing money and a ring from the valise," repeated the Presiding Justice; "after dividing the stolen property it is affirmed that you and the merchant Smelkóf came back to the Hotel Mavritania together, and that you gave him a dose of poisoned wine which caused his death. Do you plead guilty?"

"I plead guilty to nothing," she began rapidly; "I repeat what I said before: I have taken nothing, nothing, nothing whatever. He gave me the ring of his own accord."

"You do not plead guilty to having stolen two thousand roubles?" said the Presiding Justice.

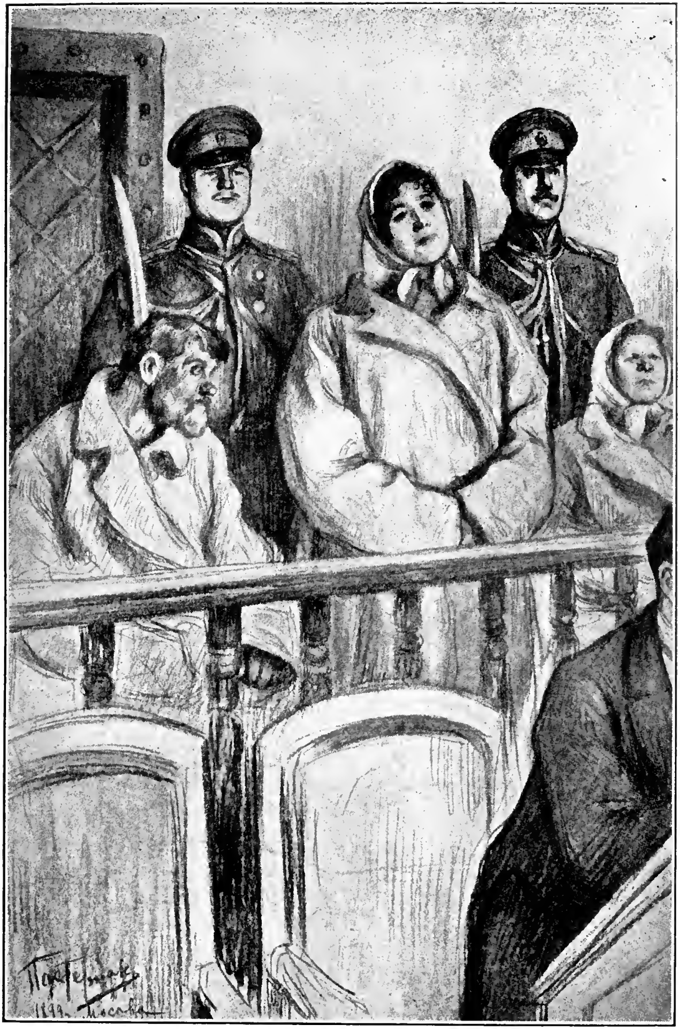
"I repeat that I took forty roubles and no more."

"And do you plead guilty to having given merchant Smelkóf drugged wine? Do you plead guilty to that?"

"I do. I gave him the drugged wine, but I thought it was only a sleeping powder; I was told so and that it would do him no harm. I never thought of such a thing as killing him. It never entered my head. I speak as if I were in the presence of my God. I never meant to do it," she said.

"So you do not plead guilty to the stealing of merchant Smelkóf's money, but you plead to having given him the powder?"

"Yes, I plead guilty to that; only I thought they were sleeping powders, and I gave them to him only to make him sleep. I did not intend to kill him; such an idea never entered my mind."


Пастернакъ
1899. Москва

"MASLÓVA FIXED HER SMILING BLACK EYES UPON THE PRESIDING JUSTICE"

"Very well," said the Presiding Justice, evidently much gratified with the result he had obtained. "Then tell us how it came about. You can improve your position by making a clean breast of it. Tell us all the circumstances," he said, leaning against the back of his chair and placing both hands on the table.

Still looking him straight in the eye, Máslova remained silent.

"Tell us how it all happened."

"How it happened?" she began to speak very fast; "I drove to the hotel. Some one showed me the way to his room. *He* was there and even then he was quite drunk." She pronounced the word "he" with an indescribable accent of terror. "I wanted to leave him, but he would not let me."

She relapsed into silence, as though she had suddenly lost the thread of her recollections and was thinking of something else.

"And what then?"

"What then? I remained awhile and then I went home."

The Assistant Prosecutor half rose from his chair, leaning on one elbow.

"You have a question to ask?" inquired the Presiding Justice, and on receiving an affirmative reply, indicated by a gesture that he was at liberty to do so.

"I should like to ask if the prisoner has had any previous acquaintance with Simon Kartínkin?" he said, without looking at Máslova. And having asked the question, his brow contracted in a frown and he pursed his lips.

The Presiding Justice repeated the question. Máslova directed a glance of alarm at the Assistant Prosecutor.

"With Simon? Yes. I have known him before," she replied.

"I should like to know the nature of this acquaintance. Did they see each other often?"

"What sort of acquaintance? Why, he used to send for me in behalf of the guests; that's the kind of acquaintance it was," replied Máslova, glancing uneasily from the Assistant Prosecutor to the Presiding Justice.

"I should like to know why Kartínkin always sent for Máslova in preference to the other women?" said the Assistant Prosecutor, with a Mephistophelean smile and half-closed eyes.

"I don't know. How should I know?" Máslova replied, casting a frightened look around the hall; her eyes rested for a moment on Nekhlúdof. "He sent for the one he wanted, I suppose."

"Does she recognize me?" thought Nekhlúdof, and felt the blood rushing to his face. But Máslova did not distinguish him from the others; her eyes again sought those of the Assistant Prosecutor with a look of anguish.

"The accused does not admit then that she had any intimate relations with Kartínkin? Very well. I have nothing more to ask."

And the Assistant Prosecutor at once removed his elbow from his desk and began making notes. As a matter of fact he made no notes at all; he was only drawing his pen through those he had already made. He had observed how a prosecutor or a lawyer after a clever question would note down some remark to be embodied in his closing argument, which was supposed to crush his opponent.

The Presiding Justice paused before resuming his examination to ask the Member in spectacles whether he was willing to continue the questions according to the program which had been previously arranged.

"And what happened after that?" was his next question.

"I went home," continued Máslova with more assurance, her gaze now concentrated on the Presiding Justice, "gave the money to the mistress and went to bed. I had just fallen asleep when Bertha, one of our girls, woke me, saying: 'Get up, your merchant has come back again.'

I did not want to go down but Madam made me. *He*," she articulated the word with evident terror, "*he* was treating the girls with wine and wanted to send for more, but he had no money in his pocket, and Madam would not trust him. So he sent me to his room in the hotel, told me where the money was and how much to take, and I went."

The Presiding Justice happened to be whispering just then to the Member on his left and did not hear what Máslova said, but he repeated her last words so as to make it appear that he had heard it all.

"You went, and then what happened?" he asked.

"I went and did what he had told me to do. I went into his room, but I did not go alone. I called Simon Mikháilovitch and her too," she said, pointing to Botchkóva.

"She lies! I never went near——" interrupted Botchkóva, but she was suppressed.

"I took four ten-rouble notes," continued Máslova, frowning; she did not look at Botchkóva.

"And didn't the prisoner notice when she was getting the money how much there was left?" interrupted the Prosecutor.

Máslova trembled every time he spoke to her. Her instinct told her that he was not friendly towards her.

"I did not count them; I saw there were one-hundred-rouble notes."

"The prisoner saw the hundred-rouble notes?"

"That's all."

"Well, you brought back the money," continued the Presiding Justice, looking at his watch.

"Yes."

"And then?" he said.

"Then he took me back to the hotel with him," said Máslova.

"And how about the powder you gave him in the wine?"

"How did I give it? I dropped it into the wine and handed him the glass."

"What did you do it for?"

She sighed deeply.

"He would not let me go," she said after a pause. "I was exhausted. I went into the corridor and said to Simon Mikháilovitch: 'I wish he'd let me go. I'm tired.' And Simon Mikháilovitch said: 'We've had enough of him too. We are thinking of giving him a sleeping powder, and then you can go.' 'Very well,' said I, thinking it was some harmless powder. So he gave me the powder. When I went back into the room, Smelkóf was lying behind the partition and at once ordered me to give him some cognac. I took a bottle of 'fine champagne' from the table, poured out two glasses, one for him and one for myself, and dropped the powder into his. I never would have given it had I known what it was."

"And how did you come by the ring?" inquired the Presiding Justice.

"He gave me the ring himself."

"When did he give it to you?"

"After we went back to his room. I started to leave him, and he struck me on the head and broke my comb. Then I was angry and was determined to go. He took the ring from his finger and made me a present of it, so as to induce me to stay," she said.

At that moment the Assistant Prosecutor rose again and with the usual air of simplicity inquired if he might ask a few more questions. When permission was granted he bent his head till it rested on one side of his embroidered collar.

"I should like to know how long the prisoner remained in merchant Smelkóf's room?"

Again Máslova was alarmed and her eyes wandered from the Presiding Justice to the Assistant Prosecutor.

"I don't remember how long it was," she replied quickly.

"And has the accused also forgotten whether she made any other calls in the hotel after she left merchant Smelkóf?"

Máslova reflected for an instant.

"I looked into the empty room next to his," she said.

"What did you look in there for?" asked the Prosecutor, forgetting himself and addressing his question direct to the prisoner.

"I wanted to go in there to arrange my dress and wait for an *izvóstchik*."

"And did Kartínkin go into the room with the accused, or did he not?"

"He also dropped in for a moment."

"Why did he come in?"

"There was some of the merchant's 'fine champagne' left and we drank it."

"Ah, you drank it, did you? Well and good! And did the accused have any conversation with Simon?"

Máslova at once knit her brow, blushed and said rapidly:

"Did I talk with him? I did not. I have told you everything I know. You may do whatever you like with me. I am not guilty, that's all I can say."

"I have nothing more to ask," said the Prosecutor, and shrugging his shoulders he began to note down in the rough draft of his argument the admission of the accused that she had remained alone with Simon in the unoccupied room. There was a pause.

"You have nothing more to say?"

"I have told you everything there is to tell," she said with a sigh and resumed her seat.

Then the Presiding Justice made a memorandum, received a whispered communication from the Member on his left, declared a recess of ten minutes, and hurriedly left the court-room. The consultation between the Presiding Justice and the tall, bearded, pleasant-looking Member on the left was in regard to a chronic but not serious disorder of the stomach, for which the latter was taking some drops and a course of massage. And this was why a recess was taken at his request.

Lawyers, jurymen, witnesses, all left their seats and walked about the court-room, with the pleasant feeling of having accomplished a certain part of this important business. Nekhlúdof went into the jury-room and took a seat by the window.

XII.

Yes, it was Katúsha; he recalled the details of his acquaintance with her.

He was spending the summer with his aunts when he saw her for the first time, and it was during his third year at the University, while he was preparing his thesis on land tenure.

He usually spent his summers with his mother and sister on his mother's large estate near Moscow. But that year his sister had married and his mother had gone to drink the waters at some foreign *Kur*. Nekhlúdof had his thesis to prepare, and so he decided to spend the summer with his aunts. Their estate was a peaceful retreat where there would be nothing to disturb him. The aunts were very proud of their nephew and heir, and he returned their affection and liked their simple and old-fashioned way of living.

During the summer that he spent with his aunts Nekhlúdof was passing through that period of exaltation when a youth first begins to realize for himself, without any suggestions from the outside, all the beauty and significance of life, and the possibility of infinite perfection, not only for himself, but for the whole world. This idea of perfection utterly captivates him, and he feels absolutely sure that some day his highest flights of imagination will become actual facts. This year he had been reading

Spencer's "Social Statics," and the theories of that writer concerning land tenure had made a profound impression on him, all the more profound because he was himself the son of a rich landed proprietor. His father was not a rich man, but his mother had inherited about 10,000 *dessiatins* of land. For the first time he realized all the cruelty and injustice of private ownership of land, and being one of those for whom a sacrifice, in the name of conscience, constitutes the highest spiritual joy, he decided to relinquish his rights to the land, and to give up to the peasants the property he had inherited from his father. This was in fact the subject of his thesis.

His life, while he stayed with his aunts, was regular enough. He rose very early in the morning, sometimes as early as three o'clock, and took a swim before sunrise, in the river that ran at the foot of the hill; often the fog had not yet lifted, and he would return while the dew still sparkled on the grass and flowers. Sometimes during the forenoon, after taking his coffee, he would work on his thesis or look up references, but more frequently he chose to roam the woods and fields rather than read or write.

Before dinner he always took a nap in the garden. And during that meal his exuberant spirits were a constant source of amusement and entertainment for his aunts. Then he rode on horseback or rowed his boat, and in the evenings sat with his aunts and either read, or played solitaire. He was often kept awake at night, and on moonlight nights particularly he could not sleep; he felt intensely the all-pervading joy of life, and instead of sleeping he would spend the night roaming around the garden in company with his dreams and thoughts.

Thus happily and peacefully he spent the first month of his visit, never once noticing his aunts' semi-maid and semi-ward, the black-eyed, sprightly Katúsha. Brought up under his mother's wing, Nekhlúdof, at nineteen, was an innocent lad. He dreamed of woman only in her character of wife, and a woman who was not suitable to become his wife was simply a person, so far as he was concerned.

One day, however,—it was Ascension Day,—a neighbor of theirs, accompanied by her two daughters and son, came to spend a day with them. The son brought a friend of his, a young artist, sprung from the peasant class, who happened at the time to be paying him a visit. After the evening tea the party went to the newly mown meadow in front of the house to play a game of *gorelki.* They took Katúsha with them, and presently Katúsha and Nekhlúdof were paired off together. Nekhlúdof was always pleased to see Katúsha, but he had never given her more than a passing thought.

"It will be impossible to catch those two unless they stumble," said the jolly artist, who was a swift runner himself, and whose part it was to prevent the pair from joining hands.

"Oh, you will be sure to catch them. One, two, three."

They clapped their hands three times. Katúsha could hardly help laughing as she changed places with Nekhlúdof, and seizing his large hand with her own little rough one, gave it the signal squeeze, then started towards the left, rustling her starched skirts as she ran.

Nekhlúdof was a fast runner too, and he was moreover loath to be beaten by the artist, so he ran as fast as he could. When he looked back he saw the painter chasing Katúsha, but her nimble young limbs stood her in good stead, and she was running towards the left. Directly in front of them were some lilac bushes, forming a sort of goal, beyond which they were not to run. Katúsha made a sign to Nekhlúdof that this was the place where they were to join hands. He understood her and ran behind the bushes. But he was not aware of a certain narrow ditch overgrown with nettles, into which he stumbled and fell, stinging his hands with the nettles; but he was up again with a laugh, and moistening his hands with the dew that lay on the grass, he put himself to rights and gained an open space.

Katúsha, her eyes shining, her whole face beaming with smiles, was running to meet him. They came together and joined hands.

"You must have stung yourself," said Katúsha, panting and smiling, and looking at him while with her free hands she adjusted her braids.

"I didn't know the ditch was there," he said, also smiling and still holding her hand clasped in his.

She drew nearer, and without knowing how it happened, he put his face close to hers. She did not draw back; he pressed her hand and kissed her on the mouth.

"There, you've done it!" she cried, and quickly withdrawing her hand she ran away from him.

Running past a lilac bush she broke off two branches of white lilacs, which were already beginning to fade, and fanned herself with them; one backward glance she threw at him, and then, briskly swinging her arms, she joined the other players.

And from that moment their mutual relations were changed. It was the beginning of that state of affairs which exists between a youth and a maiden who are attracted towards each other. Whenever Katúsha came into the room, or when Nekhlúdof caught a glimpse of her white apron in the distance, it was like a ray of sunshine for him; everything took on a different air, grew brighter and more cheerful. In short, life became a joy.

Katúsha, too, was under the same spell. And this influence was dominant whether they were together or away from one another. The mere knowledge that there were a Nekhlúdof and a Katúsha seemed to be a great satisfaction to them. If his mother wrote him an unpleasant letter, or if he stumbled upon difficulties in his thesis, or if he felt sad, he had but to remember that there was Katúsha, and all troubles vanished when she came in sight.

Katúsha was very busy about the house, but she was also very active, and had time to read in her leisure hours. Nekhlúdof gave her Tourguénef and Dostóevsky. He had just been reading those books himself.

Tourguénef's "Lull before the Storm" was her favorite. They exchanged a few words whenever they met in the corridor, on the veranda, or in the yard, and sometimes in the room of his aunts' old attendant, Matréna Pávlovna, which Katúsha shared and where Nekhlúdof sometimes came to drink a cup of tea.

And those conversations in the presence of Matréna Pávlovna were really more agreeable. It was not easy to talk when they were alone. Their eyes expressed something of more consequence than the lips could utter; they remained silent, felt embarrassed, and quickly separated.

Such were their relations during this visit. The aunts noticed it, took alarm, and even wrote about it to his mother, who was abroad.

Márya Ivánovna, one of the aunts, feared lest Dmítri should enter into illicit relations with Katúsha. But there was no danger of that. Though not realizing it himself, Nekhlúdof loved Katúsha as pure-minded men do, and this love was the shield between them. The thought of any more intimate relations filled him with horror.

So the fears of his imaginative mother, Princess Sóphya Ivánovna, lest Dmítri, having fallen in love, should with his resolute character be determined to marry the girl, let her origin be what it might, were unreasonable. Had he then clearly realized his affection for Katúsha, or even if they had tried to argue with and to dissuade him from making her his wife, this might very easily have happened. His straightforward nature would incline him to decide that there could be no reasons to prevent him from marrying this girl, no matter who she was, if he loved her. But the aunts did not express their fears to him, and so he departed without confessing his love for Katúsha. He was sure that his feeling for her was one of those manifestations of joy that had enriched his life at that time, a feeling shared by this charming, sunny-tempered girl.

When the time came for him to go away, when he saw Katúsha standing with his aunts on the porch, her black eyes filled with tears, he felt that he was leaving behind him a precious experience which could never be repeated. And he grew very sad.

"Good-by, Katúsha, thank you for everything," he said, looking over Sóphya Ivánovna's cap as he seated himself in the droshky.

"Good-by, Dmítri Ivánovitch," she replied, in her sweet, caressing voice, keeping back her tears, and then she ran into the entry where she could give free vent to her grief.

XIII.

THREE years had passed since Nekhlúdof had seen Katúsha. He had just been promoted to the rank of an officer and was on his way to the army when he stopped to pay his aunts another visit. But it was not the same man who had spent his summer there three years ago.

Then he was an honorable, ingenuous youth with a heart open to every good suggestion; now he was a degenerate, accomplished egotist, who cared for nothing but his own pleasure. Then God's world seemed to him a mystery which he was striving to penetrate with delight and enthusiasm; now his life was defined by the simplest of rules, and regulated by those conditions in which one happens to be born. Then he needed communion with nature and with men who had lived, thought, and felt before his time, with poets and philosophers. All that interested him now were human institutions and good comradeship. Then woman seemed a mysterious and charming being, charming because of that very mystery; now his idea of a woman, of any woman, except the women of his own kin or the wives of his friends, was clearly enough defined; woman was one of the most attractive diversions for an idle hour. Then he did not care for money, and he could have lived on a third of the allowance his mother gave him, he could forego his paternal inheritance in favor of the peasants; now the monthly allowance of fifteen hundred roubles which his mother gave him was insufficient, and he had already had some unpleasant interviews with her on the subject of money matters. Then he valued his spiritual Ego above all else, as his true self. Now his active and vigorous animal nature had the precedence.

And all this radical change came about simply because he had ceased to believe in himself and placed all his confidence in others. He had ceased to believe in himself, and begun to believe in other people because it was too difficult to go on living, trusting only in himself. If a man has faith in himself, he has to decide so many questions against his lower nature, which seeks easy joys, but when he puts his trust in others, there is nothing to decide; everything has already been decided against the spiritual nature, and in favor of the animal nature. Moreover, when he trusted in his own judgment he was always blamed, whereas now, trusting others, he received nothing but the approval of those about him.

When Nekhlúdof used to read, think, or speak of God, of truth, of wealth, and of poverty, everybody around him considered it ridiculous and out of place; his mother and his aunts, amiably satirical, called him "*notre cher philosophe*"; but when he read novels, told questionable stories, visited the French theater and comic plays, and related their plots in a pleasing manner, everybody praised and encouraged him. When he considered it his duty to economize, to wear an old coat and abstain from wine, everybody thought it was only an idiosyncrasy, and a sort of ostentatious originality; but when he spent money for hunting or to furnish a luxurious study, every one praised his taste and presented him with costly trifles. When he was pure and meant to preserve his purity until his wedding day, his relatives were anxious about his health, and even his mother was rather pleased to hear that he had become a real man and had supplanted one of his comrades in the heart of some French woman. In regard to the episode with Katúsha, the Dowager Princess could never remember without horror that her son once entertained the idea of marrying that girl.

It was just the same when Nekhlúdof, having attained his majority, relinquished the small estate he had inherited from his father in favor of the peasants, because he considered the ownership of land unjust; this action horrified his mother and his relatives, and was ever after the object of reiterated reproaches and gibes in the family.

He was continually told how the peasants, having received the land, not only were no better off themselves, but that they had become impoverished; they established three pot-houses and gave up all idea of working. But when Nekhlúdof entered the Guards and in company with distinguished friends had squandered and gambled away so much money that his mother was obliged to infringe on her capital to pay his debts, she was hardly grieved at all; that was a matter of course; quite the natural and wholesome way of inoculating the virus in youth and in good company. Nekhlúdof had at first made a fight for his principles; it was a hard struggle, because everything that seemed virtuous to him seemed vicious to other people; and vice versa, all that he had regarded as evil was applauded by his world. The struggle ended in his surrender; he gave up his own ideals and adopted those of other people. First this feeling of distrust in himself made him uncomfortable; but this sensation soon wore off, and it was not long before Nekhlúdof, who began about that time to smoke and drink wine, had not only forgotten it, but was conscious of a sense of relief.

His intensely passionate temperament inclined him towards this new life, which commanded the world's approval. The voice that called for other things was completely silenced. This transition, which had its origin after he went to live in Petersburg, received its finishing touch in the army.

Military service generally corrupts a man. It puts him in a position of absolute idleness, that is to say, it provides him with neither rational nor profitable occupation. It emancipates him from the common obligations of humanity—gives him in return only the adventitious honor of the regiment, the uniform, and the flag; autocratic power on the one hand, slavish submission on the other.

But when to that corruption common to all military service, with the glories of its uniform and its flag, its warrant for rapine and murder,—when to that is added the demoralization produced by wealth and the intimacy with the royal family which is one of the privileges accruing to the regiments of the Guards in which only the wealthy and aristocratic officers are permitted to serve, then the very insanity of egotism takes possession of the man who has fallen a victim to this poisonous influence. And Nekhlúdof had been under the influence of this spell ever since he entered the military service and began to share the life of his comrades.

The sole occupation of life was to wear a fine uniform, manufactured and taken care of by other men, with helmet and weapons also forged and kept bright by the labor of others, to ride a spirited horse, trained and fed by another; to play a part in the parades and reviews with men of one's own rank, galloping to and fro, waving swords and firing guns and teaching other men to fire them. Men of the highest rank, both old and young, possessed no other occupation but this. The Czar and his courtiers not only approved of this mode of life, but extolled and rewarded the men who pursued it. To frequent a military clubhouse or a particularly expensive restaurant for the purpose of eating and drinking — chiefly drinking — spending money derived from goodness knows where, was regarded as an excellent and praiseworthy act. Women, dancing, and the play-house, relieved by the excitement of saber-thrusts and galloping steeds, to be followed by more squandering of money over women, wine, drinking, and cards, — such was the life; and all the more demoralizing, because where a civilian would be secretly ashamed of such goings-on, a soldier takes it all for granted, and is rather inclined to boast of it, especially in time of war. It so chanced that Nekhlúdof entered the army soon after the war with Turkey was declared.

"We stand ready to shed our blood in war, so we are justified in leading a jovial life; indeed, it is the only life that is possible for us, and therefore we lead it." It was after some such vague fashion that Nekhlúdof would have expressed his feelings at that period of his life. He also tasted the joy of emancipation from certain moral obligations which he had formerly established. In short, the unbroken spell of egotistical insanity was upon him.

Such was his state of mind when after an absence of three years he paid a visit to his aunts.

XIV.

NEKHLÚDOF decided to pay this visit partly because it was convenient — his aunts' estate was situated on the route by which his regiment had just gone on in advance of him — partly because they had begged him to come, but principally because he wanted to see Katúsha. It is possible that his passion, no longer bridled by principle, may have already suggested to him the evil which he afterwards wrought against Katúsha, but he did not acknowledge this to himself; he would have said that all he wanted was simply to revisit the places where he had been so happy, to see once more his somewhat peculiar but kind-hearted aunts, who always surrounded him with an atmosphere of unobtrusive love and adulation, as well as to meet that dear Katúsha whom he remembered so pleasantly.

He arrived there towards the end of March, on Good Friday, over roads almost impassable, in the midst of a drenching rain-storm, soaked and cold, but with the blood tingling in his veins and in the high spirits which he usually enjoyed in those days. "I wonder whether she is still here," he thought as he entered the familiar courtyard, now filled with snow-drifts, and surrounded by its red brick wall. He had hoped that when the bell of his conveyance was heard, he might see her coming to greet him at the side entrance. But the only persons he met were two bare-footed women, who seemed to have been scrubbing floors, for their skirts were tucked up and each one carried a pail.

Neither did he find Katúsha at the front entrance. Tíhon, the man-servant, also seemed to be busy, cleaning; he wore an apron.

His Aunt Sóphya, attired in a silk gown and cap, came out to greet him. "How nice of you to come," she exclaimed, embracing him. "Sister is somewhat tired from standing so long in church. We received the Sacrament to-day."

"My congratulations to Aunt Sophy," said Nekhlúdof, kissing her hand. "Ah, forgive me, I have wet your gown."

"Oh, you must go directly to your room. You are really very wet! Why, you have a mustache already! — Katúsha, Katúsha! Make haste and bring him a cup of coffee."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm coming," he heard the sound of the familiar voice from the corridor, and his heart beat with joy. "She is here." It was as though the sun had emerged from a cloud. Tíhon led the way, and Nekhlúdof with a springing step gaily followed him to the room he used to occupy, and proceeded to change his clothes.

He wanted to ask Tíhon about Katúsha, how she was getting on, and whether she was engaged to be married. But Tíhon was so distant and respectful in his manner, so very punctilious about pouring the water over his hands when he washed them, that Nekhlúdof could not make up his mind to ask him about Katúsha; so he confined himself to questions about his grandchildren, his uncle's old horse, and the dog Polkán. They were all alive and well, except Polkán, who had died of rabies last year.

He had just taken off his wet clothes and begun to dress, when he heard a light footstep. Then came a knock at the door. Nekhlúdof recognized both the footstep and the knock. She was the only person in the world who walked like that, and her knock was equally unmistakable.

He threw on his wet cloak and went to the door.

"Come in."

It was Katúsha, the same as ever, only more enchanting. Her innocent-looking black eyes had the same smiling expression and fascinating little squint. She wore a dainty white apron just like the one she used to wear. The aunts had bidden her bring him a fresh piece of scented soap and a couple of towels: a long Russian one and a Turkish towel. The new cake of soap with its raised letters, the towels and the bearer, were all as fresh as a rose and equally attractive. In her delight at seeing him, she gathered her charmingly bright-red lips into the same sweet little pucker he remembered of old.

"A welcome to you, Dmítri Ivánovitch." She had some difficulty in articulating the words and blushed as she spoke.

"How do you do, how art thou?" He was not sure whether he ought to call her "you" or "thou" and discovered that he also was blushing. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, thank God. Your aunt made me bring your favorite rose soap," she continued as she placed the soap on the table and spread the towels over the arms of the easy-chair.

"There is soap here," said Tíhon, speaking up in defense of the dignity of the guest and pointing with pride at a large dressing-case, with its silver-covered boxes, numerous flasks, brushes, powders, pomades, perfumery, and a variety of other toilet articles.

"Give my thanks to my aunt. How glad I am to be here!" said Nekhlúdof, feeling all of a sudden as light-hearted as he used to feel in the old times.

Her only answer was a smile as she left the room.

The aunts, who had always been devoted to Nekhlúdof, received him now with greater enthusiasm than ever. Dmítri was going to the war, where he might be wounded or even killed. This possibility was very touching to his aunts.

Nekhlúdof had planned his journey with the intention of staying there only one day, but when he saw Katúsha, he readily consented to remain over Easter Sunday and telegraphed to his friend and comrade Shoenbock, whom he had promised to meet in Odessa, to stop over at his aunts' house.

No sooner had Nekhlúdof seen Katúsha again, than his feeling for her revived in all its early fervor. As it had been in the past, so it was now; he could never see Katúsha's white apron without emotion. The very echo of her footfall, the music of her joyous laughter, filled him with delight; no longer could he gaze calmly into her pretty eyes, that looked like two black currants wet with the dew, nor could he see without confusion how she blushed wherever she encountered him. He knew he was in love, but it was not the kind he used to feel when love was a mystery to him and when he dared not confess it even to himself. That was the time when he believed in the one love of a lifetime. Now he was in love, and he knew what it meant and rejoiced in his knowledge; and although he refused to admit it even to himself, he clearly recognized the nature of this emotion and its probable results.

Like every other human being, Nekhlúdof possessed two natures: the one spiritual, caring only to promote the welfare of mankind; the other an animal nature, absorbed in self-gratification and seeking pleasure at the expense of the rest of the world. At this stage of the egotistical mania, developed by his residence in Petersburg and intercourse with army society, the animal nature seemed to have won the day. But at the sight of Katúsha and the revival of his early love for her, his spiritual nature began to assert its rights, and unconsciously to himself during the two days before Easter, it struggled valiantly to hold its own. His conscience told him that he ought to go; that there was no reason for prolonging his visit to his aunts; he knew that no good could possibly come of it, and yet he was in such a happy frame of mind, that he shut his eyes to the consequences and stayed.

The priest and his deacon and sub-deacon had driven over in a sleigh on Easter eve, to sing the vespers. The aunts' estate was about three versts from the church. They said the road was in a very bad state and between the slush and the bare ground they had had some difficulty in making the journey.

Nekhlúdof with his aunts and the servants stayed through the service. He kept his eyes fixed on Katúsha, who stood near the door and brought in the censers. After exchanging the Easter greeting with his aunts and the priest he was about to retire, when in the corridor, outside, he heard Matréna Pávlovna, his aunts' elderly maid servant, getting ready to go with Katúsha to the village church to get the Easter cakes and cream cheeses blessed. "I will go, too," thought he.

The road to the church was almost impassable, either for carriages or sleighs; so Nekhlúdof, who felt perfectly at home at his aunts', gave orders to saddle the old stallion known as "brother's horse," and instead of going to bed he put on his brilliant uniform and close-fitting riding trousers, threw a cloak over his shoulders, and bestriding this over-fed and venerable animal, whose neighing never ceased, started for the church through darkness, slush, and snow.

XV.

This midnight Mass was always one of the happiest and most vivid recollections of Nekhlúdof's life.

When from the outer darkness, relieved by occasional patches of white snow, he rode into the churchyard, his horse splashing and pricking his ears at the sight of the miniature lamps that surrounded the church, the service had already begun.

The peasants, recognizing Márya Pávlovna's nephew, showed him a dry spot where he could dismount, and tethering his horse escorted him into the church, which was filled with worshipers.

On the right-hand side of the church stood the male peasants, the old men in homespun kaftans, bast shoes, and clean white leg-wrappers; the younger ones in new cloth kaftans, with bright-colored belts around their waists, and top-boots. On the left were the peasant women, with their red silk kerchiefs on their heads. They wore a kind of sleeveless jacket made of cotton velvet, bright-red shirt sleeves, and shirts of many colors, — blue, green, and red; their feet were shod with hob-nailed shoes. Some of the modest old women, who stood behind all the others, with white kerchiefs and gray kaftans, wore old-fashioned shoes, and some had on new bast shoes. The children were gathered together in the middle of the church; each child had its hair oiled and wore its Sunday clothes. The men made the sign of the cross followed by a genuflection, and as they rose, tossed back their long hair; the women, particularly the old ones, fastening their dull and faded eyes on one or other of the ikons with its circle of burning tapers, made elaborate signs of the cross, firmly pressing their folded fingers first to the kerchief that bound their heads, then to each shoulder, and finally to the waist, moving their lips all the while and bending to the floor in genuflections. The children in imitation of their elders prayed zealously whenever any one happened to be looking at them. The tall candles, decorated with golden spirals and surrounded by tapers, reflected their lights on the glittering gilded cases of the ikons. The swinging lamp in the center was filled with tapers; from the choir came the cheerful singing of volunteer choristers, men and boys, a combination of heavy bass and high soprano.

Nekhlúdof passed to the front. A group of the aristocracy stood in the center of the church: one landed proprietor with his wife and son, — the boy wearing a sailor jacket, — the *Stanovóy*, the telegraph operator, a merchant in top boots, the village Elder with a medal on his breast, and to the right of the *ambo*, directly behind the wife of the landed proprietor, Matréna Pávlovna in a lavender-colored gown and a white-bordered shawl, and Katúsha in a white frock with a tucked bodice, a blue sash, and a red bow on her black hair.

It was all so solemn, and yet so festive, cheerful, and bright; the priest in his silver cloth vestments embroidered with gold crosses, the deacon and sub-deacons in their gold and silver *dalmaticas*, the amateur choristers with oiled hair and holiday raiment, the lively dancing melodies of the hymns, and the priests with their triple, flower-bedecked candles, constantly blessing the congregation and repeating the Easter salutation: Christ is risen! Christ is risen! It was all beautiful, but the fairest of all was Katúsha in her white dress and blue sash, with the red bow on her black hair and her eyes radiant with delight.

Nekhlúdof knew that she was conscious of him, although she never turned her head. He made this discovery when he passed close to her on his way to the altar. He couldn't help speaking, though he could think of nothing more appropriate to say to her than, "Aunt said that she should break her fast after the late Mass."

Her charming face grew pink as it always did, at the sight of him, and the look of ecstasy deepened in her dark eyes. "Yes, I knew it," she answered with a smile.

At that moment the sub-deacon with a brass coffee-pot[1] in his hands was making his way through the crowd, and urged by a natural impulse of respect for Nekhlúdof and trying to avoid a collision, without noticing Katúsha at all, he moved so close to her that his vestments brushed against her frock. Nekhlúdof wondered how that sub-deacon could have so little perception; he ought to have realized that everything this world contained was created expressly for Katúsha; that a man might overlook everything in existence, except Katúsha, for she was the center of all. For her the gold of the ikons glistened, for her the tapers in the sanctuary lamp and in the candlesticks were burning, for her those joyous chants rang out, "It is the Easter of the Lord, rejoice, O ye people!" And all that was good in the world was for her. These were the thoughts in Nekhlúdof's mind as he gazed upon her slender form in its daintily tucked white frock; and the enraptured expression of her face seemed to assure him that the singing of his own heart found an echo in hers.

During the interval between early and late Mass, Nekhlúdof left the church. The people bowed and made way for him to pass. Some knew him, and others asked, "What family does he belong to?" He stopped on the church steps. The beggars instantly gathered round him, and giving them all the change he had in his purse he went down the steps.

It was near dawn, but the sun was not yet above the horizon. The people were lingering in the churchyard. Katúsha was still in church, and Nekhlúdof waited for her.

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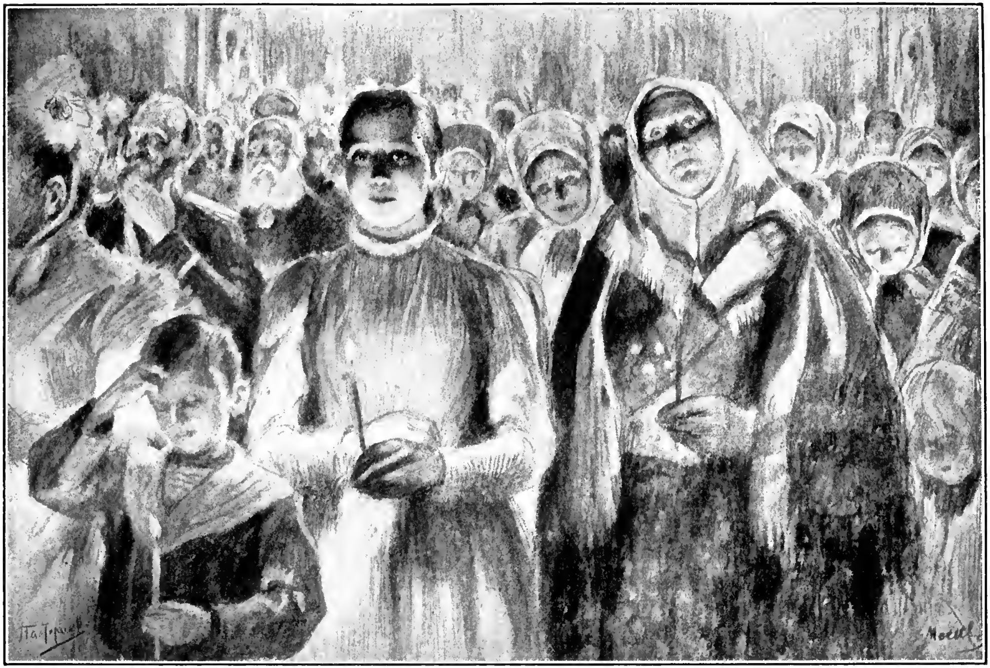
[1] Frequently used for carrying water in rural Russian churches. — Tr.



“ALL SO SOLEMN, AND YET SO FESTIVE”

And still the congregation came pouring out, — the hobnailed shoes clattering down the stone steps, — and, separating in different directions, the people wandered through the churchyard.

Márya Ivánovna's candy-maker, an aged man, with palsied head, stopped Nekhlúdof and gave him the Easter kiss, while his wife, an old woman whose silken kerchief did not hide the Adam's apple of her withered throat, drew a saffron-colored egg from her pocket-handkerchief and gave it to him. A stalwart young peasant in a new sleeveless kaftan with a green sash came up to him.

"Christ is arisen," he said with smiling eyes, and as he drew nearer, Nekhlúdof could perceive the peculiar but not disagreeable peasant odor; then, tickling him with his curly beard, the youth kissed him squarely on the mouth with his firm, fresh lips. Just as Nekhlúdof was exchanging kisses with the peasant and accepting from him a dark brown egg, Matréna Pávlovna's lavender gown and the darling, dusky little head with its red bow came in sight.

She saw him in a minute over the heads of those who stood in front of her, and he noticed how her face beamed. She stood with Matréna Pávlovna in the porch, distributing alms to the beggars. A beggar with a red scar where his nose should have been, approached Katúsha. She took something from her handkerchief, gave it to him, and going still nearer, without evincing the slightest token of disgust, her eyes still beaming with happiness, she exchanged three kisses with him. And while she was kissing the beggar her eyes met those of Nekhlúdof with a questioning look, as of one who asks, "Am I doing right?"

"Yes, dear, yes; everything is just as it should be, for my heart is filled with love." When they descended the steps and he went up to her, he had no intention of exchanging the Easter greeting. All he cared for was to be near her.

"Christ has arisen!" said Matréna Pávlovna, bending her head sideways, her face wreathed in smiles, while the tone of her voice said, "This night we are all equal." She drew out her handkerchief from under her arm, and having wiped her mouth she calmly offered him her lips.

"He has indeed!" responded Nekhlúdof, exchanging kisses with her.

He looked at Katúsha. She colored and instantly came towards him.

"Christ has arisen, Dmítri Ivánovitch."

"He has risen indeed!" he answered.

They kissed each other, and then they paused as if deliberating whether or no a third kiss would be expected, and having concluded that it would be, they kissed each other for the third time and then they smiled.

"You are not going to the house of the priest?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"No, we shall stay here awhile, Dmítri Ivánovitch," replied Katúsha, breathing a deep sigh of content like one who is pleased with what she has done. And she looked straight at him with an expression of loving devotion in her girlish eyes.

In the love of a man for a woman there is always a moment when this love reaches its zenith, when it is neither self-conscious, nor self-seeking, and when sensuality lies dormant. Such a moment came to Nekhlúdof on this joyous Easter night. When in after years he chanced to remember Katúsha, this was always the moment which eclipsed all others. The hair so dark and lustrous, the tucked white dress, gracefully clinging to her symmetrical, though as yet undeveloped figure, the blush, the sparkling and tender black eyes, all denoted the presence of two ruling traits: purity and love; love not only for him, — he knew of course that she loved him, — but of love for every creature that breathed the breath of life, and not only did she feel for those who were good and beautiful but for the poor and lowly, down to the very beggar whom she had kissed.

By the light of his own experience, he discerned that love in her. Last night this same love crept into his heart, and now he realized that he and she had become partners in heart and soul.

"Ah, if it could but have stopped there, with the feeling he had that night! Yes, all that shameful business happened after Easter Night!" he said to himself, as he sat by the window of the jury-room.

XVI.

On his return from church, Nekhlúdof broke the fast with his aunts, and by way of stimulant—a habit contracted in the regiment—he drank a glass of wine and another of vodka, and went directly to his room, where he fell asleep without undressing. He was aroused by a knock at the door. Recognizing Katúsha's rap he rose, rubbing his eyes and stretching himself.

"Is that you, Katúsha? Come in," he said, rising.

She opened the door.

"Lunch is ready, and they are waiting for you," she said.

She had not changed her white dress, but the knot of ribbon in her hair was gone. Her eyes were beaming as she looked into his, as though she had brought the most joyful tidings.

"I am coming immediately," he said, taking up the comb and beginning to comb his hair.

She stood there for a moment and he, perceiving it, dropped the comb, and took a step or two towards her. At that instant, however, she turned and left the room. He heard her light footfall on the striped carpet of the corridor.

"Well, I *am* an idiot!" said Nekhlúdof to himself. "Why didn't I make her stay?"

He ran out into the corridor and overtook her.

He couldn't have told what he wanted, but while she was in his room, he had a feeling that he was not equal to the occasion. There was something he ought to have done, and he hadn't done it.

"Wait a moment, Katúsha," he said.

She glanced at him.

"What is it?" she asked, pausing.

"Nothing, but——"

Then, gripping his resolution, he called to mind how all the men he knew would have acted under the circumstances, and put his arm around Katúsha's waist.

She stopped and looked him in the eyes.

"You mustn't, Dmítri Ivánovitch, you mustn't!" she murmured, blushing till the tears came, and pushing his arm away with her strong, white hand.

Nekhlúdof released her and for a moment he felt uncomfortable enough, not only mortified, but really disgusted with himself. If he had only then listened to the voice of his conscience! But he did not realize that this sense of mortification and discomfiture represented his better nature claiming the right to be heard. On the contrary, he accused himself of stupidity, and wondered why he couldn't be more like other men.

He overtook her in the corridor, and clasping her waist, he kissed her on the neck. This kiss was different from the kisses he had given her before, the one behind the lilac bush, and the Easter kiss, after church to-day. This one alarmed her, and she was aware of that fact.

"Oh, what are you doing?" she cried; there was a thrill of anguish in her voice, as though he had shattered her dearest treasure. She turned quickly, and ran away from him.

He went into the dining-room. The aunts, elaborately dressed, the doctor and one of the neighbors, all stood near the side-table where the *zakúska*[1] was spread. There had been no change whatever in the household, but a wild storm had arisen within Nekhlúdof's breast. He hardly

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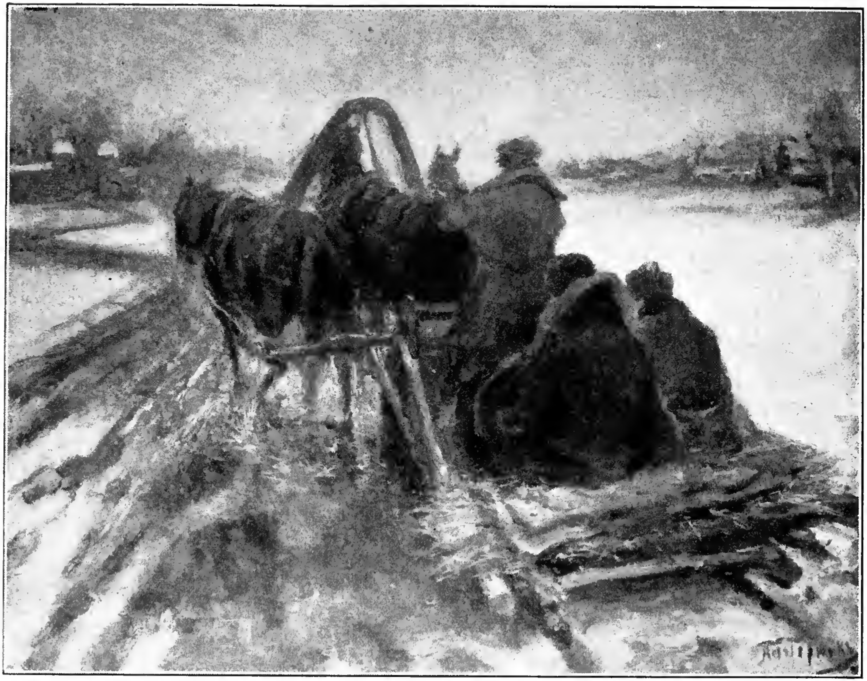
[1] A light lunch served on a side-table. —Tr.



RETURNING FROM CHURCH

understood anything that was said to him, and made all sorts of haphazard replies; all he thought of was Katúsha and the tingling of that last kiss when he caught her in the corridor, and he could think of nothing else. When she entered, although he made a strenuous effort not to raise his eyes to hers, he felt her presence in every fiber of his being.

After dinner he went into his room, and too much excited to sit still walked up and down, listening to every sound in the house and expecting at any moment to hear her footstep.

His animal nature had won the upper hand, while his spiritual nature, which had controlled during the former visit, and which had been uppermost even that very morning in church, was now trampled underfoot. That raging beast had complete possession of his soul. All the rest of the day Nekhlúdof watched for Katúsha, but he never caught one glimpse of her.

Probably she was trying to avoid him. Towards evening she had occasion to go into the room adjoining his. The doctor was to spend the night, and Katúsha had been sent to make his bed.

Hearing her footsteps, Nekhlúdof followed her. Treading softly and holding his breath, as if he were about to commit some crime, he entered the room. She was putting on a fresh pillow case, and still holding it by the corners, she looked at him over her shoulder and smiled; but not with the joyous smile he knew so well! It was pitiful to see her so frightened. Her smile seemed to reproach him for his wicked thoughts. For a moment he paused; it was his last chance to struggle against the temptation. The voice of his honest love for her was speaking, and though it was but a feeble whisper, it bade him remember her feelings, her life.

And then the other voice broke in, "Are you going to let a chance like this slip by, and lose all *your own* pleasure and happiness?"

He was now the slave of a wild, ungovernable passion. Hesitating no longer, he crossed the room, and taking her in his arms he made her sit down on the bed, and feeling that more remained to be done seated himself beside her.

"Dmítri Ivánovitch, my darling, please let me go," she said. Her voice was faint and piteous. "I hear Matréna Ivánovna coming!" she cried, and in fact the sound of approaching steps was really heard.

"Then I will come to you in the night. You'll be alone?" he muttered.

"Oh, no, no! You mustn't," her lips said; but alas, the tumult in her heart gainsaid her words.

It really was Matréna Pávlovna bringing a comforter. With a glance of reproach at Nekhlúdof, she began to reprimand Katúsha for having taken the wrong bed-quilt.

Nekhlúdof left the room without a word. He felt a vestige of shame, though he was not blind to the expression of Matréna Ivánovna's face and acknowledged that she was in the right. But now, under the full sway of passion, he was incapable of recognizing any other point of view. He knew well enough what must be done to satisfy this passion, and was absorbed in seeking his opportunity.

He was restless all the evening, wandering from room to room. Once he went out and stood on the porch, all the while contriving schemes for seeing Katúsha alone. But she avoided him, and Matréna Ivánovna watched her.

XVII.

So the evening wore away and the night came on. The doctor had retired and the aunts were also preparing to retire.

Nekhlúdof knew that Matréna Pávlovna was now with his aunts and that Katúsha was probably alone in the maids' room. He went out on the porch again.

It was dark, and the mild night air felt very damp. That white vapor born of the belated snows of springtime, and serving also to melt them away, filled the air. Strange sounds rose from the river that flowed at the foot of a steep bank not far from the house. It was the sound of the breaking ice. Nekhlúdof ran down the porch steps and using the patches of icy snow for stepping stones made his way across the puddles and round to the window of the maids' room. He could almost hear the beating of his heart. Once or twice he gasped for breath and heaved a deep sigh.

The room was lighted by one small lamp. Katúsha sat pensively by the table, gazing at vacancy. Nekhlúdof watched her for a long time without moving; he wondered what she would be likely to do, believing herself quite alone. She sat thus motionless for some minutes, then with an upward glance she shook her head in smiling reproof, so it seemed, of her secret thoughts. Hurriedly shifting her position, she leaned her arms on the table and again fixed her eyes on the vacancy before her.

As he stood there watching, he could hear the throbbing of his own heart, and the mysterious sounds arising from the river. There too, out in the fog, a slow, unceasing struggle was going on; the thin ice cracked and hissed; then, as it broke and fell in shattered bits, it resembled the crash of broken glass.

Gazing at her face, which showed so plainly the struggle that was going on in her soul, he pitied her, but this very sense of pity served only to increase his excitement. He was like one beside himself.

He tapped on the window. She trembled as though she had received an electric shock and a look of horror came into her face. She sprang from her seat, ran to the window, and screening her eyes with her hands pressed her face close against the pane. She recognized him, but the fixed look of horror seemed to form part of her face. Never had he seen her look so solemn. She smiled meekly when he smiled, but in her heart, so full of anguish, there was no room for smiles. He beckoned to her to come out into the yard, but she shook her head and remained standing by the window. Once more he put his face to the window-pane and was about to entreat her to come out, when she turned suddenly towards the door, as if some one had spoken to her from within. Nekhlúdof moved away from the window. The fog was so dense that the windows couldn't be seen five steps away, and only something dark and huge could be distinguished against which the red light of the lamp was magnified by the mist; and all the while the dreadful creaking, crackling, and hissing of the ice could be heard going on below. Suddenly near by a cock crowed; then another, and presently, from far away, the village roosters joined the chorus. Everything near the house was quiet, except the river. The cocks had crowed once before that night. After walking to and fro behind the corner of the house and stepping into an occasional puddle, Nekhlúdof went back to the window of the maids' room. The lamp was still burning, and Katúsha sat at the table with the same look of indecision on her face. As he approached the window she looked toward him, and when she heard the knock, never paused to ask who was there, but ran quickly out of the maids' room, and he heard the outer door creak as she opened it. He was waiting for her by the porch, and put his arms round her. Without a word she clung to him, and as she raised her head he kissed her on the lips. They stood behind the corner of the porch on a spot where the snow had melted away, and the ground was dry. He was quivering with excitement. Then came the creak of the outer door and the angry voice of Matréna Pávlovna calling:

"Katúsha."

She slipped away from him and ran into the house. He heard the door latched, then all was still; the red light in the window vanished, and he was left alone with the fog and the voices of the river.

Nekhlúdof went up to the window, but there was noth-

"NEKHLÚDOFF WENT UP TO THE WINDOW"

ing to be seen. He rapped, but no one answered. Then he went into the house through the front door, but he could not go to sleep. Taking off his boots, he walked bare-footed along the corridor to her door, which was next to the room occupied by Matréna Pávlovna. He listened to the peaceful snoring of the latter, and was just going on when he heard her cough and turn over in her creaking bed. For five minutes he stood motionless. Then when all was quiet again, and Matréna had resumed her monotonous snoring, he moved on, trying to avoid boards that creaked. He crept up to Katúsha's room. It was very still inside, but he was sure she was awake because he could not hear her breathing. Very softly he called, "Katúsha!" and the moment she heard him, she jumped up, came to the door, and tried to remonstrate with him. It seemed as if she were scolding.

"What does this mean! How can you behave so? Your aunts will hear you," said the lips, while the spirit affirmed, "I am thine." It was the voice of the spirit that Nekhlúdof understood.

"Open the door just a minute, I entreat you!" There was no sense in his words. She was silent, and he heard her hand fumbling for the hook. It rose with a click and he went in.

Seizing her in his arms as she stood there in her coarse chemise with her bare arms, he started for his room.

"What are you doing?" she whispered. But he paid no heed and went on.

"Oh, let me go," she kept repeating, clinging closer to him all the while.

When she left him, silent and trembling, he stepped out on to the porch and stood there trying to realize what he had done.

It was almost daylight. The noise from the breaking up of the ice in the river below was louder than ever, and a new sound of gurgling water could be heard. The mist was settling and from behind its walls the newly-risen moon, already waning, shed its meager light on something black and terrible.

"What was it? Was it a great happiness or a great misfortune that had befallen him?" he asked himself. "It's an everyday affair; everybody does it," he said to himself and went back to bed.

XVIII.

The next day the gay and brilliant Shoenbock made his appearance. The refinement and charm of his manner, his generosity and above all his devotion to Dmítri, quite captivated the aunts. But although his generosity was attractive, its utter recklessness did certainly amaze them. He gave a rouble to some blind beggars and fifteen roubles in fees to the servants, and when Suzétka, Sóphya Ivánovna's lapdog, happened to graze her leg, he instantly tore a strip from his linen cambric handkerchief to make a bandage for it. Sóphya Ivánovna knew that such handkerchiefs could not be bought for less than fifteen roubles a dozen. The aunts had never met a man like this; they had no idea that this Shoenbock owed more than two hundred thousand roubles, which he knew he could never pay. Little he cared for the twenty-five roubles, more or less. Shoenbock remained only one day and on the following night, their furlough having expired, he and Nekhlúdof departed together. During that last day of Nekhlúdof's visit to his aunts, when the events of the past night were still fresh in his mind, two conflicting emotions struggled within him: one was the burning recollection of sensual love—whose realization however fell far short of its promise—accompanied by a certain satisfaction at having accomplished his object; the other was a consciousness of wrongdoing that he must try to repair, not so much for her sake as for his own.

In his present condition of selfish madness Nekhlúdof thought only of himself, the question of her feelings or future welfare concerned him far less than the blame that might be visited upon himself were it known how he had behaved towards her.

He took it for granted that Shoenbock suspected his relations with Katúsha, and this tickled his vanity.

"No wonder that you grew so fond of your aunts all of a sudden, that you had to stay a whole week," Shoenbock observed after seeing Katúsha. "I should have done the same thing. She's a charming little thing."

Nekhlúdof, thinking the matter over, made up his mind that although it seemed a pity to leave at once, before he had fully gratified his passion for her, it would be just as well to close at once relations which might grow irksome, if continued. He was also thinking that he ought to give her some money, not because she was likely to need it, but because it is customary in such cases, and he would be considered rather dishonorable if, having taken advantage of her, he didn't pay her for it; so he gave her a sum of money which he considered suitable for him to give and fitting for her to receive.

It was after dinner on the day of departure that he lingered in the vestibule, waiting for her. She blushed when she saw him and was about to pass on, glancing significantly at the open door of the maids' room, but he detained her.

"I wanted to say good-by," he said, crumpling in one hand an envelope containing a hundred-rouble note. "I ——"

She guessed what he meant, and frowned as she shook her head and pushed away his hand.

"No, no, you must take it," he muttered and thrust the envelope into the front of her waist; and then he rushed back to his room groaning aloud like a man who has burned himself playing with fire, and for some time he paced the floor in real distress, groaning aloud as though the mere thought of what he had just done gave him physical pain.

But what could he have done? It was the same old story. The same thing happened to Shoenbock and the governess, as the former had told him, and with Uncle Gríšha, and with his own father when he lived in the country and had that illegitimate child by a peasant woman, the same Mítinka who was still living; and if everybody does it how can it be helped? In this way he tried to comfort himself without success. The recollection burned his conscience.

At the bottom of his heart he knew that he had played a dastardly and cruel part. He knew that he had forfeited his own self-respect and lost all right to be considered the upright, noble-hearted, generous fellow he had always meant to be. He could neither look an honest man in the eye nor blame a fellow-sinner. And yet he must keep up his courage if he wanted to lead a merry life. There was only one way to do that, to forget the past, and after a while he succeeded in doing that. His new life and environments, his gay companions and the war, each contributed its share towards this result, and the longer he lived the less he remembered, until in these latter days it never came into his mind.

Once only, and that was after the war, when on his way home he had stopped over at his aunts', hoping to see Katúsha, he had been told that shortly after his last visit she had left the house. She was then about to become a mother. The aunts indeed had been told that she had in fact given birth to a child, and after that she had gone from bad to worse. That made his heart ache. Judging by the time of its birth, the chances were the child was his. His aunts seemed to think that the girl had a depraved nature like her mother. This view of her character, which seemed to offer a certain excuse for his own conduct, was rather consoling to him. He had intended at first to look her up and the baby too, but he never had the energy to take the first steps, partly because the thought of her mortified him, besides giving him actual pain, and partly because, as time went on, his sin faded from his recollection until finally he ceased to think of it at all.

But now this strange coincidence, recalling all the past, compelled him to acknowledge his own heartlessness, and the baseness of his character, which had permitted him to live ten years with this sin on his conscience. Still, he had not the faintest intention of making a public confession, but was only trying to think how he could conceal the facts and prevent her lawyer from denouncing him before the Court.

XIX.

In this frame of mind Nekhlúkof left the court-room and went into the jury-room, where he took a seat near the window, smoking all the time while he listened to the talk that went on around him. The jolly merchant was evidently in sympathy with the way merchant Smelkóf passed his time.

"Well, sir, he had his fling Siberian fashion, let me tell you! He was no fool, either, to have chosen a girl like that!"

The foreman was giving his views; he declared that everything depended on the testimony of the experts. Piotr Gherássimovitch and the Jewish clerk were laughing over some joke they had between themselves. Nekhlúdof answered all questions in monosyllables, desiring only to be left alone.

When the officer of the Court with his sidling gait called the jury back into the court-room, Nekhlúdof was panic-stricken; he felt more like a culprit than a judge. At the bottom of his heart he knew he was a base wretch who ought to be ashamed to look a fellow-being in the face, and yet by force of habit he stepped upon the platform with his usual self-possession, and resuming his former seat next but one to the foreman, he crossed his legs and toyed idly with his pince-nez.

The prisoners, who had also been taken out, now returned to their seats. There were a good many new faces in the room, presumably witnesses, and Nekhlúdof noticed that Máslova seemed unable to take her eyes off a portly woman who sat in the front row behind the railing. She was richly dressed and wore on her head a high hat trimmed with a large bow. From her arm, bared to the elbow, hung an elegant bag. This woman, as he was afterwards informed, was one of the witnesses; she was mistress of the establishment with which Máslova was connected. The examination of the witnesses began; their names, religion, etc., were asked. Then after some consultation between the contending parties in regard to the swearing in of witnesses, some preferring to question their witnesses under oath, and others opposing that method, the same old priest came toiling in, and with the same gestures readjusted the gold cross on his breast, and with the same tranquil self-assurance, as though he were performing a most useful and important duty, he swore in the witnesses and the experts. After the oath had been administered, the witnesses left the room under escort, all except Kitáeva, the proprietress of the house of ill fame. She was asked to tell what she knew of the case. With a strong German accent, but clearly and intelligently, emphasizing every sentence by a nod of her head and with an artificial smile overspreading her face, she gave her evidence as follows:

In the first place a rich Siberian merchant had sent Simon, the hotel servant, to her house for one of her girls, and she had sent him Lubásha. Later on Lubásha came back with the merchant. He was already somewhat hilarious—here she smiled slightly—and went on drinking and treating the girls; but his money gave out, and he sent this same Lubásha, for whom he had taken a great fancy, back to the room he occupied in the hotel. She glanced at the prisoner as she said this, and Nekhlúdof thought he saw Máslova smile too, and the sight of that smile produced a sensation of disgust, softened, it is true, by compassion.

"What was your opinion of Máslova?" asked the candidate for a judicial post, appointed by the Court for her defense. The color came into his face as he spoke.

"Excellent," replied Kitáeva. "She is an etucated girl and with blenty ov style apout her. She was prought up in a goot family and can reat French. Sometimes she would take a trop too much, but she nefer was imbudent. A ferry goot sort ov girl."

Katúsha glanced from her former mistress to the jury, and a stern and solemn expression deepened in her eyes; — there was a slight cast in one of them. For a perceptible space of time those eyes rested on Nekhlúdof. In spite of the sensation of terror that crept over him, he could not detach his gaze from those squinting eyes with their whites so bright and clear. They recalled that dreadful night, with its mist and breaking ice; again he seemed to see the waning moon that rose near daybreak and shed its light on something black and horrible. Those two black eyes, which, though fixed upon his face, gave the impression of looking beyond him, made him think of that black and horrible incubus.

"She recognized me," he thought, and flinched like one who expects a blow. But she had not recognized him. She drew a long, sighing breath, and turned her eyes on the Presiding Justice. Nekhlúdof sighed too.

"If it were only over," he thought. It seemed as if he were out hunting and had a wounded bird to put out of its misery. He had felt this same sense of vexation and pity when the bird fluttered in the bag; he was only eager to put an end to its suffering and forget it. These were the mingled emotions that filled Nekhlúdof's breast as he sat listening to the examination of witnesses.

XX.

It really seemed as if they dawdled over the case, just to torment him. After each witness, the expert included, had been examined in turn and all sorts of irrelevant questions had been asked by the Assistant Prosecutor and the lawyers with the usual air of importance, the Presiding Justice invited the jury to examine the articles presented as material evidence. These consisted of an immense ring with a cluster of diamonds, which had evidently been worn on the first finger of a large hand, and the test-tube containing the poison which had been analyzed. Labels and seals were attached to these objects.

Just as the jurymen were about to examine them, the Assistant Prosecutor arose and demanded that the Medical Examiner's Report should be read before proceeding to the examination of those articles.

The Presiding Justice, who was anxious to finish the case in time to keep his appointment with his Swiss girl, although he knew perfectly well that the reading of this paper would be nothing but a bore, besides delaying the dinner hour, and also that the Assistant Prosecutor only demanded it because he had no notion of yielding any of his prerogatives, knew also that he had no alternative but to consent. The Secretary took the document, and in his lisping, monotonous fashion, slurring all the l's and r's, began to read as follows:

1. Ferapónt Smelkóf's height was six feet and five inches. "He must have been an enormous man!" whispered the merchant in tones of awe in Nekhlúdof's ear.

2. Judging from outward appearances about forty years of age.

3. The corpse presented a swollen appearance.

4. The flesh, of a uniform greenish hue, showed dark spots in places.

5. The skin was blistered, and had peeled off here and there.

6. The hair was dark brown, abundant, and easily detached from the skin.

7. The eyeballs were starting from their sockets, and the cornea looked dim.

8. From the nostrils, ears, and partly open mouth a watery matter was oozing.

9. The face and chest have swelled to such an extent that the neck could no longer be seen, etc., etc.

The examination of the outward appearance of that swollen and putrefied corpse which had been the body of the jovial merchant was detailed in twenty-seven items and occupied four pages. When the reading was going on, an indescribable sense of disgust and loathing took possession of Nekhlúdof. The aspect of this revolting corpse seemed a part of the same order of things that had brought about his betrayal of Katúsha and her subsequent career. He felt like one surrounded by horrors from which he could never escape. When the reading of the external examination was finally concluded, the Presiding Justice raised his head with a sigh of relief, as if he hoped it was all over; but the Secretary at once proceeded with the reading of the examination of the intestines. Again the head of the Presiding Justice drooped, and resting on his elbow he closed his eyes. The merchant who sat beside Nekhlúdof could hardly keep his eyes open; that he did, in fact, lose himself was betrayed by the sudden lurching of his body. The accused as well as the gendarmes also remained motionless. The examination of the internal organs showed that:

1. The covering of the skull was easily separated from the bones, and nowhere was there any sign of bruises.

2. The bones of the skull were of average thickness and in a perfect condition.

3. There were two dark-colored spots on the cerebral membrane, each one measuring about four inches; the membrane itself was pale in color, and so on, for thirteen paragraphs. Then came the names and signatures of

the experts and finally the conclusion of the Medical Examiner which showed that the changes in the stomach, and to a lesser degree in the kidneys and bowels, revealed by the autopsy, *lent a greater probability* to the conclusion that Smelkóf's death was caused by the poison introduced into his system through the medium of wine. Owing to the changes that had taken place in the stomach and bowels, it was difficult to state precisely what kind of poison had been used, but the presence of a large quantity of alcohol in his stomach seemed to indicate that this poison had been introduced into his wine.

"He must have been a great toper," whispered the merchant, as he roused himself from his slumbers.

But apparently even the reading of this report, which lasted fully an hour, was not enough for the Assistant Prosecutor, for when the Presiding Justice turned towards him and said, "I suppose it would be superfluous to read the special report on the intestines," he drew himself up in his chair and without even glancing at the Presiding Justice, said in a severe tone of voice, "I must request to have it read!" He would give his Honor to understand that the Prosecutor's rights were not to be trifled with. He had a right to have the report read, and a refusal would be regarded as a cause for appeal. Here the victim of catarrh of the stomach, the Member with the beard and kindly eyes, feeling quite worn out, said to the Presiding Justice:

"What is the use of reading all that stuff? It only prolongs the case. These new brooms sweep no cleaner; they're longer about it, that's all."

The Member with the gold spectacles made no reply, gazing at vacancy with an air of gloom and fortitude, as if he had ceased to expect anything good from wife or from life.

The reading began:

"188–, February the fifteenth, I, the undersigned, in compliance with an order from the Medical Department numbered 638," read the Secretary, pitching his voice in such a key as to preclude any possible chance of slumber, "and in the presence of the Assistant Medical Inspector, have made an examination of the following internal organs:

1. The right lung and heart (contained in a six lb. glass jar).

2. The contents of the stomach (in a six lb. glass jar).

3. Of the stomach itself (in a six lb. glass jar).

4. Of the liver, the spleen and the kidneys (in the three lb. glass jar).

5. Of the intestines (in the six lb. earthenware jar). . . ." At the beginning of the reading the Presiding Justice leaned first towards one Member and then towards another, whispering to each in turn, and having received an affirmative answer, he interrupted the reading.

"The Court considers the reading of this report superfluous," he said. The Secretary paused and gathered up his papers, while the Assistant Prosecutor with an angry look began making notes.

"The gentlemen of the jury may now examine the material evidence," said the Presiding Justice.

The foreman and several of the jurors, not quite knowing what to do with their hands, went up to the table and took turns in examining the ring, the glass jar, and the test-tube. The merchant even tried on the ring.

"What a finger he must have had!" he said, returning to his seat. "Like a cucumber," he added, gloating, as it were, over the gigantic proportions of the deceased merchant.

XXI.

When this examination of the articles of material evidence was over, the Presiding Justice declared that the investigation was concluded, and feeling eager to finish the business as quickly as possible, he took no recess, but gave word to the Prosecutor to begin his argument, hoping that as he was but human after all, he might want to smoke and dine himself, and therefore have some mercy on the rest of them. But the Assistant Prosecutor had no more idea of showing mercy to himself than to others. He was very stupid by nature, and having had the misfortune to graduate from the *Gymnasia* with a gold medal and to receive a prize for his essay on slavery while he was studying Roman Law at the University, his conceit knew no bounds, and aided by his success with women, had become truly monumental. Rising slowly from his seat, conscious of his graceful figure in its gold-embroidered uniform, and leaning on the desk, slightly inclining his head, as if to avoid the eyes of the prisoners, he looked towards the public and began:

"Gentlemen of the Jury:

"The case now before you is a typical one." He had been preparing his address during the reading of the reports of the medical investigation, and he fully expected that like the arguments of other famous lawyers it would make a profound impression. To be sure his audience was composed of three women: a seamstress, a cook, Simon's sister, and a coachman. But what of that? Other celebrated lawyers had begun in the same way. His theories in regard to the duties of his position were that a lawyer ought to study the psychological significance of crime in order to depict the diseases of society, and he intended to live up to his principles.

"You have before you, gentlemen of the jury, a *fin de siècle* crime, if I may so describe it, a crime possessing the specific features of that melancholy corruption to which those elements of our society which are subjected to the burning rays of this process, are particularly exposed ——"

He spoke at length, trying to remember all the clever things he had in his mind, and principally trying never to pause and still to prolong his argument for an hour and a quarter. He stopped only once, and for some time stood clearing his throat; then, taking up the thread of his discourse, he made amends for this brief pause by redoubled eloquence. Sometimes he spoke in mellow and insinuating tones, balancing himself first on one foot, then on the other, looking now at the jury, now at his notebook; then all of a sudden, turning from the jury to his audience, his voice would ring out in prophetic accents. But he never once glanced at the prisoners, every one of whom gazed steadily at him.

His argument was a medley of all the fads current in his set, in short the so-called last word of scientific wisdom. He talked of heredity and of innate criminality, of Lombroso and Tarde, of evolution, of the struggle for existence, of hypnotism and hypnotic suggestion, of Charcot and degeneration.

Merchant Smelkóf, according to the definition of the Assistant Prosecutor, was the original type of a Russian, physically vigorous, generous to a fault, and whose very generosity had made him an easy prey for those various and depraved creatures into whose hands he had chanced to fall. Simon Kartínkin was the atavistic product of serfdom, timorous, illiterate, and unprincipled,—he had not even religion! Evfémia was his mistress and a victim of heredity. She showed every symptom of degeneration. But the chief instigator of this crime was Máslova, herself an example of the very lowest type of degeneracy. "This woman," he went on, without looking at her, "has been educated; we have just heard the testimony of her mistress. Not only can she read and write, but she is familiar with French. She is an orphan, and doubtless the germs of criminality are in her nature. Brought up in a cultivated family of the nobility, she might have led an honest, self-supporting life; but she forsook her benefactors, and in order to gratify her passion, entered a public house, where she was the most intelligent among the women of her class, and as you gentlemen of the jury have just been told by her mistress, she has the power of winning an influence over the visitors by that mysterious faculty recently investigated by the scientific and medical world — Charcot was one of its famous expositors — known as hypnotic suggestion. It was by the aid of this faculty that she gained control over that Russian giant, that kind, confiding Sádko, the wealthy visitor, using her power without mercy, first to steal his money and then to take his life."

"He is talking arrant nonsense," said the Presiding Justice, smiling and bending towards the serious Member.

"A consummate blockhead!" said the serious Member.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the Assistant Prosecutor continued, gracefully swaying his body from side to side, "the fate of these criminals lies in your hands; but it is also in your power to control the fate of society, which will feel the effect of your verdict. You will consider the nature of this crime, the social menace of such pathological individuals as Máslova, and you will strive to guard it from contagion, no less than from positive destruction."

And as though overcome by the importance of the verdict about to be rendered, the Assistant Prosecutor, evidently charmed with his own eloquence, dropped into his chair. The gist of his argument, shorn of the flowers of rhetoric, was that Máslova hypnotized the merchant, insinuating herself in his confidence, and having been sent to his room with a key to bring back certain money, surprised by Simon and Evfémia, she was forced to share it with them. Then, to conceal the traces of her crime, she had brought the merchant back to the hotel, and there poisoned him.

The argument of the Assistant Prosecutor was followed by that of a middle-aged lawyer in swallowtail coat and low-cut waistcoat, showing a semicircle of stiff white shirt bosom. He pleaded the cause of Kartínkin and Botchkóva, who had paid him three hundred roubles. He spoke with assurance, exonerating both of them and accusing Máslova as the sole criminal.

He denied the assertion of Máslova that Botchkóva and Kartínkin were both present when she took the money, insisting that the evidence of a convicted prisoner could have no weight. The twenty-five hundred roubles, said the lawyer, might easily have been accumulated by two honest servants, who sometimes received from three to five roubles a day in fees from guests. The merchant's money had been stolen by Máslova and had either been transmitted by her to some third party or else lost while she was in a state of intoxication. The poisoning was the act of Máslova alone.

Therefore he asked the jury to acquit Kartínkin and Botchkóva of taking the money, but even if they should find them guilty, he demanded their acquittal of all participation with deliberate intent in the poisoning affair.

In conclusion and by way of making a point against the Assistant Prosecutor, he remarked that those brilliant remarks of his on the subject of heredity, though they might be true in general, were not applicable to this case, as no one knew who Botchkóva's parents were.

The Assistant Prosecutor at once betrayed his annoyance by a shrug of the shoulders accompanied by a smile of contemptuous indifference, and immediately began taking notes.

Then Máslova's advocate rose and with an air of embarrassment and stumbling over his words began to speak in her defense. Without denying that she had taken part in the theft, he insisted that she had no intention of poisoning Smelkóf. But when he undertook to be eloquent and began to describe Máslova's youth, how she had been ruined by a man who had gone unpunished, whereas she had to bear the consequence of her sin, this excursion into the domain of psychology was anything but successful, and served only to make everybody feel ashamed of him. While he was hesitating and mumbling something about the cruelty of men and the helplessness of women, the Presiding Justice, wishing to help him out, advised him to adhere more closely to the facts of the case.

When he ceased speaking the Assistant Prosecutor rose, and took up the cudgels in defense of heredity against the attorney who had spoken first on the side of the defense. He began by saying that even though Botchkóva happened to be the child of unknown parents, it would not invalidate the truth of the doctrine of heredity. Science has established the law of heredity on so firm a basis that we can not only deduct crime from heredity, but heredity from crime. As to the hypothesis of the defense, that Máslova had been ruined by some supposititious seducer,—he pronounced the word "supposititious" with sarcastic emphasis,—the facts rather tended to prove that it was she who had been the temptress and that many a victim had suffered at her hands. And after these remarks he took his seat in triumph.

Then the prisoners were permitted to speak in their own defense.

Evfémia Botchkóva repeated that she knew nothing whatever about it, and had nothing at all to do with the affair, and insisted that Máslova was the only culprit. Simon only repeated several times:

"Do as you please, but I am innocent."

Máslova said nothing. When the Presiding Justice told her she might speak in her own defense she gave one look at him, then threw a hasty glance around the room like a hunted animal at bay, lowered her eyes and burst into tears, sobbing aloud.

"What's the matter?" said the merchant who sat beside Nekhlúdof. He heard him utter a strange sound, like a stifled sob.

Nekhlúdof did not even yet realize the full significance of his present position and attributed the sobs he could hardly repress and the tears that came to his eyes, to the weakness of his nerves. He put on his pince-nez to conceal his tears, then pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

The fear of the disgrace which would befall him if all these people knew what he had done overpowered the remorse that was struggling in his soul, for at this stage of the affair selfish fear was his strongest emotion.

XXII.

After the last words of the prisoners, the arguments on both sides as to the form of putting the questions to the jury lasted some little time; but finally these questions were formulated and the Presiding Justice began to sum up the case. Before stating the case to the jury, he explained to them in a familiar tone of voice, that burglary was burglary and that theft was theft, and that theft from a room that was locked, was theft from a room that was locked, and that theft from an open room, was theft from an open room. While he was offering these explanations he looked repeatedly at Nekhlúdof, as though endeavoring to impress him with the importance of this information, hoping that if he understood, he would explain it all to his fellow-jurymen. Then, when he thought that the jury was sufficiently impressed with these truths, he proceeded to elucidate another truth, namely that murder is a deed which aims at the death of a fellow-creature, and that poisoning is murder. When this truth also had, in his opinion, been sufficiently apprehended by the jury, he explained that if the crimes of theft and murder were committed simultaneously, this combination of crimes would be theft and murder.

But though anxious to get away to his appointment, he had become so completely the slave of routine, that having once started on his charge he could not stop himself; so he explained to the jury in detail that if they found the prisoners guilty, they had a right to say so, and if they found them not guilty they had the right to say that also. If they found them guilty of one crime and innocent of the other, they could declare them guilty of one and innocent of the other. Next he explained that though this privilege was granted to them, they should use it with discretion. He was also about to explain that if they made an affirmative answer to a question they should agree to everything the question includes, and that if they did not agree to everything the question includes, then they must state to which part they did not agree; but glancing at his watch and seeing that it was five minutes before three, he decided to begin the final charge.

"The circumstances of the case are as follows:" and then he repeated all that had been previously stated by the defense, the Assistant Prosecutor, and the witnesses.

While the Presiding Justice was speaking, the Associate Members, although they listened to him with an air of profound attention, looked now and then at their watches, and although approving of what he said, that is to say, believing his charge to be the correct thing, they thought it somewhat lengthy. This was in fact the consensus of opinion from the Assistant Prosecutor to the last member of the bar, not to mention the other listeners in the court-room. At last the Presiding Justice had finished the summing up.

It seemed as if there could be nothing more to say, and yet, so pleased was he with the inspiring tones of his own voice, that he was reluctant to stop, and so found it necessary to add a few words concerning the importance of that right which had been granted to the jury, and how they should beware of abusing it; he reminded them that they had taken an oath, and that they were the conscience of society, and that the secret deliberations of the jury-room should be held sacred, and all that sort of thing. From the moment the Presiding Justice began to speak, Máslova never once took her eyes from his face, she seemed to fear lest she might lose a word; and therefore Nekhlúdof, set free from his dread of meeting her eyes, gazed at her intently. And there passed through his mind that familiar train of thought wherein the first impression is of the outward change that absence brings upon a well-loved but long unseen face. Gradually the look of former years returns, the changes disappear, and before our spiritual eye rises the characteristic expression of the unique and singular spiritual individuality.

All this was passing through Nekhlúdof's mind.

Neither the prison cloak, the luxuriant figure, nor the fulness of the chin, nor the wrinkles on the forehead and around the temples, nor the swollen eyelids, could disguise the truth. It was the same Katúsha, who on that Easter morning had gazed so innocently into the face of the man she loved, with her tender, laughing eyes, so full of joy and life.

"And what a strange coincidence! That I should be on the jury in this particular case! That I, who have not seen her for ten years, should find her in the prisoners' dock! How will this all end? If it would only end quickly!"

He had not yet ceased to rebel against that feeling of repentance that had risen in his heart. He tried to think of the affair as a coincidence, which would pass from his memory and leave no trace behind. He felt like a puppy when its master seizes it by the nape of the neck and rubs its nose in the mess it has made. The puppy yelps and tries to pull away as far as possible from the consequences of its misbehavior, and forget about it, but the implacable master will not let it go. So Nekhlúdof, realizing the baseness of what he had done, now felt the weight of the Master's hand, and yet he failed to comprehend the full significance of his deed, nor could he recognize the Master. He did not wish to believe that what he saw was the result of his own act. But the inexorable hand held him there, and he felt that he could never escape.

Outwardly he still preserved an air of indifference as he sat there in the second chair of the first row in his usual attitude of careless ease, playing with his pince-nez. Yet his heart was heavy within him, not only because his own cruelty had grown so hateful to him, but the vision of life in general, with its selfish debauchery and baseness, he could hardly endure to behold. The awful veil which for twelve years had hung motionless between him and the consequences of his crime, was beginning to waver, and now and again he caught a glimpse of what was hidden behind it.

XXIII.

HAVING finished his charge, the Presiding Justice gracefully lifted the paper containing the list of questions and handed it to the foreman. The jurymen, glad of an opportunity to rest, rose rather awkwardly and started in a shame-faced sort of way for the jury-room. As soon as the door had closed behind them, a gendarme approached it, and drawing his saber from its scabbard he held it against his shoulder and took his post by the door.

The Judges left the room to stretch their legs a bit, and the prisoners were also led away. Of course the first thing the jurymen did was to light their cigarettes and begin to smoke, and presently the feeling of constraint caused by their false position in the court-room wore off, and as they smoked a sense of relief took its place, and they began a lively discussion.

"That girl is innocent; she didn't know what she was about," said the kind-hearted merchant; "we must let her down easy."

"That's what we are going to talk about," said the foreman. "We must not be guided by impulse."

"That was a good charge the Presiding Justice made!" said the colonel.

"You call it good, do you? It almost put me to sleep!"

"It is plain enough to see that the servants could not have known about the money, unless they had heard about it from Máslova," said the clerk of Jewish birth.

"Then you believe that she stole the money?"

"You can never make me believe it!" exclaimed the kind-hearted merchant. "I'm sure it's all the work of that red-eyed demon!"

"They are a bad lot!" said the colonel.

"She says she never went into the room."

"And you believe her? The idea of believing a wretch like that!"

"You may or may not believe her, but that doesn't alter the case," said the clerk.

"She was the one who had the key."

"What of that?" retorted the merchant.

"How about the ring?"

"She told us how it happened; the merchant was crazy with liquor; he gave her a blow—and then of course he was sorry. 'Here,' says he, 'don't you cry; here's a ring for you.' Think what a powerful man he must have been, six foot five, and heavy I warrant you!"

"What has that to do with it?" interrupted Piotr Gherássimovitch; "the question is: was she the chief conspirator, or did the servants plan the crime?"

"The servants could not have done it alone. She had the keys."

This vague sort of talk went on for some time. At last the foreman took a stand: "Gentlemen, I propose that we seat ourselves around the table while we discuss the matter." So saying he took the foreman's chair.

"Those girls are a bad lot," said the clerk, and to prove that Máslova must have been the chief culprit he told how one of her class had stolen a watch from a friend of his on the boulevard.

The colonel also told another still more startling story, of the theft of a silver samovar. Here the foreman called the jury to order by rapping the table with his pencil: "Now, gentlemen," said he, "please concentrate your attention on these questions." All became silent. The questions were framed as follows:

1. Is the peasant of the village Bórki, in the district of Krapívensk, Simon Petróv Kartínkin, thirty-three years of age, guilty of having, on the 17th of January, 188–, in the City of N——, conspired with certain other persons with the intent to rob and murder merchant Smelkóf by giving him the poisoned cognac which caused his death and of having stolen from him about twenty-five hundred roubles and a diamond ring?

2. Is the *mezchánka* Evfémia Botchkóva, forty-three years of age, guilty of the above-mentioned crimes?

3. Is the *mezchánka* Katerina Mikháilova Máslova guilty of the crimes described in the first question?

4. If the accused Evfémia Botchkóva is not guilty of both the crimes set down in the first question, then is she guilty of having, while employed in the Hotel Mavritania, on the seventeenth day of January, 188–, in the City of N——, stolen from a locked valise in a room occupied by a guest in said hotel, the merchant Smelkóf, the sum of twenty-five hundred roubles, for which purpose she unlocked the valise with a key which she had brought, and fitted to the lock?

The foreman read the first question. "Well, gentlemen, what do you say?"

This question was quickly answered; all had agreed to say "Guilty," believing that Simon had assisted in the poisoning as well as in the theft,—all except an old *artélschik*,[1] who voted for acquittal.

The foreman thought that he must be laboring under some error and proceeded to explain that there could be no reason for doubting the guilt of Kartínkin: but the *artélschik* was not to be persuaded; he only said, "Never mind, it's better to be merciful." "We are no saints, ourselves," he added, and held to his opinion.

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[1] A man who belongs to an *artel*, or an association of workmen whose members share profits and losses. —Tr.

The second question in regard to Botchkóva was answered after much talk and discussion by "Not guilty," simply because — and this was the point her counsel made — there was no unequivocal proof of her share in the poisoning.

The merchant in his eagerness to acquit Máslova insisted that Botchkóva was the chief instigator. Many of the jury agreed with him, but the foreman, wishing to keep within the limits of the law, said that there were no grounds for considering her an accomplice in the poisoning.

After much disputing, the opinion of the foreman won the day.

To the fourth question concerning Botchkóva the answer was "Guilty," but in deference to the *artélschik* the clause "Recommended to mercy" was added. A fierce dispute sprang up over the question concerning Máslova.

The foreman insisted that she was guilty of both the poisoning and the burglary, but the merchant would not agree with him, and the colonel, the clerk, and the *artélschik* sided with the latter. For a while the others seemed to be wavering, but at last the opinion of the foreman began to gain ground. In fact the jurymen were so tired they were ready to join the side that promised the more speedy decision. Anything for a release.

Not only from his former knowledge of Máslova, but from all that had passed during the trial, Nekhlúdof felt sure that she was innocent both of the robbery and of the poisoning. At first he was confident that all the jurymen would take this view of the matter, but when he saw how the merchant's awkward defense of Máslova based on his personal fancy for the girl, which he took no pains to conceal, had aroused the opposition of the foreman, and how fatigue was making every juryman so eager for a decision that he was ready to say "Guilty" and have it over, it seemed to him that he ought to speak in her defense. Still he dared not venture. He had a horrible dread lest his former relations with her might be discovered. And yet how could he leave the affair as it lay? Come what might, he must offer his objection.

With the color alternately flushing and paling in his face, he was just opening his lips to speak, when Piotr Gherássimovitch, who had been silent up to that moment, evidently exasperated by the arrogant manner of the foreman, began suddenly to argue with him and said in so many words precisely what Nekhlúdof was about to say.

"One moment, please," he began. "You argue that because she had the key, she must have committed the theft. Do you mean to say that those servants couldn't have unlocked the valise with a false key after she was gone?"

"Just so, just so!" approved the merchant.

"She couldn't have taken the money, because situated as she was, she would hardly know how to dispose of it."

"That's just what I say," exclaimed the merchant. "I've no doubt that her visit to the room suggested all that business to the servants; they improved the chance, and then tried to place all the blame on her."

Piotr Gherássimovitch was in a thoroughly irritable frame of mind, and his mood seemed contagious. The foreman at once began an obstinate defense of his own views. But Piotr Gherássimovitch's arguments were so convincing that the majority agreed with him in believing Máslova had taken no part whatever in stealing the money, and that the ring had been given to her.

When they discussed her complicity in the poisoning affair, her ardent champion, the merchant, remarked that she ought to be acquitted, because she had no reason for poisoning Smelkóf. To which the foreman replied that it was impossible to acquit her of that, because she confessed that she had given the powder.

"Yes, but she thought it was opium."

"Opium is a deadly poison, too," said the colonel, who was fond of digressions, and who straightway began a rambling tale of how his brother-in-law's wife had once taken too much opium and would certainly have died, had there not been a doctor near by, who took instant measures for her relief. The colonel told his story so impressively and with such dignity that no one had the courage to interrupt him. Only the clerk, encouraged by his example, had the rudeness to break in with a little tale of his own.

"Some people get so used to it, they can take forty drops at a time. I have a relative——"

But the colonel would tolerate no interruption; he went calmly on describing the effects of opium on his brother-in-law's wife.

"It is after four," said one of the jurymen.

"Well, gentlemen, what is your decision?" asked the foreman. "Shall we consider her guilty without an intent to rob and without the intent to steal the property?"

"Shall we say that?"

Piotr Gherássimovitch, pleased with his victory, assented.

"But we must recommend her to mercy," added the merchant.

All agreed to this. The *artélschik* was the only man who insisted on the verdict "Not guilty."

"That's really what it amounts to," explained the foreman. "Therefore she is 'Not guilty.'"

"Write that down, and add that we recommend her to mercy. Surely this should clear her," cried the merchant, in high good humor.

They were so worn out and so confused by all these discussions, that no one thought of adding the clause, "*but without intent to kill.*"

Nekhlúdof was so agitated that he overlooked this omission; hence the answers were drawn up in that fashion and taken to the court-room.

Rabelais tells us of a lawyer who was trying a case and who, after quoting all sorts of laws, and reading some twenty pages of unintelligible Latin, proposed to the contending parties to throw dice, odds or even; if the number were even, then the plaintiff should have the right of it, otherwise the defendant.

This was a similar case. That particular verdict had been rendered not because all were agreed, but because, in the first place, the Presiding Justice, in spite of all the time he had consumed, had omitted his customary direction to the jury: namely, when in reply to a question, they answered "Guilty," they had the privilege of adding "but without intent to murder"; secondly because the colonel had told a stupid, long-winded story about his brother-in-law's wife; thirdly because Nekhlúdof was so agitated that he did not notice the omission of the proviso "without intent to murder," thinking that the proviso "without premeditated intent" nullified the accusation; fourthly because Piotr Gherássimovitch happened to have left the room just as the foreman was reading over the questions and replies; and lastly because everybody was tired, and wanted to get away as quickly as he could and therefore thought it best to agree to any decision that would end matters in the quickest way.

The foreman rang the bell. The gendarme, who with drawn sword in hand stood near the door, put his sword back into its scabbard and moved aside. The Judges took their seats, and the jury came filing in one after another.

The foreman carrying the paper with suitable solemnity presented it to the Presiding Justice, who when he had perused the same, flung up his hand in surprise and turned to consult his companions. He was astonished that the jury, having put in the first proviso: "without intent to rob," should have omitted the second: "without intent to murder." According to the verdict of the jury Máslova had committed neither theft nor robbery, but she had poisoned a man without any apparent object.

"Just look at this absurd verdict!" he said, turning to the Member on his left. "This means penal servitude, and the woman is innocent."

"What do you mean by saying she is innocent?" asked the severe Member.

"Because I am sure she is; I regard this as a case for applying Article 817 (Article 817 says that if the Court finds the decision of the jury unjust, it may set it aside).

"What is your opinion?" asked the Presiding Justice, turning towards the kind-hearted Member, who made no immediate reply. He glanced at the number on a paper before him, and hastily adding the figures together found that he couldn't divide them by three. He had decided in his own mind if those numbers were divisible by three, he would agree with the Presiding Justice. It seemed a pity that they were not; but he was too kindly to dispute the point, so he agreed just the same.

"Well, I think just as you do," he said.

"And you?" said the Presiding Justice, turning to the irritable Member.

"On no account," he replied decidedly. "The newspapers are forever repeating that the juries acquit criminals; what would they say if the Court did the same thing? I would not consent to it on any account."

The Presiding Justice looked at his watch.

"Well, I am sorry," he said; "then nothing more can be done," and he handed the questions to the foreman to read aloud. Every one rose, and the foreman, shifting his weight from one foot to the other and clearing his throat, read the questions and answers. The whole Court, secretaries, lawyers, even the Prosecutor himself, expressed surprise.

The criminals sat perfectly still; they didn't seem to understand what the answers meant.

When all were again seated, the Presiding Justice asked the Prosecutor to announce the punishments which were to be inflicted upon the condemned.

The Prosecutor, elated over his unexpected success in obtaining Máslova's conviction, and naturally ascribing it to his own eloquence, after consulting the Penal Code said, half rising in his seat:

"Simon Kartínkin should be dealt with according to Statute 1452 and Section 4 of 1453; Evfémia Botchkóva according to Statute 1659, and Katerína Máslova according to Statute 1454."

These punishments were the most severe that the law allowed.

"The Court will adjourn to pronounce upon the sentence," said the Presiding Justice, rising.

Every one followed his example, and with that air of relief that springs from a duty fulfilled, began to leave the hall or walk about.

"I say, my dear fellow, we made a bad blunder there," said Piotr Gherássimovitch, coming up to Nekhlúdof, who was listening to the foreman's explanation of some matter. "Do you realize that we've sent her to penal servitude?"

"What's that?" exclaimed Nekhlúdof, utterly regardless of the teacher's familiarity.

"Certainly!" he replied. "We ought to have given the answer 'Guilty, but without intent to murder,' and we didn't. The Secretary has just told me that the Prosecutor is sentencing her to fifteen years' penal servitude."

"But that's what was decided," said the foreman.

Then Piotr Gherássimovitch began to dispute this, saying that as she had not taken the money, it was the natural inference that she had no idea of committing the murder.

"I read the answers to you before we left the room," said the foreman, trying to defend himself, "and not one of you said a word against them."

"I was not in the room at that moment; but I can't imagine how you could have let it pass," said Piotr Gherássimovitch, looking at Nekhlúdof.

"I never thought—" said Nekhlúdof.

"It's evident you didn't!"

"But we can make it right," said Nekhlúdof.

"Too late for that now."

Nekhlúdof looked at the prisoners. They, whose fate would in another moment be decided, sat as motionless as ever behind the railing, and Máslova was smiling. And now a base emotion took possession of Nekhlúdof's soul. Thus far, he had been anticipating her acquittal, and supposing she was not likely to leave the city, he had not made up his mind how he should act towards her. He had been in a critical position; but the prospect of Siberia and penal servitude settled at once the question of their future relations. The wounded bird would cease to struggle in his game-bag and remind him of its existence.

XXIV.

The assumption of Piotr Gherássimovitch proved true. On his return from the counsel room, the Presiding Justice proceeded to read:

"On the twenty-eighth day of April, 188–, in compliance with the ukáse of His Imperial Majesty, the Circuit Criminal Court of N——, by virtue of the verdict of the jury, in accordance with the first three Sections of Statute 771 and the first three Sections of Statute 776 and 777 of the Penal Code, decrees that the peasant Simon Kartínkin, thirty-three years of age, and the *mezchánka* Katerína Máslova, twenty-seven years of age, be deprived of all special and personal rights and sentenced to hard labor: Kartínkin for eight and Máslova for four years, in accordance with Statute twenty-five of said Code. The *mezchánka* Evfémia Botchkóva, forty-three years of age, after being first deprived of all special and personal rights and privileges, is to be imprisoned for the term of three years, in accordance with Statute forty-eight of said Penal Code. The costs of the case shall be evenly divided among the prisoners, and in the event of their inability to pay the same will be defrayed by the Treasury.

"Articles of material evidence to be sold, the ring to be returned, the phials to be destroyed."

Kartínkin stood with hands pressed against his sides and fingers bent upwards; his lips twitched. Botchkóva was apparently undisturbed. But Máslova on hearing the sentence blushed scarlet.

"I am not guilty, not guilty," she suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice. "This is wicked. I am not guilty: I never dreamed nor thought of such a thing. I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth!" And dropping down on the bench, she sobbed aloud.

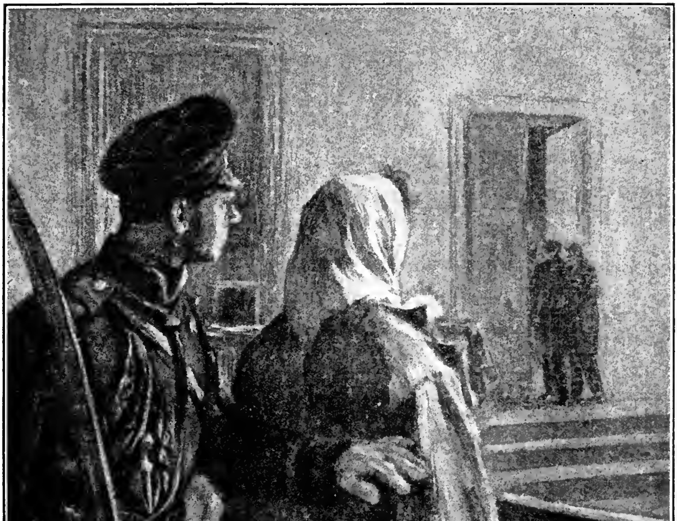
When Kartínkin and Botchkóva had left the room she still sat weeping, so that the gendarme was forced to touch the sleeve of her prison cloak.

"It is impossible to let this thing go on," said Nekhlúdof to himself, utterly forgetting his bad thoughts; and hardly conscious of what he was doing, he hurried out into the corridor to catch another glimpse of her.

A lively throng of people, jurymen and lawyers, pleased to have dispatched the case, were crowding in the doorway, so that he was detained for several moments. But when at last he reached the corridor she was already some distance ahead of him. With a quick step, paying no heed to the attention he was attracting, he overtook her, walked on a little way and stood still. Although she had stopped crying, and was wiping her flushed face with the end of her kerchief, she still drew her breath in convulsive sobs. She passed by without glancing towards him. After she was gone he turned hurriedly back to meet the Presiding Justice. The latter had already left the hall, but Nekhlúdof caught him in the cloak-room.

"Judge," he said, going up to him just as he was putting on his light overcoat and taking his silver-headed cane from the hands of the door-keeper. "May I have a word with you about the case which was decided just now? I am one of the jurors."

"Certainly! Prince Nekhlúdof, I believe? I shall be



“THE GENDARME WAS FORCED TO TOUCH THE SLEEVE OF HER PRISON CLOAK”

most happy. I think we have met before," said the Presiding Justice, shaking hands with him. He recalled with satisfaction the good time he had had on that particular occasion. He had not forgotten the evening when he had met Nekhlúdof, and had danced better than all the young men. "What can I do for you?"

"There has been a misunderstanding in regard to Máslova. She is innocent so far as the poisoning is concerned, and yet she has been condemned to penal servitude," he went on, speaking with a preoccupied air.

"The Court rendered its decision in accordance with the answers which you brought in," said the Presiding Justice, walking towards the entrance; "although these answers did seem inconsistent with the case."

He now remembered that he had intended to explain to the jury that to answer "guilty" and omit to add "without the intent to murder," means guilty of intentional murder, but being in a hurry, he had forgotten to do this.

"Yes, but is there no remedy for it?"

"A reason for appeal can always be found. You will have to consult a lawyer," replied the Presiding Justice, putting on his hat a little to one side and continuing to move towards the entrance.

"But this is terrible!"

"Yes; but you see in Máslova's case there were just two alternatives," replied the Presiding Justice. He evidently wished to impress Nekhlúdof with his amiability, and so, after achieving a satisfactory arrangement of whiskers and coat collar, he placed his hand under Nekhlúdof's elbow, remarking as he turned again in the direction of the entrance, "You are going also?"

"Yes," said Nekhlúdof, and hastily putting on his overcoat he went out into the street with him. Here they stood in the bright sunlight and had to raise their voices to be heard above the din of wheels rattling over the pavement. "It is a curious situation," the Presiding Justice went on, raising his voice. "Máslova had two chances before her: either a complete acquittal, or what would amount to the same thing, a nominal term of imprisonment, — from which the days of her preliminary confinement would be deducted, — or penal servitude. There were no *ira media.* If you had only added the words: 'without the intent to murder,' she would have been acquitted."

"It was an unpardonable omission on my part," replied Nekhlúdof.

"That's where the trouble lies."

Only three quarters of an hour remained of the last hour named by Clara.

"I should advise you to consult a lawyer. He will find you a cause for appeal. There will be no trouble about that. To the Dvoriánskaya! Thirty copecks. I never pay more," he added, turning to the *izvóstchik.*

"This way, your Excellency!"

"Good day! If I can be of any use to you, my address is Dvoriánskaya, House of Dvórnikof; that's easily remembered." And with a friendly bow he drove off.

XXV.

THE talk with the Presiding Justice and the fresh out-of-door air had a calming effect on Nekhlúdof's nerves. He began to think that perhaps his feelings had been exaggerated by the influence of a morning spent in unaccustomed mental excitement; it had been such a wonderful coincidence! He must do everything in his power to alleviate her fate and lose no time about it. Yes, he must act at once. The first step was to find out right here in the Court the address of Fanárin or Mikíshin, two well-known lawyers whose names were familiar to him.

He returned to the Court House, took off his overcoat, and went up-stairs. In the first corrider he met Fanárin;

he stopped him and asked if he might consult him on a matter of business. Fanárin, who knew Nekhlúdof by sight, said that he would be very glad if he could be of any use to him.

"I am rather tired just now, but if you could state the matter in a few words, I am at your service. Will you come in this way?" said Fanárin, meaning the Judges' Lobby. They seated themselves near a table. "Now, if you will kindly state your case——"

Nekhlúdof began at once. "In the first place I shall have to ask you to regard what I am about to say as strictly confidential. I should be sorry to have it known that I take any personal interest in this affair."

"That goes without saying. Go on, please——"

"I was on the jury to-day, when we condemned an innocent woman to penal servitude. I am troubled about it." Nekhlúdof was annoyed to find himself blushing and hesitating over his words.

Fanárin shot one swift glance at him, lowered his eyes again, and sat listening. "Well?" he said.

"We have condemned an innocent woman, and I should like to carry the case to the higher Court."

"You mean to the Senate," said Fanárin, correcting him.

"And I should be glad if you will take the case."

Nekhlúdof, in haste to get over the worst of it, went on hurriedly, the color again rising to his face.

"The fees and other expenses of the case, whatever they may be, will be charged to me."

"Oh, we shall settle that later," replied Fanárin, smiling condescendingly at Nekhlúdof's inexperience.

"Now what are the facts of the case?"

Nekhlúdof told the story.

"Very well; I will take the papers and will look them over to-morrow. After to-morrow, or perhaps we had better say Thursday, if you will come to my house at six o'clock in the afternoon, I will give you an answer.

And now if you will excuse me, I have to make some investigations here."

Nekhlúdof bade him good day, and went out.

The talk with the lawyer and the consciousness of having already taken steps towards Máslova's defense, relieved his mind. He went out into the courtyard. The weather was fine, and he joyfully drew in a deep breath of the sweet spring air. The *izvóstchiks* vainly proffered their services. He chose to walk. His brain was in a whirl, thinking of Katúsha and the way he had treated her; he felt sad and everything looked gloomy. "Well, there will be plenty of time to think it over; now I must try to dispel these disagreeable impressions," he said to himself, and glancing at his watch he remembered the Korchágins' dinner. It was not too late, and he could get there in time. The ring of a passing tram-car caught his ear. He ran after it and jumped on. When he reached the square, he jumped off and hailed an *izvóstchik*, who drove so rapidly that in ten minutes he was halting in front of the Korchágins' stately mansion.

XXVI.

"WALK in, your Excellency! You are expected," said the portly, pleasant-faced door-keeper. The heavy oaken door swung noiselessly on its English hinges. "They are at dinner, but I had orders to ask you in."

The door-keeper went up to the stairs and rang the bell.

"Any strangers?" asked Nekhlúdof, taking off his overcoat.

"Only Mr. Kólossof and Michael Serguéyevitch besides the family," replied the door-keeper.

A handsome valet, in swallowtail and white gloves, came out, looked over the balusters, and said:

"Please come up; your Excellency is expected."

Nekhlúdof mounted the stairs and, passing a lofty and richly furnished ball-room, entered the dining-room. All the family, with the exception of the Princess-mother, Sóphya Vassílievna, who never left her private rooms, were seated at the dinner-table. The aged Prince Korchágin sat at the head of the table with the doctor on his left and Iván Ivánovitch Kólossof, formerly Marshal of Nobility, now a Bank Director, a colleague of Korchágin and a Liberal, on his right. Beyond him, on the left, sat Miss Reder, the governess of Missy's little sister, with the four-year-old child herself; opposite them on the right was Missy's brother Pétya, Korchágin's only son, a schoolboy of the Sixth Form of the public school. The entire family were staying in town on his account, waiting for his examinations to be over. Next came the University student who was tutoring him; and on the left again Katerína Alekséyevna, a maiden lady of forty, a rabid Slavophile; opposite her sat Michael Serguéyevitch, familiarly called Mísha Teléguin, Missy's cousin, and at the foot of the table Missy herself. There was one vacant seat beside her.

"That's good! Sit down, we are still at the fish," said Korchágin, carefully working his false teeth and looking up at Nekhlúdof with his bloodshot eyes, without visible lids.

"Stepán!" he called to the stately butler—his mouth still full of food and indicating with his eyes the vacant seat. Although Nekhlúdof knew him intimately and had often seen him at the dinner-table, to-day his red face with its sensual mouth, the napkin tucked under his chin, the apoplectic neck, and the corpulent, overfed, and yet soldierly figure of the old General struck him very unpleasantly.

Nekhlúdof's mind involuntarily reverted to what he had heard concerning the cruelty of this man, who during his term of service as Governor of several provinces, had had men flogged and hanged for no earthly reason but pure deviltry. His object could not have been to curry favor, for he already possessed all that high birth, wealth, and influence could bestow. "Immediately, your Excellency, said Stepán, who was in the act of taking a ladle from the silver-laden sideboard. He made a sign to the handsome footman, who at once busied himself with the cover next to Missy's, rearranging the spoon and fork and the starched napkin, ingeniously folded so as to show the coat of arms.

Nekhlúdof went the rounds, shaking hands. All rose as they greeted him, except Korchágin and the ladies; and this hand-shaking with people to whom he had hardly spoken a word in his life struck him to-day as a rather senseless and absurd proceeding. He apologized for being late and was about to take the empty seat between Missy and Katerína Alekséyevna, when the old Prince insisted that if he wouldn't take a glass of vódka, he must take an appetizer from the side-table, on which stood the lobster, the caviare, the cheeses, and the salted herrings. Nekhlúdof had not realized how hungry he was, but after the first bite of the bread and cheese he went on eating, almost ravenously.

"Well, have you undermined the foundations?" said Kólossof, derisively quoting the words of a Conservative paper, which had inveighed against the trial by jury. "I suppose you have been acquitting the guilty and condemning the innocent, isn't that so?"

"Undermined the foundations,—undermined the foundations,—" repeated the Prince, chuckling; he had unbounded admiration for the wit and learning of his Liberal friend and colleague.

At the risk of seeming discourteous, Nekhlúdof made no reply to Kólossof and sat down to his steaming soup.

"Let him eat in peace," said Missy, smiling. She used the pronoun "him" intentionally as one way of implying the intimacy of their relations.

Meanwhile Kólossof, in a lively tone of voice and with remarkable fluency, was giving the sum and substance of the article against trial by jury which had roused his indignation. Korchágin's nephew, Michael Serguéyevitch, agreed with him, and repeated the substance of another article from the same paper.

Missy, dressed with her usual elegance, was looking quite *distinguée.*

"You must be terribly tired and hungry," she said to Nekhlúdof, after letting him finish his soup.

"No, not particularly. And you? Did you go to see the paintings?" he asked.

"No, we put it off. We went to play tennis at the Salamátofs'. Mr. Crooks does play wonderfully well."

Nekhlúdof had come here to be entertained; generally he amused himself in this house, partly because its air of cultivation and luxury appealed to his taste, and partly because he was very susceptible to the implied flattery and deference which always surrounded him. But to-day everything he saw jarred on him, from the door-keeper, the broad, luxurious staircase, the flowers, the footman, the table appointments, up to Missy herself. Even Missy seemed artificial and unattractive to-day. Kólossof's self-satisfied tone of make-believe liberalism, the innate vulgarity of his talk, Korchágin's thick-set neck and sensuous face, the French phrases of the Slavophile lady Katerína Alekséyevna, the constrained faces of the governess and the University student, and above all that pronoun "him," which referred to him, from Missy's lips,—all this was very annoying. He had never yet decided about Missy; sometimes he saw her dimly as if by moonlight,—pure, lovely, innocent, and good; then he would see nothing but the beautiful. Then again, as if the bright sun shone on her, he saw her imperfections. To-day, for instance, he saw every tiny wrinkle on her face, how her hair was puffed, the sharpness of her elbows, and the size of her broad thumbnail, so exactly like her father's.

"I call it deadly dull," said Kólossof,—he was speaking of lawn tennis; "we had ever so much more fun playing *lapta*, when we were young."

"Oh, but you haven't tried it. It's awfully exciting," said Missy. Nekhlúdof thought that drawling emphasis on "awfully" was just affectation.

Then a discussion was started in which Michael Serguéyevitch and Katerína Alekséyevna took part. Only the tutor, the governess, and the children sat silent and very much bored.

"Oh, these interminable disputes!" exclaimed Prince Korchágin, with a loud laugh, and removing the napkin from his waistcoat he rose noisily from the table, pushing back his chair, which was at once set aside by the footman. The others followed his example; they all went up to a side-table on which bowls filled with scented water were standing, and while they were rinsing their mouths, continued the same rapid conversation.

"Don't you think so?" said Missy to Nekhlúdof, appealing to him for confirmation of her statement that nothing betrays a person's disposition more quickly than a game. But in his face she saw that look of disapproval which she always dreaded; she was puzzled to guess what could have aroused it.

"I really couldn't say. I have never given the subject a thought," he said in reply to her question.

"Shall we go to mamma?" she asked.

"Certainly, if you wish it," he replied, as he drew out a cigarette; but his tone was too eloquent to be mistaken that it was not by his wish that they were going to mamma.

She looked at him without speaking, but her glance made him ashamed of himself. "Why should I go about making people uncomfortable?" he said to himself, and then with an attempt to be more amiable he declared that it would give him much pleasure if the Princess would receive him.

"Certainly, mamma will be very glad. She will permit you to smoke, and Iván Ivánovitch is there also."

The mistress of this house, Princess Sóphya Vassílievna, was a chronic invalid who for eight years had been visible to her friends only in a reclining position, draped in silks and velvets with many furbelows of lace and ribbon and surrounded by various objects of bronze, gilt, lacquer, ivory, and flowers. She never went out, and received only her "particular friends," that is to say, those individuals whom she regarded as superior persons. Nekhlúdof was thus distinguished for several reasons: he was considered clever, his mother had been an intimate friend of the family — and it would be a good thing if Missy were to marry him.

Princess Sóphya Vassílievna's room was beyond the large and small drawing-rooms. When she reached the large drawing-room, Missy, who was walking ahead, paused resolutely and resting her hand on the back of a gilt chair gazed steadily at Nekhlúdof.

If Missy was anxious to marry Nekhlúdof because he was considered a desirable match, it didn't follow that she had no regard for him, and she had also grown accustomed to the thought that he was going to be hers, — not she his, — and now with the unintelligent but persistent cunning which has often been observed in the insane, she began to work her way towards the object in view. First she must persuade him to tell her what was the matter.

"Something has happened to you," she said. "Tell me what it is."

The meeting in Court came into his mind, and he drew his brows together in a frown and changed color, as he replied, impelled by an impulse of candor:

"Yes, something has happened. Something wholly unexpected and very serious."

"But can you not tell me what it is?"

"Not now. You must pardon my silence, — for I have not yet had time to think it over, myself," he said, blushing still more deeply.

"Then you refuse to tell me?" she asked. Her face quivered, and she pushed away the chair she had been holding.

"Yes. It is impossible," he replied, conscious that this answer embodied his own conviction of the vital importance of what had happened to him.

"Come, then!"

She shook her head as if worried by the buzzing of vexatious thoughts, and went on with a quickened step. It seemed to him as if she were pressing her lips together to hold back her tears. He felt sorry and ashamed too; he couldn't bear to hurt her feelings, but he knew that if he showed the slightest sign of weakness, it would mean defeat for him, and he had no intention of committing himself. To-day he feared this more than anything else, and so he followed her in silence to the door of the Princess's cabinet.

XXVII.

Princess Sóphya Vassílievna had just finished her elaborate and hearty dinner. She took her meals in private so that no one should see her performing a function so very commonplace. A small table drawn up beside the couch held her coffee, while she smoked a *pachitos*. Princess Sóphya Vassílievna was a tall, slender brunette, with large black eyes, prominent teeth, and a weakness for appearing younger than she really was.

Though rumors had been circulated, more or less, concerning her intimacy with the doctor, yet until to-day Nekhlúdof had never admitted such a suspicion even to himself; but when he saw the doctor seated beside her, with his oily shining beard parted in the middle, a feeling of disgust came over him.

In a luxurious low easy-chair near Sóphya Vassílievna sat Kólossof stirring his coffee. A glass of cordial stood on the table beside him.

Missy came in with Nekhlúdof, but she did not stay.

"When mamma gets tired of you and sends you off, you may come to me," she said, speaking to Nekhlúdof and Kólossof in an easy, familiar tone of voice, that betrayed no sign of the recent annoyance. Her light footfall on the soft carpet was quite inaudible, as with a merry smile she left the room.

"How are you, my friend? Sit down and tell us all about it," said Princess Sóphya Vassílievna, her studied smile displaying large, white teeth, a perfect imitation of those with which nature had formerly endowed her. "They tell me that you came from Court very much depressed. It must be an ordeal for a man with a heart," she remarked in French.

"It is indeed," replied Nekhlúdof. "It makes one often feel his own . . . one feels that one has no right to judge."

"*Comme c'est vrai!* . . ." she exclaimed, as though struck by the truth of his observation. That was one of her pet methods of flattery. "And how are you progressing with your picture? I am immensely interested in it, and were it not for my poor health, I certainly should have come to see it, long ago."

"Oh, I have given that up," replied Nekhlúdof, drily. Her flattery was as transparent to him to-day as was the little fiction about her age, which she tried so hard to conceal. He could hardly treat her with ordinary courtesy.

"Oh, how could you do it! And Répin told me," she said, turning to Kólossof, "that he had *so* much talent! It does seem a pity!"

"How can she lie so?" thought Nekhlúdof, frowning. When Nekhlúdof's mood became too unmistakably gloomy to be ignored, Sóphya Vassílievna, seeing that any attempt to draw him into a witty and agreeable conversation proved a failure, asked Kólossof what he thought of the new drama, in a tone of voice that said, "Any opinion that you may express will be accepted by me as final, for every word you utter is worthy of being immortalized."

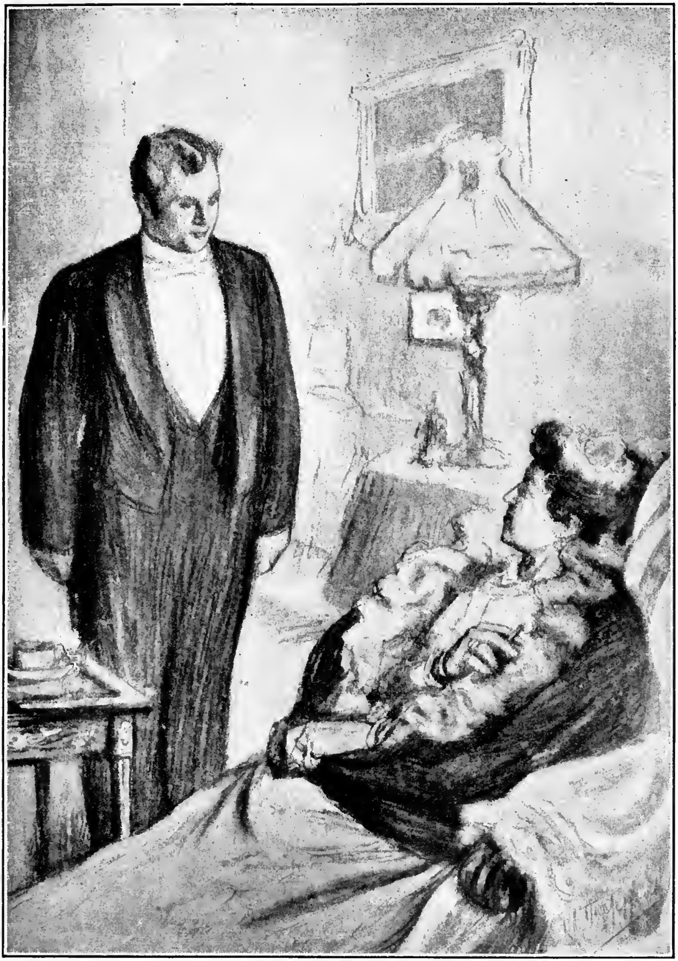
Kólossof disapproved of the drama, and availed himself of the opportunity to air his views on art in general. Princess Sóphya Vassílievna, confused between her admission of the justice of his criticism and her efforts to defend the author, all in one breath, tried to compromise, but finally surrendered. Nekhlúdof looked on and seemed to be listening, but his mind paid no heed to what was going on in his presence.

And as he sat there and listened to the voices of Sóphya Vassílievna and Kólossof, it gradually dawned upon him that neither of them felt any interest in the drama or in each other, and that if they talked, it was only to satisfy the physiological obligation of exercising the muscles of the throat and tongue after eating; and also that Kólossof, having drunk vódka, wine, and cordial, was somewhat tipsy,—not tipsy like the peasants who drink seldom, but like men with whom the drinking of wine has become a habit. He did not reel about nor did he talk any nonsense, but he was in a state of self-satisfied excitement; and lastly that Princess Sóphya Vassílievna, even during the conversation, was all the while casting uneasy glances at the window, through which a slanting sunbeam was moving towards her, a traitor which might shed too bright a light across her wrinkled face.

"How true it is!" she said in reply to some remark of Kólossof, and pressed the electric button by her side.

The doctor, like an intimate friend of the house, left the room without speaking. Sóphya Vassílievna followed him with her eyes as she continued the conversation.

"Please lower that curtain, Philip," she said with a glance at the window hangings, as the handsome servant, in answer to her bell, entered the room. "No, I cannot agree with you, I shall always insist that he has a great deal of mysticism, and poetry cannot exist without mysticism," she remarked, one of her black eyes angrily following the motions of the man who was adjusting the drapery. "Mysticism without poetry is superstition, and poetry



PRINCESS SOPHIA VASÍLIEVNA

without mysticism becomes prose," she said with a sad smile, her eyes still fixed on the footman, who was letting down the drapery. "That is not the one I meant; it's the one in the large window," exclaimed Sóphya Vassílievna in the aggrieved tone of a sufferer, resentful of the dullness that compels her to utter the words. And with her jewel-bedecked fingers she raised her fragrant *pachitos* to her lips.

The muscular, broad-chested, and handsome Philip made a slight inclination of the head, as though asking her pardon; then, crossing the carpeted floor with noiseless tread, he went silently and obediently to the other window, and without taking his eyes from the face of the Princess began to draw the other curtain, so that no ray of light could possibly fall upon her. But he blundered again, and again the exhausted Sóphya Vassílievna was obliged to interrupt her conversation upon mysticism to direct that idiotic and vexatious Philip. There was a flash in his eye just for one instant. "'Twould puzzle the devil himself to find out what you want,' is what he is probably saying," thought Nekhlúdof, observing the by-play. But that handsome and athletic Philip brought his feelings instantly under control and quietly went on doing what his helpless and artificial specimen of a mistress commanded him.

"Of course there is much truth in Darwin's theory," said Kólossof, lounging in a low chair and with his sleepy eyes gazing at the Princess. "But he exaggerates. That's a fact."

"Do you believe in heredity?" asked the Princess, addressing Nekhlúdof; she felt annoyed by his silence.

"In heredity?" he repeated. "No, I do not." His mind was filled with strange, fantastic images. He seemed to see the superb figure of the footman Philip as an artist's model, and beside him Kólossof, stripped also of his garments, with his stomach like a melon, his bald head, his scrawny, leashlike arms and flabby legs. In the same vision-like way he imagined the real Sóphya Vassílievna with her shoulders, now covered with silk and velvet; but his mental picture was so hideous that he made haste to banish it.

Here Sóphya Vassílievna favored him with her *de haut en bas* glance.

"Missy must be wondering why you don't appear," she said. "You had better go to her; she has a new thing of Grieg's she wants to play for you."

"Missy has nothing to play to me; it would be interesting to discover why this woman *never* speaks the truth," thought Nekhlúdof, rising to clasp the transparent, bony, and bejeweled fingers of Sóphya Vassílievna.

He was met in the drawing-room by Katerína Alekséyevna, who at once began:

"The duties of a juryman seem to depress you!" She always spoke in French.

"Forgive me, I am out of sorts to-day and have no right to be here depressing other people," answered Nekhlúdof.

"Why are you out of sorts?"

"I must ask you to excuse me from explaining," he said, looking for his hat.

"Why won't you tell? Don't you remember how you used to tell us that we must always speak the truth, and the unpleasant truths you told us in those days? Didn't he?" said Katerina Alekséyevna, turning to Missy, who had just entered the room.

"We were playing a game then," replied Nekhlúdof, seriously. "One may tell the truth in games. But in real life we are so wicked,—I mean I am so wicked, that I should never dare to tell the truth."

"Oh, don't trouble to correct yourself; better tell us why we are so wicked," said Katerina Alekséyevna, in a tone still bantering, as she pretended to ignore Nekhlúdof's seriousness.

"There is nothing so foolish as to acknowledge that one is out of sorts," said Missy. "I never admit that even to myself, and so I am always in good spirits. Won't you come into my room? We will try to dispel your *mauvaise humeur.*"

Nekhlúdof realized how a horse feels when it is being coaxed into its bridle and harness. Never had he felt less inclined to draw his load than to-day. He excused himself, saying that he really must go home, and began to say good-by. Missy retained his hand longer than usual.

"Remember that what is of importance to you, is also of importance to your friends. Are you coming to-morrow?" she asked.

"It's doubtful," he replied, blushing, hardly knowing whether he felt ashamed for himself or for her, and hurriedly left.

"What does all this mean? *Comme cela m'intrigue,*" said Katerína Alekséyevna. "I must find out. Probably some *affaire d'amour propre, il est très susceptible, notre cher Mítya.*"

"*Plutôt une affaire d'amour sale,*" Missy was about to say, but she refrained. All the animation that had lighted her face when she looked at him had vanished. She could not utter that vulgar little pun even to Katerína Alekséyevna. So she contented herself with saying:

"We all have our good and our bad days."

"Can it be possible that he too will deceive me?" she thought. "After all that has happened, it would be very cruel of him." If Missy had been called upon to explain what she understood by "after all that has happened," she could have told nothing very definite, and yet she felt sure that he had not only aroused her hopes, but had almost given her an assurance. It was not so much the words, as the smiles, the hints, and the silences. She had considered him hers, and it would be very trying to lose him.

XXVIII.

"I AM ashamed and disgusted with myself," thought Nekhlúdof as he walked home through the familiar streets. The sense of depression he had had while talking with Missy clung to him. Still, while he realized that she had no formal claim upon him, that he had never bound himself to her in so many words, had never made a formal proposal, yet the fact remained that he did feel himself bound to her, for he had given her a tacit if not a verbal promise. To-day his whole nature rebelled against the thought of marrying her. "I am ashamed and distressed," he kept repeating to himself, thinking not only of his relations with Missy, but of everything else. "I am ashamed and disgusted with everything," he kept repeating, as he stepped into the porch of his house.

"You may go; I shall not want any supper," he said to Kornéy, who had followed him into the dining-room, where tea and cover were ready for him.

"Yes, sir," said Kornéy and began to clear off the table. Nekhlúdof looked at Kornéy, and a feeling of resentment arose in his breast. He longed to be alone; and it seemed as though everybody was purposely bothering him. When Kornéy finally carried off the dishes, Nekhlúdof was about to go to the samovár to make the tea, but hearing the steps of Agraphéna Petróvna he hurriedly retreated into the drawing-room, closing the door after him, to avoid seeing her. In this drawing-room his mother had died three months ago. Now it was lighted by two tall lamps, with reflectors, one standing near his father's and the other near his mother's portrait, and as he looked at them his mind reverted to his relations with the latter, which now seemed both revolting and unnatural. He remembered how, during her last illness, he had really longed for her death. He had told himself that he longed for it that she might be free from suffering, when all he really wanted was to escape from the sight of her suffering. Anxious for his own sake to recall a pleasing memory of her, he looked at her portrait, for which he had paid five thousand roubles. It was the work of a famous artist. She was painted in a décolletée black velvet gown. Evidently the artist had taken great pains in painting the neck, the shadow between the breasts, and the dazzling shoulders. This was thoroughly repulsive and disgusting to him now. There was something so repellent and blasphemous in that picture of his mother painted as a half-nude beauty, hanging in the very room where three months ago she lay emaciated and as dry as a mummy, filling the room and indeed the whole house with a heavy, sickening odor, which nothing could overpower. Even now he seemed to breathe it, and he remembered how the day before she died she had clasped his white, strong hand in her brown and bony fingers, and looking in his eyes said, "Don't condemn me, Mítya, if I have done wrong;" and how the tears came into those eyes now dimmed by suffering. "How shocking!" he repeated, looking at the half-nude woman with her exquisite marble shoulders and arms and her triumphant smile. The nude shoulders reminded him of another young woman whom he had seen not long ago also in this same half-nude state. It was Missy, who had made some excuse for calling him into her room one night just as she was ready to start for a dance, in order to show herself in a ball dress. The recollection of her beautiful neck and arms was disgusting to him now as well as of that coarse, vulgar father of hers with his evil past and his cruelty, and of her mother, who posed as a *bel-esprit* and enjoyed a doubtful reputation. All these memories excited unspeakable disgust. "Shameful and horrible, horrible and shameful!"

"No, I must surely escape from all these false relations with the Korchágins and Márya Vassílievna, give up my estate, and all that is connected with it. . . . I long to breathe freely. . . . To go abroad to Rome, perhaps, and work on my picture." Then, as his misgivings about his talent for painting recurred to him, "Well, to breathe freely, at all events. First to Constantinople, then Rome." But he could do nothing until the jury business and his affair with the lawyer were settled. And suddenly with marvelous distinctness, the image of the prisoner with her black, slightly squinting eyes flashed into his mind. He had not forgotten the sound of her sobbing when the last words were spoken to the condemned. Hastily extinguishing the remnant of one cigarette into the ash-tray and lighting another, he began to pace up and down the room. And the minutes he had spent with her came back and lived with him again. He remembered his last interview with her, his overmastering passion, and the speedy disillusion that followed. He remembered the white dress and blue sash and the early mass.

"I really loved her that night with a good pure love; indeed, I loved her before, when I first stayed with my aunts and was writing my thesis!" And when he thought of himself as he had been then, it was like a breeze blowing from the land of youth and the fulness of life, and he grew unspeakably sad.

The difference between what he had been then and what he was now, was immense; as great, if not greater, than the difference between Katúsha as she was in the church that day and the prostitute carousing with the merchant, who had been condemned this very morning. Then he was free, fearing nothing, a man with no end of possibilities before him; whereas now he felt like one entangled in the meshes of a vapid, insignificant and purposeless life, from which he saw no way of escape, and he wasn't really sure that he cared to find one. He remembered how proud he used to be of his straightforwardness, how he had made it a rule always to speak the truth, and in fact he was a truthful man; now he was living a lie, a fearful lie, and every one who knew him accepted this lie as if it were the truth. And there was no way of escape, or if there was, he didn't know how to find it. He had been so long in the mire that he had become accustomed to it and enjoyed it.

How was he to break off his connection with Márya Vassílievna and with her husband, and be once more able to look him and his children in the eyes without a blush? How disentangle himself from Missy without a lie? How was he to reconcile two opposing duties, the responsibilities of his maternal inheritance, and the renunciation of that land which he believed it unlawful to possess? How atone for his sin against Katúsha? Something more must be done about that affair. He could not thus abandon a woman whom he had once loved, and think that he had done enough when he had paid the lawyer to save her from a sentence she had not deserved. To atone for his fault by the payment of money was too much like what he had done years ago and thought so fine.

And he instinctively remembered the minute when, having overtaken her in the corridor, he thrust the money into her frock and ran away. The idea of giving her money! He remembered how disgusted he had been with himself at the time, and the same feeling came over him again. "What atrocity!" he said aloud. "Only a scoundrel and a knave could have done that. And I—I was the man who played that scoundrel's part. And can it be possible that I really am a scoundrel?" he said, pausing in his walk; "I, and no other? And this is not my sole offense," he continued, himself his own accuser and his own judge. "Isn't my relation to Márya Vassílievna and her husband a base and cowardly affair? And my estate? Is it honest to use the wealth my mother left me, when I believe in my soul that it is unlawful? And what of all my idle, evil life? And the very climax of all my wickedness—my cruel conduct towards Katúsha? A scoundrel and a knave, indeed! Men may judge of me as they like; they are easily deceived, but I cannot deceive myself."

Then suddenly it dawned upon him that the disgust he had been feeling for everything and everybody, but particularly for the Prince, Márya Vassílievna, and Missy, and last of all, poor Kornéy, was really disgust for himself. It is wonderful that the recognition of one's own baseness should be accompanied by a sense of relief, but strange as it may seem Nekhlúdof for all his distress did feel comforted.

More than once in his life had he gone through with what he called "the cleansing of the soul." This was the name he gave to a certain mental process to which he subjected himself, when after a certain lapse of time, recognizing the sluggishness and even the normal turpitude of his inner life, he would proceed to clear away the rubbish which encumbered his soul and hindered all proper action.

After such an awakening Nekhlúdof would make rules which he always intended to keep; start a diary and begin a new life, which he hoped would go on forever. He called that turning over a new leaf. But time after time the temptations of the world ensnared him, and before he knew it, he had fallen, and sometimes even lower than before.

Therefore he had had several seasons of uprising and purification. He was passing through one of these periods when he visited his aunts for the first time. It was his most intensely enthusiastic revival, and its effects lasted a long time. Again, when he gave up the civil service and entered the army during war-time, with the idea of sacrificing his life for his country; but here the clogging process soon set in. Another awakening came when he resigned from the army and went abroad to study painting.

From that day to this there had been no moral renovation whatever, and never had he felt in greater need of cleansing. He was horrified at the chasm that yawned between the life he was leading and the demands of his own conscience. At first it seemed a hopeless case. Such confusion! Such rubbish! Who could possibly set the house in order? "Have you not already tried to be a better man, and what did it amount to?" said the voice of the tempter, speaking in his soul. "Why should you try again? You are only one of many; such is life," whispered the voice. But the spiritual nature which alone is genuine, alone powerful, alone eternal, had already awakened in Nekhlúdof. And in his spiritual nature only could he trust. However vast the distance between what he was and what he wished to be, nothing could discourage this newly-awakened spiritual being.

"Cost what it may, this lie that binds me shall be broken; I shall tell the truth, the very truth before them all," he said aloud, and determination sounded in his voice. "I shall tell the truth to Missy, she shall know that I am a profligate, unfit to marry her, and have disturbed her peace for nothing. I shall tell Márya Vassílievna, the Marshal's wife, but no—the better way would be to tell her husband—that I am a scoundrel and that I have deceived him. I shall so dispose of the estate that all the world may know my reasons and acknowledge their integrity. I shall tell Katúsha that I am a scoundrel, that I have sinned against her and that I shall do all in my power to make her life an easy one. Yes, I will see her and beg her pardon, as children do."

He stopped. "I will marry her, if I must!" He folded his hands on his breast as he used to do when he was a child, raised his eyes, and said:

"Help me, O Lord, teach me, abide in me and deliver me from all this abomination!"

He prayed, asking the Lord to enter in and purify him; and lo, while he was thus praying, it came to pass. The Lord was really dwelling in his awakened conscience. He realized his own nature created in the image of the Divine; and therefore not only the freedom, courage, and joy of life became his own, but all the power of virtue likewise. The best a man may do, he now felt himself capable of doing.

The tears came into his eyes while he was praying, good tears and evil tears; good tears of joy at the awakening of his spiritual nature, all these years buried in slumber, and evil tears of self-pity and admiration of his own virtue. He was warm. He went to the window that looked into the garden and opened it. It was a still moonlight night; the air was fresh. The sound of a passing team was heard in the street, then silence fell. Directly under the window the shadow of a tall leafless poplar fell across the walk, the outline of its branches distinctly defined upon the gravel. On the left, the roof of the carriage-house seemed white under the bright moonlight; through the black interlacing branches of the trees, he caught glimpses of the dark shadows of the garden-wall. Nekhlúdof looked at the moonlit garden, at the roof, and at the shadows of the poplar tree, listened, and breathed the fresh, invigorating air.

"How beautiful, how beautiful, O Lord, how beautiful!" he said, but he meant the beauty born within his own soul.

XXIX.

It was six o'clock in the evening before Máslova reached her cell. Unaccustomed to walking, she felt weary and footsore. She must have traveled fifteen versts, tramping over those stony pavements; moreover, she was crushed by the severity of her sentence and she was hungry.

While she saw guards eating their bread and hard-boiled eggs during the recess, her mouth watered; she realized that she was hungry too, but considered it beneath her dignity to ask them to give her a bite. But when three hours had gone by, hunger departed, and faintness took its place. It was then she heard the unexpected sentence. At first she thought she had not heard aright; she could not believe her own ears, nor think of herself as a convict. But perceiving the quiet, businesslike faces of the Judges and the jury, who received the sentence as a matter of course, she rebelled and cried aloud that she was innocent. Then, seeing that even her exclamation was taken as a matter of course, as an incident of no account, she burst into tears, realizing that submission to injustice was all that remained to her. It surprised her above all things, to be thus cruelly condemned by men,—mostly young men,—the very ones in whose eyes she had seemed to find favor. The Assistant Prosecutor was the only exception. While she sat in the waiting-room before the trial and during the recesses, she saw how these men, under the pretext of an errand, would pass the door, or come into the room for nothing at all but just to gaze at her. And now these very men had condemned her to hard labor, although she was innocent of the crime charged against her. For a while she wept, then ceased and sat quietly, waiting to be sent back. She only wished she could smoke. This was the state in which Botchkóva and Kartínkin, who were also brought into the same room after the sentence, found her.

"So you didn't get clear after all, did you? Of course you're not going to get off, you mean hussy! You've just got your deserts! You will have to give up your style, now that you are sentenced to hard labor, I can tell you that!" Máslova sat motionless, her head bowed, her hands hidden in the sleeves of the prison cloak, looking steadily at the dirty floor in front of her.

"I don't interfere with you, and wish you wouldn't interfere with me," she repeated several times; then relapsed into silence. It was only when Botchkóva and Kartínkin were removed and the guard had brought her three roubles, that she brightened up a little.

"Are you Máslova?" he inquired. "Here is something a lady sent you," he said, giving her the money.

"What lady?"

"How should I know? Here, take the money, and make no more fuss about it."

The money was sent by Kitáeva. When she was about to leave the court-room she asked the usher if she would be allowed to send Máslova some money; and, having received permission to do so, she took off her three-buttoned glove, put her plump, white hand into the pocket of her silk gown, and drew out a fashionable pocket-book. Opening it, she selected, from a large number of freshly cut coupons, one of the value of two roubles and fifty copecks, and adding a few silver coins' change, she handed it to the usher. A guard was called, to whom the money was entrusted before she left the room.

"Be sure, don't fail to give it to her," said Carolina Albértovna Kitáeva. It was this implied suspicion of his honesty that had angered the guard and made him cross to Máslova.

Máslova was glad to have the money, because it would procure her what she now most craved. "If I could only buy some cigarettes and get a smoke," she thought; she could think of nothing else but her intense longing for a smoke. So eager was she, that every time a whiff of tobacco penetrated through the doors of the lobby into the corridor she would inhale it greedily. But she had to wait some time. The Secretary, whose business it was to give the order for her return, forgot all about her, so interested was he in a discussion with one of the lawyers about some article which had been forbidden by the censor. At last, towards five o'clock, she was allowed to depart, and the guards, the soldier from Nijni-Nóvgorod and the Tchuvásh, took her out through the back entrance. Before she left the corridor she gave one of them twenty copecks and asked him to buy her two *kalatchí*[1] and some cigarettes. The Tchuvásh smiled as he took the money, saying, "All right, we'll get 'em," and did in fact buy both articles, giving her back the right change. But they couldn't let her smoke in the street, so she returned to the prison with the same unsatisfied craving.

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[1] Bread baked in a fancy shape. — Tr.

When they were near the entrance, about a hundred convicts who had just arrived on the train were being brought in. She encountered them in the passage. All these convicts, young men and old, faces bearded and faces half-shaved, the head shaved too, sometimes — Russians and foreigners, came along, noisily clanking their chains and filling the passageway with dust mingled with a strange odor of perspiration. As they passed by, they looked at her and some of them went up and took hold of her.

"Here's a fine wench!" said one.

"My respects to aunty," said another, winking.

A dark man, with shaved head and a black mustache, stumbled over his rattling chains as he sprang towards her and seized her in his arms.

"Don't you know a friend when you see him? Come now, none of your airs!" he exclaimed, grinning and his eyes glittering, when she pushed him away.

"What are you about, you scoundrel?" cried the warden's assistant, who happened to catch sight of him.

The fellow cringed and beat a hasty retreat. Then the assistant turned upon Máslova. "What are you doing here?" he said.

She attempted to say that she had just been brought back from the Court House, but was so tired that she could not make the exertion to speak.

"She comes from the Court House, your Honor," said the older of the escort, stepping forward with his hand up to his vizor.

"Then why don't you deliver her to the chief warden and put a stop to this fooling!"

"Yes, your Honor!"

"Sokolóf, see to her!" cried the assistant.

The chief warden went up to Máslova and gave her an angry push; then, making a sign for her to follow him, he escorted her into the women's ward.

In the corridor she was searched, and as nothing prohibited was found on her — the box of cigarettes had been cleverly hidden in the *kalâtch* — she was taken back to the same cell she had left in the morning.

XXX.

The cell that Máslova occupied was a long room, nine archines[1] by seven, with two windows, a big stove, from which the plastering was peeling off, and wooden bunks which occupied three-quarters of the space. In the middle of the room, opposite the door, hung a dark-colored ikon with a wax taper and a dusty bunch of everlasting fastened to it. Behind the door, on the dark rotten floor to the left, stood a vile-smelling tub. The roll had just been called and the women were shut in for the night.

This cell was occupied by fifteen persons, twelve women and three children.

It was still quite light and only two of the women occupied the bunks. One was an idiot who had been imprisoned because she had no passport; she spent most of the time sleeping, with the prison cloak drawn over her head; the other, a consumptive, was serving a sentence for theft. The latter was not asleep but lay with wide-open eyes, the prison wrapper tucked under her head, and doing her best to keep from coughing when the phlegm rose in her throat and choked her. The rest of the women, bareheaded and with nothing on but coarse, unbleached linen chemises, either sat on the bunks and sewed, or stood idly by the window gazing out into the yard at the passing convicts. Of the three women who were sewing, one was the same old woman, Korablóva, who had seen Máslova off, when she left the cell in the morning. She was a gloomy, forbidding, and wrinkled old creature, tall and powerful, with a baggy chin, a hair mole on her cheek, and grayish-brown hair braided into a tight pig-tail. She had been sentenced to penal servitude for killing her husband with an axe, because she found him importuning her daughter. She was at one and the same time monitor of the cell and controller of a small traffic in liquor. She wore spectacles and in her large sinewy hand she held a needle in the way peasants do, grasping it with three fingers, with the point aimed at her breast. The woman who sat next to her, making coarse linen bags, was a little body with a pug nose, sallow skin, and small black eyes. She was a kind-hearted creature but an incessant chatterbox. She had been employed as signal-woman on the railroad. One day she was not at her post, no flag was shown, an accident occurred, and she got three months' imprisonment. The third woman who was sewing—her mates called her Fénitchka, but her name was really Fedósya—was young and attractive. Her cheeks were rosy and her eyes were blue. Her luxuriant brown hair was plaited in two braids and coiled around her small head. She had tried to poison her husband. It was very soon after their marriage, and she was but a girl of sixteen. While she was out on bail awaiting her trial it seems that a reconciliation took place, and eight months after, when the trial was about to begin, they were living together, as tender and devoted a couple as could be found. Her husband and his parents, especially his mother, who had become very fond of the girl, moved heaven and earth to obtain her acquittal, but it was of no use. She was sentenced to exile and hard labor in Siberia. This good-natured, cheerful little woman, with her face always wreathed in smiles, had her bunk next to that of Máslova, of whom she had grown so fond that she tried to do everything she could to make her comfortable. Two other women sat on the bunks doing nothing. One seemed about forty years old, evidently a good-looking woman in her youth, but very pale, worn, and emaciated now. She was nursing a child. One day, in the village where she used to live, a young recruit illegally drafted — so the peasants thought — was seized, and when the villagers stopped the *Stanovóy* and released their comrade, this woman — aunt of the recruit — had been the first to snatch the bridle of the horse on which they were taking him away. The other woman who seemed to have no occupation was small, humpbacked, and wrinkled, and her hair was gray, but she had a pleasant expression. She was pretending to catch a chubby four-year-old boy with closely clipped hair who ran to and fro, laughing merrily. He had nothing on but a shirt, and every time he passed her, he cried out, "You didn't catch me that time!" This old woman and her son had been arrested on the charge of arson. She bore her confinement with the utmost patience, troubled only about her son who was in the same jail, and still more about her old man; she was sure he would be devoured by vermin, as her daughter-in-law had gone away and there was no one to look after him.

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[1] An archine is about ¾ of a yard. — Tr.

Besides these seven women there were four others, who stood by one of the open windows, holding on to the grating and exchanging remarks with the passing convicts, the same set that Máslova had encountered. One of these women, who was serving her sentence for theft, was a large, flabby, and freckled creature, with red hair and a double chin that hung over her unbuttoned neck-band. She kept calling to the men in the yard, shouting the unseemly words in a loud, rough voice. Beside her stood an awkward, dark-complexioned woman no bigger than a child of ten, with a long body and short legs. Her face was covered with a reddish eruption, her black eyes were set wide apart, and as she burst into shouts of laughter at what went on in the yard, her thick lips, parting, revealed her large white teeth. This prisoner, nicknamed "Horoshávka" for her love of finery, was to be tried for theft and arson. Behind them, dressed in a dirty gray linen chemise, stood a thin, wretched-looking woman, about to become a mother, who had been arrested for concealing stolen goods. She stood there without speaking, but her smile showed that she too enjoyed what was going on in the yard. The fourth woman at the window — accused of selling liquor without a license — was a peasant, short and stout, with prominent eyes and a kindly face. She was the mother of the boy who was playing with the old woman, and also of a seven-year-old girl. There was no one at home to take care of these children, so that she had been allowed to bring them along. She stood near the window, knitting a stocking, and glancing out from time to time; but evidently the goings-on were not to her liking, for she frowned and closed her eyes in seeming reproof of the unseemly remarks. But her seven-year-old daughter, with loose flaxen hair, clothed only with a skirt, stood clutching the red-headed woman's petticoat with her thin little hand, as with wide-open eyes and ears she listened greedily to all the bad words, repeating them softly to herself as if she were learning them by heart. The twelfth prisoner was a sub-deacon's daughter, a tall and stately girl, who took no notice of anything that went on, but just paced up and down the room, her eyes fixed in a dull and glassy stare. Her loosely braided hair hung in disorder around her face; she wore a dirty gray chemise and her feet were bare. She was the girl who had drowned her baby in the well.

XXXI.

When they heard the lock rattle and saw Máslova coming in, every eye was turned upon her. Even the sub-deacon's daughter stopped for a moment and glanced with lifted brows to see who the new-comer might be, before she went on with her dogged exercise. Korablóva jabbed her needle into her work and peered at Máslova over her spectacles with a look of curiosity.

"Dear me! Have you come back? I never thought you'd be convicted," she said in her hoarse, deep masculine voice. "They've been hard on you!"

She took off her spectacles and put her work down on the bunk by her side.

"Aunty and I have been talking about it, my birdie, thinking most likely you'd be let off at once. Such things have happened. And I have heard of their giving money, but I suppose that's just a chance." The signal-woman went on in her sing-song voice: "Well, we guessed wrong. God knows best, my birdie," she continued in her friendly, consoling fashion.

"Have they really convicted you?" asked Fedósya, gazing at Máslova with compassionate tenderness in her large, blue eyes; the bright young face quivered as though she were going to cry.

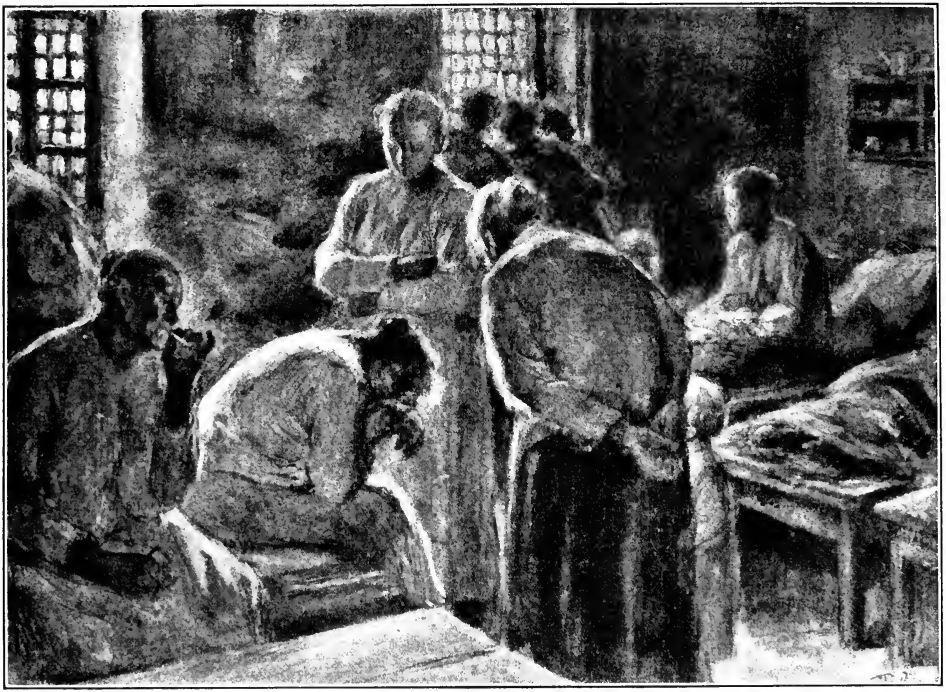
Máslova made no reply and going silently to her bunk, the second from the entrance, beside that of Korablóva, she seated herself on the edge of it.

"I don't suppose you have had anything to eat?" said Fedósya, rising and going to Máslova.

And still Máslova didn't open her lips. She put the *kalatchí* down at the head of the bunk and began to undress, taking off the dusty prison cloak and the kerchief from her curly hair.

The humpbacked old woman who had been playing with the boy also came up and stood in front of Máslova. "Tut, tut, tut," she said with a sympathetic nod, clicking her tongue.

The little boy followed her with open eyes and pouting lips; his gaze was fixed on the *kalatchí* that Máslova had brought. The sight of these many sympathetic faces after all she had gone through to-day made her feel like crying; her mouth quivered, still she controlled herself until the old woman and the little boy came up. But when she heard that sympathetic clicking of the tongue, and particularly when her eyes met those of the boy, who



THE WOMEN'S WARD

had transferred his earnest gaze from the *kalatchí* to her face, she could restrain herself no longer. Her face grew convulsed and she burst out sobbing.

"I advise you to get a good lawyer," said Korablóva. "Is it exile?" she asked.

Máslova simply could not answer, but still sobbing, she extracted the box of cigarettes from the *kalatchí* — a rosy-cheeked lady in a high coiffure and gown cut with a V-shaped bodice was painted on the cover — and handed it to Korablóva Korablóva looked at the picture, shook her head disapprovingly, principally because Máslova had spent her money so unprofitably, took out a cigarette and lighting it by the flame of the lamp, took one whiff herself, then passed it back to Máslova. Máslova, crying all the while, began to smoke energetically.

"Penal servitude," she said, with a sob.

"They haven't the fear of God in their hearts, these damned bloodthirsty loafers! To condemn an innocent wench like that!" cried Korablóva.

A peal of laughter rang out from the women at the window, — the little girl also giggling, her thin, childish voice chiming with the hoarse, shrill laughter of the adults. A convict in the yard had done something which amused the spectators.

"You shaved monkey! See what he is doing!" said the red-haired woman, and swaying her fat body with her face pressed close up to the grating, she shouted some silly, indecent speech.

"What are you yelling for, you drum-skin!" said Korablóva, wrathfully shaking her head. Then turning to Máslova she asked, "How long?"

"Four years," replied Maslova, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. One of them fell on the cigarette. Máslova angrily crushed it, flung it down, and took up another.

The signal-woman, although she did not smoke, instinctively picked up the stump and tried to straighten it out, as she talked. "The proverb comes true, my birdie, 'truth has gone to the dogs.' They do as they please nowadays. Some of us here did think that you'd be let off. Matvéyvna said that you'd get off. But I says, no, says I, my heart feels that they'll just gobble her up, and so it turned out," she said, evidently liking to hear herself talk.

Meanwhile the convicts had all passed through the yard, and the women who had been chaffing with them left the window and they, too, came up to Máslova. The first one to come up was the staring liquor vender with her little girl.

"Did you get a hard one?" she asked, seating herself beside Máslova and going on with her knitting.

"Of course it was!" Korablóva spoke up. "If there'd been money to spend on a good lawyer who knows what's what, you'd never have been condemned," she continued. "That fellow there, with the big nose and shaggy hair, he'd bring you out dry from the ocean! If you could only have had him!"

"Not much! He is not to be had!" said Horoshávka, who had joined the circle, with a grin. "He wouldn't even spit for less than a thousand roubles!"

"You must have been born under an unlucky star!" said the old woman in prison for arson. "Just think of me, how my boy's wife was taken away, and me shut up in prison in my old age," and she began recounting her story for the hundredth time. "Between the prison and the beggar's sack there's small chance for you. If it isn't one, it's the other."

"Yes, that's about it," said the liquor dealer, and glancing at her little girl she put away her stocking and taking the child between her knees, began with practised fingers to search her head. "A woman ought not to sell liquor! But how's she going to feed the children?" she said, proceeding with her familiar occupation.

These words reminded Máslova of liquor.

"If I could only have a drink!" she said to Korablóva, wiping her tears away with the sleeve of her chemise; she still sobbed from time to time.

"A drink? Of course you can," replied Korablóva.

XXXII.

Máslova took her money from the *kalátch* and handed the coupon to Korablóva, who received it and went through the ceremony of examining it, but being illiterate she had to trust to the superior knowledge of Horoshávka, who reported that the scrap of paper was worth two roubles and fifty copecks; she then went to the chimney, opened the ventilator, and pulled out a glass flask filled with liquor. Seeing this the women who were not her neighbors in the bunk, withdrew to their own places. Meanwhile Máslova, having shaken the dust from her kerchief and cloak, had got into her bunk and began to eat the *kalátch.*

"I saved some tea for you, but I'm afraid it is cold by this time," said Fedósya to her, taking from the shelf a mug and a tin tea-pot, wrapped in an old cloth.

The beverage was cold and tasted more like tin than tea; but Máslova filled the mug and drank it to moisten her dry *kalátch.*

"Here, Fináshka, here's a bit for you," she called, and breaking off a piece of the *kalátch* she gave it to the boy, who was watching her.

Meanwhile Korablóva had handed her the wine flask and the mug. Máslova offered some to Korablóva and Horoshávka. These three prisoners composed the aristocracy of the cell, because they had money and shared with one another whatever they possessed.

A few minutes later Máslova had brightened up, and was chatting away, describing the trial. She mimicked the Prosecutor, and told how very funny it was to see all the men so taken up with her. It made no difference where she was: in the court-room they stared at her as much as they chose, but even when she was in the waiting-room, they made excuses for coming in to look at her.

"Even the guard said to me, 'All they come in here for is to see you.' A man would run in and ask, 'Where is such and such a paper?' or something of that sort, but it was plain enough to be seen he did not want any paper at all; he was just devouring me with his eyes all the while," she said, smiling and shaking her head in wonder. "Oh, they know what they want!"

"That's so," interjected the signal-woman, and on she went, pouring forth a streak of talk in her sing-song voice. "They are like flies after sugar. They may not know much about other things, but where women come in, they're wide awake! They can live without bread . . ."

"And even here," interrupted Máslova, "I got right in the midst of it. When I came in, a company of convicts had just been brought up from the railway. If it hadn't been for the Assistant Inspector I should have fared badly. As it was, I had all I could do to get away from one man."

"What sort of looking fellow?" asked Horoshávka.

"Dark, with a mustache."

"That must be the one."

"What one?"

"Stcheglóv. The man that just went along."

"And who is he?"

"Haven't you heard about Stcheglóv? He has run away twice. They've caught him now, but he'll get away from them. Even the overseers are afraid of him," said Horoshávka, who sent notes to the convicts and knew all that was going on in the prison. "Mark my word that he'll escape."

"If he goes, he'll not take you and me along," said Korablóva. "You'd better tell us what the lawyer said to you about the petition," she said to Máslova. "Have you got to send it in right away?" Máslova replied that she didn't know one thing about it. Just then the "red-head," with both freckled hands plunged in her tangled hair, industriously scratching her head, walked up to the "aristocracy."

"I'll tell you just what you've got to do, Katerína," she began. "In the first place you must write down on paper how you are not satisfied with the sentence, and send that paper to the Prosecutor."

"What business have you got here?" cried Korablóva, in an angry voice. "You smell the liquor, that's why you're so anxious. We know what to do without your advice."

"What's the matter with you? I am not talking to you!"

"Yes, I know, you'd like a drink, that's why you are so nice all at once."

"Well, give her some," said Máslova, who was always giving things away.

"I'll give her something she won't like——"

"Let's see you do it," began the red-haired one, advancing towards Korablóva. "Think I'm afraid of you!"

"You prison skin!"

"You're another!"

"You boiled tripe!"

"Tripe, is it? You murderess!" shouted the red-haired woman.

"Now get out of this," said Korablóva, gloomily.

But there was no holding the red-head now; on she came, and Korablóva gave her one blow on her chest. That was enough! The fight was on. Out flew one hand and grabbed Korablóva by the hair, while the other aimed a blow at her face. Korablóva seized that hand, while Máslova and Horoshávka tried to pull her back by main force; but having once got a grip of that braid, Mistress Redhead had no idea of letting it go. Only for a second did she relax her hold, but it was to twist the hair more firmly round her fist. All this time Korablóva, holding her head sideways, was battering the red-head in the chest and trying to catch between her teeth the hand that was tearing out her hair. All the other women crowded round the combatants, screaming and doing their best to separate them. Even the consumptive one drew near and stood coughing as she watched the fight. The children huddled together, crying.

Presently the wardens, hearing the noise, came in and separated the fighters. Korablóva unbraided her gray locks, and the loose hair that had been plucked out fell to the floor. Meanwhile the red-haired woman tried to pull her torn chemise together, and both women went on with their loud-voiced complaints.

"It's liquor that's at the bottom of it all! To-morrow I shall report you to the Superintendent. He'll attend to you! I can smell it!" said the matron. "Look out! You'd better get it out of sight if you know what's good for you! We have no time to hear your stories now. Go to your bunks and keep quiet!"

But it was a long time before they could be reduced to silence. The women still kept shouting across the room at each other, telling how it all began and whose fault it was. At last the wardens went away, the women calmed down and began to get ready for bed. The old woman stood before the ikon and said her prayers.

"Yah! You convicts!" came the hoarse voice of the red-haired woman from the other end of the room, accompanying each word with choice invectives.

"You better look out for yourself; you'll catch it again," retorted Korablóva, with a train of similar invectives.

Then both relapsed into silence.

"If they hadn't interfered, I'd have scratched your old eyes out!" began the red-haired one again, and again came a retort in kind from Korablóva.

Then a longer interval of silence, followed by fresh invectives. However, the intervals continued to grow longer and longer and silence finally won the victory.

Most of the women had gone to bed, and some were snoring. The only ones still up were the old woman, who always spent a long time praying, and who was still prostrating herself before the ikon, and the sub-deacon's daughter, who as soon as the wardens had left, rose and began again to pace the room.

But Máslova was not asleep; she was thinking to herself, "Now I am really a convict," for she had been called so twice, once by Botchkóva and again by the red-haired woman, and she could not reconcile herself to the idea. Korablóva, who had been lying with her back towards her, now changed her position.

"I never dreamed that I should come to this," said Máslova, in a low voice. "Other people do far worse things than I ever did, and they are not punished, while I must suffer for a crime I never committed."

"Don't be despondent, girl! Siberia isn't death, people manage to get on there. I guess you'll survive it," said Korablóva to comfort her.

"I know I'll survive it; but it's too bad! I'm not used to hardships."

"You can't go against the will of God," said Korablóva, with a sigh. "You can't go against Him!"

"I know that, aunty; but it's hard all the same!"

They were silent.

"Hark, listen to that wretch!" said Korablóva, calling Máslova's attention to strange sounds that came from one of the bunks of the opposite side.

These sounds were the suppressed sobs of the red-haired woman. She was crying now over the beating she had got and the liquor that she hadn't, that liquor she wanted so badly, too! And then she cried because her whole life was just one succession of abuse, jeers, insults, and blows. She tried to comfort herself by remembering her first love for a factory hand, a man called Fédka Molodénkof, but when she thought of this love, she couldn't forget how it ended. This Molodénkof had rubbed vitriol on a sensitive spot of her body when he was drunk and made merry over it with his mates while she was writhing in agony. She thought of this and pitied herself, and thinking no one would hear her, she began to cry aloud as children do, sniffling and swallowing her salt tears.

"She is to be pitied," said Máslova.

"Of course she is; but she's got to behave herself."

XXXIII.

Nekhlúdof's first sensation when he awoke the next morning was a dim consciousness that something unusual and of great importance had happened to him.

"Katúsha — the trial!" Yes, the first thing was to stop lying and speak the whole truth. By a singular coincidence, he received, that very morning, the long-expected letter from Márya Vassílievna, the Marshal's wife, that letter which was now of no particular use to him. She gave him full liberty, wishing him happiness in his approaching marriage. "Marriage!" he uttered ironically. "I am a long way from marriage."

He remembered his last night's intention of telling her husband everything, of asking his forgiveness and declaring his readiness to give him entire satisfaction. But to-day this did not seem so simple a matter. After all, why make a man miserable when he might just as well be left in ignorance? If he were to ask, then I would tell him. But what is the good of going to him voluntarily and telling him? That was certainly unnecessary. It also seemed more difficult to tell the truth to Missy, now that the morning threw another light upon it. It really was not his place to speak; it would be insulting. The usual *convénances* called for a certain discretion; absolute frankness was out of the question. Some things must be taken for granted. He decided upon one thing this morning; he would visit there no more and would speak the truth, if asked the reason why. But there should be nothing indefinite so far as his relations with Katúsha were concerned.

"I shall go to the prison and tell her everything; then I shall beg her to forgive me, and if need be, yes, if need be, I shall marry her," he said to himself.

This thought of marrying her and giving up everything for the sake of a moral principle was particularly consoling to him this morning.

It had been a long time since he had felt so energetic. He spoke to Agraphéna Petróvna with more firmness than he had given himself credit for possessing; he told her that he should no longer require either his present apartment or her services. There had been a tacit understanding that he was keeping this spacious apartment because he was going to be married. Therefore when he said he should no longer need the apartment, Agraphéna Petróvna looked at him with surprise.

"I am much obliged to you, Agraphéna Petróvna, for all your care; but I have no longer any use for this large apartment and so many servants. If you wish to help me, will you be kind enough to see to the things, and have them packed for a while, as you used to do when my mother was living? And when Natásha comes, she will see to things." Natásha was Nekhlúdof's sister.

Agraphéna Petróvna shook her head.

"Pack away the things? Why, you'll need them again."

"No, they'll not be needed, Agraphéna Petróvna. That's certain," replied Nekhlúdof, answering the thought that was in her mind when she shook her head. "Please tell Kornéy that I shall pay him two months in advance, and that I shall no longer need his services."

"You may be sorry for this, Dmítri Ivánovitch," she said. "Even if you do go abroad, you will still need an establishment."

"You are mistaken, Agraphéna Petróvna. I am not going abroad; if I go anywhere, it will be to a very different place."

Here he suddenly blushed.

"I shall have to tell her; nothing can be kept back. Every one must be told," he thought.

"A very strange and unusual thing has happened to me. Of course you remember Katúsha who used to live with Aunt Márya Ivánovna?"

"To be sure, I do. I taught her how to sew."

"Well, this Katúsha was on trial yesterday, and I was on the jury."

"What a shame! What was she tried for?" exclaimed Agraphéna Petróvna.

"For murder, and it was all my fault."

"How can that be? That's a very strange way of talking," said Agraphéna Petróvna, her old eyes sparkling as she spoke.

She knew all about the affair with Katúsha.

"Yes, it was entirely my fault. And that is why all my plans are changed."

"Why should you change them?"

"Because I am the man who started her along that path, and I must do what I can to help her."

"Of course you can do what you please; but I must say I can't see that it's any particular fault of yours. Such things happen to everybody, and if people use their common sense, affairs like that are soon overlooked and forgotten." Here her voice took a more serious tone: "You ought not to take all the blame to yourself. I heard that she had gone to the bad, but who's to blame for that?"

"I am; and that's the reason why I want to make amends."

"It's no such easy matter."

"That's my affair. But if you are thinking about yourself, then let me say that the wish which mamma expressed——"

"I am not thinking about myself. I have been so generously treated by the deceased lady, that I have nothing more to desire. Lízenka" — her married niece — "wants me, and I shall go there, when I am no longer needed here. Only you ought not to take this so much to heart. Such a thing might happen to any man."

"Well, I don't think so. But I will ask you again to help me rent the apartment and pack away the things. And please do not be angry with me. I am greatly obliged to you for all you have done for me."

The most remarkable part of all this was that since Nekhlúdof had begun to realize his own faults and to be disgusted with himself, he no longer felt any dislike for other people. On the contrary he felt most amiably disposed towards both Agraphéna Petróvna and Kornéy. He was eager to confess himself to Kornéy also, but the demeanor of that stately personage was so austerely deferential, he really couldn't find courage to approach him.

On the way to Court, as he drove through the same streets with the same *izvôstchik*, Nekhlúdof was surprised to find himself such a different being.

His marriage with Missy which had seemed so probable yesterday was quite impossible to-day. Yesterday he had believed that she really wished to marry him; to-day he felt too unworthy to offer her even his friendship, not to speak of marriage. "If she only knew what I am, she would not allow me to enter her presence. And I was reproaching her for flirting with that man! And even if she consented to marry me, how could I enjoy any happiness or peace of mind knowing that the other one was in prison, and that one of these days she would be starting with a company of convicts for Siberia? The woman whom I deceived in penal servitude, while I am receiving congratulations and paying wedding visits! Or how could I keep up my friendship with the Marshal who has been so grossly deceived by his wife and me, how could I go on counting votes on the resolutions for school inspection by the *Zémstvo*, etc., all the while making appointments with his wife? Horrible thought! How could I go on with my picture? Certainly that will never be finished now. What right have I to squander my time over painting? No," he said to himself, "that belongs to the past," and he rejoiced at the spiritual change which had come over him.

"In the first place I must see the lawyer and hear what he has decided to do, and then . . . then go and see her, in prison, and tell her everything!" he thought.

And when he imagined himself in her presence, telling her everything, his repentance for his sin, and his determination to atone for it by marrying her, a feeling of rapture filled his heart and brought tears into his eyes.

XXXIV.

On reaching the Court House, Nekhlúdof met an usher in the corridor, the same one he had seen on the previous day. He asked him where the prisoners were kept after they were sentenced, and who could give him a permit to visit them.

The officer explained that the criminals were kept in different places and that until they received their sentence in its final form, permission to visit them depended on the Government Prosecutor.

"I will attend to that for you after the session is over. The Prosecutor isn't here yet, but after the session you can see him. Now please go into Court. It will open in a few minutes."

Thanking the officer for his courtesy — he seemed much more an object of pity than yesterday — Nekhlúdof turned towards the jury-room.

As he drew near, he met his fellow-jurymen filing out on their way to the court-room. The merchant, having taken something to eat and drink, was as merry as ever and greeted Nekhlúdof like an old friend. To-day even the familiarity and boisterous laughter of Piotr Gherássimovitch excited no aversion. Nekhlúdof longed to tell the jurymen about his relations to yesterday's prisoner. "That's what I ought to have done yesterday while the trial was going on," he said to himself. "I ought to have made a public acknowledgment of my sin!" But when he entered the court-room with the other jurymen and heard the usual proclamation, "The Judges are coming," when he saw them on the platform in their embroidered collars, saw the jurymen take their seats in the high-backed chairs, saw the gendarmes and the priest, the silence of the room was so impressive that though he still felt it his duty to speak, he had not the courage to disturb this solemn assembly.

The preparations for the trial did not differ from yesterday's, except the swearing in of the jury and the address of the Presiding Justice.

It was a case of burglary to-day. The culprit, guarded by two gendarmes with drawn swords, was a thin, narrow-shouldered, pale-faced lad of twenty, wrapped in the gray prison cloak. He sat alone in the dock, peering from under his eyebrows at the new-comers. He was accused, he and one of his pals, of having broken into a shed and stolen some old mats valued at three roubles and sixty-seven copecks. According to the indictment, it seems that the policeman arrested him when he was walking with his pal, the latter carrying the mats on his shoulder. They both confessed at once and were forthwith taken to jail. His pal, who was a locksmith, had died in prison, and so the boy was to be tried alone. The old mats were lying on the table as material evidence.

The trial was conducted in exactly the same fashion as on the previous day, with all the accouterment of demonstration, oath, question, expert and cross-examination. The policeman called as a witness answered every question put to him, whether by Presiding Justice, Public Prosecutor, or counsel for the defense, in the same listless manner: "Just so. . . ." "I couldn't say." "Just so

. . ." He evidently pitied the boy, and his stereotyped replies and the military stolidity of his manner barely concealed his reluctance to testify against him.

The other witness, an elderly and bilious man and a house proprietor, was the owner of the mats. He identified them after some hesitation, but when the Assistant Prosecutor asked for what purpose he used them, and what he was going to do with them, he became excited and exclaimed: "They are of no use to me at all! I'd rather have given ten or twenty roubles, than had all this fuss over them! If I'd known what a bother it was going to make, I never would have looked for them. Now I've wasted five roubles on *izvóstchiks*, and I'm not a well man. I suffer from rheumatism and hernia."

So testified the witnesses. The prisoner stood like some hunted creature, casting furtive glances around the room; he confessed his guilt and in broken sentences told how it all happened.

It was quite simple. But the Assistant Prosecutor shrugged his shoulders as he had done the day before and put the same shrewd questions, framed to ensnare a cunning culprit.

In his argument he showed that the theft had been committed not only in a dwelling-house but by forcible entrance; the lad had broken the lock and must therefore be severely punished.

The lawyer appointed for the defense contended that the theft was not really committed in a dwelling-house, and although the crime could not be denied, still the criminal was not the menace to society that the Assistant Prosecutor described.

As on the previous day the Presiding Justice represented incarnate justice and impartiality; he explained to the jurors what they already knew, and could not help knowing. Then came the usual recesses which were spent in smoking, and again the usher, in the customary loud tone of voice, proclaimed, "The Judges are coming," and the gendarmes with their drawn swords made the same effort to keep awake.

The proceedings showed that this lad's father had apprenticed him in a tobacco factory where he had worked for five years. This year there had been an uprising among the operatives, and the lad had lost his place. So, being out of work, he loafed around the alehouse, spending what little he had in liquor. Here he fell in with the locksmith, out of work like himself, and a drinking man into the bargain. One night, when they were both intoxicated, they broke the lock in question and took the first thing that came to hand. They were caught and sent to jail, where the locksmith died before the trial. The boy was now on trial as a dangerous character, against whom society must be protected.

"Just about as dangerous a creature as yesterday's criminal," thought Nekhlúdof as he listened to the argument. "They are dangerous. And we? What are we? . . . I, a profligate and liar, and yet no man who knows me despises me on that account! It is easy to see that this poor fellow is just an ordinary lad — any one could tell that; he is no villain, but simply the natural product of certain influences. If we wish to rid society of that type of boy, we must look after the influences that go towards making him what he is. When hunger drove him from the village into the city, if there had been one single person to have taken pity on the lad," thought Nekhlúdof, looking at the boy's terrified face, "or to have lent him a helping hand, — one friend to whisper in his ear: 'I wouldn't do that, Vassya; it isn't right!' — the boy, tempted by his mates to spend his slender wages in the alehouse, after twelve hours' work in the factory, would have listened to that kindly voice; he never would have committed this offense, or have been where he is now. But during all those years of his apprenticeship, when the poor little fellow was living in the city like some wild creature of the fields caught in a trap, running on errands, with his hair clipped close to his head so as not to breed vermin, — no such friend came to his rescue. He heard loud praises of men who led loose lives, drinking and cheating, brawling and debauchery — 'A man like that now was a fine fellow!'

"Then came the time when, out of work, his health ruined by drink and wretched food, half stupefied and not knowing what he was about, wandering aimlessly through the streets, he came upon that shed and stole a few old mats, of no use to any living mortal. And we propose to set the matter right by punishing the boy! All the causes that have contributed to make him what he is to-day are to be left untouched, and he is to suffer the penalty. Good heavens!"

One by one these thoughts passed through Nekhlúdof's mind, and he paid little heed to the proceedings. He was horrified by his discovery. He wondered why he could not have seen it all before, and why others were blind to it now.

XXXV.

During the recess Nekhlúdof went out into the corridor. He had made up his mind not to go back into the court-room again. Let them impose whatever penalty they chose, he would take no further part in this folly.

He inquired for the Prosecutor's room, and on being told which one it was, he started to enter, but the messenger refused him admittance, saying that the Prosecutor was engaged. But Nekhlúdof, paying not the slightest attention, entered the room and requested a clerk who came forward to announce his name, and also to say to the Prosecutor that one of the jurymen wished to see him on very important business. The princely title and his fine clothes assisted his cause.

The clerk, after announcing his name to the Prosecutor, ushered him into the presence of that personage, who had already risen to his feet, and showing marked displeasure at the persistence with which Nekhlúdof demanded this audience, asked sternly, "What do you wish?"

"I am on the jury; my name is Nekhlúdof. It is absolutely necessary for me to see the prisoner Máslova." He spoke forcibly and flushed as he did so, realizing that he was taking an irrevocable step, one which would affect his whole life.

The Prosecutor was a swarthy little man with grizzled hair and keen, sparkling eyes. His prominent chin was overgrown with a thick, closely cut beard.

"Máslova? Yes, I know. That is the poisoning case," said the Prosecutor, quietly. "Why do you wish to see her?" Then, as though to soften the acerbity of his question, he added, "I cannot give you the permission, unless I know your reason for desiring it."

"I have a most serious reason," said Nekhlúdof, flushing.

"Indeed?" said the Prosecutor, and raising his eyes he gazed inquiringly at Nekhlúdof. "Has her case been tried yet?"

"It was tried yesterday, and she was unjustly condemned to four years' hard labor. She is innocent."

"Yes? Well, if it was only yesterday that she was sentenced," he said, paying no attention to Nekhlúdof's affirmation of Máslova's innocence, "before the sentence is promulgated in its final form she will be kept in the Preliminary Prison. They have certain visiting days. I advise you to inquire there."

"But I must see her as soon as possible," said Nekhlúdof; his chin quivered, for he knew that the decisive moment was at hand.

"Why must you?" asked the Prosecutor uneasily, raising his eyebrows.

"Because she has been sentenced to hard labor and because she is innocent. It is I who am the guilty one," replied Nekhlúdof in a voice shaking with emotion, with a strange feeling that he was uttering words which should have remained unspoken.

"How is that?" asked the Prosecutor.

"Because it was I who betrayed her and brought her to this wretched pass. She never could have been subjected to such an accusation but for the harm I did her years ago."

"Still I cannot see how this interview is going to help the matter."

"Only this way, that I am determined to follow . . . and to marry her," said Nekhlúdof. And as usual whenever he spoke of this subject the tears stood in his eyes.

"Is it possible? Is that so?" exclaimed the Prosecutor. "This certainly is a strange case! Very unusual. I believe you are a member of the Krasnopérsk *Zêmstvo?*" he asked, as though he suddenly recalled this Nekhlúdof who was making these unaccountable revelations.

"I beg your pardon; but I fail to see the connection with my request," replied Nekhlúdof, with an angry flush.

"Ah, well, of course there is none," said the Prosecutor, nothing abashed, and with the shadow of a smile upon his lip. "But your intention is so unusual and extraordinary . . ."

"Then may I have the pass?"

"The pass? Certainly. I will give you an order of admittance at once. Please take a seat."

He went to his desk and seating himself before it began to write.

"Please be seated," he repeated.

Nekhlúdof remained standing.

Having written the pass and handed it to Nekhlúdof, he continued to gaze at him with an expression of curiosity.

"I must also inform you that I can no longer attend this Session."

"You will be obliged to present valid reasons to the Court."

"My only reason is that I consider every Court not only a useless but an immoral institution!"

"Do you?" said the Prosecutor, with the same vague smile on his face; his tone implied that he had heard that sort of thing before, and found it rather amusing. "That may be. But you will hardly expect me, in my quality of Prosecutor, to agree with you. I should advise you to state your case to the Court; then, if your reasons are valid, the Court will grant your request, and if they are not, it will impose a fine. All you have to do, is to apply to the Court."

"I have stated my reasons here, and I shall not go elsewhere," said Nekhlúdof, angrily.

"Good day, sir," said the Prosecutor, bowing, rather anxious to be rid of this strange visitor.

"Who was that?" asked a Member of the Court who entered the room just as Nekhlúdof went out.

"Nekhlúdof. Don't you remember, the same one who used to propose such queer resolutions in the *Zémstvo?* He is serving on the jury, and there's a woman or a girl among the prisoners who was sentenced to penal servitude. He says he has ruined her, and now he wants to atone for it by marrying her."

"Good gracious!"

"That's what he says. He is in a very excited state."

"There's something abnormal about all young men in these days."

"He is not very young. I shouldn't call him a young man."

"No? Oh, I must tell you, my dear fellow, how your famous Ivashénko bored us. He will be the death of us yet! He is an endless talker."

"He should be stopped. Such men as he are nothing but obstructionists. . . ."

XXXVI.

Nekhlúdof went directly from the Prosecutor to the Preliminary Detention Prison. But no Máslova was to be found there, and the Superintendent explained to Nekhlúdof that she must be in the old jail, where Nekhlúdof did eventually find her. But such a vast distance separated the two prisons that it was night before Nekhlúdof reached the jail. He was going up to the entrance of that gloomy building when he was stopped by a sentry, who rang the bell.

It was answered by the warden. When Nekhlúdof showed his permit, the warden said he could not admit him without the Inspector's permission.

On the way, as he was climbing the stairs that led to the Inspector's quarters, Nekhlúdof heard some one playing on the piano. The sound came through a closed door, but he could distinguish the brilliancy of the technique. A sulky maid with a bandage over one eye opened the door, and the volume of sound threatened to deafen him.

It was Liszt's well-known Rhapsodie, well played, until it reached a certain passage. Every time the pianist reached this point the same thing happened over and over again. Nekhlúdof asked the maid if the Inspector was in.

She replied in the negative.

"How soon will he return?"

The Rhapsodie ceased, only to make a fresh start in the direction of the magic note.

"I'll go and ask," she said, and away she went.

The Rhapsodie began again with all its former brilliancy, but suddenly it came to an abrupt pause, and a voice was heard to say:

"Tell him that he is out and won't be in again to-day. He is on a visit. Why do they bother so?" said a woman's voice from behind the door, and the Rhapsodie began again; but the next minute the music ceased and a chair was pushed hastily back. Evidently the irate pianist was coming to reprimand the vexatious visitor, in person.

"Papa is out," she said in a snappish tone, as she came into the ante-room. She looked pale and miserable, with dark circles around her dull eyes, but her hair was puffed. The sight of the young man in his fine clothes mollified her. "Won't you come in? What would you like?"

"I would like to see one of the prisoners."

"A political prisoner, I suppose?"

"No; it is not. I have the Prosecutor's permit."

"Well, I couldn't tell you, I'm sure. Papa is out. Won't you come in, please?" she called to him again from the little entry. "Perhaps you might speak to the Assistant. He is in the office now. What name, please?"

"I thank you," replied Nekhlúdof and went out without answering her question.

The door had hardly closed upon him when the same gay and brilliant strains began again, so utterly out of tune with the place and with the sickly girl who reproduced them with such untiring perseverance. Out in the yard Nekhlúdof met a young officer with a stiff waxed mustache, and when he asked him where he could find the Assistant, he discovered that it was the Assistant himself whom he was addressing. The latter, glancing at the permit, told Nekhlúdof that it was made out for the Preliminary Detention Prison, and that he was not willing to take the responsibility of admitting him. "Besides, it is out of hours. You had better come to-morrow. That will be public visiting day; ten o'clock is the hour. It will be better to come then, because the Inspector will be at home. You could see the prisoner either in the common hall or in the office, if the Inspector is willing."

And so Nekhlúdof went home without seeing Katúsha after all. Agitated by the expectation of seeing her he walked along, quite forgetting the Court and thinking only of his conversations with the Prosecutor and the Inspector's Assistant. The consciousness that he had been trying to see her, and had told the Prosecutor of his intention and visited both the jails, excited him to such an extent that he was unable to calm himself for some time. On reaching home he at once brought out his diary,—it was ages since he had opened it,—read over certain passages and wrote down the following: "It is two years since I last wrote in this diary, thinking then that I should never return to such childishness. But it was not childishness; rather a communion with one's own self, with that true, divine self which dwells in every man. All this while have I slept and had no one with whom to commune. I was awakened by a remarkable event which took place in Court on April twenty-eighth, while I was on the jury. I saw her wrapped in a prison cloak standing in the prisoners' dock, the very same Katúsha I had betrayed. By some strange oversight, for which I also blame myself to some extent, she was sentenced to penal servitude. I have seen the Prosecutor and have just returned from the jail. I could not see her, but shall try again. I am determined to do all in my power to show her that I repent of my sin and will atone for it by marriage, if need be. May God help me! I feel at peace, and joy has come into my soul."

XXXVII.

THAT night Máslova lay wide awake hour after hour, gazing at the door, past which the sub-deacon's daughter kept pacing to and fro.

She was thinking that she would never marry one of the Saghalian convicts; she was sure to make some better settlement than that. One of the officers, or some clerk or warden, or warden's assistant—men were all alike where women were about, "but I must look out and not grow thin, that would be a bad job!" Then she remembered how the lawyer for the defense and even the Presiding Justice himself stared at her, and how other men in the Court House made excuses for passing where she sat. She remembered what Bertha who paid her a visit at the jail had told her about the student of whom she used to be so fond when she lived at Madam Kitáev's.

He came there after she went away, inquired for her, and said that he was sorry for her. Then the fight with the red-haired woman came into her mind, and she pitied the poor creature; and she thought of the baker who had sent her an extra *kalátch.* She thought of many people, but never once of Nekhlúdof. To her childhood and youth and her love for Nekhlúdof she never gave a thought. It was too painful. Those memories were buried deep in her soul, and she never disturbed them. She never even dreamed of Nekhlúdof. To-day during the trial she had not recognized him; and this was not because that bearded man advancing towards middle age had worn the military uniform and been a beardless youth with but a slight mustache and closely curling hair when she had seen him last, but simply because she never thought of him. She had buried all her memories of the past in connection with him and with that awful night when he passed through the place and never came to see his aunts. That was when he was on his way home from the war.

Until that night she had hoped to see him; the child she carried had never been a burden to her; its gentle movements were like a loving touch laid on her heart to soothe its longing. But from that night everything was changed, and the child itself became a stumbling block.

The aunts had looked for Nekhlúdof; they had begged him to stop over, but he telegraphed that it would be impossible, because he must be in Petersburg at a stated time. When Katúsha found this out, she made up her mind to see him at the station. The train was due to pass the station at two o'clock in the morning. After helping the ladies to prepare for the night, she put on her old shoes, tied a kerchief over her head, and taking little

Máshka, the cook's daughter, for company, she picked up her skirts and started for the station.

It was a windy and cloudy night in autumn, with occasional showers. It was dark enough underfoot crossing the field, and darker still in the woods. Though Katúsha knew the road, she missed her way and arrived at the little station where the train only stops three minutes, not in season as she had planned, but after the second bell had already rung. As she hurried up the platform she saw Nekhlúdof through the window of a first-class compartment. It was brilliantly lighted inside and two officers seated on velvet chairs opposite each other were playing cards. On the small table near the window stood two thick, dripping candles. In his close-fitting riding trousers and white shirt Nekhlúdof sat on the arm of the chair, leaning against its back; he was laughing heartily. As soon as she saw him she raised her hand, benumbed with the cold, and tapped upon the window. At that instant the third bell was rung and the train started; slowly backing at first and then lurching suddenly forward, the carriages with more or less bumping began to move on.

One of the players rose, cards in hand, and looked out. She knocked again, putting her face close to the glass. At that moment the carriage beside which she stood was jerked forward. She walked beside it, gazing in at the window. The officer tried to lower the glass but without success.

Nekhlúdof rose, and pushing the officer aside, began lowering it himself. Meanwhile the train had increased its speed so that now Katúsha had to walk briskly, and just as the window was finally lowered the guard pushed her aside and jumped in. She was left behind, but she went on, running along the wet boards of the platform till she reached the end of it. Here she almost pitched headlong to the ground, as she hurried down the steps, running all the while; but the first-class carriage was already far away. The second-class and third-class carriages had passed her, and still she ran, so that when the last car with lanterns in the rear had passed by, she was beyond the water-power building, beyond any shelter. The wind seized her kerchief and tore it from her head; it whirled her skirts about, twisting them about her legs. And still she ran.

"Aunty Mikháilovna!" shouted the girl, running after her, "you have lost your kerchief."

Katúsha stopped, threw back her head, and clutching it with both hands, burst into sobs.

"Gone!" she cried.

"He—sitting on a velvet chair, laughing and drinking and making merry, I—crying out here in the dark and the mud, the rain coming down and the wind blowing!" She paused to think and seating herself on the ground sobbed so loudly, that the little girl was frightened and put her arms around her, wet as she was.

"Let's go home, aunty!"

"Oh, to end it all under the wheels of the next train!" thought Katúsha, making no reply to the little girl.

Yes, that is what she would do. But, as often happens in the first moments of a lull after great emotions, she felt the stirring of the child, his child, which she was carrying. And all at once everything that had so tortured her only a moment ago that life seemed worthless, all her bitterness towards him, and the desire to revenge herself, even at the expense of her own life, disappeared. She grew calm, got up, arranged her dress, tied the kerchief over her head, and started for home.

She returned wet, muddy, and exhausted; and from that day dated the steady degeneration of her moral nature, until she became the creature in the prison cell. After that dreadful night she lost her faith in God and in goodness. Once she had believed in Him and thought that others did too, but since then she had become convinced that no one really believed in Him, and that all that was said of Him and His law, was only trickery and deception. The man she loved and who had once loved her — she was sure of that — had abandoned her, and trampled upon her feelings. And yet he was the best man she had ever known. The others had been far worse; everything that had happened to her since then confirmed her in this belief. The pious aunts drove her out of their house when she could no longer serve them as she had formerly. All the people with whom she had any dealings wanted to take advantage of her in one way or another. The men, from the old *Stanovóy* to the prison wardens, regarded her as an instrument of pleasure, while the women took all the money they could from her. No one cared for anything else in the world. Her friend, the old author whom she had known during the second year of her life of independence, had strengthened her in this belief. He told her plainly that there was no other happiness. He called it poetry and estheticism.

Every one lived for himself and his own pleasure, and all that had been said about God and goodness was a fraud.

People would sometimes wonder why everything was so at odds in this world, why men must suffer, and be so wicked and harm each other so; for her part she thought it better not to think about such things. If she felt sad it was a good idea to take a drink or a smoke, or better still to love some man; then all sadness would vanish.

XXXVIII.

When, on Sunday morning at five o'clock, the usual whistle sounded through the corridor of the women's ward, Korablóva, who was already up, woke Máslova.

"I'm a convict," thought Máslova, rubbing her eyes and gasping in the foul morning air of the close room. She was still sleepy, but fear overpowered her desire to sleep; she sat up in her bunk with her feet drawn under her and began to look about the room. Most of the women were up, but the children were still sleeping. The liquor dealer with staring eyes was pulling out the prison cloak from beneath the children very gently so as not to awaken them. The rebel was drying the rags that served as swaddling clothes, while the baby was crying lustily in the arms of blue-eyed Fedósya, who rocked him to and fro as she sang a tender lullaby. The consumptive, with flushed face, held on to her chest, and sighed loudly now and then, almost screaming in the intervals of coughing. The woman with the red hair was lying on her back with her knees in the air cheerfully telling her dream.

The old woman accused of arson was again standing before the ikon and whispering the same prayer, bowing and crossing herself. The sub-deacon's daughter sat motionless in the bunk, with a dull, sleepy expression in her eyes, gazing at vacancy. Horosháνka was curling her coarse black, greasy hair over her finger.

Scuffling footsteps echoed along the corridor, the padlock rattled, and two convict-scavengers in short jackets and trousers that hardly reached to their ankles, entered the room. With cross and sulky faces they lifted the foul-smelling tub on to the yoke and carried it away. The women then went out into the entry to the wash-tanks. Here again a quarrel broke out between the red-headed woman and one who came from another cell. Shouts, invectives, and complaints rang through the entry. . . .

"You want to get locked up, do you!" shouted the warden, giving her a slap on her fat back that resounded from one end of the corridor to the other. "Don't let me hear your voice again!"

"I'll be hanged if the old man isn't trying to be funny!" said the red-headed woman, mistaking his blow for a caress.

"Now, then, hurry and get ready for Mass."

Máslova had hardly finished combing her hair when the Inspector entered. "Call the roll!" he cried.

Other prisoners came out from their cells, forming two lines along the corridor, the women in the rear line placing their hands on the shoulders of those in the front one, while they were counted.

After the roll-call they were led to church by the woman warden. Máslova and Fedósya were in the middle of a column which was made up of more than one hundred women. All wore white kerchiefs, sacks, and skirts, except a few women, here and there, in colored garments. These women were the wives and children of convicts, who were to follow their husbands and fathers into exile. The entire stairway was filled with this procession. The soft patter of the slippered feet rose even above the voices and the occasional laughter. At the turning, Máslova perceived the sulky face of her enemy Botchkóva, who was at the head of the column, and pointed her out to Fedósya. When they reached the foot of the stairs, the women became silent and crossing themselves and bowing, passed through the open door of the still empty church all glittering with gold. They began crowding into their places on the right, and then came the men dressed in the long, loose gray convict sack. Some of them were serving brief terms, while others were to be banished in conformity with the decisions of their village communes.

Coughing loudly, they took up their position on the left and in the center, forming one solid mass. The gallery was already occupied, one side by convicts with half-shaved heads, who made their presence known by the clanking of their chains, and the other by prisoners whose cases had not yet been tried. These were not shaved and they wore no chains.

The prison church was a recent structure, built and decorated by the generosity of a rich merchant, who had given some tens of thousands of roubles for the purpose. It glistened with gold and bright colors.

For a time the silence in the church was broken only by the coughing, the blowing of noses, the crying of babies, and now and then the clanking of chains. Presently the prisoners who stood in the middle crowded towards one side, making room for the Inspector, who walked in and took his place in front of them all in the middle of the church.

XXXIX.

THE service began.

This is the way it was conducted: The priest, robed in a very peculiar and inconvenient garment made of cloth of gold, cut and arranged small pieces of bread on a saucer; these he put into a vessel filled with wine, at the same time uttering various names and prayers. Meanwhile the sub-deacon kept on steadily reading prayers and then singing them antiphonally with a choir composed of prisoners; these prayers were in the Slavonic tongue, difficult enough to understand at any time, and made still more so by the rapidity of the reading and singing. They were chiefly supplications in behalf of the Sovereign and his family. Their welfare was implored in prayer after prayer, either in the form of a special petition, or included in other prayers. Some of these prayers were repeated while they knelt. Then the sub-deacon read several verses from the Acts of the Apostles in such a strained tone of voice that nothing could be understood; next the priest read very distinctly that portion of the Gospel according to Mark wherein we are told that Christ, having risen from the dead, before flying up to heaven to sit on the right hand of His Father appeared first to Mary Magdalene, from whom he had driven out seven devils, and then to eleven of the apostles, and ordered them to preach the gospel to all creatures, saying that he who will not believe, shall be lost, and he who believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and shall, moreover, have power to cast out devils, to heal men from diseases by the laying on of hands, to speak new tongues, to handle serpents, and if he were to drink poison he shall not die, but remain unharmed.

The essence of the service consisted in the presumption that the small pieces of bread cut by the priest and dipped in the wine, accompanied by certain manipulations and prayers, became the body and blood of God. These manipulations consisted in the priest's raising his arms at stated intervals and, encumbered as he was with his gold cloth sack, keeping them in this attitude, kneeling from time to time and kissing the table[1] and all objects upon it. But the principal act was when the priest, having taken the napkin[2] in both hands, evenly and methodically waved it over the saucer[3] and the golden cup.[4] This was supposed to be the moment when the bread and wine are transformed into the body and blood, and therefore this part of the service was performed with special solemnity.

"To the holy, pure, and blessed Mother of God!" the voice of the priest rang out from behind the partition, and the choir solemnly chanted that it was good to glorify the Virgin Mary who had given birth to Christ, and still remained a virgin, and who therefore should be exalted above certain cherubim and seraphim. Then the transformation was considered accomplished, and the priest having removed the napkin from the saucer cut the middle piece of bread into four parts and placed it first in the wine and next in his own mouth. He was supposed to have swallowed a particle of the body of the Lord and to have drunk a portion of His blood. Then the priest drew aside a curtain, opened the middle door, and taking the golden cup in his hands, came forth from the door and stood before the people, inviting those who wished to come and partake of the body and blood of the Lord, which were in that cup.

[1] Altar. [2] Corporale. [3] Paten. [4] Chalice.

Only children responded to the invitation. Having asked them their names, the priest dipped the spoon into the cup, and carefully deposited a piece of bread dipped in wine in the mouth of each child, in turn, taking pains to put the spoon as far in as he could, while the subdeacons, wiping their lips merrily, sang a song about the children eating the body of the Lord and drinking His blood. Then the priest took the cup back with him behind the partition and having finished what remained of the body of the Lord and drunk His blood, he carefully wiped his mouth and beard, as well as the cup, and in the most cheerful manner, his boots creaking slightly as he walked, came briskly out from behind the partition. Now the most important part of this Christian service was over. But a special service for the consolation of the prisoners was now added. The priest, standing in front of an ikon illumined by a score of lighted tapers and covered with hammered gold, which showed only the blackened hands and face that were meant to represent the same Lord of whose body he had just partaken, in a strained and falsetto voice, half singing, half speaking, recited the following words: "Sweetest Jesus, Glory of the Apostles, Strength of Martyrs, Almighty Lord, have mercy on me, Jesus have mercy on me; Jesus Light of my soul, unto Thee I flee, save me, Jesus, and have mercy on me through the prayers of all Thy Saints, O Thou Prophet of all, save me, Jesus, and grant me the joys of paradise, O Thou Jesus, lover of mankind!"

He paused, took breath, crossed himself and bowed to the ground. All did likewise: the Inspector, the wardens, and the prisoners in the gallery with their clanking chains. He continued: "Creator of Angels and Lord of Hosts, Jesus most Wonderful, Marvel of Angels, Jesus Omnipotent, the Saviour of our forefathers, Jesus most Amiable, Glory of Patriarchs, Jesus most Glorious, Strength of Sovereigns, Jesus most Merciful, Fulfilment of Prophecies, Jesus most Wonderful, Strength of Martyrs, Jesus meek and humble of heart, Joy of Religious, Jesus Gracious, Comfort of the Clergy, Jesus most Charitable, Continence of those who fast, Jesus most Amiable, Joy of Saints, Jesus most pure, Chastity of Virgins, Jesus the Eternal Saviour of Sinners, Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on me," and so on, laying more and more stress on the word "Jesus" until he reached the end. Then, lifting his silk-lined vestment with one hand, he knelt, bowing to the ground, while the choir chanted the last words, "Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on me!" The prisoners fell upon their knees and rose again, tossing back the hair from the unshaved portion of their heads and clanking the fetters that chafed their thin legs.

This continued for a long time. First came lauds, ending always with the words "Have Mercy on me," followed by others ending with the word "Hallelujah." In the beginning the prisoners had crossed themselves and bowed to the ground at every pause, but as the priest went on, their genuflections diminished in frequency, now and then omitting a pause altogether, and when the lauds ended and the priest with a sigh of relief closed his prayer-book and withdrew behind the partition, they were all glad to have it over.

But there was still one more ceremony to be performed, and this consisted in the priest's taking the large gold cross with its enameled medallions at each end that lay on the table, and carrying it into the middle of the church. The inspector kissed it first, then the warden, and lastly the prisoners came crowding one upon another with fiercely whispered vituperations. Talking all the while with the Inspector, the priest thrust out the cross and his own hand so carelessly that the prisoners as they drew near were often struck upon the nose or the mouth as they tried to kiss both the cross and his hand. Thus ended that Christian service, performed for the comfort and edification of these lost sheep.

XL.

And not one among those who were present, from the priest and the Inspector down to Máslova, seemed to be aware that this same Jesus whom the priest had lauded with so many queer words, and whose name was uttered by him so many times and with such emphasis, had expressly forbidden all that had been going on here; not only the senseless volubility and the blasphemous incantations of the priest over the wine and the bread, but had most positively forbidden one man to call another master, had forbidden all worship in temples, commanding every man to pray in solitude, had forbidden the very temples themselves, declaring that he had come to destroy them, and that men were to pray not in temples but in spirit and in truth; but above all the rest, had he forbidden human judgments and the imprisonment of men, or their subjection to the shame, torture, or death which was visited on them in this place. He had forbidden violence in all its forms and had proclaimed that he set the captive free.

Not a man present suspected that all this was a sacrilegious mockery of that same Christ in whose name it was committed. No one realized that this gilded cross tipped with enameled medallions which the priest presented to the lips of the people, was but the emblem of that gibbet on which Christ had died because he *had* forbidden the same sort of worship which men carried on here in his name. No one suspected that the priests who imagined they were eating the body and drinking the blood of Christ, were indeed eating and drinking to their damnation, by destroying those "little ones" with whom Christ identified himself, by depriving them of their natural blessings and subjecting them to terrible tortures and by concealing from them the good tidings he came into the world to announce.

The priest performed his functions with an easy conscience, because he had been brought up from childhood to believe that this was the only true faith. All the saints that had ever lived, the state authorities, and the clergy themselves held that faith. Of course he didn't really believe that bread and wine became flesh and blood or that it was good for the soul to say so many words, or that he had indeed swallowed a particle of the Lord,—no one could believe that,—but he thought it was his duty to maintain that creed.

One of the most persuasive arguments in favor of this faith of his was, that for eighteen years he had received in reward for his services an income sufficient to support his family and educate his children. The sub-deacon was even more firmly convinced, for though he had altogether forgotten even the essence of the dogmas of this creed, he remembered that for the warm wine, for prayers for the dead, for reading the psalms, for a plain Te Deum or for a Te Deum with an acathistus, for everything in short, there was a fixed price, which devout Christians are ready to pay, and that was why he chanted his "Have mercy, have mercy," and read what he had to read as a matter of course, just as another man has to sell wood or flour or potatoes. The Chief Warden and his assistants, although they had never known or understood what the dogmas of this faith really were or the significance of all the church ceremonial, all thought that a man ought to believe that creed, because the state authorities and the Czar himself believed it. Moreover, they felt—although they could never explain why—that this creed justified their cruel duties. If there had been no such creed it would have been harder for them, nay, it would have been impossible, to use all their energy in tormenting men, as they were doing now with an easy conscience. The Inspector was such a kind-hearted man, he never could have gone on living, if he had not been sustained by his religion. So he stood erect and motionless, or crossed himself and made his devout genuflections, and tried to feel a sensible devotion when the Cherubim Song was sung. When the priest began to administer the Communion to the children, he took a few steps forward and himself lifted a small boy and held the little fellow in his arms while the priest administered the Sacrament.

Most of the prisoners — there were a few exceptions, men who were able to discern the deception that was practised on the people by this creed, and who laughed at it in the secrecy of their souls, — most of them believed that those gilded ikons, tapers, chalices, vestments, and crosses, and the repetition of those unintelligible words, "Sweetest Jesus," "Have Mercy," possessed a mysterious power which was an open sesame to the goods of this life and those of the world to come. Although most of them had tried the efficacy of prayer for obtaining the goods of this life, offering Te Deums and candles, and had been disappointed, yet each one still firmly believed it was just a mere chance, and that an institution approved by learned men and Archbishops must be a most important one, indispensable for the next world, if not for this one.

Máslova believed all that. Like the rest of them her feelings during the service had been a combination of devotion and weariness. At first she had stood in the middle of the crowd, behind the partition, and could see no one except her companions; but when the communicants began to move forward, she and Fedósya stepped forward too, and then she saw the Inspector and the wardens, and standing near them was Fedósya's husband, a peasant with light beard and chestnut hair, who never took his eyes off his wife; — Máslova during the acathistus busied herself watching him and whispering to Fedósya, making a mechanical sign of the cross, or genuflecting when the others did so.

XLI.

Nekhlúdof left the house in the early morning. A peasant from the country was driving along one of the side streets crying, "Milk, milk, milk!" in the voice peculiar to his trade. Yesterday had been the first warm, rainy day, and wherever the streets were not paved, the grass, already started, had begun to turn green; the birches in the gardens looked as if they were covered with green down; the wild cherry trees and the poplars were unfolding their long, fragrant leaves, and on every hand housekeepers and tradesmen were taking off double windows and washing them.

As Nekhlúdof passed the Tolkútchi Market, a dense crowd was surging along its line of booths, and ragged men with boots tucked under their arms, and pressed trousers and waistcoats hanging over their shoulders, were walking up and down. Men free from their factories on this day, in clean sleeveless coats and shining boots, women with bright silk shawls over their heads and jackets embroidered with beads, were crowding around the alehouses. Policemen, with the yellow cords to which their pistols are attached, were stationed here and there, on the lookout for a scrimmage, which might help to enliven their weariness. Along the paths of the boulevard and on its fresh green lawn, children and dogs were running about, while the lively nurses gossiped together, sitting on the benches.

The streets, still cool and damp in the shade on the left-hand side, were quite dry in the middle, where heavy teams, light droshkies, and street-cars thundered and rattled and rang with never a pause between. The air vibrated with the clangor of church bells calling the people to a service like the one that was now going on in the prison. And the people in their Sunday clothes were on their way to their respective parish churches.

The *izvóstchik* drove Nekhlúdof, not to the prison itself, but to the turning which led to it.

Several men and women, most of them carrying bundles, were waiting at this spot, about one hundred paces from the jail. To the right were a few low wooden buildings, and to the left a one-story house with a sign above it. The massive stone jail faced them, but visitors were not allowed to come very near it. An armed sentinel, pacing backwards and forwards, shouted harshly at those who tried to pass him. On the right hand, near the small gate of the wooden buildings, a warden in his strapped uniform was sitting on a bench. In his hand he held a note-book, and as the visitors came to him and told the names of the persons they wished to see, he wrote them down. Nekhlúdof went up and named Katerína Máslova. The warden with the straps wrote it down.

"Why don't they admit us now?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"The service is still going on."

As Nekhlúdof went back and joined the waiting crowd, a man all tattered and torn, with a battered hat and peasant shoes on his stockingless feet, his face covered with scars, detached himself from the crowd and started towards the prison.

"Where are you bound?" shouted the soldier with the gun.

"What makes you yell so loud?" replied the ragged but unabashed individual, coolly turning back. "If I can't go in now, I can wait. Just hear him shout, you'd think he was a general!"

An approving laugh was heard among the crowd. Most of the visitors were poorly clad, even raggedly; still there were respectably dressed ones among them. One man, neatly shaved and well dressed, a stout fellow with rosy cheeks, who carried a bundle in his hand that looked as if it might contain underclothing, stood beside Nekhlúdof. The latter spoke to him and asked him if this was his first visit. The man with the bundle replied that he had been coming here every Sunday, and so they fell to talking. He was the door-keeper of a bank, and he came here to see his brother, who was to be tried for forgery. This friendly fellow told Nekhlúdof his whole history, and in his turn was about to question the latter, when their attention was attracted by the arrival of a University student and a veiled lady, who came in a rubber-tired droshky, drawn by a black thoroughbred. The student carried a large bundle. He approached Nekhlúdof and asked him whether it were permissible or if he knew what had to be done in order to give this package of *kalatchí* which he had brought to be distributed among the prisoners.

"This is the wish of my *fiancée*, who is with me. Her parents advised us to bring these *kalatchí* to the prisoners."

"I have never been here before; but I think you may inquire of this man," replied Nekhlúdof, pointing to the warden with the straps and the book, who was sitting there to the right.

While Nekhlúdof was talking with the student, those large iron doors with the window in the middle were opened and an officer in uniform, accompanied by another warden, came out, and the warden with the note-book announced that the visitors would now be admitted. The sentinel stepped aside, and the visitors started for the prison door, as if afraid of getting belated, some walking briskly, others actually running. One of the wardens stood by the door, and as the people passed him he counted them in a loud voice: sixteen, seventeen, etc. Another warden, inside the building, touching each person as he came in, counted them all over again, as they went through the second door, so that when they came out one reckoning would verify the other, and no visitor could stay in the prison, nor could any prisoner get out. The man who counted them, without looking at those who passed, slapped Nekhlúdof on the back, and this touch of the warden's hand instinctively irritated him; but he presently remembered why he had come here, and was ashamed of feeling irritated and offended.

The first room was a large vaulted apartment with small grated windows. This room was called the meeting-room. Nekhlúdof suddenly caught sight of a large painting of the crucifixion, hanging in an alcove.

"Why should that be here?" he thought, involuntarily connecting the image of Christ with redemption and not with captivity.

He walked slowly, allowing the hurrying visitors to go before him; thinking now with horror of the wretches who were imprisoned here, now with compassion for the innocent, like Katúsha and the lad he saw yesterday, and again with tenderness and timidity of the interview that awaited him. As he was leaving the first room he heard the warden, who stood at the other end of it, say something. Nekhlúdof, absorbed in his own thoughts, paid no attention to the words, but followed the principal stream of visitors in the direction of the men's ward, instead of turning towards the women's ward, where he should have gone.

Having let those who were in a hurry pass him, he was the last to enter the meeting-room. The first thing that struck him as he opened the door, was the deafening roar of hundreds of voices. It was only when he drew nearer and saw the people like flies settled on sugar, all pressing closely against a net that divided the room into two parts, that he understood what it meant. The back part of the room, which had the windows in it, was again subdivided into two parts by a wire netting which stretched from the ceiling to the floor. Between these two nettings, wardens were pacing up and down. The prisoners were beyond the further netting, therefore as the two nettings were fully three archines apart, and the visitors stood in front of the nearer one, it was almost impossible — particularly for a near-sighted person — even to distinguish a face; and it was still more difficult to converse. One had to shout as loud as possible to be heard at all. Faces of wives, husbands, fathers, mothers, and children were pressed closely against both sides of the nettings in their efforts to see each other, and to say what was necessary. But as each spoke so as to be heard by the one to whom he was talking, and his neighbors did the same, the result was that they did all they could to drown each other's voices. This was the cause of the shouting and din which Nekhlúdof heard when he first went in. It was impossible to understand what anybody said. Only by the expressions on the faces could one guess at the words that were spoken or what were the relations between the speakers.

An old woman with a kerchief on her head, and a trembling chin, stood beside him closely pressing the net, and shouting something to a pale young man, whose head was half-shaved. The prisoner, his forehead puckered, was listening with closest attention. Next to this woman a young fellow in a sleeveless peasant coat listened, shaking his head the while, to what an old prisoner with an emaciated face and grayish beard was saying to him. A little further off stood a ragged fellow who shouted out something and waved his hand and laughed. Beside him on the floor sat a woman and a child; the woman wore a good woolen gown. She was sobbing; it seemed to be the first time she had seen the white-haired man on the other side of the netting dressed in a prisoner's jacket, with shaved head and in chains. Above her stood the door-keeper with whom Nekhlúdof had talked. He was shouting with all his might to a bald-headed prisoner with sparkling eyes.

When Nekhlúdof understood that he must speak in these surroundings, a feeling of indignation arose within him against the men who could invent and enforce a system like that. He was astounded that such a dreadful situation, such an outrage to human feelings, should apparently offend no one. Soldiers, Inspector, visitors, and prisoners acted as though all this was as it should be. Nekhlúdof remained in this room five minutes, very much depressed, conscious of his own weakness, and feeling out of tune with the whole world. A sense of moral lassitude corresponding to seasickness took possession of him.

XLII.

"But I must do what I can, what I came here for," he said, trying to bolster up his resolution. "I wonder how I ought to set about it?" He looked round for some official, and perceiving a short, thin man with a mustache, wearing an officer's shoulder-straps, who was walking up and down in the rear of the room, addressed him.

"Can you tell me, sir," he asked with elaborate politeness, "where the women's ward is, or where I should be allowed to see one of them?"

"Do you want to go to the women's ward?"

"Yes, I should like to see one of the prisoners," he replied with the same elaborate courtesy.

"You ought to have said so in the meeting-room. Whom do you wish to see?"

"Katerína Máslova."

"Is she a political prisoner?" asked the Inspector's Assistant.

"No, she is only——"

"Has she already been sentenced?"

"Yes, she was sentenced day before yesterday," replied Nekhlúdof meekly, afraid lest he might say something that would spoil the mood of the Inspector, who seemed to have taken an interest in him.

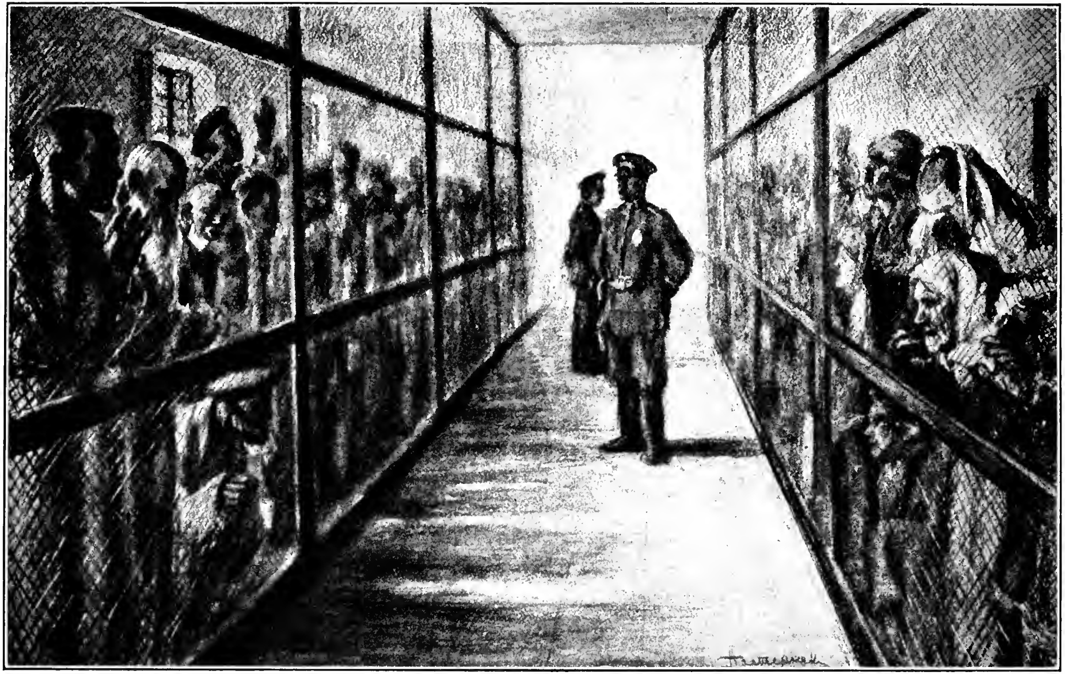
"If she is in the women's ward, please come this way," said the Inspector, evidently favorably impressed with Nekhlúdof's appearance. "Sídorof!" he called out to a corporal with a large mustache, and medals on his breast, "take this gentleman to the women's ward."

"Yes, sir."

Just then a heart-rending wail was heard.

Everything seemed strange to Nekhlúdof, but the strangest thing of all was that he should feel a sense of obligation to the Inspector, the Senior Warden, and all those men who were the agents of the cruel deeds done in that place. The warden took Nekhlúdof into the corridor and thence through a door directly opposite into the women's interviewing-room.

Like that of the men it was divided into three parts by the nettings; but it was much smaller and there were fewer visitors and prisoners; yet the din was the same as in the men's room. The prison authorities patrolled between the two nettings in the same way. But here it was represented by a woman in uniform with gold stripes on her sleeves, blue revers, and a blue belt. Here also the people were clinging to the nets. On this side the visitors, in all sorts of dresses, on the other the prisoners, some in white prison dresses and some wearing their own clothes. The people stood closely together, the whole length of the netting. Some were poised on tiptoe, so as to be heard above the heads of others, some sat on the floor and exchanged remarks. The most conspicuous prisoner, the one who shouted at the top of her voice, was a thin, ragged gypsy-woman, her shawl awry on her curly hair. She stood almost in the middle of the room near a post at the farther side of the netting and, gesticulating rapidly, shouted something to a gypsy in a blue coat tightly girdled below the waist. A soldier who was talking to one of the prisoners sat on the floor beside the gypsy. And then, with his face pressed closely against the netting came a blond, young, bearded peasant, wearing bast shoes; his face was flushed and he was having all he could do to restrain the tears. He was talking to a pretty, fair-haired prisoner, whose blue eyes never wandered from his face.



“FACES OF WIVES, HUSBANDS, FATHERS, MOTHERS, AND CHILDREN”

This was Fedósya and her husband. Next came a tattered vagabond talking with a slovenly, broad-faced woman.

Next, two women, one man, and another woman. Every prisoner had a visitor. Máslova was not there. But behind the prisoners on the other side a woman was standing, and Nekhlúdof knew at once it was she. His heart began to beat faster and he could hardly breathe. The decisive moment was drawing near. He approached the netting and recognized her. She stood behind the blue-eyed Fedósya and with a smile listened to what the latter was saying. She did not wear the prison cloak she had worn on the day of the trial, but was dressed in a white sack, tightly belted in, to display her figure to better advantage. Beneath the kerchief a few black ringlets escaped as on that day in Court.

"It will be decided now," he thought. "How shall I call her, or will she come herself?"

But she did not come. She was expecting Clara and had no idea that this visitor was for her. The matron who was walking between the nettings went up to Nekhlúdof.

"Whom do you wish to see?" she said.

"Katerína Máslova," he replied, speaking with difficulty.

"Some one to see you, Máslova," cried the matron.

Máslova turned, and with head erect and chest expanded, walked up to the netting with that expression of readiness that he was so familiar with, and pushing her way between two rows of prisoners looked at Nekhlúdof in surprise and evidently without recognition. However, judging by his dress that he was a man of wealth, she smiled.

"Have you come to see me?" she said, bringing her smiling face with its slightly squinting eyes nearer to the netting.

"I wished to see . . ." Nekhlúdof hesitated, wondering whether he ought to say "thee" or "thou." He was speaking in his ordinary tone of voice.

"I wanted to see you. I——"

"Don't talk such rot to me!" shouted the ragged fellow next to him.

"Did you take it?—or didn't you take it?"

"I am telling you that he is lying. What more can I say?" shouted some one on the other side.

Máslova could not hear what Nekhlúdof said, but the expression of his face suddenly brought a familiar image to her mind. She couldn't believe it possible, but her smile vanished and her forehead had a drawn look as though she were in pain.

"I can't hear what you say," she called out, slightly squinting, and her brow deeply furrowed with wrinkles.

"I came——"

"Yes, I am doing what I ought; I am doing penance," thought Nekhlúdof, and as he realized what had come to pass, he felt suddenly choked, tears sprang to his eyes, and clutching the netting more tightly with his fingers he struggled hard to repress a sob.

"I say, why did you go where you hadn't any business . . ." shouted some one at his side.

"I know nothing about it, so help me God," screamed a prisoner from another direction.

When she saw his agitation, Máslova felt sure that it was Nekhlúdof.

"You remind me of some one, but I'm sure I don't know," she shouted without looking at him, her flushed face darkening more and more.

"I came to ask you to forgive me," he shouted in reply, as though reciting a lesson learned by heart; and, as he repeated his lesson, shame fell upon him; he turned round. Then came the thought, if he were ashamed, so much the better, since it was his own disgrace, and therefore must be borne.

So he began again, speaking in a loud voice: "Forgive me. I have sinned grievously against you." He almost shouted the words.

She stood absolutely motionless and never once took her squinting eyes from his.

He had come to the end of his self-control, and turned away from the railing trying to suppress the sobs that shook him from head to foot.

The Assistant Inspector who had escorted him into the women's ward seemed to feel an interest in his affair, for happening to come in just at that minute he noticed that Nekhlúdof was not at the netting and asked him why he wasn't talking to the woman he came to see. Nekhlúdof blew his nose, pulled himself together, and made an effort to seem calm.

"I cannot speak through that netting; it's impossible to hear anything," he said.

The Inspector hesitated for a moment as if he were thinking it over; then:

"Well," he said, "she could be brought out here for a while. Márya Kárlovna," he added, addressing the matron, "bring Máslova out."

XLIII.

A MOMENT later Máslova came in through the side door. Stepping lightly, she came up to Nekhlúdof and stood in front of him, looking up from under her bent brows. The black ringlets were hanging loosely as on the day before; her pale face, in spite of its sickly hue and bloated looks, was still attractive. She seemed perfectly composed, though her dark, slightly squinting eyes glittered from beneath their swollen lids.

"You may talk here," said the Assistant Inspector, and then he withdrew. Nekhlúdof walked toward the bench that stood by the window. Máslova, after a glance of inquiry at the Assistant Inspector and a surprised shrug of her shoulders, followed Nekhlúdof to the bench. Here after a careful arrangement of her skirt she seated herself by his side.

"I know it is hard for you to forgive me," he began and stopped, as he felt the tears coming, "but I cannot atone for the past. I will do anything I can for you now. Tell me . . ."

"How did you find me?" she said, neither answering his question nor looking at him.

"Help me, O my God! Teach me what to do!" said Nekhlúdof to himself, looking at her face, now sadly changed for the worse.

"I was on the jury day before yesterday when you were tried. Didn't you recognize me?"

"No, I had no time for staring around, and what's more, I didn't care to," she said.

"A child was born?" he asked and felt himself blushing.

"Yes, and he died, praised be the Lord," she answered curtly. Her tone was wrathful, and she turned her head away.

"Oh, why?"

"I was at death's door myself," she said without raising her eyes.

"How came the aunts to discharge you?"

"Who would keep a servant with a child? They turned me off as soon as they noticed. What's the use of talking about it? I don't want to remember it. I've forgotten all about it. It's all over now, and that's the end of it."

"No, it is not all over. I cannot let matters rest as they are. I must atone now for my sin."

"There is nothing to atone for. It's all past and gone," she said; then much to his surprise, she smiled upon him, such a smile! so enticing, so repulsive, and yet so pitiful.

Máslova had never expected to look upon his face again, and of all places where he might appear this was the last. At first she was amazed at the sight of him and reminded of many things long since forgotten. Dimly she recalled that glorious new world of thoughts and feelings opened to her by the charming youth whom she had loved and who had loved her, and then his inconceivable cruelty, and that long chain of degradations and sufferings which forged and trailed after that ravishing joy, and she felt a sense of pain. But unable to grasp the meaning of it all, she adopted her usual plan; she put those memories away from her, and flung over them the veil of her abandoned life. At first this man brought back to her the image of her early love, but only for a moment; the impression was too painful; she turned away from it, and began to look upon this carefully dressed, well-groomed man, with his perfumed beard, not as the Nekhlúdof whom she had loved, but as one of the men who used women like herself when they were so inclined, and from whose follies creatures of her sort reaped their own profits as best they might. It was then she gave that alluring smile; and now she was silent, thinking what she could get out of him.

"Everything's over now," she said, "and I have been sentenced to penal servitude." Her lips trembled as she spoke those terrible words.

"I know, and I was sure that you were not guilty," said Nekhlúdof.

"Of course I was not. I am no murderess nor thief, neither. People say that everything depends upon the lawyer," she continued. "I was told that I ought to get up a petition. Only that would be expensive——"

"Yes, of course. I have already engaged a lawyer," said Nekhlúdof.

"Don't begrudge the expense, get a good one," she said.

"I shall do everything in my power."

Then neither spoke for a time.

"I was going to ask you . . . for a little money, if you could spare it . . . not much . . . ten roubles would do," she said suddenly, and smiled again.

"Why, certainly," he replied, and fumbled for his pocket-book.

She looked quickly at the Superintendent, who was walking up and down.

"Don't give it when he's looking, or they'll take it away from me."

Nekhlúdof took out the pocket-book as soon as the Inspector's back was turned, but before he had time to give her the ten roubles the Inspector's face was again turned towards them. He crumpled the paper in his hand.

"This woman has died," thought Nekhlúdof, looking at her face, once so enchanting, now so defiled, so bloated; he caught the evil glitter of her eyes, her black, slightly squinting eyes, as they turned first to watch the movements of the Inspector and then to gaze greedily at the hand that held the money. For a moment he hesitated.

Again he heard the voice of the tempter repeating the arguments he had used the night before and trying to turn his attention from the question of duty to the question of results and of practical utility.

"You can do nothing with this woman," said the voice. "You will only put a stone round your own neck that will drown you and will prevent you from being of any use to the rest of the world. Would it not be better to give her some money, give her my whole fortune, say good-by to her forever, and so make an end of it all?"

All at once he realized the impending crisis in his soul. He felt that his spiritual life was, so to speak, being weighed in the balance and that but the slightest effort would tip the scale in either direction. He made the effort. He called upon the Almighty God whose presence in his soul he had felt so intensely yesterday, and the Lord responded. He made up his mind at once to tell her everything.

"Katúsha, I came to ask thee to forgive me and thou hast not told me whether thou wilt or no," he said, adopting the familiar "thou."

She was too much absorbed in watching his hand and the Inspector to hear what he said. As soon as the Inspector's back was turned, she quickly put out her hand, snatched the note and tucked it into her belt.

"Those are queer words you're using," she said, with what seemed to him a satirical smile. Nekhlúdof felt that there was some antagonistic spirit within her, warding him off and preventing him from reaching her heart.

Yet, strange to say, this did not repel him, but rather drew him towards her the more, as by some new and peculiar force. He felt that it was for him to awaken her spirit—no easy task—but its very difficulty attracted him. He now felt towards her as he had never felt either toward her or any one else before, a feeling which was wholly impersonal; he wished nothing for himself so far as she was concerned; all he desired was that she should cease to be what she was now, that she should awaken and become like her old self again.

"Why do you speak like that, Katúsha? I remember you only as you were then in Panóvo——"

"What's the good of bringing up the past?" she said dryly.

"I bring it up, because I wish to make amends and expiate my sin," he began to say, and was going to add that he would marry her, but he met her eyes and read in them something so coarse, so revolting, so repulsive, that he could not utter the words.

At that moment the visitors began to leave. The Inspector came towards Nekhlúdof and told him that the time was up. Máslova rose, waiting patiently to be dismissed.

"Good-by; I still have much to tell you, but as you see, I cannot say any more now. I will come again," he said and gave her his hand.

"I think you've said all there is to say——"

She took his hand but did not press it.

"No, I will try to see you again, where we can talk more freely. I have something important to tell you," said Nekhlúdof.

"Well, come then if you like," she said, smiling on him as she did on men she wished to please.

"You are nearer to me than a sister," said Nekhlúdof.

"How queer!" she repeated, and shaking her head she withdrew behind the netting.

XLIV.

Before the first interview, Nekhlúdof had expected that as soon as Katúsha saw him and had been told that he had repented and meant to do the best he could for her, she would rejoice and be glad, and turn at once into the Katúsha he used to know. But he found to his horror that Katúsha had vanished and Máslova had taken her place. This surprised and horrified him.

What shocked him most was that Máslova showed no sign of shame—except as a prisoner—she was very much ashamed of being in jail; but of being a prostitute, not at all; on the other hand she seemed rather pleased with herself and proud of her position. Yet, how could it be otherwise? No man can play an active part in the world unless he believes that his activity is of some use or importance. Therefore, whatever position a man may hold he is certain to take that view of human life in general, which will make his own activity seem good and important. It is generally supposed that a thief, a murderer, a spy, or a prostitute, knowing that his occupation is evil, must be ashamed of it. In point of fact the case is precisely the reverse. Men who have been placed by fate and their own sins, or mistakes, in certain positions, however false they may be, always adopt a view of life which makes their own position in it seem desirable and appropriate. To maintain this idea men instinctively mingle only with those who accept their own conception of life and the position they occupy therein. This surprises us when it is a question of thieves who boast of their adroitness, of prostitutes who flaunt their shame, of murderers who gloat over their cruelty. But we are surprised only because the circle, the sphere, of these men is limited, and principally because we are outside of it; but does not the same state of things exist among the rich who boast of their wealth, which must be called robbery; of generals who boast of their victories, practically murder; of rulers who boast of their power, the synonym of violence? The only reason why we do not recognize their ideas of life and of good and evil as perverted, is, because the circle of men holding these perverted ideas is larger and because we belong to it ourselves.

Máslova held this opinion of life, and of the position she herself occupied. She was a prostitute, condemned to penal servitude; and yet, regardless of all this, she had a conception of life which allowed her to think well of herself and even to feel a pride in her position.

According to her theory, the highest good of all men without exception, old and young, schoolboys and generals, educated and uneducated, consisted in intimate relations with attractive women, and that every man, although he might pretend to busy himself with other matters, in reality cared for nothing but this; that she, an attractive woman, could either satisfy or disappoint their desires, and that she was consequently an important and necessary individual. The experiences of her earlier life, no less than those of the present, confirmed the correctness of this theory.

During the past ten years, no matter where she had been, from Nekhlúdof and the old *Stanovóy*, down to the prison wardens, all the men she knew had needed her; she had taken no note of any others. Therefore the whole world seemed to her to be an assemblage of people living under the dominion of their passions, watching every step she took, and striving by all possible means, by fraud and violence, by purchase and artifice, to possess her.

This being Máslova's conception of life, it was natural that she should really consider herself an important person far removed from insignificance. And she prized this theory of life above all things in the world, could not fail to prize it, because if she were to change her views, she would lose the importance which her present opinion gave her among men. And in order not to lose that preeminence in life, she clung instinctively to the class of men who looked upon life as she did. Divining that Nekhlúdof wanted to introduce her into another world, she opposed him, foreseeing that in that world towards which he sought to draw her, she would lose that position in life which gave her confidence and self-respect. This was also the reason why she banished all memories of her girlhood and her early relations with Nekhlúdof. These recollections did not agree with her present theory and were therefore entirely erased from her mind, or it might be more accurate to describe them as carefully sealed, and enclosed therein, just as the bees will sometimes treat a nest of worms to prevent the creatures from coming out and destroying their work. Therefore the present Nekhlúdof was not the man whom she had once loved with a pure affection, but only a rich gentleman who could and should be made useful and with whom she might have the same relations as with all other men.

"No, I could not say the most important thing," thought Nekhlúdof, as he followed the crowd to the entrance. "I did not tell her that I would marry her. I did not say that; but I will."

As the two wardens at the door watched the visitors as they passed out, they counted them again, touching each one on the shoulder, so that no extra person should either remain within or pass out. But this time the touch did not offend Nekhlúdof; he scarcely noticed it at all.

XLV.

Nekhlúdof meant to change his outward life. He wished to rent his large apartment, to dismiss the servants, and to establish himself in a hotel. But Agraphéna Petróvna pointed out to him that there was no reason for changing anything whatsoever in his way of living; no one would think of hiring the apartment in summer, and he would have to live and store his things somewhere. So that all his efforts to change his outward life, which he longed to arrange in some simple student-fashion, were fruitless. Not only did things remain as they were, but all the extra work of hanging the furs and woolens out of doors to be shaken and beaten, now began in earnest. The house-porter and his assistant, the cook and even Kornéy himself, took a share in the work. First the uniforms, and various strange-looking furs, that no one ever used, were brought out and hung on the line; next came the carpets and furniture, and the house-porter and his assistant, their shirt-sleeves rolled up over their muscular arms, keeping time with their strokes, gave everything a good beating. The fumes of naphtha filled every room. Whenever he passed through the yard or looked out of the window, Nekhlúdof wondered why all these things were his, and thought how utterly useless they all were. So far as he could see their only reason for existence was to provide exercise for Agraphéna Petróvna, Kornéy, the house-porter and his assistant, and the cook.

He had made up his mind that it was not worth while to change his mode of life until Máslova 's case was settled. "Difficult as it would be in any event, the change would come most naturally when she is either set free or exiled, in which latter case, I shall follow her."

On the appointed day, Nekhlúdof drove up to Fanárin's house. He entered that luxurious apartment, in his own private house, decorated with huge plants and wonderful draperies hanging in the windows, in fact with all that expensive furnishing which betrays those who have obtained their money without labor and which is found in the house of men grown suddenly rich. In the reception-room, sitting around the various tables, disconsolate-looking individuals were whiling away the time, as they do when they are waiting their turn in doctors' offices, gazing listlessly at the illustrated papers that are supposed to distract their minds. Fanárin's assistant, who was seated at a high desk, recognized Nekhlúdof. He came up and greeted him, adding that he would announce him at once, but before he reached the door of the study, it was opened and the sound of loud, animated voices was heard, — one of these was the voice of a middle-aged, square-shouldered man attired in a brand-new suit of clothes, and the other was that of Fanárin himself. The client had a red face and a heavy mustache. On the face of both a certain expression betrayed the fact that they had accomplished a transaction advantageous to themselves but of doubtful honesty.

"That's your own fault, my dear fellow," said Fanárin, smiling.

"I'd like to go to heaven, but my sins won't have it." He used a colloquial expression for the verb "have."

"Yes, yes, we are aware of that," said Fanárin, and both men laughed constrainedly.

"Ah, walk in, Prince," said Fanárin to Nekhlúdof; he bestowed a parting nod on the retreating merchant and introduced Nekhlúdof into his study, a room furnished with rigid simplicity.

"Will you smoke?" said the lawyer, taking a seat opposite Nekhlúdof and repressing a smile which was evidently due to the success of the previous transaction.

"Thank you; I have come to consult you in regard to Máslova's case."

"Yes, yes, I know. You can't conceive what scoundrels those fellows with their fat wallets can be! You noticed that fellow who went out? Well, he is worth twelve millions and can't speak correctly; but he would snatch a twenty-five-rouble *ticket* from you"—Fanárin meant a bank-note—"with his teeth, if he saw a chance of getting it away."

" 'He can't speak correctly,' and you say a 'twenty-five-rouble *ticket*,'" thought Nekhlúdof, feeling an invincible aversion to this man with his free and easy air of belonging to the same class with the Prince, while he carefully identified his clients as men of quite another order.

"He has given me no end of trouble, the rascal. I couldn't help speaking of him," said the lawyer, as though to excuse himself for delaying the business with Nekhlúdof. "And now about your case. . . . I have looked over the papers carefully and 'have not approved of the contents, etc.,' as Tourguénef puts it; I mean to say that that picayune lawyer has just missed every chance for an appeal."

"What then have you decided?"

"Excuse me one moment. Tell him," he said, turning to the assistant who just entered the room, "that I shall not change my mind. If he can manage it, well and good, and if he can't, I won't take the case."

"He refuses."

"Very well, then, let him go," replied the lawyer, and his self-satisfied, benignant expression gave place to a gloomy frown.

"They say we lawyers get paid for doing nothing," he said again, resuming the pleasant look. "I have saved one bankrupt debtor from a totally unjust accusation, and now they all besiege me. And every case calls for a monstrous amount of work. As some author said once, we also 'leave a bit of flesh in the inkstand.' Now then, as to your case, or I would say in regard to the case in which you are interested," he went on. "It has been abominably handled and then there's not a single cause for appeal;

still we can make a hack at it, and this is what I have set down."

Here he took up an official sheet of paper and began to read, slurring some words and emphasizing others: "To the Criminal Court of Appeal of the Senate, etc., etc., etc., the Petition of So and So. According to the verdict, etc., Máslova has been found guilty of poisoning with intent to kill the merchant Smelkóf and by virtue of Article 1454 of the Penal Code has been sentenced to penal servitude, etc."

He paused and although it was an everyday affair it was plain that the pleasure of hearing himself speak never palled upon him.

"This verdict was the direct result of legal omissions and mistakes sufficiently serious," he continued impressively, "to enable us to ask to have it revoked. Firstly, the Presiding Justice interrupted the report of the post-mortem examination of Smelkóf's intestines, at the very beginning of the reading. Point number one. . . ."

"But it was the Prosecutor who demanded this reading," said Nekhlúdof with surprise.

"That makes no difference; the defendant might also have demanded the reading."

"But it was entirely superfluous."

"Never mind; it's a cause for appeal. So proceed. Secondly: When the Attorney for the defense," he continued, "was detailing some of the moral causes that had brought about Máslova's fall, the Presiding Justice called him to order for wandering from the matter in hand. Now everybody knows that in criminal cases, as the Senate has repeatedly pointed out, a delineation of the moral characteristics of the criminal is of vital significance, were it only for determining the degree of his responsibility. And here we have point number two," he said, looking at Nekhlúdof.

"Yes, but he spoke so wretchedly that it was impossible to understand him," replied Nekhlúdof, growing more and more astonished.

"Well, he hasn't much sense, he couldn't be expected to say anything worth hearing," replied Fanárin, laughing; "still, it's a cause for appeal. Thirdly: When the Presiding Justice delivered his charge to the jury, he violated a positive decree of the Criminal Statutes, set forth in clause 1, article 801. And this he did by omitting to explain to the jurors just what is required by the law, to convict an alleged criminal, and moreover he never told them that although they had agreed in pronouncing Máslova guilty of having administered the poison, still in view of the fact that her malicious intention had not been proved, they had the right to hold her innocent of actual crime, and guilty only of carelessness which resulted, greatly to her surprise, in the merchant's death. And this is the really important point."

"Yes, but we ought to have understood that ourselves. That was our own mistake."

"And now," the lawyer went on, "we come to the fourth and last point. The answer of the jury to the question concerning Máslova's guilt was couched in language which expressed an obvious contradiction. Máslova was accused of a deliberate intention to poison Smelkóf from a mercenary motive; the only motive, in fact, which could be ascribed to her. But the jury in their verdict acquitted her of any intent to rob, or participation in the theft of the valuables. It is therefore evident that they intended to deny that Máslova was guilty of wilful murder and also that they would have expressed this intention in their verdict, had it not been for the misunderstanding which arose from the defective charge of the Presiding Justice; in consideration whereof, this answer of the jury calls for the application of articles 816 and 808 of the Criminal Code, that is, the rectification of the mistake made by the Presiding Justice in his charge to the jury to be followed by another submission of issues to them, and their answers concerning the guilt of the accused," read Fanárin.

"Then why did not the Presiding Justice do this?"

"That's what I should like to know," replied Fanárin, laughing.

"Then the Senate will rectify the error?"

"That depends upon who it is who happens to be presiding at the appointed time. So there you are. And furthermore, I have said, 'A verdict like that does not give the Court a right,'" he went on reading rapidly, "'to condemn Máslova to the punishment of a criminal, nor to apply to her Section 3 of article 771 of the Criminal Code; this is a direct and flagrant transgression of the fundamental laws of criminal jurisdiction. Therefore in consideration of the causes previously described I have the honor to petition, etc., that this verdict may be set aside in conformity with articles 909, 910 of the second section and with articles 912 and 928 of the Criminal Code, etc., etc., and that the case may be transferred to another session of said Court for revision.' And now all that can be done for the present has been done. But I will tell you frankly that there is but a slight chance of success. Still, it all depends on the *personnel* of the Senators. If you have any influence, see what you can do."

"I know a few of them."

"Then don't lose any time, else you will find they have gone out of town for the summer, and you may have to wait three months. You know that in the event of failure there is always the resource of a petition to the Czar. But the success of that also depends on knowing how to handle your affair diplomatically. In this case also I am at your service. I don't mean in the way of diplomacy, but in drawing up the petition."

"I thank you. And in regard to your fee——"

"When my assistant hands you the petition, he will tell you."

"There was another thing that I meant to ask you.

The Prosecutor gave me a pass to see this person, but at the jail I was told that I must obtain the permission of the Governor if I wished for an interview at any other time than on the regular visiting days. Is that true?"

"Yes, I think so. But the Governor is not in town just now; the Vice-Governor is in charge, and he is such a consummate fool that I doubt whether you can do anything with him."

"Is it Máslennikof?"

"Yes."

"I know him," said Nekhlúdof, and rose to go.

At this moment an ugly, skinny, pug-nosed, and yellow-faced woman burst suddenly into the room. It was the lawyer's wife. Since she was extravagantly overdressed in a costume of bright yellow velvet and green silk, it is to be supposed that she had no idea of her own ugliness. Her scanty hair was elaborately curled and she made her triumphant entry into the reception-room, accompanied by a smiling, bilious-looking individual, dressed in a frock coat with silk revers and a white tie. He was an author. Nekhlúdof had seen him before.

"Anatole," she said, opening the door of the study, "come in here a moment. Semion Ivánovitch has promised to read his poem and you will have to read about Gárshin."

Nekhlúdof was rising to leave, but the lawyer's wife, after whispering a few words to her husband, turned towards him. "Since I know who you are, Prince," she said, "we may dispense with an introduction; will you favor us with your presence at our literary *matinée?* We think it will be quite interesting. Anatole reads charmingly."

"You see what a variety of occupations I have," said Anatole, making a deprecatory gesture with his hands and smilingly indicating his wife, as much as to say, who could ever resist such a bewitching creature? Nekhlúdof thanked the advocate's wife for her polite invitation, which he was unable to accept. His time was too much occupied. As he withdrew to the reception-room, his face looked very grave and melancholy.

"What affectation!" remarked the lawyer's wife after he had left the room.

In the reception-room the assistant handed Nekhlúdof the petition, and to his question concerning the fee replied that Anatole Petróvitch said it would be one thousand roubles, adding that as a matter of fact, the lawyer was not by way of taking cases of that sort, but he had made an exception in Nekhlúdof's favor.

"And who is to sign this petition?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"The petitioner herself or Anatole Petróvitch could sign it, if he got the power of attorney."

"Then I think it would be better to get her signature," said Nekhlúdof, rejoicing at the opportunity of seeing her before the visiting day.

XLVI.

At the usual hour the wardens blew their whistles in the prison corridor, the grated iron doors of the cells rattled, bare feet pattered and clicking heels resounded through the corridor, where the removal of the refuse tubs filled the air with an unendurable stench. The prisoners, after they had washed and dressed, filed out into the corridors for roll call, and then went to fetch boiling water to make their tea.

At tea time the only subject talked about was the impending punishment of two convicts who were going to be flogged that day. One, Vassíliev, a young man educated in a way, was a clerk who had killed his mistress in a fit of jealousy. He was liked by his mates not only because he was cheerful and generous, but because he was firm with the overseers. He knew the laws and insisted that they should be maintained, and that was the reason why the overseers disliked him. Three weeks ago a warden had struck a man for spilling something on his new uniform. Vassíliev took the man's part; he declared that it was against the law to strike a prisoner.

"I'll teach you the law!" said the warden, and he called him all sorts of names. Vassíliev replied in kind. The warden was going to hit him, but Vassíliev seized the former by the hand, held it fast for a few seconds, then turned him around and pushed him outside the door. The warden entered a complaint against the prisoner, and the Inspector ordered him into solitary confinement.

The solitary cells consisted of a series of small, dark rooms, stone cold, with doors bolted on the outside, containing neither beds, chairs, nor tables. The prisoner was compelled to sit or lie upon the filthy floor, where numerous rats ran over him, so bold, that it was hard to keep them from snatching the bread out of his very hands. Indeed, they often attacked the prisoners themselves when the latter were lying motionless. Vassíliev refused to go into the solitary cell, declaring all the while that he was not guilty. The wardens had recourse to violence. A struggle ensued and two of his mates helped Vassíliev to free himself from the wardens. Then all the wardens, including Petróv, who was renowned for his strength, got together and the prisoners were overpowered and pushed into the cells. The Governor was immediately notified that something like a mutiny had taken place; and a written order was received from him directing them to flog the two principal culprits, Vassíliev and the vagrant Nepomniántzov, giving each thirty strokes of the rod. This punishment was to take place in the women's interviewing-room.

All this had been learned the night before, and the impending punishment excited the most animated discussions.

Korablóva, Horoshávka, Fedósya, and Máslova sat in their corners, a good deal flushed and excited, having already been drinking vodka, which Máslova now kept on hand all the time and with which she generously treated her friends. They were chatting over their tea.

"He never made any disturbance," said Korablóva, referring to Vassíliev, and biting a piece of sugar with her strong teeth. "He just stood up for his mate, 'cause it's against the law now to strike a prisoner."

"I have heard them say what a fine fellow he is," remarked Fedósya. She was sitting on a log of wood beside the tea-pot. She wore neither cap nor kerchief over her thick plaits of hair.

"Why not tell *him* about it, Mikháilovna?" said the signal-woman to Máslova; "him" meant Nekhlúdof.

"I will. He'll do anything for me," replied Máslova, tossing her head.

"Yes, when he comes; but they have gone to fetch the poor fellow already. It's awful!" said Fedósya, with a sigh. "I saw a peasant flogged in the *Volostnóe*[1] once. My father-in-law sent me, and lo, when I got there he was being ——" said the signal-woman, beginning on a long story.

She was interrupted by the sound of steps and voices in the corridor of the story overhead.

The women stopped talking, and listened.

"Those devils have got him. He'll catch it now. The wardens have a grudge against him because he tries to make them keep within the law."

Now, all was still upstairs, and the signal-woman went on with her story, telling them how frightened she was when she got to the *Volostnóe*, where she saw the peasant flogged in the barn, and how her heart revolted at the sight. Then Horoshávka told how Stcheglóf never made a sound when he was whipped. Fedósya put away the tea things and while the two other women took up their sewing, Máslova still remained seated on the bunk hugging her knees and looking disconsolate. She was just thinking she would lie down when the matron called her into the office to see a visitor.

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[1] Village police station. — Tr.

"Now you be sure and tell about us," said old Menshóva, while Máslova stood arranging her kerchief before an old looking-glass with the quicksilver half rubbed off. "It's not we who set it on fire, but that villain of a man. And the workmen saw him do it. Well, he can't destroy our souls. Tell him to ask for Dmítri; he'll tell him just how it was. Here we are locked up, while that rascal is feasting in pot-houses with another man's wife."

"That's against the law," declared Korablóva, in the tone of one who confirms a statement.

"I shall certainly tell him," replied Máslova. "What if I take one more drop, just to keep up my courage?" she added, with a wink.

Korablóva half filled another cup, which Máslova swallowed, and having wiped her lips repeated the words, "to keep up my courage." Smiling in high good humor and tossing her head, she followed the matron into the corridor.

XLVII.

Nekhlúdof had been waiting in the entry for some time. On his arrival he had rung at the entrance door and handed to the warden on duty the pass he had received from the Prosecutor.

"Whom do you wish to see?"

"The prisoner Máslova."

"You can't see her just now. The Inspector is busy."

"Is he in his office?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"No, he is in the interviewing-room," replied the warden, and Nekhlúdof noticed that his manner seemed somewhat confused.

"Why, is this a visiting day?"

"No, he is attending to some special business," he replied.

"How can I see him then?"

"He will come out presently; then you can state your business. You will have to wait awhile."

Just then a sergeant-major, with glistening shoulder-straps, a beaming countenance, and mustache redolent of tobacco smoke, came out from the side door and said sternly to the warden:

"Why did you admit any one here? You should have taken him to the office."

"I was told the Inspector was not there," replied Nekhlúdof, surprised at the signs of uneasiness that were also evident in the manner of the sergeant-major.

At this moment the inner door was opened and Petróv, heated and perspiring, came out of it. "He'll not forget that in a hurry!" he said, addressing the sergeant-major, who by a swift glance drew Petróv's attention to Nekhlúdof.

Petróv said no more, but turned away frowning, and went out through the back door. "Who will not forget what? Why are they so confused? Why did the sergeant make that sign to him?" thought Nekhlúdof.

"It's against the rules to wait here; will you please go into the office?" said the sergeant-major to Nekhlúdof, who was about to do so, when the Inspector came in through the door in the rear.

He was panting heavily and seemed even more agitated than his subordinates.

On seeing Nekhlúdof he said to the warden, "Fedótof, send to women's ward No. 5, and tell the matron to have Máslova brought to the office."

"Will you come with me, sir?" he added, turning to Nekhlúdof.

They descended a steep staircase and entered a small room lighted by one window.

It was furnished with a writing-desk and a few chairs. The Inspector seated himself in one of them. "Ah, my duties are too hard," he said, taking out a large cigarette and turning to Nekhlúdof, as he spoke.

"You seem to be very much fatigued," said Nekhlúdof.

"Yes, I am tired of the whole business, my duties are too hard. The easier I try to make it for the prisoners the worse it grows. I am racking my brains to discover some way of getting out of it; hard, hard duties!"

Nekhlúdof did not of course know what made these duties so hard, but he could not help pitying the man, he seemed so forlorn and dejected.

"Yes, they must be," he said; "but why do you stay here?"

"I have a family, and no other means."

"But if the duties depress you . . ."

"Well, still, you know in a way I do some good. I try to make it easier for them, I do all I can. Some men, in my place, would not be so lenient. Just think of it, I have two thousand persons under my charge. And such creatures! One has to know how to deal with them. After all they are human beings, you know, and yet one cannot be too lenient." The Inspector began to describe a recent fight among the prisoners which he said had ended in the killing of one of the men.

His story was interrupted by the entrance of Máslova, preceded by a warden.

Nekhlúdof saw her in the doorway before she had noticed the presence of the Inspector. Her face was flushed and she walked briskly behind the warden, smiling and tossing her head. When she caught sight of the Inspector she looked startled for a moment, but recovering her cheerful look she went boldly up to Nekhlúdof.

"How do you do?" she said in a drawling voice, smiling as she spoke. She grasped his hand firmly and not at all as she had done on the former occasion.

"I have brought you a petition to sign," said Nekhlúdof, somewhat surprised at the free and easy manner with which she greeted him to-day. "The lawyer has drawn up the petition and after you have signed it, it will be sent to Petersburg."

"All right, that can be done," she said, giving him a familiar, laughing wink.

Nekhlúdof took the folded paper from his pocket and went to the table.

"May she sign it here?" he asked, turning to the Inspector.

"Yes, take a seat; there is pen and ink. I suppose you know how to write?" said the Inspector.

"Once upon a time I could," she said with a laugh and looking back at Nekhlúdof; arranging her skirt and the sleeve of her sack, she seated herself before the table and took the pen with her short, energetic hand.

He showed her the place where she was to sign, and carefully dipping her pen into the ink, she shook off a drop or two and proceeded to write her name.

"Is that all you want?" she asked, looking from the Inspector to Nekhlúdof; and not knowing what to do with the pen, she first put it on the paper and then moved it to the inkstand.

"I have something to tell you," said Nekhlúdof, taking the pen from her hands.

"Tell it, then," she said; her expression suddenly changing, she looked quite grave and sedate.

The Inspector arose and left the room, and Nekhlúdof remained with her face to face.

XLVIII.

The warden who had brought Máslova in was sitting on the window seat, at some distance from the table. And now the moment had come. Nekhlúdof had never ceased to blame himself for not having uttered the principal thought that was in his mind during his first interview with her,—that he intended to marry her, but he had made up his mind to tell her now. She was seated on one side of the table and Nekhlúdof sat directly opposite, facing her. The room was light, and for the first time he could see her face distinctly; he noticed her puffy eyelids and every wrinkle round her eyes and mouth, and he pitied her more than ever. Leaning across the table so as not to be heard by the warden,—a man of Hebrew type with grayish whiskers, who sat by the window,—he said:

"If this petition should fail, we shall appeal to the Emperor. Everything possible will be done."

"It ought to have been done before," she interrupted; "if I had a decent lawyer . . . My lawyer was an idiot. All he did was to pay me compliments," she said, laughing. "If it had been known at that time that we were old acquaintances, it would have made a vast difference to me. Now everybody thinks that I was one of the thieves."

"How strangely she behaves to-day," he thought, and was just about to speak what was in his mind, when she began:

"Oh, I wanted to tell you something. There is a nice old woman here; every one, don't you know, is surprised to see her here. She is a good old thing, and she and her son are perfectly innocent. They were accused of arson. When she heard that I was acquainted with you," said Máslova, with a coquettish turn of her head and a glance at Nekhlúdof, "she says to me: 'Ask him to call for my son; he will tell him the whole story.' Menshóf is their name. Will you do this? She is a dear old woman, and it is plain enough that she is innocent. So you'll be a good boy, won't you, and do this for me," she added, with an upward glance; and suddenly letting her eyes drop, she smiled.

"Yes, I will look up the case," said Nekhlúdof, marveling more and more at her easy-going manner. "But I wish to speak to you about my own affairs. Do you remember what I said to you the last time?" he asked.

"You said all sorts of things. What was it?" she asked, still smiling and turning her head, first on one side, then on the other.

"I told you that I had come to ask your forgiveness," he said.

"What are you forever talking about forgiveness—forgiveness? That's neither here nor there . . . . you had better——"

"I wish to atone for my evil doing, not by words alone but by deeds. I have made up my mind to marry you——" continued Nekhlúdof.

Her face took on an expression of terror and her squinting eyes gazed rigidly in his direction; yet he could not tell whether she was looking at him or not.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, frowning angrily.

"I cannot be reconciled to the Lord until I have done this thing."

"The Lord! What Lord have you found? You are talking nonsense. . . . The Lord! Indeed! you should have remembered Him when——" she said, and paused open-mouthed.

It was not till then that Nekhlúdof, smelling her breath, realized the cause of her excitement.

"Calm yourself," he said.

"I am calm enough. Dost thou think that I am drunk? Perhaps I am, but I know what I am talking about!" Her face turned scarlet, but she went on talking as fast as she could utter the words. "I am a convict, a miserable woman, and you are a gentleman and a Prince, and you have no business to mix yourself up with me. Go to your lady princesses. You can buy me, any time, for a ten-rouble note."

"Say all the cruel things you choose, you can never understand what I am feeling," said Nekhlúdof, in a tremulous undertone. "You cannot imagine how deeply I feel my guilt towards you!—"

"Feel your guilt——" she mimicked him angrily. "You did not feel it then; you flung a hundred-rouble note at me! Take that; that's your price——"

"I know it, I know it! But I can't help it now. I have made up my mind not to forsake you, and I shall do as I have said," replied Nekhlúdof.

"But you won't, I tell you," she answered, and laughed audibly.

"Katúsha!" he said, touching her hand.

"Go away! I am a convict and you are a Prince; you have no business to be here!" she said, transformed with rage and pulling away her hand. "You want me to be the instrument of your salvation," she went hurrying on as if she must pour forth every feeling of her soul. "I have served you in this life, and now you expect me to serve you as a means for getting to heaven! I loathe you! and your spectacles and your fat, disgusting face! Clear out!" she cried, springing to her feet.

Here the warden came up.

"What are you making this disturbance for? You'd better take care——"

"Never mind, let her alone——" said Nekhlúdof.

"She's got to mind what she's about," said the warden.

"Please go back," said Nekhlúdof.

The warden withdrew to the window. Máslova resumed her seat, interlacing her little fingers and letting her eyes fall.

Nekhlúdof remained standing; he hardly knew what to say next.

"Then you don't believe me?" he began.

"That you mean to marry me? That can never be! I'd rather hang myself. So, now, you know."

"And still I shall go on serving you."

"You may do as you like about that, but I want nothing from you! I'm telling you the truth," she said. "Oh, why didn't I die then!" she added, bursting out with a pitiful wail.

Nekhlúdof could not speak; her tears were contagious. She raised her eyes, looked at him and seemed surprised. Then she wiped away her own tears with her kerchief.

The warden again came up to tell them that it was time to part.

Máslova rose.

"You are excited now. If I possibly can I shall again come to-morrow, and you must be thinking it over," he said.

She made no reply, and without giving him another glance she followed the warden out of the room.

"Well, lassie, you're going to have fine times now!" exclaimed Korablóva when Máslova returned to her cell. "He must be quite smitten with you. Make the most of your chances while you have him in tow. He'll get you out! Rich men can do anything!"

"That's so," said the signal-woman in her rhythmical voice. "A poor man must think twice before he marries, but a rich man has only to say what he wants and he gets it. A respectable man up our way, I want to tell you, birdie, he——"

"Did you tell him about me?" asked the old woman.

But Máslova answered never a word. She threw herself down on the bunk, and, fixing her squinting eyes on the corner of the room, she lay there till night. A painful struggle was going on in her mind. What Nekhlúdof said to her had awakened memories that she hated, and the voice of her soul, which she had never understood, was speaking; it reminded her of all she had suffered; it called her back to her true self. But the recollection of the past was too painful to be borne. Towards night she bought some more liquor and drank with her friends.

XLIX.

"And this is what it has come to!" thought Nekhlúdof as he left the prison. Never until now had he realized the enormity of his crime. Had he not made an attempt to atone for his wrong-doing, he never would have discovered how very wicked he had been. Nor would Máslova have realized just how much she had been wronged. But now the whole affair had been dragged to the light and revealed in all its horror. Now that he perceived what he had done to this woman's soul, she too understood how deeply she had been sinned against. Until now Nekhlúdof had rather admired himself for his repentance and virtuous intention; but the moment had come when he felt an actual horror of himself.

Should he give her up? No, that he could never do; and yet he had not the remotest idea how it would end.

As he was leaving the prison a warden decorated with crosses and medals approached him rather mysteriously and putting a note into his hand, said in an insinuating voice:

"Here's a note for your Excellency from a certain person."

"What person?"

"You will know when you have read it. She is a political prisoner, and I am in charge of her. She asked me, and although it is contrary to the rules, still for humanity's sake——" There was a perceptible tone of constraint in the warden's voice.

Nekhlúdof was surprised. He could not see how a warden whose duty it was to guard political prisoners, could be delivering notes right here in the jail, in such a public manner; he did not know then, that this warden was at the same time a spy, that he also had taken the note and read it. It was written in pencil with a bold hand, and it ran as follows: "Hearing that you visit the jail because you take an interest in one of the convicts, I am very anxious to see you. If you ask permission to see me, it will be granted, and I shall be able to communicate to you much that is of importance to you personally and to our society. Yours gratefully, Véra Bogodúhovsky."

Véra Bogodúhovsky had been a teacher in the out-of-the-way Nóvgorod Government where Nekhlúdof had once gone bear-hunting with his friends. He remembered her as a girl who had asked him to lend her money that she might attend Women's Classes.[1] Nekhlúdof had granted her request and then forgotten all about her. Now it had come about that this damsel was a political prisoner, who having heard about him offered him her services.

How simple life was then, and how distressing and complex it had since become! Nekhlúdof recalled those days and his acquaintance with Bogodúhovsky with real satisfaction. It was just before carnival week, in the province, some sixty miles away from any railroad. The hunt had been successful; two bears had been killed and the men were eating dinner before starting for home, when the owner of the hut, where they had put up, came in to say that the deacon's daughter was outside, asking to see the Prince.

"Is she pretty?" inquired one of the men. "Don't be stupid!" Nekhlúdof had answered, as he rose from the table, with a serious face, wondering what the deacon's daughter could want of him.

When he entered the room occupied by the proprietor, he saw a young girl wearing a felt hat and a warm winter cloak, an athletic-looking creature, ugly, all but her eyes and arching brows, which were fine.

"Now you have a chance to speak with him, Véra Efrémovna; this is the Prince himself, and I will leave you with him."

"What can I do for you?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"I . . . I . . . You are a rich man, you know, and squandering money on all sorts of things, on hunting . . . and I have but one desire in the world . . . I want to be useful to mankind; I can do nothing because I am so ignorant."

Her eyes were so friendly and sincere and her whole attitude of mingled determination and timidity was so touching that, as often happened with him, Nekhlúdof put himself in her place at once, and pitied her.

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[1] The highest educational institution for women in Russia. — Tr.

"How can I help you?"

"I am a school-teacher, but I should like to join 'The Classes,' and they won't take me. That is to say, they would take me, but I have no money. If you would be willing to give me what I need, I could finish my education and then I would pay it back. I think it is wrong for the rich to kill bears and encourage the peasants to drink. Why shouldn't they do some good? All I want is eighty roubles. But if you don't want to give it to me, I don't care," she said, speaking in a tone that sounded rather severe.

"On the contrary, I am very much obliged to you for giving me the opportunity—I will get the money for you at once," said Nekhlúdof.

He went out into the vestibule and caught one of his friends listening at the door. Without replying to the jests of his comrades, he took out the money and gave it to her.

"Please do not thank me. It is for me to thank you."

Nekhlúdof recalled all this with pleasure; he was glad to remember how he had almost quarreled with the officer who wanted to turn the affair into a vulgar joke, how another friend had taken his part, thereby cementing the bonds of their friendship, and what a merry and happy time they had when they returned at night to the railway station. A procession of sledges gliding noiselessly along the narrow forest road, lined, now with lofty pines, now with scrubby specimens of the same tree, heavily laden with snow; the red glimmer of a light when a fragrant cigarette was lighted. Ossip, the game-keeper, runs from sledge to sledge, knee-deep in the snow, arranging fur robes and the like, talking all the while of elks which tramp the deep snow and gnaw the aspen trees, or of bears which are now in their deep lairs, sending forth a stream of warm vapor through the breathing-holes. Nekhlúdof remembered this, but above all else the delicious consciousness of his own vigorous health and freedom from care. His lungs inhale the frosty air, the snow, shaken from the trees every time the high *duga* strikes them, falls upon his face; his body is warm, his face refreshed, and his mind, free from every care, anxiety, or ungratified desire, has nothing for which to reproach itself. Ah! what a happy time it was! And now? How difficult and distressing everything had become!

Evidently Véra Efrémovna was an anarchist, imprisoned for some misdemeanor. He was eager to see her, especially since she had promised to advise him how to improve Máslova's condition.

L.

Awakening early the next morning, Nekhlúdof shuddered when he called to mind what had happened the day before. Yet, in spite of this sensation of fear, he was more determined than ever to go on with what he had begun.

Animated by a keen sense of duty, he left his house and went to see Máslennikof, in order to obtain a permit to visit not only Máslova, but also the old woman Menshóva and her son, of whom Máslova had spoken to him. He also wanted a pass to see Bogodúhovsky, who promised to be useful to Máslova.

Nekhlúdof had known Máslennikof when they were in the regiment together. He was the treasurer at that time; a kind-hearted and most punctilious officer who had not an idea in his head beyond the regiment and the Imperial family. Now Nekhlúdof found him in the civil service, having given up his regiment for an office in the administrative service. He had married a rich and energetic woman, who had induced him to exchange the military for the civil service. She laughed at him and caressed him as if he were a pet animal. Nekhlúdof had spent one evening at their house last winter and had found this couple so uninteresting that he never repeated his visit.

Máslennikof beamed when he saw Nekhlúdof. His face was just as red and fat, his figure just as corpulent and his dress just as correct as ever. In old times he had always worn a carefully brushed uniform made according to the latest fashion, or a tightly fitting fatigue jacket; now he wore the suit of a civilian, also made after the latest fashion, fitting his well-fed body like a glove, and showing off his broad chest. He was dressed in a civil-service uniform. Notwithstanding the difference in years — Máslennikof was about forty — they were on intimate terms.

"Hello, my boy, how good of you to come! Let's go to my wife. I have just ten minutes' leisure before the meeting. You know the chief is away and I am at the head of the administration," he said with a satisfaction he could not conceal.

"I have come on business."

"Ah, what is it?" he asked, taking alarm; and putting himself instantly on his guard, he assumed a severely judicial expression of countenance.

"There is a person in jail" (at the word "jail" the face of Máslennikof looked more severe than ever), "and I should like to see her, not in the interviewing-room but in the office, and not only at the hours appointed for visitors but whenever I feel inclined. I was told that this depended on you."

"Of course, *mon cher*, I shall be glad to do all I can for you," said Máslennikof, touching Nekhlúdof's knees with his hands, as though wishing to minimize his own greatness. "I can do this, but you must remember that I am only the caliph of an hour."

"Then will you give me this pass so that I can see her?"

"Then it's a woman?"

"Yes."

"What is she there for?"

"For poisoning. But she has been condemned unjustly."

"Yes, there's your righteous Court. *Ils n'en font point d'autres,*" he said in French. "I know that you don't agree with me, but nevertheless *c'est mon opinion bien arrêtée,*" he added, voicing an opinion which he had seen for a year in different forms in a certain retrograde and Conservative paper. "I know you are a Liberal."

"I am sure I don't know whether I am a Liberal or not," replied Nekhlúdof, smiling always surprised to find himself classed with a party, or called a Liberal, just because he believed that all men are equal before the law, that no man has a right to beat or otherwise torture his fellow-men, and particularly those whom the law has not yet pronounced guilty. "I do not know whether I am a Liberal or not; but I know one thing, that the present Courts, defective though they may be, are preferable to those of former days."

"And what lawyer have you engaged?"

"Fanárin."

"Ah, Fanárin!" said Máslennikof with a grimace. He had not forgotten an experience of his own last year when for half an hour this same Fanárin had cross-examined him as a witness and, with the utmost politeness, had made him appear like a fool.

"I should advise you to have nothing to do with him. *Fanárin est un homme taré.*"

"I have one more request to make," said Nekhlúdof, ignoring Máslennikof's last remark. "Some time ago I knew a young girl, a school-teacher,—she is much to be pitied; she too is in prison; she wishes to see me. Could you give me a pass to see her?"

Máslennikof bent his head on one side and thought a moment.

"Is she a political prisoner?"

"Yes, I have been told so."

"Well, you see the passes to see the 'politicals' are only given to relatives, but I will give you a general pass. *Je sais que vous n'abuserez pas.* . . . What is your protégée's name? . . . Bogodúhovsky? *Elle est jolie?*"

"*Hideuse.*"

Máslennikof shook his head disapprovingly. Then he went to the table and wrote on a sheet of official paper: "The bearer, Prince Dmítri Ivánovitch Nekhlúdof, is hereby granted leave to visit in the office of the prison the *mezchánka* Máslova and the medical student Bogodúhovsky." He added a final flourish to his signature.

"You will see what order reigns there. And it is not an easy thing to maintain order in a place like that, because the prison is filled largely with convicts who are there only temporarily; but I am very vigilant and I am interested in the business. You will see how well they are treated, and how contented they are. But one must know how to manage them. We had a case of insubordination not long ago. Another man in my place might have called it mutiny and made no end of unhappy victims. Whereas with us, everything passed off quietly. It requires care and a firm authority," he went on, clenching the fat white fist,—a conspicuous turquoise ring adorned one finger—that emerged from the gold-linked, stiffly starched cuff of his shirt sleeve. "Yes, care and authority," he repeated.

"Well, I am ignorant of these matters," said Nekhlúdof. "I have been there twice and felt greatly depressed."

"Do you know, you should get acquainted with Countess Pássek," went on Máslennikof, waxing talkative. "She has devoted herself to this work. *Elle fait beaucoup de bien.* It is due to her, and I think I may say without false modesty, to me, that all these changes have come about; the horrors of former days have entirely disappeared, and you will find that the prisoners are comfortable now. You will see for yourself. Now take this Fanárin—I don't know him personally, and of course my social position keeps our ways apart, — well, he is positively a bad man, and moreover he allows himself to say such things in Court, such things . . ."

"Well, I am much obliged," said Nekhlúdof, taking the paper, and without seeming to realize that Máslennikof was still talking, bade his former comrade good-by.

"Won't you go in to see my wife?"

"I must beg you to excuse me; I am really pressed for time just now."

"She'll never forgive me for not bringing you in," said Máslennikof, accompanying his old comrade to the first landing, as was his custom with persons whom he considered of second importance, with whom he classed Nekhlúdof. "Now do go in for a minute."

But Nekhlúdof remained firm, and while the doorkeeper and the footman were fetching his coat and cane and opening the door, outside of which a policeman stood on guard, Nekhlúdof kept repeating what he had already said.

"Well, then, come Thursday. That's her day at home. I shall tell her you're coming," shouted Máslennikof from the stairs.

LI.

Nekhlúdof lost no time that day. He went directly from Máslennikof to the Prison Inspector's lodging. Again he heard the familiar sound of the inferior piano; this time it was not Liszt's Rhapsodie but Clementi's Studies that were being played, with unusual power, clearness, and rapidity. The maid with the bandaged eye, who opened the door, said that the Captain was at home and ushered Nekhlúdof into a small parlor furnished with a sofa and table. A tall lamp with a pink shade scorched on one side stood on a sort of crocheted mat. The Inspector met him with a sad and wearied expression on his face.

"Please take a seat; what can I do for you?"

"I have just come from the Vice-Governor and I bring his permit. I should like to see Máslova," said Nekhlúdof, handing him the paper.

"Márkova?" asked the Inspector, who didn't quite catch the name as the piano-playing was so deafening.

"Máslova."

"Oh, yes."

The Inspector rose and went to the door through which the torrent of Clementi's roulades came pouring in.

"Stop a moment, Marússya. It's impossible to hear ourselves speak!" The tone of his voice said more plainly than words, "Your practicing is the bane of my life."

The playing ceased; impatient footsteps were heard and somebody came and peeped through the door.

Apparently relieved by the cessation of the music, the Inspector lighted a thick cigarette of mild tobacco and offered one to Nekhlúdof, who declined it.

"I should like to see Máslova."

"Certainly. Well, what do you want here?" he added, turning to a little girl, five or six years old, who had just come into the room. She ran up to her father, but her eyes were fixed on Nekhlúdof, as if she couldn't lose sight of him for a moment. "Look out where you're going," cried the father, as the child tripped over a rug.

"Then may I go now?"

"I doubt if you will be able to see Máslova to-day," said the Inspector.

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm afraid you're responsible for the present state of affairs," he replied, with a scarcely perceptible smile; "please don't give her any more money, Prince. If you wish to help her in that way, give it to me. I will see that she gets it. You see, yesterday, you probably gave her some money, which she used to buy wine. It's impossible to eradicate this evil,—and to-day she is quite drunk, even boisterous."

"Can it be possible?"

"Indeed it is; I was obliged to use harsh measures and we had to remove her to another cell. As a rule she is very good-natured, but please don't give her any more money. I tell you these people are——"

Nekhlúdof remembered the events of the previous day, and again a feeling of horror came over him.

"Then may I see Bogodúhovsky, the political prisoner?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"Oh, yes," said the Inspector, embracing the child, who was still staring at Nekhlúdof. Then he rose, gently putting her aside, and went out into the entry.

Even before he left the house, while the bandaged servant girl was helping him with his overcoat, he could hear the clear-cut roulades of Clementi's beginning again.

"She has studied in the Conservatory, but everything is in such a muddle there. She is talented and hopes to play in concerts," remarked the Inspector, as he descended the stairs.

As Nekhlúdof and the Inspector walked towards the prison, the small gate flew open at their approach. The wardens, raising their fingers to their visors, followed the Inspector with their eyes. In the corridor they met four men with half-shaved heads carrying something; they cringed visibly at the sight of the Inspector, and one man with black eyes stooped over, frowning gloomily.

"Of course a talent like that must be developed, it ought not to be buried in the ground, but, don't you know, in a small apartment it is not always pleasant," continued the Inspector, who, paying no heed to the prisoners, walked wearily beside Nekhlúdof until they reached the interviewing-room.

"Who is it you wish to see?" he asked.

"Bogodúhovsky."

"She is in the tower, I believe; you'll have to wait awhile," he said to Nekhlúdof.

"Then may I not employ that time in seeing the Menshófs, mother and son, who are accused of arson?"

"That's cell twenty-one, I think. Yes, they may be called."

"But couldn't I see Menshóf in his cell?"

"You will be more comfortable in the interviewing-room."

"Yes, but it would interest me more to see him in his cell."

"Really? I don't see what interest you can feel in that."

Meanwhile the Assistant Inspector, a rather elaborately dressed young man, came in from a side door.

"Please escort this gentleman to Menshóf's cell, No. 21," said the Inspector, addressing the assistant. "Then take him to the office and I'll summon the woman. What did you call her?"

"Véra Bogodúhovsky," replied Nekhlúdof.

The assistant of the Inspector was a blond young man with a waxed mustache and an omnipresent odor of fragrant toilet water.

"This way, sir. Our institution interests you?" he asked with a pleasant smile.

"I take an interest in this man, who I am told is here for no fault of his."

The assistant shrugged his shoulders.

"That does happen sometimes," he said in a quiet tone, courteously allowing the visitor to pass before him as they entered a wide, foul-smelling corridor. "Still, you can't believe all they say. This way," he added.

The doors of the cells were open and several prisoners stood in the corridor.

With a slight nod to the wardens and a rapid side glance at the prisoners, some of whom hugged the walls as they passed, while others with hands pressed to their sides, soldier-fashion, stood gazing after them, the assistant guided Nekhlúdof through the corridor into another on the left, which was barred by an iron-bound door.

This corridor was still darker and more foul than the first. On both sides were padlocked doors, each one provided with a hole about half an inch in diameter, called an "eye." No one was in this corridor but a melancholy, wrinkled old warden.

"Which is Menshóf's cell?"

"The eighth one on the left."

"Are all these cells occupied?" inquired Nekhlúdof. "All but one."

LII.

"May I take a look?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you wish;" the Assistant Inspector smiled pleasantly, and turned to ask the warden a question.

Nekhlúdof peeped through one of the holes, and saw a tall young man with a stubby black beard walking rapidly back and forth; hearing the noise at his door, he looked up, frowned, and then went on with his walk.

Nekhlúdof looked through the next hole. Here his eye encountered another—an eye so big with terror that he instinctively withdrew his own. Through the third opening he saw a small man curled up on the bed, with the prison cloak drawn up over his head. Through the fourth he saw a pale man with broad cheeks, who sat with head bowed down, leaning his elbows on his knees. At the sound of footsteps he lifted his head and looked up. The expression of his face, with its large eyes, revealed hopeless sadness. He didn't seem to care whether any one looked at him or not. No living being could bring him any hope. It was terrible to Nekhlúdof, who looked no more till he reached cell number twenty-one, occupied by Menshóf.

The warden unlocked the door and opened it. A muscular fellow with a long neck, a small beard, and a kindly look in his round eyes stood beside the bed, hurriedly putting on his prison wrap. He cast a shy glance at the visitors. Nekhlúdof was particularly struck by the frightened look of the kindly round eyes that gazed inquiringly first at him and then at the warden and the Assistant Inspector.

"Here is a gentleman who wishes to tell him about your case."

"Thank you, sir."

"Yes, I have heard of your case," said Nekhlúdof, going to the back part of the cell and stopping before the dirty, grated window, "but I should like you to tell me about it yourself."

Menshóf went up to the window and immediately began his story, timidly at first and glancing constantly at the Inspector, but gathering courage as he proceeded; and when the Inspector stepped out into the corridor to give some orders, he regained his confidence. Judging by his language and manners, his was the story of a good, simple minded peasant lad, and it seemed strange to Nekhlúdof to hear such a tale from the lips of a prisoner in a shameful place and dress. While he listened he used his eyes: examined the low cot with its straw mattress, the solid iron grating of the window, the plastered walls, damp and dirty, and the pitiful figure made by this unfortunate peasant, who looked so incongruous with his prison wrap and slippers; it made him feel sadder than ever, for it was hard to believe that this apparently well-meaning man was not telling the truth, and dreadful to think that men could seize such a lad, dress him like a convict, and shut him up in this horrible place without any cause, except that he had already suffered wrong. On the other hand, it was even more distressing to suspect that this apparently truthful story might be a fraud and this honest face a deceitful mask. This was his story: Not long after his marriage, a licensed liquor-seller had alienated his wife's affection from him and enticed her away. At first the injured husband sought the protection of the law, but the liquor seller bribed the officials and was always acquitted. Once he brought his wife home by force, but the next day she ran away again. Then he went to the liquor-seller's house and demanded his wife. He was told to clear out, that his wife was not there. But he was sure that he had seen her when he came in, and he refused to leave; whereupon the liquor-seller and his man fell upon him and gave him a beating. The next day the liquor-seller's house was burnt down. He and his mother were accused of the crime, though he could prove an alibi, for at the time when the house caught fire he was at the house of a friend.

"So you really did not set it on fire?"

"I never thought of such a thing, sir. My enemy did it himself. I'm sure he did, for I heard them saying how he had just got it insured. And mother and I were accused of going there and threatening him. I did give it to him one day, that's a fact. I couldn't help it. But I never set his house on fire, and I wasn't there when the fire started. He planned it for that particular day because my mother and I had been seen there. He set the fire himself to get the insurance and then said that we did it."

"Is that true?"

"It's God's truth, sir. Be a father to us," he cried. Nekhlúdof could hardly prevent him from falling at his feet. "Help me, I shall be ruined, and I'm not one bit to blame," he went on. Suddenly the muscles of his face began to twitch and he burst out sobbing. He turned up the sleeve of his prison wrap and wiped his eyes on his soiled shirt-sleeve.

"Have you finished?" asked the assistant.

"Yes."

"Now keep up your courage; we will do all we can," said Nekhlúdof as he left the cell. Menshóf stood in the doorway, so that the Inspector's Assistant struck him with the door when he closed it. While the warden was locking the door, Menshóf looked at him through the loophole.

LIII.

As he retraced his steps along the broad corridor, it was dinner-time and the cells were open. Walking between rows of men clad in long, bright yellow wraps, short, wide trousers, and prison shoes, who gazed at him with intense curiosity, Nekhlúdof was swayed by the conflicting emotions of compassion for those who were imprisoned, of horror and bewilderment towards those who had thrown them into prison and kept them there, and of self-humiliation for daring to investigate all this so calmly. A man hurried along the corridor, his shoes clattering as he ran, and rushed into one of the cells, from which several men presently emerged and stood in front of him, barring his way, and said, bowing as they spoke:

"Your Honor, we don't know what to call you, but we beg you to set us free."

"But I am not a person in authority; I know nothing of your case."

"Then tell the authorities," cried an indignant voice. "We haven't done anything, and here we have been kept suffering for two whole months."

"How is that? What do you mean?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"This is the second month, and none of us know what we are here for."

"Yes, they are telling the truth. You see it was a kind of accident," said the Assistant Inspector. "They were sent here because they had no passports; they should have been sent to their own government, but the jail there burnt down, and the authorities requested us to keep them. We have released all those from the other governments, but these men are still confined."

"Is that the only reason for their detention?" asked

Nekhlúdof, pausing at the door. Some forty men dressed in prisoners' clothes surrounded Nekhlúdof and the assistant. Several began to speak at once. The assistant checked them, saying:

"Let one of you be the spokesman."

A tall, good-looking peasant some fifty years of age stepped forward.

He explained to Nekhlúdof that they had been sent to jail because they had no passports. They had had their passports all right, but that the time for which they were issued had expired about two weeks before the time of their arrest. This happened to some of the men every year, and no one troubled them, but this time they had been arrested and imprisoned, just as if they were criminals.

"We are all stone masons and belong to the same *artel.* We have heard the report that the jail in our government was burned down. But that is not our fault. Please say a good word for us."

Nekhlúdof was listening but did not quite grasp what the pleasant-looking old man was explaining to him; his attention was distracted by the movements of a large, dark-gray louse which was crawling on a lock of hair that fell over the man's cheek.

"Is this true? Can it be possible that there is no other reason?" asked Nekhlúdof, turning to the Inspector's assistant.

"Yes, it is true, they ought to have been sent home; there is no doubt about that," the assistant declared.

Just then a little man, also wearing the prison garb, working his jaws in a nervous sort of way, began to describe how they were made to suffer here, when they had done no harm to anybody.

"They treat us worse than dogs," he said.

"There, there, talk less and keep quiet, or you know——"

"What do I know!" cried the little man, desperately. "We have done nothing wrong."

"Silence!" shouted the superior, and the little man subsided.

"What does all this mean?" Nekhlúdof had said to himself when he left the cell, conscious that hundreds of eyes were following him from the holes in the doors, not to mention those of the prisoners they met on the way.

"Is it really true that innocent men are kept here?" asked Nekhlúdof, when they left the corridor.

"What can we do about it? Of course they don't all speak the truth. According to his own story every man among them is innocent," said the Assistant Inspector.

"But surely those men are innocent?"

"Yes, that is true. But they are an unruly set: we have to be very strict with them. There are some dangerous types here; one has to be on his guard against them all the time. We had to punish two of them yesterday."

"Punish, how?"

"Flog them, by order——"

"But corporal punishment is abolished!"

"Not for those who have been deprived of civil rights. They are not exempt."

And now Nekhlúdof remembered what he had seen yesterday while he was waiting in the entry and realized that the punishment must have been going on during that time; such a turmoil of amazement, sadness, and bewilderment arose within him, that his moral nausea was on the verge of becoming an actual physical sensation—he had felt something of this nature before—but nothing comparable to his present suffering. No longer listening to the words of the Inspector's assistant, he walked as rapidly as he could, looking neither to the right nor to the left until he reached the office. The Inspector, still in the corridor attending to some other business, had quite forgotten to summon Bogodúhovsky. Seeing Nekhlúdof recalled it to his mind.

"I will send for her at once; and you'd better take a seat," he said.

LIV.

The office consisted of two rooms; the first one was lighted by two dirty windows and contained a large stove which, with its plastering peeling off, projected quite a way into the room. A black stick for measuring the prisoners stood in one corner, while in the other hung the usual symbol of martyrdom, — a large image of Christ.

Several wardens were standing in the first room. In the next room seated alongside the walls were about twenty men and women, in pairs and groups, talking in low tones. There was a writing-desk near the window.

The Inspector took a seat by the table and offered Nekhlúdof a chair beside him. Nekhlúdof seated himself and became absorbed in watching the people in the room.

The first person who attracted his attention was a pleasant-faced young man who wore a short coat. He was standing in front of an elderly woman who had very dark eyebrows, talking to her in a high-pitched voice, with many gesticulations.

Beside them sat an old man with blue spectacles, holding the hand of a young woman dressed in a prisoner's suit, and listening eagerly to something she was telling. A schoolboy of the *Réal Gymnasia* gazed steadily at the old man, with an expression of terror in his eyes. In a corner not far from this group sat a pair of lovers. The girl was very young and pretty; she had short, fair hair, an animated expression, and was fashionably dressed. The young man's features were handsome and delicately cut; he had curling hair and wore a rubber jacket. They were carrying on a whispered conversation in their corner and were evidently very much in love. Next to Nekhlúdof sat a gray-haired woman dressed in black, unmistakably a mother, for she never once turned her eyes from a consumptive-looking young man who also wore a rubber jacket; she kept trying to speak, but the tears choked her; over and over again she opened her lips, said a word or two, and then stopped. The young man held a paper in his hand and seemed at a loss to decide what he ought to do. He looked angry as he sat there crumpling this paper. Next to them sat a handsome, rosy-cheeked, vigorous-looking girl with prominent eyes; she wore a gray dress and cape, and sat beside the weeping mother, patting her tenderly on the shoulder. Everything about this girl was beautiful: her large white hands, her short wavy hair, her clear-cut nose and lips; but her supreme charm lay in her remarkable eyes, kind, truthful, brown, like the eyes of a lamb. When Nekhlúdof entered, those fine eyes turned from the face of the mother for an instant and met his own. But she withdrew her gaze at once and began to talk to the mother. Not far from the lovers sat a ragged man with a dark, gloomy face, talking angrily to a beardless visitor, who looked like a *Skopetz.*

Nekhlúdof sat beside the Inspector and looked around with intense curiosity. His attention was diverted by a little boy with closely cut hair, who came up to him and cried out in a shrill voice:

"And whom do *you* wish to see?"

Nekhlúdof was surprised at the question, but when he glanced at the boy and saw his serious, intelligent expression and bright, earnest eyes, he replied with a sober face that he was waiting to see a woman whom he knew.

"Is she your sister?" asked the boy.

"No," replied Nekhlúdof with surprise. "And with whom are you?" he asked the boy.

"I am with mamma. She is a 'political,'" said the boy.

"Márya Pávlovna, look after Kólya," said the Inspector, who seemed to regard Nekhlúdof's conversation with the boy as an infringement of the rules.

Márya Pávlovna was the handsome girl with the lamblike eyes, the one who had noticed Nekhlúdof when he came in. She rose to her full height and with her firm and almost masculine step approached Nekhlúdof and the boy.

"I suppose he has asked you who you are?" she observed with a slight smile, gazing confidently into his eyes, with the simplicity of one to whom it is a matter of course to be on the friendliest terms with all the world.

"He wants to know everything," she said, smiling at the boy with such a kind, charming smile, that both the child and Nekhlúdof answered her with a smile.

"Yes, he asked me whom I wanted to see."

"Márya Pávlovna, you know it is against the rules to talk to strangers," said the Inspector.

"Very well, very well," she said, and taking Kólya's hand in her own large, white one, she returned with the little fellow to the mother of the consumptive young man. The child never took his eyes from her face.

"Whose boy is he?" asked Nekhlúdof of the Inspector.

"He is the son of a political prisoner; he was born in prison," said the Inspector, with a certain pride in displaying the curiosities of his establishment.

"Really?"

"Yes, and now he is going to Siberia with his mother."

"And that young lady?"

"I can't tell you about that," said the Inspector, shrugging his shoulders. "Ah, here comes Bogodúhovsky."

LV.

Thin, sallow, short-haired, Véra Efrémovna, with her large, kind eyes and spasmodic gait, came in from the door in the rear. "Thank you so much for coming," she said, shaking hands with Nekhlúdof. "So glad you remember me. Let us be seated."

"I didn't expect to find you here."

"Oh, I am perfectly comfortable; quite so; I couldn't ask for anything better," said Véra Efrémovna. He recognized the startled glance of her kind, large, round eyes, and the peculiar writhing movement of her thin and muscular neck that rose above the miserable, soiled and crumpled collar of her sack.

Nekhlúdof asked how she had managed to get into prison. She described her case with great animation, interspersing her story with various foreign words,—propaganda, disorganization, groups and sections and sub-sections,—which she seemed to take for granted would be familiar to Nekhlúdof; he had never heard of one of them.

She poured forth all this, fully persuaded that he was interested and delighted to hear about all the mysteries of the *Naródovólstvo*,[1] while Nekhlúdof was looking at her poor little neck, her thin, frowsy hair, and wondering why she did and said such astonishing things. He was sorry for her, but his sympathy was different from that which he felt for the peasant Menshóf, an innocent man shut up in this foul prison. He pitied her for the manifest confusion of her ideas. She seemed to consider herself a heroine, ready to sacrifice her life for the success of her cause; and yet she was hardly able to explain what that cause was, or what would constitute its success. The case which she described to Nekhlúdof was as follows: Her friend Shústova, who did not even belong to their sub-group, as she called it, had been arrested five months ago and imprisoned in the Petropávlovsk Fortress merely because some books and papers that had been entrusted to her keeping, happened to be found in her house. Véra Efrémovna felt herself somewhat responsible for Shústova's arrest, and implored Nekhlúdof, who had influence, to do all he could to secure her release. And one more favor she had to ask, which was to obtain for Gurévitch, also confined in the Petropávlovsk Fortress, permission to see his parents and to be allowed certain scientific books, which he needed for research.

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[1] "Freedom of the people."—Tr.

Nekhlúdof promised to do everything in his power when he reached Petersburg.

Her own story was this: After she had finished her nurse's course, she met several persons who were members of the "Naródovólstvo" party and became interested in their work. At first all went well, proclamations were written, the propaganda was carried on in the factories, but the time came when one very prominent member of the society was arrested. Papers were found that incriminated others, and many arrests followed.

"My own was among them, and now I am to be exiled . . ." she said, as she finished her tale. "But I don't care. I am perfectly well, as well as an Olympian goddess," she concluded, with her pitiful smile.

Nekhlúdof asked her about the girl with the lamb-like eyes. Véra Efrémovna told him that she was the daughter of a general and had long been a member of the revolutionary party. She was arrested because she had declared herself to be the person who fired at a gendarme. She lived in an apartment occupied by conspirators where a printing-press was kept. One night, while soldiers were searching the premises, the occupants decided to defend themselves; they put out the lights and began to destroy the incriminating articles. But the police broke in upon them, and then one of the conspirators fired a shot, mortally wounding a gendarme. When questioned as to who had fired the shot, Márya Pávlovna said that it was she, although she had never touched a pistol in her life, and would not kill a spider. Nevertheless her story was accepted and now she was sentenced to penal servitude. "An altruistic and very noble character," said Véra Efrémovna, approvingly.

The third matter that she wanted to discuss with him concerned Máslova. She knew her story—nothing is ever hidden in prison-life—knew all about her relations to Nekhlúdof and advised him to set about getting her removed into the "political" ward, or else to have her sent to help in the hospital, where there were a great many patients and just now attendants were needed.

Nekhlúdof thanked her for her advice and said that he would try to follow it.

LVI.

Their conversation was interrupted by the Inspector, who rose and announced that the visiting-hour was over and the prisoners' friends must go. Nekhlúdof said good-by to Véra Efrémovna and walked to the door, where he stopped to observe what was going on before him.

"Time's up, time's up!" said the Inspector, rising and again resuming his seat. This announcement seemed to be the signal for increased animation; nobody appeared to consider it imperative. A few had risen to their feet and stood talking; but most of them kept their seats and went on with their conversations. Some bade each other good-by with tears. The sight of the mother and her consumptive son was particularly touching. The young man was still twirling the paper and the expression of his face looked fiercer than ever, so that it needed all his self-control to refrain from following his mother's example, who, when she heard that it was time to go, laid her head on his shoulder and cried like a child. The girl with the lamb's eyes, whom Nekhlúdof couldn't help watching, stood in front of the sobbing mother, trying to comfort her. The old man with the blue spectacles held his daughter's hand and nodded in answer to what she was telling him. The young lovers were also standing, clasping hands and gazing silently into each other's eyes.

"Those two are the only happy ones here," said the young man in the short coat, pointing at the lovers. He stood beside Nekhlúdof, just watching the others.

Conscious that Nekhlúdof and the young man in the short coat were gazing at them, the lovers stretched out their hands and laughing merrily began to waltz around the room. "They are going to be married here this evening, and she follows him to Siberia," remarked the young man.

"What has he done?"

"He has been sentenced to penal servitude. Well, it's good that they have the heart to be gay. It's too distressing to hear *that*," he added, alluding to the sobs of the consumptive's mother.

"Pray, pray, ladies and gentlemen! Do not force me to use harsh measures," said the Inspector, repeating the same words over and over. "Pray go, I beg of you!" he said in a weak and hesitating voice. "It's later than usual; this cannot go on! I am warning you for the last time!" he repeated in a doleful voice, now lighting, now extinguishing his Maryland cigarette. Though the arguments by which men justified their cruel treatment of their fellow-creatures were familiar from long use, and though the Inspector knew that he was not actually responsible, yet he could not help feeling that he was one of the contributors to the sum of grief which filled this room, and no one could fail to see how it distressed him.

At length the prisoners and the visitors started to go; the former through the inner, the latter through the outer door. All the prisoners—the men in rubber jackets, the consumptive, and the dark man in rags and tatters, Márya Pávlovna leading the boy born in prison—every one of them left the room, and the visitors went too. The man with the blue spectacles, stepping heavily, also passed out just in front of Nekhlúdof.

"Yes, impossible regulations," said the talkative young man, as he descended the stairs with Nekhlúdof. "Fortunately the Captain is a kind-hearted man and does not keep strictly to rules. A chat does these people good."

While Nekhlúdof was standing on the porch, talking with Medýnzof—as the young man called himself—the Inspector came wearily up to him.

"If you wish to see Máslova, please come to-morrow," he said, evidently trying to be polite to Nekhlúdof.

"Very well," replied Nekhlúdof, as he hurried away.

It was dreadful to think of the suffering of that innocent Menshóf, not so much his physical suffering, as the bewilderment of mind, the distrust of God, of human goodness, that he must have felt when cruel men tormented him without cause; and it was horrible to consider the suffering and disgrace inflicted on those other innocent men, simply for some omission in the paper. Those idiotic jailers, whose business it was to torment their fellow-men, you couldn't persuade *them* that they were not doing a good work. But really the most shocking part of all was this elderly, feeble, and kind-hearted Inspector whose duty compelled him to separate mother and son, father and daughter, who were human beings just like himself and his children.

"And why should these things be?" Nekhlúdof asked himself. The moral nausea, a feeling which always attacked him in the prison, and was closely akin to the physical sensation, flooded his soul, but there was no answer to his question.

LVII.

The next day Nekhlúdof went to his lawyer and engaged him to conduct the Menshóf case, also. The advocate, after hearing the circumstances, said that he would look into it, and that if the matter was really as it was represented, which was probably the case, he would undertake their defense free of charge. Meanwhile Nekhlúdof had also told him of the one hundred and thirty men who had been imprisoned through a misunderstanding, and asked him upon whom their freedom depended and who was responsible.

The lawyer meditated in silence for some moments; he didn't mean to give a rash answer.

"Who is to blame? No one," he replied firmly. "If you ask the Public Prosecutor, he will tell you it is the Governor's fault, and the Governor will say that it is the fault of the Prosecutor. Oh, no, nobody is to blame."

"I am going from here to Máslennikof, and I shall tell him about it."

"That'll do no good," said the lawyer, smiling. "He is such a—he is not of your kin, I believe?—he is such a consummate blockhead, and yet he is a foxy fellow, too!"

Nekhlúdof had not forgotten what Máslennikof said about the lawyer, and taking his leave he went straight to the house of the former. He had two requests to make: he wanted an order for Máslova's transfer to the hospital, and to get relief for the one hundred and thirty innocent men who were kept in jail for want of their passports. He hated to ask a favor of a man for whom he felt no respect, but it seemed the only way open to him, and he must make up his mind to go through it.

As he drew near the house he saw many carriages not far from the entrance,—*dróshkies*, open barouches, and coupés, and remembered that this was Mme. Máslennikof's reception day, which he had been urged not to forget.

As he drove up, a carriage blocked the way; a footman with a tall hat, cockade, and a fur cape was assisting his mistress to enter her carriage. As she lifted the train of her gown, she exposed her slippered feet and the thin ankles cased in black stockings.

One of the carriages belonged to the Korchágins. The gray-haired, rosy-faced coachman saluted him respectfully and pleasantly, like an old acquaintance.

He was just going to ask the door-keeper where Michael Ivánovitch Máslennikof was, when the individual himself appeared descending the carpeted stairway. He was escorting a very important guest, not to the first landing only, but to the very foot of the stairs.

On his way down the important visitor was talking in French about a Fair that was to be held for the benefit of eleemosynary institutions, and expressed his opinion that it was a very suitable occupation for the ladies. "It amuses them and provides us with money! *Qu'elles s'amusent et que le bon Dieu les bénisse.* Ah, Nekhlúdof, how are you? Where do you keep yourself nowadays?" he asked, saluting Nekhlúdof. "*Allez presenter vos devoirs à Madame.* The Korchágins are there too, *et Nadine Bukshévden: toutes les jolies femmes de la ville,*" he concluded, offering his shoulders, with a slight upward movement, to his own magnificent footman, in a gold-braided livery, who stood holding his master's military cloak.

"Au revoir, *mon cher.*" He shook hands with Máslennikof.

"Now let us go upstairs. So glad you came," said Máslennikof, excitedly taking Nekhlúdof under the arm, and heavy man though he was, quickly running with him up the stairs.

The attention bestowed upon Máslennikof by the important personage above described was responsible for this exultant frame of mind. Every attention of the kind gave him the same sort of pleasure that a dog feels, when his master strokes his back, or pats him on the head, or scratches him behind the ear. The dog will wag its tail, crouch on the ground, press its ears to its head, and caper wildly round the place. That was what Máslennikof would have liked to do. He did not notice the serious expression on Nekhlúdof's face, he never heard one word that he said, but impetuously drew him on towards the drawing-room. There was really nothing for Nekhlúdof to do but follow him.

"We will talk business later. I will do anything in the world for you," he said to Nekhlúdof as they were going through the hall.

"Announce the Prince to Madame," he said to a footman, who ran on ahead of them. "*Vous n'avez qu'à ordonner.* But you must pay your visit to my wife; I was scolded the last time you came, for not bringing you in."

When they entered, the footman had already announced him, and Anna Ignátievna, the vice-governor-ess,—the general-ess, as she called herself, nodded and beamed upon him from behind the bonnets and heads that surrounded her divan.

At the other end of the room several ladies were seated at the tea-table, while the men, army officers and civilians, had gathered in groups around them; the confused hum of voices never ceased.

"*Enfin!* Why have you kept away so long? What have we done?" she said to Nekhlúdof as he entered; implying both by word and by manner a degree of intimacy between them which in reality had never existed.

"Do you know Mme. Belyávsky? Michael Ivánovitch Tchernóf! Draw your chair nearer; Missy, *venez donc à notre table. On vous apportera votre thé.* . . . And you too . . ." she addressed the officer who was talking to Missy, having apparently forgotten his name.

"Will you have a cup of tea, Prince?"

"No, I shall never agree with you, never. She did not love him, that's all," said a woman's voice.

"But she did love pastry."

"Oh, how silly you are!" exclaimed another laughing voice. It belonged to a lady who wore a high hat and brilliant silk costume gleaming with gold and gems.

"*C'est excellent,* this wafer, and so light. I'd like another."

"Are you going soon?"

"To-day is our last day. That's why we are here."

"Such a delightful spring and the country is looking so beautiful now."

Missy was charming in a dark striped gown that fitted her like a glove. She blushed when she saw Nekhlúdof.

"I thought you were gone," she said to him.

"I should have been," he replied, only that business detained me; I came here to-day on business."

"I wish you would go to see mamma. She would be so pleased." Her color deepened as she spoke, for she knew she was telling a falsehood and a gratuitous one too, since he couldn't fail to see through it.

"I shall hardly have time," replied Nekhlúdof, in a depressed tone of voice, trying to make believe that he did not notice that she was blushing.

Missy frowned angrily, shrugged her shoulders, and turned to a brilliant officer, who seized her empty cup and with a strenuous effort carried it across the room to a tea-table, hitting his saber against every chair on the way.

"You really must give us something for the asylum."

"I don't mean to refuse. I only wish to save all I can for the *allegri*.[1] I expect to make a fine show there."

"Well, see that you do!" exclaimed a voice, followed by a decidedly artificial burst of laughter. Anna Ignatiévna was beaming; her "at home" had proved a grand success.

"Mika tells me that you are interested in prison work," she said to Nekhlúdof. "I quite sympathize with you." Mika was Mme. Máslennikof's fat husband. "Mika may have his faults, but you know he has the kindest heart in the world! All these unfortunate prisoners are just like his own children. That is the way he feels about them. *Il est d'une bonté* . . ."

She paused, finding no words to describe the particular variety of "*bonté*" which inspired the flogging of the prisoners, and turned smilingly to welcome a wrinkled old lady with purple ribbons who was just coming in.

After exchanging a few commonplace remarks to satisfy social convention, Nekhlúdof rose and went up to Máslennikof.

"Can you give me a few minutes now?"

"Yes, of course I can. Let us go in here."

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[1] Lottery. — Tr.

They entered a small room furnished in Japanese style, and sat down near the window.

LVIII.

"AND now *je suis à vous.* Will you smoke? Wait a moment, we must take care not to spoil anything," he said and brought out an ash-tray. "Now then!"

"I have two things I wish to speak to you about."

"Have you, indeed?"

Máslennikof's face grew heavy and a gloomy expression came over it. Every trace of that canine excitement of his had vanished. Voices came from the drawing-room; one woman's voice saying, "*Jamais, jamais je ne croirai!*" and another from the opposite direction, a man's voice, seemed to be describing some incident: the names *la Comtesse Vorontzóv* and *Victor Apráksine* were repeated over and over again. This was succeeded by a hum of voices, with no distinguishable words. Máslennikof was trying to listen to what was going on in the drawing-room and to Nekhlúdof at one and the same time.

"I have come to speak to you again about the same woman," said Nekhlúdof.

"The one who was unjustly convicted? Yes, I remember."

"I want you to give me an order to transfer Máslova to the hospital; there is work for her there. They tell me that it can be done."

Máslennikof compressed his lips together as if he were pondering.

"I should hardly think so. But I will inquire and will telegraph you to-morrow," he said.

"They told me that the patients were numerous and more assistants are needed."

"Well, it may be so; at all events I'll let you know."

"I hope you will," said Nekhlúdof.

A burst of genuine laughter came from the drawing-room.

"That's Victor," said Máslennikof, smiling. "He's very brilliant when he chooses to be."

"And one thing more," said Nekhlúdof: "there are one hundred and thirty men in the jail, who are kept there simply because their passports had run out. They have been kept there for a month." And then he related the details of the affair.

"How did you find that out?" asked Máslennikof; a shadow of uneasiness and dissatisfaction crossed his face.

"I went to see one of the prisoners, and while I was in the corridor these men surrounded me and pleaded——"

"Which prisoner did you visit?"

"A peasant who is unjustly accused. I have put his case into the hands of a lawyer. But that's another story. Can it be possible that all those innocent men are imprisoned just because the time of their passports has expired and——"

"That's the Prosecutor's business," interrupted Máslennikof, in a tone of vexation. "I heard you say a while ago that the new Courts are so much better than the old ones, equitable and up to the mark. Now it is the duty of the Assistant Prosecutor to visit the prisons and find out whether the prisoners who are there are lawfully detained. But these gentlemen are too busy playing *vindt*[1] to attend to their duties."

"Then is there nothing you can do?" said Nekhlúdof gloomily, remembering that the lawyer had told him the Governor would lay the blame on the Prosecutor.

"Oh, yes, I can inquire into the case."

"So much the worse for her. *C'est un souffre-douleur*," said a woman's voice, evidently quite indifferent to what she was saying.

Then came the voice of a man, who seemed to be teasing for something that was refused him: "So much the better. I shall take this, too."

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[1] A species of complicated whist. — Tr.

There was a good deal of playful jesting, and laughter.

"No, no, I shall not let you have it," said the woman's voice.

"I'll do all I can for you," repeated Máslennikof, extinguishing his cigarette with his white hand adorned with the turquoise ring; "now let us go in to the ladies."

"One thing more," said Nekhlúdof, pausing in the doorway. "I was told that some men received corporal punishment in the prison yesterday. Is that true?"

"Heavens! My dear fellow, what will you ask next? You're not the man to let loose in a prison, that's positive, you are too inquisitive. Come, come, Annette is calling us," he said, taking him under the arm. He was growing as excited as he had been over the honor which the important personage had paid him, but it was not a joyful excitement this time. He seemed a good deal ruffled.

Nekhlúdof snatched away his arm, and without a word of salutation to any one strode gloomily through the drawing-room and the hall and then past the lacqueys, who jumped up, and went into the entry and the street.

"Why, what's the matter with him? What did you do to him?" Annette asked her husband.

"That's *à la française*," said some one.

"I should call it *à la Zulu*."

"He was always like that."

Guests were coming and going and the twitter pursued its course.

The Nekhlúdof incident furnished the company with a topic for discussion all the rest of the *jour fixé*.

The day following his visit to Máslennikof, Nekhlúdof received a letter from him written on heavy cream-laid paper decorated with the government coat of arms and seals; the script was clear and bold. This letter stated that he had written to the doctor about transferring Máslova and that in all probability his request would be granted. He signed it, "Your affectionate senior comrade Máslennikof," ending with a large, firm, and elaborate flourish.

"Idiot!" Nekhlúdof could not help saying. "Senior comrade" savored a little too much of condescension.

Máslennikof seemed to think that holding an office whose duties, from a moral point of view, were as base and contemptible as duties could be, gave him a right to regard himself as a man of importance; and he wished to show Nekhlúdof, without exactly flattering him, that he was not too proud of his grandeur to call himself his comrade.

LIX.

There is hardly a superstition more common or more generally accepted than that which attributes definite traits of character to every individual, which affirms that a man is kind, wicked, wise, foolish, energetic, and so on. This is all wrong. We may say of a man that he is more frequently kind than cruel, oftener wise than foolish, or more energetic than apathetic, and *vice versa*. But it could never be true to say of one man that he is kind and wise, and of another that he is wicked and foolish. Yet this is our method of classifying mankind, and a very false method it is. Men are like rivers. The water is alike in all of them; but each river is narrow in some places and wide in others; now swift and now sluggish, sometimes clear and sometimes turbid; cold in winter and warm in summer. The same may be said of men. Each man bears within himself the germs of every human quality, displaying each in turn. We often say of a man he's not like himself, and yet we know him to be the same individual. In some men—and Nekhlúdof was an example of this class—these changes are very abrupt, and through one of these transitions, which are as often due to physical as to moral causes, he was now passing; to the emotion of that triumphant and joyful regeneration which he had experienced after the trial and his first interview with Katúsha, a sense of fear and even aversion had succeeded after his last interview with her. He was determined not to leave her, nor to abandon his intention of marriage with her, if she would consent, though it was grievously hard for him.

The next day after his visit to Máslennikof, he went again to the jail to see her.

The Inspector consented to the interview, but he said it could not take place in the office or in the lawyers' room; he would be obliged to see her in the women's interviewing-room. The Inspector was very polite, but more distant in his manner towards Nekhlúdof than he had been One of the results of Nekhlúdof's conversation with Máslennikof had been an order for greater reticence in regard to this visitor.

"You may see her," he said, "but please do as I asked you about the money. And as to her transfer to the hospital, his Excellency has written about it, and the physician has given his consent; but Máslova doesn't wish to go. She says she doesn't care to empty slops after those dirty creatures. You don't know these people yet, Prince," he added.

Nekhlúdof made no reply, but asked if he might see her. A warden was despatched and Nekhlúdof followed him into the women's room, which was vacant.

Máslova was already in the room; she emerged from behind the railing, quiet and timid, and coming up to Nekhlúdof, keeping her eyes averted, she spoke:

"Forgive me, Dmítri Ivánovitch, I said a great many wicked things to you day before yesterday."

"It isn't for me to forgive you," began Nekhlúdof.

"But you must leave me alone all the same . . . " she interrupted, and in the squinting eyes she turned upon him Nekhlúdof could read the same unnatural and evil expression.

"Why must I leave you alone?"

"Because——"

"Because why?"

Again he seemed to see that evil glance.

"All I can say is, let me alone," she replied; "that's the best way; I couldn't endure it. Think no more about it." Her lips quivered, and after a moment's silence she exclaimed:

"I'd rather hang myself."

Nekhlúdof recognized in the voice a bitter resentment for an unforgiven offense. But there was also something else in it,—something whose significance and value could not be overlooked. This repetition of her former refusal, uttered in a calm and self-controlled frame of mind, relieved all his uncertainty and restored him to his former mental attitude towards Katúsha, in which his soul was thrilled with solemn and lofty emotions.

"I can only repeat what I have said before, Katúsha!" he said earnestly. "I ask you to be my wife. If you do not wish to marry me, I shall not urge it; but so long as this objection on your part continues, I shall simply remain near you, and of course follow you wherever you may be sent."

"That's your own affair; I've nothing more to say," she replied, and her lips began to tremble again.

He was silent for a moment, feeling unable to speak, but soon recovering himself continued:

"I am going into the country now, and later I shall go to Petersburg; I shall do all I can about your—our case, and God willing, the verdict may be set aside."

"Never mind if it isn't. If I don't deserve it for this, I deserve it for other things," she said, and he saw now that she was struggling to keep back her tears, and to cover her emotion suddenly asked:

"Well, did you see Menshóf? It is true that they are not guilty. Isn't it?"

"Yes, I think it is."

"She is such a nice old woman."

He repeated what Menshóf had told him, and then asked her whether she needed anything for herself, but she refused to admit that she needed anything at all.

And again they were silent.

"And as to the hospital," she said suddenly, glancing at him with her squinting eyes, "I will go if you wish it, and I will not touch a drop of liquor, either. . . ."

Nekhlúdof gazed silently into her eyes. They were smiling now.

"That's good," was all he said and then bade her good-by.

"Yes, she is a different being!" he thought, and then there came to him as if to console him for his past revulsions of feeling, a more vivid sense of the unconquerable power of love than he had ever experienced in all his life.

When, after this interview, Máslova went back to her foul cell, she took off her prison wrapper and sat down on the bunk, letting her hands fall on her knees. The only other prisoners in the cell were the consumptive girl Vladímirsky, with her baby, old Menshóva, and the signal-woman with the two children. The sub-deacon's daughter had been pronounced insane yesterday, and sent to the hospital. The rest of the women were out washing. The old woman was sound asleep in her bunk; the cell door stood open and the children were playing in the corridor. Vladímirsky, with her child in her arms, and the signal-woman, who was knitting a stocking, came up to Máslova.

"Well, did you see him?" she asked.

Máslova sat dangling her feet over the edge of the high bunk; she made no reply.

"Now what are you crying about?" said the signal-woman. "You've got to keep up your spirits, you know. Eh, Katúsha, come now!" she said, her fingers moving like lightning.

But still Máslova never opened her lips.

"Our folks are all out washing. Such a lot of alms as they gave to-day, you never knew!" said Vladímirsky.

"Fináshka!" cried the signal-woman. "What's become of the little rascal?"

She took out one knitting needle and thrusting it through both the ball and the stocking, went out into the corridor.

Just then the sound of footsteps and women's voices was heard, and presently the other occupants of the cell came in. They all wore shoes and each one carried a *kalátch* in her hand; some had two. Fedósya went straight to Máslova.

"Has anything gone wrong?" she asked, casting a tender glance at her friend out of her clear blue eyes. "Those are for our tea," she added, as she put the *kalatchi* on the shelf.

"Has he changed his mind about marrying you?" asked Korablóva.

"No, but I will not have it," said Máslova.

"The more fool you!" said Korablóva, in her bass voice.

"Where is the use of marrying if one can't live with a man?" said Fedósya.

"But your husband is going with you," retorted the signal-woman.

"Yes, but we are already married," said Fedósya. "I don't see why he should go through the legal ceremony, if he can't live up to it afterwards."

"Well, you are a stupid! Why, indeed? But if he marries her, she'll have everything that money can give her."

"He told me that no matter where I was, he should follow me," said Máslova. "I don't care whether he does or not, I shan't say anything more about it. He's going to Petersburg now to look after my case. He is related to all the Ministers. But I've no use for him anyway!" she ended.

"Of course, you haven't," Korablóva suddenly agreed; she was rummaging in her bag, and was evidently thinking of something else. "Let's have a drink."

"You may if you like, I shan't," answered Máslova.

BOOK II.

I.

It might be about two weeks before Máslova's case would come before the Senate, and Nekhlúdof meant to reach Petersburg by that time, and if the affair went wrong in the Senate, send in a petition to the Emperor, as the lawyer who had already drawn it up had advised him to do. Then, supposing this petition were to be dismissed — he was quite prepared for such a result since the reasons for appeal were by no means indisputable, — the group of convicts to which Máslova belonged was likely to start in the early days of June; therefore in order to be ready to follow Máslova to Siberia — which was Nekhlúdof's unalterable determination — it would be necessary for him to visit his estates and settle his affairs.

He went first to Kuzmínskoe, a large estate in the black soil belt, whence he derived his principal income. He had lived there in his childhood and youth and visited it twice since he attained his majority. On one occasion, at his mother's request, he took a German steward with him, and made an inventory of the property, so that he was familiar with its condition and the relation of the peasants to the "administration," that is, to the landed proprietor. These relations were of such a nature that the peasants were entirely dependent upon the "administration." Nekhlúdof realized this when he was a University student and had accepted and professed the doctrines of Henry George, and while still under the influence of these doctrines he had given his paternal estate to the peasants. It was true that after he left the army, when he had acquired the habit of spending some twenty thousand roubles a year, his investigations in the domain of social science lost all interest for him; they were not in harmony with his daily life; he never cared to ask himself where the money his mother gave him came from, choosing rather to dismiss all thoughts of it. But his mother's death, his own subsequent inheritance, and the necessity for managing his property, that is, his landed estate, again brought up the question of his relations to that same landed estate. A month ago Nekhlúdof would have told himself that he could never change the existing order of things, that he was not the steward, and would have continued living at a distance from his estates and receiving his income with the utmost serenity. But now he decided that although he was contemplating a journey to Siberia, as well as complicated and difficult relations with the prison system which would require money, still he could not leave matters in their former condition; he must make a change even though he himself were the loser by it. In the first place he decided not to cultivate the land himself any longer but to rent it at reasonable rates to the peasants, thus giving them a chance to become, to a certain extent, independent of the landowner. Many a time when he used to compare the present position of the landed proprietor with that of serf-owner, he would draw a parallel between renting the land to the peasant, instead of cultivating the same land by hired labor, and the old system employed by the serf-owners of making their serfs pay them a certain quit-rent in the place of labor. Of course this was not a complete solution of the problem, but it was a step in the right direction, a change from a harsh to a mild form of tyranny. And this was what he had determined to do.

Nekhlúdof arrived at Kuzmínskoe about noon. Intending to simplify his life in every respect, he had not telegraphed.

At the station he found a *tarantáss*[1] with a span of horses driven by a young fellow who wore a peasant's coat made of nankeen, belted in far below the waist line. This youth sat sideways on the seat, as country *yamschíks*[1] always do. It serves to facilitate conversation with the passenger, and when the driver is conversing, the lame white horse inside the shafts and the broken-winded, gaunt-looking beast outside have a chance to walk, which they are always pleased to do.

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[1] A country conveyance. — Tr.

The driver was gossiping about the steward at Kuzmínskoe; he hadn't the faintest idea that he was driving the master,—Nekhlúdof having purposely concealed his name.

"This German fellow puts on lots of style," said the driver, who, having lived in town and read novels, was rather proud of his education. He sat partly facing Nekhlúdof, grasping his whip now by the handle and now by the lash.

"He has bought himself a cream-colored *troïka*, and when he drives out with his wife, there is no show for anybody else," he went on. "At Christmas time he had a tree up at the big house; I drove some of the company. It was lighted by electric lights. There was nothing like it in the whole district. With all the money he has raked in, of course he can have anything he wants. . . . I heard somebody say he had bought a fine estate."

Nekhlúdof had thought that he was perfectly indifferent to the way the German managed his estate or whether he made much or little out of it. But the story of the long-waisted driver was anything but pleasant. He was enjoying the beautiful day, however; he watched with delight the heavy dark clouds that every now and then obscured the sun, the brown fields where he saw the peasants plowing the soil for the oats, the larks soaring above the green fields, the forests already covered with fresh verdure, except the tardy oaks, and the meadows dotted with grazing cattle and horses; then other fields where peasants were plowing, and suddenly he was reminded that something unpleasant had happened, and when he asked himself what it was, he remembered the driver's story about the way the German was managing Kuzmínskoe.

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[1] Drivers.—Tr.

But after he reached Kuzmínskoe and had looked into matters this impression was forgotten. The inspection of the books and the talk with the foreman, who artlessly demonstrated to him the advantages which accrued from the small amount of land owned by the peasants, and the fact that it lay in the midst of his own *dessiatins*,—all this confirmed Nekhlúdof more and more strongly in his intention of giving up farming and renting all the land to the peasants.

From his office-books and the talk with the foreman he learned that two-thirds of the best arable land was now cultivated by hired workmen with improved implements, exactly as had been done before, and that the remaining third was tilled by peasants who received five roubles a *dessiatin;* that is to say, for five roubles a peasant agreed to plow, harrow, and sow each *dessiatin* three times over, not to speak of the mowing and the gathering of the crops into the granary; all this signified an amount of labor which would have cost at least ten roubles a *dessiatin* if hired workmen had done it. Moreover, the peasants paid by their labor—and dearly too—for all they got from the "administration." They paid by their work when they hired meadow land, or bought wood and potato stalks for greens, and most of them were in debt to the administration. Consequently the peasants paid four times as much for the land they hired to raise their crops, as the owner could have derived from the sale of the land and the investment of the money at five per cent.

Nekhlúdof had known all this before, but now it seemed to strike him afresh, and he only wondered how he or any other landowner could help seeing the abnormal nature of such a state of affairs. He listened to all the arguments of the steward, who told him what a loss there would be on the farming-stock, which couldn't be sold for one quarter of its cost, if the peasants were allowed to hire the land, and how bad it would be for the soil in every way, and how much of his income he would lose by such a change, — but all these arguments served only to confirm him in the belief that he was doing the right thing in giving the land to the peasants and depriving himself of the larger part of his income. He decided to settle the business then and there before he left the place. The harvesting and sale of the crops, as well as that of the cattle and the useless out-buildings, he would leave to the care of the steward after his departure. He asked the steward to lose no time in calling a meeting of the peasants from the three villages that lay in the midst of his estate, in order that he might tell them what he meant to do, and make an agreement with them about the rent they were to pay.

Quite pleased with himself for resisting the arguments of the steward, and elated with the idea of the personal sacrifice he was going to make in behalf of the peasants, Nekhlúdof left the office, and thinking over what he should say at the impending interview, he strolled around the house; walking across the flower-beds which had not been cultivated this year — except one which was opposite the steward's house, he crossed the lawn-tennis ground, now overgrown with chicory, and entered the linden path where he always used to smoke his cigar and where three years ago he had carried on a flirtation with pretty Kirímov. After he had planned the address he was going to deliver to the peasants to-morrow, he went in to the steward, and having discussed over the tea-table the winding up of his affairs, calm and contented when he thought of the benevolent action he was going to perform for the benefit of the peasants, he withdrew to that bedroom in the great mansion which had always been used for a guest-room.

It was a neat little room, with views of Venice on the walls, a mirror between the two windows, and a clean spring bed. By the bedside stood a table, holding a decanter of water, matches, and an extinguisher. On the large table, under the looking-glass, his valise stood open, revealing his traveling dressing-case, and the books which he had brought to read on his journey: one Russian book, Researches on Criminal Law, a German book on the same subject, and one English book. He intended to read them during his leisure moments while going to and fro between the different villages, but it was too late to begin to-day, and he meant to go to bed early, so as to be ready for his talk with the peasants on the following day. An ancient, inlaid mahogany arm-chair stood in one corner, and at the sight of this chair which he remembered in his mother's bedroom, an emotion suddenly sprang up in his soul for which he was totally unprepared. He began to feel sorry for the house that was going to ruin, the garden which would be overgrown with weeds, the forests that would be destroyed, and all those barns, sheds, stables, and tool-houses, the machinery, the horses, and the cows, all that establishment which he had not created, to be sure, but which had been acquired by his family and kept up with such infinite pains. He used to think that it would be easy enough to give it all up, but now the sense of loss had come over him. How could he give up the land and half his income, when he was so likely to need it?

Plausible arguments against the wisdom of renting the land to the peasants and abandoning the responsibility of the estate, came crowding into his mind.

"I have no right to own that land; if I did not own it I should not be obliged to keep up the estate. Besides, I shall very soon be going to Siberia, and then I shall have no use either for house or for land," said one voice. "That may be true," answered a second voice, "but in the first place you are not going to live in Siberia all your life. If you marry, you may have children; and as you have inherited the estate in good order, it is your duty to transmit it to them in as good a condition as it was in when you received it. One owes a duty to the land. It is a very easy matter to give it all up or to destroy it, but it was not so easy to acquire it. You ought to take time for reflection and having decided upon your future course of life, then dispose of your property according to your decision. First of all, are you sure of yourself? Then, you should also ask yourself: Am I acting as my conscience bids me, or only posing for effect, to win the applause of men, and to pride myself on what I have done?"

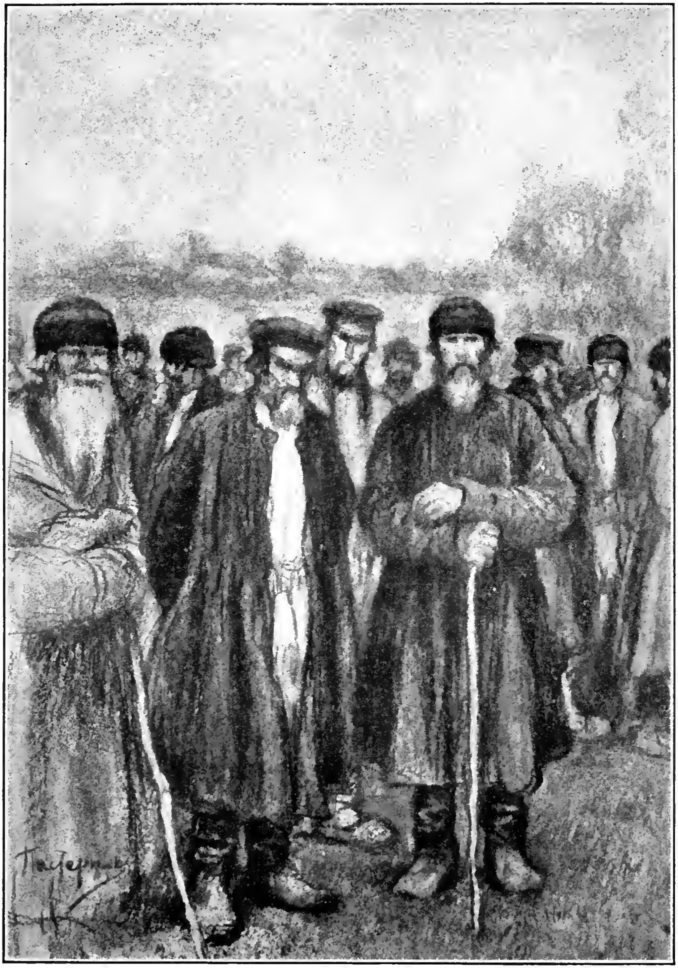
Nekhlúdof asked himself all these questions and was forced to admit that the opinion of men did influence his decision to a certain extent. And the longer he thought about it, the more questions presented themselves and the more insoluble they became. To escape from his thoughts he went to bed and tried to go to sleep and refresh himself against the morrow, when all these puzzling questions had to be decided.

But he could not sleep. Together with the fresh night breezes and the moonlight, the croaking voices of the frogs came in at the window; and now he heard the nightingales trilling in the park; there was one just under his window, hidden in a blossoming lilac-bush. As he lay there listening to the nightingales and the frogs, something made him remember the playing of the Inspector's daughter; and the thought of the Inspector brought Máslova to his mind; he remembered how her lips had quivered when she said, "Think no more about it," and somehow quivering lips and croaking frogs were all mixed up together in his mind. Then he seemed to see the German steward falling into the frog-pond, and he tried to hold him back, when the steward suddenly turned into Máslova, who began at once to reproach him,—"I am a convict and you are a Prince."

"No, I must never give in," thought Nekhlúdof, as he woke from his doze; and then he asked himself: "Am I doing right or wrong? I cannot tell, and it makes no difference, no difference at all. The thing is to sleep." Suddenly he seemed to be in the very same place where he had dreamed of seeing the steward and Máslova, and there it all ended.

II.

When Nekhlúdof woke the next morning, he found that it was nine o'clock. The young clerk who waited on him, hearing him stirring, brought his shoes, shining as they had never shone before. He also brought the cold clear spring water and announced that the peasants were beginning to assemble. Nekhlúdof jumped out of bed with a realizing sense of his situation. His regrets of the previous evening, for the disposal of the land and the settlement of affairs connected with the management of the estate, had vanished. He was surprised that he had ever felt them. Now he rejoiced at the thought of the act he had planned, and felt proud of it, too. From the window of his room could be seen the lawn-tennis court, now overgrown with chicory, and where in compliance with the orders of the steward the peasants were assembling. No wonder the frogs had croaked the night before; it was a cloudy morning; earlier in the day a warm and gentle rain had been falling and the drops still clung to the branches of the trees, to the leaves, to every blade of grass. Sweet odors came in at the window,—a fragrance of the fresh vegetation and the peculiar smell of moist soil which has been crying for rain and is not yet satisfied. Several times while he was dressing he put his head out of the window and watched the peasants who were assembling on the lawn-tennis court. They came up one by one, took off their hats as they bowed to each other, and falling into groups stood resting on their sticks. The steward, a stout, muscular, robust-looking young man, dressed in a



“THE PEASANTS WERE ALL ASSEMBLED”

short sack-coat with big buttons and a green standing collar, came in to tell Nekhlúdof that the peasants were all assembled, but that they might as well wait until he had taken his tea or coffee, both of which were prepared.

"I should go and see them at once," said Nekhlúdof, and an unexpected feeling of timidity and shame at the thought of the talk he was going to have with the peasants took possession of him.

He was about to grant one of their dearest wishes, — a wish which the peasants never expected would be gratified, — to rent the land to them at a low price; in other words he was about to confer a benefit upon them, and here he was feeling absolutely ashamed of himself. When he approached them and the brown heads and gray heads, curly heads and bald heads, doffed their hats as he drew near, he was so confused that for some time he could not utter a word. A fine rain was falling, wetting the hair, beards, and coarse woolen coats of the peasants, as they stood gazing at their landlord and waiting for him to speak, while he was too much embarrassed to open his lips. This awkward silence was interrupted by the self-possessed German, who flattered himself that what he didn't know about the Russian peasant wasn't worth knowing, and who spoke the language quite like a native. This somewhat gross-looking, muscular man, as well as Nekhlúdof himself, presented a sharp contrast to the peasants, with their thin, shriveled faces and their prominent shoulder-blades only half concealed by their coats.

"The Prince wishes to help you; he is thinking of letting you hire the land; pity you're not more worthy of this kindness," said the steward.

"What do you mean by that, Vassíly Kárlovitch? Haven't we worked well for you? We are much indebted to the deceased lady — may God grant her the Kingdom of Heaven — and to the young Prince, who looks out for us," said a red-bearded peasant, who was reckoned a fine talker.

"The reason why I have asked you to come here this morning is because I want to let you have all the land,—that is, if you would like it," said Nekhlúdof.

The peasants made no answer; either they did not understand him, or they could not believe their ears.

"What do you mean when you say 'let us have' the land?" said a middle-aged peasant who wore a sleeveless coat.

"I mean to let you have it to use, and charge you a very small sum for the rent of it."

"That's good," said an old man.

"If only the price isn't too high," said another.

"Well, why should we refuse?"

"We know how to manage the land; we're used to the work. That's the way we earn our living."

"It'll be better for you, too. You'll only have to take in the money and be saved from all the sin!" cried voices from the crowd.

"The sin is on your side," said the steward. "If you'd only attend to your work and keep the peace."

"That's easier said than done, Vassíly Kárlovitch," said an old peasant with a sharp nose. "You say: 'Why did you let the horse get into the oats?' and let me ask you *who* did let it get in? All day long,—and sometimes a day is as long as a year,—I may have swung the scythe, or I may have dropped to sleep, and before you know it the horse is in your oats. Then you skin me!"

"You ought to be more orderly."

"That's all very well to say,—'orderly.' We simply can't do it," said a tall, black-haired, middle-aged man.

"I told you to build a fence."

"Then why didn't you give us the logs?" asked a small, homely-looking peasant, who stood behind the others. "I was going to do it this summer, but you had me locked up to feed vermin for three months. I'd like to know how I could build it?"

"What does he mean?" Nekhlúdof asked the steward.

"*Der erste Dieb im Dorfe*," replied the steward in German. "He has been caught in the forest every year. You'd better learn to respect your neighbors' property," said the steward.

"Don't we show you respect enough?" asked the old man. "We don't dare to show you anything else," he added, "because we are in your power; you could twist us into rope."

"Oh, my fine fellows, we never expect to get the better of you; all we ask is that you keep yourselves to yourselves."

"You don't get the better of us? And how about your smashing my jaw last summer? Did I get any redress? You know yourself that a rich man can't be sued."

"Then why do you break the laws?"

And so this tournament of words went on at full tilt, though neither party clearly understood what they were saying, nor why they said it. It was not difficult to discern repressed wrath on one side and conscious superiority on the other. It distressed Nekhludóf to listen to all this, and he made an effort to bring them back to the matter in hand, in order to settle about prices and the dates of payment.

"Now, then, how about the land? Do you want it? And if you do, what price will you pay for the rent?"

"You have the land to let; it is for you to say what you want for it."

Nekhlúdof named a price. But as usual, although it was much lower than the prices about there, the peasants began to find fault, and tried to beat him down, saying that it was more than they could pay. He had expected that his proposal would be welcomed with delight, but if they were delighted they took good care not to show it. The only sign by which they betrayed their satisfaction was their immediate discussion of the way the land should be divided among them, whether it should be held by the whole commune, or apportioned in lots to each village.

Disputes raged fast and furious among those who proposed to exclude the shiftless laborers, and such as were not likely to pay their rent, and also certain ones whom they wanted to exclude for other seasons. The steward finally took the affair into his own hands, and then the prices and dates of payment were promptly settled. After these matters had been arranged, the peasants, still talking in their high-pitched voices, started for home, going down the hill in the direction of their villages, while Nekhlúdof went back to the office with the steward to draw up the contract.

Everything had been arranged just as the former had wished and expected it would be; his peasants were going to get their land for thirty per cent less than that paid by other peasants in the district, decreasing his own income from that estate almost by a half; still it would be enough for Nekhlúdof, especially as the proceeds from the sale of a wood-lot, and the probable sum he would get from his live-stock and machinery, would also be coming in. So everything seemed to have been satisfactorily settled; and yet Nekhlúdof couldn't escape a sense of mortification. A few of the peasants had expressed their gratitude, but most of them seemed rather dissatisfied and he felt that more had been expected of him. The amount of it was, that he had made a serious sacrifice, and yet fallen short of what the peasants had looked for.

The next day the agreement was signed, and Nekhlúdof, escorted by a deputation of elderly peasants who had come to see him off, got into the steward's stylish barouche, drawn by a *troïka*,—which the driver from the station had so elaborately described,—and bidding the peasants good-by left them, still dubiously shaking their heads in a bewildered sort of way, as if they were not quite satisfied yet, and drove to the station. He had a feeling as if he were leaving everything at loose ends. The peasants were dissatisfied with Nekhlúdof, and Nekhlúdof was dissatisfied with himself. He couldn't have told the reason why he felt so melancholy and ashamed of himself. He could only recognize the fact.

III.

From Kuzmínskoe he drove to the estate which he had inherited from his aunts, the place where he had met Katúsha.

Here also he wanted to arrange about the land as he had done in Kuzmínskoe, and moreover find out all he could concerning Katúsha and their child,—if it really was dead, and if so, how it had died. He reached Panóvo early in the morning, and the first thing that impressed him as he drove into the yard was the look of decay and dilapidation that hung over everything, and particularly the old house itself. The iron roof, which used to be green, was now reddened with rust, showing how long it was since it had had a coat of paint; several layers of its iron sheathing were bent back, evidently the work of the storm. Some of the clapboards had been wrenched off the house; the rusty nails had evidently been pulled out and the boards stripped off, wherever they could be easily reached. Both of the porches—the back porch which he had special reason to remember, and the front one—had rotted away and broken down. Nothing was left of the steps except the supports on which they had rested.

Some of the windows, where the panes of glass had been broken, were boarded up, and the little house the steward occupied, as well as the kitchen and stables, were gray and dilapidated. The garden alone had escaped the universal blight; that was more luxuriant and wilder than ever. Everything was in full bloom. All the cherry, apple, and plum trees looked like so many white clouds beyond the garden fence. The lilac-hedge was in bloom, too, just as it was twelve years ago, when Nekhludóf played *gorélki* with sixteen-year-old Katúsha and fell among the nettles. The larch, which Sófya Ivánovna had planted near the house — a slender shoot as he recalled it, — had grown into a tall tree with a trunk fit for a good solid beam; its yellowish green needles, soft and fluffy, were pricking out all over it. The river, now within its banks, was rushing noisily over the mill-dam. Herds of cattle of all sorts and kinds, belonging to the peasants, were grazing in the meadow beyond. The steward, a Seminarian, who had never finished his course in the *Seminary*,[1] met Nekhlúdof in the yard with the chronic smile peculiar to him, and invited him into the office still smiling, as if he had something pleasant to tell. He withdrew behind the partition; mysterious whispering was heard and then silence. Nekhlúdof heard his *izvóstchik* — who had been waiting for his tip — drive off, the tiny bell jingled for an instant, and again silence. A bare-footed peasant girl ran past the window. She wore an embroidered blouse, and strange cannon-shaped earrings hung from her ears. Then a peasant clattered along the well-trodden path; he was running too, as fast as his heavy hobnailed boots permitted.

Nekhlúdof sat beside the window, looking into the garden and listening. A fresh spring breeze wafted the odor of the newly turned-up soil across the window sill, all scarred with marks of the knife. It lifted the hair from his moist brow and rustled the papers that lay on the sill. He heard the swift incessant patter of the wooden paddles with which the women beat the clothes they were washing, as it came back from the glittering sunlit surface of the mill-stream, the rhythmical sound of the water rushing over the wheel, and the loud buzzing of a startled fly.

Then suddenly he remembered hearing these very sounds, years ago, when he was young and innocent, and how the spring breeze had blown the hair back from his moist brow and stirred the papers on the scarred window-sill, — just as it was doing now, — and how a startled fly had buzzed across the window in the same way, too. It was not simply remembering himself as the lad of eighteen; he actually felt the freshness, the purity, and all the aspirations of his youth; the great possibilities of the future rose before him, and yet he was like one in a dream, who knows his visions are unreal, and it made him very sad.

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[1] A school for the clergy. — TR.

"When would you like to have your meal served?" asked the steward, with a smile.

"Oh, any time; I am not hungry. I am going to the village now."

"Would you not like to go over the house? I keep everything in good order inside, though outside it does look . . . Please come in!"

"Not now. I wonder if you know of any woman here called Matréna Hárina?" (This was Katúsha's aunt.)

"Oh, yes, I know her. I can do nothing with her. She keeps an unlicensed pot-house. I know it perfectly well, and I've told her so, over and over again, and scolded her too, but I can't make up my mind to have her arrested; she is an old woman, you know, has grandchildren, and I pity her," said the steward, with his regulation smile, which seemed to say, "I should like to please you, because you're the master, but you know how it is yourself, just as well as I do."

"Where does she live? I should like to see her."

"At the end of the street, the last hut but two. There is a brick one on the left, and her hut is put behind that one. Let me show you the way," said the steward, with a cheerful smile.

"No, thank you; I can easily find it. And while I am gone will you please call a meeting of the peasants? I wish to speak to them in regard to the land," said Nekhlúdof, meaning to make the same sort of contract with these peasants as with those at Kuzmínskoe and if possible to accomplish the business that very evening.

IV.

As Nekhlúdof passed through the gate and followed the hard-trodden path across the pasture, overgrown with dock and plantain, he met the same stout-limbed, bare-footed peasant girl with the checked apron and large earrings. She was walking very fast, evidently on her way home, swinging her left arm vigorously backward and forward; with her right arm she held a red rooster pressed tightly against her stomach. The cock didn't seem to be much disturbed, though his red comb quivered and his eyes rolled from side to side, and occasionally he would thrust out one black claw and make a futile clutch at the girl's apron. As she drew near the master, her pace slackened, changing from a run to a walk.

When she was abreast of him, she paused to salute him with a quick backward jerk of the head and then walked on. As Nekhlúdof went down towards the well, he met an old woman in a dirty, unbleached linen chemise, carrying two heavy pails of water slung across her bowed shoulders. The old woman carefully set the pails on the ground, and then she too bowed to him with just the same backward jerk of the head. Just beyond the well was the beginning of the village.

It was a bright sunny day. Rising clouds now and then obscured the sun, but even at ten o'clock the heat was already excessive. A pungent and unpleasant odor of manure was borne along the street. It came partly from the carts which were rumbling over the smooth and shining hillside road, but principally from the manure heaps lately forked over in the yards, whose open gates Nekhlúdof had passed as he came along. The peasants who walked bare-footed beside the carts, their shirts and drawers smeared with manure, turned back to stare at the tall, stout master, with the gray hat and silken hat-band shining in the sun, who was walking up the village street, touching the ground at every step with a shiny, silver-headed cane. The peasants returning from the field, jogging along on their empty carts, took off their hats, and gazed with astonishment at this unusual-looking personage who was walking along their street. Women came out of their gates or stood on their porches, calling out to one another to "look" at him, and following him with their eyes as he passed by.

When Nekhlúdof reached the fourth gate, he had to wait for a cart that was just driving out of the yard. Its wheels creaked under the weight of a heavy load of manure piled high. A mat lying on the top of it served for a seat. A six-year-old boy, excited by the anticipation of a ride, followed the load. A young peasant striding along in his bast shoes was leading the horse out of the yard. A long-legged colt, of a bluish gray color, jumped out of the gate, but startled at the sight of Nekhlúdof, pressed close to the cart, and scraping his legs against the wheels slipped through ahead of the mother, who as she drew the heavy load through the gate showed her uneasiness by a faint neighing.

A bare-footed old man led the next horse. He was thin and active, with protruding shoulder-blades, and he wore striped drawers and a long, dirty shirt. When the horses reached the hard-traveled road, strewn with bits of ash-colored manure, the old man went back and saluted Nekhlúdof.

"You're our ladies' nephew, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"You're kindly welcome. And you've come to see how we're getting along?" asked the talkative old man.

"Precisely. . . . And how are you getting on?" asked Nekhlúdof, not knowing what else to say.

"We ain't getting on at all! It's a hard life," drawled the old man, as though it gave him pleasure.

"Why is it hard?" asked Nekhlúdof, entering the gate.

"You can hardly call it living," said the old man, following Nekhlúdof to the open space under the overhanging roof; here they stopped.

"I have twelve mouths to feed," continued the old man, pointing towards a couple of women who stood perspiring over the last dunghill. Their kerchiefs were awry, their skirts tucked up, their naked legs soiled with manure, and there they stood with forks in their hands, resting a moment. "Every month I have to buy six poods of meal, and how am I to pay for it?"

"Doesn't your own hold out?"

"My own?" said the old man, with a smile of contempt. "I have only land enough for three, and last fall we gathered but eight hills, which gave out before Christmas."

"What do you do, then?"

"Oh, we get along somehow. I hired one man out as a laborer, and then I borrowed a little of your Honor. We got it before Lent, and the taxes are not paid yet."

"How much do you pay?"

"We pay seventeen roubles every three months. Oh, I tell you our life is hard. Sometimes I wonder myself how we do manage."

"May I come into your hut?" asked Nekhlúdof, walking across the yard from the open space, stepping over the ill-smelling, saffron-colored heaps of manure that had been raked up here and there.

"Of course you may come in!" said the old man. Going on ahead of Nekhlúdof, with his brisk and active step, and walking on the soft manure, that oozed between his toes, he opened the door of the hut. The women straightened their kerchiefs, and letting down their skirts looked at the clean master with the gold links in his cuffs, who was entering their house.

Two little girls, with nothing on but chemises, rushed past him. Taking off his hat, and stooping low, he managed to make his way into the passage and thence into a dirty little room where most of the space was taken up by two hand looms and the air was redolent of sour food. An old woman, with her sleeves rolled up over her thin, sunburnt, and sinewy arms, stood near the oven.

"This is our master come to see us," said the old man.

"He is welcome," replied the old woman, civilly, as she pulled down her sleeves.

"I wanted to see how you lived," said Nekhlúdof.

"We live just as you see us. The hut is almost falling down; I suppose it will kill us some day. The old man says we are lucky to get it, so we ought to be as happy as kings," said the lively old woman, nervously jerking her head. "I am getting the dinner ready now, to feed our men."

"And what will you have to eat?"

"What shall we have to eat? Fine food! First course: bread and *kvas*,[1] second course, *kvas* and bread," said the old woman, with a laugh that revealed her partly decayed teeth.

"No, I am in earnest; please show me what you are going to eat to-day."

"Eat?" repeated the old man, laughing. "It'll not take long to show it. Let him look at it, old woman!"

She shook her head.

"So you want to see our peasant fare? Well, you are looking into things, I must say! You want to know everything that's to be known. Is that the sort you are? I told you we have bread and *kvas* and *stchi*[2] made out of fish; some women brought it to us last night; that's the kind of *stchi* we have; and then a few potatoes."

"Is that all you have?"

"What else *could* you have? We'll top off with milk," said the woman, glancing towards the door, with a shrewd wink.

It stood open and the passage was crowded with people, small children, little girls, women with nursing babies in their arms; all trying to get as near the door as possible, to stare at this remarkable and eccentric man, who was investigating the peasant fare. The old woman seemed to think she knew how to talk to a gentleman; she was quite proud of herself.

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[1] A beverage made of rye-bread and malt.

[2] Cabbage-soup.

"Yes, master, there's no doubt about it, we have a hard life. . . . Here, you get out of this!" shouted the old man to the women and children in the door.

"Well, good-by," said Nekhlúdof; he knew he was in an awkward position, and he was dimly conscious of a sense of mortification.

"It was good of you to come and see us, and we thank you kindly, master," said the old man.

The peasants who were still in the passageway hugged the wall to let Nekhlúdof pass out into the street. As he walked along, two bare-footed boys followed him. The older of the two wore a shirt that had been white once upon a time; and the younger boy's was pink, quite faded now, and worn.

Nekhlúdof turned his head and saw them.

"Where are you going now?" asked the boy in the white shirt.

"To Matréna Hárina's; do you know her?" inquired Nekhlúdof.

The little boy in the pink shirt began to laugh; but the older boy asked in a very serious tone of voice:

"Which Matréna do you mean? Is she an old woman?"

"Yes."

"Aha!" he drawled. "He means Seménikha! That's at the end of the village. We'll go with you. Won't we, Fédka?"

"What'll we do about the horses?"

"Oh, never mind about them!"

Fédka agreed, and the three walked up the village street together.

V.

Nekhlúdof felt more at ease with these boys than with the older folk, and he talked to them as they went along.

The younger, in the pink shirt, stopped laughing and talked as cleverly and sensibly as the older one.

"Who are the poorest families in your village?" Nekhlúdof inquired.

"Who? Michael is poor, and Simon Makárof and Marfa, she's very poor too."

"Anísya is poorer than any of them. She hasn't even got a cow. They have to beg for their living," said little Fédka.

"I know she hasn't got a cow, but she has only three to feed, and Marfa has five, counting in herself," objected the elder boy.

"Yes, but the other is a widow," said Anísya's small advocate.

"You call Anísya a widow, but Marfa is just the same as a widow. She hasn't got any husband," continued the older boy.

"Where is her husband?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Oh, feeding vermin in prison," said the older boy; he used the expression common among the peasants.

"He cut down a couple of birch trees in the forest, so they shut him up, because the forest belongs to the gentry, you know," the little boy in the pink shirt made haste to explain, adding by way of detail, "He's been there six months now, and his wife has to go begging; they have three children and an old grandmother."

"Where does she live?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Right over there; that's her home," said the boy, pointing to a hut opposite which, on the very path that Nekhlúdof was following, stood a tiny child; its hair was the color of tow, and its little legs were so bowed it could hardly balance itself on its feet.

"Váska, what's become of you, little scamp?" A woman in a dirty gray chemise that looked as if it had been rolled in ashes, rushed out in front of Nekhlúdof, seized the boy, and ran back into the hut with him. She looked as frightened as if she had expected Nekhlúdof to do the child some bodily harm. It was the woman whose husband was in jail for cutting down Nekhlúdof's birches.

"And is this Matréna poor?" asked Nekhlúdof, as they approached Matréna's hut.

"Oh, no, indeed! she isn't poor; she sells liquor," replied the slender boy in the pink shirt. His tone was most emphatic.

When they came to Matréna's hut, Nekhlúdof left the boys outside and, stepping into the entry, passed through into the hut. Matréna's hut was only six *arshines* long, and the bed which stood back of the birch oven would have been too short for a tall man to stretch out in. "I suppose that is the very bed in which Katúsha's baby was born, and where she was so ill afterwards," he thought to himself. The loom occupied most of the room. The old woman and her oldest granddaughter were getting ready to begin weaving, when Nekhlúdof, hitting his head against the lintel, came in through the low doorway. Two other grandchildren followed Nekhlúdof into the room and stopped at the door, holding on by the door-post.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the old woman; she was as cross as she could be, for her loom had been bothering her. Besides, a person who sells liquor on the sly always dreads the sight of a stranger.

"I am the landlord. I should like to speak to you."

The old woman made no reply, looking at him intently; then all at once she seemed transformed.

"Why, is that you, dear heart! And what an old fool I am! I thought it was some stranger," she said in a dulcet voice obviously artificial. "My blessed lamb!" she exclaimed.

"I would like to see you alone," said Nekhlúdof, glancing at the open door where the children were standing, and beyond them an emaciated woman with a baby in her arms. The child was smiling a sickly sort of smile; on its little head was a cloth cap made up of all sorts of queer bits.

"What do you want here? I'll give it to you! You just hand me my crutch, will you!" she shouted to those who stood in the doorway. "Come, shut that door," she added.

The children ran off, and the woman with the baby closed the door.

"Thinks I to myself, I'd like to know who that can be? And it's the master himself, my precious, my beauty, my darling! That ever he should deign to come here! My jewel!" said the old woman. "Sit here, your Excellency, here on the window seat," she said, wiping off the window-sill with her apron. "And thinks I to myself, who in the deuce is coming in here! And it's his Excellency, the master, our benefactor, our bread-winner! Forgive the old fool! She's grown blind!"

Nekhlúdof took a seat, but the old woman continued to stand in front of him. Leaning her cheek on her right hand and supporting her elbow with the left, she went on speaking in a sing-song voice.

"How your Excellency has aged! Why, you used to be as pretty as a pink; nothing like what you are now! Must be you have your cares!"

"I have come to ask you if you remember Katúsha Máslova?"

"Katerína? Of course I remember Katerína. She's my own niece. No, indeed I'm not likely to forget her, after all the tears I've shed for her. Why, I knew all about it, at the time. But where'll you look for the man who has not sinned before God, who hasn't offended the Czar! You were both young in those days; you used to come in and drink tea and coffee together and the devil got the upper hand. He's a strong one, I tell you! Then came the sin. How could you help it? But you did your part honest and fair, you gave her a hundred roubles. It wasn't as if you'd neglected her! And what did she do? She wouldn't listen to reason; if she'd minded me, it would have been all right. I got a fine place for her, but she was high and mighty with the master. Is it for the likes of us to put on airs? Of course she lost that place. Then she might have lived with the forester, but no, you couldn't do a thing with the girl! Such notions!"

"I wanted to ask you about the child. She was confined here, was she not? Can you tell me where the child is?"

"Oh, my dear master, I had to arrange everything at that time. She was very ill, and I hardly expected she'd get up again. I had the baby christened and carried it to the Foundling Asylum. Why should a little angel be left to suffer because the mother is dying? I know plenty of them just leave the baby alone, and never think of feeding it, and so it just dies; but I thought it was better to take a little care of it, and I sent it to the Foundling Asylum. We had the money to do it, so we sent it away."

"And did you get the registration number?"

"Oh, yes, we got the number, safe enough, but the baby died right away. She said she'd hardly taken it to the Asylum before it died."

"Who is *she?*"

"The woman who used to live in Skoródnoe. She carried on that kind of business. Her name was Malánya; she is dead now. She was a clever woman, and this is how she used to work it. Whenever a baby was brought to her, she'd keep it for a while and feed it; and after she'd collected three or four of the little things, you see, dearie, she'd tote them off to the Foundling Asylum. She had a big cradle, like a small double-bed; it was so broad she could put the babies in, three or four together. There was a handle attached to it. She'd put four of them heads and feet apart, so that they couldn't knock against each other, and in this way she'd carry four at the same time. She'd give them paps and so keep the darlings still!"

"Well, go on."

"Well, she took Katerína's baby, too, and I believe she kept it for two weeks. It was taken sick at her house."

"Was it a healthy child?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"A splendid baby! I don't know where you'd find a better. The image of its father," she said with a wink.

"Then why did it sicken? I suppose she starved it?"

"Yes, miserable food; just a makeshift; what you might expect; the child was none of hers. All such women care for, is to get the babies to the Asylum before they are actually dead. She said it died just as they reached Moscow. She brought back the death certificate all right. Oh, she was a bright one!"

And this was all that Nekhlúdof could find out in regard to his child.

VI.

Nekhlúdof banged his head against the lintel once more before he reached the street, where he found the boys in the pink and white shirts still waiting for him. He also noticed that several recruits had been added to the group. A few women were standing around with nursing babies in their arms, and among these he recognized the emaciated woman, who held her bloodless infant with its patchwork cap, as if it were no more than a feather's weight. There was a strange expression on its little wizened face; it looked like a smile, but Nekhlúdof knew that it was pain that caused it. Its crooked toes were in perpetual motion. He asked who the woman was.

"Why, that's Anísya, the one we told you about," said the older boy.

"How are you getting on? What supports you?" he asked her.

"How am I getting on? Oh, I have to go begging," said Anísya, and then she began to cry.

The ancient baby, ever smiling, kept wriggling its skinny, wormlike legs.

Nekhlúdof took out his pocket-book and gave the woman ten roubles. He had hardly taken as many steps, before another woman with a baby overtook him, and then an old woman, with still another behind her. All spoke of their poverty and asked him to help them. He divided sixty roubles among them, all he had with him—and hurried back to the steward's house, feeling terribly depressed.

The steward met him with a smile and told him that the peasants would assemble that evening. Nekhlúdof thanked him; he turned away from the house and went into the garden.

As he paced up and down the neglected paths, now carpeted with the petals of falling apple-blossoms, he pondered upon all that he had seen. At first the silence was unbroken, but presently the sound of voices reached Nekhlúdof's ear.

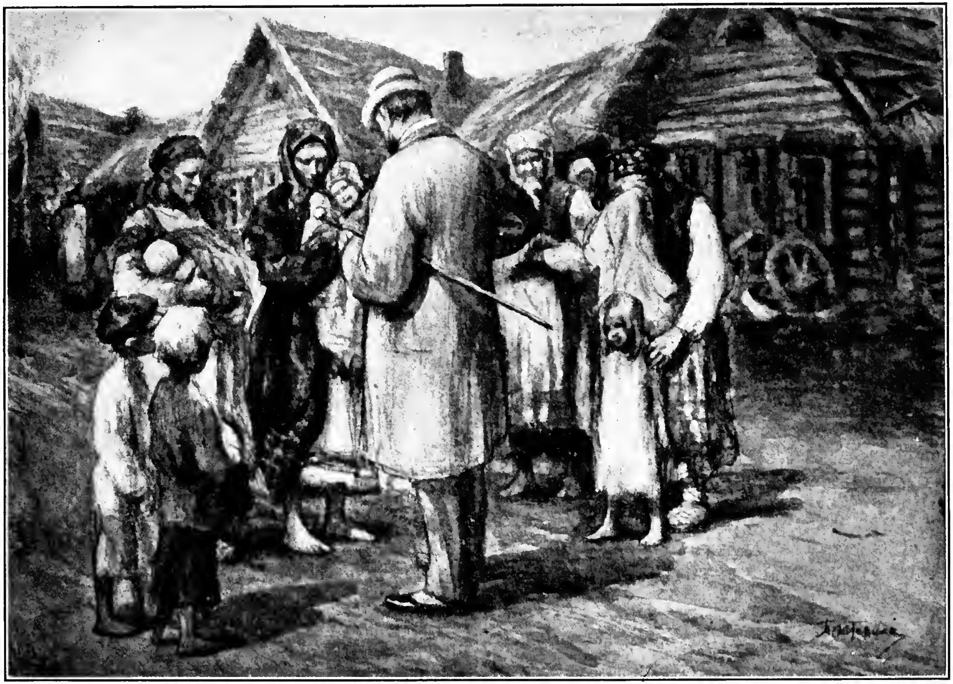
It came from the steward's house: the angry voices of two women who were talking simultaneously or interrupting each other, with the calm voice of the ever smiling steward breaking in from time to time. Nekhlúdof listened.

"I am sick of it all! I believe you'd take the very cross off my neck!" cried a woman's voice, in accents of fury.

"Why, she barely got in," said another voice. "Do give her back. It's only tormenting the poor beast and making the children go without their milk!"

"Take your choice, then. Pay the money or work out the fine!" replied the calm voice of the steward.

Nekhlúdof left the garden and walked up to the porch, where stood two disheveled women, one of whom was about to become a mother. On the steps of the porch,



“THE EMACIATED WOMAN, WHO HELD HER BLOODLESS INFANT”

with his hands in the pockets of his linen coat, stood the steward. When the women recognized the master, they stopped talking and began to rearrange their kerchiefs, while the steward drew his hands out of his pockets and began to smile.

It was the old story, the steward explained; the peasants always had, and always would, turn their calves and even their cows into the master's meadow to graze. Two cows belonging to these two women had been caught there and were now shut up. The steward demanded thirty copecks from each woman or two days' work. The women maintained, in the first place, that their cows had only strayed into the meadow by accident, and in the second place, that they hadn't a copeck in the world; finally they demanded—even if they had to promise to work out the fine later on, that their cows, which had been standing in the hot sun ever since morning without food, and were lowing piteously, should be returned to them forthwith.

"How often have I said to them pleasantly, 'If you drive your cattle home during your dinner hour, look out for them.' I've said it over and over again," repeated the smiling steward, appealing to Nekhlúdof as if he had been witness to the fact.

"I left them just for a moment to look after the little fellow, and they strayed away."

"But you shouldn't leave, when it's your business to watch the cows."

"And who's going to feed the child? Tell me that. Will you do it?" asked one of the women.

"If she'd really done much damage, I should be sorry; but she just for a minute strayed in," said the other.

"They are ruining the meadows, and if they are not fined, there won't be any hay," said the steward to Nekhlúdof.

"Well, if you're going to sin like that! My cows were never caught before!" shouted the pregnant woman.

"Well, they are caught now, and you've either got to pay the fine or work it out."

"Well, I'll work it out, then! Don't keep the cow there starving, let her go!" she exclaimed angrily. "I have no peace by night or by day. My mother-in-law is sick, my husband is always drunk. I have to do everything myself, and where the strength's coming from, I don't know! I wish the work you screw out of me would choke you!"

Nekhlúdof asked the steward to release the cows, and went back to the garden to be alone with his thoughts; but now there was nothing to think about.

At this moment everything seemed so clear to him that he could never cease wondering why others couldn't see it, too. It was true that there had been a time when he couldn't even dimly discern what he now saw so vividly. The people are dying out; and they have really become so accustomed to the perishing process, that they have unconsciously come to accept as inevitable the untimely deaths of the children, the overwork of the women, and the insufficient nourishment, particularly for the old people. And this state of affairs has been of a growth so gradual, that the peasants have not realized the full horror of it, neither have they lifted up their voices to complain. And for the same reasons we too have looked upon the situation as the normal one. But now he saw it plainly enough. It was just as the people had always said, the landowners were responsible for their poverty, — those landowners who had deprived them of the land which was their sole means of support.

Nobody could deny that infants and old people died for want of milk; the reason they had no milk was because they had no pastures for their cattle, no land for raising bread-stuffs, no hay-fields. It is perfectly plain that all the people's misery, or at least the greater part of it, arises from the fact that they do not own the land which ought to support them, this same land being in the hands of men who take advantage of their ownership to exact the utmost amount of labor from the tillers of the soil. The peasants, reduced to the depths of poverty, actually dying for want of enough land to support them, go on toiling in order that the landowners may have crops to sell in foreign lands, and buy all the hats and canes, carriages and bronzes, that their hearts desire.

If a horse is shut up in a pasture until he has eaten every blade of grass under his feet, he will sooner or later starve to death, unless he is removed to another pasture. The peasants will starve to death unless they have the use of land enough to support them. The former fact is no more patent than the latter. A terrible state of affairs, and one that must not be allowed to continue. Some means should surely be found to remedy the evil; at all events he would have nothing more to do with it. "And I shall certainly find a way out of the difficulty," he thought as he walked to and fro in the birch-walk near the house.

In Scientific Societies, government institutions, and in the newspapers we are always discussing the causes of poverty and the means for its amelioration, but we neglect the only sure remedy for the uplifting of the masses, which is to return to them the land which has been taken from them and which they so much need. Here he vividly recalled the fundamental principles of Henry George and his own former enthusiasm over them, and wondered how he could have forgotten all that. "Land ought not to be subject to private ownership any more than water, sun, or air. Every man has a common right to the land and its privileges."

Now he understood why he had felt ashamed of the business arrangement he had made at Kuzmínskoe. He had unconsciously deceived himself, though he knew that he had no right to the land; he implied that he had such a right, when he made a gift to the peasants of a certain share in land to which, in the bottom of his heart, he knew he had no right. He would not repeat here what he had done at Kuzmínskoe, and in his mind he sketched a plan for renting the land to the peasants and from the moneys received, establishing a fund which was to be used for their own benefit on condition that they pay from this fund their own taxes and other public needs. It was not the Single Tax System, but the nearest approach to it that would be practicable under existing circumstances. The main thing was that he renounced his right to hold land property for a personal benefit.

When he returned to the house, he found the steward in a cheerful frame of mind. The dinner was ready for serving, he said, but he was afraid that the food that his wife, with the help of the servant girl with the earrings, had prepared, might be overdone.

The table was covered with an unbleached cloth. An embroidered towel served for a napkin, and on the table stood an old Saxon-ware tureen with a broken handle filled with potato soup, in which floated fragments of the very same rooster whose struggles he had lately watched, chopped into small bits, still covered with feathers. The rooster in person, with his feathers thoroughly roasted, appeared in the next course, which was followed by dumplings with cream-cheese filling, lavishly sprinkled with sugar and deluged with melted butter.

This unpalatable fare seemed to make no impression whatever upon Nekhlúdof. He was completely absorbed in certain thoughts which had already dispelled the melancholy created by his visit to the village. The steward's wife now and then looked in at the door and watched the frightened maid, with the rings in her ears, carry in the dishes, while the steward himself, proud of his wife's skill, grinned from ear to ear.

After dinner, having insisted that the steward should take a seat, Nekhlúdof began to unfold his plans in regard to the peasants. This he did partly for the purpose of verifying the thoughts that absorbed him and partly to discover the impression that his scheme would make on another mind. When he asked the steward what he thought of endowing the peasants with land, the latter pretended that the very same idea had been in his own mind and he was delighted to hear it expressed. But the truth of the matter was that he had not the vaguest idea what Nekhlúdof was talking about; and this was not because the language of the latter was obscure, but the idea of any man giving up his own personal gain for the benefit of others was absolutely inconceivable to one whose maxim had always been to benefit himself by injuring other men. Therefore he took it for granted that he must have misunderstood Nekhlúdof when he told him that all the income from the estate was to form the common capital of the peasants.

"And the income from this capital belongs to you?" he asked. "Is that what you mean?"

"Of course not. Don't you understand that I am giving the land away?"

"Then you will have no income at all?" asked the steward, and the smile vanished from his face.

"Certainly not, I am renouncing it."

The steward heaved a sigh, but recollecting himself he began to smile again. It was plainly to be seen that Nekhlúdof's mind was affected, and the man began to turn over in his own mind some scheme by which he could himself make use of this land that was to be given away; but when he realized that no such plan was practicable, he felt aggrieved, lost his interest in the affair, and only smiled vaguely to please his master. When Nekhlúdof realized that his steward did not understand his plan, he simply dismissed him, and taking a seat before the scarred and ink-stained table began to sketch his project on paper.

The sun had barely set behind the newly budded lime trees, and the mosquitoes swarmed into the room and stung him. When he finished his writing, he heard the lowing of the cattle, the creaking of the opening gates, and the voices of the peasants as they assembled for the meeting. He told the steward not to call the peasants to the office. He had decided to go to the village and meet them where they were gathering. After hurriedly swallowing a tumbler of tea offered him by the steward, he started to walk towards the village.

RESURRECTION

VOLUME II.

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RESURRECTION.

BOOK II.—Continued

VII.

As Nekhlúdof drew near the Stárosta's house in front of which the peasants had assembled, the noisy talk died down, and one man after another took off his cap, just as those at Kuzmínskoe had done. These men, however, looked far more wretched. The girls and the married women wore earrings in their ears. Most of the men wore bark shoes and kaftans, but some were bare-footed, and wore shirts,—just as they had come from their work. Nekhlúdof after a struggle with himself began to speak; and declared that he meant to give them the land. They remained silent and the expression of their faces never changed.

"My reason for doing this," said Nekhlúdof, and his cheeks flushed as he spoke, "is because I believe that every man has a right to use the land for himself."

"That is true. That's a fact," exclaimed one voice after another from the crowd.

Nekhlúdof went on to tell them now that the income from the land ought to be distributed equally, and he proposed that the peasants should take the land and pay a certain rent, upon which they themselves were to agree, into the common capital, which was also to be under their own control. In spite, however, of occasional exclamations of approval and agreement, the faces of the peasants grew more and more stern and the eyes which had been fixed on those of the master were now averted, as if to spare him the knowledge that his double dealing had been found out. Nobody could be cheated by such talk as that.

Nekhlúdof had spoken plainly enough, and his listeners were fairly intelligent men; but the very same reason that had influenced his steward when he first heard his master express his intentions on the land question now prevailed with the peasants. They certainly believed that every man naturally seeks his own advantage. Had they not for several generations seen the landed proprietors always seeking their own profit to the disadvantage of the peasants? Therefore, when the proprietor calls them together and makes this strange offer, it can only be for the purpose of getting the better of them in some new fashion. When Nekhlúdof asked, "How much rent do you feel able to pay?" a voice from the crowd called out, "Why should we pay rent? We can't do that; the land belongs to you and so does the authority."

"But you will use the money for your own benefit."

"We never could do that. This is a different thing from a commune."

"But listen," said the smiling steward who had followed Nekhlúdof, hoping to make the business clear to them, "the Prince is giving you the land in return for money which will be added to your capital and this is to be used by the communal society."

"Oh, we understand all right," answered a toothless, cross-grained old man who never raised his eyes. "It is just like putting money in a bank, but we must always pay at a given time, and we don't like that. We are hard up enough already. This plan would ruin us entirely."

"It isn't a practical plan." "Let things stay as they are," cried several rude voices from the discontented crowd.

When Nekhlúdof went on to speak of the contract which he himself would sign, and expected them to sign also, their opposition grew more and more determined.

"What is the use of signing? We've always worked, and we shall go on working. What's the good of all this talk? We are just ignorant peasants. We can't agree because we don't understand this queer business. Let things alone!"

"It might be better if we didn't have to furnish the seeds," suggested a voice from the crowd.

Seeds for the sowing had always been provided by the peasants, and this was a request to the landowner himself.

"Then you refuse to take the land. Is that what you mean?" said Nekhlúdof, turning to a middle-aged, barefooted peasant, a cheerful-looking man in a torn kaftan, who was holding his ragged cap in his left hand, just like a soldier who takes off his cap by command.

"Yes, sir," replied the ex-soldier, still under the hypnotic influences of a soldier's training.

"Then you have all the land you want?"

"Oh, no, sir. I don't mean that," answered the peasant who had once served in the army, still holding his torn cap in front of him as if he were offering it to the passer-by, grinning all the while.

Nekhlúdof, unable to realize the state of things, again repeated his offer, adding, "Would it not be better for you to think this matter over?"

"There's nothing in it to think over. We hold by what we've said," said the toothless old man, in his stern voice.

"Very well," replied Nekhlúdof; "I shall be here all day to-morrow, and you can let me know if you change your mind."

To this the peasants made no reply, and Nekhlúdof returned to his office.

"If you will permit me to say so, Prince," said the steward, "you will never come to terms with your peasants; they are an obstinate set of men, and whenever they assemble in a meeting, they grow more and more stubborn. They mistrust everybody, and yet there are very clever men among them. Take for example that gray-haired man, or the one with the dark complexion who objected to everything. They are both men of intelligence. Whenever one of them comes to the office and I ask him to take a seat and offer him a glass of tea," the smiling steward went on, "we talk about matters in general, and you'd be surprised to hear them, they are so wise and discuss questions almost like statesmen. But let those same men come to a meeting and it is the same old story."

"Then why not ask a few of the more intelligent ones to come to the office?" said Nekhlúdof. "I could easily explain the details to them more at length."

"Yes, that would be an excellent plan," answered the smiling steward.

"Then please ask them to come to-morrow," said Nekhlúdof.

"Very well," said the steward, still more cheerfully. "I will do so. I will send them word to come here to-morrow."

"There's a shrewd man for you!" exclaimed one swarthy peasant to another, as he swayed to and fro on his well-fed mare beside his lean old friend, who wore a ragged kaftan and was riding near him, clanking his iron hobbles. Both men were on their way to pasture their horses on the highway for the night, and if they got a good chance let them loose in their landlord's woods.

"'I'll let you have the land free if you'll only sign!' They have made fools of us long enough. In these days we know a thing or two ourselves."

He turned around to call the colt that had strayed away. Stopping his horse and looking behind, he shouted:

"Here, you colt, where are you?" But no colt was to be seen. He had evidently strayed into the landlord's meadows. With a loud neighing the young colt came galloping up from the damp, sweet-smelling meadows.

"Ah," exclaimed the shaggy-bearded peasant, "he has caught the trick of grazing in his master's meadows."

"Just look at the meadows. They need a good weeding. We shall have to send the women out to weed them some holiday," said the peasant in the ragged kaftan, "else we shall spoil our scythes."

"He tells us to sign," the shaggy-haired peasant went on with his criticism of his master's address, "but if you were to sign, he'd swallow you alive."

"That's a fact," replied the old man. They said no more, and the only sound to be heard was the thud of the horses' feet on the hard road.

VIII.

When he entered the house, Nekhlúdof found in the office a high bedstead upon which a down bed and two pillows had been arranged. Over these was spread a quilted counterpane of crimson silk, a marvel of needlework, a loan no doubt from the trousseau of the steward's wife. The steward offered Nekhlúdof what was left from the dinner, and when the latter declined he apologized for the slender fare and uncomfortable quarters and departed, leaving Nekhlúdof to himself.

The peasants' refusal had not disturbed him in the least. On the contrary he felt uncommonly peaceful and happy. It was true that the offer he made at Kuzmínskoe had been accepted with many thanks, while here all the peasants disturbed and opposed him,—and yet he felt calm and peaceful.

The office was dirty and the atmosphere close. Nekhlúdof went into the yard and was just about going into the garden, when the memory of a certain night, the window in the maids' room, and the back porch, held him back.

He could not endure the idea of strolling through places polluted by guilty recollections. He returned to his seat on the porch and sat there for a long time inhaling the warm air heavy with the penetrating fragrance of young birch leaves; peering into the dim garden, listening to the mill wheel and to the singing of the nightingales, while another strange bird whistled monotonously in a bush close to the porch.

The lights in the steward's quarters were extinguished. Beyond the barn, towards the east, the first beams of the rising moon shone forth; from time to time the distant flashes of sheet lightning illumined the deserted garden and the dilapidated house. Thunder echoed in the distance; quite a third of the visible sky was shrouded by a black cloud. The nightingales and all other birds were silent; the cackling of geese sounded above the din of the water-mill, and the village cocks began to call to their friends in the steward's barnyard. Cocks always begin to crow earlier when the nights are hot and a storm is brewing.

There is an old saying that cocks crow early when the night is to be a gay one. For Nekhlúdof this particular night was far better than the gayest that he ever had. For him it was a night of peace and joy. His imagination re-created for him the impressions of the happy summer he spent in this place when he was young and innocent, and he felt himself now to be, not only as innocent as he was then, but as he always had been in the better moments of his life. He not only recalled those early days, but he actually felt the same emotion which had caused him, then a lad of fourteen, to pray that God would reveal the truth to him, and long before that time, when as a child he had wept on his mother's knees, when he bade her good-by and promised always to be a good boy and never give her cause for grief. In these hours of the happy night he also relived the days he had spent with Nikólenka Irténef, when they determined to help each other to lead virtuous lives and try to make everybody happy.

He now recalled the time when at Kuzmínskoe he had been tempted to regret the estate, and all its accessories, the house, and the forest, and he asked himself, "Am I the same man?" It seemed so strange to him that he ever could have regretted. He recalled everything he had seen on that day: the woman with the children, whose husband had been sent to jail for cutting down trees in the forest, and that horrible Matréna who thought, or said she thought, the best thing for women of their class was to become the mistresses of gentlemen. He recollected the way she had dealt with the children, hurrying them off to the Foundling Asylum, and especially that poor little child in the skull-cap perishing for want of food and yet with a smile on its lips. He remembered the creature who was about to become a mother, who, because she was so overburdened with all her cares, had let her cow stray into his meadow land and now had to pay the penalty by working for him; and then the prison scene arose before his eyes, the shaven heads, the cells, the foul atmosphere, the chains, and face to face with all these horrors, the idiotic luxury of his own life and the lives of other men of his class.

The bright moon, now nearly full, rose from behind the barn and dark shadows fell across the yard, and the iron roof of the crumbling house glistened. The nightingale, reluctant to miss the moonlight, began piping and trilling in the garden.

Nekhlúdof, remembering how puzzling the questions were which used to absorb him at Kuzmínskoe, and his difficulties when he tried to reach a satisfactory solution, was surprised to find these same questions now so perfectly simple. They were easy now, because he had ceased to think of himself or of his future life so far as his personal loss or gain was concerned. He had never succeeded in finding out what he needed for himself, but he saw plainly enough what he must do for others. He knew beyond all doubt that the land must be given to the peasants because it would be wrong to keep it. He knew that he ought never to have left Katúsha. In expiation of his own guilt, he must now help her to the best of his ability. He knew that he must set about studying the legal proceedings in the courts and the system of punishment, which had never seemed to him as they seemed to other men. He had no idea what the result would be, but he knew exactly what he himself must do, and this firm conviction filled his heart with joy.

The black cloud had grown till the whole sky was overspread, and the sheet-lightning had been followed by forked lightning that illumined the whole yard and outlined the dilapidated house with its crumbling porches, Thunder sounded directly overhead. The birds grew silent but the leaves began to rustle, and the breeze lifted Nekhlúdof's hair where he sat on the porch. Presently drops of rain began to fall, drumming on the dock leaves and on the iron roof. One brilliant flash and then all was still, but before Nekhlúdof had time to count three, a terrific crash sounded just above his head, and went rolling along the sky. Then he rose and went into the house.

"Yes, yes," he thought to himself, "all this work we do in the world that seems so vital to us, has a meaning that I can never grasp. It is not, nor can it be, clear to me. Why did I have aunts? Why did Nikólenka Irténef die, and why do I go on living? Why should there have been a Katúsha and my own madness? Why was that war? And my reckless life afterwards? To comprehend these things and the whole purpose of the Master is beyond me, but to do His will, that is inscribed on my own conscience, I can have no doubt in the world about that. When I obey His commands, my soul is at peace."

Now the rain came down in streams, and dashing from roof and windows fell into the tub beneath almost like a tumultuous brook. The lightning had diminished. Nekhlúdof went back to his room, undressed, and crept into bed, not without the dread of the bugs whose presence was betrayed by the soiled and ragged bits of wall-paper stripped from the wall.

"Yes, to realize the fact that one is no longer a master, but a servant," he said to himself, and rejoiced in the thought.

No sooner had he put out the light than his fears were realized, the vermin began to crawl and to bite.

"To give up the land, to go to Siberia, to endure the fleas, the bugs, and the filth. . . . Well, does that matter? I can bear all that." But in spite of his exalted mood, he really could not bear it and he rose and seated himself beside the window, where he watched the receding clouds and the moon again peeping forth.

IX.

It was almost daybreak before Nekhlúdof fell asleep, hence it was late the next day before he woke.

At noon the seven men who had been chosen from the crowd of peasants and summoned by the steward, assembled in the orchard under the apple trees, where the steward had arranged the table and benches, which were supported by light posts driven into the ground. It was a long time before the peasants could be persuaded to take off their caps and be seated.

The former soldier in his clean bast shoes and legs bound in leg-rags was more persistent than ever about holding his ragged cap, as soldiers always do at funerals. But when one among them, a venerable-looking, portly old man, the ringlets of whose iron-gray beard reminded one of Michael Angelo's Moses and whose thick gray hair waved over his sunburnt, cinnamon-colored brow, wrapping himself in his home-made kaftan climbed over the bench and sat down upon it, the others followed his example. When the last man was seated, Nekhlúdof took a seat facing them; leaning on his elbows and stooping over his paper, he began to explain to them the substance of what he had written.

It may have been because the listeners were few, or what is more likely because Nekhlúdof was absorbed in the business at hand and had forgotten himself, that he felt so perfectly at ease. Involuntarily he turned towards the portly old man with the flowing gray beard as if depending on him for approval or disapproval. But Nekhlúdof was mistaken in the man. It is true that this fine-looking patriarch nodded his head or shook it, frowning when some of the others retorted, yet it was evidently not easy for him to understand what Nekhlúdof was talking about, even after the other peasants had explained it to him each in his own fashion. A small man, beardless, and blind in one eye, who sat next to the patriarch, was far more intelligent. He wore a patched cotton waist-coat and old boots worn down on one side. Nekhlúdof afterwards learned that he was a builder of chimneys and ovens. In his efforts to hear every word he kept his eyebrows in perpetual motion, and repeated to the others all that Nekhlúdof said, in terms of his own, of course. A short, thick-set old man with a white beard and bright intelligent eyes understood quite well. He lost no chance for flinging satirical remarks at the speaker, being evidently rather proud of his skill. The ex-soldier would have been clever enough to understand if his military life had not stupefied him. But the man who was really most earnest was a tall peasant with a long nose and a short beard. He wore a suit of neat homemade clothes and new bast shoes. He comprehended everything, but only opened his lips to speak when it was really necessary. Two more old men, one of whom was the toothless individual who had yesterday shouted a distinct refusal to every offer which Nekhlúdof had made, and the other with the kindly face, tall, pallid, and crippled, whose thin legs were tightly bound in leg-rags, listened attentively, but never uttered a word.

First of all, Nekhlúdof explained his ideas on the subject of the landed property. "I maintain that the land should neither be bought nor sold, because if it were to be sold those men who have the money would be the ones to buy it and then they would ask whatever rent they chose for the use of it. They will take money for the privilege of using that land," said Nekhlúdof.

"True for you," said the long-nosed man, in a deep bass voice.

"That's so," said the ex-soldier.

"A woman just gathers a few blades for her cow, and she is caught and carried to jail," remarked the lame old man with the good-natured face.

"Our land is some five versts from here, but none of us can afford to hire any that is nearer. They have raised the price so that we couldn't make it pay," exclaimed the toothless old man.

"They twist us into ropes. Manorial labor wasn't so bad as this," said the angry man.

"That is what I think myself," said Nekhlúdof. "I consider it a sin to own land for this reason. I want to give it away."

"Well, that would be a good thing," said the old man with a curly beard, evidently understanding that Nekhlúdof meant to let the land.

"That is why I have come here; I do not wish to own land any longer. But of course we must talk the matter over and decide on the best way to manage it."

"Why, just give it to the peasants, that's all you have to do," said the cross man who had no teeth.

Nekhlúdof hesitated for a moment. He felt that those words implied a suspicion of his sincerity. But he quickly recovered himself and took advantage of this remark to express what he wished to say.

"I should be glad to do that," he said, "but to whom should I give it and how? To what peasants? Why should I give it to you rather than to the Demínsk peasants?"

Demínskoe was the next village, with a population of paupers. No one spoke except the ex-soldier, who exclaimed, "Just so!"

"Now tell me," said Nekhlúdof, "if you were going to distribute the land among the peasants, how would you set about it?"

"Why, we should divide it equally, of course," said the builder of chimneys and ovens, raising and lowering his eyebrows.

"What else could we do? We ought to share equally, I should say," exclaimed the good-natured man in the white leg-rags.

Everybody approved of this arrangement as the most satisfactory one.

"What do you mean by an equal division? Would that include the house-serfs?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Oh, no, sir," said the ex-soldier, trying to look cheerful. But the tall, serious peasant did not agree with him.

"If we are going to divide it," he said in his deep bass voice, "everybody ought to have a share."

"No," replied Nekhlúdof, who had thought of this objection as one likely to occur to the peasants. "That could never be done. If we were to divide the land in equal parts, those who have never tilled the soil would sell their shares to the rich men, and the rich will again have the land, while those who live by working their own lots will naturally increase and for them there will be no land left,—and so the rich men will again control those who need land."

"Yes, sir," the ex-soldier made haste to confirm this statement.

"There ought to be a law forbidding the sale of land to any man who refuses to plow it," cried the chimney-builder, angrily interrupting the ex-soldier.

To this Nekhlúdof replied by asking how any looker-on could be sure that the plowman was the owner of the land he was plowing.

Here the tall, thoughtful-looking peasant suggested a partnership arrangement, the land to be divided among the men who did the plowing. "Then unless a man plows, he gets no land," he said in his imperative bass voice.

Nekhlúdof was not unprepared for this communistic project. His arguments were ready. He said that every horse and every farming tool must be of equal value, and the entire property must be held in common,—and to make a scheme of that kind a real success, the owners must be of one mind.

"You will never make our people agree," cried the angry old man.

"There will be a constant fight going on," said the old man with the white beard and laughing eyes.

"Then there is the most important thing of all," said Nekhlúdof, "the division of the land according to its quality. Why should one man have rich soil and his neighbor sandy soil?"

"It ought to be divided so that every man will get some poor soil and some good soil," said the chimney-builder.

To this Nekhlúdof answered that the problem was not confined to one community but concerned the different "Governments" of Russia among which an equitable division of land must be made. If land were to be given away to the peasants, some would have good lots and others bad ones. Every man would naturally want to get the good land.

"Yes, sir," said the ex-soldier.

The others said nothing.

"So you see this is not the simple matter it may have seemed," said Nekhlúdof. "Many a man has puzzled over this problem before now. There is an American, Henry George, who has proposed a plan that seems to me a satisfactory one. It agrees with my own ideas."

"But you are the master anyhow, so what do you care what other men say? All you have to do is to give us the land, nobody can hinder you," said the cross old man.

Nekhlúdof was vexed by this interruption, but it pleased him to see that others among his listeners shared his annoyance.

"Wait a moment, Uncle Simon, let him tell us about it," said the intelligent peasant, in that deep voice of his.

Thus encouraged, Nekhlúdof went on to expound to them Henry George's theory of the Single Tax. "The land belongs to the Lord," he said.

"That's so." "That's true," echoed the listeners.

The land is common property. One man has as good a right to it as another. But since the soil is both good and bad, and every man wants the good soil, how shall it be equalized? Shall the man who owns the good land pay to those who own none at all as much money as his own land would bring? Nekhlúdof went on to answer his own question: As it is not easy to tell who should pay and who should be paid, and as money must be collected for the public expenses, it ought to be so arranged that every man who owns land should pay into the public fund as much money as his land is worth. Then would everybody share alike. If you wish to own good land you must pay more for it than poor land would cost. But if a man did not care to own land he would have nothing to pay. The taxes and the other public expenses would be paid for by the landowners.

"That's just so. He who has better land should pay more," said the chimney-builder, working his eyebrows.

"He must have been a clever fellow, that man George," said the portly old man with the curly hair.

"If we can only afford to pay the price," said the tall man with the bass voice, who evidently foresaw the climax.

"The payments must be neither too high nor too low, for if they were too high they might not be paid, and if they were too low, everybody would want to buy his neighbor's land, and it would end in a land speculation, and now you understand what it is that I wish you to do."

"That's all right," said the peasants.

"That George was a mighty clever man," said the portly man with the curly hair; "he invented a good thing."

"How would it be in case I wanted to get some land?" asked the steward, smiling as he spoke.

"If there were a parcel to spare, you might take possession and cultivate it," said Nekhlúdof.

"What do *you* want of land? You are well fed as it is," said the old man with the laughing eyes.

Whereupon the conference came to an end.

Nekhlúdof again repeated his offer, but he had ceased to expect an immediate answer. He advised them to talk things over with the villagers and then to come back and give him their answer. The peasants replied that they would do so, and departed in an excited state of mind. It was a long time before the sound of their voices died away in the distance. Indeed, they were still talking late into the night, as was evident from the echoes which the wind brought up from the banks of the river.

The following day was spent by the peasants in discussing their master's offer. The village was divided between two parties, one of which was in favor of accepting an offer which seemed advantageous and could surely do them no harm. The other party was by no means sure. It could not understand, and therefore suspected a trick. This consultation lasted two days, and on the third day they all agreed to accept the proposal with its accompanying conditions, and came to Nekhlúdof to announce the decision of the commune. It seems that the men had been much impressed by the opinion of an aged woman who was sure that the master had begun to be anxious about his soul and was doing this in order to save it.

Therefore he could not be trying to cheat the peasants. This explanation was furthermore confirmed by the generous alms which Nekhlúdof had distributed while he stayed at Panóvo. His alms, however, resulted from the fact that for the first time in his life he found himself face to face with the extreme poverty of the peasants, that he was appalled by it, and though he realized that it was unwise, he couldn't help giving them money. Just then he chanced to have a large sum on hand, the receipts from the forest in Kuzmínskoe he had sold the year before, and also certain smaller sums that had been paid in for farming implements.

No sooner had the report spread that the master was giving money to any one who asked for it, than crowds—chiefly women—began to come in from all the neighboring villages, begging for help. He was utterly at a loss to know how to deal with them. What was there to guide him in his distribution of alms? To whom ought he to give, and how much? They were evidently suffering, and he hadn't the heart to refuse the poor creatures when his own purse was running over. At the same time there was no sense to give in a haphazard way to those who asked.

During his last day at Panóvo he went into the house and busied himself rummaging in the cupboards and drawers, where among other things he found numerous letters in the lower drawer of his aunts' old mahogany *chiffonier*, with its bulging front and its brown rings in lions' heads. Among the letters there was a photograph,—Sóphya Ivánovna, Katerína Ivánovna, himself as a student, and Katúsha, then so innocent, so joyous, so fair to look upon,—all in one group. From all the objects in the house Nekhlúdof selected the letters and this photograph. Everything else he left for the miller, who had on the recommendation of the smiling steward bought the house and furniture for a sum far below its real value. Recalling his sense of regret at the loss of his estate at Kuzmínskoe, Nekhlúdof could not imagine why he had

had such a feeling. His heart bounded with the sense of freedom and novelty of a traveler when he discovers a new country.

X.

It was already nightfall when Nekhlúdof reached the city; it made an extremely strange impression upon him as he drove from the station through the lighted streets to his house. Here the rooms smelled of naphtha and he found Agraphéna Petróvna and Kornéy, cross and tired to death, quarreling over the garments whose sole use in life was to be brought out and aired and then put away again. His own room was not ready for him. In fact it was so cluttered by the boxes which had been piled up in it, that it was absolutely difficult to get into it. It was evident that his unexpected arrival interfered with the usual work. The contrast between the abject poverty in the village and this stupid waste in which he himself was once an agent was so unpleasant that he decided the next day to move to a hotel, leaving Agraphéna Petróvna to manage matters after her fashion, until his sister, who was to make the final disposition of everything in the house, should arrive.

Nekhlúdof left the house early the next morning. He found modest rooms in a modest establishment not far from the prison. Here he rented a suite of two rather dirty rooms, and after superintending the transfer of certain things which had been set aside in the house, he went in pursuit of his lawyer.

It was cold out of doors After the spring rains and the thunderstorm a cold spell had set in. It was so chilly and the wind was so piercing that Nekhlúdof shivered in his thin overcoat and walked faster, hoping to get warm. He thought of the village folks, the women and children and the old man whose misery he had so lately realized, the shriveled smiling baby, with its writhing legs, and could not refrain from comparing them with the citizens of the town. As he passed the meat and fish shops, and the shops where ready-made clothing was sold, he was struck by the prosperous look of the well-fed, neatly dressed shopkeepers. Nothing like that could be found in the country. These men all seemed satisfied that their success in cheating those who knew nothing about the quality of their wares was not a useless, but rather a very important business.

The coachmen in their padded kaftans with buttons down their backs looked just as well fed, and so did the porters in their braided caps and the chambermaids with their crimps and their aprons, and above all the fast *izvóstchiks* with cropped hair, and impudent and insulting glances at the foot passengers while they lolled back on the box. Nekhlúdof could not help seeing the same peasant folk driven from home to the city by the need of land he had seen in the country. Some had accommodated themselves to city life and making the most of their opportunities became something like their masters, and were pleased with their positions; others had fallen into conditions even worse than those that they had known in the country and had become even more pitiable. The shoemakers that he saw working at basement windows seemed to belong to the latter class, and also the pale, disheveled washwomen, their sleeves rolled above the elbows of their thin arms, ironing in front of an open window from which a soapy steam poured in clouds. He noticed two stockingless house-painters; their bare feet were thrust into slippers, and they wore long aprons bespattered with paint from top to bottom. Their sleeves were pushed above their lean, brown arms which showed their swelling veins, and each man carried a pail of paint. Their faces looked haggard and ill-tempered, and they quarreled incessantly. The same expression was to be seen on the faces of the teamsters jolting along in their carts. The ragged men and women who stood at street corners with children clinging to them, and begged for alms, had the same forlorn look, and so did the few faces of which Nekhlúdof caught sight in the open windows of an eating-house he happened to pass. At the dirty tables littered with bottles and tea-service, among which waiters dressed in white passed to and fro, sat perspiring, red-faced men with a dull look in their eyes, singing and shouting aloud. Near one window sat a man with uplifted eyebrows, pouting lips, and a fixed stare as if he were struggling to remember something.

"I wonder why they have all gathered here," thought Nekhlúdof, as he unconsciously inhaled with the dust which the cold wind drove in his face, the prevailing odor of fresh paint and rancid butter.

In one of the streets he came across a procession of teamsters carting iron, which made such a terrific din on the uneven pavement that his head and eyes began to ache. He was hurrying along to get beyond the carts, when suddenly he heard a voice calling to him. He stopped and saw a few steps ahead of him an officer with a sharp-pointed waxed mustache and a smooth, shining countenance, who was waving his hand to him from the smart *droshky* in which he sat, smiling in a friendly way and revealing a row of particularly white teeth.

"Is that you, Nekhlúdof?"

Nekhlúdof's first impulse was to rejoice. "Oh, Schoenbock!" he exclaimed.

In less than a second, he realized that this was not an occasion for special rejoicing. It was the same Schoenbock who used to visit his aunts. Nekhlúdof had not met the man for some time. Rumor had reached his ears, however, to the effect that he was heavily in debt and had been compelled to leave his regiment, but he still remained in the cavalry and frequented the society of the wealthy upper class. His beaming countenance would seem to corroborate this report.

"So glad I saw you. There is not a soul in town that I know. But you have grown gray and old, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, as he got out of his conveyance and straightened his shoulders. "I knew you by your gait. Why can't we dine together? Is there any place where we can find a good dinner?"

"I am afraid I could not appoint an hour," said Nekhlúdof, who was absorbed in devising some way of escape that would not be offensive to his former comrade. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Business, my dear fellow, business; a certain guardianship affair. I am the manager of Samánof's business affairs. Do you know him? You must have heard of him. He is enormously rich, but his brain has gone wrong. Imagine owning 54,000 dessiatins of land!" he exclaimed emphatically, with as much pride as if he himself had won all that land. "His affairs were in a very bad way. The entire estate was in the hands of the peasants, and they tilled the soil and paid no rent. They owed him 80,000 roubles, fancy that! But in one year I made a big change, and increased the revenue 70 per cent. What do you say to that? Eh?" he added proudly.

Nekhlúdof now remembered having heard that this very Schoenbock who had squandered his own money had through private influence been appointed guardian of the property of a rich old man who was squandering his estate. There could be no doubt that the guardian was doing a thriving business. "How can I get rid of this man without offending him, I wonder?" he thought, as he looked at the plump visage with its pomaded mustache and listened to his friendly talk about eating-houses and managing trusts.

"Now then, let's talk about our dinner. Where shall we go?"

Nekhlúdof took out his watch. "I am really too busy," he said.

"Well, then, you'll go to the races with me this evening."

"No, I can't do that either."

"Oh, please do. I have no horses of my own these days, but I always bet on Gríshin's horses. You remember him. He has a fine stud. If you only come, we'll take supper together."

"No, I couldn't take supper with you," said Nekhlúdof, smiling.

"Oh, that's too bad. Where are you going now? Jump in and let me take you."

"I'm only going to see a lawyer who lives but a short distance from here," said Nekhlúdof.

"Oh, I remember now. You are interested in the prison. Have you become a pleading lawyer for prisoners? The Korchágins told me something about that," said Schoenbock, laughing. "They've already gone out of town. Do tell me all about it."

"Yes, everything you have heard is quite true," replied Nekhlúdof, "but I can't talk about such things in the street."

"Oh, I know, you always were eccentric. Once more, will you come to the races?"

"No, I won't," exclaimed Nekhlúdof, "but please don't mind."

"Mind? Why should I mind? But where are you stopping?" he asked, and all at once his face grew serious, his eyes fixed themselves as if he saw some object invisible to others, his eyebrows were uplifted. He seemed to be trying to recall the address, and Nekhlúdof recognized the very same expression he had seen on the face of the man with his pouting lips at the restaurant window.

"My! but it's cold here, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, it is."

Schoenbock turned to the driver. "You have the parcels safe?" he asked. "Well, then, I'll say good-by. I'm awfully glad to have met you, old fellow," he exclaimed, and after gripping Nekhlúdof's hand he jumped into the seat, looking back to wave his gloved hand, and smiled the stereotyped smile that revealed his snow-white teeth.

"Is it possible that I could ever have been a man like that?" thought Nekhlúdof. "Perhaps not quite like that, but I wished to be like him. It doesn't seem now as if I could have dreamed of spending my life in that fashion."

XI.

The lawyer admitted Nekhlúdof before his turn came, and began at once to discuss the Menshóf case, an account of which he had been reading and which excited his wrath by its groundless accusations.

"It's a crying shame," he said. "Very likely the fire was started by the owner himself to get his insurance money, but the trouble is that we've no evidence against the Menshófs that was conclusive. In fact there was no evidence at all. This was due to the extreme zeal of the examining magistrate and the indifference of the Assistant Prosecutor. If the case were to be tried here instead of in the Provincial Court, I will guarantee an acquittal and ask for no fee. Now as to this other matter;—the petition of Fedósya Birukóva to the Emperor is ready. If you are going to Petersburg you must take it with you, present it in person, and ask for its consideration. Otherwise they will simply make an inquiry and nothing will come of it. You must try to reach those who are influential in the Court of Appeals. Well, is there anything more?"

"Yes, I received a letter——"

"Oh, I see, you have become a sort of spout into which the prison complaints are poured," said the lawyer, with a smile. "Sooner or later it will be too much of a burden for you."

"But this is really an astounding case," said Nekhlúdof.

He briefly summarized the main points of the case. An intelligent peasant had been reading and explaining the Gospel to his friends in the village. The clergy regarded this act as a crime, and the man had been denounced. He was examined by the magistrate, the Public Prosecutor drew up an act, and the Court committed him for trial. "I call that a terrible state of things," said Nekhlúdof. "Do you think it can be true?"

"What is it that surprises you?" asked the lawyer.

"Everything. I can understand how the rural policeman who is under orders might do it, but the Prosecutor who wrote out the accusation is an educated man ——"

"But this is just where we make our mistake. We are in the habit of thinking that our prosecutors and judges are Liberals. Once upon a time it was the case, but it is quite different in these days. They are simply officials whose chief interest is the twentieth day of every month, when their salaries are due. These salaries they would be glad to see increased. Their principles amount to nothing. They are ready to accuse, try, and sentence whomsoever you like."

"Are there really laws now in existence, that permit them to exile a man for reading the Gospel to his fellowmen?"

"Not only may a man be sent to places 'not too remote,' but even condemned to hard labor in Siberia, if it be proved that he has been expounding the Gospel, not according to the orders of the Church, but according to his own ideas. To blame the Orthodox religion in the presence of the people and according to Statute, is to be punished by penal servitude."

"Impossible! I can't believe it."

"But it is the truth that I am telling you. I always say to the gentlemen who belong to the law courts," continued the lawyer, "that I never look at them without a sense of gratitude. We should all be in prison if they didn't protect us. It is such an easy matter to take away a man's special privileges and send him to 'parts not too remote.'"

"But if everything depends on the arbitrary will of a Prosecutor, what's the use in having tribunals at all?" asked Nekhlúdof.

The lawyer laughed merrily. "What questions you do ask! That is philosophy, my dear friend. There is no reason why we should not discuss philosophy. You must come to our Saturdays. I think you know my wife. You will always find scientists, literary men, and artists at our house, and then we can discuss these sociological questions," said the lawyer, with an emphasis of ironical pathos on the words. "Do come if you can."

"I'll try to do so," replied Nekhlúdof, conscious all the while that he was telling a fib and that if there were a place to be avoided it would be the lawyer's house where scientists, artists, and *literati* assembled. The laughter which his question about the tribunals had excited and his reply to Nekhlúdof's remark that trials were meaningless if the judges can apply the laws according to their pleasure, as well as his tone when he spoke of philosophy and sociological questions, showed Nekhlúdof how differently he and the lawyer, not to mention his friends, looked at such things, and how in spite of his alienation from his friends, Schoenbock, for instance, he now felt less sympathy with the lawyer and his set.

XII.

It was growing late and the prison was a long way off, so Nekhlúdof hired an *izvóstchik*. As they drove through a certain street, the driver, a man of middle age, with a kindly, intelligent face, turned to Nekhlúdof, and called his attention to an enormous house, in process of building.

"That's a monstrous house, isn't it?" he asked, as though he had helped to build it, and was proud of the work.

It really was a monstrous structure, built in a complicated and extraordinary style. A solid scaffolding of heavy timbers joined together by iron clamps surrounded the building, which was separated from the street by a board fence. Workmen bespattered with plaster were scurrying to and fro like so many ants. Some were laying bricks, some were hewing stones, while others carried up the heavily laden pails and hods and brought the empty ones down. A stout, well-dressed man, probably the architect, stood close to the scaffolding, pointing upward as he talked to the contractor from the Government of Vladímir, who listened to him with an air of respectful attention. And all the while empty and loaded carts were rolling in and out of the gate near which Nekhlúdof was standing.

"How sure they are, all of them, those who do the work, and those who compel them to do it, that it is all right for the laborers to be building a stupid palace for some stupid man who is of no use in the world, probably one of the very same men who ruin and rob them, while their weary wives, often pregnant, are slaving at home beyond their strength, and the children crying for food, — the poor starved little midgets in their skull-caps, grinning like toothless old men."

"Yes, that is what I should call a foolish house," cried Nekhlúdof.

"Foolish?" repeated the driver, as if personally attacked. "I don't know what you mean. It gives people work. I don't call that foolish."

"Yes, but it is such useless work."

"That can't be so; they wouldn't be building it if it were of no use. It feeds the people," said the *izvóstchik.*

Nekhlúdof said no more. The wheels made such a noise on the pavement that it was difficult to hear or to make himself heard. As they drew near the jail, the *izvóstchik* turned into a macadamized road where it was easier to talk, and went on, "And such loads of people are coming into town nowadays." He turned round on his seat and pointed at a group of country laborers with saws, hatchets, sheepskin coats, and sacks slung across their backs.

"Are there more than used to come in old times?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Well, I should say so! There is no comparison. There are so many applicants for every place. The masters fling them to and fro as if they were shavings. Every place is crowded."

"What's the reason for it?"

"They've multiplied so fast there's no room for them."

"But what of that? Why don't they stay where they belong, in the country?"

"There's no work for them in the country, they've got no land."

Nekhlúdof felt like a man with a bruise that gets all the raps that are going.

"I wonder if it is the same everywhere," he thought to himself, and began to question the driver about the land in his village, how much land he had himself, and why he was living in the city. The driver seemed eager to tell him all about it.

"There are three of us," he said, "and not more than one *dessiatin* apiece. I have a father and brother at home and another brother in the army. They manage, but there was so little to manage that my brother wanted to go to Moscow."

"Can't you possibly rent land?"

"Where can you find it? The masters have squandered theirs. The merchants have got it all in their own hands. You can't buy it from them, they want to work it themselves. In our parts it is a Frenchman who owns it. He bought it from our old master and he won't rent any of it, and that's all there is about it. What Frenchman, you ask? Oh, his name is Dufar; perhaps you've heard of him. He makes wigs for the actors at the Grand Theater. That's a profitable business and he's grown rich. He bought the whole estate that belonged to our lady and he owns us too, and rides us as he pleases. It's lucky for us that he's a pretty good sort of a man. But his wife is a Russian and a brute of a woman. She just robs the people, the Lord have mercy on us! It's dreadful. . . . But here's the jail. Where shall I drive in? I don't believe they'll let you in at the main entrance."

XIII.

With a sinking heart and anxiety about Máslova's present condition, added to the sense of the mysterious link that connected them, and their common interests with the other people in the jail, Nekhlúdof rang the bell at the main entrance. The warden came to the door, and he asked where he should find Máslova. The warden went back to inquire, and returning told Nekhlúdof that Máslova was in the hospital. The watchman of the hospital, a kindly old man, on being told whom Nekhlúdof wished to see, showed him the way to the children's ward. A young doctor thoroughly saturated with carbolic acid came out into the corridor and asked him sternly what he wanted.

This doctor was very friendly to the patients, always indulging them, and the result was that conflicts with prison authorities and even with the senior physician were but too common. Now, fearing lest Nekhlúdof was about to ask him to break some rule, and desiring to show that he made no distinction between persons, he pretended to be cross.

"This is the children's ward; there are no women in it," he said.

"Yes, I know," answered Nekhlúdof, "but there is an attendant here who was transferred from the prison."

"Yes," said the doctor, "there are two of them. Which one do you want?"

"I am well acquainted with one called Máslova," said Nekhlúdof; "she is the woman I wish to see. I am going to Petersburg to enter an appeal in her case and I wanted to give her this," taking an envelope from his pocket. "It only contains a photograph," he continued.

"Oh, yes, we can allow that," replied the doctor, mollified, and turning to an old woman who wore a white apron, he bade her call the prison-nurse Máslova.

"Please take a seat, or perhaps you would prefer to go to the reception room."

"Thank you," said Nekhlúdof, and availing himself of the pleasing change in the doctor's attitude towards him, he asked how they liked Máslova in the hospital.

"Quite well. She works pretty well, considering the conditions of her life," answered the doctor. "Here she comes," he added.

An old woman entered, followed by Máslova, who wore a striped dress and a white apron. Her hair was completely hidden under a three-cornered kerchief. When she caught sight of Nekhlúdof, she turned scarlet, paused irresolutely, then, with downcast eyes and frowning brows, she walked along the strip of carpet in the corridor until she reached him. When actually face to face with him, she did not at first put out her hand, but later she did shake hands, blushing still more than before. Nekhlúdof had not seen her since the talk they had had together when she had apologized for her excitement, and he had expected to find her in the same frame of mind. But she was very different now. Her face showed self-restraint; she seemed bashful, and yet, as it appeared to Nekhlúdof, in a way unfriendly to him. He repeated to her what he had told the doctor about his intended visit to Petersburg and gave her the envelope with the photograph he had brought from Panóvo.

"I found this at Panóvo," he said; "it is a homemade photograph. I thought you might like it. Won't you take it?"

Lifting her black eyebrows, she gazed at him in surprise with an expression in her squinting eyes that seemed to say, "Now I wonder what this may mean."

Silently she took the envelope and tucked it into her apron.

"I saw your aunt while I was there," said Nekhlúdof.

"Did you?" replied the girl with indifference.

"Are you comfortable here?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Yes, quite," she said.

"You are not finding it too hard?"

"No, but I am not quite used to it yet."

"I am very glad for you; it is very much better here than there."

"What do you mean by 'there'?" said the girl, flushing.

"There, in the prison," said Nekhlúdof, hastily.

"In what way?" asked the girl.

"The people here must be better," said he.

"There are plenty of good people there," she said.

"I have been looking into that affair of the Menshófs, and I hope that they will be set at liberty," said Nekhlúdof.

"God grant!" she exclaimed; "she is such a dear old lady."

"I am going to Petersburg to-day. Your case is coming on shortly, and I hope that the verdict will be set aside."

"Whether it is or not, it is all one to me now," she answered.

"What do you mean by 'now'?" he asked.

"Oh, because——" she began, looking up into his face with a questioning glance.

Nekhlúdof understood the words and the glance to mean that she wanted to know if he had changed his mind about accepting her refusal.

"I do not know why you are indifferent," he said. "So far as I am concerned it makes no difference whether you are found guilty or innocent. In any case I am ready to keep my promise," he said firmly.

She lifted her head and her black squinting eyes rested for a moment on his face and then looked beyond him, while her countenance beamed with joy; but her next words belied the look in her eyes.

"It's no use for you to say that," she exclaimed.

"I say it to let you know."

"We've talked this matter over and over and there's no more to be said," but she could hardly refrain from smiling.

There was a noise in the ward and the voice of a crying child was heard.

"I think I am needed," she said, looking anxiously behind her.

"Well, then, I'll say good-by," said Nekhlúdof.

She pretended not to see his outstretched hand, and turning away with an attempt to hide her triumph, walked down along the strip of carpet in the corridor.

"I wonder what is going on in her mind now, what she is thinking about and how she really feels? Is she testing me, or is it that she really cannot forgive me? Perhaps she has not the power to express her feelings or perhaps she doesn't care. Has she softened or does she still feel antagonistic?" Nekhlúdof asked himself all these questions but got no answer. Still, he was absolutely sure of one thing: the girl had changed and the transformation now going on in her soul was an important one. It united her not only to himself but also to Him in whose name the change had been accomplished. It was this union that had thrown him into a state of joyous exaltation and tender humility.

When Máslova went back to the ward, where eight children's beds were standing, the nurse bade her make these beds. Stooping to reach the sheet she slipped and almost fell to the floor, and when a convalescent boy with a bandage round his neck who had been watching her began to laugh, she could no longer restrain herself. Seating herself on the edge of the bed she burst into a peal of laughter so contagious that several of the children joined in also, and the nurse exclaimed angrily:

"Don't yell like that! Do you think you are in the place you came from? Go fetch the dinners."

Máslova stopped laughing and taking the dishes went where she was bidden, exchanging on her way one glance with the bandaged boy, who was forbidden to laugh, whereupon she snickered again.

Several times when she happened to be alone during the day, Máslova took the card out of the envelope and admired it. But it was not until evening when her duties were over and she was alone in the room which she shared with a nurse that she slipped it from the envelope and sat down to enjoy it. For a long time she never lifted her eyes, caressing every detail of the faces and the costumes, the balcony step, the shrubbery which served as a background for the faces of the aunts, as well as his face and her own. As she gazed at the faded yellow photograph, she could not help admiring the beauty of her young face with the hair waving around the forehead. She was so absorbed that she did not notice her room-mate when she entered the room.

"What's that? Did he give that to you?" asked the stout, good-natured nurse, stooping over the picture. "Is that you?"

"Who else could it be?" asked Máslova, lifting her head.

"And who is that? Is that he? And is that his mother?"

"No, that's his aunt. Would you have known me?" asked Máslova.

"No, I should never have imagined it was you. You have an entirely different face there. It must have been taken ten years ago."

"Not ten years, but a lifetime," cried Máslova, and all her animation died away, her face grew gloomy, and a deep wrinkle came between her eyebrows.

"But it was not a hard-working life, was it?" asked the nurse.

"No, it wasn't a hard-working life, but a convict leads a happier one."

"What do your mean?"

"I mean that from eight o'clock in the evening till four o'clock in the morning, it was——"

"Then why don't women give it up?"

"They want to give it up, goodness knows, but how can they? Oh, what's the use of talking about it?" shrieked Máslova, springing to her feet and flinging the picture into the table drawer. Unable to restrain her tears of rage she ran out of the room, banging the door behind her. While she had been gazing at the picture she felt just as she used to feel at that age and dreamed of all her past happiness and of how happy she would still be with him even now. Her room-mate's words had reminded her of what she had become and of the horror of that old life, which even then she had recognized but would not admit to herself.

Now she recalled those hideous nights, especially one during carnival week. She remembered that she wore a red, low-necked gown, covered with wine-stains. A red bow adorned her disheveled hair. In the interval between two dances she had dismissed her guests. It was about two o'clock in the morning and she was feeling particularly weak, exhausted, and tipsy. She took a seat behind the thin, pimpled, bony woman who accompanied the violinist and began to complain about her hard life. She remembered how the pianist had said that she was tired of *her* life too, and presently her mate Clara had joined them, and all three decided to give up that kind of life. They were just about to separate when the voices of the drunken guests resounded through the room. The violinist played the *ritournelle*, and the pianist pounded on the piano the accompaniment of a jolly Russian song introduced into the first figure of the quadrille. A short man with a dark complexion, wearing a swallow-tail coat and a white tie, caught her in his tipsy embrace, and another stout, bearded fellow, in the same attire—they had come from a ball—seized Clara and together they began whirling and shouting and drinking. . . .

And this was the sort of thing that had gone on for three years! How could any one help changing? And it was he who began it. And again the old furious rage was let loose in her soul and she longed to express it. She was sorry that she hadn't improved her opportunity to tell him that she knew the sort of man he was, and wasn't such a fool as to be caught in his snare a second time, that she didn't mean to let him use her spiritually as he had used her physically and that she would not accept his generosity.

Pity for herself and rage against Nekhlúdof had thrown her into such a state of nervous excitement that she longed for wine. Had she been in the jail instead of the hospital she would not have hesitated to break her promise and drink the wine. The only way to obtain it here would be to ask the doctor's assistant, and she dreaded to speak to him because he had already annoyed her by his attention. She had come to hate the sight of a man. After sitting a long time on a bench in the corridor she went back to her room, and making no response to her roommate's talk she wept for a long time over her ruined life.

XIV.

Nekhlúdof had four business affairs to look after in Petersburg: Máslova's appeal to the Senate, the case of Fedósya Birukóva in the Committee of Petitions at the request of Véra Bogodúhovsky, another case in the Department of Gendarmes or in the Third Department,[1] for the liberation of Shústova, and a petition from a mother who had begged him to visit her son who was confined in the Fortress. These two cases he considered as one. Véra Bogodúhovsky had also written to him about this latter case. The fourth was the case of the Sectarians who were to be sent to the Caucasus for expounding the Gospel. He meant to look into this case, not only because of his promise to them, but for his own satisfaction as well.

Since his last visit to Máslennikof and his stay in the country some time later, he had conceived such a disgust for the circle he had lived in, that he made up his mind to avoid it henceforth so far as he was able. He felt sure that the men and women born in luxurious homes were either indifferent or unconscious of the sufferings of the millions of men who struggled in poverty for the benefit of the so-called upper class. He felt ill at ease in their presence, and yet the habits of his former life and naturally his family connections and friends all contributed to restrain him from breaking away entirely. But in order to be of practical service to Máslova, not to speak of all the other victims he was eager to help, he knew that the influence of the high and mighty ones of his world was absolutely indispensable. He must force himself to seek aid from men for whom he felt no esteem and who even aroused his wrath and contempt.

When he reached Petersburg he went to the house of Countess Tscharsky, his maternal aunt, wife of a former Minister of State, and plunged into the whirlpool of that aristocratic society which had become so oppressive to him. What else could he do? If he had gone to a hotel it would have vexed his aunt, and she was too influential a person to be neglected. He needed her help in those affairs he was so eager to promote.

"What are all the marvelous tales we hear about your goings-on?" cried Countess Katerína Ivánovna as she offered him coffee soon after he entered the room. "*Vous posez pour un Howard.* You are visiting prisons and helping criminals. You are trying to improve the world."

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[1] Secret Police. — Tr.

"No, I've no expectation of doing that."

"Well, that's a good thing. But didn't I hear there was some romance connected with it? Do tell me all about it."

Whereupon Nekhlúdof described his relations with Máslova exactly as they were.

"Oh, yes, I remember. Poor *Hélène* told me something about that affair. It was when you were living with those old ladies who wanted to marry you to a ward of theirs." Countess Katerína Ivánovna had a way of looking down on all the kinsfolk of Nekhlúdof's father. "So that's the girl, is it? *Elle est encore jolie?*"

Aunt Katerína Ivánovna was a woman of sixty, jolly, robust, energetic, and talkative. She was tall and stout, and a distinctly perceptible black mustache adorned her upper lip. Nekhlúdof was fond of her. When he was a small boy her joviality and energy had always made him feel happy.

"No, *ma tante,* all that is over; all I want now is to help her. It is I who am to blame for her sad fate. She has been unjustly sentenced, and I must do everything I can to help her."

"But somebody told me that you wanted to marry her."

"So I did, but she refused me."

Katerína Ivánovna with uplifted brows and downcast eyes listened to her nephew in silence and amazement. Suddenly her expression changed, and with a look of pleasure she exclaimed:

"Well, you must be a fool! It's lucky that she is wiser than you. . . . And you really would have married her?"

"Why, of course I would."

"After the life she has led?"

"All the more reason why I should marry her, since it was my own fault."

"No, you are simply a goose, that's all, a terrible goose, and that's the very reason why I love you because you are a goose." She repeated the word "goose" as especially descriptive of the mental and moral state of her nephew. "I will tell you how this affair can be settled. Aline is in charge of a wonderful Asylum for Magdalenes. I went to visit them once. Gracious! I thought I should never be clean again. But Aline is in it, *corps et âme*. It is the very place for that girl of yours. If anybody can reform her, it will be Aline."

"But she has already been condemned to hard labor," said Nekhlúdof, "and I have come here to get the verdict set aside. This is the chief business that I have with you."

"Indeed! Well, tell me where did the case go?"

"To the Senate."

"To the Senate? Why, that's where my dear cousin Lĕvushka is. But he's in the Department of Heraldry. I don't know any of the Senators themselves. Heaven only knows who they are, and some — Germans I fancy, Gé, Fé Dé, *tout l'alphabet*, or every variety of Ivánofs, Semĕnofs, Nikítins, or Ivanénkos, Simonénkos, Nikiténkos *pour varier*. *Des gens de l'autre monde*. But I'll speak to my husband. He knows them. He knows all sorts and conditions of men. But you'd better explain it to him. He never understands anything I tell him. No matter how hard I try to make things clear, he says he does not understand. *C'est un parti pris*. Everybody else understands me, but he never does."

Just then a lackey in knee-breeches brought in a letter on a silver tray.

"It's from Aline. You'll have the chance of hearing Kiesewetter."

"Who is Kiesewetter?"

"Kiesewetter? You will find out for yourself. He speaks with such eloquence that the most hardened criminals fall on their knees in tears and repentance."

Countess Katerína Ivánovna, however inconsistent it may appear with her temperament and character, was a devout adherent of the doctrine which teaches that Redemption is the essence of Christianity. She used to go to all the meetings where this, then fashionable, doctrine was expounded, and held meetings in her own house. But although this doctrine excluded all ceremonies, ikons, and even sacraments, there was not a room in the Countess's home without its ikon. Ikons were hung above the bed, and she continued to obey all the laws of the Church so far as its ceremonies were concerned and saw no inconsistency in this.

"I wish your Magdalene could hear him; he would be sure to convert her. Now don't you forget to come in to-night. He is a very remarkable man."

"But, *ma tante,* I haven't a shadow of interest."

"But I assure you it *is* interesting. Now what else can I do for you? *Videz votre sac.*"

"I have another case in the Fortress."

"The Fortress! Well, I can give you a note to Kriegsmuth. *C'est un très brave homme.* You know him. He was a comrade of your father. *Il donne dans le spiritisme,* but that's no matter, he is a very kind man. What is it you want there?"

"I want to get permission for a mother to visit her son, who is imprisoned there; but I was told that Kriegsmuth has nothing to do with that."

"I am not fond of Tcherviánsky, but he is Mariette's husband. We can ask her. She will do it for me. *Elle est très gentille.*"

"Then I want to present a petition in behalf of a woman who has been in prison several months and has no idea why."

"Oh, I guess she knows well enough, they usually do.

I think those short-haired women get about what they deserve."

"I don't know whether they deserve it or not, but I do know how they suffer," said Nekhlúdof. "You are a Christian and believe in the Gospel, and yet you have no mercy."

"That has nothing to do with the case. The Gospel is one thing and what we despise is another. It would be worse if I pretended to love Nihilists, especially short-haired ones, when to tell the truth I really hate them."

"Why do you hate them?"

"Do you ask me why, after March the first?"[1]

"But they didn't all take part on that day."

"Never mind. Let them keep away from what does not concern them. It's not a woman's business."

"But here is Mariette—you seem to think that she can attend to the business."

"Mariette? Mariette is Mariette. Who knows about this woman—some Haltupkin who wants to manage everybody?"

"No, not to manage, but to help the people."

"We don't need their help. We know very well who needs help and who doesn't."

"But the people are suffering. I have just come from the country. Do you call it right that the peasants should work like slaves and never get enough to eat, while we are living in luxury?" said Nekhlúdof, involuntarily beguiled by his aunt's good nature into confiding his thoughts to her.

"Well," she said, "would you like it if I worked hard and had nothing to eat?"

"No, I should not," said Nekhlúdof; "I only want to feel sure that every one who works gets a chance to eat."

His aunt again fixed her eyes on him with an expression of curiosity. "*Mon cher, vous finirez mal,*" she said.

"But why?"

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[1] The day of the assassination of Emperor Alexander II.—TR.

Just then a broad-shouldered general entered the room. It was Tscharsky, former Minister of State, husband of the Countess.

"Ah, how are you, Dmítri," he said, presenting his clean-shaven cheek for a kiss. "When did you arrive?"

He kissed his wife's forehead without a word.

"*Non, il est impayable,*" said the Countess to her husband, "he wants me to be a washerwoman and live on potatoes! He is a great fool, but I wish you would help him all the same. A perfect idiot," she went on with no change of tone. "Have you heard about Madame Kaménsky? They say that she is in utter despair; they have fears for her life, and you must call there."

"Yes, that is terrible," said her husband.

"Now," she said, turning to Nekhlúdof, "you'd better go and tell him all about your cases while I write my letters."

Nekhlúdof had barely crossed the threshold between the rooms when she called after him:

"I suppose I am to write to Mariette?"

"Please do, *ma tante.*"

"Then I'll leave a blank space for you to tell her about your short-haired women, and she will give orders to her husband; he'll be sure to do what she wishes. You must not think that I am unkind. But your protégées certainly are disgusting creatures. *Mais je ne leur veux pas de mal,* the Lord have mercy on them. You may go now, but be sure to come home this evening and hear Kiesewetter. We will all pray together, *ça vous fera beaucoup de bien.* I know that Hélène and the rest of you are behind the times. Au revoir."

XV.

COUNT IVAN MIKHÁILOVITCH was an ex-Minister of State and a man of strong convictions. From his earliest youth the Count had believed it as natural for him to eat delicate food prepared for him by first-class cooks, to wear expensive clothes, to drive fast horses, as it was for the birds to feed on worms and be covered with down and feathers, and fly to and fro in the air, — and he naturally expected it. Moreover, Count Iván believed that the higher his salary and the more numerous his decorations from the Government, including diamond insignia — and the more frequent his intercourse with influential men and women, the better for him. In comparison with these fundamental dogmas everything else in the world was stupid and uninteresting. It made very little difference to him how other things went. And in accordance with this creed of his, Iván Mikháilovitch lived for forty years, when he became Minister of State.

The chief qualities which contributed to his success in winning an appointment were, in the first place, his ability to comprehend the meaning of legal documents already written and of writing others, free from orthographic errors and intelligible to other people; in the second place, he was a man of dignified presence able to impose on the public by his air of majesty and inaccessibility, although in case of need he was quite capable of assuming an air of almost abject servility. And in the third place, having no real principles for his guidance, either in private or public life, he could agree or disagree, just as best suited his immediate purpose. Whether his private acts were moral or immoral, whether great good or great evil would result from them for the Russian Empire and the rest of Europe, was a matter of the utmost indifference to him. He only tried to save appearances and not to be too plainly inconsistent.

When he became Minister of State all those who were dependent on him — his family, his friends, and many others, — all, himself included, believed him to be a very wise statesman. But as time went on and he had accomplished nothing and had shown no ability in any direction, and when in obedience to the law which governs the struggle for existence other men who had learned to understand legal documents and to write them, unprincipled representatives, and officials crowded him out, it became clear to all the world that so far from being a man of unusual intelligence, his capacities and his culture were beneath the average, and he saw himself obliged to resign. In fact he was a man whose views were about on a par with those of the editors of the Conservative newspapers and there was nothing to distinguish him from any other half-educated, self-confident official, from those very men who had crowded him out. He himself realized that this was true, but his conviction that he deserved a large yearly income never changed. This idea of his was so firmly rooted it never occurred to any one to dispute it, and every year he received, partly from a pension, partly as salary — as a member of the highest State institutions and as chairman of different committees and commissions — tens of thousands of roubles. Moreover, each year he acquired new privileges — and he prized them highly — of adding new galoons to his shoulders or his trousers, as well as ribbons and enameled stars to be worn under and over his dress-suit. As the result of all this Count Iván Mikháilovitch was highly connected.

Count Iván Mikháilovitch now listened to Nekhlúdof as he had listened to his secretary. Having heard all he had to say, he said he would give him two letters, one to Senator Wolf in the Department of Appeals. "They say all sorts of things about him, but at all events *il est un homme très comme il faut*, and he is under obligations to me and will do what he can." The other letter was to an influential person in the Committee of Petitions. The case of Fedósya Birukóva, as Nekhlúdof reported it to him, seemed to interest him very much, and when Nekhlúdof told that he wanted to write to the Empress about it, he agreed that it would be a good plan and that he himself might speak of it at Court if a good chance presented itself; still, he couldn't promise. The petition would better be sent in. But if he were invited to a "*Petit Comité*"[1] on Thursday, he would probably tell it.

Taking both these letters, and his aunt's note to Mariette, Nekhlúdof set forth on his errands.

He went first to Mariette's. He remembered her first as a young girl, the daughter of an impoverished but aristocratic family, and he knew that she had married a man who had made a career for himself, but who did not enjoy a good reputation. Indeed, very bad things had been said of him, and Nekhlúdof could never endure to ask a favor from a man he didn't respect. In these cases he was wont to hesitate for a time, and though he usually decided to ask, it was always against his principles. His position as a petitioner in a class that he had ceased to regard as his own, was awkward for him, because they still looked upon him as one of themselves, the more so, as he invariably fell into the frivolous and immoral way of speech that prevailed among them. He had that very moment, at the house of his aunt Katerína Ivánovna, imitated her light and playful figure of speech.

Petersburg, where he had not been for a long time, always made him physically braced but spiritually weakened.

Everything was so clean and comfortable, so well arranged and the people so easy-going, that it made everything seem as it should be. A fine-looking, clean, and civil *izvóstchik* drove him past fine-looking, clean, and civil policemen along well-watered pavements and beautiful clean houses, till he came to the one where Mariette lived.

At the entrance stood a carriage to which a pair of English horses with blinders and a fine harness were attached; an English-looking coachman in livery, wearing side whiskers, sat on the box holding his whip in a stately fashion. Inside the vestibule stood a door-keeper in an uncommonly fresh uniform, a footman with carefully combed side-whiskers and a still more elaborately braided uniform, and an orderly on duty, also in a new uniform.

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[1] Informal evening at the Palace.—Tr.

"Not at home. The general is not receiving. He and her Excellency are going out directly."

Nekhlúdof gave Countess Katerína Vassílievna's note to the door-keeper and taking out a visiting card he approached the table where the visitors' book lay, and was beginning to write his regrets, when the coachman went towards the staircase, the door-keeper went out and shouted "Ready," and the orderly straightened himself, with his hands held motionless by his sides, gazing at a small and slender lady who was hurrying downstairs at a pace that could hardly be considered dignified in a person of her social rank.

Mariette wore a large hat with a plume, a black gown, a black mantle, and black gloves. Her face was hidden by her veil. On seeing Nekhlúdof she threw back her veil, showing a sweet face with brilliant eyes. She looked at him for an instant, then in a gay and cheerful voice she exclaimed:

"Oh, it is Prince Dmítri Ivánovitch, I ought to have recognized ——"

"You even remember my name?"

"Of course I do. Sister and I used to be in love with you." She said this in French. "But how you have changed! I wish I were not going out," she added irresolutely and looking at the clock on the wall. "But I am afraid I must because there are prayers for the dead at Madam Kaménsky's house. She is in a fearful state of mind."

"And what has happened to her?"

"Why, haven't you heard about the death of her son? He was killed in a duel. He fought with Pozen. He was an only son, and it is a terrible calamity. His mother is prostrated."

"Oh, yes, I did hear about that!"

"I wish you could come to-morrow or perhaps this evening," she said, as she tripped lightly towards the door.

"I can come to-night," he replied, escorting her to the carriage. "I have a certain piece of work on which you can help me," he went on, gazing at the span of bays, now drawing up towards the entrance.

"What is that?"

"You have my aunt's note, that contains all the explanations; you'll find it all here," handing her a narrow envelope with a coronet.

"Yes, I know that Countess Katerína Ivánovna thinks that I can influence my husband in matters of business. She is quite mistaken. I can do nothing of the sort and I hate to interfere. But of course for you or the Countess, I will break my rules. What is it about?" she went on as her small, tightly gloved hand vainly struggled to find her pocket.

"An invalid girl has been imprisoned, and she is not guilty."

"What is her name?"

"Lydia Shústova. You'll find it all stated inside."

"I'll try to do all I can," she said, and stepping lightly into the softly upholstered phaeton with its lustrous splashguards glistening in the sun, she opened her parasol. The footman climbed on the box and signaled to the coachman to start. But the carriage barely started when she touched the coachman's back with her parasol and the high-bred English mares stood quivering, stepping from one foot to another and curbing their handsome heads.

"But remember you are coming to see me and—*disinterestedly*," she said with that smile of hers whose power she so well knew; and then, the play being ended, the curtain fell,—that is, she drew down her veil. "You may go on now," she said, touching the coachman again with her parasol.

Nekhlúdof lifted his hat. The thoroughbred mares, snorting, struck their hoofs on the pavement and the carriage rolled swiftly away, its rubber tires bounding from time to time over the inequalities of the pavement.

XVI.

Recalling the smiles he had exchanged with Mariette, Nekhlúdof shook his head at himself. "I shall be drawn in with these people before I realize what I am doing." That is the worst of seeking favor at the hands of those one cannot respect, it gives one a sense of double dealing that is fatal to one's self-respect.

In order that no time might be wasted, he carefully considered his route and decided to go first to the Senate. He was shown into the office, a stately apartment where many extremely courteous and neat-looking clerks were seated. Máslova's petition had been entered and Nekhlúdof was informed it was already in the hands of Senator Wolf, the man to whom his uncle had given him a letter. Although the Senate was to hold a session this week, Máslova's case would hardly be expected to come before it. One of the clerks suggested that if a special request were made there was a chance that something might be done about it on Wednesday.

While Nekhlúdof stood waiting in the office, he again heard talk about the duel which was interesting all Petersburg and learned the details of the killing of young Kaménsky. It seems that a group of officers had been eating oysters in a shop and as usual drinking freely. One man made some deprecatory speech about Kaménsky's regiment. Kaménsky called him a liar, whereupon the other gave Kaménsky a blow. The next day they fought with pistols and his opponent's bullet entered Kaménsky's abdomen. In two hours he was dead. The murderer and his seconds were arrested and sent to the guardhouse, but it was said that they would probably be set free in a couple of weeks.

Nekhlúdof drove from the Senate directly to the Committee of Petitions to meet Baron Vorobyóf, an influential official who occupied magnificent apartments in a house belonging to the Crown. Here the door-keeper and footman told him that the Baron could only be seen on reception days. At present he was with his Majesty, and that he would again have to make a report on the following day.

Nekhlúdof left his letter and went to Senator Wolf. Wolf had just finished lunch and was pacing up and down the room, smoking the cigar by which he helped his digestion. Vladímir Vassílievitch was indeed *un homme très comme il faut.* And he felt prouder of this attribute than of any other. From this sublime attitude he looked down on the rest of the world. Why should he not, since it was to his fine presence that he owed the brilliant career which he had coveted, that he had enriched himself by his marriage, and by his own exertions had obtained the post of Senator and an income of 18,000 roubles a year? He considered himself not only *un homme très comme il faut* but a knight of chivalry as well. From his point of view, honor consisted in refusing secret bribes offered him by private individuals. It never occurred to him that there was anything dishonest in extorting traveling expenses or postage money or rentals from the Crown, because in return he performed many a servile task which even the Government did not require of him. To lay waste, to destroy, to be agent of the banishment or imprisonment of hundreds of innocent persons for their patriotism and devotion to the faith of their fathers, crimes which as Governor of a Polish province he had constantly committed, these acts he did not regard as dishonorable, but as giving evidence of lofty courage and patriotism. Neither did he call it dishonest to fleece his wife, who was in love with him, and his sister-in-law. On the contrary it seemed to him a clever arrangement of domestic life. His household consisted of his wife, who had no individuality; her sister, whose fortune he had got into his own hands by selling her estate and investing the proceeds in his own name; and a meek daughter, a homely, gentle creature who lived a lonely life, till she became interested in the evangelical lectures at Aline's and the Countess Katerína Ivánovna's. Vladímir Vassílievitch's son, a good-hearted chap whose beard had developed at the age of fifteen,— when he began to drink and to lead a dissolute life,— had in his twentieth year been expelled from the house partly because he had failed to graduate and partly for frequenting low company, compromising his father by running in debt. The latter had passed 230 roubles for him once, and at another time six hundred roubles, but he finally told his son that this was the last time he was going to pay his debts and unless he reformed he would be expelled from the house and that he would have no further intercourse with him. But he, far from turning a new leaf, fell deeper and deeper in debt, and soon had contracted a debt for one thousand roubles. One day he took the liberty of telling his father that it was a perfect torment for him to live in that house. That was the last straw. Vladímir Vassílievitch bade him go where he pleased; he was no longer son of his. Since then he had pretended that he had no son, and no one ventured to make any inquiries about him. And Vladímir Vassílievitch was perfectly convinced that his domestic life could never have been more satisfactorily arranged.

Wolf stopped in the middle of the stroll up and down the room, and greeting Nekhlúdof with that gracious and at the same time ironical smile which was meant to show his sense of superiority as a *comme il faut* personage to the world in general, he opened the note and read it.

"Please take a seat, and if you will excuse me I will go on walking," he said. He put both hands in his pockets and continued to pace lightly from one corner of his classic study to the other.

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, and naturally I should wish to do all in my power to please Count Iván Vassílievitch," he added, as he opened his lips to let a bluish puff of aromatic smoke escape, carefully removing his cigar in order not to drop any ashes.

"I should be glad to have the case considered as early as possible, because if the prisoner is sent to Siberia, the earlier she starts, the better," replied Nekhlúdof.

"Yes, yes, I understand, by the first steamer from Nijni," said Wolf, with that condescending smile of his. He always knew what anybody was going to say before he opened his lips. "What's the prisoner's name?"

"Máslova ——"

Wolf walked to the table and glanced at a paper that was lying among the documents.

"Yes, Máslova, to be sure. Very well, I will speak to my fellow-members and we will take up the case next Wednesday."

"May I telegraph to the lawyer about it?"

"You have a lawyer? But what for? Still, of course you may have a lawyer if you like."

"The reasons for an appeal," said Nekhlúdof, "may not be sufficient, but no one can doubt that the verdict was the result of a misunderstanding."

"Yes, yes, that might be so, but it is not the Senate's business to consider the affair on its intrinsic merits," said Vladímir Vassílievitch sternly as he gazed at his ashes. "The Senate is only concerned with the correct interpretation and application of the law."

"This seems to me an exceptional case," said Nekhlúdof.

"Yes, I know, exceptional cases abound. We shall do our duty and that is all that can be expected." The ashes still held on, but had cracked and were in imminent danger of falling. "Do you often come to Petersburg?" asked Wolf, holding his cigar in such a way that the ashes couldn't fall. But they were so near falling that Wolf finally carried it to the ash tray and put it down.

"What a shocking thing that was about Kaménsky!" he exclaimed. "Such a fine young man and an only son.

Just picture the poor mother," repeating word for word the talk of the day in Petersburg. After a few words more about Katerína Ivánovna and her infatuation for the new religious movement, which was a matter of supreme indifference to Vladímir Vassílievitch in his *comme il faut* estate, he rang a bell and Nekhlúdof took his departure.

"Come to dinner, if you find it convenient, say on Wednesday, and I shall be able to give you a decided answer," were Wolf's parting words.

It was late and Nekhlúdof drove home, or rather to his aunt's house.

XVII.

Katerína Ivánovna dined at half-past seven, and the dinner was served in a novel way that Nekhlúdof had never seen. The dishes were all placed on the table and the servants at once withdrew so that the diners waited on themselves. The men of course helped the ladies — to save them any trouble — passing the food and pouring out the wine. When one course was finished, the Countess pressed an electric button under the table, the waiters returned in silence, quickly removed the dishes, changed the plates, and served the next course. The dinner was *récherché*, and so were the wines. A French *chef* with two helpers dressed in white worked in the large, airy kitchen. There were six persons at the table, — the Count and Countess, their gloomy son, an officer of the Guards who leaned his elbow on the table, Nekhlúdof, a French lady-reader, and the Count's steward who had come up from the country.

Here, too, the conversation turned on the duel. It was known that the Emperor was deeply grieved for the afflicted mother and every one sympathized with her, but it was also known that in spite of his pity for the mother he didn't care to be too severe with the murderer, who had defended the honor of the uniform; and in this, too, every one agreed with his Majesty. Countess Katerína Ivánovna with her free and easy ideas was the only one who condemned him.

"I would never forgive them in this world for carousing and killing an innocent young man," she cried.

"I cannot understand that," said the Count.

"I know you never can understand what I say," said the Countess, turning to Nekhlúdof. "Everybody understands except my husband. All I say is that I am sorry for the mother and I do not wish the murderer to be pleased when he killed a man."

Hereupon her son, who had listened in silence, took Pozen's part against his mother, telling her in rather rude language that an officer couldn't have acted otherwise, on penalty of being turned out of his regiment. Nekhlúdof listened, taking no part in the conversation. Having served in a regiment himself he understood the validity of young Tscharsky's argument, but he could not refrain from comparing the officer who had killed a man with the fine-looking fellow he had seen in the prison who had been sentenced to hard labor for killing a man in a brawl. Both had become murderers because they had been drinking. The act of the peasant was the result of momentary excitement. He was separated from wife and family, thrown into prison, and now in chains and with shaven head was on his way to hard labor, while the officer was living in a pleasant room in the guard-house, eating good dinners, drinking good wine, and reading pleasant books, and in a few days he would be set free to pursue his career and be only so much the more respected for what he had done.

He said what he thought about the affair and at first his aunt agreed with him, but after a while she lapsed into silence like the others, and Nekhlúdof felt almost as if he had committed a social impropriety in telling the story.

In the evening, not long after dinner, when rows of carved, high-backed chairs had been arranged as if for a lecture, with an easy-chair and a table on which stood a decanter of water and a tumbler for the preacher, the company began to assemble to hear a sermon from the distinguished Kiesewetter. Costly equipages drove up before the entrance. Women arrayed in velvet, silk, and laces, with false hair and tightly laced waists, took their seats. There were men among them, too, both officers and civilians, also five or six from the lower classes. Two house-porters, one shopkeeper, footman, and a coachman.

Kiesewetter was a robust-looking man with hair just turning gray. He spoke in English, which was readily and smoothly translated by a slim young girl in eyeglasses. He said that our sins were so great and the punishment due to them so severe and inexorable that no human being could endure it and live.

"If we pause to reflect, dear sisters, beloved brethren, on the sins we commit every day of our lives, on the way in which we offend our Heavenly Father and our dear Lord, His Son, we may be able to realize the enormity of our sins and that we are doomed to eternal damnation. A dreadful doom, my brethren," he cried aloud, with trembling voice, "and how shall we escape it? The house is already in flames and there is no outlet."

He paused and actual tears were running down his cheeks. He had been delivering the same address for eight years and always when he reached this passage the tears never failed to come. The familiar tickling sensation in his nose, the choking in his throat, and the stream of tears.

These tears seemed to increase his emotion. Sobs were heard throughout the room. Countess Katerína Ivánovna was seated beside an inlaid table, leaning her head on her folded hands, while her broad shoulders heaved convulsively. The coachman gazed apprehensively at the foreign gentleman as if he expected a blow from a carriage-pole, unless he got out of the way. Most of the company sat in attitudes not unlike that of the Countess. Wolf's daughter, who looked very much like her father, in a fashionable gown, was kneeling, her face covered with her hands.

Suddenly the orator lifted his face and something not unlike a smile flitted across it, the sort of smile an actor assumes when he wishes to express joy. He went on speaking in the familiar sing-song voice:

"But behold salvation! It lies before us. So easy, so blissful! Our salvation is the blood of the only begotten Son of God who gave Himself up to be tortured for our sakes. His agonies, his martyrdom, will be our salvation. Oh, sisters and brethren," he exclaimed again with tearful voice, "let us give thanks to God Who gave His only Son to redeem mankind. His sacred blood . . ."

Here Nekhlúdof, overcome by a sense of mortification, rose softly and creeping on tiptoe retired to his own room.

XVIII.

The next morning, just as Nekhlúdof had dressed and was about to go downstairs, the footman brought him the card of the Moscow lawyer. He had come to Petersburg partly on business affairs of his own and partly that he might be present when Máslova's case came up, provided the hearing were to take place within a short time. The telegram that Nekhlúdof sent had missed him. When the latter told him when the case was to be heard and the names of the presiding Senators, he smiled.

"Three types,—Wolf, the Petersburg official; Skovoródnikof, the learned jurist; and Bé, a practical lawyer, and therefore the more wide-awake. He is likely to do more for us. How about the Committee of Petitions?" asked the lawyer.

"I am going to call on Baron Vorobióf to-day. I couldn't see him yesterday."

"Do you know how Vorobióf comes to be a Baron?" asked the lawyer, observing the peculiar intonation in Nekhlúdof's voice when he pronounced this foreign title in connection with the unmistakable Russian name. "Paul once rewarded the man's grandfather, a groom of the chambers, or something of the sort, by giving him a title, as much as to say, 'Here, take a baronetcy, and don't interfere with my pleasure!' That's the way this race of Barons began. The present Baron is proud of it. He is a shrewd man."

"I am on my way to see him now," said Nekhlúdof.

"That's fortunate, we can go together. Let me give you a lift."

As they started a footman met Nekhlúdof in the hall and gave him a note from Mariette.

"*Pour vous faire plaisir, j'ai agi tout-à-fait contre mes principes, et j'ai intercédé auprès de mon mari pour votre protégée. Il se trouve que cette personne peut-être relachée immediatement. Mon mari a écrit au commandant. Venez donc* disinterestedly. *Je vous attends.*

"*M.*"

"But what does this mean?" Nekhlúdof said to the lawyer. "This is simply outrageous. The woman, who has been kept in solitary confinement for several months, proves to be innocent and in order to get her released all it needs is to say the word."

"That's the way it always is," said the lawyer. "But you've got what you wanted."

"Yes, but this success distresses me. Just think what must be going on there. Why were they keeping her?"

"Well, if I were you, I wouldn't try to find out. Then you'll let me give you a lift?"

By this time they had left the house and a fine carriage which the lawyer had hired drove up to the entrance.

"You want to go to Baron Vorobióf?"

The lawyer gave the address to the coachman, and the swift horses quickly carried Nekhlúdof to the Baron's residence.

He was at home. In the first room were two ladies and a tall, young, slim official dressed in uniform. His neck was long, his Adam's apple very conspicuous, and his gait was both light and graceful.

"Your name, please?" said the youth with the Adam's apple, tripping lightly between the ladies and Nekhlúdof. Nekhlúdof gave his name.

"The Baron has mentioned you. One moment, please."

The aide-de-camp passed through the closed door and returned escorting a lady dressed in mourning, whose uplifted veil revealed a tear-stained face. With her bony fingers she was in the act of lowering her veil to hide her tears.

"This way, please," said the young man to Nekhlúdof, walking lightly towards the door, which he opened to admit the latter.

On entering the study Nekhlúdof found himself face to face with a stout man of medium height who wore a frock coat, sitting in an easy-chair beside a table. His hair was clipped closely to his head; he had a cheerful countenance, and his rosy face framed by a full white beard lighted with an amiable smile at the sight of Nekhlúdof.

"I am very glad to see you. Your mother and I were old friends. I remember you when you were a boy, and later when you were an officer. Pray take a seat and tell me how I can be of use to you." "I know, I know," he added, while Nekhlúdof was relating Fedósya's story.

"Go on, I am following you. It's a very pitiful case, indeed. Did you say you had sent in the petition?"

"I have prepared it," said Nekhlúdof, taking it out of his pocket, "but I was going to ask you about it; I hoped that this case would receive special attention."

"You have done well. I shall certainly present the report in person," said the Baron, trying to show an emotion of sadness which was so little suited to his cheerful face. "It is indeed a very affecting story. She seems to have been but a child and her husband was too rough with her and turned her natural fondness for him into aversion. Then later came a time when they really loved each other. . . . Yes, I shall report it."

"Count Iván Mikháilovitch said he would ask you ——"

Hardly had these words passed Nekhlúdof's lips when the Baron's expression changed.

"After all, it would be better for you to send in your own petition, and I will do everything I can to help," he told Nekhlúdof.

But at this moment the young man who seemed so vain of his gait came into the room.

"That lady has two words more to say, sir."

"Very well, let her come in. Ah, *mon cher*, if you but knew the floods of tears we see! If we could only hope to dry them! We do what we can!"

The lady entered.

"I forgot to ask you not to let him give up the daughter; he is capable of ——"

"I told you I would do everything."

"For God's sake, Baron, you will save the mother." She seized his hand and began to kiss it.

"Everything will be done."

After the lady departed, Nekhlúdof also rose to take leave.

"We shall do the best we can. We will write to the Ministry of Justice and when their answer comes, we will do all we can."

Nekhlúdof left and went into the office. Again, as in the Senate, he found superb officials in a superb apartment, officials who were neat, polite, scrupulous in their dress and in their speech, precise and rigid in their manner.

"What numbers of them there are! How numerous and so well fed! What clean shirts and hands! How well their shoes are polished! And who does all this? How well off they all are, not only as compared with the prisoners, but even with the peasants." Nekhlúdof could not keep such thoughts from his mind.

XIX.

The man on whom depended the alleviation of the lot of the prisoners in Petersburg, possessed decorations enough to cover him, though he rarely wore anything but a white cross in his buttonhole. He was an aged General whose family had descended from a line of German barons. He had had many years of active service, but he was now in his dotage. This white cross of his, which he prized so highly, he received in the Caucasus as a reward for having commanded Russian peasants with close-cropped hair, who, dressed in uniforms and armed with muskets and bayonets, had killed more than a thousand men who were defending their liberty, their homes, and their families. Afterwards he had served in Poland, where he also compelled the Russian peasants to commit all sorts of crimes for which he had received more orders and decorations. Then he served somewhere else, and now when he had grown old and feeble, he was appointed to this post, which provided him with a good house and salary, and human respect. He was rigid in his obedience to "orders from above," and very proud of himself for his rigor. He really believed that everything in this world was liable to be changed, except those "orders from above." His duty consisted of keeping political prisoners of both sexes confined under such conditions that in the course of ten years, half of them had died or become insane. Some died of consumption, some starved to death or committed suicide by opening their arteries with a fragment of glass, others hanged themselves, and some even burned themselves to death.

The old General knew all about these cases, because they had taken place under his eyes, but he looked upon such happenings as accidents of nature, such as might arise from storms and floods. They did not affect his conscience in the least. They were the direct result of "orders from above," issued in the name of his Majesty the Emperor. Such orders were always scrupulously obeyed, and it was not his affair to consider results. He believed that it was his duty as a soldier and as a patriot not to reason, lest that might weaken him in the execution of these immensely important orders. Once a week the old General made the rounds of the cells, this being a duty, and asked every prisoner if he or she had any requests to make. The requests were made. He heard them in silence, but never granted them because all the requests were contrary to the regulations of the law.

As Nekhlúdof was drawing near the residence of the old General, the melodious chimes of the tower played "Praise ye the Lord," and the church clock was on the stroke of two. As he listened to the chimes, Nekhlúdof couldn't help remembering to have read in the memoirs of the Decembrists[1] what effect this sweet music, repeated every hour, had produced on the hearts of those prisoners confined for life.

Meanwhile the aged General was seated in his dimly lighted drawing-room at an inlaid table, where he was occupied with a young artist, the brother of one of his subordinates, twirling a saucer on a sheet of paper. The moist, frail, and slender fingers of the artist were interlaced with the hard, stiff-jointed, and wrinkled fingers of the old General, and these clasped hands were jerking to and fro, still holding the inverted saucer over the sheet of paper, which had all the letters of the alphabet written upon it. The saucer was answering the question asked by the General, "Do the souls of the departed recognize each other after death?"

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[1] A group of revolutionists at the time of the accession of Nicholas I. — TR.

Just as the orderly who was acting as a valet entered with Nekhlúdof's card, the spirit of Joan of Arc was communicating with them by means of the saucer. Joan of Arc's spirit had already spelled out, "They will recognize each other by," and it had been written down. Just as the orderly came in, the saucer had paused at the letter "b" and then at "y," and when it reached "l" it began hitching to and fro. The General thought that the next letter must be "b," that is that Joan of Arc was going to say that souls would know each other by being cleansed from all earthly impurity, or words to that effect, and so he argued that the next letter should be "b"; but the artist argued that the next letter ought to be "l" and that the spirit of Joan of Arc meant to say that souls would know each other by "light" emanating from the ethereal substance of the souls. The General, wrinkling his heavy gray eyebrows, sat gazing morosely at the hands. Fancying that the saucer moved of its own accord, he kept pulling it towards the letter "b." The anæmic young artist with his thin hair drawn smoothly behind his ears had fixed his expressionless blue eyes on a dark corner of the drawing-room, and with twitching lips was pulling the saucer towards the letter "l."

The General, frowning at this interruption of his occupation, put on his pince-nez, looked at the card, rubbed his stiffened fingers, and groaning from a pain in his back as he drew himself to his full height, said, "Show him into the study."

"If your Excellency will permit me," said the artist, rising, "I will finish this alone. I feel the presence."

"Just as you like, I've no objection," said the old General, sternly. He turned in the direction of the study, walking with a firm and even gait.

"Glad to see you," he said pleasantly to Nekhlúdof, in his gruff voice, pointing to an easy-chair beside the writing-desk. "How long since you arrived in Petersburg?"

Nekhlúdof replied that he had only just arrived.

"I trust your mother, the Princess, is keeping well?"

"My mother is no longer living."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I am very sorry to hear that. My son told me about meeting you."

The General's son was pursuing a career not unlike that of his father. After leaving the Military Academy, he held a position in the detective bureau and was very proud of the work given to him. It was the supervision of the spies.

"Yes, I was in service with your father; we were comrades and friends. Are you in the Government service?"

"No, I am not."

The General shook his head with an air of disapproval.

"I have come here to make a request of you, General."

"Indeed? I am glad to hear that; and what can I do for you?"

"If what I am going to ask is improper, I hope you will pardon me; but I must, at all events, tell you what it is."

"What is it?"

"There is a certain man called Gurkévitch confined in the Fortress. His mother asks for permission to visit him, or at least to be allowed to send him books."

The General showed neither pleasure nor displeasure at Nekhlúdof's request. He bowed his head as if in thought, but the truth was, he took not a shred of interest in Nekhlúdof's question, knowing beforehand that his answer would be given in accordance with the law; he was simply taking a mental rest and his mind was a perfect blank.

"Matters of this kind, you see," he began, "do not depend upon me. There is a regulation concerning interviews," he went on after a pause, "confirmed by his Majesty, and whatever has been decreed is carried into execution. As to books, we have a library and those books which are proper for them to read are to be found in it."

"But he needs scientific books; he wants to study."

"Don't you believe it." Here the General relapsed into silence. "It is not studying that he wants. It's only the spirit of restlessness."

"But don't you think," said Nekhlúdof, "that considering their unfortunate condition it is better to keep these men occupied?"

"They are forever grumbling," objected the General, "we know them." He spoke of them as though they were a different sort of human being. "They have comforts here that are seldom found in prisons. I assure you," and he began as though in self-justification to describe in detail all the conveniences that are provided for the prisoners, as though the chief aim of the institution was to provide a pleasant abode for them. "It was not like this in the old times, I must say. It used to be very hard; but nowadays they are well cared for; they have three courses, and one of them is always meat, hash, or cutlets. On Sundays they get a fourth course, a dessert. Would to God that every Russian were as well fed."

Like all old persons the General was voluble, and in dealing with a topic which he knew by heart he went over the ground again and again, referring to their demands and ingratitude.

"They have books on spiritual subjects and an abundance of old periodicals in our library. But they don't read much. When they first arrive they seem interested, but very soon new books are returned with the leaves half cut, while the pages of the old ones are not even turned. We used to try them by putting in bits of paper, but we always found them unchanged. Neither do we hinder them from writing. Slates and pencils are provided. They can write and rub out what they have written and write over and over again. But they don't do it. No, they very soon quiet down. It's only at first that they are restless. As time goes on, they even begin to grow stout and become very tractable," he said.

Nekhlúdof listened to this hoarse old voice, gazed at the stiffened limbs and the dull eyes half hidden under the gray eyebrows, at the carefully shaven flabby cheeks braced by a military collar, at the white cross of which he was so proud and which he received for his exceptionally cruel slaughter of thousands of men—all the while realizing the folly of contradicting or even trying to explain to him the meaning of his own appeal. However, he made an effort, and inquired about another case, that of the prisoner Shústova. He had heard that she was to be released to-day.

"Shústova? Shústova? I cannot possibly recall all their names; there are so many of them," he said, as if they were to blame for that. He rang the bell and sent for his clerk, meanwhile occupying the interval by trying to persuade Nekhlúdof to serve. "Every honest and high-minded man"—he included himself in the number—"was needed by the Czar . . . and the country." He evidently added the two last words to round out his sentence. "I am an old man," he went on, "but so far as my strength permits, I go on serving."

The clerk, a withered, thin man, with intelligent eyes, came in and reported that Shústova was still a prisoner and occupied some odd cell in the Fortress and that no formal order had been received concerning her.

"We always discharge them on the day we get the papers. We don't keep them any longer than we can help. We are not anxious for their society," said the General, with an attempt at a playful smile which only distorted his aged face.

Nekhlúdof rose with an attempt to conceal the mingled sense of disgust and pity which the sight and hearing of this dreadful old man excited in his heart. And the old man, on his side, thought he must not be too hard on the thoughtless and erring son of an old comrade; and he also felt that he ought to give him some sound advice before he left.

"Good-by, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "now don't be vexed with me for what I am going to say, because my motives are friendly. Don't have anything to do with our prisoners. There are no innocent ones here. They are almost all immoral. We know them," he added, and the tone of his voice admitted of no possible doubt. His reason for not doubting their guilt was a personal one. If they had not been guilty he would have been forced to call himself a villain, who had been selling, and in his old age went on selling, his conscience, instead of a venerable hero who was closing a long life in a worthy manner.

"We can do nothing finer than to serve. The Czar needs honest men and so does the country. . . . What do you suppose would happen if we all behaved like you and refused to serve? We are ready to condemn the government, and yet we are not willing to help it."

Nekhlúdof drew a deep breath and made a low bow as he shook the big, bony hand that was condescendingly extended and left the room.

The General shook his head disapprovingly, and rubbing his back he returned to the drawing-room, where the artist, who had already written down Joan of Arc's reply, was waiting for him. The General replaced his pince-nez and read, "They will recognize each other by aid of the light which emanates from the astral body."

"Ah," he said approvingly and closed his eyes. "But if everybody emits the same light, how is one to know?" and interlacing his fingers with those of the artist he again took his seat at the table.

Nekhlúdof's *izvóstchik* drove through the gate.

"That's a lonely place, sir. I had half a mind to drive off without waiting for you."

"Yes, it is dreary," replied Nekhlúdof, drawing in a deep breath and gazing with a sense of relief at the smoke-colored clouds flitting across the sky and at the shimmering ripples in the wake of the passing boats and steamers along the Neva.

XX.

MÁSLOVA'S case was brought up on the following day, and Nekhlúdof drove to the Senate. He found several carriages already waiting, and at its imposing entrance he met his lawyer. Ascending a magnificent staircase to the second story, the lawyer, who was familiar with the various entrances, came in at the door on the left, which bore the inscription of the date of the introduction of Judicial Jurisdiction. After taking off his overcoat and learning from the door-keeper that the Senators were all assembled, that the last one had just passed in, Fanárin in his swallow-tail and white tie passed cheerfully into the room. On the right-hand side of this room there were a large cupboard and a table. On the left, a swell-looking clerk in civilian's uniform, with a portfolio under his arm, was descending a winding staircase. An old man, whose long white hair gave him a patriarchal aspect, though he wore a short coat and gray trousers, attracted his attention. Two attendants in respectful attitudes stood beside him. This white-haired old man opened the cupboard and vanished. Just then Fanárin, who had discovered a professional chum wearing a swallow-tail and a white tie like his own, fell at once into an animated conversation, while Nekhlúdof busied himself observing the people in the room. There were fifteen in all, including two ladies. Of these one was a young woman who wore eyeglasses, the other's hair was gray. The case to be heard to-day was a libel in the newspapers, and therefore a larger audience than usual, chiefly journalists, had assembled.

The Assistant Prosecuting Attorney for the Crown, a handsome, florid man in a gorgeous uniform, holding a slip of paper in his hand, approached Fanárin to ask him in what case he was interested, and on learning that it was Máslova's he made a note of it and departed. At this moment the cupboard door swung open and the patriarchal old man, who had exchanged his short coat for a dazzling uniform with metal plates on his breast, that made him look like a bird, came forth.

It was plainly to be seen that the costume was embarrassing to the old gentleman himself, for he walked much more rapidly than usual and left the room by the opposite door.

"That's Bé, really a most estimable man," said Fanárin to Nekhlúdof, and then turning to his friend, he introduced the two, and they went on talking of the case which was coming up, and which was considered to be of unusual interest.

The hearing shortly began, and Nekhlúdof, with the rest of the audience, went into the Senate Chamber on the left. Fanárin went with the others into the enclosure railed off for the public. Only the Petersburg lawyer approached a desk in front of the railing.

The Senate Chamber was smaller than the Circuit Court Room and plainer in its appointments. The chief difference between them was that the table at which the Senators were seated was covered, not with green cloth, but with crimson velvet trimmed with gold braid. The attributes common to all such places were present, the ikon, the Mirror of Justice,—emblem of hypocrisy, and the portrait of the Emperor,—emblem of servility. The usher announced in his usual solemn tones, "The Court is coming," and everybody rose in the usual way. Senators dressed in uniforms entered the room and took their seats in their high-backed chairs, leaning on their elbows, trying to look as if they were at ease. There were four Senators. The Presiding Senator, Nikítin, a clean-shaven man with a narrow face and eyes like steel; Wolf, with his compressed lips and little white hands, with which he fingered the papers of the case; Skovoródnikof, an excellent lawyer, stout, untidy, with a pock-marked face; and the fourth was Bé, the patriarchal old man, who had been the last to arrive. The Chief Secretary and the

Public Prosecutor's Assistant, a slender young man of medium height, dark-skinned, smooth-faced, with sad black eyes, had also come in with the Senators. Nekhlúdof, in spite of his unfamiliar uniform, recognized him at once, though it was six years since they had last met. He had been one of Nekhlúdof's best friends in his student days.

"Is that the Assistant of the Public Prosecutor, Selénin?" he asked his lawyer.

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"I know him very well; he is a fine man."

"And he makes an admirable prosecuting attorney who knows his business; he would have been the one for us to ask," said Fanárin.

"Well, he will be sure to act according to the dictates of his conscience," said Nekhlúdof, remembering his former intimacy with Selénin and his attractive qualities of purity, honesty, and decency in the best sense of the word.

"But we've no time now except for listening to the report of this case," whispered Fanárin.

The case was an appeal to the Superior Court to repeal the verdict of the Circuit Court.

Nekhlúdof listened attentively, making a vain attempt to fathom the meaning of what was going on, but just as it had always been in the Criminal Court, the chief drawback to comprehension of the matter was the persistence with which side issues were discussed to the exclusion of the main issue. It was about a newspaper article which had revealed the rascality of the director of a stock company. It would seem as if there were only one important point to be considered: whether or not the director of the stock company was robbing the stockholders, and how he could be prevented from doing so. But this question was never asked. Whether the editor had a right to publish the contribution, whether it was to be considered as a libel or a slander, and whether a libel includes a slander or a slander includes a libel seemed to be the question, not to mention other matters even less familiar to the laity concerning the various statutes and decisions of a certain department of Common Law.

What Nekhlúdof did realize was that Wolf, who was now making the report and who no longer than yesterday had insisted that the Senate could not judge a case on its merits, was at this moment presenting a case in favor of repealing the judgment of the Court, while Selénin in a manner wholly at variance with his customary self-control, broke in in sudden heat with an opposite opinion. The excitement of Selénin was due to the fact that he knew the director of the stock company to be a rascal where money was concerned and had incidentally learned that on the eve of this hearing Wolf had been this man's guest at a sumptuous dinner. And now, when the latter began to make his report couched in guarded terms but with a distinct bias in favor of the director, Selénin had become excited and expressed himself in stronger terms than seemed to be called for in such an everyday matter as this. Evidently his words had given offense to Wolf. He blushed, his muscles twitched, and he made gestures of surprise, rising at last with an air of injured dignity to withdraw with the other Senators to the consultation room.

"In which case are you interested?" asked the usher, approaching Nekhlúdof as soon as the Senators had withdrawn.

"I have told you once already that it is in the Máslova case," replied Nekhlúdof.

"Oh, I remember now. It was to be heard to-day, but——"

"Well?" asked the lawyer.

"You see we were not expecting a defense, so that the Senators are not likely to come back after passing a resolution. Still, I will call their attention to it——"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I will certainly call their attention," said the usher, and proceeded to write something on a slip of paper.

The Senators actually had intended after the decision in the libel suit to dispose of all other cases, Máslova's included, as they sat comfortably smoking and taking their tea in the consultation room.

XXI.

As soon as the Senators had taken their seats at the table in the consultation room, Wolf began in a very animated manner to show the reasons why the judgment ought to be reversed. The chairman, whose attitude was apt to be antagonistic, was even more out of sorts than usual to-day. He had arrived at a decision while he was listening to the report, and now, intent upon his own thoughts, he never heard one word that Wolf said. He was trying to recall the words he had used when he had written in his memoirs about the appointment of Velyánof to a position which he had coveted for himself. Chairman Nikítin honestly believed that his judgment of the officials of the two upper classes with whom he had had intercourse during the period of his active service contained material for important historical documents, having written last night a chapter in which he had given some hard knocks to certain officials of the first two classes for having hindered him from saving Russia from the destruction into which the present rulers were dragging it. This was his way of describing it, but the truth of the matter was that he was angry because he had been prevented from getting a higher salary. At that moment he was thinking that posterity would see these matters in an entirely new light.

"Yes, of course," he replied to Wolf, when the latter addressed him in words which he had not heard. Bé listened with a melancholy expression to what Wolf was saying, drawing garlands all the while on a sheet of paper that lay before him. Bé was a Liberal, pure and simple. He religiously treasured the traditions of the "sixties," and if he ever departed from his strictly neutral attitude it was always in favor of Liberalism. As for instance in this case, setting aside the fact that the stockbroker who complained of the libel was himself an unscrupulous man, Bé was in favor of rejecting the libel accusation because it was in itself a restraint on the freedom of the press.

When Wolf had completed his argument, Bé, leaving his garland unfinished, with a note of regret in his voice — for it grieved him to be compelled to demonstrate such truisms — proceeded in a low and gentle voice, his white head bowed, to prove simply, concisely and convincingly the utter groundlessness of the suit for libel, and when he had finished he went on drawing his garland.

Skovoródnikof, who sat opposite Wolf and who kept gathering his mustache and beard with his fat fingers into his mouth and chewing them, suddenly dropped this occupation when Bé paused, and in a loud, creaking voice said that although he knew the director of the company to be a great rascal, he would advocate setting the judgment aside, provided any legal reasons existed for doing so; but as there were no such reasons he agreed with Ivan Vassílievitch, covertly rejoicing at the opportunity of inflicting the pin-prick he intended for Wòlf. The Presiding Senator shared the opinion of Skovoródnikof, and the case was decided in the negative.

Wolf was particularly annoyed, because he seemed to be caught in unconscious partiality. Assuming an air of indifference, however, he opened the next case to be reported, that of Máslova, and became absorbed in it. Meanwhile the Senators rang the bell, called for tea, and began discussing an event which together with the Kaménsky duel was the talk of Petersburg. It was the case of a Director of a Government Department caught with sufficient proof in a crime provided for by article

995 of the Statutes. "How revolting!" said Bé, with disgust.

"Where's the harm? I can show you the project of a German writer in our periodicals who openly states that such acts ought not to be considered criminal and says that matrimony between men should be made possible," said Skovoródnikof, audibly and greedily inhaling the smoke from the crushed cigarette which he held between his fingers close to the palm and laughing aloud.

"You don't mean it?"

"Certainly, I will show it to you," he replied, quoting the full title, the year and place of publication.

"I heard that he was to be appointed Governor in some city in Siberia," remarked Nikítin.

"So much the better. The Bishop will meet him with a crucifix. The Bishop should be of the same feather. I could recommend them a suitable one," said Skovoródnikof, and throwing the stump of the cigarette into his saucer, took into his mouth as much of his beard and mustache as was possible and began chewing them.

Just then the usher appeared and reported the desire of Nekhlúdof and his counsel to be present during the hearing of Máslova's case.

"That's a remarkable and romantic case," said Wolf, and related what he knew of Nekhlúdof's relations to Máslova.

They discussed it for a while, and finishing their cigarettes and their tea returned to the Senate Chamber. The decision in the previous case was announced and Máslova's case opened.

In his thin voice Wolf made a full report of Máslova's appeal, and this time also with a personal bias, evidently wishing to have the judgment vacated.

"Have you anything to add?" said the Presiding Senator to Fanárin.

Fanárin rose, and throwing out his broad white chest began with remarkable persuasiveness and precision to prove the misinterpretation of the law by the Court in six points. He also took the liberty to touch briefly upon the merits of the case and the evident injustice of the sentence. But the substance of his brief yet forceful address seemed an apology for his insistence on a matter which the Senators with their sagacity and knowledge of the law should know far better than he. He said he considered it his duty to speak, because of the obligation he had to discharge. After Fanárin's speech there seemed very little reason to doubt that the Senate would set aside the decision of the Court. As he finished his plea Fanárin smiled triumphantly. When Nekhlúdof looked at his lawyer and saw him smile, he felt sure that the case was won; but when he turned to look at the Senators, he realized that Fanárin was the only one who was smiling and triumphant.

The Senators and the Assistant of the Public Prosecutor neither smiled nor triumphed; they looked like men bored to death, who seem to say to themselves and to each other: "We have heard men like you talk before now, but what does it all amount to? Nothing!" They were apparently much relieved when the lawyer had finished and was no longer detaining them for no purpose. As soon as his speech came to an end, the Presiding Senator addressed the Assistant of the Public Prosecutor. In a few brief and explicit words Selénin declared that he had heard nothing in the appeal that would warrant the reversal of the Judgment. The Senators then rose and went into the consulting-room. Here the votes were divided. Wolf favored the revision. Bé, grasping the matter, was also on the side of revision, vividly picturing to the Senators the scene in the Court and the misunderstanding of the jury as he rightly interpreted it. Nikítin, never inclined to be lenient and who always believed in strict formality, was opposed to it. The matter therefore depended on the vote of Skovoródnikof, and this vote was cast against a reversal, chiefly because Nekhlúdof's determination to marry the girl was repugnant to him on moral grounds. Skovoródnikof was a materialist, a Darwinian, and looked upon all manifestations of abstract morality or of religious beliefs not only as despicable folly but as a personal affront to himself. All this fuss about a prostitute in the Senate and the presence of Nekhlúdof and the famous attorney who defended her were extremely distasteful to him. And he resumed the process of stuffing his beard into his mouth and making grimaces, pretending that he knew nothing whatever in regard to the details of the case, but of one thing he was assured and this was that the reasons assigned for making an appeal were inadequate and therefore he agreed with the Presiding Senator in denying the appeal.

The petition was denied.

XXII.

"TERRIBLE!" said Nekhlúdof, as he went out into the waiting-room with the lawyer, who was putting his papers into his portfolio. "Whatever may be the justice of your case, they will discover flaws in the form and refuse. It's terrible!"

"The case was mismanaged in the Court," replied the lawyer.

"Selénin, too, is in favor of rejection. Terrible. Terrible," repeated Nekhlúdof. "What is to be done now?"

"We will petition His Imperial Majesty. Present the petition yourself while you are in Petersburg. I will write it out for you."

Meanwhile little Wolf, with his decorations and uniform, came out into the reception room and went up to Nekhlúdof.

"It's too bad, my dear Prince. You hadn't sufficient grounds," he said, shrugging his shoulders and closing his eyes as he passed along on his way. After Wolf came

Selénin, who had been told by the Senators that his former friend Nekhlúdof was here.

"I certainly had not expected to meet you," he said, walking up to Nekhlúdof with a smile on his lips, while his eyes remained sad. "I had no idea you were in Petersburg."

"And I did not know that you were a Public Prosecutor."

"Assistant," Selénin corrected him. "How did you happen to come to the Senate? I heard that you were in Petersburg, but how came you here?"

"How? Because I had hoped to find justice and to save an innocent woman."

"What woman?"

"The one in the case that has just been decided."

"Ah, Máslova's case," said Selénin, remembering. "That was an unfounded appeal."

"The question is not of the appeal, but of the woman, who is innocent and is being punished."

Selénin sighed.

"Perhaps, but—— "

"There is no perhaps about it; it is an indubitable fact."

"How do you know?"

"Because I was a juror. I know how the mistake was made."

Selénin reflected.

"You should have made it known at the time," he said.

"I did."

"The statement should have been added to the case. If it had been joined to the petition for appeal——"

"But it is perfectly plain that the verdict was absurd."

"The Senate has not the right to say this. If the Senate should undertake to set aside the judgment of Courts in accordance with its own views as to the justice of such judgments,—leaving out of consideration that the Senate would have no basis for such action and would rather run the risk of impeding Justice than of upholding it — the verdicts of the jury would lose all their meaning," said Selénin, referring in his mind to the preceding case.

"One thing is certain. This woman is entirely innocent, and the last hope of saving her from undeserved punishment is lost. The highest court has confirmed a lawless act."

"No, it did not, because it could not nor can it enter into the merits of the case," said Selénin, squinting.

Always absorbed in work and rarely going into society, he evidently had not heard of Nekhlúdof's romance. Realizing the fact, Nekhlúdof decided that he would better not mention his special relations with Máslova.

"I suppose you are staying with your aunt," said Selénin, evidently wishing to change the subject. "I heard last night that you were here. Countess Katerína Ivánovna sent me an invitation to meet you at a gathering where a foreign preacher was to speak," he added, smiling with his lips only.

"Yes, I was there, but left in disgust," replied Nekhlúdof in a vexed tone, annoyed that Selénin wanted to turn the conversation.

"Why then in disgust? At all events it's an evidence of religious feeling, though it may be one-sided and sectarian," said Selénin.

"It's arrant nonsense," said Nekhlúdof.

"Not at all. The strange part of it is, that we know so little of the doctrines of our church that we receive our own dogmas like a new revelation," said Selénin, as though eager to inform his former friend of his new views.

Nekhlúdof looked at Selénin with real surprise. The latter did not lower his eyes, which expressed not only sadness but a certain hostility.

"Do you believe in the dogmas of the church?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"I certainly do," replied Selénin, looking into Nekhlúdof's eyes with a direct but lifeless gaze.

Nekhlúdof sighed. "I am surprised," he said.

"But we can discuss this later," said Selénin. "Yes, I am coming," he said to the usher who had respectfully approached him. "We must certainly see each other," he added with a sigh. "But when shall I find you in? I always dine at home at 7 P.M., Nadéjdenskaya," and he gave his number. "Many things have changed since the old days," he added, as he turned to go, smiling only with his lips.

"I will come if I have time," said Nekhlúdof, feeling that the man who was once so near and dear to him had after this brief talk become suddenly strange, remote, and incomprehensible, if not altogether hostile.

XXIII.

When Nekhlúdof had known Selénin as a University student, he was a good son, a faithful friend, and for his years a well-educated society man, with a great deal of tact, good-looking, and well groomed, and at the same time truthful and honest. He learned easily, was not pedantic, and had been awarded gold medals for his themes. Not in words alone, but actions, he made service to man the aim of his young life. He did not consider such service possible in any other way but by serving the State; and so, having finished his University course, he considered systematically the various fields of activity in which he might labor, and deciding that he would be most useful in the Second Department of His Majesty's Chancery, where the laws were made, he entered it. But in spite of his punctual and conscientious performance of every duty imposed on him, he did not succeed in satisfying his desire to be useful to mankind and could not bring himself to feel that he was doing "the right thing." Owing to some friction with a petty and ostentatious chief, his dissatisfaction resulted in his resignation and subsequent entrance into the Senate, where he was more contented, but even there the same feeling of dissatisfaction pursued him. He had felt all along that it was not what he had expected or what he sought to be doing. While in the Senate his relatives had succeeded in obtaining for him an appointment as "*Kammer-Junker*,"[1] and he was obliged to drive in a closed carriage, wearing his embroidered uniform and his white linen apron, to thank all sorts of people for his appointment to a lackey's position. It was simply impossible to conceive of any satisfactory explanation for the existence of a post so anomalous,—and more than ever he felt that it was not "the thing." Still, he could not refuse the appointment, lest by so doing he offend those who were certain that they were pleasing him; and the truth was that this appointment did flatter him in a way, and he was pleased to see himself in a mirror in a gold-embroidered coat and to enjoy respect paid to him by a certain class of persons.

The same thing happened to him in regard to marriage. A very brilliant marriage had, from a worldly point of view, been arranged for him. His chief reason for marrying was because, had he refused, he would have annoyed and pained the family of the bride and his own people who arranged this match, and also because it pleased him and gratified his ambition to marry a young and pretty girl of good family. But it was not long before married life proved still less satisfactory than his government service and the post at Court. After the birth of the first child his wife objected to having any more children and plunged into society life, in which he also felt obliged to take a part.

She was not particularly handsome, but she was true to him, and although she spoiled her husband's life and gained by her extravagant waste of time and strength but a small proportion of pleasure compared with the excessive weariness entailed, she still persevered in it. All his efforts to alter it were like dashing one's head against a stone wall, so adamantine was her conviction, supported by that of all her kinsfolk and friends, that this was the proper life to lead.

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[1] Gentleman of the Bed Chamber. — Tr.

The child, a girl with long golden locks and bare legs, was like a stranger to the father, the more so as she was not brought up as he wished.

A mutual misunderstanding, or to speak plainly, the absence of a desire to understand each other, and a quite silent struggle, concealed from outsiders and tempered by a wish to preserve appearances, made his home life anything but agreeable. His married life proved to be still less "the right thing" than his government position or the post at Court.

His views on the subject of religion were still less satisfactory. Like all the men of his circle and his time he had during the progress of his intellectual growth easily shaken off the fetters of religious superstition in which he had been reared, without actually realizing just when the change took place. As an earnest and honest man he had never concealed his freedom from religious official superstition. This was in the young days of his student life and his friendship with Nekhlúdof.

But as the years went on, bringing him advancement in government service, especially during the Conservative reaction which set in about that time, this spiritual freedom stood in his way. Not alone in his home life, particularly at the time of his father's death followed by the requiems for his soul, and because his mother wished him to prepare to receive communion, which public opinion also demanded, but he was also compelled, in conformity with his duties, to be present at Te Deums, the consecration of buildings, thanksgiving payers, and other church services of similar nature. Hardly a day passed without his participation in some outward forms of religion which it was impossible for him to escape. He had to choose one of the two courses, either to pretend that he believed what he did not believe—which was very much against his habitual truthfulness—or else openly declare that he regarded all outward forms as false and arrange his life in some way by which he could avoid the necessity of taking part in what he believed to be false. But to be able to accomplish this apparently trifling matter required a great deal of courage. Not only would it be necessary to be always opposing the people about him, but he must change his whole life and give up his government position, thereby sacrificing his projects for the good of mankind which he had already begun and had hoped to be able to continue with greater efficiency in the future.

To make this sacrifice one would have to believe firmly in being in the right. And he did firmly believe that he was in the right, as no educated man of our day can help being convinced of the soundness of his own common sense, especially if he has studied history and knows the origin of religions in general and the origin and divisions in the Christian Church. He could not help knowing that he was in the right when he did not recognize the truth of the Church doctrines. Yet, under the stress of daily life and believing himself to be honest and upright, he still allowed a trifling falsehood to creep in. He said to himself that in order to disbelieve what seemed unreasonable, one should at first make a study of such matters. It was this trifling falsehood which sank him into the mire of greater falsehoods in which he now was swamped.

But when he asked himself whether the Orthodox religion in which he was born and brought up, without which he would not be able to continue his work, and which people about him expected him to profess was true, he had already solved the question beforehand. But to throw further light on the subject he did not study Voltaire, Schopenhauer, Spencer, or Comte, but read Hegel and the religious works of Vinet and Homiakóf, naturally finding there what he sought,—a semblance of peace and a vindication of the doctrines in which he was brought up, but which his common sense had long since rejected, and the lack of which had filled his life with unpleasantness. All this would vanish forthwith if he but accepted them. So he adopted the usual sophistries, such as the incapacity of the human brain to grasp the truth which can only be revealed to an association of men, or that the only way of knowing it is by Revelation, which is preserved in the Church, and so on. Since then he could calmly and without the consciousness of telling a lie assist at Te Deums, Requiems, Masses, could go to confession or make the sign of the cross before the ikons and continue his government service, which assured him of his personal usefulness and brought a sense of relief into his joyless married life. He thought that he believed, and yet he was conscious at the bottom of his heart that this profession of faith that he was making was further than anything else from being "the real thing." And it was this that made his eyes always look so sad. That is the reason why upon recognizing Nekhlúdof, whom he had known before all these errors had taken root, that his former habits of thought returned to his mind. And particularly after he had spoken to Nekhlúdof, implying, rather than stating, his religious views, he felt more keenly than ever that it was not "the right thing" and straightway became sad and distressed. Nekhlúdof also felt the same emotion after the first impression of pleasure on seeing his old friend.

That was the reason why, having promised to see each other, neither of the men felt anxious for this reunion; and so they did not meet again during Nekhlúdof's stay in Petersburg.

XXIV.

On leaving the Senate, Nekhlúdof and his lawyer walked on for a time; the latter, giving orders for the carriage to follow, began to tell Nekhlúdof the history of the Director of the government department whom the Senators had been discussing, — how he had been found out, and how instead of sentencing him to hard labor, which according to law he really deserved, he was to be appointed a Governor in Siberia. He related this tale, accompanied by very unpleasant details, and with evident relish began another story of thefts committed by men in high positions, and in this case the money was destined for the unfinished monument they had passed that morning; and how the mistress of a millionaire had made millions in stocks; how one man had sold his wife and another had bought one, and so on. Just then he was beginning to tell another story of the rascalities and crimes of high officials, who were not imprisoned but still presiding over various institutions. These stories—and the lawyer seemed to have an unlimited supply—gave him much pleasure, for they served to show that the means used by him to earn money were entirely correct and innocent compared with means used for the same purpose by the high officials in Petersburg. He was therefore greatly surprised when Nekhlúdof, without listening to the end of his last story about the criminal actions of important officials, said good-by, hired an *izvóstchik*, and drove home.

Nekhlúdof felt very sad. He was chiefly sad because the appeal of Máslova was disallowed by the Senate, thereby confirming her senseless torture, and because this rejection made his unalterable decision to unite his fate with hers still more difficult. This sadness was moreover deepened by the terrible tales of existing evils, which the lawyer had related with such gusto, and he could not forget the cold, unkind, inimical look which the once sweet-natured, frank, and noble Selénin had given him.

When Nekhlúdof returned, the door-keeper handed him a note which a *certain* woman, as he expressed it, somewhat ironically, had written in the hall.

It was a note from Shústova's mother. She wrote that she had come to thank the benefactor of her daughter and also to implore him to call at their house on Vassílievsky

Island, 5th Line, house No. —. Véra Efrémovna felt, so she wrote, that she really must see him. He need not fear to be burdened with expressions of gratitude, — that subject would not be mentioned, — they would simply be glad to see him. Could he come to-morrow morning?

The other note was from his former friend Bogatyréf, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, whom Nekhlúdof asked to hand to the Emperor personally the petition he had prepared in behalf of the sectarians. In his large, firm handwriting Bogatyréf wrote that he would hand the petition to the Emperor personally, but that it had occurred to him that it would perhaps be better for Nekhlúdof himself to call on the person on whom this matter depended and petition him in the first place.

After the impressions of the last few days of his stay in Petersburg, Nekhlúdof felt utterly hopeless in regard to all the projects. The plans he had made in Moscow now appeared to him mere youthful dreams, in which people who enter enthusiastically on life's path are unavoidably disappointed. Still, while in Petersburg he considered it his duty to do what lay in his power, and decided that after seeing Bogatyréf to-morrow, he would follow his advice and call on the person on whom the case of the sectarians depended.

Taking the petition of the sectarians from his pocket, he was reading it over, when he heard a knock on the door and a footman of Katerína Ivánovna came in to invite him upstairs to take a cup of tea.

Nekhlúdof said that he would come in a moment, and putting away his papers in the portfolio he went upstairs to his aunt. From a window in the hall on his way upstairs he caught a glimpse of Mariette's span of bays, and all at once his spirits rose and he felt like smiling.

Mariette, no longer in black hat, wearing a gay hat and a light gown of many colors, was seated beside the Countess's easy-chair, holding a cup of tea in her hand and prattling gaily while her beaming eyes glistened with merry laughter. Nekhlúdof entered the room just as Mariette had finished telling a funny story, funny and improper, as Nekhlúdof divined from the way they laughed. The good-natured Countess Katerína Ivánovna, with the shaded lip, was shaking with laughter, while Mariette with a peculiarly mischievous expression, her mouth slightly drawn to one side, her head lowered, with a keen, wide-awake expression was looking silently at the hostess. From the few words that reached his ears, Nekhlúdof knew that they were talking of the second piece of news in Petersburg at that time, namely the episode of the Siberian Governor, when Mariette had said something so funny in regard to it, that for some time the Countess could not control herself.

"You will be the death of me," she said, coughing.

Nekhlúdof greeted them and took a seat. He was just on the point of criticising Mariette for her light-mindedness, when she, noticing the serious and somewhat dissatisfied expression of his face, suddenly and to please him, — and this had been the object of her ambition ever since she had met him, — changed not only the expression of her face, but her actual feelings. In a twinkling of an eye she became serious, dissatisfied with her own life, seeking something, striving after something. She was not making believe, but really seemed to have absorbed Nekhlúdof's attitude of mind at that time, though she couldn't possibly have given any reason for it.

She inquired how he had succeeded with his business. He told her about the disappointment in the Senate and about his meeting Selénin.

"Ah, there's a pure soul! Indeed he is a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*" "A pure soul" both ladies repeated, applying to him the name commonly given him in society.

"How about his wife?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"His wife? Well, I will not criticise her, but she does not understand him."

"Is it possible that he, too, favored the dismissal of the appeal?" she asked with genuine sympathy. "That's terrible! How I pity her!" she added with a sigh.

He frowned and by way of changing the subject began to speak about Shústova, who had been imprisoned in the Fortress and had now been set free at her request. Thanking her for influencing her husband, he was just going to say how dreadful it was that this woman and all her family were suffering just because no one had thought of them, when she interrupted him to give utterance to her own indignation.

"Don't say another word," she exclaimed. "As soon as my husband told me that she was to be liberated, the first thought that came into my mind was, 'Why had she been kept there if she was innocent?' It's absolutely shocking! shocking!"

Countess Katerína Ivánovna saw that Mariette was flirting with her nephew and was amused.

"Let me tell you," she said to Nekhlúdof when they ceased talking, "come to Aline's to-morrow evening. Kiesewetter will be there. And you too," she added, addressing Mariette. "*Il vous a remarqué*," she said to her nephew. "He told me—for I repeated to him all you said—that what you say is a good sign, and that you will surely come to Christ. Be sure and come. Tell him to come, Mariette, and come yourself."

"In the first place I have no right to advise the Prince about anything whatsoever," said Mariette, looking at Nekhlúdof and by that glance establishing between them a full agreement concerning Evangelicism in general and the words of the Countess, "and secondly, you know, I am not very fond of——"

"Yes, you will always have your own way! No one has any control over you."

"What do you mean by that? I believe like any common peasant woman," she said, smiling. "And in the third place I am going to the French Theater."

"Ah! And have you seen that—well, what is her name?" said Katerína Ivánovna to Nekhlúdof.

Mariette repeated the name of the famous French actress.

"Be sure and go. She is wonderful," said the Countess to Nekhlúdof.

"Well, whom am I to see first, *ma tante*, the actress or the preacher?" asked Nekhlúdof, smiling.

"Don't you trip me up on my own words."

"I think I would better see the preacher first and the French actress later, otherwise I run the risk of losing all interest in the sermon," said Nekhlúdof.

"I advise you to begin with the French Theater and do penance afterwards," said Mariette.

"Stop making fun of me. The preacher is all right in one way and the theater in another. It is not at all necessary to pull a long face and weep all the time to be saved. You must believe and then you will be cheerful."

"You preach better than all the preachers, *ma tante*."

"Now let me think," said Mariette. "Why couldn't you come to my box to-morrow?"

"I fear I shall not be able to come."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the footman, who announced a visitor. It was the Secretary of a benevolent Society, of which the Countess was president.

"Oh, he is a tedious person! I had better receive him in the other room. I will join you later. Give him some tea, Mariette," she added, as she briskly left the room with her waddling gait.

Mariette took off her gloves and bared her firm, flat hand, whose fourth finger was covered with rings.

"Will you have some tea?" she said, taking the silver teapot from the spirit-stand and holding her little finger stiffly aloft from the others. Her face grew sad and serious.

"It always makes me feel very, very sad when people whose good opinion I value confound me with the position in which I am placed."

She seemed ready to cry as she said these words, and though had they been analyzed they would not have been found to contain any special or definite meaning, they appealed to Nekhlúdof as thoughtful, sincere, and kindly, so attractive was the glance from the shining eyes which accompanied the words of this young and well-dressed woman.

Nekhlúdof watched her in silence and could not take his eyes from her.

"You think I don't understand you and what is going on within you? What you have done is known to all. *C'est le secret de polichinelle.* I admire and approve of it."

"There is nothing to admire. I have as yet accomplished so little."

"That makes no difference. I understand your feelings and I understand her. . . . Very well, I will say no more. . . ." She interrupted herself, noticing a shadow of displeasure on his face. "But I can also understand that seeing all this misery, all these horrors that are going on in the prisons—" Mariette went on, having but one thought in her mind—the wish to attract him—and guessing with her woman's instinct what he prized and treasured. "You want to help those who suffer, and suffer so terribly from other men, from indifference, or cruelty. . . . I understand how one can give up one's life to it and I would give up mine . . . but each one has his fate. . . ."

"Are you dissatisfied with yours?"

"I?" she said, as though struck with surprise that such a question could be asked. "I ought to be contented and I am. But sometimes one's conscience like a worm wakes up. . . ."

"And it should not be allowed to fall asleep again," said Nekhlúdof, succumbing to the influence of her deceit.

Many times later Nekhlúdof remembered with a feeling of shame his conversation with her. He recalled her words, which were perhaps unconscious imitations of his own rather than deliberate falsehoods, and the expression of eager attention with which she listened when he told her of the horrors of the jail and of his experiences in the country.

When the Countess returned, they were conversing not only like old friends but like intimate ones, who alone understood each other amid the crowd that did not understand either of them.

They talked of the injustice of power, of the sufferings of the poor, of the poverty of the people, but in reality those eyes that gazed at each other while they were talking kept asking, "Could you love me?" and replying, "I could," and the sex-feeling, assuming the most unexpected and radiant aspects, drew them together.

As she was leaving she said that she would be always ready to serve him, and asked him to be sure and come to her box to-morrow night, if but for a moment, as she had something important to tell him.

"For when shall I see you again?" she added with a sigh, carefully pulling on a glove over her jeweled hand. "Please promise me that you will come."

Nekhlúdof promised.

That night, when he was alone in his room and had put out his candle and gone to bed, he could not sleep for a long time. While thinking of Máslova, of the decision of the Senate, of his own resolution to follow her, and of his giving up the ownership of his land, Mariette's face loomed before him. He seemed to hear her sigh, see her eyes, hear her say, "When shall I see you again?" and smile, — all as distinctly as though she were before him. He smiled. "Am I doing the right thing in going to Siberia? Will it be right for me to deprive myself of my wealth?" he asked himself.

The clear northern light streamed through the closed window blinds, but the answers to all these questions were of the vaguest description. All was in a jumble. He tried to feel and think as he did formerly, but the thoughts were uncertain. "And what if all this should prove but an empty vision evoked by my own imagination, and I should find myself unable to live in that way? What if I were to regret having done this thing, which now seems right to me?" he said to himself, and unable to solve the dilemma he felt more pained and distressed than he had ever felt before. Unable to solve these questions he dropped into a deep sleep, such as sometimes used to come over him after a heavy loss at cards.

XXV.

NEKHLÚDOF'S first impression on awakening the next morning was that he had on the previous day done something wrong. He tried to remember. No, he had done nothing wrong, but he had indulged himself in brooding over his present intentions, — his marriage with Katúsha, and the giving up of his land to peasants. He had endeavored to persuade himself that it would be impossible ever to carry out such vague dreams; it was all too artificial and unnatural; that it was his duty to go on living as he had lived before. No, he had done nothing that was really wrong, but he had indulged in evil thoughts, those generators of evil acts. An evil act need not be repeated and one may repent of it, but evil thoughts engender evil acts. One evil act only smooths the path for other evil acts, whereas evil thoughts drag one helplessly along down that path.

In recalling his thoughts of the previous night he wondered how he could even for a moment have believed them valid. However difficult and unfamiliar the things he intended to do might be, he realized that it was the only life now possible for him, and however easy it might seem to return to his former life, he was sure it would mean death to him. Yesterday's temptation made him think of a man who indulges himself in lying in bed when he knows it is time to rise and set about beginning the day's work. He loves to lie cuddled in his bed, though wide awake and fully realizing that it is time for him to rise and start on the important and joyful work that awaits him.

This was to be his last day in Petersburg, and he went early in the morning to Shústova on the Vassílievsky Island. Shústova's apartment was on the second floor. The house porter directed him to the back staircase, and climbing a steep stairway he walked into a stuffy kitchen where the smell of cooking was almost suffocating.

An elderly woman with her sleeves rolled up, wearing an apron and spectacles, stood beside the stove. She was stirring something in a steaming pan. "Whom did you wish to see?" she asked severely, peering at the newcomer over her spectacles.

Nekhlúdof had hardly uttered his name when an expression of alarm mingled with one of joy came over her face.

"Oh, Prince!" cried the woman, drying her hands on her apron. "But how came you up the back entrance? Our benefactor! I am her mother. They came near killing my girl. You have been our saviour," she exclaimed, seizing Nekhlúdof's hand and trying to kiss it. "I called on you yesterday. My sister was especially anxious to see you. She is here with us. Please come this way; follow me," she said, as she escorted him through the narrow door and along the corridor, all the while arranging her tucked-up skirt and giving touches to her hair. "Kornílova is my sister. You may have heard of her," she added in a whisper, as she paused at the door. "She has been mixed up in political affairs. She is a clever woman ——"

Opening the door that led from the corridor, Shústova's mother showed Nekhlúdof into a small room, where a short, rather stout young girl in a striped cotton jacket was seated on a sofa in front of a table. Her round, pale face, that very much resembled her mother's, was framed with wavy blond hair. A young man with a slight black beard and mustache, dressed in a Russian blouse with an embroidered band around the neck, sat in an armchair opposite, leaning over her. They were both evidently so engrossed in their conversation that they never turned round till Nekhlúdof was fairly in the room.

"Lydia, this is Prince Nekhlúdof, the same one, you know ——"

The girl sprang to her feet with a nervous motion, pushing back an unruly strand of hair, and a frightened expression came into her large gray eyes as she looked at the newcomer.

"Ah, then *you* are the dangerous woman for whom Véra Efrémovna interceded," said Nekhlúdof with a smile, extending his hand.

"Yes, I am that same woman," replied Lydia, as with a broad, childlike smile she displayed a row of beautiful teeth. "It's my aunt who was anxious to see you. Aunty!" she called through the door in a sweet gentle voice.

"Véra Efrémovna was much grieved to have you arrested," said Nekhlúdof.

"Will you take a seat? No, you would better sit here," said Lydia, pointing to the stuffed and dilapidated chair from which the young man had just risen.

"My cousin, Zakhárof," she said as she noticed the glance that Nekhlúdof gave the young man.

The young man smiled as good-naturedly as Lydia herself had done. He greeted the guest, and when the latter had seated himself, he took a chair that stood by the window and placing it beside Nekhlúdof also sat down. A light-haired boy, a pupil in a public school, about sixteen years of age, came in through another door and silently seated himself on the window sill.

"Véra Efrémovna is my aunt's great friend, but I hardly know her."

Just then a woman with a pleasant, intelligent face, who wore a white sack belted in with a leather belt, came in from the next room.

"Good-morning. Thank you for having come," she began the moment she had seated herself on the sofa near Lydia. "Do tell us about Véra. How is she? Have you seen her? How does she bear her present situation?"

"She does not complain," said Nekhlúdof. "She says she feels like the Olympian gods."

"Ah, how I recognize Vérotchka," said the aunt, shaking her head and smiling. "One needs to know her. She is a wonderful character. Everything for others, and nothing for herelf."

"Very true, she asked no favors for herself. Her only anxiety was for your niece. She was particularly distressed, she said, because she had been arrested without cause."

"Yes, yes, it's all so terrible. The truth of the matter is that she was really a scapegoat for me," said the aunt.

"Not at all, aunty! I should have taken care of the papers anyway," said Lydia.

"Allow me to know better," said the aunt. "You see," she said, turning to Nekhlúdof, "this is how it was. A certain person asked me to take care of the papers for a while, and as I had no apartment of my own, I brought them to her. That same night she was searched, the papers were found, and she was arrested, and there she has remained imprisoned until now, because they wanted her to tell from whom she received them."

"And I didn't," said Lydia quickly, nervously twitching her hair from force of habit, for it was really not in her way.

"I didn't say you did."

"If they got hold of Mítin, it was through no fault of mine," said Lydia, blushing and glancing about uneasily.

"Don't talk about it, Lydia," said the mother.

"Why not? I should like to tell," said Lydia, no longer smiling nor pulling her hair, but twisting a strand of it over her finger and still looking around the room.

"You know what happened yesterday when you began to speak about it."

"That's all right . . . just let me be, mamma. . . . I said nothing, I kept still. After he had examined me twice in regard to aunty and Mítin I had told him nothing, except that I would not answer. Then that man, Petróv—"

"Petróv is a great scoundrel. He is a gendarme and a spy," interrupted the aunt, explaining to Nekhlúdof her niece's words.

"Then," continued Lydia, hurriedly and excitedly, "he began to tease me. 'Whatever you tell me will harm no one. On the contrary, if you tell, you will set the innocent free. We may be uselessly tormenting the wrong person.' But still I kept saying that I would not tell. Then he said, 'All right, say nothing, only don't deny what I am going to say.' Then he began to repeat the names, and among them the name of Mítin."

"Don't say any more."

"Don't interfere, aunty. . ." and she still kept pulling at the strand of hair and looking about. "So you may fancy how I felt when I was informed the next day, in our secret 'knock alphabet,' that Mítin had been arrested. I was sure then that I had betrayed him, and this tormented me, so that it nearly made me crazy."

"And you see it turned out that it was not at all through you that he was arrested," said the aunt.

"Yes, but how could I know that? I thought I had betrayed him; that's what I thought. When I used to lie down and cover my head I seemed to hear some one whispering in my ear: 'You have betrayed Mítin! You have betrayed Mítin!' I knew it was nothing but an hallucination, but I could not help listening. I used to try to go to sleep and stop thinking, thinking, but I couldn't. It was terrible!" said Lydia, growing more and more excited and still winding and unwinding the strand over her finger and looking about.

"Calm yourself, Lýdotchka," said the mother, touching her on the shoulder. But Lýdotchka had gone too far.

"It is so terrible, because . . ." she began to say, but she burst into hysterical weeping, and jumping up from the sofa and tripping over a chair she ran out of the room. Her mother went out after her.

"These scoundrels ought to be hanged," exclaimed the public school pupil who was sitting on the window sill.

"What have you to say on the subject?" asked his aunt.

"Oh, nothing . . . I was simply . . ." he replied, and picking up a cigarette from the table he lighted it.

XXVI.

"YES, solitary confinement is a terrible thing for these young people,"said the aunt, shaking her head and also lighting a cigarette.

"I should think it would be terrible for everybody," replied Nekhlúdof.

"No, not for everybody," replied the aunt. "I have been told it is an actual rest for the real revolutionists, and a relief. An outlaw lives in perpetual anxiety, bearing many privations and in a state of constant apprehension, not only for himself and others, but also for the cause; and when he is finally arrested and all is over, the whole responsibility ends. Now he can rest in peace. In fact, I have been told they rejoiced when they were arrested. But for the young and innocent — they always get innocent creatures like Lydia first — the shock is dreadful.

It isn't because you are deprived of liberty and roughly treated or poorly fed, or feel stifled in the close atmosphere, or any other privations,—all that would not matter. If the hardships were three times greater, all could easily be endured if it were not for the nervous shock received when one is arrested for the first time."

"Have you been through it?"

"Yes, I have been imprisoned twice," replied the aunt, with a sad, pleasant smile. "When I was arrested for the first time, I was only twenty-two years old. I had one child and was expecting another. The loss of liberty and the separation from my child and my husband were naturally hard, but it seemed to me trifling in comparison with the realization that I had ceased to be a human being and become a chattel. I wanted to bid my daughter good-by, but was told to get into the cab. I asked where I was going and was told that I would know when I arrived. I asked of what I was accused and got no reply. After the examination I was clothed in prison garments with a number on the suit, I was then led to a vaulted room, the door was opened, I was pushed in and the door locked. Only a sentinel with a musket walked to and fro, passed the cell, and now and then peeked through a crack in the door. I felt crushed. What affected me most was that the gendarme officer while examining me offered me a cigarette. He must have known, then, that people are fond of smoking, that they also love light and liberty. He must have known that mothers love their children, and children love their mothers. Why, then, did they pitilessly tear me from all that was dear to me and lock me up like a wild beast? No one can submit to this without a protest. If one has believed in a God and in humanity, or that human beings love each other, one loses all faith after such treatment. Since then I have ceased to believe in men and have become embittered," she said with a smile.

Lydia's mother came into the room and said that

Lýdotchka was very nervous and would not come back.

"They have ruined a young life. I feel it the more keenly, because I was the involuntary cause of it," said the aunt.

"God willing, she will recover in the country air. We will send her to her father," said the mother.

"Yes, if it had not been for you," exclaimed the aunt, "the poor child would have died. We are indeed grateful to you. I also wanted to see you because I wish to ask you to transmit a letter to Véra Efrémovna," she added, taking the letter from her pocket. "It isn't sealed, you may read it, and tear it up or hand it to her; let your own conviction on the subject be your guide. There is nothing compromising in the letter," she concluded.

Nekhlúdof took the letter, promising to transmit it; then he rose, and bidding them good-by went out.

XXVII.

THE last matter that kept Nekhlúdof in Petersburg was the case of the sectarians whose petition addressed to the Czar he meant to hand to the Emperor through his former comrade in the regiment, Bogatyréf, now aide-de-camp of the Czar. He called on him in the morning and found that he was still at home, not having finished his luncheon, but he was nearly ready to leave the house. Bogatyréf was a short, thick-set man, endowed with unusual physical strength,—he could bend a horseshoe. He was an honest, kindly, straightforward, and even a liberal man. Yet in spite of these qualities he was on intimate terms at Court, devoted to the Czar and to his family, and strange as it may seem, though he lived in the court circle, he saw only what was good, taking no part whatsoever in the evil or corruption which was evident to others. He never criticised persons or measures, but was either silent or said what he had to say in a loud and distinct voice, frequently accompanying his words with boisterous laughter. But he did this unconsciously, because that was his way.

"Ah, I am so glad that you called. Won't you have lunch? Take a seat. This is excellent steak. I always begin and end with something substantial. Ha! ha! ha! Have some wine at least!" he shouted, pointing to a decanter with red wine. "I was thinking about you. Yes, I will hand in the petition. I will give it into his own hands. Sure! But it occurred to me, hadn't you better first call on Toporóf?"

Nekhlúdof frowned when Toporóf's name was mentioned.

"Everything depends on him. He would be consulted in any event. He might give you a satisfactory answer himself."

"Yes, I will call if you advise it."

"That's right. Well, how does Petersburg strike you, eh?" shouted Bogatyréf.

"I feel as if I were already being hypnotized," said Nekhlúdof.

"Hypnotized?" repeated Bogatyréf, and laughed boisterously. "You're sure you won't have anything? Well, just as you please!" He wiped his mustache with a napkin. "So you will call? Eh? If he refuses, then let me have it and I will hand it in to-morrow," he shouted, and on leaving the table he crossed himself energetically, evidently with no more self-consciousness than when he had wiped his mouth. As he buckled on his saber, he said:

"Now I must bid you good-by and leave you."

"We will go out together," said Nekhlúdof. hastily shaking Bogatyréf's strong hand and parting from him at the door with the pleasant impression one always feels on coming in contact with anything so unconsciously fresh and wholesome.

Although he expected no good results from his visit, Nekhlúdof followed Bogatyréf's advice and went to see Toporóf, the person on whom the case of the sectarians depended.

The position occupied by Toporóf was in itself an incongruous one, which only a dull person or one devoid of moral sense could have failed to perceive. Toporóf possessed both these negative qualities. The incongruity inherent to the position he occupied consisted in the fact that his position made it his duty to support and defend by external measures, not excluding violence, the Church, which according to its own definition was established by God and could not be shaken by the gates of hell nor by any efforts of man. This divine and immutable institution was meant to be supported and defended by that other institution of man, at whose head stood Toporóf and his officials. Toporóf himself did not see this contradiction, or did not wish to see it, and was therefore very seriously concerned lest some Roman Catholic priest, Protestant clergyman, or other sectarian should destroy this Church against which the gates of hell could not prevail. Like all men who lack the true religious feeling of human equality and brotherhood, he was certain that the nation is made of men vastly different from himself and that the lower classes need that which he himself could perfectly well do without. At the bottom of his heart he really believed nothing whatever, and found this attitude very convenient and pleasant; but fearing lest the people themselves might some day reach his own personal state of mind, he considered it his sacred duty, as he called it, to guard the people from this pitfall.

Just as the cookbook tells us that crawfish *like* to be boiled alive, he was fully convinced, not in a figurative sense, — as the cookbook used it, but in its direct meaning, — that the people like to remain superstitious. His ideas concerning the religion he upheld were like those of a poultry keeper in regard to the carrion with which he feeds his fowl,—carrion is very loathsome, but the fowl like and eat it, therefore they must be fed on carrion.

Of course all those ikons of Iberia, Kazán, and Smoléensk are gross idolatry, but the people like and believe in them, therefore these superstitions should be encouraged. Thus thought Toporóf, not realizing that if the people were superstitious, it was only because at present, as in old times, cruel men like himself were always to be found, who, being enlightened themselves, use their knowledge, not for the purpose of freeing the people from the darkness of superstition, but rather to enslave them still more.

As Nekhlúdof entered his reception room, Toporóf was in his study conversing with an abbess, a talkative aristocrat, who spread and supported Orthodoxy in Western Russia among Uniats who had been forcibly converted to the Orthodox Church.

A secretary who was in the reception room asked Nekhlúdof about the business that had brought him there, and on finding that he had taken upon himself to hand their petition to the Emperor asked whether he was willing to let him see it. Nekhlúdof gave it to him, and the official took it into the study. The abbess, with her coif, flowing veil, and long black train, her clasped hands with their immaculate nails, holding a topaz rosary, left the study and passed out. And still Nekhlúdof was not asked to go in. Toporóf was reading the petition and shaking his head. He was unpleasantly surprised as he read its clear and concise wording.

"If this should come into his Majesty's hands it might raise unpleasant questions and misunderstanding," he thought as he finished the reading. And laying it on the table he rang and ordered that Nekhlúdof be ushered in.

He recalled the case of these sectarians, for he had already received their petition. The substance of the case was that the Christians who had fallen away from Orthodoxy should be first exhorted and afterwards tried, but finally acquitted. Then the Bishop and the Governor had decided, because of the illegality of the marriages, to separate husbands, wives, and children and send them into exile. What these husbands and wives asked was that they should not be separated from their children. Toporóf remembered the case when it first came into his hands. Even then he couldn't decide and had half a mind to quash the case. What harm would it do to confirm the decree to separate and exile the members of these families to different places? To allow them to remain might have bad influence on the rest of the population, might lead them also to fall away from Orthodoxy. Moreover, it gave evidence of the Bishop's zeal, and therefore he decided to let the case proceed as at first intended.

Now, with such a defender as Nekhlúdof, who had influential connections in Petersburg, the case might be presented to the Emperor in a special way, as something cruel, or it might find its way into the foreign newspapers. So he at once came to an unexpected decision.

"How do you do?" he said with the air of a very busy man, continuing to stand after greeting Nekhlúdof and beginning at once on the business in hand. "I am familiar with this case. As soon as I saw the names I remembered the whole unfortunate business," he said, taking up the petition and showing it to Nekhlúdof. "And I am very grateful that you have reminded me of it. The provincial authorities have been altogether too zealous."

Nekhlúdof was silent, gazing sternly at the immovable mask of the pale face.

"I will give orders to have this measure revoked and the men returned to their former homes!"

"So that there will be no necessity for presenting this petition?" said Nekhlúdof.

"Most assuredly. *I* give you my promise," he said with a special accent on the word "I," evidently persuaded that *his* honesty, *his* word, were the best guarantees. "Still more, I will write at once. Take a seat, please."

He went up to the table and began to write. But Nekhlúdof, without taking a seat, looked down upon the narrow, bald skull, upon the thick hand with its blue veins, that was rapidly moving the pen, and wondered why he was doing it, why a man who seemed so indifferent to everything, was apparently so eager about this matter. What was the reason?

"There you are," said Toporóf, sealing the envelope. "You may announce this to your 'clients,'" he added, drawing in his lips to imitate a smile.

"Why, then, were these people made to suffer?" asked Nekhlúdof, taking the envelope.

Toporóf raised his head and smiled, as though Nekhlúdof's question had gratified him.

"That I cannot tell you. I can only say that the interests of the people over which we stand guard are of so great importance, that too much zeal in matters of religion is not so greatly to be feared as the prevailing indifference in regard to it."

"But why in the name of religion should the essential demands of virtue be violated and families be broken up——"

Toporóf still smiled condescendingly, evidently finding Nekhlúdof's words quite amusing. Toporóf would have been pleased with anything Nekhlúdof might have said on his side, from the heights of the broad platform on which he stood and from which he believed himself to view the government position.

"This may appear to be the case from the point of view of a private individual," he said, "but from the point of view of State, it is quite a different matter. However that may be, I will now bid you good-by," added Toporóf, bowing and holding out his hand.

Nekhlúdof shook it in silence, but repenting that he had done so, he quickly left the room.

"The interests of the people!" he repeated Toporóf's words. "Your own interests, you mean, yours, yours!" he thought on the way out.

He went over in his mind the list of persons against whom these institutions which re-establish justice, support religion, and educate the people had exercised their activity, beginning with the peasant woman punished for the illegal sale of wine, and the young fellow for stealing, and the tramp for vagrancy, and the incendiary for arson, and the banker for misappropriation of funds, and also this poor little Lydia for withholding information, and the sectarians for violating Orthodoxy, and Gourkévitch for desiring a Constitution. Nekhlúdof became suddenly convinced and saw with unusual clearness that all these people had been arrested, locked up, and exiled, not because they had committed lawless acts, but only because they hindered the official and the rich from using the wealth which they took from the people. And they were all hindrances,—the woman who sold wine without a license, the thief wandering about town, Lydia with the proclamations, the sectarians who assailed superstition, and Gourkévitch with his Constitution. He saw clearly that all these officials, beginning with his aunt's husband, the Senators, and Toporóf, down to all the petty, neat, and correct gentlemen who were sitting at the desks in various departments, were not in the least troubled that such a state of things should cause suffering to the innocent, but were only concerned about the suppression of all the dangerous elements.

In this way not only was that rule neglected which enjoins forgiveness of ten guilty men sooner than one innocent man should suffer, but quite the contrary. It was like the removal of diseased flesh when it is necessary to cut out also that which is healthy; they removed ten innocent persons in order to get rid of one guilty person. This explanation of what was going on seemed very clear and simple to Nekhlúdof, and yet this very clearness and simplicity made him waver in its recognition. Could it be possible that such a complex phenomenon could be capable of so simple and terrible a solution; could it be possible that all this talk about God, justice, religion, kindness, and the law, were only words that concealed the most brutal cupidity and cruelty?

XXVIII.

Nekhlúdof would have left the city that evening, but he had promised Mariette to call on her at the theater; and although he was aware that he ought not to do this, he went, justifying himself by considering it his duty to keep his word.

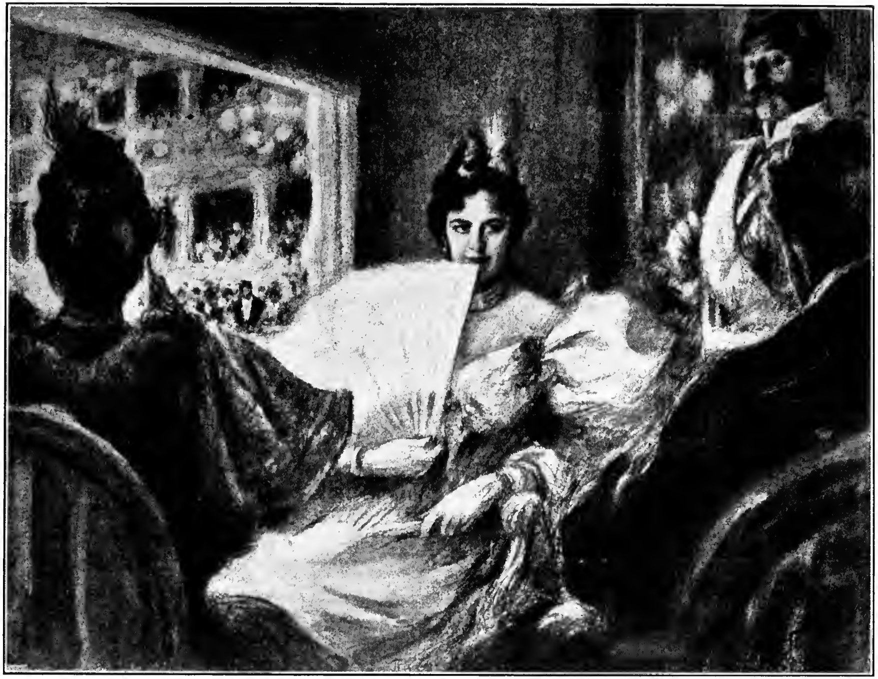
"Am I able to withstand temptation?" he thought somewhat insincerely. "I will try it for the last time."

Donning his evening dress, he was in time for the second act of the everlasting "Dame aux Camélias," in which a foreign actress represented in a new way the death of a consumptive.

The house was crowded, and Mariette's box on the lower floor was at once respectfully indicated to Nekhlúdof.

As the liveried lackey opened the door of the box, he bowed to him as to a friend of the house.

All the people who sat in the opposite boxes and those who stood behind them, the near-by backs, and the gray, semi-gray, bald, pomaded, artificial-looking heads of those in the orchestra circle,—all the spectators in fact were absorbed in watching the contortions of the thin, angular actress, who, dressed in silk and laces, was reciting her monologue in an unnatural tone of voice. Some one said "Hush!" as the door opened, and two currents of warm and cold air swept over Nekhlúdof's face. Mariette and a lady—a stranger to Nekhlúdof—in a red opera mantle and elaborate *coiffure*, and two gentlemen occupied the box. One was Mariette's husband, the General, tall and handsome, with an



"THE IRONIC SMILE OF HIS EYES GREW MORE PRONOUNCED"

aquiline nose and an inscrutable expression. He wore a uniform padded in the chest. The other was a light-haired and bald-headed man, with a dimpled chin showing between his pompous side whiskers. Mariette, slim and graceful, in a *décolleté* gown that exposed her strong, firm, sloping shoulders, where a tiny mole was visible, turned to look back the moment he entered and with her fan motioned to a chair behind her, giving him a grateful, but Nekhlúdof thought somewhat mechanical, smile. The husband in his usual quiet manner looked and bowed to Nekhlúdof. The glance he exchanged with his wife showed that he was the master, the owner, of this handsome wife.

When the monologue ended, the theater broke out with applause.

Mariette rose and holding up her rustling silk gown stepped to the rear of the box and introduced Nekhlúdof to her husband. Still smiling with his eyes alone and saying that he was "very glad," he relapsed into his impenetrable silence.

"I should have gone to-day, but I promised you to come here," said Nekhlúdof, addressing Mariette.

"If you don't care to see me, you will see a wonderful actress," said Mariette, replying to the idea he had meant to convey. "Don't you think she was wonderful in this last scene?" she said, addressing her husband.

He bowed.

"That sort of thing leaves me indifferent," said Nekhlúdof. "I have seen so much real misery to-day, that ——"

"Do sit down and tell us about it."

The husband listened, and the ironic smile of his eyes seemed to grow still more pronounced.

"I went to see the woman who was arrested and kept so long imprisoned. She is a wreck."

"She is the one I spoke to you about," said Mariette to her husband.

"I am very glad she could be released," he said, quietly nodding and, as Nekhlúdof thought, smiling with unconcealed irony behind his mustache. "I am going out for a smoke."

Nekhlúdof remained, expecting that Mariette would tell him that "something" she said she had to tell him, but she made no allusion to it; she joked and made some remarks about the play, which she thought ought to make a special appeal to Nekhlúdof.

Nekhlúdof realized that she had nothing to say, but that she had only wished to show herself in all the splendor of her evening gown, and display her shoulders and the mole; and he felt pleased and disgusted at the same time.

The veil of enchantment which had formerly concealed all this was now partly withdrawn, and he saw what it had concealed. Looking at Mariette, he admired her personally, but he knew that she was untruthful, living with a husband who was making his way in the world through the tears and weary lives of hundreds and hundreds of men, and she was completely indifferent to it; that all she had said yesterday had been false, but that she was anxious — neither he nor she knew why — to have him fall in love with her. He felt attracted and repelled at the same time. Several times he had started to go, had taken up his hat, but still lingered.

When the husband with a strong odor of tobacco on his mustache returned and glanced towards Nekhlúdof with an expression of unconcealed contempt in his eyes, the latter left before the door was closed and finding his overcoat walked out of the theater.

On his way home, on the Nevsky, he noticed in front of him a well-built, conspicuously stylish woman who was walking slowly on the concrete of the broad sidewalk. Her face and figure expressed the consciousness of her evil power. All those who met or passed her turned around. Nekhlúdof hastened to pass her, and he, too, involuntarily looked into her face. This face, most likely painted, was a comely one, and the woman gave Nekhlúdof a sparkling smile. And strange as it may seem, Nekhlúdof at once thought of Mariette and experienced the sensation of attraction and repulsion that came over him in the theater. Quickly passing her by, he turned into the Morskaya and thence to the quay, where he surprised a policeman by strolling up and down.

"It is the same smile the other one bestowed on me when I entered the box," he thought; "the same meaning was in both. The only difference is this: that one of them says plainly and openly, 'If I am necessary to you, take me; if not pursue your way,' while the other pretends that she has no such thoughts in her mind but lives in a world of lofty, refined aspirations; but the meaning is the same. This one at least is truthful, while the other lies. Moreover, this woman has been driven to this pass by necessity, while the other amuses herself by playing with a revolting and terrible passion. This woman is like the filthy, putrid water offered to those whose thirst overcomes their aversion. The other woman in the theater is a poison that imperceptibly destroys all it touches." Nekhlúdof recalled his *liaison* with the wife of the Marshal of Nobility, and humiliating memories flooded his mind. "Man is good deal of a brute," he thought, "but if the instinct of the brute has not been corrupted, then a man may look down from the lofty heights of his spiritual life and despise it, and whether he falls or resists, he still remains himself. But when this brute instinct is concealed under a pseudo-esthetic, poetic veil, and demands adulation, a man loses all sense of proportion, and while worshiping the brute instinct he can no longer distinguish good from evil. Then it becomes terrible!"

Nekhlúdof saw this now as clearly as he saw the palaces, the sentries, the Fortress, the river, the boats, and the Exchange. And as on that night no soothing, restful darkness hung over the land, but only a dismal, dreary, unnatural light whose cause was not apparent, even so had the soothing darkness of ignorance vanished from

Nekhlúdof's soul. Now everything had grown plain. It was clear that all the things which we consider good and important are actually repulsive and insignificant, and that all this glitter, all this luxury, serve but to cover the old familiar crimes which not only go unpunished, but rise triumphant, adorned with all the charms which the human imagination is able to conceive.

Nekhlúdof had endeavored to forget, or at least to close his eyes to this fact, but he had lost the power of doing so. Although he could not see the source of the light which revealed it all to him, just as he had been unable to see the source of light during that night in Petersburg, and although the light itself still seemed dim, dull, and unnatural, he could not now help seeing what that light revealed to him, and mingled emotions of joy and anxiety stirred his heart.

XXIX.

On his arrival in Moscow, Nekhlúdof's first act was to drive to the prison hospital and tell Máslova the sad news that the judgment of the Court had been confirmed and that she must make preparations for the Siberian journey. He had but little hope that the petition which the attorney had prepared for him to hand to his Majesty and which he was now bringing to be signed by Máslova would amount to anything. And strange as it may seem, he was no longer anxious for success. He had grown used to the thought of the Siberian journey and a life among the exiles and convicts, and it was difficult for him to imagine how he could arrange Máslova's life and his own in case she was acquitted. He recollected the words of the American writer Thoreau, who used to say that the prison was the only suitable place for a citizen in a State where slavery was established and protected by law. This was before the emancipation. After his visit to

Petersburg and its accompanying revelations, Nekhlúdof was inclined to agree with him.

"Yes, the only place for an honest man in Russia at the present time is the prison," thought Nekhlúdof, and as he drove up to the jail and entered within its walls he felt more than ever convinced of that fact.

The door-keeper at the hospital, recognizing him, at once informed him that Máslova was no longer there.

"Where is she?"

"She has gone back to the prison."

"Why was she removed?"

"Oh, your Excellency, what can you expect from such people?" said the door-keeper, with a contemptuous smile. "She was fooling with the medical assistant and the doctor in charge sent her away."

Nekhlúdof would never have believed that Máslova and her spiritual life could have been so near to him. The news stunned him. It was as though some unforeseen catastrophe had befallen him. He was unspeakably grieved. His first sensation was one of mortification. To begin with, it made him seem ridiculous in his own eyes to remember how glad he had felt at the supposed spiritual revival in Máslova's soul. All that talk about her unwillingness to accept his sacrifice, her reproaches and her tears, had been merely the ruse of a depraved woman who was using him for her own selfish advantage. It seemed to him now, at the time of his recent visit to her, he had noticed symptoms of this incorrigibility which had now come to light. All this passed through his mind while he unconsciously put on his hat to leave the hospital. "But what am I to do now?" he said to himself. "Am I still bound to her? Does not her present behavior set me free?" But no sooner had he asked this question than he understood at once that if he were to consider himself free to abandon her to her fate, it might be a punishment for himself but not for her. He shuddered at the thought. "No, what has happened only confirms my determination, it could never alter it. Let her behave according to the dictates of her own conscience; her intrigues with the medical assistant are her own affairs and are no concern of mine. All that concerns me is to do what my own conscience requires of me, and my conscience bids me sacrifice my freedom to redeem my sin. My resolve to marry her, even if it be not a real marriage, and to follow her wherever she goes remains unchanged," he said to himself with an obstinacy that might almost be called fanatical. On leaving the hospital, he turned resolutely towards the gate of the jail.

He asked the warden on duty to inform the Inspector that he wished to see Máslova. The warden, who knew Nekhlúdof by sight, told him informally an important piece of prison news, namely, that the captain who had been in charge was dismissed, and that a new and a very rigid Inspector had been appointed in his place.

"We have strict regulations here now," said the warden; "the Inspector is here just now and will be informed at once."

In fact the Inspector, who was in the prison at that moment, came almost at once to Nekhlúdof. He was a short, angular man, with projecting cheekbones, a glum sort of person and slow in his movements.

"Interviews are only allowed on stated days in the reception hall," he said without looking at Nekhlúdof.

"But I have this petition to the Emperor for her to sign."

"You may leave it with me."

"I must see the prisoner myself. I always have had leave formerly."

"Yes, that was in old times," said the Inspector, casting a fleeting glance at Nekhlúdof.

"I have the Governor's permission," insisted Nekhlúdof, taking out his pocket-book.

"Allow me to see it," said the Inspector, still without looking up, and with his long, dry, white fingers, with a gold ring on the thumb, he took the paper that Nekhlúdof gave him and proceeded slowly to read it.

"Will you come into the office?" he said.

The office was empty. The Inspector took a seat in front of a table and began to turn over the sheets of the documents that were lying on it, evidently intending to be present at the interview.

When Nekhlúdof asked him whether he might also see the political prisoner Bogodúhovsky, he replied curtly that it would not be allowed. "Interviews with political prisoners are not allowed," he said, and became straightway engrossed in the papers. With the letter addressed to Bogodúhovsky in his pocket, Nekhlúdof felt himself in the position of a man whose plot has been discovered and frustrated.

When Máslova entered the office the Inspector raised his head and said, "You may," and without looking at Nekhlúdof or at Máslova he continued busying himself with his papers.

Máslova wore the same garments—a white sack, a skirt, and a kerchief on her head. When she went up to Nekhlúdof and saw his cold, stern face, she blushed scarlet, and fingering the lower edge of her sack, she dropped her eyes. Her confusion seemed to confirm the tale which the door-keeper at the hospital had told. Nekhlúdof would have liked to treat her as he had done before, but she had grown so repulsive to him, he really could not give her his hand.

"I have brought you bad news," he said in a steady voice, without looking at her or extending his hand. "The Senate has refused."

"I knew it would," she said in a strange voice, almost gasping for breath.

Formerly Nekhlúdof would have asked what reason she had for saying this, but now he only looked at her. Her eyes filled with tears. But instead of softening, the sight of her tears irritated him the more.

The Inspector rose and began pacing up and down.

In spite of the aversion with which Nekhlúdof now regarded Máslova, he still felt that he must express his regret at the refusal of the Senate.

"Don't despair; the petition to the Emperor may yet be granted and I hope that——"

"I don't care about that——" she said, giving him a pitiful glance from her moist and squinting eyes.

"What is the matter, then?"

"You were at the hospital and were probably told about me——"

"Well, that's your own affair," said Nekhlúdof in a frigid tone of voice, with a frown on his brow. The stern feeling of offended pride rose once more to the surface with renewed force when she mentioned the hospital. He, a society man, whom any girl in high life would have been happy to marry, had offered himself to this woman as a husband, and she had not been able to control herself but had begun to carry on with a medical assistant. He looked at her with hatred as he thought of it.

"You will have to sign this petition," he said, as he took the large envelope from his pocket and laid it on the table. She wiped away her tears with the edge of her kerchief and seated herself at the table, asking where and what she should write. He told what to write and showed her the place, and as she sat arranging her left-hand sleeve with her right hand, he stood silently beside her and looked at her as she bent over the table, now and then shaking with suppressed sobs. Two conflicting emotions of good and of evil were struggling in his soul,—his own offended pride and pity for the suffering girl,—and the latter feeling conquered.

He never could remember which came first, whether he pitied her with his whole heart, or thought only of himself, of his own contemptible life and sins, the cruelty with which he had reproached her for the same sin he had himself committed. All he knew was, that suddenly he felt the conviction of sin, and compassion for her.

After she had signed the petition and had wiped her inky finger on her skirt, she rose and looked at Nekhlúdof.

"No matter what happens, nothing will ever change my decision." said Nekhlúdof, and the very thought that he was forgiving her increased his sense of pity and tenderness towards her and he longed to console her. "I shall do what I intended to do. Wherever you may be sent, I shall go with you."

"What's the use?" she interrupted him, but her face was beaming.

"Think of what you may need for the journey."

"I thank you, I can't think of anything in particular."

The Inspector walked up to them and Nekhlúdof, anticipating his remark, bade her good-by and departed, his heart glowing with tranquil joy, peace, and love for all mankind. His joy lifted him to a level he had never reached before, — the certainty that no acts of Máslova could ever change his love for her. Let her flirt with the medical assistant, that was her affair. He no longer loved her for himself but for the love of God and for her own sake.

Meanwhile the flirtation with the medical assistant for which Máslova was turned out of the hospital and which Nekhlúdof believed to be true, amounted to this: Obeying the order of a nurse to fetch some herb tea from the dispensary, which was at the end of the corridor, and finding there the medical assistant Oustínof, a tall man with a pimpled face, who had been annoying her for some time, Máslova, while trying to get away from him, gave him such a violent push that he was thrown against a shelf, from which two bottles fell and were broken. The head doctor, who was just then going by, heard the crash of the broken glass, and seeing Máslova with a flushed face running out of the room, angrily called out:

"Look here, my good woman, if you are going to carry on here, I shall have to send you away!"

"What's the trouble in there?" he addressed the medical assistant, looking at him over his spectacles.

The medical assistant, smiling, began to apologize, but without hearing him to the end, the doctor raised his head so that he was now looking through his spectacles and went his way. The same day he told the Inspector to send him a more sedate person to take Máslova's place.

And this was the sum and substance of Máslova's intrigue with the medical assistant. This dismissal from the hospital because she had been accused of fooling with the men was all the more painful to Máslova, for after she had met Nekhlúdof her relations with men, which had long been disgusting to her, became especially revolting. What hurt her most deeply and made her pity herself even to weeping was that everybody, especially the pimpled assistant, knowing what her past life had been felt that they had a right to insult her and seemed surprised at her resentment. And when she had attempted to explain this recent business to Nekhlúdof — she knew that sooner or later he must hear of it — she realized that he didn't believe her, that her excuses only served to confirm his suspicion. Tears choked her voice and she stopped speaking. Máslova had never ceased trying to persuade herself that she never had and never would forgive Nekhlúdof, that she still hated him, as she had told him in her second interview; but the truth was that she really loved him and was only too glad to do anything she could to please him. She had given up drinking and smoking, she no longer flirted, and she had become a servant in the hospital. All this she had done because she knew it would please him. If she so positively refused every time he mentioned it to accept his sacrifice of himself, it was partly because she enjoyed repeating the proud words she had already said to him, but above all because she realized that such a marriage would be a misfortune to him. She was determined not to accept his sacrifice, and yet the thought that he despised her and still believed that she was as she used to be and did not see the change that had taken place within her, was very distressing to her. She was more pained to find that he believed that she had done something in the hospital than she was to be told that she had been finally sentenced to hard labor.

XXX.

Máslova might be sent off with the first group of convicts, and therefore Nekhlúdof was making preparations for his own departure. But he had so many things to do, he felt that no amount of time would suffice to accomplish them. It was so different in the old times, when the only center of interest was Dmítri Ivánovitch Nekhlúdof and everything bored him to extinction. Now all his occupations were centered in the affairs of other people and not his own, and everything interested and charmed him, and there was always enough to do. In old times he used to be very much irritated and annoyed over his own business affairs, whereas now the affairs of others never ceased to entertain him.

The occupations that engrossed Nekhlúdof at the present time might have been divided into three classes. His scrupulously systematic habits had led him to group them in three portfolios.

The first was the case of Máslova and the help he could give her. The items of this consisted in following up the petition that was addressed to the Emperor and in making preparations for the Siberian journey.

The second was to regulate affairs on his estates. In Panóvo the land had been given to the peasants on condition that they pay a rent therefor, to be used for their communal needs. But to make this transaction valid it was necessary to sign the agreement and his legacy to them. In Kuzmínskoe everything had been settled as he had arranged it, that is, he was to receive the money for the land, but he had to fix the dates of payment and the amount of money to be reserved for himself, and the amount to be set aside for the benefit of the peasants. Not knowing what his expenses would be on the journey to Siberia that he was contemplating, he refrained from depriving himself of this income, although he had reduced it to half.

The third of his responsibilities was to help the convicts, who sought his assistance more and more.

In the beginning, when he first came in contact with those who asked his help, he started to intercede for each one separately, trying to alleviate his or her fate; but in time he felt the impossibility of helping individuals, and therefore he was unconsciously drawn into a fourth occupation, which at this time interested him far more than all the others.

This was the solution of the following questions: What was, why should it exist, and whence came that wonderful institution called the Criminal Court, whose result was the jail, with the inmates of which he had become partially acquainted, not to mention all the other places of confinement, from the Petropávlovsk Fortress to the Island of Saghalian, where hundreds of men were pining, thousands of victims of this, to him, astonishing institution called Criminal Law? From his personal relations with the convicts, from questions to the lawyer, to the prison priest, to the Inspector, and from the lists of those who were confined there, Nekhlúdof came to the conclusion that the criminals might be divided into five classes.

The first class was chiefly composed of innocent men, victims of judicial errors, like the incendiary Menshóf, like Máslova and others. This class was not numerous. According to the observations of the prison priest it was about seven per cent, but the fate of these people excited a particular interest. The second class was made up of men sentenced for crimes committed under peculiar circumstances, such as a fit of passion or jealousy, or under the influence of liquor, etc., crimes that would doubtless have been committed by those who judged and punished them, if they had been placed in the same circumstances. This class according to Nekhlúdof's observations comprised more than half of the criminals. The third class consisted of people punished not because, according to their understanding, they did what was good and natural, but that which according to the ideas of men who made the laws and who were utter strangers to them, was considered criminal. To this class belonged those who secretly sold liquor, the smugglers, the trespassers on fields and forests, imprisoned for taking grass or wood from vast private estates or forests belonging to the Government. To this class might be added the thieving mountaineers, also the unbelievers who robbed churches. The fourth class was made up of men who were looked upon as criminals only because they stood above the common social level. Such were the sectarians, the Poles, the Tcherkess, who revolted in order to gain their independence. Such were the political criminals, the Socialists, the strikers condemned for opposition to authorities. The percentage of such people, who according to the observations of Nekhlúdof included the best elements of society, was very heavy. Finally, the fifth category consisted of men before whom society was much more guilty than they were guilty before society. They were the outcasts, besotted with unceasing oppression and temptations, — like the boy who stole the mats, and hundreds whom Nekhlúdof had seen in jail and elsewhere, whose conditions in life systematically conduct them to the necessity of committing the act which is called a crime. To this class, according to Nekhlúdof's estimate, belonged most of the thieves and murderers with whom he had come in contact at that time. Into this class he put the depraved and demoralized men, whom the new school (of criminology) reckons among criminals and whose existence in society is considered as the chief reason for the necessity of Criminal Law and punishment. These so-called depraved, criminal, abnormal types were according to Nekhlúdof's ideas just like the other people against whom society was at fault much more than they were at fault against society, — but in this instance and at the present time society was not so much at fault as it had been at fault in the past against their parents and forebears.

Among this class of people Nekhlúdof was especially struck with Okhótin, an incorrigible thief, the illegitimate son of a prostitute, brought up in a night lodging-house, who apparently up to the age of thirty had never met men of any higher moral status than that of policemen, and who when he was a mere child joined a band of thieves. And yet withal he was a very attractive man and a natural comedian. He asked Nekhlúdof's intercession, all the while making fun of himself and the judges, the jail, and the laws, both civil and divine. Another was a handsome peasant called Fëdorof, who together with the band of which he was the leader had murdered an old man, an official. Fëdorof's father had had his house unlawfully taken from him. He had been a soldier and had been arrested and sentenced for falling in love with an officer's mistress. He had a lovable, passionate nature and longed at any cost to enjoy life. He had never met any people who would deny themselves anything whatsoever for their own enjoyment, or who ever dreamed of any aim in life that was higher than pleasure. Nekhlúdof could easily see that both these men had been richly endowed by nature, but had been neglected and mutilated, like uncared-for plants. He also met a vagrant and a woman whose mental dullness and apparent cruelty made her repellent, but he failed to discover in either that type which is discussed in the Italian school (of criminology); all he could see were individuals who were personally repellent to him, just like many he had met dressed in swallow-tail coats, epaulettes, and laces.

Thus in studying the reasons why all these totally different persons were imprisoned, while others just like them were at large and were their judges, he came to the conclusion that this was the fourth task which interested him.

At first Nekhlúdof hoped to find the answer to this question in books and purchased every one he could find on this subject. He bought Lombroso and Garofalo, Ferry and List, Maudsley and Tarde, and read them carefully. But as he went on he became more and more disappointed. It was with him as with all men who turn to science, not for the purpose of studying in order to write, discuss, or to teach, but who ask science to solve the direct and simple everyday problems of life. Science has solved thousands of intricate, ingenious questions, relative to the criminal code, but not the question for whose answer he was searching.

He asked a very simple thing: What right have some men to imprison, torture, exile, flog, and kill other men, when they themselves are just like those they torture, flog, and kill? And he was answered by discussions as to whether man has a free will or not? Whether a man can be proved a criminal by the measurements of his skull, etc.? What part does heredity play in crime? Is there such a thing as natural depravity? What is morality? What is insanity? What is degeneration? What is temperament? How do climate, food, ignorance, imitativeness, hypnotism, and passions affect crime? What is society? What are its duties, etc.?

These arguments reminded Nekhlúdof of a small boy he met, who was returning from school. Nekhlúdof asked him if he had learned how to spell. "Yes, I have," said the boy. "Well, then, spell 'paw.'" "What sort of a paw, a dog's paw?" asked the boy, with a roguish expression on his face. Nekhlúdof found just such answers in the form of questions in the scientific books,—answers to his one fundamental question. These books contained much that was clever, profound, and interesting, but they contained no answer to his principal question: What right have some people to punish others? Not only was there no answer, but all the expositions were intended for the sole purpose of explaining and justifying punishment, the necessity for which was an accepted axiom. Nekhlúdof read a great deal, but never systematically; and he ascribed his failure to find an answer, to his superficial study of the question; and hoping he might find it in time, he refused to allow himself to believe in the justice of the answer which at that time rose more or less frequently before him.

XXXI.

The fifth of July was the date fixed for the start of the gang which Máslova was to join, and Nekhlúdof was to follow her on the same day. Nekhlúdof's sister and her husband came to town to see him on the eve of his departure.

Natálya Ivánovna Ragóginsky was ten years older than her brother, who had grown up partly under her influence. She was very fond of him as a boy, and later before her marriage they became as intimate as though they were of the same age — she a young woman of twenty-five, he a youth of fifteen. At that time she was in love with his friend Nikólenka Irténef, who had since died. They were both fond of him, because they loved that which was best in him and in themselves, — that unfailing link in the chain of human love.

Since then both had deteriorated; he through his military service and a dissolute life, she as a result of her marriage with a man whom she loved through her senses, who not only cared very little for what she and Dmítri once upon a time held as sacred and precious, but who even failed to understand it, and attributed all the aspirations for moral perfection and the longing to serve mankind — which once had been her ideal — to the one motive he could understand, — to ambition and a wish for display.

Ragóginsky, who was neither rich nor of old family, was a zealous executive, steering cleverly between Liberalism and Conservatism and profiting by every chance which would win the best result for himself. He possessed moreover a certain perculiarity that made him attractive to women — qualities that had enabled him to make a brilliant judicial career. When already a man of mature years he met Natásha abroad, made her fall in love with himself, when she, too, was no longer young, and married her in opposition to her mother's wishes, who considered this marriage a *mésalliance.*

Although Nekhlúdof tried to conceal it even from himself and to suppress the feeling as far as possible, he cordially hated his brother-in-law. He felt a strong antipathy towards him because of his vulgar nature, his conceit and mediocrity, and above all he disliked him because his sister could so passionately, so egotistically, so sensually love this limited nature, and for his sake was capable of crushing her own noble impulses.

It always pained him to think that Natásha was the wife of this bearded, bald-headed man who had such unlimited conceit. He was even unable to conceal his aversion to his children, and each time that she was about to become a mother he felt a sense of regret as though she had been infected with something evil from this man whose nature was so foreign to theirs.

The Ragóginskys came without the children — they had two, a boy and a girl — and occupied the best room in the best hotel. Natálya Ivánovna at once drove to her mother's former apartment. She did not find her brother, but being informed by Agraphéna Petróvna that he had left the apartment and was now living in furnished rooms, she drove there. An untidy servant who met her in the ill-smelling, dark corridor, which required artificial light in the daytime, told her that the Prince was out. As

Natálya Petróvna expressed a wish to go into his rooms to write him a note, the man ushered her in.

When there, she carefully examined the two small rooms and saw everywhere the signs of neatness and order,—and what impressed her particularly was the simplicity of the furnishings, quite unusual with him. She noticed on the writing-table a familiar paper-weight decorated with a bronze dog, also the neatly arranged portfolios, papers and writing materials, and some volumes on Criminal Law; a book in English by Henry George, and a French book by Tarde, with the familiar great, crooked ivory knife among its leaves.

Seating herself at the table she wrote him a note in which she asked him to be sure and call on her to-day, and shaking her head dubiously at what she saw, she went back to her hotel.

Two facts in regard to her brother interested her just now: his marriage with Katúsha, of whom she had heard in the town where she lived, as the story was generally discussed,—and his gift of land to his peasants, a fact that was also known and looked upon by many as a deed of a dangerous and political character. In one way his marriage with Katúsha pleased her. She admired his pluck and recognized in it her brother and herself as they were, in the good old days before her marriage; but at the same time she was appalled at the thought that her brother was going to marry such a horrible woman. The latter feeling was the stronger and she decided to try to influence him as much as possible and to dissuade him from taking this step, although she realized how difficult that would be.

The other matter,—the gift of land to the peasants, did not interest her especially; but her husband was very much exercised about it and insisted that she should use her influence with her brother. Ignáty Nikíforovitch said that an act like that was the height of inconsistency, thoughtlessness, and arrogance; that the only explanation for it—if any could be found—would be the desire to display eccentricity. What sort of gift is that when a man pays for his land out of his own pocket? he asked. If Nekhlúdof had been determined to carry out his scheme, he could have made this sale through the Peasant Bank. That would have been sensible. "As a rule an act like this shows that a man is on the verge of insanity," said Ragóginsky, already beginning to think of a possible guardianship; and he insisted that his wife should have a serious talk with her brother concerning his eccentric plans.

XXXII.

On returning and finding his sister's note on his table, Nekhlúdof at once started out to see her. Ignáty Nikíforovitch Ragóginsky was resting in the next room, and Natálya Ivánovna was alone. She wore a tightly fitting black silk gown with a red bow at her waist, and her black hair was puffed and arranged in the latest fashion. She tried to look as young as her husband, who was of her age. When her brother came in she jumped from the sofa and with a quick step went forward to greet him, her silk gown rustling with every movement she made. They kissed and gazed smilingly into each other's eyes. Between them passed that mysterious, inexpressible exchange of looks charged with sincerity and significance, while they began an exchange of words which were far from sincere. They had not met since their mother's death.

"You have grown stouter and you look younger," he said, and her lips puckered with pleasure.

"And you have grown thin."

"Well, and how is your husband?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"He is resting just now. He had a sleepless night."

Much might have been said here, but it was not said. Looks spoke louder than words.

"I called on you at our old home."

"Yes, I know. It was too big for me, and too lonely.

Moreover, I have no use for all that stuff; you would better take it yourself, — the furniture, I mean, and all the other things."

"Yes, Agraphéna Petróvna told me about it. I went to her —— And I am very much obliged to you, but ——"

The hotel waiter entered at that moment, bringing a silver tea-service, and while he was arranging it they did not speak. Natálya Ivánovna seated herself at the small table and silently made the tea. Nekhlúdof also was silent.

"Dmítri," she said, "I know all about it," and she gazed firmly into his eyes.

"Well, I am glad you do."

"Can you possibly hope to reform her after the life she has led?" she asked.

He sat erect on a small chair, listening closely and trying to grasp her meaning that he might answer it to the purpose. The impressions left from his last interview with Máslova still filled his soul with tranquil joy and good-will towards men.

"*She* is not the person I wish to reform," he replied. "It is I, myself."

Natálya Ivánovna sighed. "There are other ways besides marriage."

"I believe that is the best way, and moreover it will introduce me into a world where I can be of use."

"I hardly think that you will be happy," said Natásha.

"It is not a question of my own happiness."

"Of course not. But if she has a heart, she cannot be happy; she cannot even wish it ——"

"She does not wish it."

"Yes, I understand, but life ——"

"What about life?"

"Life requires other things from us."

"Life only requires us to do what is right," said Nekhlúdof, looking at her face, which though still handsome was beginning to show the tiny wrinkles around the eyes and mouth.

"I cannot understand," she said with a sigh.

"Poor darling! How could she have changed like this?" thought Nekhlúdof, remembering her as she had been before her marriage with the same tenderness he had always felt for her in the countless memories of his childhood. At that moment Ragóginsky, holding his head high as usual, with his chest thrust forward, stepping lightly and softly, entered the room, his spectacles, black beard, and bald head all shining.

"How do you do! How do you do!" he exclaimed in his artificial and self-conscious manner. Although after his sister's marriage both men had tried to say "thou" to each other, they still used the more formal "you."

They shook hands, and Ragóginsky softly sank into an armchair.

"I hope I shall not interrupt your conversation?"

"Not at all. I have nothing to conceal from any one."

As soon as Nekhlúdof beheld that face, those hairy hands, and heard that patronizing, self-assertive tone, his meek spirit left him in a moment.

"We were talking about his plans," said Natásha. "Shall I give you a cup?"

"Yes, please. What plans do you mean?"

"Going to Siberia with the gang of convicts among whom is the woman against whom I have sinned," said Nekhlúdof.

"I have been told that you meant to do more than escort her to Siberia."

"Yes, I shall marry her if she consents to it."

"Indeed? But if you have no objections, would you mind explaining to me your reasons? I fail to understand them."

"My reasons are, that this woman—that the first downward step on the road to a dissolute life——" Nekhlúdof was angry with himself that he could not find the right words. "What I mean is that I am the criminal and she has been punished for my sin."

"If she has been punished, then she must have been guilty, too."

"She is absolutely innocent." And with unnecessary agitation he related the story.

"Yes, it was an error on the part of the Presiding Justice which caused the thoughtless answer of the jury. It's a case for the Senate."

"The Senate has disallowed the petition."

"If it disallowed it, the appeal lacked adequate foundation," said Ragóginsky, evidently sharing the opinion that the truth is the product of judicial argument. "The Senate cannot review the case on its merits. If an error of the Court really exists you should address a petition to his Majesty."

"That has been done, but there is no chance whatever of success. An inquiry will be made in the Ministry (of Justice), and the Ministry will make an inquiry in the Senate; the Senate will repeat its decision, and as usual the innocent will be punished."

"In the first place the Ministry will make no inquiries of the Senate," said Ragóginsky, with a condescending smile; "it will order the original papers sent up from the Court, and if it finds an error it will give its opinion on those grounds. In the second place, the innocent—with rare exceptions—are never punished. The guilty alone are punished," said Ragóginsky deliberately, with a self-satisfied smile.

"And I have become fully convinced of the contrary," retorted Nekhlúdof, with a feeling of irritation against his brother-in-law. "I have come to the conclusion that more than half of the people sentenced by the Courts are innocent."

"How so?"

"I mean they are innocent in the literal sense,—just as the woman is innocent of poisoning, as the peasant whom I have just come to know who was accused of a murder he had never committed, as the mother and son are innocent of the crime of arson which was committed by the owner himself, but who came very near being sentenced."

"Certainly; judicial errors always have occurred and will continue to occur. Human institutions never can be perfect."

"And then great numbers are actually innocent because, having been brought up amid certain surroundings, they do not consider their acts as crimes."

"Excuse me, but that is not a correct statement. Every thief knows that stealing is wrong and that he ought not to steal; that theft is immoral," said Ragóginsky, with a calm, self-restrained, and somewhat supercilious smile which was specially irritating to Nekhlúdof.

"No, he does not. He has been told not to steal, but he knows that owners of factories steal his labor and keep back his pay, that the Government and all its officials rob continually by taxation."

"That sounds like anarchism," said Ragóginsky, quietly interpreting his brother-in-law's words.

"I do not know what it sounds like. I only know it is true," continued Nekhlúdof. "He knows that the Government robs him. He knows that we, the landowners, have robbed him long ago by taking away his land, which should be common property, and then when he gathers a few dry twigs to light his fire we imprison him and tell him that he is a thief. He is fully aware that it is not he who is the thief, but the man who has robbed him of his land, and that entire restitution of what has been stolen from him is a duty he owes to his family."

"I do not understand, and even if I did, I could hardly agree. The land must have an owner. If you were to divide it to-day," began Ragóginsky, with the calm and full assurance that Nekhlúdof was a socialist and that the theory of socialism demands that land should be divided equally, — foolish as such a division would be, as he could easily prove, — "if it were to be equally divided to-day, to-morrow it would again pass into the hands of the most industrious and the capable."

"No one thinks of dividing land equally. Land should be no man's property. It should be neither bought, nor sold, nor rented."

"The right of property is natural to man. Without ownership there would be no interest in cultivating land. Destroy the right of property and we shall return to the primitive state," said Ragóginsky with authority, repeating the usual argument in defense of the landed ownership which is considered irrefutable and is founded on the argument that the greed for owning land is a proof of its necessity.

"On the contrary it is only when the landowners cease to behave like dogs in the manger, who cannot use the land themselves, and refuse to let other men cultivate it, that the land will cease to lie idle and become of some use."

"Just one moment, Dmítri Ivánovitch! Why, this is absolute folly! Is it possible to abolish the ownership of land in these days? I know that's your pet hobby. But let me tell you frankly ——"

And Ragóginsky's voice shook, and he actually turned pale. Evidently this was a vital question for him. "I should advise you to think this matter over thoroughly before you make a practical decision."

"Are you speaking of my own personal affairs?"

"I take it that we are all placed in a certain position; that we are expected to bear the burden of its duties, to maintain its traditions and to transmit to our heirs what we have ourselves inherited from our ancestors."

"I consider it my duty to ——"

"Wait one moment," continued Ragóginsky, refusing to be interrupted. "I am not thinking of myself or of my children. My children's future is safe, and I earn enough to live in comfort, and I hope that my children will also have enough to live in comfort; therefore if you will allow me to say so, my protest against your intentions—which are somewhat ill-advised—does not come from any selfish motive on my part, but I could never agree with you on principle. I should advise you to think it over and to read——"

"Perhaps you will allow me to arrange my own affairs and to use my own judgment in the selection of the books I shall read," said Nekhlúdof, turning pale; and feeling that his hands were growing cold, and that he was losing his self-control, he became silent and began to drink his tea.

XXXIII.

"WELL, how are the children?" Nekhlúdof asked his sister, when he had become a little more composed.

His sister told him about the children that they were with their grandmother, her husband's mother; and, relieved that the dispute with her husband had come to an end, she described how they made believe that they were traveling, just as once upon a time he had played with his dolls—one a black Arab and another whom they called the Frenchwoman.

"Is it possible that you remember that?" asked Nekhlúdof, smiling.

"Yes, isn't it odd that they should play the very same game?"

The unpleasant conversation was practically ended. Natásha became calm, but did not like to talk before her husband on subjects which her brother alone could understand; so in order to make the conversation general, she started the subject of Kaménsky's mother, who had lost her only son, killed in a duel, for the news had lately reached here from Petersburg. Ragóginsky expressed his disapproval of an order of things which excluded murder in a duel from the list of capital crimes.

This remark called forth a retort from Nekhlúdof and again the same old dispute was renewed, wherein not all was expressed and where neither interlocutor said the final word, but each preserved his own antagonistic opinion. Ragóginsky felt that Nekhlúdof condemned him and that he scorned his activity, and he was anxious to prove to him the injustice of his opinions. While Nekhlúdof, not to mention his displeasure at his brother-in-law's interference with his plans about his land,—at the bottom of his heart he felt that his sister, his brother-in-law, and their children had, as his heirs, a certain right of protest—was indignant because this narrow-minded man so calmly and dogmatically went on asserting that what Nekhlúdof now considered to be mad and criminal, was right and legal. This self-assurance irritated Nekhlúdof.

"What should the Court have done?" he asked.

"It should have sentenced one or the other of the duelists like ordinary murderers to hard labor."

Again Nekhlúdof felt his hands growing cold and he said excitedly:

"And what would have been the result?"

"Justice would have been done."

"As if Justice were the aim of the Courts of Justice," said Nekhlúdof.

"What else, then?"

"Their aim is to uphold class interests. Courts are only administrative institutions for maintaining any existing affairs that may be to the advantage of our class."

"Well, this really is a novel point of view," replied Ragóginsky, with a quiet smile. "Courts are commonly supposed to have a different aim."

"Theoretically, but not practically, as I have had occasion to discover. Courts aim only at preserving the existing order of things, and for that purpose they persecute and sentence those who are above the general level and who wish to raise it, — the so-called political criminals, as well as those who are below it, the so-called criminal types."

"I cannot agree with you. In the first place because I do not believe that the so-called political criminals are sentenced because they are above the average. They are generally speaking the refuse of society, — depraved it may be in a different way from the criminal types whom you consider below the average."

"But I know people who are immensely superior to their judges. All the sectarians are men of lofty moral character, determined —— "

But Ragóginsky, being a man unaccustomed to interruptions, paid no heed to Nekhlúdof's words, thereby irritating him more and more as he went on talking at the same time.

"I cannot agree that Courts aim to uphold the existing order. The Court has its own aim; either to reform ——"

"Nice way to reform a man, to put him in jail!" interrupted Nekhlúdof.

"Or to remove the depraved and the brutal, who undermine the existence of society," continued Ragóginsky, persistently.

"That's just what it doesn't do; neither this nor that. Society has no means for doing it."

"What do you mean? I do not understand you," said Ragóginsky, with a forced smile.

"I mean that only two varieties of punishment which were used in olden times are still in existence: corporal punishment and capital punishment, — and these, owing to the change of customs and times, have been nearly discarded," said Nekhlúdof.

"This is news, rather, as coming from you."

"Yes, I think it is a good thing to give a man bodily pain, to make him refrain from again committing the crime for which he has been punished, and it shows sense to behead any member of society who is injurious or dangerous to it. Both punishments are sensible. But what sense is there in locking up a man already depraved by idleness or evil influence and continuing to support him in idleness among the most depraved men? Or for some inscrutable reason to transport him at the public expense — and the cost is five hundred roubles — from the Government of Túla to that of Irkútsk, or from Kursk ——"

"But people dread those journeys at the expense of the Government, and if these journeys and jails did not exist, you and I would not be sitting here as peacefully as we are now doing."

"But these jails are powerless to insure our safety, because men are not kept in them forever, but are set free. It is indeed just the reverse, for in these establishments men lead the most vicious lives it is possible to conceive and grow more and more dangerous to the world when they are set at large."

"You mean that the penitentiary system ought to be improved?"

"It cannot be improved. An improved prison system would cost far larger sums than those spent on national education and would be only an additional burden on the people."

"But the defects of the penitentiary system do not in the least invalidate the Courts," Ragóginsky once more continued, not listening to his brother-in-law.

"Those defects cannot be improved," said Nekhlúdof, raising his voice.

"Well, what of that? Then according to you we must go on killing, or as a certain statesman has suggested, we shall have to put their eyes out," said Ragóginsky, smiling triumphantly.

"Yes, that might be cruel, but it would be consistent. What is going on at present is not only cruel and inconsistent, but so stupid that it is impossible to understand how normal people can take part in such a cruel institution as the Criminal Court."

"I take part in it," said Ragóginsky, turning pale.

"That is your affair. I fail to understand it."

"In my opinion you fail to understand most things," said Ragóginsky, with a shaking voice.

"I have seen the Assistant Prosecutor, in Court, try his best to convict a poor lad whose condition could have evoked no feeling but compassion from any normal man. I heard another Prosecutor question a sectarian and make the reading of the Gospel a criminal offense, and the whole business of Courts is made up of such stupid and cruel actions as these."

"I would not serve if I thought so," said Ragóginsky, and rose.

Nekhlúdof saw a queer glitter under his brother-in-law's spectacles. "Can it be tears?" thought Nekhlúdof. They were indeed tears. Ignáty Nikíforovitch went up to the window, took out his handkerchief, coughed, and rubbed his spectacles. Then he removed them and wiped his eyes. When he returned to the sofa, he lighted a cigar and did not say another word. Nekhlúdof felt pained and mortified to have offended his brother-in-law and his sister, the more as he was to leave to-morrow and would probably never see them again. He took his leave in confusion and drove home.

"It is very likely that I spoke the truth, at least he made me no reply. But that was not the way I should have spoken. How little I have changed if I could have been so carried away by hard feelings as to have offended him and grieved poor Natásha," he thought.

XXXIV.

The party of convicts to which Máslova belonged was to set out from the Railway Station at 3 P.M., so that in order to see it start from the jail and to accompany it to the station, Nekhlúdof had to be at the prison before 12 o'clock.

As he packed his things and his papers he stopped to read some passages in his diary, and the last thing he had written in it before leaving Petersburg was as follows: "Katúsha will not accept my sacrifice, but will sacrifice herself. She has conquered, and so have I. I rejoice in the change of heart that is going on within her. I dare hardly believe it to be true." Then further on he had written: "I have experienced painful and joyful feelings. I was told that she misbehaved in prison and felt greatly grieved. The pain was more than I could have expected it to be. I spoke to her in tones of disgust and hatred, and then I thought of myself, how many times just as at present, I had committed, though only in thought, the very sin I condemned and despised in her, and at once I became disgusting to myself while I pitied her; then I felt happy again. If we only could see the beam in our own eye in time, how much more charitable we should be." On the last day he had written: "I called on Natásha, and just because I was satisfied with myself I was unkind and cross and now my heart is heavy. What is to be done? To-morrow I begin a new life. Good-by forever, my old life. I have many impressions which I cannot yet assimilate."

On waking the next morning Nekhlúdof's first feeling was that of repentance for what had passed between him and his brother-in-law. . . . "I can't leave in this way, I must go there again and make amends," he thought, but glancing at his watch he saw that he had no time and that he must make haste in order not to miss the departure of the gang. Getting ready in haste and dispatching the door-keeper and Taráss, Fedósya's husband, who was to accompany him, directly to the station, Nekhlúdof took the first *izvóstchik* he met and drove to the prison.

The prisoners' train started two hours before the mail train on which Nekhlúdof was to follow, so that he had paid for his rooms, not intending to return.

It was hot July weather. The street pavements, the houses, and the iron roofs were throwing their heat into the breathless atmosphere. There was no breeze, and if one did come, it brought with it a hot wave saturated with dust and the smell of paint. The streets were almost empty and the few people who were out tried to keep in the shade of the houses. Only the sunburnt peasants who were working on the pavements, in their bast shoes, sat in the middle of the street and hammered at the stones they were setting in the heated sand; or the gloomy policemen in their unbleached uniforms, their revolvers tied with orange strings, dolefully stood in the middle of the street, shifting from one foot to another; or the street-cars, with their shades pulled down on the sunny side, the heads of the horses covered with wire hoods, with slits for their ears, rolled tinkling up and down the street.

When Nekhlúdof drove up to the prison the gang had not yet left and the hurried business of delivering and receiving the prisoners that had begun at 4 A.M. was still going on. There were 623 men and 64 women in the departing gang. Each one must be verified by the roll-call, the sick and the feeble segregated, and the party put in charge of the guard. The new Inspector, his two assistants, the doctor and medical assistant, the officer of the convoy, and the clerk sat at a table in the shadow of the wall, with papers and writing materials before them, and called the names one by one, inspected, questioned, and noted down the prisoners as they went up to them in turn.

The sun was already shining half across the table. It was hot and close, partly from the exhalations of the throng of prisoners crowded around it and partly because not a breath of air was stirring.

"There seems to be no end to this business," said the tall, stout, and florid officer of the convoy, with high shoulders and short arms, incessantly drawing in and puffing out the smoke of a cigarette from behind the mustache which drooped over his mouth. "I am tired out! Where did you get so many? How many more are there?"

The clerk consulted the roll.

"Twenty-four more of the men, and the rest are women."

"Well, why do you halt? Come on!" shouted the officer to the crowd of prisoners who had not yet been verified. For more than three hours they had been standing in the sun waiting for their turn.

This was going on inside the yard, while outside, by the gate, stood as usual an armed sentry, about twenty carts laden with the belongings of the prisoners and things for the use of the invalids, and in a corner a group of relatives and friends waiting to see them as they came out, and if possible, to say a few words, or to give them something. Nekhlúdof joined this group.

He had been standing there about an hour, when the clanking of chains, the sound of steps, the orders of the authorities, much coughing, and the murmur of a large crowd became audible behind the gates. This lasted about five minutes, during which time the wardens went to and fro through the gate. At last the order was given. The gates were noisily flung open, the clanking of chains became more distinct, and the convoy soldiers in white uniforms, armed with muskets, came out into the street, and performed the usual evolution, posting themselves in a wide half-circle around the gate. When they were in order, another command was given and the prisoners came out in pairs, wearing flat hats on their shaven heads and carrying bags slung over their shoulders, dragging their chained legs, swinging one hand free, while the other was used to support the bags on the backs. First came the men convicts, in gray trousers and loose coats with black marks like aces on the back. All, young or old, thin or stout, pale or florid or dark, with beards or mustaches or smooth-faced, Russians, Tartars, and Jews, came clanking their chains and briskly swinging their arms, as though ready for a long journey. But after taking a few steps they halted and meekly arranged themselves four abreast in rows, one behind the other.

These were followed by men, also with shaven heads and dressed like the others, but with no chains on their legs, only chained to each other by manacles. These were the exiles. They came out just as briskly, halted, and also placed themselves four abreast. Then came the men exiled by the village communes. Then the women, also in order; those condemned to hard labor in gray coats and kerchiefs on their heads, followed by the exiles and those who went of their own free will, dressed in city or in peasant clothes. Some of them carried babes wrapped in the fronts of their gray coats.

The children came with the women, boys and girls, who crowded like young colts in a herd, close to the prisoners. The men halted in silence, coughing now and then or making an occasional remark. But the women talked incessantly. Nekhlúdof fancied that he recognized Máslova as she came out, but she was soon lost among the others, and he saw only a crowd of gray creatures apparently devoid of all that was human or womanly, with children and sacks, taking their places behind the men.

Although all the prisoners were counted inside the prison walls, the convoy counted them over, comparing with the former lists. This process lasted a long time,— the longer because some of the prisoners moved from place to place and by so doing confused the counting. The soldiers of the convoy shouted and pushed the seemingly submissive but really infuriated prisoners, and began the count over again. When all had been once more counted, the officer of the convoy gave some order which caused confusion in the crowd. The invalid men, the women and children, trying to overtake each other, ran to the carts and began to dispose and arrange their sacks and to climb up themselves. Women with crying, nursing infants, merry children disputing for seats, and sober, dejected prisoners — all climbed up and seated themselves on the carts.

Several prisoners, taking off their hats, approached the officer of the convoy to ask him for something. Nekhlúdof saw the latter, silently and without looking up at the petitioners, draw in a long whiff of his cigarette and raise his short arm in front of one of the prisoners; he saw the latter, as though expecting a blow, jerk back his shaven head and spring aside.

"I will make you remember your airs of nobility so that you won't forget it. You'll go on foot!" shouted the officer.

Only an old and tottering man, with fetters on his legs, was allowed to take a seat in a cart, and Nekhlúdof saw the old man, taking off his pancake-shaped cap, cross himself as he went towards them, and how for some time he was unable to get up on the cart, as the chains prevented him from raising his old leg, and he saw a woman who was already seated in the cart give him a helping hand.

When the carts were laden with the sacks on which were seated those who were allowed to ride, the officer of the convoy took off his cap and having wiped his forehead, his bald head, and his thick red neck, he too made the sign of the cross.

"Forward, march!" he commanded. The soldiers clicked their guns, the prisoners took off their caps, and some doing this with their left hand crossed themselves; those who came to see them off shouted something, to which the prisoners shouted something in reply, the women began to wail and the party surrounded by soldiers in white coats moved on, raising the dust with their feet. The soldiers marched at the head, then with their clanking chains came those condemned to hard labor, four abreast, then the exiles, then the communal prisoners, manacled in pairs, and then the women. Last of all came the carts laden with the bags and the feeble-bodied prisoners. On one of the carts sat high up among the luggage a woman closely wrapped, who shrieked and sobbed incessantly.

XXXV.

The procession was so long that when the men in the front ranks were no longer in sight, the carts with the feeble-bodied and the sacks had but just started. Nekhlúdof jumped into the *dróshky* of the *izvóstchik* who was waiting for him, and told him to drive somewhat ahead of the gang, so that he would be able to see if there were among the men any of the prisoners he knew, and to find Máslova among the women and ask her whether she had received the things he had sent her.

It had grown very hot. There was no wind, and a cloud of dust, raised by thousands of feet, hung over the prisoners, who marched in the middle of the street. They were marching quickly, and the slow horse of Nekhlúdof's *izvóstchik* did not make much headway. Row after row they marched — these strange and gruesome-looking creatures, thousands of feet dressed alike, all keeping time, swinging their free arms as though to keep up their spirits. There was such a multitude, they looked so much alike, and were placed in such strange and unusual conditions, that to Nekhlúdof they no longer seemed to be men, but some uncanny and supernatural order of beings. This impression was shattered by the recognition among the convicts of Fĕdorof, the murderer, and among the exiles of his acquaintance the comedian Okhótin and another tramp whom he had assisted. Most of them looked around, casting an eye at the *dróshky* and the gentleman in it. Fĕdorof jerked his head up as a sign that he had recognized Nekhlúdof, and Okhótin winked at him. But neither bowed, considering it against the rules. When he came abreast of the women, he recognized Máslova at once. She walked in the second row. On the outside was a short-limbed, dark, ugly-looking woman who kept tucking her cloak into her girdle. Then came a pregnant woman hardly able to drag one foot after the other, and Máslova was the third. She carried a sack on her shoulder and looked straight ahead. Her face was calm and resolute. The fourth in the row, Fedósya, was a good-looking young woman, in a short prisoner's coat and a kerchief on her head, worn peasant fashion. Nekhlúdof got off and went up to the women, wishing to ask Máslova whether she had received the things and also how she was feeling. But the sergeant who was marching alongside noticed him at once and came running up to him.

"You are not allowed to go near the gang, mister," he shouted as he ran. When he overtook Nekhlúdof he recognized him, for Nekhlúdof was already a familiar figure in the prison, and saluting him in military fashion, he halted beside him, saying:

"You can't do it now; wait till we reach the station; here it's against the rules. Don't be dawdling there! Hurry on!" he shouted to the prisoners, and briskly, in spite of the heat and his new nobby boots, ran back to his place.

Nekhlúdof returned to the sidewalk, and telling his *izvóstchik* to follow him, he walked after the gang so as not to lose sight of them. As the gang proceeded through the streets, it aroused a mingled feeling of horror and compassion. Those who passed it in carriages looked out of the windows and followed the prisoners with their eyes. The foot-passengers halted and gazed with alarm and surprise at this terrible sight. Some went up to them and offered them alms. The convoy received it. Some followed it as though they had been hypnotized, but finally desisted and shaking their heads stood still and followed only with their eyes. People ran out of doors and gates calling to each other, others leaned out of the windows, silent and motionless, watching the terrifying procession. At one of the cross streets a fine open carriage was held up by the gang. A coachman with a shining face, padded back, and rows of buttons sat on the box. The back seat was occupied by a husband and wife. The wife, slender and pale, in a light-colored bonnet, with a bright sunshade, the husband in a tall hat and a light, natty overcoat. The children sat on the front seat. A carefully dressed and sweet-looking girl, as pretty as a pink, with flowing blond hair, also holding a bright sunshade, and an eight-year-old boy, with a long, slim neck and prominent collar bone, wearing a sailor hat trimmed with a long ribbon. The father was angrily upbraiding the coachman for not crossing in time, while the mother puckered her face and looked disgusted as she almost covered her face with her silk sunshade to keep out the sun and the dust. The padded coachman frowned angrily, while listening to his master's unjust reprimand, for it was he who had ordered him to drive on that street, and he had some difficulty in restraining the shining black stallions, flecked with foam under their collars and impatient to go on. The policeman would have gladly pleased the wealthy owner by stopping the procession of convicts and allowing him to pass, but he felt that there was a certain dismal solemnity about it which could not be violated even to please such a rich gentleman. He only raised his fingers to his vizor as a sign of his regard for wealth, and looked severely at the convicts, as though promising in any case to protect the occupants of the carriage. At all events, the carriage was compelled to wait until the procession had passed, and did not start until the last cart with the sacks and the prisoners seated on them had passed by. The hysterical woman, who had quieted down, began to sob and shriek again when she saw the rich turn-out. It was only at that moment that the coachman slightly moved the reins and the black trotters, their hoofs ringing on the pavement, whirled the carriage, easily swayed on its rubber tires, away into the country house, where husband and wife, the girl with the thin neck, and the boy with projecting collar bones were going to make merry.

Neither the father nor the mother made any comments on what they had seen, so that the children were obliged to solve for themselves the meaning of what they saw. The girl, as she watched the expressions on the faces of the father and mother, decided that the people she had seen were of a different kind from her parents and their friends, that they were probably naughty, and that they ought to be treated in that way; so she only felt frightened and was glad when the people were out of sight. But the long-necked boy, who had watched the procession intently, decided the question differently. He was sure, for without doubt he had the knowledge from God, that these men and women were like himself and like the rest of mankind, and that something wicked was happening to them, something that ought not to be done to them, and he was sorry for them and felt a terror not only of those who were shaven and chained, but of those who had caused them to be chained and shaven. That was why the boy's lips pouted more and more, and he made greater efforts to keep back his tears, thinking it mortifying to cry on such occasions.

XXXVI.

Nekhlúdof kept up with the quick step of the convicts, but even dressed as lightly as he was in a thin overcoat, he found the dust and the close, hot atmosphere of the streets extremely uncomfortable. After marching for half a mile he took his seat in the *dróshky* and drove ahead, but in the middle of the street, in the sun, he felt the heat still more. He tried to recall the memory of yesterday's conversation with his brother-in-law, but it no longer excited him as it had done this morning. The impressions made by the start of the prisoners and the procession had overshadowed the memories of the past. But above all he was overcome by the heat. Two boys, public school pupils, with their hats off stood in front of an ice-cream vender who squatted before them in the shade of a fence. One of the boys was already enjoying it, licking the horn spoon, while the other watched his tumbler, which was heaped with something yellow.

"Where can I get a drink?" asked Nekhlúdof of his *izvóstchik*, feeling an overwhelming desire for refreshment.

"We are coming to a good place!" said the *izvóstchik* and turned the corner, driving Nekhlúdof to a doorway with a large sign above it. A fat clerk dressed in a Russian shirt stood behind the counters, and the waiters whose clothes had once been white, and who sat at the tables because they had no customers, looked curiously at this unusual visitor and offered to serve him. Nekhlúdof called for Seltzer water and took a seat away from the window at a little table covered with a soiled cloth. Two other men sat at a table, with a tea tray and a white glass bottle before them, mopping their brows and making some friendly calculations. One was dark and bald with a fringe of black hair at the back of his head, like the one his brother-in-law wore. This sight reminded him again of yesterday's conversation and his own desire to see both his sister and her husband once more before his departure. "I should hardly have time before the train leaves, and I suppose it would be wiser to write," he said to himself, and asking for a sheet of paper, an envelope, and a stamp, he began to consider what he should write, as he sat sipping the sparkling water. But his thoughts were so vague and distracted, he found it impossible to write the letter.

"My dear Natásha," he began, "I cannot bear to go away remembering my conversation last night with your husband without——" "What next? Am I going to apologize for my words of yesterday? I only said what I thought, and it will give him the impression that I am retracting what I said, and his meddling with my business too. No, I cannot do it," and his dislike for this always objectionable, self-conceited man, this stranger who hadn't the faintest conception of Nekhlúdof's purpose in life, increased in violence. He put the unfinished letter into his pocket and paying for the glass of Seltzer went out and drove on to overtake the party. The heat had increased. The walls and the stones seemed to exude hot air. The pavement scorched his feet, and when he touched the lacquered wing of the *dróshky* it fairly burned his hand. The horse jogged along the dusty and uneven pavement, monotonously clanking its hoofs, while the *izvóstchik* dozed on his box. Nekhlúdof sat gazing indifferently ahead, thinking of nothing in particular. At the end of the street, before a gate of a large house, stood a soldier of the convoy with his musket. A group of people had gathered around him.

Nekhlúdof told the *izvóstchik* to stop.

"What's going on here?" he asked a house porter.

"Something is the matter with one of the convicts."

Nekhlúdof left the *dróshky* and approached the group. A thick-set, elderly convict, with a red beard and face and a snub nose, clad in a gray coat and trousers, was lying on the rough cobblestones which slanted towards the gutter, his feet higher than his head. He lay on his back with the palms of his freckled hands downwards, and at intervals his broad high chest heaved convulsively and he gasped, gazing at the sky with his fixed, bloodshot eyes. A frowning policeman looked down on him, also a street vender, a letter carrier, a clerk, an old woman with a parasol, and a boy with clipped hair holding an empty basket.

"They grow weak in jail, and then they bring them out into this fiery furnace," said the clerk, who felt that somebody must be to blame and addressing Nekhlúdof, who had joined the group.

"He will die, most likely," said the woman with the sunshade, in a tearful voice.

"You ought to loosen his shirt," said the letter-carrier.

The policeman with his thick, trembling, clumsy fingers began to loosen the tapes on the muscular red neck. He was evidently excited and confused, but he still felt that his duty required him to address the crowd.

"What are you gaping about here? It's hot enough anyway, and you are keeping off the breeze."

"The doctor should have seen to it that the weak ones were left in the prison, and not have allowed a dead and alive man, like this, to be carried half alive," remarked the clerk, evidently proud of his knowledge of the regulations.

The policeman, having untied the strings of the shirt, straightened himself up and looked round.

"Go on about your business, I tell you! This is no affair of yours, and what are you staring at anyway?" he asked, turning towards Nekhlúdof for sympathy, but not finding it in his eyes he glanced at the convoy. But the convoy was absorbed in examining his own downtrodden heel and wholly indifferent to the dilemma of the policeman.

"Those whose business it is to look after, don't care."

"Are men allowed to die like this?"

"He is only a convict, to be sure, but still he's a human being," the crowd were heard to murmur.

"Prop his head up higher and give him water," said Nekhlúdof.

"They've gone to fetch it," replied the policeman, and taking the convict under the armpits with difficulty pulled the body a little higher.

"What does all this crowd mean?" suddenly came from a decided commanding voice, and a police officer stepping quickly approached the group that had gathered about the prisoner. He was nattily dressed in a spotlessly clean white uniform with still more shining boot-tops.

"Move on! You have no business here!" he shouted to the crowd, without waiting to learn why they had gathered. But as he came and saw the dying convict, he nodded his head as though it was only what might have been expected.

"What happened?" he said, addressing the policeman. The policeman reported that while a gang of convicts was passing, this man had fallen, and that the officer of the convoy ordered him to be left behind.

"Well, what of that? Why didn't you take him to the police station? Call an *izvóstchik!*"

"The house porter has gone to call one," said the policeman, raising his hand to his vizor.

The clerk began to make a remark about the heat.

"What business of yours is the heat? Move on, I tell you," said the police officer, and he gave the clerk such a severe look that he said no more.

"He should have water to drink," said Nekhlúdof. The police officer looked severely at Nekhlúdof but said nothing. But when the house porter brought a jug of water he bade the policeman offer some to the convict. The policeman raised the head that had fallen backwards and tried to pour the water into the prisoner's mouth, but the latter could not swallow it. The water ran down his beard, wetting the front of his jacket and his coarse, dusty shirt.

"Pour it over his head!" ordered the police officer, and the policeman, taking off the pancake-shaped cap, poured the water over the curly hair and the bald skull. The convict's eyes seemed to open a little wider as though startled, but his position did not change. Streams of dirty water trickled down his face, but from the mouth came the same regular gasps, and the whole body was convulsed.

"And how about this *dróshky* here? Take this one," he said, addressing the policeman, and pointing at Nekhlúdof's *izvóstchik*. "Drive up this way!"

"I am engaged," said the *izvóstchik* glumly, without raising his eyes.

"That's my *izvóstchik*," said Nekhlúdof. "I will pay you now," said Nekhlúdof, turning to the *izvóstchik*.

"Well, why don't you make a move? There, take hold!" cried the police officer.

The policeman, the house porter, and the convoy raised the dying man and carried him to the *dróshky*, trying to make him sit up. But he could not hold himself up. His head fell back and his body slipped off the seat.

"Lay him down!" ordered the police officer.

"That's all right, your honor; I'll manage to get him there," said the policeman, firmly taking his seat beside the dying man and passing his strong right arm under the arms of the prisoner.

The convoy raised the stockingless feet in the prison shoes and stretched them out in the *dróshky*.

The police officer looked back, and perceiving on the pavement the flat cap of the convict he picked it up and placed it on the wet head that was bent backwards. "Go on!" he shouted.

The *izvóstchik* looked angrily around and, accompanied by the soldier of the convoy, started to walk his horse back to the police station. The policeman who sat beside the convict kept dragging up the slipping body with its swaying head. The convoy who walked beside them was kept busy tucking the feet. Nekhlúdof followed them.

XXXVII.

Passing the fireman sentinel at the police station, the *dróshky* with the convict drove into the yard and halted at one of the entrances.

The firemen in the yard, with tucked-up shirt-sleeves, were laughing and talking in loud voices, as they were busily washing a cart. As soon as the *dróshky* stopped, several policemen surrounded it, and taking hold of the lifeless body of the convict under the arms and legs removed him from the *dróshky*, that creaked under his weight. The policeman who had brought him, on getting out of the conveyance began to swing his benumbed arm to and fro; he took off his cap and crossed himself. The dead body was carried through the door and up the stairs. Nekhlúdof followed. In a small, dirty room where the body of the dead man was deposited, there were four bunks. Two invalids in hospital dressing-gowns were sitting on two of them, one man with his mouth askew and with a bandaged neck, and the other a consumptive.

The two other bunks were unoccupied, and the body of the convict was placed on one of them. A small man with shining eyes and quivering eyebrows, clad in under-garments and stockings, came up with swift and silent steps, looked first at the convict and then at Nekhlúdof and burst into a peal of laughter. It was a madman who was kept in the police hospital.

"They are trying to frighten me, but they can't do it!" he said.

The medical assistant and the police officer followed those who carried the corpse.

The medical assistant went up to the body, touched the cold, yellowish, freckled hand, which although not quite stiff was already deadly pale, held it awhile and then dropped it. It fell lifeless on the stomach of the dead man.

"It is all over with him," said the medical assistant, nodding his head; but intending evidently to keep within the rules in cases of this kind, he opened the coarse, wet shirt and brushing aside his own curly hair, he put his ear against the high, motionless chest of the convict. All were silent.

The medical assistant straightened himself, nodded his head once more, and then pressed his finger on first one and then on the other lid, drawing them over the open staring eyes.

"You are not going to scare me, I can tell you that!" repeated the madman, all the time spitting in the direction of the medical assistant.

"Well?" said the police officer.

"Well what?" repeated the medical assistant. "He'll have to be carried into the mortuary."

"Are you sure?" asked the police officer.

"I ought to be," replied the medical assistant, closing, for some reason, the shirt over the chest of the dead man. "I will send for Mattvéy Ivánovitch and let him have a look. Go for him, Petróv," said the medical assistant and stepped aside.

"Take him to the mortuary," said the police officer. "Then come to the office and sign," he added, addressing the soldier of the convoy, who all this time had not left the convict for one moment.

"Yes, sir," replied the convoy.

The policemen raised the dead body and carried it again downstairs. Nekhlúdof wanted to follow them, but the crazy man detained him.

"You are not one of the conspirators, so give me a cigarette," he said.

Nekhlúdof took out his cigar case and gave him one. The madman moving his brows began to talk rapidly and to tell how he was tormented by thought suggestion.

"They are all against me, every one of them, and they torment me through their mediums ——"

"Excuse me," said Nekhlúdof, and without stopping to listen to him, he went out into the yard, anxious to know where the dead man would be carried.

The policemen with their load had crossed the yard and were already about to enter the door of the basement. Nekhlúdof attempted to draw near, but the policeman stopped him.

"What do you want?"

"Nothing," replied Nekhlúdof.

"If you want nothing, then you had better go."

Nekhlúdof submitted and returned to his *izvóstchik*, who was dozing. Nekhlúdof aroused him and started once more towards the railway station. But he had hardly driven a hundred feet when he met a cart also accompanied by a soldier of the convoy with a musket on his shoulder. Another dead convict was stretched out on it. He lay upon his back. His shaven head with its black beard, the pancake-shaped hat above it, which had slipped down to his nose, swayed and was jerked up and down at every jolt. The driver, in thick boots, walked beside the cart, holding the reins in his hands. A policeman brought up the rear. Nekhlúdof touched the *izvóstchik* on the shoulder.

"Oh, what are they doing!" exclaimed the *izvóstchik*, stopping his horse.

Nekhlúdof jumped off the *dróshky* and following the cart driver and passing the fireman, he once more entered the yard of the police station. The firemen had finished cleaning the cart, and a tall, raw-boned man, the chief of the fire brigade, with a band round his cap and his hands in his pockets, was standing in their place. He was inspecting a bay stallion with a fat neck, which a fireman was leading up and down before him. The stallion was somewhat lame in his fore leg and the chief was angrily remonstrating with the veterinary.

The police officer was also there. Seeing another corpse, he went up to the driver of the cart.

"Where did you pick him up?" he asked, shaking his head with disapproval.

"On Old Gorbátovsky Street," replied the police officer.

"A convict?" asked the chief of the fire brigade.

"Yes, sir. It's the second one to-day," replied the police officer.

"Queer goings-on, these, I say! And in all this heat!" said the chief of the fire department, and turning towards the fireman, who was leading away the lame stallion, he shouted, "Put him in the corner stall! I'll teach you, you —— ——, how to maim horses that are worth more than you are yourself, you rascal!"

The second corpse was also lifted from the cart by the policemen and carried into the hospital. Nekhlúdof followed it as though he had been hypnotized.

"What do you want?" a policeman asked him, but he passed in without replying, and followed the body to the room where it was being carried.

The madman seated on the bunk was greedily smoking the cigarette Nekhlúdof had given him.

"Oh, you have come back!" he cried and burst out laughing. On seeing the corpse he frowned. "Another one!" he said. "I am tired of them. If they think I am a boy, I can tell them they are mistaken. Isn't that true?" he added, turning to Nekhlúdof with a questioning smile.

Meanwhile Nekhlúdof looked at the dead body, which was now lying alone. The face formerly hidden by the cap was in full sight. As the other convict had been more than commonly hideous, this one was remarkably handsome both in face and in body. He was still in the full vigor of manhood. Although the half-shaven head was disfigured, the low, straight forehead above the now lifeless black eyes was very handsome, as also was the delicately curved Roman nose above the small black mustache. A smile still hovered on the lips that were now turning blue. A small beard fringed only the lower part of the face. The shaven side of the skull revealed a delicate, well-shaped ear. The expression of the countenance was severe and calm, yet not unkindly. Even if one took no account of this man's spiritual and intellectual possibilities, destroyed by cruel usage, no one could fail to perceive by the slender bones of the fettered hands and feet, and by the strong muscles of the well-proportioned limbs, what a fine, vigorous, and agile human animal he had been, — even as an animal, much more perfect than the young stallion whose injury had stirred the chief of the brigade to such fury. And yet he had been abused unto death, and not only was there no one to pity him, even as a working animal who had been driven to death, but the only feeling that his death called forth was one of annoyance for the trouble caused by the necessity for attending to the threatening decay of his body. A doctor accompanied by his assistant and a police inspector entered the room. The doctor was a portly, thick-set man in a pongee coat and trousers that clung to his muscular limbs. The police inspector was short and stout, with a red, round face, which looked still rounder from a habit he had of puffing out his cheeks and expelling the air again. The doctor squeezed himself in beside the corpse, and like his assistant proceeded to touch the hands and listen to the heart. He rose, adjusting his trousers as he did so.

"No man could be more dead than he is," he said.

The inspector filled his cheeks with air and slowly let it out again.

"From what prison?" he asked the soldier of the convoy.

The convoy replied and reminded them of the chains which were still on the body.

"I will order them to be removed. We have blacksmiths, the Lord be praised," said the inspector, and again puffing out his cheeks he went towards the door, slowly allowing it to escape.

"Why did this happen?" asked Nekhlúdof of the doctor.

"What do you mean? How do men die from sunstroke? This is one of the ways: When they are kept without light and exercise all winter long, and then all of a sudden brought out into the sunlight on such a day as this and made to march in a crowd without the slightest breeze to cool them, then they get sunstruck——"

"Then why are they sent out?"

"You must find that out from those who send them. But who may you be?"

"A stranger."

"Ah, I wish you good day . . . I am busy," said the doctor with an air of vexation, and he began to pull his trousers into shape as he crossed over to the bunks of the patients.

"Well, how are you feeling?" he asked the pale man with the crooked mouth and bandaged neck.

The madman meanwhile was sitting on his bunk, and having finished his smoke, was now spitting towards the doctor.

Nekhlúdof went down into the yard, past the firemen's horses, the hens, and the sentry in his brass helmet; then he passed through the gate and found his *izvóstchik*, who had once more fallen asleep, and was driven to the railway station.

XXXVIII.

When Nekhlúdof reached the station he found the convicts already seated in the cars behind the barred windows. Several persons who had come to see them off were standing on the platform, but they were not allowed to approach the cars. To-day the convoy were especially disturbed in their minds. On the way from the prison to the railway station, besides the two men whom Nekhlúdof had seen, three others had fallen and died from sunstroke. One of these had been removed, like the earlier cases; to the nearest police station, and two had died in the railway station.[1] The convoy men were troubled, not because five men who might have been living yet, had died under their charge. That was not what troubled them, but because they were anxious to do all that the law exacted of them on such occasions, which meant to deliver the dead, their documents and possessions, and to remove from the lists those who were to be sent to Níjni, which was very difficult, particularly in this weather.

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[1] In the beginning of the 80's five convicts died in one day while being transported from the Boutyrsk Prison (in Moscow) to the Níjni Nóvgorod R. R. Station.

It was this that perplexed the convoy, therefore until everything pertaining to this business had been settled, neither Nekhlúdof nor any one else could get permission to approach the train. Nekhlúdof, however, by means of a bribe to the convoy-sergeant, was allowed to slip in, but only on condition that he made his leave-taking a brief one, in order to elude the observation of the authorities. There were eighteen cars, and all with the exception of the car for the authorities were crowded with the convicts. As Nekhlúdof passed by the windows of the cars he could see what was going on inside, and hear the incessant clanking of chains and the bustle and talking, intermingled with senseless profanity; but nowhere did he hear, as he had expected, any mention of their fellow-prisoners who had died on the way. The talk was chiefly about their sacks, their drinking water, and the choice of seats.

Looking into the window of one of the cars, Nekhlúdof saw in the middle passage the soldiers of the convoy who were removing the manacles from the prisoners. The convicts held out their hands, while one of the soldiers of the convoy unlocked and removed the cuffs and another collected them.

Passing through car after car, he came to those occupied by the women. In the second of these he heard a woman groaning monotonously: "Oh, my Lord! Oh, oh, my Lord!"

Nekhlúdof passed by, and directed by the convoy he halted beside a window of the third car occupied by women. As he looked in he could feel the hot air saturated with the exhalations of perspiration coming from human bodies and hear the shrill sound of women's voices. All the benches were occupied by flushed, perspiring women, dressed in their prison cloaks and sacks, all talking in high-pitched voices. Nekhlúdof's face at the barred window attracted their attention. Those nearest ceased talking. Máslova in a sack and with a kerchief on her head sat at the opposite window. The nearest to him was the white-skinned, smiling Fedósya.

Recognizing Nekhlúdof, she nudged Máslova and pointed to the window.

Máslova rose hastily, threw her kerchief over her black hair, and with a flushed, animated, and perspiring face approached the window and took hold of the bars.

"Isn't it hot?" she said joyfully, smiling.

"Did you get the things?"

"I did, thank you."

"Do you want anything else?" asked Nekhlúdof, feeling as if the heated air from the car came from a fiery furnace.

"Nothing, thank you."

"It would be nice to get a drink of water," said Fedósya.

"Yes, if we could only get a drink," repeated Máslova.

"Isn't there any water?"

"We did have some, but it's all gone."

"One moment," said Nekhlúdof, "I will ask the convoy. We shall not see each other again till we reach Níjni."

"Are you going?" said Máslova, as if she was not aware of it, looking joyfully at Nekhlúdof.

"I am going by the next train."

Máslova said no more, and only heaved a deep sigh a few minutes later.

"Is it true, sir, that twelve convicts were killed on the march?" asked a stern-looking woman, in her gruff peasant voice.

It was Korablóva.

"I did not hear that there were twelve. I saw two," said Nekhlúdof.

"They told us there were twelve. Won't they be punished for that, the devils?"

"Did any of the women become ill?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Women are more hardy," laughingly replied a short convict. "One woman took it into her head to have a baby. Hear her groan," she said, pointing to the next car, from whence the groans proceeded.

"Did you ask if I needed anything?" said Máslova. hardly keeping her lips from a glad smile. "Couldn't that woman be left here? She is in such pain. Couldn't you speak to the authorities?"

"I will do so."

"And couldn't she take leave of her husband, Taráss?" she added, indicating with her eyes the smiling Fedósya. "He is coming with us."

"No talking allowed, mister," said the voice of the sergeant of the convoy. It was not the one who had allowed Nekhlúdof to pass. Nekhlúdof withdrew and went in search of the chief to ask him about Taráss and the woman who was about to give birth to a child, but he had trouble in finding him and also in getting a reply from the convoy soldiers. They seemed very busy; some were removing a convict from one place to another, others were running about to buy food for themselves and to distribute their own things in the cars; still others were waiting upon a lady who was accompanying her husband, an officer of the convoy, and answered Nekhlúdof's questions reluctantly.

Nekhlúdof did not find the officer of the convoy until after the second bell had already been rung.

This officer, wiping with his stubby hand the mustache that covered his mouth, was reprimanding the corporal.

"What is it you want?" he asked Nekhlúdof.

"A woman is being delivered in the car; it would be well ——"

"Let her be delivered. We'll see to that later," said the officer, and passed into his car, briskly swinging his short arms.

At that moment the guard went by with a whistle in his hand. The last bell rang; sobs and wails were heard from the women's car and the people on the platform.

Nekhlúdof stood beside Taráss and watched the cars as one after another they passed along. He could see the shaven heads of the men through the barred windows. When the first women's car went by, some of the heads were bare and some were covered. Then came the second car, from which the woman's groans were still distinctly audible. Then came Máslova's car. She stood with a group of other women at the window and gazed at Nekhlúdof with a pathetic smile.

XXXIX.

It would be two hours before the departure of the next passenger train, which Nekhlúdof was to take. At first he had thought of going to see his sister during that interval, but the impressions of the morning had left him in such an agitated and dejected frame of mind that when he found himself sitting on the sofa in the first-class waiting-room, he grew all of a sudden so drowsy, that he turned on his side, and propping his cheek with the palm of his hand, instantly fell asleep. A waiter in a swallow-tail coat with a sign on it and a napkin on his arm aroused him.

"Sir, sir, are you not Prince Nekhlúdof? A lady is looking for you."

Nekhlúdof started up, rubbing his eyes, and remembered where he was and all that had happened that morning.

The procession of convicts, the corpses, the barred windows of the cars, and the women in them, one of whom was agonizing over the birth of a child, and another who had smiled at him pathetically—all this passed before his mind. But the scene before his eyes was quite different. He saw a table covered with bottles, vases, candelabra, and plates, and nimble waiters around it. In the background, in front of a buffet, behind vases filled with fruit and bottles stood the barkeeper, while in front of him

Nekhlúdof saw the backs of the travelers who were crowding about the bar.

As Nekhlúdof changed his reclining position for an upright one and gradually collected his thoughts, he noticed that the people in the room were curiously looking at something that was going on at the door. He looked that way and saw a procession of men carrying a lady in a sedan chair, a lady whose head was wrapped in a transparent veil. The man in front, a footman, seemed familiar to Nekhlúdof. The one in the rear, a doorkeeper, with braid on his cap, he remembered to have seen somewhere. A stylish maid with crimps, and an apron, was carrying a bundle, something in a leather case, and sunshades. Still farther behind came Prince Korchágin with his imposing chest and apoplectic neck, wearing a traveling hat, and still farther in the rear, cousin Mísha, Missy — as she was called — and the long-necked Osten, with his prominent Adam's apple and ever cheerful mien — a diplomat with whom Nekhlúdof was acquainted. As he walked along he was saying something of importance, though in a joking sort of way, to the smiling Missy. The doctor closed the procession, angrily smoking a cigarette.

The Korchágins were moving from their own estate to the estate of the Prince's sister, which was on the Níjni Nóvgorod railway.

The procession, with the porters, the maid, and the doctor, vanished into the ladies' waiting-room, exciting the respect and admiration of all beholders. The old Prince, seating himself at a table, at once called a waiter and ordered food and drink. Missy and Osten also halted in the dining-room and were about to sit down, when they saw a friend near the door and at once walked up to her. This friend was Nekhlúdof's sister, Natálya Ivánovna. Natálya Ivánovna accompanied by Agraphéna Petróvna were looking about on entering. They perceived Missy and Nekhlúdof almost simultaneously.

She greeted Missy first, merely nodding to her brother, but having kissed Missy she at once addressed him.

"So I have found you at last, have I?" she said.

Nekhlúdof rose, greeted Missy, Mísha, and Osten, and stood for a few minutes chatting with them. Missy told him about the fire in their country house which had obliged them to go to their aunt. Osten improved this chance to tell a funny story about the fire. Without heeding him, Nekhlúdof spoke to his sister.

"How glad I am that you came," he said.

"I have been here for some time," she replied; "I came with Agraphéna Petróvna." She pointed to Agraphéna Petróvna, who in a waterproof cloak and bonnet bowed affably to Nekhlúdof from the distance, so as not to interrupt his conversation. "I have been looking for you everywhere."

"I fell asleep on this sofa. I am so glad you came," repeated Nekhlúdof. "I began a letter to you."

"A letter? What could you find to write to me about?" she asked with a frightened look.

Missy, who surrounded by her cavaliers noticed that a private conversation was taking place between brother and sister, withdrew, while Nekhlúdof and his sister seated themselves on a velvet sofa by the window, next to some traveler's luggage, a band-box and a plaid.

"When I left you last night I wanted to go back and ask your pardon, but did not know how he would take it. I was too hasty when I spoke to your husband and it has troubled me," said Nekhlúdof.

"I was certain that you did not mean it," said the sister. "You know how it is," — and the tears came to her eyes as she touched his hand. These words could not be called lucid, but he understood her fully and was touched by their inner meaning. Her words meant that apart from the love for her husband which filled her heart, her love for her brother meant a great deal to her, and that every misunderstanding with him made her suffer.

"I am very grateful to you. Ah, what I have seen to-day!" he exclaimed, suddenly bringing to mind the second of the dead convicts. "Two convicts were murdered."

"Murdered, how?"

"Murdered. They were obliged to march in this heat and two of them died from sunstroke."

"Impossible! When? To-day? Now?"

"Yes, now, and I saw their corpses."

"But why were they murdered? Who murdered them?" asked Natásha.

"Those who bade them march against their will," said Nekhlúdof irritably, feeling that she was looking at the matter through her husband's eyes.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Agraphéna Petróvna, who had now approached them.

"We haven't the slightest idea of what is done to these unfortunate beings, and we ought to know it," added Nekhlúdof, looking at the old Prince, who, with a napkin under his chin, was seated at a table with a bottle of cordial before him and had just looked round at Nekhlúdof.

"Nekhlúdof!" he cried, "don't you want to refresh yourself before starting? It's an excellent thing for a journey!"

Nekhlúdof declined and turned away.

"How can you help it?" asked Natásha.

"I shall do what I can. I don't know what, but I feel that I must do something, and what I am able to do, I shall do."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand you. But tell me," she said, glancing at the Korchágins, "have you quite done with these people?"

"Quite, and I believe we parted without regret on either side."

"I am sorry. I am sorry for her. I like her. But never mind. Taking all this for granted, why do you want to handicap yourself? Why are you leaving us?" she asked timidly.

"I am going because I must," he replied seriously and dryly, by way of putting an end to the conversation. But at the same moment he felt ashamed of his indifference towards his sister. "Why shouldn't I tell her everything I think?" he said to himself; "and Agraphéna Petróvna might as well hear it, too," he thought, glancing at the old servant. The presence of Agraphéna Petróvna proved an important factor in the case; it made him more than ever determined to repeat his decision to his sister.

"Are you speaking of my offer to marry Katúsha? Let me tell you that she has emphatically refused to accept my offer," he said, and his voice trembled, as it always did when he spoke of it. "She will not accept my sacrifice, but chooses to sacrifice herself, which considering her present condition means a great deal. To me this indicates an unsettled state of mind, as it may prove to be but a passing impulse. I am going to follow her in order to be at hand to alleviate the hardships of her position as far as I am able."

Natálya Ivánovna made no reply. Agraphéna Petróvna, shaking her head, looked at her with a questioning look. At that moment the procession had once more started from the ladies' waiting-room. The same handsome footman, Philip, and the door-keeper were carrying the Princess. She bade them stop and called Nekhlúdof to her side. Extending her white, gem-bedecked hand as if in terror lest he grasp it too firmly, she greeted him in a whining tone of voice.

"*Epouvantable!*" (She meant the heat.) "I can't stand this! *Ce climat me tue.*"

And having talked over the horrors of the Russian climate and invited Nekhlúdof to visit them, she gave the men a signal to go on.

"Be sure and come," she added, turning her long face towards Nekhlúdof as they were bearing her away.

Nekhlúdof went out on the platform. The procession with the Princess turned to the right towards the first-class waiting-rooms. Then Nekhlúdof and Taráss with his sack, and the porter with the luggage, turned towards the left.

"This is my companion," said Nekhlúdof to his sister, indicating Taráss, whose story he had already related to her.

"Is it possible that you are going to travel third-class?" said Natásha, when Nekhlúdof paused before a third-class car which Taráss and the porter with the luggage had already entered.

"Yes, I shall be more comfortable with Taráss," he said. "Then, one thing more," he added. "I have not yet given the land in Kuzmínskoe to the peasants, so that in the event of my death your children will be the heirs."

"Don't, Dmítri," said Natásha.

"But even if I should give the land away, all I wish to say is that the remainder of the property would be theirs. It is not likely that I shall marry, and even if I do, there will be no children, — so that ——"

"Please don't say that, Dmítri," said Natásha, and yet Nekhlúdof perceived that it gratified her to hear what he said.

Before a car for first-class passengers at the head of the train, a small group of people was gathered watching a compartment into which Princess Korchágin had been carried. Most of the passengers were already seated. The belated ones, hurrying, clattered along the boards of the platform; the guards slammed the doors, urging the passengers to take their places, and warned those who came to see them off, that it was time to depart.

Nekhlúdof entered the ill-smelling, overheated car, but stepped out on the platform the next minute.

Natálya Ivánovna in her fashionable bonnet and wrap stood opposite the car beside Agraphéna Petróvna and was apparently making an unsuccessful attempt to think of something to say. She could not say, "*Ecrivez,*" because she and her brother had many times laughed about that word so commonly repeated to those who are starting on a journey. The brief talk about money matters and the legacy had at once put an end to the tender fraternal feelings that had been re-established between them, and they now felt themselves estranged. So that Natályа Ivánovna was glad when the train started and she had only to nod her head and repeat in a kind, sad voice, "Good-by, Dmítri, good-by."

But no sooner was the car out of sight than she began to arrange in her own mind the better way of giving her husband a general idea of this conversation with her brother, and the expression of her face grew serious and anxious.

Nekhlúdof, also, although he had the kindest feelings for his sister and concealed nothing from her, now felt so uncomfortable in her presence that he was relieved to escape. He could not help feeling that the Natásha who was once so dear to him, no longer existed; that the woman before him was the slave of her husband, that hairy and swarthy stranger, who was actually repulsive to him. When he saw her face brighten with peculiar animation while he was speaking of matters that were of interest to him — her husband — the land question and the inheritance, for example, he felt convinced of it, and that grieved him.

XL.

The heat in the large third-class car, that had been exposed to the rays of the sun all day and was now crowded, was so oppressive that Nekhlúdof did not enter it, but remained outside on the platform. Even here, however, no air was stirring, and Nekhlúdof breathed freely only when the cars had passed the houses and he began to feel the breeze. "Yes, they were murdered," and he repeated to himself the words he had used when talking with his sister.

And among the various impressions of the day his imagination pictured the handsome face of the second convict who had died, — its smiling lips, its severe brow, and the small, well-shaped ear on the side of the shaven bluish skull. And the most appalling part of all this was that the man was murdered, and no one knew who did the deed. But there could be no question about the fact, the man had undoubtedly been killed. He was led out with the others, by the order of Máslennikof. Máslennikof had probably given the usual order, had signed his name with its stupid flourish to a formal paper with a printed heading, and of course will not consider himself responsible. Still less blame could be attributed to the careful prison doctor who examined the convicts. He did his duty punctiliously, — he separated the feeble ones and could not be expected to know that the throng would be led out so late in the day or that its ranks would be so crowded, neither could he have foreseen the terrific heat. The Inspector? . . . but he had only obeyed his order to send off a certain number of exiles and convicts of both sexes on a given day. Neither could the officer of the convoy be blamed, for his duty consisted in receiving a certain number and in sending off a certain number. He had led them according to the usual regulations and surely could not have expected that such robust-looking men as the two whom Nekhlúdof had seen, would have succumbed and died in consequence of the heat and fatigue. No one was to blame, and yet the men were dead, killed by those who could not really be blamed for their death.

"And all this," said Nekhlúdof to himself, "comes from the fact that all these governors, inspectors, police officers, and policemen are convinced that there are conditions in life when a man owes no duty to his fellow-man. Every one of these men, Máslennikof, the Inspector, the soldiers of the convoy, if they had not been governors, inspectors, and officers, would have hesitated twenty times before sending men and women off in such a crowded throng and in such heat; they would have paused twenty times on the way if they had seen that a man was growing faint, or was gasping for breath; they would have separated him from the others, would have allowed him to rest in the shade, would have given him water, and then if anything had happened, they would have pitied him. But they did nothing of the sort; they even prevented others from giving aid, only because they took no account whatever of the men before them, or of their own responsibilities towards them. They magnified their office and its requirements to the disadvantage of their duties to mankind. This is the sum and substance of the matter," thought Nekhlúdof. "If a man were to admit that there could be anything of more importance than the love one owes his fellow-man, even for a single hour, or in any single instance, he might commit any conceivable crime that a man could commit and yet consider himself innocent."

Nekhlúdof was so absorbed in his thoughts that he had not noticed the change in the weather. The sun was hidden behind a low-hanging ragged cloud, and a compact light-gray cloud was advancing from the west. He could see the rain far away in the distance across the fields and the forest, coming in slanting, driving streaks. The air was saturated with moisture. Now and then the cloud was rent with a flash of lightning, and the rattling of the train intermingled more and more frequently with the crashes of thunder. The cloud drew nearer and nearer and the slanting rain-drops, driven by the wind, fell on the platform of the car and on Nekhlúdof's coat. He crossed to the opposite side, and inhaling the fresh moisture and the fragrance of growing wheat rising from the parched fields, he gazed at the fleeting gardens, groves, and fields of ripening yellow rye, at the green strips of oats and the black furrows between the rows of dark green potatoes in bloom. The fields looked as if they had been varnished. As all green things were more vivid in color, so were the yellows and the blacks.

"More, more!" cried Nekhlúdof, rejoicing at the sight of the reviving fields, the flower and the kitchen gardens.

But the violent rain did not last long. The cloud had partly spent itself and partly passed over, and only the last fine drops were falling gently on the moistened ground. The sun reappeared, everything glistened, and the low curve of a brilliant rainbow, with a conspicuous violet stripe, broken at one end, illumined the eastern horizon.

"What was I thinking about?" Nekhlúdof asked himself when all these changes in nature had passed and the train was speeding through a cutting between two high banks. "Oh, yes, I remember, I was thinking that all these men, the Inspector, the convoy, and the others, are by nature kind and gentle. Being officials has made them cruel."

He remembered Máslennikof's indifference when he told him what was going on in the prison, the Inspector's severity, the harshness of the officer of the convoy when he refused places on the carts to those who asked for them, and paid no heed to the woman on the train who was in child-labor. Evidently the reason why all these people were so invulnerable, so impenetrable to feelings of compassion, was simply due to the fact that they were officials. As officials they were no more receptive of the sensations of compassion than this paved earth is of the rain from heaven! he thought, as he gazed at the embankment of the cut,—paved with multi-colored stones, down which the rainwater streamed, instead of soaking into the earth. "It may be necessary to pave the cut, but it is a melancholy thought that so much soil must be deprived of its productiveness, for it might be yielding grain, grass, shrubs, and trees, like those that grow above it. And it is the same among men," he thought; "it is possible that the governors, inspectors, policemen may be needed, but it is terrible to see men who have lost the attribute that differentiates them from the beasts—love and pity for each other.

"The whole matter may be summed up thus," he went on: "these men accept as a law that which is not a law, and do not accept that which is the eternal, immutable and unchangeable law that God Himself has written in the hearts of men. That is the reason why I am so unhappy in their presence," he thought. "I am simply afraid of them. And they are indeed terrible. More terrible than brigands. After all a brigand might be susceptible to pity, but these men are incapable of it. They are insured against pity, as these stones are against vegetation, and that's what makes them so terrible. Men call Pugatchóf and Rázin terrible. But these men are a thousand times more dreadful," he went on thinking. "If a psychological problem were to be propounded: what can be done to make the men of the present—Christians, humanitarians, or simply kind-hearted men—insensible to the crimes they are committing, there could be but one solution, namely, make them all governors, inspectors, officers, policemen, etc., which means, in the first place, that they must be convinced of the existence of a business called 'Government Service,' which allows men to be treated like immaterial objects, thereby excluding all fraternal relationship with them, and in the second place that the members of this Government Service should be united in such a way that the responsibility for their dealings with men could never fall on any individual member. Otherwise it would be simply out of the question for human beings to countenance in these days such terrible deeds as those, for example, that I have witnessed to-day. The fact is, that men think that their fellow-beings may be treated without love, but no such conditions exist. Immaterial objects may be dealt with in that fashion; one may chop trees, make bricks, and hammer iron without love. But human beings cannot be treated without love,—just as bees cannot be handled without care. Such is the nature of the bee. If one handles a bee without care, he will injure both the bee and himself. It is just the same with men. And this cannot be otherwise, because mutual love is the fundamental law of human life. It is true that a man cannot compel himself to love as he can compel himself to work, but that does not imply that men may be treated without love, especially if something is required from them. If one feels no love for men, let him be quiet about it," thought Nekhlúdof, now talking to himself, "let him busy himself with objects, or even with himself alone, with anything he pleases,—only not with men. As it is only possible to eat without injury when one is hungry, so men can be handled to advantage only when one loves them. But if a man just allows himself to deal with men without love, as for instance you yourself dealt yesterday with your brother-in-law, there are no limits to the suffering and cruelty which you might be capable of inflicting on others, an example of which I witnessed to-day; nor limits to the suffering you would bring to yourself, and this also have I experienced in my own life. Yes, that is true," thought Nekhlúdof. "Everything is all right now," he repeated to himself, experiencing the double delight of the refreshing coolness after intense heat and the assurance of having come to a clear understanding of a question that had long interested him.

XLI.

The car in which Nekhlúdof had a seat was only half filled. Here were servants, mechanics, artisans, butchers, Jews, clerks, women who were wives of mechanics, two ladies,—one young, the other elderly, with a bracelet on her bare arm, also a glum-looking gentleman with a cockade on his black hat.

All these people were sitting quietly after the first bustle was over. Some were cracking and eating sunflower seeds, some smoking cigarettes, others had engaged in lively conversation with their neighbors.

Taráss sat with a happy countenance on the right hand of the passageway, keeping a seat for Nekhlúdof, meanwhile carrying on an animated conversation with a man in a sleeveless cloth coat on the opposite side of the car,—a gardener on his way to a new situation, as Nekhlúdof found out later. Before reaching Taráss, Nekhlúdof stopped in the passageway, beside a venerable-looking old man, with a white beard, also wearing a sleeveless coat, who was conversing with a young woman in peasant dress. Beside her sat a seven-year-old girl in a new *sarafân.*[1] Her light hair was braided; her legs were too short to reach the floor.

Looking up, the old man pushed away the skirt of his coat from the varnished bench on which he was sitting to make room for Nekhlúdof, saying in a pleasant voice:

"Will you take this seat, please?"

Nekhlúdof thanked him and seated himself in the offered place, whereupon the woman resumed her interrupted story.

"Yes, I was there all Carnival week, the Lord be praised, and God willing, I mean to go again at Christmas time," she said.

"That's right," said the old man, with a glance at Nekhlúdof. "It is well for you to visit him from time to time. A young man living in town may easily go astray."

"No, grandpa; mine is not that kind of a man. He never thinks of evil. He is like a young girl and he sends me every copeck of his money. You cannot imagine how pleased he was to see the little girl," said the woman, smiling.

The little girl, who sat cracking and spitting out the seeds, looked up with calm, intelligent eyes at the old man and Nekhlúdof, as though confirming her mother's words.

"So much the better if he behaves himself," said the old man. "And what do you say about that sort of business?" he said, pointing to a married couple, evidently factory hands, who were sitting on the other side of the aisle. The husband with his head thrown back held a bottle of *vódka* at his lips, swallowing greedily, while the wife, holding a bag from which the bottle had been extracted, was gazing at her husband.

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[1] National peasant's costume. — Tr.

"No, mine neither drinks nor smokes," said the woman who was talking to the old man, improving this opportunity to praise her husband again. "There are not many men like mine in this world, grandpa. That's the kind of a man he is," she said, addressing Nekhlúdof.

"So much the better," repeated the old man, still gazing at the factory hand, who, having had his drink, now offered the bottle to his wife. She took it laughing and shaking her head, but she, too, put her lips to it. When he noticed that the old man and Nekhlúdof were looking at them, the factory workman spoke to them.

"Well, sir? Are you looking at us, because we are having a drink? You see when we are at work, no one ever watches us; when we are drinking, everybody sees us. I have earned the money and so I have the right to drink, and I treat my wife. That's the long and short of it!"

"Yes, yes, I see," said Nekhlúdof, not knowing just what answer to make.

"Isn't that so, sir? My wife has good principles. I love my wife because she can sympathize with me. Don't I speak the truth, Mávra?"

"There, take it. I have had enough," said the wife, giving back the bottle, "and don't chatter like a fool," she added.

"That's the way she is," said the workman. "She is all right most of the time; it's only now and then that she squeaks like a wheel that needs greasing. Isn't that so, Mávra?"

Mávra laughed and waved her hand in a tipsy way. "There you go it——"

"Yes, she's all right for a time, but let her get her tail over the reins, and she will let you know what's what. . . . That's sure. Excuse me, mister. I am half seas over myself. . . . Well, what shall we do now?" he asked, beginning to get ready for sleep by putting his head in the lap of his smiling wife.

Nekhlúdof remained a little while beside the old man, who told him something about himself,—that he was a chimney builder, fifty-three years old, that he had built many a chimney in his day and would like to take a rest but never found a chance. He was on his way from the city where he had started his children in business and was now going to his village to visit his kinsfolk. After listening to the old man's story, Nekhlúdof rose and took the seat that Taráss had saved for him.

"Sit down, sir. We will put the bag here," said the gardener who sat facing Taráss, looking up pleasantly into Nekhlúdof's face.

"We are in close quarters, but we are all friends," said the smiling Taráss in his singsong voice, and with his strong hands he lifted his two-*poud* sack and put it beside the window. "There's plenty of room and there's no harm in standing or even in lying under the seat. That's a comfortable place, I can tell you. We won't quarrel about that!" he said, beaming good-naturedly. Taráss used to say of himself that unless he had been drinking, he never talked, but liquor always helped him to find plenty of words. And it was a fact that when Taráss was sober he was generally silent, but whenever he had been drinking, which did not happen very often and only on special occasions, he became very talkative. He spoke well and a great deal, quite simply, truthfully, and kindly, for his heart shone in his gentle blue eyes, while a friendly smile hovered on his lips.

He was like this to-day. Nekhlúdof's arrival silenced him for only a few moments. After arranging his sack he seated himself in his old place, folded his strong labor-worn hands on his knees, and looking straight into the eyes of the gardener he went on with his story. He was telling his new friend about his wife who was being exiled to Siberia, and why he was going with her.

Nekhlúdof had never heard the details of this affair, and so he listened with interest. The story of the poisoning had already been told and the family had already learned what Fedósya had done.

"I am telling about my troubles," said Taráss, turning to Nekhlúdof with absolute confidence in his sympathy. "This man here is so friendly that I am telling him my story."

"Go on, go on," said Nekhlúdof.

"So, my dear fellow, that's how the thing came to light. My mother took that flat cake, the same one I told you about, you know. 'I am going to the police sergeant,' says she. 'Wait, old woman,' said my father, who is very deliberate. 'She is a very young woman, almost a child, she did not realize what she was doing; you ought to pity her, and she may repent!' But no, sir, she wouldn't listen. 'She will poison us like cockroaches if we keep her,' says she. So she went to the police sergeant, and he came in hot haste and called the witnesses."

"And what did you do?" asked the gardener.

"I? I was down with a pain in my stomach, vomiting. My stomach was turning inside out; I couldn't even speak. So my father harnessed up the horse, put Fedósya into the cart, and carried her to our police station; and from there he drove to the magistrate. And she, let me tell you, told the Prosecutor the whole story, just as she had told it at home,—where she got the arsenic and how she made the cakes. 'What made you do it?' says he. 'I did it because I am sick of him,'—she meant *me*," said Taráss, with a smile. "So that's the way she confessed the whole business. Of course she was put in jail at once. My father came home alone. It was just about harvest time and we had only one woman to help us, my mother, and she was not good for much. We thought we might perhaps get

Fedósya back if we became responsible for her. So my father went to see some of the magistrates, but nothing came of it. In fact he went to five of them and was about to give it up when he stumbled on a clerk, a shrewd fellow, I can tell you. 'Give me a fiver,' says he, 'and I will get her out.' They compromised on three roubles. So I had to pawn the linen cloth she had woven herself and gave him the proceeds. And when he had written the document," drawled Taráss, as though he were speaking of a shot being fired, "it turned out all right. I went to town to fetch her myself. When I arrived I put up my mare, took the document, and went to the jail. 'What is it you want?' 'So and so,' says I. 'My wife is imprisoned here.' 'And have you a paper?' So I gave it to him. 'Wait,' said he, looking it over. So I took a seat on a bench there. It was past the noon hour. The head man comes out and says, 'Are you Vargushóf?' 'I am he.' 'Well, you may take her,' says he. And so they opened the gates and brought her out in her own clothes, which was the proper thing. 'Well, come on,' said I. 'Did you come on foot?' 'No, I drove.' So we went to the inn, I paid for putting up the horse, then I harnessed her and made a seat for Fedósya with the hay that was left. She sat down, covered herself with a shawl and we started. She never spoke a word and I kept still. As we drew near the house, she asked, 'Is mother living?' 'Yes,' I said. 'And father?' 'He is alive too.' 'Forgive me, Taráss, for my folly, I didn't know what I was doing.' 'Don't talk so much,' said I. 'Who talks much says little; I have forgiven you long ago.' And that's all that was said. When we came home she threw herself on her knees at my mother's feet. 'God will forgive you,' says mother. And father greeted her, saying, 'What's the use of going over the old story? Try to be good. We are very busy now with the field work. Back of Skoródnoe on the manured lot our rye is so thick that it's all tangled; you couldn't straighten it with an iron crowbar, so to-morrow you and Taráss would better reap it.' And from that time forward she started to work with a will. She was a sight to behold. At that time we also rented three more *dessiatins*, and God sent us a wonderful crop of oats and rye. Sometimes I mowed it while she bound the sheaves, and sometimes we would both of us reap. I am a good worker when I take hold of a job; but she goes ahead of me whatever she does. She is young, agile, and in the prime of life. And so ambitious to work,—it's hard to keep her back. When we came home at night, her fingers would be swollen, her hands aching, and yet she would run out into the barn before supper to prepare sheaf-binders for the next day. A different woman, I can tell you!"

"And did she treat you any better?" asked the gardener.

"I should say so! She became as loving as a turtle dove. Whatever I wanted she always knew. Mother, who is rather cranky, once said: 'Our old Fedósya has been spirited away. This seems to be a different woman. Once when we were driving home bringing the sheaves, and sitting on the front of the cart side by side, I said to her, 'Tell me, Fedósya, how you came to think of doing that?' 'How?' she says. 'I didn't want to live with you. I preferred to die.' 'And now?' 'Now,' says she, 'you are in my heart.'" Taráss paused and with a joyful smile nodded repeatedly. "When our work was finished, I started to carry the flax to be moistened and when I got home," he paused a moment, "there was the summons for her appearance to come in Court,—and we had forgotten all about what she had done."

"It's all the work of the Evil One," said the gardener. "It never would occur to any man to dream of harming a human soul. I used to know a man—" and the gardener was about to tell his story when the train began to slow up. "I believe we are coming to a station," he interrupted himself. "I'll go out and get a drink."

The conversation came to an end, and Nekhlúdof, following the gardener, also went out on to the wet boardwalk of the station.

XLII.

Before Nekhlúdof left the car, he noticed in the station yard several fine carriages harnessed either with *troïkas* or four horses, all well groomed, with tiny jingling bells. As he stepped on to the wet platform which looked dark after the rain, he saw a group of persons standing in front of the first-class passenger car, and conspicuous among them a tall, stout lady arrayed in a bonnet bedecked with fine plumes and a waterproof coat, and a tall, spindle-legged youth in a bicycle costume, with a large, well-fed dog, wearing an expensive collar, by his side. The footmen holding the wraps and umbrellas, and the coachman who had come to meet them, stood at a respectful distance. Every one of these persons, from the stout lady to the coachman who was holding up the skirts of his long kaftan, bore the stamp of quiet self-confidence and wealth. A circle of sight-seers had at once gathered about the group,—the station-master in his red cap, the gendarme, the omnipresent young woman in the Russian costume with strings of beads around the neck, always to be found at every incoming train, a telegraph operator, and other passengers, both men and women.

In the *Gymnasia* student with the dog, Nekhlúdof recognized young Korchágin. The stout lady was evidently a sister of the Princess, the owner of the estate which the Korchágins were about to visit. The head conductor, with glistening straps and shining boots, opened the door of the car and in token of respect held it open, while Philip and a railway porter in a white apron were carefully moving the long-faced Princess in her sedan chair. The sisters greeted each other, and the French conversation as to whether the Princess would better take the open or the closed carriage was distinctly audible. Then the procession, with the frizzled-haired chambermaid laden with umbrellas and the leather case, started towards the exit.

Not wishing to meet them again for a second leave-taking, Nekhlúdof paused before reaching the door of the station and waited for them to pass. The Princess with her son, Missy, the doctor, and the maid went ahead, while the old Prince lingered behind with his sister-in-law, and Nekhlúdof, who was not near enough to hear what was said, caught only disconnected French sentences. One of these, uttered by the Prince, for some unaccountable reason, as it so often happens, sank into his memory with all its vocal intonation: "*Oh il est du vrai grand monde, du vrai grand monde.*" The Prince was describing some man, in his loud, self-assertive voice, and together with his sister-in-law, accompanied by the respectful conductors and porters, passed through the station into the yard.

Just then a gang of workmen in bast shoes, carrying sheepskin coats and sacks slung over their shoulders, appeared from behind the corner of the station. With soft but decided steps they approached the first car, and were about to enter it, but were at once driven away by a conductor. Without stopping they proceeded, hurriedly and treading on each other's heels, to the next car and began to climb in, catching their bags on the doors and corners of the car, when another conductor who saw them from the door of the station, guessing their intention, called out to them. Those who had entered, hastily withdrew, and with their soft, firm steps went to the next car, the one in which Nekhlúdof had a seat. Again a conductor tried to stop them, and they halted, intending to look for seats further along; but Nekhlúdof told them that there was plenty of room and that they were at liberty to get in. They obeyed him, and he went in after them. As they were looking about for seats, the gentleman with the cockade, and both the ladies before mentioned, considered their attempt to find seats in the car as a personal insult; they emphatically opposed them and began to drive them away. There were about twenty workmen, old and young, with tired, sunburnt, haggard faces, who evidently feeling themselves in the wrong, went on hitting the seats, the walls, and the doors and apparently ready to go on forever to the end of the universe and seat themselves wherever they were bidden, even if it were on nails.

"Where are you going, you devils? Sit down here!" shouted another conductor, who was coming from the opposite direction.

"*Voilà encore des nouvelles*," said the younger of the ladies, in hopes of attracting Nekhlúdof by her good French.

The lady in bracelets was sniffing, frowning, and muttering something about the pleasure of sitting in the same car with such ill-smelling peasants.

The workmen, rejoicing and relieved, like men who had just escaped a great danger, began to take their seats, throwing from their shoulders and backs the heavy sacks and stowing them away under the benches. The gardener who had been talking to Taráss now returned to his own seat, which left three unoccupied seats beside and opposite Taráss. Three of the workmen occupied them, but when Nekhlúdof approached them, the sight of his fine raiment intimidated them to such a degree, that they were rising to go elsewhere when Nekhlúdof asked them to remain, and seated himself on the arm of a seat in the passageway.

One of them, a man of fifty, with a look of surprise and alarm in his eyes, exchanged glances with the younger man. That Nekhlúdof, instead of scolding them or driving them off, as was natural for every gentleman to do, should have given up his seat, amazed and perplexed them. They were anxious lest something unpleasant might follow. But when they saw that no harm was intended, and that Nekhlúdof was just talking to Taráss, they quieted down and the older man told the younger man to seat himself on the sack and insisted that Nekhlúdof should resume his seat. The workman who sat facing Nekhlúdof shrank back to draw in his feet clad in bast shoes so as not to touch the gentleman, but after a while he became so friendly with Taráss and Nekhlúdof, that he even slapped Nekhlúdof on the knee with the palm of his hand turned upwards, at those points in his story to which he was especially eager to call the latter's attention. He told them about himself, his life, and his work in the peat bogs, from which he was now returning home, having worked there two months and a half; he was carrying home only about ten roubles, because part of his wages had been paid in advance when he was hired. He said that the work had to be done standing up to his knees in water and lasted from daybreak to sunset, with a two hours' rest for dinner. It was very hard for those who were not used to it, but after one got used to it, it could be borne. But the food was good. It had not been so good at first, but the men complained and it improved, and after that it was easier to work.

Then he told how he had been working out for twenty-eight years and how he had sent home all he had earned, first to his father, then to his eldest brother, and now to the nephew who managed the farm, while he himself spent a few roubles, two or three perhaps, on such follies as tobacco or matches. "I must confess that I take a drink of *vódka* now and then, when I feel tired," he said with a guilty smile.

Then he told Nekhlúdof how the women managed the household during their absence and how the contractor had treated them before they started to half a bucket of *vódka*, how one of them had died, and how they were bringing one sick man home. The sick man of whom he was speaking was here in one corner of the same compartment. He was a mere boy, with an ashen-gray complexion and bluish lips. He was evidently suffering from malaria.

Nekhlúdof went up to him, but the lad gazed into his face with such a stern and suffering expression, that Nekhlúdof forbore to trouble him with questions; he only advised the older man to buy some quinine and wrote down for him on a piece of paper the name of the drug. He also wanted to give him some money, but the older workman said that he would pay for it himself.

"I never met such a gentleman in all my travels. Instead of driving us away, he gave up his own seat to us. I suppose that shows that there are different kinds of gentlemen," he concluded, turning to Taráss.

"Yes, this is quite another, a new, a different world," thought Nekhlúdof, looking at those thin, muscular limbs, those homemade clothes, and those emaciated, sunburnt, but pleasant faces, and feeling himself surrounded on all sides by new people, with their serious interests, the joys and sorrows of human workaday life.

"Here is the *vrai grand monde*," thought Nekhlúdof, remembering the words uttered by Prince Korchágin and the whole of that idle, luxurious world with its trifling and pitiful interests. And he felt the joy of the traveler who has discovered a new, unknown, and beautiful world.

BOOK III.

I.

THE gang with which Máslova traveled had already made five thousand versts. As far as Perm she had traveled by rail and boat with the prisoners condemned for criminal offenses, and it was not until then that Nekhlúdof succeeded in having her transferred to the class of political prisoners, as Bogodúhovsky, who was also with that party, had advised him to do.

Until she had reached Perm, the journey had been very trying to Máslova, both physically and morally. Physically from the crowded conditions, the filth, and the disgusting bugs and vermin, which gave no chance for rest, night or day. Morally, because of the revolting men, who like the vermin, although changing at every halt, were everywhere annoying and importunate and gave her no rest. Not only among the men and women prisoners, but among the wardens and the soldiers of the convoy, this habit of cynical debauch had become so fixed, that every woman had to be on her guard, especially if she were young and had no intention of selling herself. And this continual state of apprehension and struggle was very hard. Máslova was one of those who suffered most from such attacks, partly because of her past life and partly on account of her personal attractiveness. The determined resistance which she displayed towards every man who annoyed her, seemed a personal insult to the individual and excited his resentment towards her. Her intimacy with Fedósya and Taráss somewhat relieved her situation. Taráss, who had been made aware of the annoyances to which his wife was subjected, had asked to be arrested in order to be able to protect her, and traveled from Níjni as a convict with the others.

Máslova's transference to the party of political prisoners vastly improved her situation in all respects. Not to mention the fact that the politicals had better food and were treated less roughly, Máslova's change was an improvement, because she was no longer subjected to the annoyances from men, and she could live without being reminded every moment of her past life, which she now wished to forget. But the chief advantage of this transfer was that she learned to know people whose influence over her was strong and helpful.

Whenever they came to a halting-place, Máslova was allowed to stay with the political prisoners; but, as she was a woman in robust health, she was obliged to march with the criminals, and in this way she made the journey from Tomsk. Two of the politicals also made the journey with her, Márya Pávlovna Schetínina, the handsome girl with the sheeplike eyes who had attracted Nekhlúdof's attention when he visited Bogodúhovsky, and a certain Simonson, a swarthy, disheveled man, with deep-sunken eyes, whom Nekhlúdof had also noticed during that visit, and who was exiled to the District of Yakutsk. Márya Pávlovna walked because she had given her place on the cart to one of the criminals who was expecting to be confined, and Simonson because he considered it unfair to avail himself of his class privilege. These three, separating themselves from the political prisoners, who were to start later in the day, and to follow in the carts, left early in the morning. And so it was on the day of the last journey, just before arriving at a large city, that the party was put in charge of another officer of the convoy guard.

It was an early September morning. A cold, drizzling rain was falling and the wind blew in gusts. All the convicts of the party, about four hundred men and fifty women, were already assembled in the yard of the halting-station. Some were crowding round the elder of the convoy, who was distributing money for two days' rations to the monitors among the prisoners, and some were busily engaged in buying provisions from the women venders who had been admitted to the prison-yard for that purpose. One could hear the voices of the prisoners and the high treble of the women venders.

Katúsha and Márya Pávlovna, both wearing boots and sheepskin coats with shawls on their heads, came from the house into the yard and went up to the women venders, who sat sheltered from the wind under the north wall of the yard and vied with each other in selling their goods: a freshly baked pie of dark-looking flour, fish, vermicelli, porridge, liver, meat, eggs, and milk; one even offered a roast pig for sale.

Simonson in a waterproof jacket and rubbers fastened with strings over his woolen stockings — as a vegetarian he would not use the skins of dead animals — was also in the courtyard waiting for the party to start. He stood on the porch and jotted down in his memorandum book a thought that had just occurred to him: "If a bacterium had examined a human nail, it would consider it inorganic matter. It is the same with men who have pronounced the globe to be inorganic matter, having observed nothing but its crust. This is not correct."

While Máslova was packing the eggs, a string of bread-rings, some fish, and freshly baked white bread in a sack, and Márya Pávlovna was settling her bill with the hucksters, a commotion arose among the prisoners. Silence reigned and the men began to take their places for the march. The officer came out of the building and began to give the last orders.

All went on as usual. The convicts were counted, the chains examined, and the men manacled in pairs, when an angry shout from the officer, followed by blows on a human body and a child's cry, were heard. All was still for a moment. Then a dull, threatening murmur was heard and Márya Pávlovna and Máslova moved towards the spot whence the noise came.

II.

This is what Katúsha and Márya Pávlovna saw when they came near the spot whence the noise proceeded. The officer, a stout man, with a large blond mustache, stood frowning and vociferating words of unseemly and coarse abuse, and with his left hand rubbing the palm of his right hand which he had bruised in striking a convict on the face.

"I'll teach you"—an imprecation—"to argue"—another imprecation.—"Give her to the women! Put on your manacles!" shouted the officer.

He was insisting that this communal convict should be manacled. The wife of the man had died of typhoid fever at Tomsk and he had carried his little girl all the way from Tomsk in his arms. Now it was rumored among the prisoners that he was going to be manacled. The convict's plea that he would not be able to carry the child if he were manacled had incensed the officer, who happened to be in a fit of bad temper, and he proceeded to punish the unruly man.[1]

Facing the convict stood a soldier of the convoy and another black-bearded convict, with one hand manacled, who was gazing gloomily from the tormented convict to the officer. The officer again bade the soldier take the girl away. The murmur that had risen among the convicts now became distinctly audible.

"He has carried her all the way from Tomsk without manacles," said a hoarse voice from the rear. "It's a child, not a puppy."

"What has he to do with the child? That's against the law," said another voice.

"Who said that?" shouted the officer, rushing into the

[1] An occurrence described by Linev in the "Transportation."

crowd as if something had stung him. "I'll teach you the laws! Who said that? You? You?"

"We all say it because ——" replied a thick-set, broad-shouldered convict.

He did not finish. The officer showered blows on him with both hands.

"Ah, you defy me, do you! I'll show you how to rebel! I'll teach you! I'll have you shot like dogs and the authorities will only thank me for it! Take the girl at once!"

The crowd stood silenced. The soldier snatched the girl, while another soldier manacled the prisoner, who meekly stretched out his hands.

"Carry her to the women," shouted the officer to the soldier, as he readjusted his sword-belt.

The child, trying to extricate her hands from the folds of the shawl, screamed at the top of her voice. Márya Pávlovna stepped forward and addressed the officer.

"Allow me to carry her, sir."

The soldier who was carrying the little girl halted.

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

"I am a political prisoner."

It was evident that Márya Pávlovna's handsome face, with its beautiful prominent eyes, had impressed the officer, who had already noticed her when he received the party. He looked at her in silence as though deliberating.

"You may carry her, if you like. It makes no difference to me. It's all well enough for you to pity them, but who will be responsible if he escapes?"

"How can he escape with the child?" asked Márya Pávlovna.

"Well, I have no time to discuss this question with you. You may take her if you like."

"Shall I give her up?" asked the soldier.

"You may."

"Come to me," said Márya Pávlovna, trying to coax the girl to come.

But the child still continued to scream and to reach out towards her father, refusing to go with Márya Pávlovna.

"Wait a moment, Márya Pávlovna; she'll come to me," said Máslova, taking a bread-ring out of her bag.

The child knew Máslova, and seeing a familiar face and the bread-ring, she allowed herself to be taken.

All were silent. The gates were opened and the gang stepped outside in marching order. Again the prisoners were counted, the bags packed and placed on the carts, and the feeble-bodied men seated. Máslova with the girl in her arms returned to the women and stood beside Fedósya. Simonson, who had all the time been watching what was going on, in his decided gait went to the officer, who had by this time finished giving his orders and was about to jump into his *tarantáss.*

"You have done wrong, sir," said Simonson.

"Go back to your place. That's none of your business."

"If I think you have done wrong, it is my business to tell you so," said Simonson, fixing his eyes from beneath his thick eyebrows directly upon the officer's face.

"Is the gang ready? Forward, march!" shouted the officer, paying no heed to Simonson, as leaning on the shoulder of his soldier coachman he climbed into the *tarantáss.* The gang started and spreading out, marched along the muddy highway, which was flanked on both sides by ditches that ran through an unbroken forest.

III.

After the dissolute, luxurious, and pampered existence of the last six years, and the two months of prison life among the criminal prisoners, her present life among the political convicts, in spite of hardships, seemed good to Katúsha. The daily marches of twenty or thirty versts, with satisfactory food, and a day's rest between every two days of marching, strengthened her physically, while her intercourse with her new friends opened up vistas of life of which she had never dreamed. "Such delightful people," as she expressed it, speaking of those with whom she was now marching. She had never known or imagined anything like them. "And to think I cried when I was sentenced," she said. "I shall thank the Lord all the rest of my life! I know now what I never should have known otherwise!" It was a simple matter for her to understand the motives that governed their lives, and like a true daughter of the people, she fully sympathized with them. She realized that they stood for the people as against the gentry, and the fact that some of them themselves belonged to the privileged classes and were sacrificing their advantages, their liberty, even their lives for the people, forced her to admire and esteem them.

She admired all her new companions, but the one whom she particularly loved and worshiped with an enthusiastic affection was Márya Pávlovna. She was quite struck with the attitude of this beautiful girl, a general's daughter, who spoke three languages but behaved like a common working-woman, giving away everything that her rich brother sent her, and wearing clothes and shoes not only of the utmost simplicity but even of poor quality, and paying no heed to her own looks. This utter lack of coquetry particularly impressed and enchanted Máslova. Máslova could see that Márya Pávlovna knew and was pleased to know that she was handsome, but far from rejoicing at the impression she made on men she had an exaggerated horror of all love affairs. Those men among her comrades who were aware of this peculiarity, even the ones who might have been drawn towards her, no longer ventured to show their admiration but treated her as they would have treated a man. But strangers had frequently annoyed her, and she boasted that her own physical strength guarded her from them.

"Once, in the street," she told Katúsha, "some fellow followed me, and I could not get rid of him until I gave him such a shaking that he was actually frightened and ran away."

She became a revolutionary, she said, because from her early childhood she had felt an aversion for the mode of life of the upper classes, and she was always scolded for being in the maids' room or the kitchen or the stables, instead of the drawing-room.

"I enjoyed the cooks and the grooms, and was bored to death by the women of our own set. Then when I grew older I began to understand and realize that our life is wrong. I had no mother, was not fond of my father, and when I was nineteen I left my home, and joining a friend we became factory girls."

After working in the factory she lived for a while in a village, and later returned to the city and lived in lodgings, where they had a secret printing press. It was here that she was arrested and sentenced. Márya Pávlovna never told of it herself, but Katúsha found out from the others that she had been sentenced to hard labor because she pleaded guilty to a shot which had been fired by one of the revolutionists, in the darkness, while they were being searched.

From the day that Katúsha first met her, no matter where she might be or how she might be situated, she never seemed to be thinking of herself but was always anxious to discover how she might help others in matters great or small. Novodvórof, one of her present mates, remarked jokingly that she indulged herself in the sport of charity. And it was really so. All the interest of her life seemed to be centered in finding an opportunity for serving others,—as a sportsman spends his time in search of game. And this sport had become a habit, the aim of her life. She did this so naturally, that all who knew her had ceased to appreciate it but simply expected it.

When Máslova joined the party, Márya Pávlovna had felt an aversion, even a disgust, for her. Katúsha noticed this, but she also noticed how later on Márya Pávlovna made an effort to overcome her aversion and grew particularly friendly and kind. And the friendliness and kindness of this exceptional being touched Máslova to such a degree that she surrendered her whole heart, unconsciously adopting all Márya Pávlovna's views and involuntarily imitating her.

This devotion of Katúsha touched Márya Pávlovna, and she in her turn began to love Katúsha. These women were also drawn together by the aversion which they both felt for sexual love. One hated it because she knew all its horrors, while the other, having never felt it, regarded it as incomprehensible, disgusting, and offensive to personal dignity.

IV.

MÁSLOVA's influence over Márya Pávlovna sprang from her love for the latter. Another active influence was that of Simonson, because Simonson loved Máslova.

People live and act partly according to their own ideas and partly because they are influenced by the ideas of others. One of the principal differences between men is determined by the degree of resistance which a man offers to the influence of his neighbors. Some people do their thinking as if it were some kind of diversion, using their reason like a fly-wheel with the strap off, and they are naturally open to the influence of other men's opinions, or the possibly more potent factor of tradition or law. Others, who respect their own opinions as the chief incentive to action, generally listen to the dictates of their own reason and obey them, regardless as a rule of public opinion, which they do occasionally accept, but only after long and careful deliberation. Simonson belonged to the latter type of men. He verified and decided matters according to the light of his own reason, and after making his decision he always carried it into effect.

Having decided, when he was a schoolboy, that all his father's property acquired as a paymaster in government service had been dishonestly earned, he told him that he was in duty bound to give it back to the people. But when his father not only declined to follow his advice, but gave him a good scolding for his folly, he left home and never accepted another penny from him. Coming to the conclusion that all the evil that exists in this world is the result of the ignorance of the people, no sooner had he left the University than he proceeded to join the Populists and to become a village teacher. While he held this position he boldly advocated in his classes, and also to the peasants in general, every cause that he believed to be just, and condemned those which seemed to be false and iniquitous. He was arrested and sentenced.

During the course of the trial he made up his mind that the judges had no right to sit in judgment upon him and told them so. When the judges did not seem inclined to accept his opinion, but continued the trial, he again made up his mind to give no reply to their questions but to maintain absolute silence. He was exiled to the Archangel Government. Here he formulated his doctrinal scheme of life, the essence of which dwelt in the theory that no object in this world is really inanimate, that whatever has hitherto been called inorganic simply forms a part of the vast organism which no man has yet been able to comprehend. Therefore the problem of human life—as one of the particles of this organism—consists in the effort to preserve not only its own existence, but that of all other living particles. He therefore deemed it criminal to destroy any life whatsoever; he was opposed to war, to capital punishment, and to every variety of slaughter, whether it be of human beings or of animals. He also had his own theories in regard to marriage; to increase and multiply seemed to him the lowest function of man, as he sincerely believed that service to mankind in general was undoubtedly his most important function. He found a confirmation of this idea in the presence of phagocytes in the blood. Celibates, according to his opinion, were like phagocytes, whose object was to strengthen the weak or diseased parts of this organism. And since that time he had lived in strict accordance with these principles, although, when a youth, he had been more or less lawless in his habits. He regarded Márya Pávlovna and himself as humanitarian phagocytes.

His love for Katúsha, which was purely platonic, had no effect upon his theory save that it acted as an inspiration to higher efforts in behalf of mankind.

Moral questions were not the only ones that he decided in this original way. Every practical question was subjected to the same rule. He had his own theories for dealing with practical affairs: rules for the number of hours a man ought to work and to rest; the kind of food to be eaten; the sort of clothing to be worn; the proper manner of building a fire, and of lighting a house.

Yet, in spite of all his theories, Simonson was a very timid and modest man, but when his decision had once been made, no power on earth could move him.

And his love for Máslova was the reason of his influence over her. Máslova, by the aid of her feminine instinct, had long since divined the state of affairs, and the assurance that she could be loved by such an extraordinary man raised her in her own estimation. Nekhlúdof had offered to marry her because of the past and his own generosity, but Simonson loved her as she was now, and simply because he did love her. Moreover, she felt that Simonson looked upon her as a woman above the average, different from other women, as one endowed with unusually high moral attributes. She did not clearly understand what these qualities which he attributed to her might be, but she was determined not to disappoint him, so she strove to cultivate the highest qualities of which she could conceive, and this compelled her to be as good as she knew how to be.

This began in prison, during those hours when they had been allowed to join the political prisoners, and she had noticed the steady gaze of his kind, innocent, dark-blue eyes, peering at her from under his overhanging brow. It was then that she noticed how different he was from the others, and how he watched her; she also noticed that strange combination of severity—emphasized by his frowning brow and unruly hair—and childlike innocence and good nature. When afterwards she again joined the political prisoners in Tomsk and met him, though not a word passed between them, the glances they exchanged were a sign of recognition and mutual understanding of their dependence on each other. And since that time there had been no important conversations between them, but Máslova felt that when he talked in her presence, his words were meant for her and that he took pains to use words that she could understand. But after he began to walk with the criminal convicts, their intimacy increased.

V.

Between Níjni and Perm, Nekhlúdof saw Katúsha but twice, when the prisoners traveled on a barge protected by a wire netting, and again at Perm in the office of the prison; and both times she seemed to him reserved and unfriendly. When he asked her if she was comfortable or if she needed anything, she made an evasive answer and appeared somewhat confused. It seemed to him as if the hostile attitude of her earlier prison days were revived. This gloomy mood, the direct result of all the annoyances to which she had been subjected by the men in the prison, distressed Nekhlúdof. He feared lest the crushing and degrading influences to which she had been subjected during the journey might have caused her to fall into her former state of despair and discontent which had made her so irritable with him, and had caused her to smoke and drink in the hope of forgetting herself. But he couldn't possibly help her because, during the early part of the journey, he had been unable to see her. It was only after she joined the political convicts that he realized the change that had been going on in her character, which he had so longed to see, and the futility of his own fears. The first time they met in Tomsk she seemed like her own self. She neither frowned nor did she seem confused, but met him joyfully and naturally, thanked him for what he had done for her and especially for having given her the chance to know the people with whom she was now traveling.

After two months with the marching gang, the change that had taken place in her was reflected not only in her face but in her general appearance. She had grown sunburned, seemed thinner and somewhat older, wrinkles had appeared on her temples and around her lips, she no longer let her hair fall over her forehead but covered it with a kerchief, and neither by her dress nor by the way of arranging her hair nor by her manners did she betray the smallest sign of coquetry. This change which had begun and was still going on within her made Nekhlúdof exceedingly happy.

Now he felt towards her as he had never felt before, and this feeling had nothing in common either with that early sense of romantic exaltation or with the sensual love which he had felt for her later on. Neither was it in the least akin to that self-satisfaction which springs from a sense of a duty performed which had induced him after the trial to offer himself to her. It was simply a feeling of pity and tenderness which he had felt when he first saw her in the jail, and which had developed into a still stronger emotion, when after seeing her in the hospital he had conquered his aversion and forgiven her for that supposititious intrigue with the medical assistant. The injustice of that accusation had been fully revealed later on. It was the same, but with this difference: once it was fleeting, now it had become settled. Whatever he happened to be doing or thinking, his mood was always tender and pitiful, not towards Máslova alone, but towards the whole world.

This feeling had released in Nekhlúdof's soul the source which hitherto had found no outlet but was now flowing towards every one he met.

During his journey he realized that he was in that excited frame of mind which made him unconsciously eager to help everybody, from the driver to the soldiers of the convoy, from the prison warden to the Governor himself. During that time and owing to the fact that Máslova was now with the political prisoners, he had the chance of becoming acquainted with many of them, first in Ekaterinburg, where they were not so closely guarded, but were kept together in one large cell, and afterwards when he traveled with the five men and four women of Máslova's party. This intercourse with the political exiles completely changed his opinion in regard to them.

From the beginning of the revolutionary movement in Russia, and particularly after the first of March, Nekhlúdof had had an unfriendly and contemptuous feeling for the revolutionaries. To begin with, he was repelled by the cruelty and secrecy of the methods they employed in their struggle with the government, and above all the cruel murders which they committed. Their overweening self-assurance — a trait common to all of them — was also offensive to him. But when he came to know them more intimately and realized what they had suffered at the hands of the government, frequently without being guilty, he understood why they were so self-assertive; how could they be otherwise?

Though the cruelties to which the criminals were subjected were certainly senseless and terrible, there still remained a semblance of justice shown them before and after the sentence had been pronounced; but no shadow of justice was evident in their dealings with the political prisoners, as Nekhlúdof had had occasion to observe in the Shústova affair and afterwards in the cases of many of his new friends. These people were dealt with as one deals with fish caught in a net. Everything that is caught is taken ashore, the larger fish are sorted into lots and the small ones are left to decay or dry up on the shore. So in these instances when hundreds are arrested, there are persons among them who are not only innocent, but who could not possibly injure the government if they would, imprisoned for years in places where they often contracted consumption or grew insane and committed suicide. Such persons have been kept in prison only because there was no special reason for setting them at liberty. If they had been kept in jail, they might have been of some use as witnesses during the trial of the actual conspirators. The fate of all these persons, often acknowledged to be innocent, even by the government itself, depends entirely on the whim, the leisure, or the mood of some gendarme, police spy, public prosecutor, magistrate, governor, or minister. Some such official is feeling restless, or wishes to show his zeal, and proceeds to make arrests, after which summary act on his part he may, according to his own mood, or that of his superiors, either set the prisoners free or keep them in prison. And the higher official also deals with these victims in the same arbitrary manner. All depends either on the terms existing between the minister and himself or on his own ambition to distinguish himself, whether he exiles them to the confines of the world or keeps them in solitary confinement, or sentences them to exile or hard labor or death, or lets them go if some lady happens to ask him to do so.

They had been treated like that in times of war, and they naturally used the same methods that had been employed against them. And like the military who always live in an atmosphere of public opinion, which not only conceals from them the criminality of their acts but presents them under the aspect of deeds of heroism, the political convicts being likewise surrounded by an atmosphere of the public opinion of their own circle,—which so far from representing the cruel acts they have committed at the risk of their liberty, their lives, and all that is dearest to man as evil deeds,—always exalted them as deeds of glory. This was the way in which Nekhlúdof explained to himself the surprising fact that the mildest of men, incapable by nature of causing, even of witnessing, the suffering of any living creature, calmly planned the assassination of men; and the majority of them, in certain cases, approved of this deed as a method of self-defense and considered it both lawful and just to promote by these methods the higher welfare of the greater number. As to their own high opinion of their special cause, and of themselves, this was the natural result of the importance that the government attached to it, and the cruel punishments to which they were subjected. It was necessary for them to hold such an exalted opinion of themselves in order to endure the punishments thus inflicted upon them.

When he came to know them more intimately, Nekhlúdof arrived at the conclusion that they were neither the unmitigated villains that some persons fancied them, nor the heroes for whom other persons took them, but very ordinary men, among whom, as everywhere else, there were good, bad, and mediocre individuals. Many of them had become revolutionists because they considered it their duty to oppose the existing evils. But there were others who had chosen this career from selfish and ambitious motives. The majority, however, had been attracted to the revolutionary ideas by a longing for danger and risks, by a sense of exhilaration in playing their part in the game of life, feelings common to all energetic young men and familiar to Nekhlúdof from his own military experience. The difference between them and other men lay chiefly in the fact that their moral standards were higher than those of ordinary men. Abstinence, a certain roughness in the mode of life, truthfulness, unselfishness, even a readiness to sacrifice their own lives for "the cause," were considered indispensable. Therefore those among them who were above the common level, were superior to him and reached a high moral altitude, while those who were inferior to him were frequently untruthful, hypocritical, self-conceited, and arrogant. That was why Nekhlúdof learned not only to respect but to love some of his new friends with all his heart, while remaining more than indifferent to others.

VI.

NEKHLÚDOF became particularly fond of Kryltzóf, a consumptive young man who was exiled and was in the same gang which Katúsha had joined. Nekhlúdof had made his acquaintance in Ekaterinburg and had several talks with him during the journey. Once, in summer, during one of the halts, Nekhlúdof had spent a whole day with him, and as Kryltzóf became more and more communicative, he told him his story and the reason why he had become a revolutionist. It was a very short story, the one he had to tell before he was arrested. His father, a wealthy southern landowner, had died while he was still a child. He was an only son and was brought up by his mother. He learned very easily in the Gymnasium and in the University and graduated with the degree of "*Kandidat*" in mathematics. He was offered a chance to remain on the staff of University Instructors and of going abroad, but he hesitated because he loved a young woman and was contemplating marriage and a life of activity in the *Zêmstvo.* He wanted both and could not make up his mind. At that time his fellow-students in the University asked him for a contribution to the common cause. He knew this cause to be revolutionary, in which at that time he took no interest whatever, but from a feeling of comradeship and vanity, and fearing lest he be considered a coward, he gave the money. Those who received it were arrested and a note was found which proved that the money was given by Kryltzóf. He, too, was arrested, kept for a while in the police station, and then sent to jail.

"In the prison where I was confined," he said, telling his story to Nekhlúdof, as he sat on the high sleeping-bunk, leaning his elbows on his knees and only now and then glancing at him with his fine, feverish-glistening eyes, "there was no special discipline. Not only could we signal to each other, but we could communicate with each other in the corridor, share our provisions and tobacco, and frequently sang in chorus at night. I had a good voice. That's a fact. If it had not been for my mother's grief—and she was quite overcome—I should have found my life pleasant and interesting even in prison. By the way, it was here that I made the acquaintance, not only of the famous Petróf, who later on ended his life by cutting his throat with a piece of glass, but of other revolutionists. But I was not one myself. I also made the acquaintance of my two neighbors. They were both caught in the same affair of the Polish proclamations and were to be tried for their attempt to escape from the convoy, while being taken to the railroad station. One was Lozínsky and the other Rozóvsky, a Jew. This Rozóvsky was still but a boy. He said he was seventeen but he looked about fifteen. Slender, short, with bright black eyes, full of life, and very musical like most of the Jews. His voice was still breaking, but he sang well. They were both tried while I was in prison. They were summoned in the morning. At night they returned and told us that they were condemned to die. No one had expected this. Their guilt was a matter of so little importance, — it was only that they had tried to escape from the convoy and had not even wounded any one. And then it seemed so unnatural to condemn to death such a child as Rozóvsky. So we all agreed in the prison that it had been said only to scare them and that the sentence would never be executed. We were all quite excited, of course, but calmed down later on, and prison life resumed its habitual character. But, one evening, a prison guard comes to my door and mysteriously announces that the carpenters have come to put up the gallows. I did not believe him at first. Gallows! What gallows? But the old guard was so excited that when I looked in his face I knew that the gallows were for our two friends. I was about to rap and try to find out from the others, but feared lest the guard might overhear. My comrades also were silent, — evidently they also were aware of it. A dead silence reigned that night in the corridor and the cells. We neither rapped nor sang. About ten o'clock the guard came again and said that the hangman had come from Moscow. He said this and went away. All at once I heard Rozóvsky calling to me from his cell: 'What do you want? Why are you calling him back?' I told him that he had brought me tobacco, but he seemed to guess that something was wrong and began to question me: 'Why didn't we sing? Why didn't we tap on the wall?' I don't remember what answer I made, but I soon went away so as to avoid speaking to him. Yes, it was a terrible night. Yes. I listened to sounds all night. Then in the morning, I heard the doors along the corridor open and footsteps as of many people. I placed myself at my little window. A lamp was burning in the corridor. The first to go by was the Inspector. He was a stout man with a great deal of self-assurance and confidence, but he looked frightened and as pale as death and walked with his head down. The Assistant followed, with a frowning brow and a determined face. The guard brought up the rear. They passed my door and halted by the next door. Then I heard the Assistant call out to Lozínsky, 'Get up, Lozínsky, and put on clean linen. Yes. Then I heard the door squeak as they went into the cell. Then I heard Lozínsky's steps as he passed out on the opposite side of the corridor. But I could only see the Inspector, pale as pale could be, buttoning and unbuttoning a single button of his coat and shrugging his shoulders. Yes. Then he quickly stepped aside, as though he were afraid of something. It was Lozínsky who had passed him at that moment and who was standing at my door. He was a handsome youth, you know, of that fine Polish type, with a straight, broad brow and a mass of light, silky curling hair, and beautiful blue eyes, a youth full of vigor and health. He paused before my little window so that I could see his whole face. 'Have you any cigarettes, Kryltzóf?' I was about to hand him some, when the Assistant, as though fearing to be late, pulled out his own case and offered it to him. He took one cigarette and the Assistant lighted the match. He began smoking and seemed to be thinking. Then, as though recalling something, he began to speak: 'It's both cruel and unjust. I've committed no crime. I——' Something seemed to quiver in his white young throat, from which I could not keep my eyes, and he stopped. Yes. Then I heard Rozóvsky from the corridor shouting in his thin, Jewish voice. Lozínsky threw away the stump of the cigarette and walked away from the door. Then I saw Rozóvsky's face in the window. His childish face with its moist black eyes was red and covered with perspiration. He was dressed in clean linen, but his trousers were too wide in the belt and he kept pulling them up with both hands and trembled all over. 'Didn't the doctor prescribe an herb-drink for me, Anatoly Petróvitch, didn't he? I am not well; I want another sip of that herb-tea.' No one answered and he looked inquiringly from me to the Inspector, but I never understood what he meant by those words. Yes. Then all at once the Assistant put on his stern look again, and in a shrill, unnatural voice exclaimed: 'This is no time for jokes. Come on!' Evidently Rozóvsky was not able to understand what awaited him, and hurried, indeed, he almost ran ahead of the others along the corridor. But a moment later he refused to move on, and I heard his piercing voice and his wails. Above the hubbub that ensued I could hear the tramping of the feet. He shrieked and wept. Then the sounds grew fainter, the door of the corridor banged and all was still. . . . Yes. And they were hanged. Both were strangled with ropes. A watchman who saw it told me that Lozínsky did not resist, but that Rozóvsky struggled a long time and was finally dragged to the scaffold by force and his head was thrust into the noose. Yes. This guard was a stupid fellow. 'I was told, sir, that it would be frightful, but it wasn't. After they were hanged only twice their shoulders moved convulsively, just twice—like that!' and he showed how the shoulders rose and fell. 'Then the hangman pulled on the rope, so as to tighten the noose, and that was the end of it. They didn't move any more!'—No, it wasn't frightful," added Kryltzóf, repeating the watchman's words. He tried to smile, but the smile ended in a sob.

He remained silent for some time, breathing heavily, and trying to repress the sobs that choked him.

"From that time I have been a revolutionist. Yes," he said, as he became calmer, and then he briefly finished his story.

He belonged to the party of *Naródovóltzy*[1] and was even the head of a disorganizing group, whose object was to terrorize the Government until it abdicated its authority of its own accord, and called upon the people to govern themselves. With this object in view he went to Petersburg, to Kief, to Odessa, and abroad, and was successful wherever he went. But the man in whom he trusted betrayed him. He was arrested, imprisoned for two years, and condemned to death, a sentence which was changed to hard labor for life. In prison he became consumptive, and now, under present conditions, it was evident that he had but a few months longer to live. He realized this, but was not sorry for what he had done. He said that if he had his life to live over, he would use it in the same way, — that is, for the destruction of an existing order of things which made possible such sights as he had seen.

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[1] Freedom of the people.

The story of this man and his intimacy with Nekhlúdof explained to the latter much that he had been unable to understand until now.

VII.

The day of the encounter between the officer of the convoy and the prisoner with the child, Nekhlúdof, who had spent the night at the village inn, awoke late, because he had sat up far into the night writing some business letters that had to be mailed in the next town. He had left his night's lodgings later than usual and so failed to overtake the gang on the highway, as was his custom. He did not reach the village where the next halting-station was to be, until dusk. Having dried his clothes at the village inn, kept by a stout widow with a fat neck, Nekhlúdof took his tea in a clean room, decorated with many ikons and pictures, and hastened to the halting-place to get the officer's permission to see Máslova.

At the six preceding halting-stations, all the officers of the convoy had been changed several times, and every one of them refused to admit Nekhlúdof inside the halting-station; therefore he had not seen Katúsha for more than a week. This strictness was caused by the expectation of the arrival of some important Prison Inspector. Now that the personage had passed without even looking in, Nekhlúdof hoped that the officer of the convoy, who had taken charge of the gang that morning, would grant him the interview, as those before him had done.

The landlady offered Nekhlúdof a *tarantàss* to take him to the halting-station, which was at the farther end of the village, but Nekhlúdof preferred to walk. A young, broad-shouldered fellow, who was as large as a knight of old, wearing top-boots freshly greased with strong-smelling tar, offered to escort him. It was drizzling and so dark that when his guide was but three paces ahead, Nekhlúdof could no longer see him, unless they were passing houses and the light fell from the windows. He could only hear the splash of his boots in the deep sticky mud. Having passed the square with its church and a long street with brightly lighted windows, Nekhlúdof, following his escort, plunged into utter darkness on the outskirts of the village. But soon, even here, he could distinguish rays of light from the lanterns that were posted around the halting-station. These red spots of light grew brighter and brighter. The stakes of the palisade that encircled the halting-station, the dark, moving figure of the sentinel, the striped post, and the watchman's box soon came into sight. The sentinel called out, "Who goes there?" and on being told that they did not belong to the party, was so strict that he would not allow them even to wait beside the fence. But Nekhlúdof's guide was not intimidated by his severity.

"You are a cross lad," he said to him. "Just shout, will you, and call the head man; we will wait."

The sentry, without replying, shouted something through the gates and then stopped and watched the broad-shouldered young fellow by the light of the lantern, cleaning the mud off Nekhlúdof's boots with a chip.

One could hear the hum of men's and women's voices behind the palisade. Three minutes later there was a sound of clanking iron, the small gate was opened, and the elder in command, with his cloak thrown over his shoulders, stepped out from the darkness into the light of the lantern and asked what was wanted. Nekhlúdof handed him his visiting card with a note, in which he asked the officer in charge to see him on personal business, requesting the sergeant to take this to the officer. This man was not so strict. He insisted, however, on knowing what personal matter had brought Nekhlúdof and who he was, evidently scenting prey and not wishing to let it escape. Nekhlúdof said that he had some special business and that he would make it worth his while if he would give the note to the officer in charge. The sergeant took the note and went away nodding. A few minutes later the gate clanked again and a procession of women came through, carrying baskets, sacks, earthen jars, and bark pails with covers, all loudly chattering in their peculiar Siberian dialect. They were all dressed city fashion in cloaks and jackets, their skirts were tucked up, and their heads covered with kerchiefs. By the light of the lantern they peered curiously at Nekhlúdof and his guide, and one woman, evidently pleased to meet the broad-shouldered fellow, affectionately showered on him a variety of Siberian oaths.

"What are you up to, you devil?" she called out to him.

"I came to show the way to a stranger," he replied. "And what did you have to bring?"

"Milk, and they have ordered more for the morning."

"Did they invite you to spend the night?" he asked her.

"The devil take you, you liar!" she called back, laughing. "Come along with you and see us home."

The guide said something more that made not only the women but the sentry laugh; then, turning to Nekhlúdof, he added:

"You'll find the way alone? You won't get lost?"

"No, no, I shall be all right."

"It's the second house on your right after you pass the church and the two-story house. And here's a stick for you," he said, and giving Nekhlúdof a long stick taller than himself, he disappeared in the darkness with the women, splashing through the mud with his heavy boots.

His voice, mingled with the voices of the women, was still echoing through the fog when the gate clanked and the sergeant came out, asking Nekhlúdof to follow him.

VIII.

This halting-place was disposed like all the others along the track of the Siberian highway. There were three houses standing in the middle of a yard which was fenced in by a high palisade of pointed sticks. The largest one with the barred windows was for the convicts, the second for the convoy, and the third for the officers and the office. All three were now lighted, as is customary in those remote countries, exciting a delusive expectation of comfort and enjoyment within their shining walls. Lanterns were lighted in front of the porch, and about five more of the same kind hanging against the walls lighted the yard. The under-officer directed Nekhlúdof along a plank walk to the porch of the smallest house. Mounting three steps he allowed him to pass into the ante-room, which was lighted by a small lamp and filled with the fumes of burning charcoal. A soldier in a coarse shirt, a necktie, and black trousers, with but one yellow-topped boot on, was bending over and using the top to the other boot as a bellows for the *samovár*. When he saw Nekhlúdof he left the *samovár*, helped him to take off his oil-skin coat, and then went into the inner room.

"He is here, your honor."

"Why don't you show him in?" cried an angry voice.

"You are to go in through this door," said the soldier, returning hastily to his former occupation.

In the next room, which was lighted by a hanging lamp, an officer, with a long, fair mustache and a very red face, wearing an Austrian jacket that fitted snugly over his massive chest and shoulders, was seated at a table, spread with the remnants of dinner and a couple of bottles. The warm room smelled of tobacco smoke and another unpleasant odor like that of cheap perfume.

On seeing Nekhlúdof, the officer half rose and stared at the newcomer with what seemed like an ironical and suspicious expression.

"What can I do for you?" and without waiting for an answer he shouted towards the door, "Bernóf, will that *samovár* ever be ready?"

"In a minute."

"I'll give you an 'in a minute' that you'll remember," cried the officer, his eyes flashing with wrath.

"I am bringing it right in!" cried the soldier, suiting the action to the word.

Nekhlúdof waited until the soldier had placed the *samovár* on the table, while the officer's wicked little eyes followed him out of the room, as if choosing the best spot to hit him. After the *samovár* was on the table, the officer proceeded to make the tea. Then he took out of his traveling case a four-cornered decanter and some Albert biscuits. After arranging these things on the table, he turned again to Nekhlúdof.

"How can I serve you?"

"I should like an interview with one of the convicts," replied Nekhlúdof, still standing.

"Is she a political convict? If so, it would be contrary to the law."

"No, she is not a political convict," said Nekhlúdof.

"Pray take a seat," said the officer, and Nekhlúdof seated himself.

"No, she is not a political prisoner," he repeated, "but, in deference to my request, has been allowed by the higher officials to march with the political prisoners——"

"Ah, yes, I know. The little brunette," interrupted the officer. "Well, that will be all right. Will you have a cigarette?"

He offered Nekhlúdof a box filled with cigarettes, and carefully pouring two tumblers of tea pushed one towards Nekhlúdof.

"Please," he said.

"Thank you, but I should like to see——"

"You'll have plenty of time for that; the night is long. I will send for her."

"But couldn't I be taken to their room?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"To the quarters where the political prisoners are? That would be against the law."

"I have enjoyed that privilege several times. If you are afraid that I shall transmit anything to them, I could do it just as well through her."

"No, sir, I don't think you could; she would be searched," said the officer, laughing in a disagreeable way.

"Well, then you would better search me now."

"No, I think we'll get along without that," said the officer, holding the open decanter over Nekhlúdof's tea. "Will you allow me? No? Well, just as you like. Living as we do in Siberia it is delightful to meet an educated gentleman. You need not be told what melancholy work ours is, and all the harder when a man has been used to a different sort of life. People think that if one is a convoy officer one must be rough and uncivilized; they don't seem to consider that a man may have been born for other things."

The officer's red face, the perfume, the ring on his finger, and, above all, his unpleasant laughter were repulsive to Nekhlúdof. But to-day he was in the same serious and thoughtful mood that had possessed him during the entire journey,—the mood that forbade him to treat any human being with indifference or contempt. He now believed it to be his duty to be perfectly in earnest, as he himself defined it. So he listened to the officer while the latter was explaining his point of view, and then he spoke seriously.

"I think that in your position one might find comfort in relieving the sufferings of the men," he said.

"What sufferings do they have? They are a hard set."

"What do you mean? They are just like everybody else," said Nekhlúdof. "And there are individuals among them who are innocent."

"Yes, I know that, of course. And one pities them. Other officers are strict, but I always try to ease their lot. Many's the time I've said to myself: It's better for me to suffer than for them. There are some officers who, when anything goes wrong, apply the law without mercy. I've seen them shoot a man down; but I always feel sorry for them. Will you have some more tea?" he said, pouring it out. "But what sort of woman is she, the one you want to see?" he asked.

"She is an unfortunate woman who got into a house of ill fame, where she was unjustly accused of poisoning; and she is really a very good woman," said Nekhlúdof.

The officer shook his head.

"Yes, I've heard of such things. There was one in Kazán, let we tell you about her. Her name was Emma. She was a Hungarian by birth and had genuine Persian eyes," he went on, no longer able to suppress a smile at this recollection, "and the style she had. My! You'd have thought she was a Countess——"

Nekhlúdof interrupted him and returned to the former subject.

"I am sure it lies in your power to ease the lives of these people while they are in your charge. I know that by doing so you will become much happier yourself," he said, trying to pronounce his words distinctly as though he were speaking to a child or a foreigner.

The officer gazed at him with sparkling eyes, evidently only waiting for a pause that would give him a chance to go on with his story of the Hungarian woman with the Persian eyes, who had become visible to his imagination and absorbed all his attention.

"Yes, that's all quite true," he said, "and I do pity them. But I was going to tell you about that Emma. What do you suppose she did?——"

"That does not interest me," said Nekhlúdof. "I will tell you frankly, that although I was once a different man myself, I now loathe that sort of talk about women."

The officer looked up, disconcerted.

"Will you have more tea?" he asked.

"No, thank you."

"Bernóf," he cried, "take this gentleman to Vakúlof and tell him to admit him to the separate cell of the 'politicals.' He may stay there till the roll is called."

IX.

Once more accompanied by the orderly, Nekhlúdof went out into the dark courtyard, dimly lighted by the red light of the lanterns.

"Where are you bound?" a soldier of the convoy called to the orderly who was accompanying Nekhlúdof.

"Separate cell, No. 5."

"You can't go this way. The gate is locked. You will have to go around through the other porch."

"Why is it locked?"

"The elder locked it and went off into the village."

"Well, then, come this way."

The soldier led Nekhlúdof along the board walk to the other entrance. While still in the yard one could hear the hum of voices and a commotion within, not unlike that in a bee-hive, when the bees are about to swarm, but when Nekhlúdof came nearer and the door was opened, the humming grew louder and changed into the sounds of shouting, cursing, and laughter, and added to this the clanking of chains and that close and foul smell peculiar to ill-kept prisons. These two impressions, the sound of the voices and the clatter of the chains, always produced on Nekhlúdof a sense of moral nausea which was speedily transformed into acute physical suffering. Both these impressions intermingled and intensified each other.

Entering the vestibule of the halting-station, where a large stinking pail, the so-called "*Paráshka,*" was placed, the first thing Nekhlúdof saw was a woman sitting on the edge of the pail with a man standing before her. His hat was awry on his half-shaven head. They were talking. Seeing Nekhlúdof, the convict winked and said, smiling:

"The Czar himself couldn't hold back his water."

The woman drew about her the skirts of her coat and looked down.

From the vestibule ran a corridor into which the doors of the cells opened. The first cell was for families, the second for bachelors, and at the end of the corridor were two smaller cells for the political prisoners. Into these quarters, originally intended to hold one hundred and fifty people, four hundred and fifty had been crowded, — consequently the convicts, unable to find room in the cells, had overflowed into the corridor. Some were lying on the floor, others were walking to and fro, carrying teapots, either empty or filled with boiling water. Among the latter was Taráss. He overtook Nekhlúdof and greeted him affectionately. The genial face of Taráss was disfigured by bluish bruises on his nose and under one eye.

"What has happened to you?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied Taráss, smiling.

"They are always in some sort of a brawl," remarked the soldier, disdainfully.

"It was all on account of a woman," said a convict, who was walking behind them. "He fought with Blind Fédka."

"How is Fedósya?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"She is all right. I am carrying her some hot water for her tea," said Taráss, and entered the family cell.

Nekhlúdof looked in at the doorway. The whole cell was crowded with men and women, some sitting on the bunks and others underneath them. The steam from drying clothes filled the air and one could hear the incessant clatter of women's voices. The next door opened into the bachelors' cell. This was still more crowded, and the door itself was blocked by a noisy crowd of convicts in wet clothes who appeared to be either dividing something or settling a dispute of some sort. The sergeant explained to Nekhlúdof that the monitor chosen by the prisoners was paying money which might either have been lost in a game of cards or borrowed in advance from a sharper in exchange for small tickets made from a pack of cards, which the latter passed to him. Seeing the sergeant and the gentleman, those who stood nearest stopped talking as if annoyed by the interruption.

Among these recipients of money, Nekhlúdof noticed his acquaintance Fëdorof, who was always accompanied by a pale and miserable-looking youth with arching eyebrows and a swelled face, and another still more repulsive man, a pock-marked tramp, who was reputed to have killed a comrade in the marshes while trying to escape, and eaten his flesh. This tramp stood in the corridor with a wet coat thrown over one shoulder, obstructing the passageway as he looked at Nekhlúdof with an air of mocking defiance. Nekhlúdof walked around him.

Though this spectacle had become familiar to Nekhlúdof, for during the three months' journey he had often seen the same four hundred criminal convicts under many different circumstances,—in the heat, half-suffocated by the clouds of dust raised by the dragging of the chains on their legs, or at the halting-places, or in the prison-yards during warm weather, when the most revolting spectacles of open debauchery were to be found, — and yet every time he came among them, and their attention was centered upon him, he felt, as he did now, a sense of shame that closely resembled guilt. The worst of it was that this feeling of shame and guilt was increased by an equally strong sense of disgust and horror. While he realized that, considering the position in which they were placed, he had no right to expect them to be different, still he could not overcome his aversion for them. Just as he reached the door of the political prisoners he heard a hoarse voice say:

"It's all right for the drones," adding an obscene epithet to the words. An unfriendly, sarcastic laugh followed them.

X.

When they passed the cell of the bachelors, the sergeant who accompanied Nekhlúdof told him that he would return before roll-call and went away. No sooner had he gone than a bare-footed convict, holding on to his chains, quickly came close to Nekhlúdof, enveloping him with an acrid smell of perspiration, and said to him in a mysterious whisper:

"Pray, help us, sir. The lad is in trouble. We used the money for liquor. At the roll-call he answered to the name of Karmánof. Do take his part,—we can't do it. They'll kill us," said the convict, looking around anxiously as he walked away.

This is what had happened. Convict Karmánof had persuaded a lad who resembled him, and who was being exiled, to change names with him, so that he himself would be exiled and the lad would go to the mines in his place. Nekhlúdof had already heard about the affair, since this very convict had informed him of this exchange about a week ago. Nekhlúdof nodded as a sign that he understood and would do what he could, and went on without looking back. Nekhlúdof had learned to know the prisoner while in Ekaterinburg, where he had asked him to get a permit for his wife to follow him, and was surprised at his conduct. He was a man of middle height and looked like an ordinary peasant of thirty. He had been condemned to hard labor for robbery and murder. His name was Makár Dévkin. His crime was an unusual one. As he told the story to Nekhlúdof, he said it was not his doing but the devil's. A stranger had come to the house of Makár's father and hired of him a conveyance for two roubles to take him to the next village, some forty versts away. Makár's father told him to drive. Makár harnessed the horse, got ready, and then he and the stranger sat down to drink a cup of tea. While they were drinking, the stranger told Makár that he was going to be married and that he had with him five hundred roubles which he had earned in Moscow. No sooner had Makár heard this, than he went out and hid a hatchet under the straw in the cart. "I couldn't tell you myself why I took the hatchet," he went on. "A voice said, 'Take the hatchet,' and I took it. We started and went along all right. I had forgotten about the hatchet. And so we went on until we were quite near the village, about six versts away. The road had turned from the cross-road into the highway, which led up a hill. I got off and walked behind the sleigh, and then I heard 'Him' whisper: 'What are you thinking about? When you get to the highway you will be meeting people and then will come the village. If you are going to do it, do it now, don't wait any longer.' So I stooped over the sleigh, as though I wanted to rearrange the straw, and the hatchet seemed to come into my hands of itself. The man looked back. 'What are you doing?' says he, and just as I swung the hatchet to strike him,—oh, but he was a nimble fellow! he jumped off the sleigh and seized my hands. 'What are you about, you villain!' he cried. He threw me down on the snow and I never resisted. I gave in at once. So he tied my hands with his girdle and threw me into the sleigh. And so we drove directly to the police quarters. I was put in jail and tried. The commune gave me a good character and said I had never done wrong before. The people who had employed me, also spoke well of me. But I had no money to pay a lawyer," said Makár, "and so I was sentenced to four years of hard labor."

And now this man, wishing to save his countryman, though he knew that by so doing he was risking his own life, told Nekhlúdof a prisoner's secret, which had it become known, would have cost him his life.

XI.

The quarters of the political prisoners consisted of two small cells whose doors opened into that part of the corridor which was separated from the rest. The first person to greet Nekhlúdof when he entered the corridor was Simonson, who with a pine stick in his hands was crouching in front of a stove, whose iron door was shaken by the powerful draft inside. He did not rise when he saw Nekhlúdof, but remained in his crouching attitude, and only stretched out one hand, looking up at him from under his overhanging brows.

"I am glad you have come. I wanted to see you," he said, with a glance full of meaning, looking directly at Nekhlúdof.

"What is it?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"I'll tell you later. I am busy just now." And Simonson again devoted himself to the stove. He had his own private theory about building fires in such a way as to preserve all the heat that was possible.

Nekhlúdof was about to pass through the first door, when Máslova came out of the other. She was stooping over a short birch broom, sweeping before her a lot of dust and refuse towards the oven. She wore a white sack, her skirt was tucked up, and she had no shoes on her feet. Her head was enveloped in a kerchief, which came down to her eyebrows to protect her from the dust. On seeing Nekhlúdof, she rose to her full height, and flushed and animated as she was, she put down the birch broom and wiping her hands on her skirt, stopped directly in front of him.

"I see you are putting your house in order," said Nekhlúdof, extending his hand.

"Yes, my old occupation," she answered, smiling. "You can't imagine how dirty it is. We have scrubbed and scrubbed. . . . And is your plaid dry?" she asked, turning to Simonson.

"Almost," said Simonson, looking at her in a peculiar way, which attracted Nekhlúdof's attention.

"Well, I'll come and get it and bring the coats that are to be dried. Our people are all in here," she said to Nekhlúdof, pointing towards the nearer door, while she herself went on to the further one.

Nekhlúdof opened the door and entered a narrow cell, feebly lighted by a small metallic lamp that stood on the lower bunk. The room felt cold and smelled of dampness, dust, and tobacco. The tin lamp threw a glaring light on those who were near it, but the bunks were most of them in the dark, and wavering shadows flitted along the walls.

Everyone was here, except two men, who acted as caterers and had gone for provisions and boiling water. Here was Nekhlúdof's old friend, Véra Efrémovna, grown still more yellow and thinner than ever, with her large, frightened eyes and the vein that stood out on her forehead. Her hair was cut short and she wore a gray sack. A sheet of newspaper, with tobacco on it, lay before her, and in her jerky way she was stuffing it into empty cigarette cases.

Here was also one of the political prisoners whom Nekhlúdof liked best, Emily Rántzeva, who had charge of the housekeeping, to which she managed to lend a feminine charm even under these most trying conditions. She sat near the lamp, and with clean, sunburnt hands and sleeves rolled up, was busily engaged in deftly wiping and placing on a towel, which she had spread across the bunk, the mugs and teacups. Rántezeva was not a good-looking young woman, but she had an intelligent and gentle expression and her countenance was transformed as if by magic whenever she smiled. She now greeted Nekhlúdof with one of those bewitching smiles.

"We thought you must have gone back to Russia for good," she said.

Here, in a distant corner he discovered Márya Pávlovna busy with a fair-haired little girl, who kept on prattling in her sweet, childish voice.

"How nice it is that you have come. Have you seen Kátya?" she asked Nekhlúdof. "But you must see our new guest," she added, pointing to the little girl.

Here was also Anatole Kryltzóf. Emaciated and pale, he sat bent over and shivering, his feet clad in felt boots doubled under him, in a distant corner of a bunk, his hands tucked into the sleeves of his sheepskin coat, watching Nekhlúdof with feverish eyes. Nekhlúdof started to go towards him, when on the right-hand side of the door he caught sight of the pretty, smiling Grabétz, talking to a red-haired, curly-headed man in spectacles and a rubber jacket, who was sorting something in a sack. This was the famous revolutionist, Novodvórof, whom Nekhlúdof hastened to greet. He was in particular haste to do this, because Novodvórof was the only man of all the political prisoners in the gang whom Nekhlúdof disliked. Novodvórof's eyes sparkled as he looked up at Nekhlúdof, frowning and offering him his narrow hand.

"Do you enjoy this kind of a journey?" he asked, with evident irony.

"Yes, there is much of interest," replied Nekhlúdof, pretending not to notice the irony, but taking the question as a token of friendly feeling, and going on to Kryltzóf.

Outwardly, Nekhlúdof seemed indifferent to Novodvórof, but in his heart he was far from feeling so. What Novodvórof had said and his evident desire to do and say something unpleasant to Nekhlúdof discouraged that spirit of kindliness which possessed Nekhlúdof, and made him feel sad and depressed.

"Well, how is your health?" he said, pressing Kryltzóf's cold and trembling hand.

"Pretty good, only I can't get warm; I was soaked till

I was chilled through," said Kryltzóf, hurriedly hiding his hand in his coat-sleeve. "It's beastly cold here. Look at those broken window-panes." He pointed at the two broken panes of glass behind the iron bars. "And how are you? Where have you been all this time?"

"I couldn't get admittance. The authorities are very strict. It was only to-day that I came upon a lenient officer."

"Lenient! Was he! You ask Másha what he did this morning."

Without leaving her seat, Márya Pávlovna told what had happened that morning to the little girl as they were starting on their journey.

"I believe the best thing for us to do would be to protest in a body," said Véra Efrémovna. Her voice sounded determined, but as she glanced from one face to another her eyes betrayed both indecision and alarm. "Vladímir has made a protest, but that is not enough."

"What kind of a protest?" asked Kryltzóf, with a grimace. It was evident that Véra Efrémovna's artificial tone of voice and her nervous manner had tried him for some time. "Are you looking for Kátya?" he asked Nekhlúdof. "She works and scrubs from morning till night. They have cleaned our bachelors' quarters. Now they are cleaning the women's room. Of course they can't get rid of the fleas. And what is Másha doing there?" he asked, nodding his head towards the corner where Márya Pávlovna was sitting.

"She is combing out her adopted daughter's hair," said Rántzeva.

"But she won't let the vermin loose?" asked Kryltzóf.

"No, no, never fear. I am very careful. She is quite clean now," said Márya Pávlovna. "There, you may take her now," she added, addressing Rántzeva. "I am going to help Kátya now, and I will bring his plaid also."

Rántzeva took the child and pressing her plump little bare arms to her bosom, she lifted her into her lap and gave her a lump of sugar.

As Márya Pávlovna went out, two men, bringing provisions and boiling water, entered the cell.

One of the newcomers was a tall, slender youth in a fur-lined cloth coat and tall boots. He walked with a light, quick step and carried two steaming teapots filled with hot water, and a loaf of bread wrapped in a kerchief under his arm.

"And here is our Prince," he said, setting the teapot down among the teacups and handing the loaf to Máslova. "We have brought you some fine things," he said, taking off his coat and tossing it over the heads of the others into a corner bunk. "Markél bought eggs and milk. We'll have a feast to-day. And Kiríllovna is still cleaning house," he said, looking at Rántzeva with a smile. "Now, then, start the tea," he said to her.

Good cheer and merriment breathed from this man's face, his movements, and the sound of his voice. The other newcomer was exactly the reverse. He was short and skinny, with projecting cheek-bones, thin lips, and a sallow complexion; but he had beautiful greenish eyes set rather far apart. He seemed gloomy and dejected. He wore an old quilted coat and rubbers over his boots. He brought in two earthen jars and two small cylinder-shaped birch-bark pails. Depositing his load before Rántzeva, he gave Nekhlúdof a jerky nod, and fixed his eyes on him, then reluctantly extending his clammy hand he greeted him and began to take the provisions from the basket.

Both of these political prisoners belonged to the people. The first was a peasant, Nabátof, the other a factory hand, Markél Kondrátief. The latter had been swept into the revolutionary movement after he was thirty-five years of age, while Nabátof had joined it at eighteen. Selected for his brilliant examinations from the rural school, to continue his studies in a public school, Nabátof graduated with a gold medal, all the while supporting himself by teaching. But he did not enter the University, because he was still a student in the seventh form of the public school; he made up his mind to return to the class from which he had sprung, in order to enlighten his neglected brothers. He carried out his intention. At first he was a clerk in a large village, but was soon arrested for reading books to the peasants and for starting an industrial co-operative league. He was imprisoned but released after eight months, and permitted a certain degree of freedom, but he was constantly under police surveillance. No sooner was he at liberty, than he went to a village in another Government, and obtaining the position of schoolmaster renewed his former activities. He was arrested for the second time and kept in prison a year and two months, which served but to strengthen his former convictions.

After his second experience in prison he was exiled to the Perm Government, from which he escaped. Again he was arrested and exiled to the Archangel Government. He also escaped from there, but was caught and sentenced to be exiled to the Yakutsk District. In fact he had spent half of his adult life in prison and in exile. But all these adventures had not embittered him in the least, neither had they diminished his energy,—if anything, they seemed to have increased it. He was naturally an energetic man, with a good digestion, always active, merry, and vigorous. He never wasted time dreaming of the irreparable past, never looked far into the future, but with all his mental faculties, with his cleverness and his common sense, he lived in the present. When he was free he worked for the aim that he had in view—the civilization and the union of the working men, especially of the peasant class. And even when he was in prison he behaved with the same practical common sense and energy in his relations with the outside world, because he wanted to improve the conditions not only of his own life, but of the lives of the people about him. First and foremost he was a communist. He seemed to want nothing for himself and could be contented with very little, but for his comrades he demanded much. He could do either brain work or manual labor incessantly, day and night, without food or sleep. He was industrious as a peasant, intelligent, quick at his work, naturally temperate and polite, attentive not only to the wishes but also to the opinions of others. His widowed mother, an aged, illiterate, and superstitious peasant, was still living, and Nabátof helped her and visited her whenever he was free. When at home he entered into her life, helped her in her work, and always kept in touch with his former peasant playmates. He smoked cheap tobacco with them from the so-called dog's leg,[1] took part in their fisticuffs, and tried to make them understand how they had always been cheated and how they must make an effort to free themselves from the delusions in which they had been kept. When he thought and spoke of what a revolution would do to benefit the people, he had always in mind the class from which he himself sprang, living under the same conditions as at present, only possessing more land and free from the authority of the nobility and the bureaucracy. In his opinion revolution would not change the fundamental forms of the life of the people—he differed in this respect from Novodvórof and his follower, Markél Kondrátief. He did not believe that the revolution for which he was working ought to destroy the main framework, but only to make certain changes in the interior arrangements of this noble and permanent old structure that he loved so well.

In his religious views he was also a typical peasant. He had never considered metaphysical problems, like the creation of worlds or the future life. To him as to Arago, God was a hypothesis, for whom, until the present time, he had felt no need. He cared very little how the

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[1] A dog's leg is a piece of paper bent at one end in the shape of a cigarette, smoked by peasants and mechanics.

Universe had come into existence, according to Moses or according to Darwin, and this Darwinism which seemed to be of such importance to his friends was as much a plaything of the mind as the story of the creation in six days.

The question of the origin of the world did not interest him just because the other question, how to live as best one may, was always in his mind. He never thought of a future life, having inherited from his ancestors the firm belief, common to all who till the soil, that as in the animal and vegetable kingdoms nothing is lost but only changed from one form to another, as manure is changed into grain and grain into fowl, or a tadpole develops into a frog, or the worm into a butterfly, or the acorn into an oak, — neither is man annihilated, but simply undergoes a change. He believed this, and that was why he faced death and the physical suffering that usually precedes it, with stoicism. But he never liked to speak on these topics, because he did not know how to express himself. He was fond of work and was always occupied with practical affairs and encouraged his mates to follow his example.

The other political prisoner, Markél Kondrátief, was a man of a different type. He began to work when he was fifteen and also to smoke and to drink in order to stifle a dim sense of oppression. He had been conscious for the first time of this feeling when with others of his age he was invited to a Christmas tree that the manufacturer's wife had arranged for the children and where he and his little friends received an apple, a fig, a gilded walnut, and a whistle that cost one copeck, while to the children of the mill-owner were given playthings that seemed to have come from fairyland, and as he was told afterward had cost fifty roubles. He was about thirty years old, when a famous revolutionist became employed as a factory hand, and noticing his unusual ability she furnished him with books and pamphlets and explained to him the causes of his condition and the means of improving it. When he clearly understood the chance of becoming a free man and of setting others free from this state of bondage in which he had lived, he realized more than ever its hardships and injustice. He longed passionately not for his freedom alone, but for retaliation on those who had been instrumental in establishing these social conditions and who were interested in keeping them up. He was told that knowledge offered this chance, and Kondrátief devoted himself with all his might to its acquisition. He could not fully comprehend how the realization of a communistic ideal was to be attained through knowledge, but he believed that as knowledge had disclosed to him the injustice of the present state of things, it would also be able to abolish it. Moreover, knowledge had already raised him to a higher plane; therefore he gave up smoking and drinking,—and as since his promotion to the post of keeper he had more time to spare, he devoted every minute of it to its acquisition.

The revolutionist who gave him lessons was struck by the wonderful intelligence that enabled him to absorb so much knowledge on such a variety of subjects. In two years he had mastered algebra, geometry, history, of which he was specially fond, had read the works of many writers on art and critical essayists, but above all, everything he could find on sociology.

The revolutionist girl was arrested and Kondrátief also, for having forbidden books in their possession; he was sent to jail and later on to the Vólogda Government. There he became acquainted with Novodvórof, continued reading revolutionary books, remembered everything that he had read, and became a more enthusiastic advocate of socialism than ever. After the term of his exile had expired he was the acknowledged organizer of a strike which ended in the destruction of a factory and the assassination of its director. And again he was arrested and exiled.

His views on religion were as negative as his views on the existing economic conditions. Realizing the absurdity of the religion in which he was reared he abandoned it, first with certain scruples, but later with joy, and ever after, as though to revenge himself for the deception that had been practiced on his ancestors and on himself, he bitterly ridiculed priests and religious dogmas.

By force of habit he had become a Spartan and was satisfied with little; like any man who has been in the habit of working from childhood and whose muscles are developed he could work quickly and easily, and perform any kind of manual labor; he prized leisure and while in prison used it for self-improvement. Now he was carefully studying Marx and carried the first volume around with him in his bag, with the greatest care. With the exception of Novodvórof, to whom he was very devoted and whose judgments on all subjects he accepted as law and gospel, he treated his comrades with reserve and indifference.

He had a great contempt for women and believed them to be a hindrance in all important matters. But he pitied Máslova as an example of the methods used by the upper classes in their dealings with the lower classes. He disliked Nekhlúdof for the same reason; he never cared to talk with him, neither would he press his hand but only extended his own whenever Nekhlúdof greeted him.

XIII.

THE wood-fire had burned up brightly and the stove was heated, the tea was ready and poured into mugs and tumblers and milk had been added to it.

Fresh rye and wheat bread, *baránkis*,[1] hard-boiled eggs, butter, calf's head and feet were all spread out upon the cloth. Every one moved up towards the bunk which was used as a table and began eating, drinking, and talking. Rántzeva, who served the tea, sat on a box. The others crowded around her, with the exception of Kryltzóf, who, having taken off his wet sheepskin coat, was lying on his bunk covered with a dry plaid.

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[1] Bread baked in the shape of rings. — TR.

After the cold, damp journey, the mud, and the disorder they had found here, and the work of getting everything in order, by the time they had swallowed the hot tea and eaten the food, every one felt cheerful and happy.

The very fact of hearing the heavy tramp of feet accompanied by cries and abuse on the other side of the wall, which reminded them of their surroundings, seemed to increase their personal sense of comfort. Like mariners during a lull in the storm, these people no longer felt themselves swamped by the abuse and suffering heaped upon them, but were somewhat exhilarated and excited. Everything was discussed, except what related to their own lot or awaited them in the future. And then, as so often happens when young men and women are brought together by force of circumstances, as those people had been, currents of sympathy or antipathy had sprung up between them. Most of them were in love.

Novodvórof was in love with the pretty, smiling Grabétz. She had been a student in "Courses for Women" but her mental faculties were still undeveloped, and she was in reality quite indifferent to revolutionary ideas. But swayed by the influences of the times she had been somehow compromised and as a result exiled. And here her chief interest in life was her success with men, just as it had been when she was free. It had been the same during the examinations, in the prison, and in exile. Now during the journey she was pleased that Novodvórof had become infatuated with her, and she, after her fashion, returned his love. Véra Efrémovna, who fell in love very easily, did not so easily arouse this sentiment in others; yet she was ever hopeful and loved Nabátof or Novodvórof by turns. Kryltzof's feelings towards Márya Pávlovna were something akin to love. He loved her as men love women, but knowing her ideas about love he carefully concealed his feelings under the guise of friendship and gratitude for her tender care of him.

Nabátof and Rántzeva were united by a very complex bond of affection. Like Márya Pávlovna, who was the most chaste of women, Rántzeva was the most chaste of wives. While still a girl of sixteen she had fallen in love with Rántzef, who was then a student at the Petersburg University, and at nineteen, while he was still a student, she had married him. In the fourth year of his college life he became involved in disorders prevalent among the students at that time, was expelled from Petersburg, and became a revolutionist. She also gave up her studies of medicine, followed him, and became a revolutionist like himself. If her husband had not been the man she believed him to be—the best and wisest man in the world—she wouldn't have loved him, and if she hadn't loved him she couldn't have married him. But loving and having married the best and wisest of men, she naturally looked at life and its aims through his eyes, and like him became a revolutionist. She could argue very clearly and plausibly that the existing order of things cannot continue, and that it is every man's duty to oppose it and endeavor to establish a condition of society both political and economic which will allow every individual a certain freedom of development, etc. And she really believed that she thought and felt this herself, but as a matter of fact she thought that what her husband believed was the absolute truth and she longed but for one thing, which was a complete agreement, a union with his soul that alone would give her entire satisfaction.

The parting from her husband and the child, which she entrusted to the care of her mother, had been unspeakably painful. But she bore it bravely without a murmur, because she was bearing it for her husband's sake and the work to which he had devoted his life, and which she believed to be right because he did it. She was always with her husband in her thoughts and he was the only man she had ever loved. But Nabátof's pure and devoted love touched and troubled her. He, her husband's friend, was a high-minded, firm, and moral man, who treated her like a sister, although in his manner towards her a new element sometimes showed itself, which although it served to cheer their hard lives, was somewhat alarming in its nature. So that Márya Pávlovna and Kondrátief were the only persons in this group who were not in love.

XIV.

DEPENDING on the private talk with Kátusha which he was accustomed to having after tea and supper, Nekhlúdof sat chatting with Kryltzóf. Among other things Nekhlúdof told him the story of Makár's crime and how the latter had begged Nekhlúdof to help him. Kryltzóf listened attentively, fixing his shining eyes on Nekhlúdof.

"Yes," he said, in reply to Nekhlúdof's look of inquiry, "I often think that we are marching side by side with 'them,' the identical men for whose sake we are enduring exile, and yet we do not wish to know them. While they are still more inimical to us; they hate us and consider us their enemies. It is this that makes it so terrible."

"There is nothing terrible in that," said Novodvórof, who was listening to the conversation. "The masses always worship power," he said in his rasping voice. "The Government has the power and they worship it; if we should have the power to-morrow they would worship us."

Just then an outburst of curses and a dull thud of bodies flung against the wall, the clanking of chains, shrill cries, and shouts became audible.

Some one was knocked down, and some one was shouting, "Murder!"

"Listen to those beasts! What intercourse can there be between them and ourselves?" calmly remarked Novodvórof.

"Do you call them beasts? And only a few minutes ago Nekhlúdof was telling me of an act that —" said Kryltzóf, irritated, and he went on to relate the story of Makár, who risked his life to save a fellow-villager.

"There is heroism for you."

"Sentimentality, you mean," retorted Novodvórof, sarcastically. "It's impossible for us to understand either the emotions of those men or their motives. You call it an act of generosity, whereas it may only have been jealousy of the other convict."

"Why is it that thou dost never wish to see anything good in others!" exclaimed Márya Pávlovna, excitedly. She used the intimate "thou" to all of them.

"I can't see what isn't there."

"Why isn't it there, if a man voluntarily runs the risk of a terrible death?"

"I believe," said Novodvórof, "that if we are anxious to do our work, the first condition is that —" (Kondrátief, who was reading by lamplight, put down his book and began to listen attentively to his teacher) — "we ought not to give free rein to our imagination, but look at things as they are; we ought to do all we can for the masses and expect nothing in return; we work in behalf of the masses, but they cannot work with us so long as they are as inert as they are to-day," he began, as though he were on the platform; "therefore it is a delusion and a snare to expect help from them until they have become civilized according to the instructions we are now giving them."

"And what kind of civilization may that be?" asked Kryltzóf, flushing. "We affirm that we are against an arbitrary government and against despotism, and would not that be a terrible form of despotism?"

"Not at all," replied Novodvórof, calmly. "I only said that I know the path that the people must travel and can indicate it."

"But how can you be sure that it is the right path? Is not this the very same form of despotism that has produced inquisitions and the crimes of the French Revolution? They also followed the instructions of science — the science of their day."

"The fact that they were in error does not prove that I am wrong; and then there is a great difference between the dreams of idealists and the axioms of political economy." Novodvórof's voice filled the room. He was the only speaker, the rest were silent.

"These everlasting disputes!" remarked Márya Pávlovna, when he paused for a moment.

"And what is your opinion?" asked Nekhlúdof of Márya Pávlovna.

"I believe that Anatole is right, and that we ought not to force our own ideas on the people."

"And what's your opinion, Katúsha?" asked Nekhlúdof, smiling, fearful lest she might give an inappropriate answer.

"I think that the common people are very much abused," she said, blushing scarlet, "very much abused."

"True, Mikháilovna! Very true!" exclaimed Nabátof. "The people are shamefully abused. And this must not go on. This is the work we have to do."

"That's a strange idea concerning the problems of revolution," said Novodvórof, and began to smoke in silence.

"I cannot talk with him," whispered Kryltzóf, and he too became silent.

"It is much wiser not to talk with him," said Nekhlúdof.

XV.

Although Novodvórof was a clever and well-informed man, who enjoyed a high reputation among the revolutionists, Nekhlúdof considered him to be morally on a lower plane than himself. His mental ability, his numerator, so to speak, was high; but his self-esteem, his denominator, was so exaggerated that it had long since unbalanced his mental ability. In his inner life he was an entirely different type from Simonson. Simonson was of that masculine type of MAN whose thoughts guide their actions, whereas Novodvórof was of a feminine type, a man whose thoughts are chiefly bent upon attaining some object which is the offspring of emotion, or upon the justification of acts which have resulted therefrom.

All of Novodvórof's revolutionary activity which he so eloquently and convincingly expounded, appeared to Nekhlúdof to be based on arrogance and a wish to be a leader of men. At first, during his school years, owing to his ability to assimilate and clearly express the thoughts of others — a gift that both teachers and scholars highly esteem — he was well pleased with himself both in the *Gymnasia* and in the University where he received his degree of B. S. But after he had received his diploma and was no longer a student, this supremacy came to an end. He changed his views altogether, and as Kryltzóf, who was not fond of Novodvórof, told Nekhlúdof, he changed, and in order to retain his leadership, from a moderate Liberal he became a "*Naródovoletz.*" Owing to the absence of esthetic and moral principles, that frequently are the cause of doubts and hesitation, he succeeded in a short time in acquiring in revolutionary circles a position that satisfied his ambition, and became the leader of a party. Having once chosen his vocation he never doubted or hesitated and was therefore certain that he could make no mistake. Everything seemed plain and clear to him. And owing to the limitations of his horizon, to him all things were plain and simple. All that was necessary, as he said, was but to be logical. His self-confidence was so gross that it must either repel or subdue mankind. And as his activity was displayed before the eyes of a young generation who mistook his boundless self-assurance for depth and wisdom, the majority fell under his influence and his success in revolutionary circles became established. His work at present was to prepare an insurrection during which he proposed to seize the reins of government and call together a council which was to consider the program he had originated. And he was perfectly sure that this program had solved every problem, and that it would have been impossible to dispense with it.

His comrades respected him for his daring and decision, but they did not love him. Neither did he love any one. He regarded all talented men as his rivals; if he could, he would gladly have treated them as old male monkeys treat their young ones. If they stood in his way and their luster cast his talents into the shade, he would like to have the power to destroy their mental faculties. He treated with consideration only those who bowed down before him. On the journey he had been gracious to Kondrátief, a laborer, absorbed in his propaganda, to Véra Efrémovna, to the pretty Grabétz, both of whom were in love with him. In principle he believed in women's rights, but at the bottom of his soul he considered all women silly and insignificant, except those with whom he happened to be in love in a sentimental fashion, as he was just now in love with Grabétz. Such women he considered extraordinary and he was the only man who had discovered their merits.

The question of relations between the sexes, like all other questions, seemed to him very simple and clear, to be solved in his opinion by the recognition of free love. He had two wives, one nominal, the other lawful, whom he had left because he had come to the conclusion that there was no true love between them; and now he was about to contract a free marriage with Grabétz.

He despised Nekhlúdof, because, as he expressed it, he posed before Máslova, and particularly because he allowed himself to dwell on the defects of the existing order of things and of the means for improving it,

—not word for word, as he, Novodvórof did, but in his own "princely" way, that is, like a fool. Nekhlúdof was aware of Novodvórof's opinion of him, but to his sincere sorrow he realized that in spite of his own feelings of good-will during the journey towards all men, he was paying him back in his own coin and that he was quite unable to suppress his strong antipathy for this man.

XVI.

The voices of the authorities were heard from the next room. All were silent when the sergeant accompanied by two soldiers entered the room.

It was the roll-call. The sergeant counted the convicts, pointing his finger at each person. When he saw Nekhlúdof, he said to him with kind-hearted familiarity:

"You can't stay here any longer, Prince. It's time for you to go."

Knowing by experience what that meant, Nekhlúdof went up to him and slyly put a three-rouble note, prepared for the occasion, into his hand.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to humor you; you may stay on a while longer."

As he was going out another sergeant, followed by the tall, thin convict with the bruised eye and the thin beard, came in.

"I came to see about the girl," he said.

"There is daddy!" cried a clear little voice, and a blond-haired head peeped from behind Rántzeva's back. Katúsha, Márya Pávlovna, and Rántzeva were all there, busily sewing on a new frock for the child, made from an old skirt that Rántzeva had given for the purpose.

"It's me, daughter, me," said Buzóvkin, gently.

"She is all right here," said Márya Pávlovna, sympathetically glancing at Buzóvkin's bruises. "Let her stay here."

"The ladies are making me a new frock," said the girl, pointing to Rántzeva's sewing. "A fine red frock," she chattered.

"Would you like to spend the night with us?" asked Rántzeva, caressing the child.

"Yes, I do want to. And daddy, too."

A broad smile lit up Rántzeva's features.

"No, daddy can't stay here. You had better leave her with us," she said to the father.

"You may as well keep her," said the sergeant, pausing in the doorway before he went out.

As soon as the soldiers had gone Nabátof went up to Buzóvkin and putting his hand on his shoulder asked:

"Is it true, my boy, that Karmánof wants to exchange?"

Buzóvkin's kind face grew sad and a dimness came over his eyes.

"We don't know anything about it. I hardly think so," he said with the same expression. "Well, Aksútka, I suppose you'll stay with the ladies," he added, and made haste to leave.

"He knows well enough. They have already exchanged. What will they do about it?"

"I will inform the authorities when we come to the next town," replied Nekhlúdof.

No one replied, anxious lest the controversy might be renewed.

Simonson, who had not spoken and had remained lying in a corner all the evening with his hands behind his head, rose with a look of determination, and walking carefully, so as not to disturb the others, went up to Nekhlúdof, saying:

"May I speak to you now?"

"Certainly," replied Nekhlúdof and rose to follow him. Seeing Nekhlúdof rise and meeting his eyes, Katúsha blushed and shook her head.

"This is what I want to tell you," said Simonson, when he and Nekhlúdof went out into the corridor. Here the noise and the shouting voices of the "criminals" were quite distinct. Nekhlúdof frowned, but evidently this made no impression on Simonson.

"Knowing your relations to Katerína Mikháilovna," he began in an earnest, straightforward way, his kind eyes looking directly into Nekhlúdof's, "I consider it my duty—" he continued and came to a standstill, because the quarrelsome voices shouted at once very close to the door.

"I tell you it doesn't belong to me, you wooden head!'

"May it choke you, you devil," shouted the other hoarse voice.

Just then Márya Pávlovna came out.

"You can't talk here," she said. "Come in this way. Véra is there alone."

She led the way to a tiny cell set aside for the use of political prisoners of her own sex. Véra Efrémovna was lying in a bunk with her head covered.

"She has a headache. She can't hear you because she is asleep, and I am going away," said Márya Pávlovna.

"Please don't," said Simonson. "I have no secrets from any one and of course none from you."

"Very well," said Márya Pávlovna, getting into her bunk; and pushing herself up like a child, she sat gazing into space with her beautiful, mild eyes.

"Now this is what I have to tell you," resumed Simonson. "Knowing your relations with Katerína Mikháilovna, I consider myself in duty bound to explain to you my own relations with her."

"Wonderful," said Márya Páylovna, turning her eyes until they rested on Simonson.

"I have made up my mind to ask her to marry me," continued Simonson.

"But what have I to do with this? That's her own affair," said Nekhlúdof.

"Very true; but she will not decide this question until she has consulted you."

"Why not?"

"Because until the question of your mutual relations is definitely settled, she can make no choice for herself."

"It is settled so far as I am concerned. I considered it my duty to offer her marriage and I also wanted to make her more comfortable. But I would not, on any account, stand in her way."

"That may be so, but she is not willing to accept your sacrifice."

"It is no sacrifice."

"Her determination is not to be shaken; of that I am absolutely certain."

"Well, then, what is the use of talking about it?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"She must be certain that you feel as she does on this subject."

"How can I admit that I ought not to perform a duty when I know that I ought to perform it? The only thing I can say is that I am not free to do as I please, but that need not prevent her from doing as she pleases."

Simonson was silent, plunged in thought.

"Very well, I will tell her so. You must not think for a moment that I am in love with her," he went on. "I respect and admire her as an exceptional woman who has had to endure extreme suffering, and I like her too; but I am disinterested, and I wish to help her, to lighten her lot in life."

Nekhlúdof was surprised to notice the tremor in Simonson's voice.

"To lighten her lot," repeated Simonson. "Though she might have scruples about accepting your offer, she would feel differently about me, and if she consented to marry me, I should ask to be exiled to her place of destination. Four years are not an eternity. I should stay with her, and perhaps I could make her lot less hard to bear —" he paused again from agitation.

"What reply can I make?" asked Nekhlúdof. "I am thankful that she has found a protector in you."

"That is exactly what I wished to know," continued Simonson. "I was anxious to know whether, loving her as you do, and wishing for her happiness, you would consider our marriage desirable."

"I certainly do," replied Nekhlúdof, emphatically.

"It all depends on her; I only long to comfort a suffering soul," said Simonson, gazing at Nekhlúdof with an expression of childlike tenderness that could hardly have been expected from this gloomy-looking man.

He rose and taking Nekhlúdof's hand, drew his face towards him and with a bashful smile kissed him.

"Then I shall tell her so," he said, and left.

XVII.

"WELL, what do you say now? Why, he is in love, very much in love. I should never have believed that Vladímir Simonson would have fallen in love like a boy. Wonderful! And to tell you the truth, I can't help feeling that I am sorry," remarked Márya Pávlovna.

"But what do you think Kátya will say to it?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Kátya?" Márya Pávlovna paused, evidently not wishing to give a hasty answer. "But you must have discovered that in spite of her past life she is one of the most moral of women. . . . And she has such refined feelings. . . . She loves you with a pure and unselfish love and it makes her happy to think that she is able to do you the negative good of saving you from a legal union with herself. A marriage with you would seem to her a serious fall, far more than the misfortune of her girlhood, and for this reason she will never consent to it."

"So I am to disappear?" said Nekhlúdof.

Márya Pávlovna smiled her sweet, childlike smile.

"Yes, as a figure of speech."

"And how is that process to be managed?"

"I have been talking nonsense," said Márya Pávlovna, "but what I meant to say was that she sees the absurdity of his so-called platonic love — he has never spoken of it to her, you know — and while it gratifies, it also worries her. You know I am not an authority in such matters but it seems to me that it is nothing more or less than the ordinary sexual emotion on his part, though it may be masked. It is true that he says this love brings out his energy and he thinks it platonic. But I am sure even if he does think so, there must be something disgusting underneath — just like what is going on between Novodvórof and Lúba."

Márya Pávlovna, being tempted to discuss her favorite topic, had wandered from the main question.

"What am I expected to do?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"I think you ought to tell her. It's always better to come to a plain understanding. Talk to her; I will call her. Shall I?" asked Márya Pávlovna.

"If you will be so good," said Nekhlúdof, and Márya Pávlovna left the room.

A strange feeling took possession of Nekhlúdof when he was alone in the little cell, listening to Véra Efrémovna's even breathing, and to the din that came from the criminals' quarters, two doors beyond.

What Simonson had confided to him relieved Nekhlúdof from the obligation he had voluntarily assumed, but which had sometimes in moments of weakness seemed difficult and distasteful. At the same time he felt a certain disappointment that Simonson's offer should in a way have impaired the sublimity of his own intentions, and by depreciating them in the eyes of others as well as in those of Nekhlúdof himself, diminished the value of the sacrifice which he had intended to offer. If a man, and such a worthy man as Simonson, was anxious to join his fate to that of Katúsha, his own sacrifice could never have been so great as it seemed. The simple feeling of jealousy was also a factor in the case. He was so accustomed to thinking that she loved him, that it was not easy to realize that she could ever love another man. And moreover there was the consequent overthrow of his plan to remain near her during the term of her exile. If she married Simonson his presence would become superfluous and he would have to make other plans.

As he was turning all these thoughts in his mind to the accompaniment of the roar of the prisoners' voices, something unusual was happening in their quarters. Katúsha suddenly entered the cell and with a quick step approached Nekhlúdof.

"Márya Pávlovna sent me," she said, stopping close to him.

"Yes, I have something to say to you. Sit down. Vladímir Ivánovitch has told me."

She seated herself, folding her hands on her knees, and seemed calm, but no sooner had Nekhlúdof said these words than a flush suffused her cheeks.

"What did he tell you?" she asked.

"He told me that he wanted to marry you."

Suddenly her face took on that shriveled look that betokens distress. She made no reply, but dropped her eyes.

"He asked for my consent or my advice. I told him it all depended on you; that you must decide for yourself."

"But why must I decide?" she exclaimed, squinting at Nekhlúdof in a way peculiar to her that had always impressed him. For several moments they remained thus, face to face. The glances thus exchanged made many things clear, both to Nekhlúdof and to Katúsha herself.

"You must decide," repeated Nekhlúdof.

"Why should I decide?" she repeated. "It was all decided long ago."

"But now you must decide whether you will accept the offer of Vladímir Ivánovitch," said Nekhlúdof.

"What sort of a wife should I make? A convict like me! Why should I injure Vladímir Ivánovitch also?" she asked with a frown.

"But suppose you were to be pardoned?" said Nekhlúdof.

"Oh, please, leave me in peace! I have nothing more to say," she exclaimed and left the room.

XVIII.

When Nekhlúdof followed Katúsha into the men's cell, there was great excitement there. Nabátof, who was about everywhere, who knew them all and noticed everything, had brought surprising news. He had found on a wall a note written by Pétlin, one of the Revolutionists who had been sentenced to hard labor. Every one supposed that Pétlin reached Kará long ago, but here was a proof that he had just passed this way with a gang of criminal prisoners.

"On the seventeenth day of August," thus ran the note, "I was sent on alone with the criminal prisoners. Nevérof who had been with me hanged himself in the Insane Asylum at Kazán. I am hale and hearty and hope for better days."

All discussed Pétlin's case and the causes that had led to Nevérof's suicide. Kryltzof alone remained silent and sat looking into space with a preoccupied expression of countenance and sparkling eyes.

"My husband told me that Nevérof saw ghosts when he was in the Petropávlovsk Fortress," said Rántzeva.

"Yes, he is a poet, a man of fancies; such people can't stand solitary confinement," said Novodvórof. "When I was in solitary confinement, I did not allow my imagination to work, but divided my time in a systematic way; that's why I could endure it so well."

"Why shouldn't you? I was often very glad to be safely in prison," said Nabátof briskly, wishing to dispel the gloomy atmosphere. "When one is free one is forever anxious lest he implicate some of his friends or get himself into trouble and do more harm; but once he is caught and locked up, his responsibility ends. You may rest then! All you have to do is just to sit still and smoke!"

"You knew him well?" asked Márya Pávlovna, looking uneasily at Kryltzóf's altered, haggard face.

"Did I hear you call Nevérof a dreamer?" Kryltzóf spoke rapidly with bated breath as though he had been speaking or singing for a long time. "Nevérof was the kind of man 'the like of whom earth seldom produces,' as our door-keeper expressed it. Yes—he was as clear as crystal; you could see through him. He couldn't even dissemble, and a lie was to him inconceivable. He was more than sensitive,—his nerves were on the surface. Yes, he was a complex and rich nature, not such a one as—We mustn't talk about it!" he paused.

"Here we spend our time discussing higher matters," he said, frowning with displeasure, "whether we ought first to educate the people and then change the general conditions of life, or whether we would better begin by changing the conditions of life, and then the eternal question of our methods of fighting. Are they to be by arbitration or propaganda or terrorism? Yes, we go on discussing, but *they* never discuss; they know their business and are perfectly indifferent whether men perish by tens or by thousands, and such men! On the contrary it serves their purpose when the best men do perish, as Herzen expressed it, that when the Decembrists were eliminated the general level was lowered! Of course it was. Then Herzen and his friends were eliminated. Now, it's a man like Nevérof."

"They can't suppress us all; there will always be enough left to propagate the race," said Nabátof, in his cheerful voice.

"No, there won't be any left, if we continue to spare them," said Kryltzóf, raising his voice and refusing to be interrupted. "Give me a cigarette."

"Please don't smoke. It's not good for you, Anatole," said Márya Pávlovna.

"Oh, let me alone," he exclaimed irritably, and lit the cigarette. But a coughing spell interrupted him and he seemed to be at the point of vomiting, but after spitting, he continued: "No, we do not do the right thing. Instead of wasting our time on discussions, we ought to have banded together and annihilated them."

"But they are human beings after all," said Nekhlúdof.

"No, they are not. Men who can do such things as they have done have ceased to be human— They say that bombs and air-ships have been invented. We ought to go up in their balloons and pelt them with bombs, as though they were bugs, until every one of them is exterminated —" he began, but a paroxysm of coughing seized him, he turned scarlet and the blood gushed from his mouth.

Nabátof ran to get some snow. Márya Pávlovna offered him Valerian drops, but gasping and with eyes closed, he pushed her away with his thin, white hand. When the snow and cold water had checked the bleeding, and he had been made comfortable for the night, Nekhlúdof bade them all good-by and departed with the sergeant, who had been waiting for some time.

The criminal convicts had quieted down and most of them were asleep. Although the men were lying both on and under their bunks as well as outside in the passageways, still there was not room enough for all and some were asleep on the floor of the corridor with their heads resting on their sacks and their damp cloaks thrown over them. The snoring, groaning, and muttering formed one continuous sound that seemed to proceed from every direction, where lay long rows of human bodies wrapped in their prison cloaks. Only a few men in the bachelors' criminal quarters were still up, sitting in a corner by the light of a candle end which they blew out at once when they saw the soldier approaching. One old man in the corridor, directly under the light of the lamp, was sitting naked, trying to pick the fleas from his shirt. In comparison with the foul atmosphere the air in the cell of the political prisoners seemed actually pure. The light of the smoking lamp shone, as it were, through a mist and it was hard to breathe. In order to pass along the corridor without stepping upon or jostling against some sleeper, one had to choose with the utmost care the few unencumbered resting-places for the soles of his feet. Three men who had apparently not been able to find room in the corridors were lying on the floor of the ante-room, close to the foul-smelling and leaking tub. One of them was an old imbecile whom Nekhlúdof had frequently noticed at the halting-stations, the other a ten-year-old boy. He was lying between two convicts with his hand under his cheek, resting his head on the leg of one of the sleepers.

When Nekhlúdof passed the gate, he stopped for some time and inhaled deep draughts of the frosty air.

XIX.

The stars were out when Nekhlúdof, walking cautiously over the frozen mud, that yielded now and then to the pressure of his feet, returned to his inn. He knocked at a dark window and a bare-footed, broad-shouldered workman opened the door and let him in. The sound of the loud snoring of the drivers came from the living room on the right. Numerous horses were heard crunching their oats out in the yard. From the spare room on the left the odors of wormwood and perspiration reached the nostrils, while the ear was deafened by the stertorous breathing of some heavy sleeper. A red glass lamp with its burning wick stood before the ikon. Nekhlúdof undressed, spread his plaid over the oil-cloth sofa, arranged his leather pillow, and lay down, to think over all that he had seen and heard during the day. To him, the most painful spectacle of all was the small boy asleep on the floor where the contents of the tub had oozed out, with his head resting on a prisoner's leg.

In spite of the unforeseen and important talk he had had with Simonson and Katúsha this evening, he did not dwell upon that. His attitude would naturally be more or less complicated and indefinite and therefore he did not care to think of it; but the sight of all those miserable creatures, stifling in the putrid atmosphere and sleeping on the foul oozing contents of the tub, and above all the innocent face of the boy with his head on the prisoner's leg, could not be driven from his mind.

It was one thing to know that somewhere, far away, there are men who inflict torture upon their fellow-beings, subjecting them to every kind of suffering and degradation, and quite another to have been for three months an eye-witness, like Nekhlúdof, of indescribable torture and agony. During the course of these three months Nekhlúdof had often asked himself: Am I the madman who sees what others do not see, or are they the madmen who cause all this suffering? And it was those men of whom he was thinking — and a multitude they were — who had authorized the conditions he had so lately witnessed here. And the most amazing and hopeless part of it was, that they still went on with what was manifestly, in their opinion, an important and useful work that must not be neglected. It was certainly hard to believe that they were mad, and still he could not believe himself mad, realizing as he did the clearness of his own reasoning. This never ceased to perplex him. What he had seen during these three months had left this picture impressed upon his mind. From among all those men who were living at large, the courts and governments had selected the most nervous and the most highly excitable individuals, mentally gifted, but less crafty and less cautious than the others who were still at large, but who were not a whit more guilty or more dangerous to society. These were locked up in jails, exiled, sentenced to hard labor, or, as was often the case, they were confined for months and years in utter idleness; they were supported, but were debarred from all the delights of the natural world, the comforts of domestic life, and the pleasures of a congenial occupation. This was the first primary result of his observations. Secondly, these people were subjected to all sorts of degradations in the prisons where they were confined; they wore fetters, their heads were shaven, they were clothed in prison raiment, and thereby deprived not only of their self-respect, but of regard for public opinion,—a factor by no means negligible where men of weak characters are concerned. Thirdly, they lived oppressed by continual fear of what might happen. Not to mention exceptional accidents, such as sunstrokes, drowning, fire, epidemics, bodily exhaustion,— the result of cruel treatment,—they were thereby reduced to that state of mind which often leaves the kindest and most moral of men to commit, and to excuse others for committing, the most cruel and shocking crimes, merely from the instinct of self-preservation. Fourthly, these men were obliged to associate with ruffians and assassins, men debauched by evil living, who acted like a leaven among those who still remained uncorrupted by the treatment to which they had been subjected. And finally and fifthly, the principle of cruelty as a means of personal advantage was instilled into them by the most convincing of methods, namely,—by cruelties practiced upon themselves, by the torture of old men, women, and children, by blows and floggings, by rewarding those who capture fugitives and bring them back, dead or alive, by separating husbands from their lawful wives and uniting them to the wives of other men, by shooting or hanging. If the government employs these methods where its own advantage is concerned, why should these same methods be objectionable for individuals who are deprived of their freedom, who are in want and misery?

These institutions seemed to have been founded for the special purpose of producing the essence of vice and debauch, unthinkable under any other conditions, in order that this essence might later be disseminated broadcast among the people. It really seemed to have become a problem how to debauch and corrupt as many persons as possible in the shortest and safest way, thought Nekhlúdof, as he studied prison life in jails and in exile.

By these methods, hundreds and thousands of men became depraved, and when their degradation was fully accomplished, they were set free for the purpose of scattering this depravity broadcast over the land.

Nekhlúdof now realized the success which had crowned the efforts of society to reach its aim. He saw its results in the jails of Tumén, Ekaterinburg, Tomsk, and at the halting-stations on the way. The commonplace, simple, everyday men with the standards of Russian peasant-life, of Christian morality, abandoned their old-time principles and adopted the modern prison standards, which consisted mainly in justifying every form of violence and outrage when such acts seemed advantageous to themselves. Men who had been inmates of prisons came to realize that, judging by what they themselves had suffered, all those moral laws of compassion and pity for man preached by the Church and by teachers of morality were in reality set aside and that therefore they also might disregard them. Nekhlúdof saw evidences of this in the behavior of every convict he knew, in Fëdorof, Makár, and even Taráss, who after two months of prison life had shocked Nekhlúdof by the immorality of his opinions. On the journey Nekhlúdof had discovered how the vagrants when escaping into the Taiga,[1] had persuaded their comrades to escape with them, and then murdered them and eaten their flesh. He saw a man who had been accused of this and confessed it. And the most terrible fact of all was, that such cases, so far from being exceptional, were but too common.

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[1] Siberian marshes and forests.

Only by the special cultivation of vice such as is practiced in these establishments, was it possible to induce a Russian to become a tramp, a creature who practically surpasses Nietzsche's Superman and considers everything permissible and nothing forbidden, and who scatters this doctrine first among the convicts and then among the people at large.

The only explanation of all that was going on was the necessity of putting a stop to evil-doing either by intimidation, correction, or legalized retribution, as it was expressed in the books. Instead of putting an end to crime, however, it only helped to spread it; instead of intimidating the delinquents, of whom many, like the vagrants, had gone to jail of their own accord — it simply encouraged them to commit new crimes. Instead of serving to correct the vicious, it had proved to be a systematic inoculation of vice. And as for retributive justice, so far from contenting the people by official punishments, it had excited a spirit of revenge where it had never before existed.

"Then why do they persist in this course?" Nekhlúdof asked himself, and found no answer. But what surprised him most was that none of all this was haphazard work, neither was it of modern invention. It had been going on for a century, with the only difference that in old times these punishments had consisted in tearing out men's nostrils and splitting their ears, branding or chaining them, whereas now they were manacled and transported by steam instead of making the journey in carts.

The Government officials had often told Nekhlúdof that the conditions in prison life which had excited his indignation and which they admitted were imperfect, would be improved as soon as prisons were built in accordance with modern methods; and the same was true of the exile system. This explanation, however, did not satisfy Nekhlúdof, because he knew very well that the things that aroused his indignation were not caused by a more or less perfect or imperfect system of architecture. He had read about the improved prisons, equipped with electric bells, where executions were done by electricity, as Tarde recommends it, but this perfected system of violence disgusted him all the more.

What Nekhlúdof practically resented was that courts and ministerial offices should be administered by men who received large salaries collected from the masses, who spent their time reading from books which had been written by men just like themselves, who had been governed by the same motives, who had classified the deeds of lawbreakers under statutes which they themselves had framed, and in accordance with these same statutes they go on sending men to places where they can no longer see them or realize what is happening to them, where they are wholly under the control of cruel and hardened inspectors, jailers, convoys, and soldiers, — and the result is that millions of them perish, body and soul.

After gaining a personal knowledge of the prisons and the halting-stations, Nekhlúdof recognized that the chief vices among the convicts which might be summed up as drunkenness, gambling, brutality, and all those shocking crimes committed by convicts, including cannibalism, are neither accidents nor the phenomena of degeneration, mental and physical, as certain obtuse scientists have declared, greatly to the satisfaction of governments, but that they are the inevitable result of the colossal error that one group of human beings has the right to sit in judgment on and to punish another. Nekhlúdof realized that cannibalism begins, not in the Taiga, but in the ministerial bureaus and government departments. It ends in the Taiga. That his brother-in-law, for instance, as well as most of the judges and bureaucrats, from the Minister down to the policeman, are very little concerned with justice and the good of the people of which they prate;

all they care for is to get the roubles, which are paid them for doing what causes all this degradation and misery. There could be no mistake about it.

"But was it possible that it might be only a misunderstanding? I wonder if anything can be done to secure their salaries to all these bureaucrats and possibly to pay them a premium for abstaining from their present activities," thought Nekhlúdof, and with thoughts like these running in his head after the cocks had crowed for the second time, in spite of the fleas that leaped like water from a fountain whenever he moved, he fell into a sound sleep.

XX.

When Nekhlúdof awoke, the teamsters had departed long ago, the landlady had her tea, and mopping her perspiring fat neck with a handkerchief she came to announce that a soldier from the halting-station had brought a note. It was from Márya Pávlovna. She wrote that Kryltzof's attack had proved more serious than they had supposed. "We had hoped that he might be allowed to stay here and that we might also be permitted to stay here and take care of him, but this request was refused and we are going to take him along, but we apprehend the worst. Could you possibly make arrangements for leaving him in the town, with one of us to take care of him? If you think it would help matters if I were to marry him, I am perfectly willing to do so."

Nekhlúdof sent a lad to the post station for horses and began to pack in great haste. He had not finished his second tumbler of tea, when a conveyance drawn by a *troïka*, with jingling bells and a loud rattling of wheels over the frozen mud, drove up to the porch. Paying his bill to the thick-necked landlady, Nekhlúdof hastily left the house and taking his seat on the cart, gave orders to the coachman to drive as fast as he could to overtake the gang. He overtook the carts just beyond the gates of the communal pastures. They were laden with the invalids and sacks and were jostling along over the frozen mud of the highway where it was just beginning to be less rough. The officer of the convoy had already driven ahead. The soldiers, who had evidently been taking a drink, were in the rear, chatting merrily and walking behind the carts on both sides of the road. About six of the feeble criminals, closely huddled together, were seated in each of the front carts, while the first three from the rear each held three political convicts. The last one was occupied by Novodvórof, Grabétz, and Kondrátief. The second from the rear by Rántzeva, Nabátof, and the feeble, rheumatic woman to whom Márya Pávlovna had given up her own place. Kryltzóf, lying on the hay, supported by pillows, was in the third cart from the rear. Márya Pávlovna sat beside the driver in the same cart.

Nekhlúdof halted near Kryltzóf's cart and approached it. A tipsy soldier of the convoy waved his hand to warn him off, but Nekhlúdof, without heeding him, went up to the cart and holding on walked along beside it. Kryltzóf, in a sheepskin coat and hat, with a handkerchief tied over his mouth, looked paler and more emaciated than ever. His beautiful eyes seemed larger and brighter than usual. As his body jolted to and fro from the inequalities of the road, his eyes followed Nekhlúdof, and to his question about his health, he replied with an angry shake of the head and closed his eyes. It called for all his remaining energy to bear the joltings of the cart. Márya Pávlovna sat on the opposite side. She gave Nekhlúdof a meaning look, which expressed all her anxiety concerning Kryltzóf's state, and at once cried in a loud, cheerful voice which Nekhlúdof could hear above the rattle of the wheels:

"The officer is ashamed of himself now! Buzóvkin's manacles have been removed. He is carrying the little girl. Kátya and Simonson are with them and Véra too, she is taking my place."

Kryltzóf said something that could not be heard, shaking his head at Márya Pávlovna. He looked glum and was trying to keep from coughing. Nekhlúdof went up still nearer, hoping to be able to hear what he was saying. Then Kryltzóf, freeing his mouth from the handkerchief, whispered:

"I am feeling a little better now, and must take care not to catch more cold."

Nekhlúdof nodded, as if he agreed with him, and exchanged glances with Márya Pávlovna.

"And how about the problem of the three bodies?" added Kryltzóf, still in a whisper, with an effort to smile. "It's not an easy solution."

Nekhlúdof did not understand, but Márya Pávlovna explained that Kryltzóf referred to that famous mathematical problem concerning the position of the three heavenly spheres, the sun, the moon, and the earth, and that Kryltzóf had compared this problem to the relations existing between Nekhlúdof, Katúsha, and Simonson. Kryltzóf nodded to show that Márya Pávlovna had explained his little joke correctly.

"It isn't for me to decide," said Nekhlúdof.

"Have you received my note? Will you do it?" asked Márya Pávlovna.

"Certainly," replied Nekhlúdof, and noticing a shade of annoyance on Kryltzóf's face he went back to his own cart, seated himself on its sagging bottom, and holding on to its sides jolted over the humps of the rough road. He passed the convicts in their gray coats and sheepskins, manacled and marching in pairs in a file extending over three-quarters of a mile along the highway. On the farther side of the road he spied Katúsha's blue kerchief, the black coat of Véra Efrémovna, and Simonson in his short jacket and knit cap, his white woolen stockings tied up with leather thongs like sandals. He was walking abreast of the women, and was talking earnestly.

The women bowed when they saw Nekhlúdof, and Simonson raised his hat with a great deal of solemnity. Nekhlúdof could think of nothing to say, so he went on without stopping. When they were able to drive in the middle of the road, the horses could go faster because it was not so rough, but they were often compelled to turn out to avoid the heavy wagons on both sides of the highway.

The highway with its deep ruts ran through a forest of pine trees, mingled with larches and occasional birch trees, with their yellow leaves still clinging to the branches. Presently the forest ended and fields opened on both sides, then the gilded domes and crosses of a monastery came into sight. The weather had cleared, the clouds were dispersed, the sun rose above the forest, and the wet leaves, the pools, the domes, and the church crosses all glistened in its rays. In front and towards the right hand, bluish-gray mountains gleamed in the distance as the *troïka* drove into a large suburban village. The street was filled with men and women, both Russians and natives, in their strange and flowing cloaks. Peasants of both sexes, some sober and others tipsy, swarmed to and fro and screamed at one another near the shops, the pothouses, the inns, and the wagons. The neighborhood of the town was evident.

Whipping up and pulling in the right-hand horse, the driver turned sideways on his seat, so as to keep the reins on his right, evidently trying to show off, and drove through the street at a quick trot. Without reining in the horses, he drove down to the river, which was to be crossed on a raft. The raft was at this moment in the middle of the river and was coming towards them.

Some twenty teams were already waiting for it. Nekhlúdof did not have to wait long. The raft, which had been steered far up the stream against the current, was now quickly floating down, brought by the swift current of the river towards the landing. The tall, silent, muscular, and broad-shouldered ferrymen, in sheepskin coats and Siberian boots, by a quick, practiced movement threw the nooses over the posts, moored the raft, and removing the bars allowed the carts that were already on board to drive ashore.

Then they began to take the return freight, the twenty carts with their restless and terrified horses, packing them closely side by side. The swift, broad river washed the sides of the boats of the raft, straining their cables. When the raft was full, Nekhlúdof's cart, from which the horses had been removed, was placed on the edge of the raft, crowded on all sides, the boatmen put up the bars and paying no heed to the requests of those who could not get on, threw off the nooses and started. All was quiet on the raft; the only sounds to be heard were the tramp of the boatmen's feet and the uneasy shuffling of the hoofs of the horses.

XXI.

Standing on the side of the raft, Nekhlúdof gazed at the wide river. Two images rose in his mind. One was that of the jolting head of the dying and exasperated Kryltzóf, the other the picture of Katúsha briskly walking along the road by the side of Simonson. The impression of the dying Kryltzóf, unprepared for death, was not only sad, but distressing. The impression of Katúsha, so cheerful and vigorous, who had found the love of such a man as Simonson and was now treading the straight and solid path of virtue, ought to have been a pleasant one, but somehow Nekhlúdof didn't find it so. He was unable to shake off a feeling of depression.

A large church bell was ringing in the town, and the metallic sound was borne across the water. Not only the driver who stood beside Nekhlúdof, but all the other teamsters one after another removed their caps and crossed themselves. Only one old man, short in stature and ragged in raiment, paid no respect to the signal but lifted his head and looked at Nekhlúdof. Although he was standing very close, the latter had not noticed him before. He wore a patched coat, cloth trousers, and patched shoes down at the heels. A small bag was slung over one shoulder, and his head was covered with a low fur cap much the worse for wear.

"Why are you not saying your prayers, old man?" asked Nekhlúdof's driver, as he readjusted his cap. "Have you never been baptized?"

"Whom should I pray to?" asked the old man, in an aggressive tone of voice.

"To whom? Why, to God, of course," ironically replied the driver.

"And will you show me where He is, that God of yours?"

There was something serious and determined in the old man's expression, so that the driver, realizing that he was dealing with a strong personality, though he was somewhat abashed, did not wish to seem discomfited in the presence of this audience. He spoke quickly:

"Where? In heaven, of course."

"Have you been there?"

"I may not have been there, but everybody knows that he must pray to God!"

"No one has seen God anywhere, but His only begotten Son who exists in the substance of His Father who has manifested Him," said the old man, frowning sternly and speaking as fast as he could.

"You must be a heathen and pray to a hole in the ground," replied Nekhlúdof's driver, tucking his whip into his belt and adjusting the harness of one of the horses on the side.

Some one laughed.

"What, then, is your religion, grandpa?" asked an elderly man who stood beside a loaded wagon near the edge of the raft.

"I have no religion, because I have no faith in any one but myself," replied the old man, speaking just as fast, with the same determination as before.

"How can you believe in yourself?" asked Nekhlúdof, carrying on the conversation. "You might be mistaken."

"Not on your life!" replied the old man, resolutely shaking his head.

"Then why is it that there are different religions?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Religions differ because men put their faith in other men and not in themselves. When I used to pin my faith on other men, I wandered about as if I were lost in the Taiga! I was lost, and I was afraid that I should never be able to find my way out. There are all kinds of religions, Sectarians both Old and New, Sabbatarians, Flagellants, Popish and Popeless, the Austriaks, the Milkers, and Eunudrs. Every religion praises itself. And behold, they are all crawling about in different directions like blind puppies. There are many religions, but only one Spirit, which is in me, in you, and in every man, and this means that each man ought to believe in the Spirit that is within him. Then we shall all be united, each man for himself, and everybody will be agreed." The old man spoke in a loud voice and kept looking around, as if he wanted to be heard by as many persons as possible.

"How long have you professed this faith?" asked Nekhlúdof.

"Me? Oh, a long time. They have been persecuting me for twenty-three years."

"In what way?"

"As Christ was persecuted. They arrest me and drag me into Court, and the priests read from their books, like the Scribes and Pharisees. Once they put me in the madhouse. But they can't do me any harm because I am a free man. 'What is your name?' they ask. They think I am going to call myself by some name, but I am not. I deny everything,—I have no name, no place, no country; I have nothing. I am just my own self! 'My name? A man.' 'And how old are you?' I reply, 'I never count the years, because it can't be done. I always have existed, and I always shall exist, for ever and ever.' 'Who are your father and mother?' 'I have no father or mother except God and Mother Earth.' 'Do you acknowledge the Czar?' 'Why shouldn't I? He is a Czar unto himself, I am a Czar unto myself.' 'What use is there in talking to you?' And I reply, 'I didn't ask you to talk to me!' That's the way they persecute me."

"And where are you going now?" inquired Nekhlúdof.

"Wherever God leads me. I work, and if the work gives out, I beg," concluded the old man and looked about him exultantly, as the raft neared the opposite shore. When it had been made fast, Nekhlúdof took out his purse and offered the old man some coins, but the latter refused to take them. "I never accept that sort of gift."

"Then you must forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive. You've done me no harm. Food is what I accept," he said.

"No one can harm me," repeated the old man as he again slung over his shoulder the bag which he had taken off his back on the raft. Meanwhile Nekhlúdof's cart had been taken from the raft and the horses reharnessed.

"I wouldn't talk to him, sir. He is just a worthless tramp," said the driver to Nekhlúdof, when the latter, having feed the ferryman, climbed again on to his cart.

XXII.

When they had climbed the hill, the driver turned to Nekhlúdof. "Where shall I take you?"

"Which is the best hotel?"

"The Sibirsk hotel, to be sure. But Dukóv's is also good."

"Then I don't care."

The driver seated himself sideways again and drove faster. The town was much like all other towns. The same sort of houses, with green gabled roofs, the same sort of cathedral, and the same shops on the main street, and even the same policemen. Only the houses were mostly frame buildings, and the streets were unpaved. In one of these the driver stopped his *troïka* at the entrance of the hotel. But all the rooms were taken, so that Nekhlúdof had to drive on. The other hotel had one unoccupied room, and for the first time in the course of his two months' journey he found himself surrounded by the comfort and cleanliness to which he was accustomed. Although his room was not luxurious, still after traveling in the cart and putting up at the halting-stations he felt a sense of relief. He was also glad to escape from the vermin which had tormented him at the halting-stations. He unpacked and drove at once to a Russian bath. Then he dressed himself in city fashion, put on a starched shirt, trousers somewhat crumpled from long packing, a coat and overcoat, and drove to the Governor-General's. The *izvóstchik* who had been called by the hotel porter had a well-fed Kirghiz horse harnessed to a rattling vehicle. He drove Nekhlúdof to a handsome structure guarded by sentries and policemen, which stood in a garden whose leafless aspens and birch trees were growing among the evergreen pine and fir trees.

The General was indisposed and was not receiving. Still, Nekhlúdof asked the footman to give him his card, and the latter returned with a favorable message.

"You are to come in, please."

The ante-chamber, the footman, the orderly, the staircase, the hall with its shining parquet floor, all reminded him of Petersburg, only it was more imposing and less well kept.

The General, a man of choleric temper, with a bloated face and puffy eyelids, a snub nose, projecting cheek-bones and a bald head, dressed in a silk Tartar dressing-gown, sat smoking a cigarette, and sipping his tea from a tumbler in a silver holder.

"Good-morning, my dear fellow. Excuse this dressing-gown, but better that, than if I had not received you at all," he said, pulling up the dressing-gown over his fat, wrinkled neck. "I am not feeling very well, and am staying in the house. What on earth has brought you to this out-of-the-way place?"

"I followed a gang of convicts among whom there is a person who is dear to me," said Nekhlúdof, "and I have come here to petition your Excellency about her and also about another matter."

The General took a long whiff, a swallow of tea, extinguished his cigarette in the malachite ash tray, and, fixing his eyes on Nekhlúdof, listened attentively. He interrupted him only once to ask if he wouldn't like to smoke.

The General belonged to the learned type of military men, who believe it possible to combine humanitarianism and liberalism with the activities of their professional life. Originally a clever and kind-hearted man, he speedily recognized the impossibility of such a combination, and in order to avoid seeing the inconsistency that confronted him he had gradually become addicted to the habit of drink, so prevalent in military circles, and after indulging in this habit for thirty-five years he had become what the doctors call "a victim of alcoholism." He was literally saturated with liquor. Now any liquor whatever served to intoxicate him, but wine had become such a necessity for him, he couldn't exist without it and every day towards night he was fairly drunk; but he had become so used to it, that he no longer reeled or talked foolishly. And even if he did say something silly now and then, he occupied such an important post, that even his most foolish remarks were received as the utterances of wisdom. It was only in the forenoon, just before the hour of Nekhlúdof's visit, that his mind was clear enough to understand what was said to him and to give a personal illustration of the proverb he was so fond of repeating, "Drunk and clever, good as ever." The higher authorities knew that this man was a drunkard, but still he had had a better education than most of the other men who were available, although his progress in education ceased when his fondness for drink began. He was bold, clever, and dignified, and even when intoxicated he always behaved with tact. Therefore he had been appointed to this responsible and important post which he still occupied.

Nekhlúdof told him that the person in whom he was interested was a woman, that she had been unjustly condemned and sentenced, and that a petition in her favor had been presented to his Majesty.

"Yes," said the General, "and what next?"

"I was promised in Petersburg that the decision concerning her fate would be forwarded to me here some time this month."

With his eyes still fixed on those of Nekhlúdof, the General extended his hand with its stumpy fingers toward the table, and rang the bell without ceasing to listen and puffing at his cigarette, all the while noisily clearing his throat.

"I came to ask you to allow this woman to remain here until I receive an answer to the petition."

A servant dressed like an orderly entered the room.

"Ask if Anna Vassílievna is up," said the General, "and give us some more tea. And what next?" he asked, addressing Nekhlúdof.

"My second request concerns a political prisoner, who is in the same gang."

"Indeed?" said the General, with a meaning nod.

"He is very ill. In fact he is dying. He will probably be left here in the hospital, and one of the women prisoners asks leave to remain with him."

"Is she a kinswoman of his?"

"No, but she is willing to marry him if she could be permitted to take care of him."

The keen eyes of the General were fixed on Nekhlúdof, as if he were trying to embarrass the latter, but he never opened his lips,—he only went on smoking.

When Nekhlúdof had finished, the General reached for a book on the table and wetting his fingers began to turn the pages rapidly, until he found the statute relating to marriage, which he read.

"To what is she sentenced?" he asked, looking up from the book.

"To hard labor."

"In that case the position of the sick man would hardly be improved."

"But——"

"Wait a moment. Even if she were to marry a free man, she would be obliged to serve her sentence all the same. The question is, which of the two has the heavier sentence, he or she?"

"They are both sentenced to hard labor."

"In that case they are quits," said the General, laughing. "Both are served alike. He may, of course, be kept here on account of his state of health, and, of course, everything would be done to make him comfortable; but so far as she is concerned, even though she married him, she would not be allowed to remain here."

"Her Excellency is drinking her coffee," announced the waiter.

The General nodded and went on.

"Still, I will think the matter over. What are their names? Write them down here, please."

Nekhlúdof wrote them down.

"No, I could not allow that, either," said the General, when Nekhlúdof asked for permission to see the sick man. "I wouldn't have you imagine that I suspect you, but you are interested in this man, as well as in others, and you have money. Here everybody and everything are for sale. I have been told, Put down bribery, but how can I expect to put it down, when any man will take a bribe? The lower the rank, the larger the bribe. How am I to watch a man who is five thousand versts away? Every official is as much a Czar in his own way as I am here." And the General laughed. "Now I am quite sure that you must have seen these political prisoners and of course you didn't get in without bribery," he said, smiling. "Isn't that so?"

"Yes, that's true."

"So far as you are concerned it is all right. You wanted to see a certain political convict because you pitied him, and the inspector or the officer of the convoy accepts the bribe because he has a family to support and gets a wholly inadequate salary. He can't help taking it. If I were in his place I should do the same thing, and, so far as that goes, I am quite sure that if I were you, I should do just what you have done. But situated as I am, I cannot allow myself to deviate from the strict letter of law, just because I am a man and susceptible to human sympathy. I am a disciplinarian and have been intrusted with certain responsibilities, and I must justify this trust. Well, then, we seem to have threshed this matter out. Now tell me what is going on in the capital?" And the General talked and asked questions at the same time, evidently anxious to hear the news and to display both his principles and his philanthropy.

XXIII.

"So, there we are. Where are you stopping? At Duke's? It's just as bad there as anywhere else. You would better dine with us. We dine at five," said the General, as Nekhlúdof was about to leave. "Of course you speak English?"

"Yes."

"So much the better. We have an English traveler here. He is studying Siberia and the exile system. We expect him to dinner this evening, and you must come too.

We dine at five, and my wife insists on punctuality. By that time I shall be able to give you an answer about the woman and also about the man who is ill. It may, perhaps, be possible to allow some one to remain with him."

After taking leave of the General, Nekhlúdof, feeling somewhat exhilarated and full of nervous energy, went to the post-office.

The post-office occupied a low, vaulted room. Clerks seated at their desks were distributing letters to the people. One clerk, with his head bent sidewise, was mechanically stamping the envelopes, slipping them dexterously under the stamp. Nekhlúdof had hardly mentioned his name when his large mail was at once handed him. He received money, letters, and books, and the last number of *Vestnik Evropy.*[1] After receiving his mail he sat down on a wooden bench beside a soldier who was reading a book while he waited, and opened his letters. One of them was a registered letter in a neat envelope with a red seal. He opened it, and when he saw that it was from Selénin and contained another official communication, he felt the blood rush to his face and his heart stood still. It was the decision in Katúsha's case. What would it be? Could it possibly be a refusal? Nekhlúdof glanced hurriedly over the contents, but the fine, rather cramped handwriting was difficult to read. However, the answer was favorable, and Nekhlúdof heaved a sigh of relief.

"My dear friend," wrote Selénin. "Our last conversation left deep impressions on me. You were right in regard to Máslova. I went over the case carefully and saw that a terrible injustice had been done to her. But it could only be remedied by the Committee of Petitions where you entered the appeal. I succeeded in helping the matter along and am now sending you a copy of the pardon to the address given me by Katerína Ivánovna. The original document has been sent to the place of her confinement during the trial and will probably be forwarded at once to the Siberian Central Office. I hasten to write you the good news and warmly press your hand.

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[1] "Messenger of Europe."

"Yours, SELENIN."

The contents of the document were as follows:

"His Majesty's Chancery for Petitions. Case No. so and so. Department such and such. Such and such a date and year. By order of the Chief of His Majesty's Chancery, citizen Katerína Máslova is hereby informed that in consequence of her humble petition His Majesty graciously condescends to grant her request and hereby graciously orders that her sentence to hard labor be commuted to exile to some less remote part of Siberia."

It was indeed joyful and important news. Everything had resulted as satisfactorily as Nekhlúdof could have desired for Katúsha as well as for himself. It was true, of course, that the change presented new perplexities regarding his own relations towards her. While she was a convict, the marriage he had offered her was fictitious and would serve no purpose except possibly to alleviate her situation. But now there was nothing to prevent them from living together, and for this Nekhlúdof was unprepared. And then how would it be with her relations to Simonson? What did those words she had spoken yesterday really mean? And supposing she were to marry Simonson, would that be a good thing for her or a bad one? He could not possibly disentangle all these problems, so he very sensibly ceased to dwell upon them. "Sometime all perplexing difficulties will be made clear," he thought to himself. "Now I must try to see her as soon as possible and tell her the glad news and set her free." He thought that the copy he had in his hands would suffice for this purpose; so when he stepped out of the post-office he told his *izvóstchik* to drive to the prison.

Although the General had not given him a permit to visit the prison that morning, Nekhlúdof knew from past experience that what is sometimes refused by the higher authorities, can often be obtained from the subordinates, and decided that he would at all events make an attempt to visit the prison, that he might tell Katúsha the glad news and perhaps secure her release; and at the same time he could make inquiries about Kryltzóf and tell him and Márya Pávlovna what the General had said.

The Inspector of the prison was a tall, stout, and dignified-looking man with a mustache and side-whiskers that curved around the corners of his mouth. His manner was stern, and he at once informed Nekhlúdof that no outsiders could be admitted without a special order from his chief. To Nekhlúdof's remonstrance and the assertion that he had often been admitted even in the capital, the Inspector replied:

"That may be so, but I shall not allow it."

His tone seemed to imply: "You gentlemen who live in the metropolis think that you can surprise and impress us. But even if we do live in Eastern Siberia, we know the rules and regulations and we can teach you a thing or two!" Even the copy of the document forwarded from His Majesty's Chancery made no impression on the Inspector and he positively refused to admit Nekhlúdof inside the prison walls. In answer to Nekhlúdof's somewhat ingenuous supposition that Máslova could be set free on the strength of this copy, he only smiled disdainfully and explained that no one could be set free without an order from his immediate chief. All that he would promise was to inform Máslova that she had been pardoned and that he would not detain her one hour after he had received a communication to that effect from his immediate superior.

He likewise refused to give any news concerning Kryltzóf's state of health, saying that it would not be possible for him to say if there were a convict of that name in the prison. And so, having been disappointed in all his expectations, Nekhlúdof returned to his *izvóstchik* and drove back to his hotel.

The Inspector's severity was chiefly due to the fact that typhoid fever had broken out in the overcrowded prison. The *izvóstchik* who drove Nekhlúdof told him on the way that a great many persons were dying in this prison; some sort of a disease had attacked them and twenty convicts would often be buried in one day.

XXIV.

Although Nekhlúdof had failed in his attempts to get inside the prison walls, so far from losing courage he drove to the office of the Governor to inquire whether the order for Máslova's pardon had been received there. But as no such paper had arrived, Nekhlúdof on his return to the hotel made haste to write to Selénin and to his own counsel. When both letters were written, he looked at his watch. It was already time to go to dinner. On his way he was again worried about Katúsha. How would she receive the news of her pardon. Where would she settle? How could he live with her? What about Simonson? What are the relations between them? He thought of the change that had come over her, and then he recalled her past life. "That should be forgotten, blotted out forever," he exclaimed; and again he strove to change the current of his thoughts. "I shall know what to do when the time comes," he said to himself and began to arrange in his mind what he was going to say to the General.

The dinner at the General's house, with all the luxurious appointments belonging to the upper class, as well as to the important bureaucrats, seemed to Nekhlúdof after his numerous privations, not only of the comforts but of the actual necessities of life, extremely enjoyable. The hostess, a *grande dame* of the old school, formerly a maid of honor at the Court of Nicholas I, spoke French "naturally" and Russian "unnaturally." She held herself erect, and whenever she made a gesture she never lifted her elbows from her waist. She was calm, and her attitude towards her husband expressed a certain compassionate deference. Towards her guests she was gracious and attentive, though with certain reserves, according to their social status. She received Nekhlúdof like one of her own set, with that undefined, imperceptible flattery that reminded him of his virtues and gratified his vanity. She made him understand that she was aware of the honorable purpose which had brought him to Siberia and that she considered him an unusual character. This delicate flattery, as well as the refinement and luxury about him, contributed to Nekhlúdof's enjoyment of his well-cooked food and the pleasure of associating with well-bred men and women of his own class. It seemed as though all he had lived through, during these last months, had been only a dream from which he had just awakened.

Besides the General's daughter, her husband, and the aide-de-camp, who were a part of the household, there were other guests: an Englishman, a merchant interested in gold mines, and the Governor of a distant Siberian city. They all made an agreeable impression on Nekhlúdof.

The rosy-cheeked, healthy-looking Englishman spoke very poor French but had excellent command of his own language, and used it like an orator. He was an interesting man who had traveled widely and could talk in an entertaining way of America, India, Japan, and Siberia.

The young gold merchant, the son of a peasant, wore a swallow-tail coat made in London, and diamond studs. He possessed an extensive library, was a philanthropist, and sympathized with liberal European ideas. Nekhlúdof was particularly pleased with him because he represented a new and attractive type of the cultured European grafted on the Russian peasant stock. The Governor of the remote Siberian city was that same Department

Director about whom there had been so much talk in Petersburg when Nekhlúdof was there. He was a rather stout gentleman with soft, blue eyes, a pleasant smile, thin, curling hair, white, well-kept hands adorned with rings, and very short legs. The host had a sincere respect for this guest of his, because in the venal world to which he was accustomed, he was the only man who refused to take a bribe. The hostess, who was very fond of music and a good musician herself, liked him because he played well and could play duets with her. Nekhlúdof was in such a happy frame of mind that to-day even this man was not disagreeable to him.

The jolly, lively aide-de-camp, with his shaven bluish chin, who was always offering his services, was so good-natured that nobody could dislike him. But Nekhlúdof was greatly pleased with that charming couple, the General's daughter and her husband. She was a plain, simple young lady, entirely absorbed in her two children. The marriage had been a love-match, and had taken place only after a long struggle with her parents. He was a "candidate" of the Moscow University, a man of brains and in the Government service. He was interested in statistics, particularly in the aboriginal tribes, of whom he had made a study, for he liked them and hoped to save them from extinction. Not only were all the guests gracious and amiable to Nekhlúdof, but they evidently enjoyed him as an original and interesting personality. The General, who came in to dinner in an undress uniform with the white cross, greeted Nekhlúdof like an old friend and invited the guests to partake of the *zakoúska* and the *vódka*. He asked Nekhlúdof what he had been doing all the afternoon after he left him, and Nekhlúdof told him about going to the post-office and receiving a letter informing him of the pardon that had been granted to the person of whom he had spoken to him in the morning. Now he was going to ask the General for a permit to visit the jail. The latter, evidently displeased that business should have been introduced as a dinner-table topic, frowned but made no reply.

"Will you take some *vódka?*" he said in French to the Englishman, as he went up to the table with the *zakoúska.*

The Englishman, after drinking a wineglassful, said that he had visited the factory and the cathedral that morning, but would like very much to see the great Transportation Prison.

"So much the better; then you two can go together," said the General, turning to Nekhlúdof. "Write them a permit," he said, turning to the aide-de-camp.

"What hour would suit you?" Nekhlúdof asked the Englishman.

"I always prefer to visit jails at night. Everybody is in then, and there is no chance for preparation, so one sees things as they really are," replied the Englishman.

"Ah, he wants to see it in all its glory! Let him, let him! When I wrote about it they paid no attention to me. Now let them find out about it from the foreign press," said the General and took his seat at the dinner-table, where the hostess was seating the guests. Nekhlúdof sat between the hostess and the Englishman. On the opposite side of the table sat the General's daughter and the ex-director.

At the table the conversation was of a varied character. The Englishman described conditions in India, whence he had just returned. The General spoke in terms of reprobation of the Tonquin expedition, and the universal bribery and rascality in Siberia. None of these subjects interested Nekhlúdof.

But in the drawing-room, after dinner, when the coffee was brought in, an interesting conversation was started between the hostess, the Englishman, and himself about Gladstone, in which Nekhlúdof had, as he believed, made many clever remarks which had been noticed by his interlocutors. And after the good dinner, the wine, and the coffee, sitting in a soft armchair, surrounded by affable, well-bred people, Nekhlúdof felt more and more contented. When the hostess and the ex-director at the request of the Englishman seated themselves at the piano and played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which they had carefully practiced together, Nekhlúdof felt as if he were realizing for the first time in his life what a good man he was. It was a fine-toned grand piano, and the execution of the Symphony was excellent,—at least Nekhlúdof thought so, for he knew and loved that symphony. As he listened to the beautiful Andante, he felt a tickling in his nose from suppressed tears of admiration for himself and his own virtues. Thanking his hostess for the great pleasure, from which he had so long been debarred, he was about to take his leave when the daughter of the hostess walked up to him and, blushing but with a determined look, said:

"You were asking about my children. Would you like to see them?"

"She thinks every one wants to see her children," said her mother, smiling at her daughter's charming artlessness. "Perhaps the Prince may not care for children."

"But I certainly do, and am deeply interested," replied Nekhlúdof, touched by this absorbing mother love with its craving for sympathy. "Please let me see them."

"So you are taking the Prince to see the babies?" shouted the General from the card-table, where he sat playing cards with the merchant, his son-in-law, and the aide-de-camp. "Go pay your tribute."

The young woman, evidently quite excited at the thought that her children were to be displayed to a stranger, walked swiftly ahead of Nekhlúdof, leading the way into the inner apartments. In the high-studded room, with its white wall-paper and lighted by a small lamp with a dark shade over it, were two cribs, and between them dressed in a long white cape sat the nurse; she had a good-natured face and the high cheek-bones of a Siberian. She rose and bowed.

"That's my Kátya," said the mother, rearranging a blue bedspread, crocheted in stripes, from beneath which one dainty white foot was peeking. "Isn't she a perfect darling? She is just two years old."

"Charming."

"And this is Vassiúk, as grandfather calls him. Quite a different type. A Siberian, don't you think so?"

"A fine fellow," said Nekhlúdof, as he stooped to look at the chubby youngster, lying flat on his stomach, fast asleep.

"Do you really think so?" asked the mother, with a significant smile.

Nekhlúdof recalled the chains, the shaven heads, the blows, the debauchery, the dying Kryltzóf, Katúsha and all her past, and he felt envious, for he, too, longed for just such joy as this, pure and refined as it seemed to him now.

Nekhlúdof praised the children over and over again, till even the eager mother, drinking in his words, felt her heart swell with pride. When he followed her back into the drawing-room, he found the Englishman already waiting for him that they might drive together to the jail as they had agreed to do. Taking a final leave of their hosts, old and young, Nekhlúdof and the Englishman went out on the porch of the General's residence. The weather had changed. It was snowing in thick, large flakes and the snow had already covered the streets, the roofs, the trees in the garden, the entrance, the horse's back, and the top of the cab. The Englishman had his own carriage, and after directing his coachman to go to the jail, Nekhlúdof took his cab, and with an oppressive sense of performing an unpleasant duty, followed him along the snowy road, over which the wheels revolved without noise but not without difficulty.

XXV.

In spite of the white mantle that now covered the walls, the porch, and the roof of the jail, in spite of its brightly lighted windows, the sentinels, and the lantern at the gate, it looked to Nekhlúdof even more gloomy than it had looked in the morning by daylight.

The imposing Inspector came out to the gate, and after reading the permit given to Nekhlúdof and the Englishman, shrugged his broad shoulders in surprise; but obeying the order he invited the visitors to follow him. He escorted them first through the yard to a door on the right, and then they mounted the stairs that led into the office. Inviting them to take seats he asked them what he could do for them, and when Nekhlúdof expressed a wish to see Máslova, he sent a warden to fetch her; then he prepared himself to answer the questions which the Englishman, with the aid of Nekhlúdof as an interpreter, began to ask him: "How many persons was this jail meant to hold? How many are here now? How many men, women, and children? How many are sentenced to hard labor, how many are exiles, and how many followed them of their own free will? How many are sick?"

Nekhlúdof translated the questions of the Englishman and the replies of the Inspector, hardly conscious of their significance, so agitated was he by the expectation of the impending interview. When, in the middle of a sentence which he was translating for the Englishman, he heard approaching footsteps and saw the door of the office open, and when, as had happened many times before, the warden came in followed by Katúsha in her prison garb, her head tied up in a kerchief, he felt a sinking sensation.

"I want to live. I want a family, children of my own, and to live like other men," flashed across his mind, just as with a quick step and downcast eyes Máslova came into the room.

As he rose and took a few steps towards her, he saw that her face was stern and unfriendly. It was the expression he remembered when she had reproached him. She raised and lowered her eyes and turned pale, and her fingers nervously twisted the edge of the jacket.

"Have you been told that your pardon has been granted?"

"Yes, the Inspector told me about it."

"So when the document arrives you will be able to settle where you like. We shall think it over——"

She interrupted him hastily.

"There is nothing to think over; I shall follow Vladímir Vassílievitch wherever he chooses to go."

In spite of her excitement she spoke quickly and distinctly, as though she had learned a lesson, and looked directly into Nekhlúdof's eyes.

"Indeed?" said Nekhlúdof.

"Well, Dmítri Ivánovitch, if he wants me to live with him—" she paused and corrected herself, "wants me to be with him—I ought to consider myself very lucky. What more could I expect—— ?"

"One of two things, either she loves Simonson and has never appreciated the sacrifice which I imagined I was making for her sake, or she continues to love me even while she refuses me and 'burns her ships' by uniting her lot with Simonson's," thought Nekhlúdof. He felt ashamed of himself and it made him blush.

"Of course, if you love him," he said.

"What's the odds whether I do or not? I am past that sort of thing. And, besides, Vladímir Ivánovitch is a different kind of man."

"Yes, of course," began Nekhlúdof, "he is a remarkable man, and I think—" She interrupted him again as though she feared lest he might say too much, or that she would not have a chance to say everything she had intended to say.

"You must forgive me, Dmítri Ivánovitch, if I am not doing what you wish me to do," she said, looking into his eyes with that mysterious squinting look of hers. "This seems to be the best way out of it. You have your own life to live."

She was only repeating what he had just been saying to himself, but now he felt quite differently.

"I never expected this," he said.

"What good does it do for you to live here and suffer? You have suffered enough already."

"I have not suffered. I have been happy and I want to go on serving you."

"*We* need nothing," she said, and looked up at Nekhlúdof. "You have already done a great deal for me. If it hadn't been for you —" she was about to say something more, but her voice quivered.

"You are the last person to give thanks to me," said Nekhlúdof.

"What's the use for us to square accounts? God will do that for us," she said, and her black eyes shone with the tears that rushed into them.

"What a good woman you are!" he exclaimed.

"I? A good woman!" she answered through her tears, and a pitiful smile lighted up her face.

"Are you ready?" asked the Englishman.

"In a moment," said Nekhlúdof, and asked her about Kryltzóf.

She became calm and quickly told what she knew. Kryltzóf's journey had weakened him and he had been placed in the hospital at once. Márya Pávlovna was very anxious and had asked to be allowed to stay with him as a hospital nurse, but was refused.

"May I go now?" she asked, noticing that the Englishman was waiting.

"I will not say good-by. I will see you again," said Nekhlúdof, holding out his hand.

"Forgive me," she said in a whisper. Their eyes met, and by her peculiar squinting look, her pathetic smile, and the tone of her voice in which she said, not "Good-by" but "Forgive me," Nekhlúdof understood that the second of his two suppositions was the real cause of her decision, — that she loved him, and knew that by uniting their lives she would ruin his; therefore she released him by remaining with Simonson and was now rejoicing that she had accomplished her purpose and yet suffering because she had to part with him.

She pressed his hand and, quickly turning, left the room. Nekhlúdof was now ready to go, but glancing at the Englishman he saw him still writing in his note-book. Not wishing to disturb him, Nekhlúdof took a seat on the wooden settle behind the wall and a great weariness came over him. It was not the weariness one feels after a sleepless night of travel or excitement, — he was simply tired of life. He leaned on the back of the seat, closed his eyes, and at once fell into a deep, heavy slumber.

"Would you also like to see the prisoners' cells?" asked the Inspector.

Nekhlúdof awoke and was surprised to find himself there. The Englishman had finished his minutes and was ready to visit the cells. Nekhlúdof, weary and indifferent, followed him.

XXVI.

Having passed the ante-room and an extremely malodorous corridor which served also as an outhouse, the Inspector, the Englishman, and Nekhlúdof, escorted by wardens, entered the first cell, that of the prisoners who were sentenced to hard labor. Here all were already lying in their bunks, which were arranged in the middle of the room. There were about seventy men. They slept head to head and side by side. When the visitors entered all jumped up and, clanking their chains, stood beside their bunks, their half-shaven heads shining in the light. Only two remained lying in their bunks. One was a young man with a flushed face, evidently feverish, the other an old man who groaned incessantly.

The Englishman asked how long the young man had been ill, and was told by the Inspector that he had been taken ill that morning, but that the old fellow had had stomach trouble for some time; there was no room for him in the hospital, he said, as that was already overcrowded. The Englishman shook his head disapprovingly and said that he would like to speak a few words to these men, and asked Nekhlúdof to translate for him. It appeared that the Englishman had two objects in view—to describe the prisons and places of exile in Siberia and to preach Salvation through Faith and Redemption.

"Tell them that Christ loves and pities them. If they believe this they will be saved." While he was talking, all the prisoners stood beside their bunks with their arms at their sides. "Tell them that it is all in this book," he went on. "Can any of them read?"

There were over twenty who could read. The Englishman took out of his bag a few bound copies of the New Testament, and several strong, muscular hands with blackened finger nails were stretched forth from under the sleeves of their coarse shirts, struggling to reach the books. He left two Testaments in this room and went into the next.

The same condition of things prevailed there,—the same close atmosphere and stench. As elsewhere, an ikon was hung between the two windows and the tub stood on the left hand of the door; the prisoners were packed as closely side by side; they also sprang up and stood motionless; here also three men remained lying down. Two of them made an effort to rise, but sat down on the edge of their bunks, and one did not even turn his head to look at the newcomers. These men also were ill. The Englishman made the same remarks he had made in the other cell and left the two Testaments.

Four men were ill in the third cell. The Englishman asked why the sick men were not all put together, and was told that they did not wish it themselves. Their diseases were not contagious and the doctor's assistant treated them and took care of them.

A voice was heard to say, "He has not been here for two weeks."

The Inspector made no reply but led the visitors into the next cell. Once more the doors were thrown open and all rose in silence, and again the Englishman distributed the Testaments. It was the same in the fifth and sixth cells, on the right and on the left of the corridor.

Then they went into the cells of the exiles, from the exiles to those sentenced by the Commune, and from there to those who followed of their own accord. It was the same everywhere. Cold, hungry, idle, diseased, and humiliated men under lock and key were exhibited like wild beasts.

Having distributed the regulation number of Testaments, the Englishman had no more to give and nothing more to say. The distressing sights and the stifling air had diminished even his ardor, and he only said "All right" to the Inspector's explanation about the prisoners in each cell.

Nekhlúdof walked on as if in a dream, lacking the energy to go away, and still in the same hopeless state of weariness and dejection.

XXVII.

In one of the cells, among the exiles, Nekhlúdof recognized to his surprise the strange old man he had met at the ferry. Shriveled and ragged, with nothing but a dirty, tattered, ash-colored shirt on his back and trousers of the same color, bare-footed, he sat on the floor beside his bunk and looked inquiringly at the newcomers. His emaciated body, visible through the rents of his shirt, looked feeble and miserable, but the expression of his face was even more animated and self-centered than it had been when he was on the raft. All the convicts jumped up just as they did in the other cells and stood at "attention" when the Inspector came in. The old man alone remained seated. His eyes sparkled and he frowned ominously.

"Up with you!" cried the Inspector.

The old man never stirred and only smiled disdainfully.

"Thy servants are standing before thee. The seal of—" muttered the old man, pointing to the forehead of the Inspector.

"What—" roared the Inspector threateningly, and moved towards him.

"I know this man," Nekhlúdof made haste to say to the Inspector. "What is he locked up for?"

"The police sent him because he had no passport. We ask them to keep them, but they go on sending them," replied the Inspector, looking angrily at the old man from the corner of his eyes.

"I see that you also belong to the Army of Antichrist," said the old man, addressing Nekhlúdof.

"No, I am only a visitor," replied Nekhlúdof.

"Then you have come to take a look at the way Antichrist tortures people? Take your fill of it. He's got them locked up in a cage, a whole army of them. They ought to be earning their bread in the sweat of their brows and he has locked them up like swine and feeds them in their idleness until they become like beasts."

"What is he saying?" asked the Englishman.

Nekhlúdof told him that the old man was blaming the Inspector for keeping men in prison.

"Ask him what he thinks ought to be done with men who refuse to obey the law," said the Englishman.

Nekhlúdof translated the question.

The old man grinned, showing his teeth.

"The law!" he repeated contemptuously. "He has robbed everybody, stolen all the land, and all the property that belonged to other men he has taken for himself, drowned all who opposed him, and then written laws forbidding men to rob or to kill. He should have made the laws first."

Nekhlúdof translated. The Englishman smiled. "But ask him what ought to be done with thieves and murderers now?"

Again Nekhlúdof interpreted the question. The old man frowned in displeasure.

"You tell him to take off the seal of Antichrist from himself, then there will be no thieves nor murderers. Just tell him that."

"He is crazy," said the Englishman, when Nekhlúdof translated to him the old man's words, and shrugging his shoulders he turned and went out.

"Just attend to yourself; let them alone. Every man is his own master. The Lord knows who is to be punished and who is to be forgiven, we are ignorant," said the old man. "Be your own master and you will need no other. Go on, go on," he said to Nekhlúdof with an angry frown and sparkling eyes. "You've seen now how the servants of Antichrist feed the lice with the bodies of men. Go along, I say."

When Nekhlúdof stepped into the entry the Englishman and the Inspector stood beside the open door of an empty cell and the former was asking about the use to which it was put. The Inspector explained that it was the morgue. "Oh!" said the Englishman, when Nekhlúdof had translated the Inspector's reply, and he expressed a wish to go in.

It was an ordinary small cell. A tiny lamp was nailed to the wall and feebly illuminated from a corner the contents of the cell,—a few sacks, and logs of wood, and on the bunks to the right four corpses. The first was clothed in a coarse linen shirt and a pair of trousers. It was that of a large man with a small pointed beard and with his head half shaven. The body had already stiffened; the bluish hands had evidently been crossed on the breast, but were now unclasped; the feet also had separated and were sticking out in different directions. Beside him was the body of an old woman in a white skirt with a small, shriveled, yellow face, a sharp nose and a thin, short braid of hair. Then came the body of a man clothed in something purple. The color seemed familiar to Nekhlúdof. He went nearer and looked at it. A short, thin, pointed beard turned upward, a firm, handsome nose, a high, white forehead, thin, curling hair. . . . He recognized all these familiar features and could not believe his eyes. It was but yesterday that he had seen that countenance, excited, angry, and suffering. Now it was placid, beautiful, and awe-inspiring. Yes, it was Kryltzóf, or at least the remnant of his material existence. "Why had he suffered? Why had he lived? I wonder if he knows all about it now?" thought Nekhlúdof, but he heard no answer to his questions, nothing but the silence of death . . . and he began to feel faint. Without bidding the Englishman good-by, he asked the Inspector to take him into the yard, and feeling the need of being alone, to think over all he had seen and heard that evening, he drove back to his hotel.

XXVIII.

Nekhlúdof did not go to bed, but paced up and down his room. His affair with Katúsha had come to an end. She no longer needed him and that made him feel not only melancholy, but a great deal mortified. But the cause of his present distress was a far more serious and important matter. The business in which he had embarked was not only unfinished but it troubled him more than ever and required all his energy. The terrible wrongs which he had witnessed during this period, all that had happened in that awful prison, particularly the sights he had seen to-day, the cruelty that had done to death the beloved Kryltzóf, was triumphant and reigned supreme, and he saw neither the opportunity nor the means of overcoming it. In imagination he beheld these hundreds and thousands of degraded men, who were locked up in a foul atmosphere by generals, prosecuting attorneys, and inspectors, who were perfectly indifferent to their sufferings; he saw the old man who had denounced them and whom they called insane, and then among the bodies of the dead, the waxen face of Kryltzóf, who had left this world while his heart was filled with bitterness and wrath. And the same old question he had so often asked himself, "Am I the madman, or have the authorities at whose bidding all these iniquitous dealings are visited upon the victims lost their reason?" arose in his mind with renewed force and demanded an answer.

Weary in mind and in body, he seated himself on the sofa in front of the table lighted by the lamp and mechanically opened the Testament which the Englishman had given him. He had thrown it on the table, when he was searching for something in his pockets. "They tell us that the solution of all the mysteries of life may be found in this book," he thought, whereupon he opened it and proceeded to read:

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

2 And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

3 And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

4 Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

"Yes, that is true," he thought, remembering his own experience, how calm and peaceful he had always felt after he had humbled himself.

5 And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

6 But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and *that* he were drowned in the depths of the sea.

"What can that mean, I wonder? 'Whosoever shall receive?' And where is he to receive? And what does 'in my name' mean?" he asked himself, feeling that these words had no significance for him; and why "the millstone around his neck" and "the depths of the sea"? No, he never could fathom that. It all seemed obscure to him. He recalled now, how many times in his life he had begun to read the Gospels and every time the obscurity of the parables discouraged him. Then he read the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth verses concerning offenses, and that they are sure to come into the world, of punishment by the casting of men into hell-fire where their bodies will be consumed; and about the angels of these little ones, who behold the face of the Heavenly Father. "I am sorry that it is not more intelligible," he thought, "and yet one feels that it is good."

11 For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.

12 How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?

13 And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that *sheep*, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.

14 Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

"No, it is not the will of the Father that they should perish, and yet they do perish by the hundreds and thousands. And there is no hope of saving them," he thought.

21 ¶ Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?

22 Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.

23 Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.

24 And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.

25 But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him

to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.

26 The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

27 Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

28 But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took *him* by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

29 And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

30 And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

31 So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

32 Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:

33 Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?

"But can that be all?" he exclaimed, after reading those words. And an inner voice replied, "Yes, that is all."

Then something happened to Nekhlúdof that often does happen to men who are trying to live a spiritual life. The thought that at first had appeared so strange, so paradoxical, even laughable, as it was more and more frequently confirmed in life, now suddenly arose before him as an indisputable truth. Now he found it easy to understand that the only sure means of salvation from the terrible wrongs which mankind endures is for every man to acknowledge himself a sinner before God, and therefore incapable of punishing or correcting other men. It had become clear to him now that the terrible wrongs which he had witnessed in the jails and halting-stations, and the calm assurance of those who had committed them, had originated in an attempt to perform an impossible work; being wicked themselves they proposed to correct other wicked men. Vicious men undertook to punish other men equally vicious and expected to accomplish this by mechanical means. But all this had resulted in nothing, except that needy and greedy men, having made a profession of punishment and correction, had not only become more corrupt than their victims, but had even taught the latter to be worse than they were before. Now he knew the origin of all the horrors he had witnessed and he also knew where to find the remedy: In the answer given by Christ to Peter to forgive over and over again everybody and forever, never to grow weary in forgiving, for there are no men living who do not need forgiveness, and therefore there are no men who are fit to correct or punish others.

"Can it possibly be so simple?" said Nekhlúdof to himself, and yet he felt sure that the only reason why all this had seemed so strange to him at first was because he had always lived under the influence of the opposite line of argument, but now he realized that this presentment offered not only a theoretical but a practical solution of the question. The eternal difficulty as to what shall be done with evil-doers no longer perplexed him. If it had ever been shown that punishment improves the criminal and diminished crime, there might be some sense in discussing the subject. But when the contrary has been proved, and when it has become evident that it is beyond the power of one class of men to correct another class, then the only rational solution would appear to be, — let men abandon the attempt to control their fellow-beings, for it is not only useless, but is harmful. For many centuries criminals have been executed, but have they decreased in numbers? Not at all; so far from diminishing, their numbers have been greatly increased by the addition of those who have been demoralized by punishments, as well as by the criminal judges, prosecuting attorneys, magistrates, and jailers who judge and punish men. Now Nekhlúdof understood that society and order existed in general, not because of the influence of these legalized criminals, who judge and punish other men, but because in spite of all their depravity there are still men who really love and pity each other.

Hoping to find a confirmation of this belief, Nekhlúdof began to read the Gospels from the beginning. After reading the Sermon on the Mount, which always touched him deeply, he saw to-day for the first time not only those beautiful abstract thoughts which mostly demand exaggerated and impossible things, but clear, simple, and practical commandments, which if obeyed, would speedily establish a new order of things in the social life of humanity. Obedience to these commands is entirely possible, and would speedily exclude, not only all the violence that so revolted Nekhlúdof, but would also establish the Kingdom of God upon Earth, which is the greatest blessing man can hope to attain.

There are five of these commandments:First Commandment (Matthew v. 21–26). This one says that a man must not only commit no murder, but he must not even be angry with his brother, or call him a fool, "Raca," and if he should quarrel with any one, he must be reconciled with him before he offers his gift to God,—that is before praying.

Second Commandment (Matthew v. 27–32). This was that a man must not only abstain from committing adultery but must even avoid enjoying the beauty of a woman, but if he has ever been united to her, he must never be unfaithful to her.

Third Commandment (Matthew v. 33–37). That no man must seal a promise with an oath.

Fourth Commandment (Matthew v. 38–42). That man must not only refrain from returning evil for evil, but when he is struck on one cheek he must turn the other; that he must forgive injuries and endure them with humility and never refuse to serve his fellow-men.

Fifth Commandment (Matthew v. 43–48). That a man must not only refrain from hating or fighting his enemies, but that he must love, help, and serve them.

Nekhlúdof sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on the flame of the burning lamp. Recalling all the horrors of human life, he clearly pictured to himself what it might be, if men were brought up on these principles, and a new delight took possession of his soul. It seemed as if, after long anxiety and suffering, he had found rest at last.

He never slept at all that night, and as happens to many persons who read the Gospels, he understood for the first time the meaning of words which he had read and to which he had listened many times without really understanding them; as a sponge absorbs water, so he absorbed the important and joyful news this book contained. And all that he read seemed not only to confirm what he had known before, but to reveal hidden meanings in words which had been familiar to him, but which he had never actually understood, or really believed. Now he not only believed and realized it all, but he felt assured that if a man fulfills these commandments, he will attain the highest possible good; he now realized and believed that it is a man's duty to obey these commandments; that in this lies the only reasonable purpose of human life, and that every transgression from these laws is an error that brings punishment in its wake. This was the result of all the precepts and was stated with special clearness in the parable of the vineyard.

The husbandmen fancied that the master's garden, which they were sent out to cultivate, was their own property; that all it contained belonged to them, and that their business was only to enjoy life in this garden, heedless of the master and killing those who reminded them of him and their duties towards him.

"We do the same," thought Nekhlúdof. "We live in the belief that we are the masters of our own lives and that they were given us for our own enjoyment, which is a palpable absurdity. If we have been sent into this world, it is by the will of a higher power and for some wise purpose. And we have believed it right to live only for our own satisfaction and the natural result is, that we feel aggrieved like the workman who did not fulfill the will of his master as expressed in the commandments. If one but follows these commandments the Kingdom of God will be established on earth, and men will attain the highest good that is within their reach. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Here, then, is the business of my life. One work has just ended and another is about to begin."

After that night a new life did begin for Nekhlúdof, not because he entered new conditions, but because all the happenings of his daily life assumed a different aspect and a new significance.

The future alone will prove how this new stage of his life will end.

Moscow, *December* 12, 1899.

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