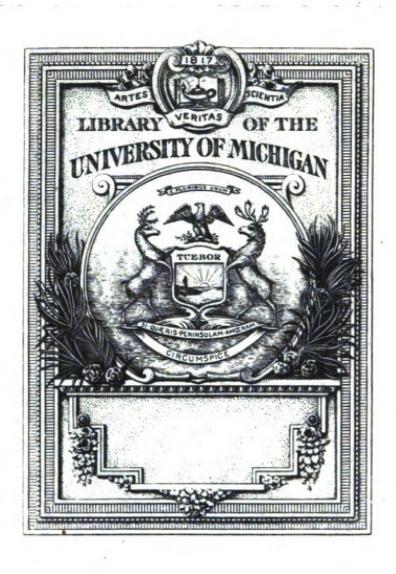
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### LEO TOLSTOY

## RESURRECTION

Translated by ARCHIBALD J. WOLFE

VOL. I.

NEW YORK
INTERNATIONAL BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY
1920

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#### PREFACE.

Among the works of Tolstoy's declining years few approach "Resurrection" in their appeal to the imagination and to the heart of the reader. The reason is not far to seek. The sage of Yasnaya Poliana epitomizes here in the form of a novel his teachings and his views on every phase of the human life—the duty of man to his God, his soul and his neighbor as an individual and as a member of the human race; incidentally he pays his respects to the state, to the church, to man-made creeds, to science, to art, to the administration of justice and to the penal system, to land ownership and to wealth in general, to European culture as contrasted with the life of the Russian tiller of the soil, and to a thousand and one aspects of the modern world.

In the person of Nekhliudov—the principal male character of "Resurrection," Tolstoy portrays his own soul experience in his transformation from an aristocratic libertine and drone into an uncompromising follower of the clear teachings of the Gospel of Christ—as interpreted by Tolstoy.

It is for this reason that in the "Russian Authors' Library" series "Resurrection" follows immediately upon the "Pathway of Life," which is a collection of pearls of human wisdom gathered by Tolstoy in the course of his epic career. The criticism has been made that neither in "Resurrection" nor in the "Pathway of Life" there is anything strikingly new in the matter of teaching; that throughout these works we are confronted with the constant re-



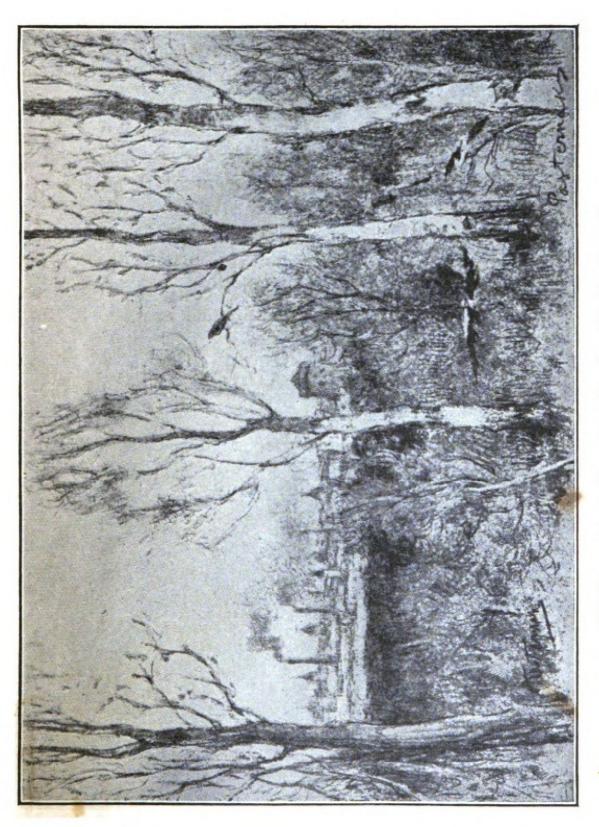
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petition of the same doctrines, made familiar by Tolstoy's numerous messages to mankind in the shape of dramas, novels and miscellaneous essays. The fact of the matter is that there is nothing new in Tolstoy's teachings, but that their stupendous moral force lies in his unbending insistence on carrying them out in the individual life to the bitter logical end—purity in sex matters; non-resistance; loving one's enemies; the inherent immorality of ruling others, etc., etc. Unattainable ideals all, one might say, but salvation lies not in the achievement of the unattainable: it is in the moral and in the mental effort towards it.

And this disregard of practical difficulties in the attainment of the ideal, while striving towards it with every fibre of the human soul, is the secret of Tolstoy's potent influence for good in the struggle of the individual against sin, error and superstition.

ARCHIBALD J. WOLFE.





"Spring was spring, even in the city." Page 5

ain name.

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#### KEY TO RUSSIAN NAMES IN "RESURRECTION."

#### By Archibald J. Wolfe.

Russian names prove a stumbling block to many readers of Russian fiction in English translation. The forbidding length of many surnames with their unfamiliar combinations of consonants and changes of gender, the strange Slavic flavor of many Christian names that seem so like and yet so unlike the Christian names used in the Western world, the wealth of diminutives with their many variations in accordance with the mood of the user or with the station in life of the person addressed, serve to bewilder and to perplex the Anglo-Saxon reader who is compelled at times to gather from the context the identity of the individual referred to by a certain name.

A brief exposition of the mysteries of the Russian nomenclature and a glossary of name variations used in a Russian work of fiction should precede the translation, in order to overcome this handicap to the complete understanding and enjoyment of the book.

The given names of Russian people are derived either from the Old Testament (particularly in the case of Russian Jews) or from the Greek Orthodox calendar of saints.

By the time of the introduction of Christianity into Russia, the language of the Greeks had already undergone certain phonetic changes as compared with ancient Greek and Latin, and these changes were incorporated



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#### RESURRECTION

phonetically into Russian nomenclature, with the additional change of the dropping of Greek terminations and the substitution, wherever necessary for euphonic reasons, of Russian terminations. These changes consisted principally in "b" becoming "v", "th" becoming "f", "e" becoming "i".

Thus "Basili-os" became in Russian "Vasil'-i," "Theodor-os"—"Fe-o'-dor", "Thomas"—"Fo-ma'," "Demetri-os"—"Dimit'-ri or Dmit'-ri", "Martha"—"Marfa." Many names also became slightly more Russianized: Thus "Agrippina" became "Agrafena", "Aquilina"—"Akulina", "Euphrosinia"—"Afrosin'-ya."

The Russian calendar has no equivalents for certain names in the Western calendar, such as Wilhelm or William, Frederic, Robert, Edward, Charles or Karl and Russian usage has connected with some of these names Russian near-equivalents without any historic or ethymological reason, so in the mind of the Russian "Wilhelm" or "William" is "Vasil'-i", "Frederic" is "Feo'-dor", "Robert" is "Roman'." The Russian peasant refers to the last German Kaiser, for instance, as "Vasil'-i Feo'-dorovitch"—meaning William, son of Frederic.

Names taken from the Old Testament likewise passed through the phonetic changes of the later Greek pronunciation, and "Abraham" became "Avra-am'," "Elias"—"Ilya'," "Joseph"—"Yos'-if," likewise corrupted into "Os'-ip", "Jacob"—"Yak'-ov."

In line with the systematic humiliation of the Jews, the Russian regulations, however, forbade the Jews to use these literarily correct renderings of Old Testament names, but forced upon them the phonetic use of the Jargon (Yiddish) renderings of these names, which appeared very ludicrous to the Russian ear when written in Russian characters, and thus the Jews were forced to

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have two sets of names, the degraded official Jargon version for all offical purposes, and the literarily correct version for social intercourse.

It is the Russian custom to add a patronymic to the Christian name. The practice is doubtless derived from the habit of using the father's name in the absence of surnames, which were not currently used until somewhat late in Russian history.

The patronymic is derived from the Christian name by adding the termination "ov" or "ovitch" in the case of a masculine Christian name, and "ova" or "ovna" in the case of a feminine Christian name, the former meaning "son of," and the latter "daughter of." Thus "Nikolai Aleksand'rovitch," means "Nicholas, son of Alexander," "Maria Pav'lovna" means "Maria, daughter of Paul."

The complete name of a Russian consists of his Christian name, his patronymic and his surname. The polite way of addressing a person is to use the Christian name and patronymic, without any title corresponding to "Mr.", "Mrs." or "Miss." Thus as one would address in Western usage a person as "Mr. or Mrs. or Miss So-and-So," the Russian would politely use the first name of the person's father.

Russian surnames most frequently add in "ov," which is really the possessive case. But Russian surnames are put through declensions and are subject to changes in gender just as ordinary Russian words. So the wife, daughter or sister of a man whose name ends in "ov" has a surname terminating in "ova." Many Russian surnames also end in "sky," of which the feminine form in Russian "skaya" and in Polish "ska." Americans are familiar with the name of "Modjeska," but the masculine version of this name is "Modjesky," and "Brezh-

asant and non-

#### RESURRECTION

kov'-skaya" is the feminine of "Brezhkov'-sky." The termination "sky" or "ski" is really an adjective form generally denoting the origin, so "American" is in the Russian language "Amerikan'-sky", "German"—"Gherman'-sky", "Italian"—"Italian'-sky."

The practice of spelling Russian names that end in "ov" with "ff," as though they terminated in "off," is an error that attained to the force of established custom among the Germans and the French.

Diminutives or pet names are very commonly used in Russian. Some of these diminutives have no more logical reason than Jim for James, or Bessie for Elizabeth. Each child is called by a pet name: but there are also contemptuous or angry diminutives. And various degrees of affection call for variation in the use of the diminutive. So "Kat'-ya" is a pleasant and non-commital pet name; "Kat'-enka" is slightly more affectionate, "Katyu'-sha" slightly more distant, and "Kat'-ka" very coarse. We have somewhat similar usage in "Mike" and "Mick."

The appended alphabetical list of all Christian names and surnames used in "Resurrection" may be of help to the reader:



# GLOSSARY OF RUSSIAN NAMES IN "RESURRECTION."

Agrafen'-a Petrov'na

Anis'-ia

Anna Ignat'-ievna Mas'-lennikova Baklashov'

Be (pronounce "Bay")

Bertha

Biriukov', Taras'

Biriukov'a, Feodos'-ia

Bogatyrev' Bogodukh'-ovskaya, Ver'-a Efrem'-ovna

Botch'-kova, Euphem'-ia (Yevfim'-ia) Ivan'-ovna Busov'-kin Clara Vasil'-yevna

Dan'-tchenko, Yur'-i Dimit'rievitch
Dev'-kin, Makar'
Dimit'-ri (Dmit'-ri) Ivan'ovitch Nekhliud'-ov

Agrippina, daughter of Peter, Nekhliud'-ov's housekeeper.

Peasant woman on Nekhliud'-ov's estate.

Wife of Deputy Governor Mas'lennikov.

One of the jurymen at the trial of Mas'-lova.

Senator, one of the Committee reviewing the Mas'-lova case.

Maid in establishment of which Mas'-lova was an inmate. Bertha is not a Russian name.

Husband of Feodos'-ia, one of Mas'-lova's friends in the women's ward of the prison.

Female convict, friend of Mas'-lova.

Friend of Nekhliud'-ov.

A political prisoner. Feminine form of Bogodukh'-ovsky. (Vera, daughter of Ephraim).

Chambermaid, Mas'lova's co-defendant.

Convict in Siberia

A Swiss governess, friend of the justice presiding at Mas'-lova's trial. A specimen of a Russianized foreign name. "Vasil'-yevna," literally daughter of Basil, is used to indicate that Clara's father was named "Wilhelm," of which by usage the Russian equivalent is Vasil'-y. Clara is not a Russian name. Juryman at Mas'-lova's trial.

Convict in Siberia.

See Nekhliud'-ov.

amed " Wil

Ekaterin'-a

Ekaterin'-a Alexey'-evna Ekaterin'-a Ivan'-ovna, Countess Tcharsk'-aya Fanar'-in, Anatol'-i Fed'-ka

Fedot'-ov Feo'-dorov Feodos'-ia, Biriukov'-a

Grab'-etz

Grish'a

Ir'-tenev, Nikol'-enka

Ivan'

Ivashen'-kov

Kartin'-kin, Simon' Petrov'

Katerin'-a Alexey'-evna

Katerin'-a Mikhai'-lovna Mas'lova

Kat'-ya, Katyu'-sha, Kat'-enka, Katka Khar'-ina, Matren'-a Kitay'-eva, Carolin'-a Albert'ovna Same as Katerin'-a (Catherine), see Mas'-lova. "Ekaterin'-a" is more formal and applied to a woman of better social standing than "Katerin'-a." "Elisabeth" and "Lisbeth" are somewhat similarly used in the English language.

See Katerin'-a Alexey'-evna.

Aunt of Nekhlind'ov (Catherine, daughter of John).

Nekhliud'-ov's lawyer.

Vulgar diminutive of Feodor—
Theodor.

A prison guard.

A convict.

Theodosia, Mas'-lova's fellow prisoner, wife of Biriukov'.

Political prisoner, woman, only surname is mentioned by the author.

Diminutive for Grigor'-y-Greg-

ory.

"Nikol'-enka" is diminutive for "Nikolai'—Nicholas." Boyhood friend of Nekhliud'-ov. "Irtenev" is a name applied to several characters in the works of Tolstoy, symbolic of ideal aspirations.

The most popular name in Russia. Equivalent to "John." (Dimin-

utive—"Van'-ya").

Assistant prosecutor, at trial of Mas'-lova in the Circuit Court. Simeon, son of Peter, Kartinkin, waiter, Mas'-lova's co-defendant.

Catherine, daughter of Alexis,

guest of Kortchagins.

Full name of Nekhliud'-ov's sweetheart Mas'-lova. (Catherine, daughter of Michael).

Varying diminutives of Katerin'-a (Catherine) Mas'-lova.

Mas' lova's aunt, a peasant.

Mistress of the "establishment" in which Mas'-lova was an inmate at the time of her arrest. A German woman, with a Russian surname through marriage.

ly used in the

e most popular

Kol'-osov, Ivan Ivan'-ovitch

Kondrat'-yev Markel
Korab'-leva
Korney'
Kortchag'-ina, Princess Mar'-ia
Kortchag'-ina, Princess Soph'-ia
Vasil'-yevna
Kortchag'-in, Prince
Kryltzov' Anatol'-i Petrov'-itch
Kuleshov', Grigor'y Efim'-itch
Kusmin'-skoye

Lydia (diminutive Lid'-otchka) Lyub'-ka

Lyubov' (diminutives: Lyub'-a, Lyubash'-a, Lyub'-otchka)

Losin'-sky Mar-'fa

Mar'-ia Ivan'-ovna

Mar'-ia Pav'-lovna

Mar'-ia Vasil'-yevna

Mash'-a

Mas'-lova, Katerin'-a Mikhai'lovna

Mas'-lennikov

Matren'-a Pav'-lovna

Matren'-a

Matren'-a Khar'-ina

(Ivan Ivan'ovitch—John, son of John), guest of Kortchag'-ins.

Political exile.

Mas'-lova's fellow-prisoner.

Nekhliud'ov's valet.

Nekhliud'ov's fiancee.

(Sophie, daughter of Basil), mother of Nekhliud'ov's fiancee.

Father of Nekhliud'-ov's fiancee.

Political exile.

Juryman at Mas'lova's trial.

Village on one of Nekhliud'-ov's estates.

See Shust'-ova.

Contemptuous diminutive of Lyubov'.

Literally "Love," corresponding to "Charity," one of the three names symbolic of Christian graces: "Ver'-a" — "Faith," "Nadesh'-da" — "Hope," "Lyubov'"—"Charity." This was Mas'lova's professional name in the establishment of which she was an inmate.

Political prisoner.

Feminine name, common among peasant women—Martha.

(Mary, daughter of John), Nekhliud'-ov's maiden aunt, in whose house Nekhliud'-ov met Katyu'-sha (Maslova).

(Mary, daughter of Paul) a political prisoner.

A married woman with whom Nekhliud'ov is entangled in the beginning of the story.

Diminutive for Maria.

Also called by the diminutive "Katyu'-sha," Nekhliud'-ov's sweetheart, whom he follows into exile.

Deputy-Governor, friend of Nekhliud'-ov.

Housekeeper of Nekhliud'-ov's maiden aunt, in whose home he met Mas'-lova.

Feminine name common among peasant women.

Mas'-lova's aunt.

t of which she

Matvey' Nikit'-itch

Menshov

Menshov'-a

Mik'-a

Mikhail' Serghey'-evitch Telegh'-ine (diminutive, Mish'-a) Mikhai'-lovna

Missie

Mit'-enka, Mit'-ya

Nabat'-ov Natal'-ia ("Natasha" — diminutive) Nekhliud'-ov, Prince Dmitri Ivan'-ovitch

Nepom'-niastchy

Nikif'-orov Okhot'-in Pan'-ovo

Peter Gerasim'-ovitch (Pyotr)

Ragozhin'-skaya, Natal'-ia
Ivan'-ovna
Ragozhin'-sky, Ignat'-y Niki'forovitch
Ran'-tzeva, Emil'-ia Kiril'lovna
Selenin

Matthew, son of Nicetas, one of the associate justices at Mas'lova's trial.

A convict in whom Nekhliud'-ov takes an interest.

Surname of female relatives of Menshov

(Micky, diminutive of Michael), pet name used by Madame Mas'lennikova to her husband. Friend of Prince Kortchag'-in.

Mas'-lova's patronymic. The patronymic alone is occasionally used as a familiar mode of address.

Pet name of Princess Kortchag'ina, Nekhliud'-ov's fiancee.

Diminutive for Dimit'-ri, as Jimmie for James. Nekhliud'-ov's pet name of childhood days.

Political exile.

Nekhliud'-ov's sister.

(Demetrius, son of John, diminutive "Mit'-enka"), principal character in "Resurrection." A name applied by Tolstoy to several shadowy characters in his works identified with the author's own views of life and biography.

Favorite nom-de-plume of Russian tramps who have lost their passport, literally "Not-remembering."

Juryman at trial of Mas'-lova.

A convict.

Village on one of Nekhliud'-ov's estates.

Peter, son of Gerasimos, a juryman at the trial of Nekhliud'ov, surname not mentioned by author.

Nekhliud'-ov's sister.

Nekhliud'-ov's brother-in-law, husband of the above. Emily, daughter of Cyril, wife of Rantzev a political exile. Prosecutor before the Senate. s of life and

riage.

Shen'-bok Shust'-ova, Lydia

Simonson, Vladim'-ir Ivan'ovitch Skovorod'-nikov

Smelkov', Ferapont'

Son'-ya Soph'-ia Ivan'-ovna

Sophia Vasil'-yevna
Stcheglov'
Stepan'
Taras' Biriukov'
Tcharsky, Count Ivan Mikhailovitch
Tcharsk'-aya, Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna
Telegh'-ine, Mikha-il' Serghey'-evitch

Tikh'-on

Toporov'

Vasil'-y

Vasil'-yev Ver'-a Efrem'-ovna Bogodukh'ovskaya Vladim'-ir Vasil'-yevitch Vladim'-irskaya

Vorobyev' Baron

Wolff, Vladim'-ir Vasil'-yevitch

Nekhliud'-ov's chum in the army. Feminine form of Shust'-ov, prisoner in the Schlusselburg fortress whose release is secured by Nekhliud'-ov.

Political exile.

Senator, one of the Committee reviewing the case of Mas'-lova.

Merchant unintentionally poisoned by Mas'-lova.

Diminutive of Sophia.

(Sophie, daughter of John), Nekhliud'-ov's maiden aunt, one of the two spinsters, in whose home Nekhliud'-ov met Katyu'sha (Mas'-lova).

Princess Kortchag'-ina.
A hard labor convict.
Stephen, Kortchag'-in's servant.
Husband of Feodos'-ia, which see.
Nekhliud'-ov's uncle by marriage.

Nekhliud'-ov's aunt.

(Michael, son of Sergius), nephew of Kortchag'-in. Name derived from "telega"—"cart."

Butler in the home of Nekhliud'ov's, maiden aunts.

Procurator of the Synod, name derived from "Topor"—"hatchet."
Portraying the notorious administrator of the Russian Church under Alexander III and Nicholas II.

A popular Russian name, corresponding to William and Wilhelm.

A convict.

A political convict. See Bogodukh'-ovskaya.

See Wolff.

Feminine form of Vladim'-irsky, a fellow prisoner of Mas'-lova. An official, enjoying the thoroughly un-Russian title of

oughly un-Russian title of "Baron" by whim of an eccentric Emperor.

Senator, one of the Committee which reviewed the Mas'-lova case.

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PART THE FIRST.



"Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seventy times: but Until seventy times seven." (Matth. XVII, 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).



I.

Strive as they might—several hundred thousand people huddled together on one tiny patch of ground to distort the face of the earth upon which they dwelt; strive as they might to plug up the earth with boulders so that nothing should grow upon it; strive as they might to weed out every sprouting blade of grass; to pollute the air with the smoke of coal and naphtha; to hack the trees and to keep off beast and fowl-spring was spring, even in the city. The sun gave forth warmth, the reviving herbage grew and greened wherever it had not been obliterated, not only on the boulevard lawns, but even in the cracks of the pavement, while the birch, the poplar and the cherry trees sprouted their gummy and fragrant leaves, and the lindens stretched their swelling buds; the crows, the sparrows and the doves merrily builded their nests, as befitted the season of spring, and the flies, comforted by the warmth of the sun, buzzed along the house walls. Gay were the plants, and the birds, and the insects, and the children. But the people—the big, the adults—ceased not to deceive and to afflict, alike their neighbors and themselves. people saw nothing sacred or significant in this morning of springtime, nor in the beauty of God's world bestowed as a blessing upon all creatures,—that beauty Which inclines the heart to peace, harmony and love, but sacred and significant appeared to them their own



d a dismal germ

schemes devised to hold one another in thraldom.

Thus in the office of the provincial prison none attached sacredness or significance to the benediction and the joy of springtime - a blessing both to man and beast—but sacred and significant was to them the receipt on the preceding day of a numbered document that bore a seal and a caption and commanded that on this, the twenty-eighth day of April, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, three prisoners, one man and two women, held there pending a hearing, were to be delivered into court. One of these women, charged with a graver crime, was to be delivered separately. And on the basis of this court order, at eight o'clock in the morning of April the twenty-eighth, the senior inspector entered the dark and stinking corridor of the prison's female division. Immediately following him came a woman of haggard countenance, with curling grey hair, wearing a blouse with striped sleeves and a blue-bordered belt. This was the matron.

"You want the Maslova woman? she inquired, approaching with the inspector of the day one of the cell doors which opened into the corridor.

The inspector noisily turned the lock and opened the door of the cell, being greeted by a current of air that was still more mephitic than in the corridor, and called out:

"Maslova, to court!", and shutting the door again, waited for her to come out.

Even in the court of the prison the air was fresh and and wholesome, having floated into town direct from the meadows on the wings of the winds. But in the corridor reigned a dismal germ-laden atmosphere, reeking with the odors of excrements, coal tar and putrefaction, an atmosphere that instantly depressed and dispirited every





"Do you want Maslova?" she asked of the warden. Page 6

white n slippers; tenance was anched ap larly striking

one who came in. And so it affected the matron who had just arrived from the outside, used as she was to this vitiated air. As she entered the corridor, she was suddenly overcome with lassitude and drowsiness.

Within the cell were heard sounds of much fussing; voices of women and scurrying of bare feet.

"Make it lively, can't you? Get a move on you, Maslova, I say", yelled the senior inspector through the door of the cell.

A minute or two later appeared in the doorway, walking briskly, a woman of medium size with a swelling bosom. She wore a grey prinsoner's robe over a white blouse and a white petticoat. Veering abruptly around, she came to a halt by the inspector's side. The woman's feet were wrapped in canvas stockings; over the stockings she wore a pair of prison slippers; her head was covered with a white head cloth, from beneath which ringlets of curling black hair were allowed to escape with obvious premediation. The woman's whole countenance was of that specific pallor which is peculiar to the faces of people who have spent much time in confinement, calling to mind the sprouts of potatoes planted in a cellar. The same blanched appearance characterized her small, wide hands and the white full neck which was visible behind the huge collar of the prison robe. In this countenance stood out. with a particularly striking effect because of the background of the dead pallor of her features, a pair of coalblack, shiny, somewhat puffed but very animated eyes, one of which squinted a trifle. She carried herself very erect, throwing out her swelling bosom.

Having reached the corridor, she gazed unflinchingly into the inspector's eyes, her head slightly thrown back, and stopped ready to do his bidding. The in-

owed the senior led by glances

The soldier, a rash with prom

spector was about to lock the door, when from it popped out the pallid, severe and wrinkled countenance of a dishevelled old woman. The old woman commenced to say something to Maslova, but the inspector squeezed her head between the door and the jamb, and the head disappeared. Peals of feminine laughter came from the cell. Maslova smiled also and turned to the latticed bull's-eye in the cell door. The old woman glued her face to the peep-hole from the inside and hurriedly said in a hoarse voice:

"Main thing don't say a word too much, stick to one thing and let it go at that."

"Sure I'll stick to one thing, I won't be worse off for that," said Maslova giving her head a shake.

"That's right—one things, not two," broke in the senior inspector with an official's supreme belief in his cwn wittiness. "Follow me, come!"

The eye of the old woman, which had been visible behind the peep-hole, disappeared, while Maslova reached the center of the corridor and with quick mincing steps followed the senior inspector. They descended the stone staircase, and walked past the men's cells which smelt still worse and were even noisier than the women's, their progress being watched by glances from behind peep-holes in every cell door. They finally arrived at the office, where two soldiers, armed with guns, were standing in readiness to convoy the prisoner.

A prison clerk who was sitting there handed to one of the soldiers a document that reeked with to-bacco smell and pointing to the prisoner said: "Receive your prisoner." The soldier, a peasant from Nizhni-Novgorod, with a ruddy pockmarked face, inserted the document into the cuff of his mantle, and with a grin winked at his comrade, (this was a Tchuvash with prom-

the was also ippers, and almost

s she sud

onduct /illage flushed.

11

#### RESURRECTION

inent cheekbones), directing his attention to the prisoner. Thereupon the soldiers with their prisoner descended the staircase and walked towards the main exit. A small door was opened in the main gateway, and stepping across the threshhold into the prison court, the soldiers with their prisoner walked out of the enclosure, and proceeded through the town, keeping to the center of paved streets.

Drivers, tradesmen, cooks, workingmen and government employees stopped and eyed the prisoner with curiosity; some shook their heads as though thinking: "See what bad conduct leads to! I'm so different." Children looked at the murderess with awe, calmed only by the thought that being followed by soldiers she could no longer do anything wicked. A village peasant, who had just sold his load of coal and refreshed himself with some tea in a tea house, came towards her and crossing himself offered her a copper coin. The prisoner flushed, bowed her head and mumbled something.

Being conscious of the glances cast in her direction, she contrived to watch sideways those who regarded her in passing and was gratified by the attention bestowed upon her. She was also gratified by the air of spring, which seemed so pure after the prison air, but she found it painful to walk on cobblestones with feet unused to walking and clad in clumsy prison slippers, and so she looked straight down in front of her and tried to step as lightly as she could. Passing a flour shop, where a flock of pigeons strutted about with no one to annoy them, she almost grazed against a pouter with her foot. The bird rose straight up in the air and flapping his wings fanned the prisoner's ear in his flight. She smiled and then heaved a heavy sigh as she suddenly recalled her own plight.

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heir house.

#### II.

The story of the prisoner Maslova was a very ordinary one. Maslova was the daughter of an unmarried serf-woman and lived with her mother in the country, tending milch cows on the estate owned by two elderly This unmarried woman bore a child maiden sisters. every year; according to village custom, the child was christened, whereupon the mother simply refrained from feeding the infant which had come into the world without being wanted, and was moreover superfluous and interfered with the mother's occupation, and it soon starved to death.

Thus five infants had died. They had all been christened, then left unfed, and they died. The sixth infant, the child of a strolling gipsy, was a girl, and her fate would have been the same, but for the fact that one of the two elderly spinsters came into the cow shed to scold the maids for the quality of the cream that smelled of the cows. In the cow shed lay the mother with a very pretty and lusty infant. The old spinster administered a reprimand to the maids both for the cream and for permitting a woman to bear a child in the cow shed, and was on the point of leaving when she noticed the baby girl, and taking an instant liking to her, volunteered to be her godmother. She had the infant baptized, and having compassion with her godchild supplied the mother with milk and money, and the little girl was suffered to live. The old spinsters openly called her "the girl that was saved."

The child was three years old, when her mother tock sick and died. The old stable-woman, her grandmother, found the child in the way, and so the spinsters took her into their house. The dark-eyed girl turned out uncommonly spirited and attractive and was a comfort to the old ladies.



"Receive your prisoner." Page 11

ences, the Katyusha \*\*\*) often sat with

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The younger of these, Sophia Ivanovna, was the kindlier of the two, and it was she who had the child baptized. The elder, Maria Ivanovna, was somewhat more exacting. Sophia Ivanovna dressed the girl in fine clothes, taught her to read and meant to bring her up as a ward. Maria Ivanovna insisted that the girl should be trained to be a working girl, a good ladies' maid for instance, and for this reason she was very severe with her, frequently scolding her, when not in good humor, and even thrashed her. Thus, between these two influences, the little girl when she grew up, was half a ward of the family and half a ladies' maid. They even called her by a non-committal name, neither Katka\*), nor Katenka\*\*), but Katyusha\*\*\*). She did some needlework, tidied the rooms, polished the holy images with chalk, looked after the coffee, roasting, grinding and serving it, attended to light washing, and often sat with the spinsters and read to them.

Men asked for her hand in marriage, but she would not marry any of them, feeling that married life in the sphere of hardships and toil in which her suitors lived, would be too hard on her after having tasted the sweets of living with the gentry.

Thus she lived until her sixteenth year. When she passed her sixteenth birthday the spinster ladies received a visit from their nephew, who was a prince and a young man of wealth, and at that time was a college student. Katyusha, without daring to confess the fact either to him or to herself, fell in love with him. Two years later,

<sup>\*)</sup> A familiar and contemptuous diminutive, used towards servants.—Translator's note.

<sup>\*\*)</sup> An endearing diminutive, a pet name.—Translator's note.

<sup>\*\*\*)</sup> A non-committal diminutive.—Translator's note.

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the same nephew stopped off to see his aunts while on his way to the war and stayed four days; on the eve of his departure he seduced her and pressing a hundred rouble bill into her hand was gone. Five months after his departure she realized that she was to be a mother.

From that moment on she lost interest in everything, worrying only how to avert the disgrace which awaited her, and she not only began to serve the ladies unwillingly and negligently, but one day, not knowing herself how it happened, she flared up, gave them quite a bit of impudence, to her own regret later, and asked to be discharged.

And the spinsters, very much displeased with her, let her go. She left them to become a chambermaid in the house of a country chief of police, but could not remain in this position for more than three months, because the chief, an old man of fifty, began to molest her, and one day, when he became particularly venturesome, she lost her patience and calling him a fool and an old devil, knocked him down by a blow in the chest. She was discharged for impudence. There was no sense in looking for another position, as she was about to be confined, and she took up lodgings in the village, with a widow who was a midwife and trafficked in liquor on the side. She had an easy childbirth, but the midwife who was also attending another woman in the village infected Katyusha with puerperal fever, and the child, a boy, was taken to an orphanage, where according to the old woman who took him there, he died immediately on arrival.

Katyusha's entire capital on taking up lodgings with the midwife was 127 roubles, twenty seven roubles being her own savings, and one hundred roubles which her seducer had given her. When she left her refuge, she

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had only six roubles left of this sum. She did not know how to take care of her money, she wasted it on herself and gave to all who asked. The midwife charged her forty roubles for two months' keep (including food and tea), the cost of sending the baby to the orphanage was twenty five roubles, the midwife borrowed forty roubles to pay for a cow, twenty roubles slipped through her fingers for clothes and presents, so that when Katyusha recovered she had no money and was forced to look for work. She found a position in a forester's house.

The forester was a married man, but just like the chief of police he began to pester her from the very first day. He was repulsive to her, and she tried to avoid him, but he was more experienced and cunning than she; moreover, being the master he could send her wherever he pleased, and choosing a favorable moment he got the best of her. This came to the wife's knowledge and surprising her husband one day in a room with Katyusha, she rushed upon her and beat her. Katyusha protected herself and as the result of the fight she was thrown out of the house without her pay. Then Katyusha made her way to the city where she stopped at her aunt's. The aunt's husband was a bookbinder, who formerly had been making a good living, but lost all his customers through drink, spending anything that came to his hands for liquor.

Her aunt kept a small laundry establishment eking out a living for herself and the children and supporting her wastrel husband. She offered Maslova work as a laundress. But seeing the hard life of the laundresses who lived at her aunt's, Maslova hesitated, and looked for domestic service through the employment offices. She found employment in the house of a lady living with two sons, who were high school students.

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ord, and moved to

A week later, the elder of the two, a student in the sixth year of high school but already sporting a mustache, began to neglect his studies and gave Maslova no rest, pestering her with his attentions. The mother blamed Maslova for everything and discharged her. She could not find another place, but calling at the employment office she happened to meet there a lady with plump bare arms that were bedecked with bracelets and rings. This lady, learning of Maslova's poor luck in search for employment, gave her her address and invited her to call. Maslova called. The lady received her kindly, treated her to cakes and sweet wine, meanwhile sending her own maid somewhere with a note. wards evening a tall grey-bearded gentleman with long grey locks entered the room. The old man promptly seated himself next to Maslova and commenced to ogle her with shinning eyes and joked with her. The lady called him into the adjoining room, and Maslova heard her say something about "a fresh youngster straight from the country." Then the lady took Maslova aside and told her that the visitor was a literary man with a great deal of money and would spare nothing if he found her to his liking. He liked her well enough, and giving her twenty five roubles promised to meet her often. This money was soon spent to pay for her board and for a new dress, hat and ribbons. A few days later the literary gentleman sent for her again. She went. He gave her twenty five roubles more and coaxed her to take up an apartment of her own.

Living in the apartment that was rented by the author, she fell in love with a jovial shop assistant whe lived in the same house. She told the author about it of her own accord, and moved to a smaller flat. But, her new friend, who had promised to marry her, left

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ingly addicted also because

for Nizhni, without saying a word to her and evidently with the intention of casting her off, and Maslova was left alone. She wanted to keep her flat, but was not permitted to do so. The district police inspector informed her that she could live in a flat of her own only after securing a yellow ticket and submitting to medical examination. Then she returned to her aunt's. The aunt seing her togged out in a stylish dress, mantle and hat, received her with deference, and no longer dared to offer her a job as laundress, evidently recognizing that she had risen to a higher level in life. And for Maslova herself there was no longer a question whether to take up laundrying or not. She now looked with pity upon the treadmill existence led in the front rooms of her aunt's flat by the palefaced lean-armed laundresses, some of them already in various stages of consumption, washing and ironing in the choking atmosphere saturated with soapy vapor, with the windows wide open winter and summer. The thought that she too might enter this hellish life appalled her. And it was at this juncture, when not a protector was to be found, that she was hunted up by a procuress who furnished girls to houses of ill fame

Maslova had taken up smoking some time before, but towards the end of her liaison with the shop assistant, and particularly after he had abandoned her, she became increasingly addicted to drink. Liquor attracted her not only because she liked the taste of it, but because it gave her the possibility of forgetting all the troubles through which she had passed, and also because it lent her a certain ease and the assurance of her own worth, which she lacked otherwise. Without liquor she always felt despondent and shamed.

The procuress spread a feast for her aunt, and get-

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ting Maslova drunk, she invited her to enter the finest "house" in the city, explaining to her all the benefits and advantages of such a position. Maslova had the choice of either the humiliating position as a servant, with its certainty of annoyance by men and of occasional secret adultery, or the assured, peaceful and legalized position with the open, lawful and well paid permanent adultery. and she chose the latter. Besides, she had in mind to repay her seducer, and the shop assistant, and all those men who had harmed her. Moreover she was tempted by the statement of the procuress (and this was one of the motives of her final decision) that she could order any dress she wished,-of velvet, gauze, or silk, even evening gowns with bare shoulders and arms. And when Maslova pictured herself in a glaring yellow silk gown, with black velvet trimmings, 'decolleté, she could hold out no longer and gave up her passport. And the same evening the procuress called a hansom and took her to the famous house of Kitayeva.

And now began for Maslova that life of chronic transgression of divine and human commandments which is being led by hundreds and thousands of thousands of women, not only with the sanction, but even under the protection of the government authorities that are supposed to care for the wellbeing of citizens, and which ends in the case of nine women out of ten in racking agonies of disease, premature senility and death.

In the morning and in the day time—a torpid sleep after the orgies of the night. Towards three or four o'clock in the afternoon, a languid rising from a filthy bed, seltzer as antidote for excessive imbibing of liquor, aimless wandering from room to room in dressing sacks, blouses, bathrobes, peering through the windows from behind curtains, listless exchange of abusive remarks,

king up the face ited reception plution; with ited, military tobacco and ey to a state and sternly, o continue those tys.

then bathing, oiling and perfuming of body and hair, sitting of dresses and quarrels over them with the miscress of the establishment, a critical self-survey in the mirror, making up the face and the eyebrows, sweet, rich food, and then donning the silken gown of glaring yellow which left the body exposed; then the entrance into a decorated and brightly illuminated reception hall, the arrival of guests, music, dances, bonbons, wine, smoking, and fornication with young and middle-aged, with semi-children and aged men on the brink of dissolution; with bachelors and married men; with business men and employees; with Armenians, Jews and Tartars, with rich and poor, healthy and sick, drunk and sober, coarse and refined, military and civilians, students and school boys,—with men of all estates, ages and characters. And shouts, and jests, and fights, and music, and tobacco, and wine, and wine and tobacco and music from evening until dawn. And not until morning release and the sleep of torpor. And the same every day all through the week. But towards the end of the week a journey to a state institution, namely to the police station where government employed officials, who are medical men, subject these women to an examination of their bodies, now seriously and sternly, now with flippant pleasantries that tend to destroy the barrier of shame which is given both to man and beast as a guard against transgression, and present them with permits to continue those offences which they had been committing with their partners the preceding week. again such a week, and the same every day, summer and winter, weekdays and holidays.

Seven years lived Maslova in this fashion. During this time she changed houses twice and was in the hospital once. In the seventh year of her career in houses



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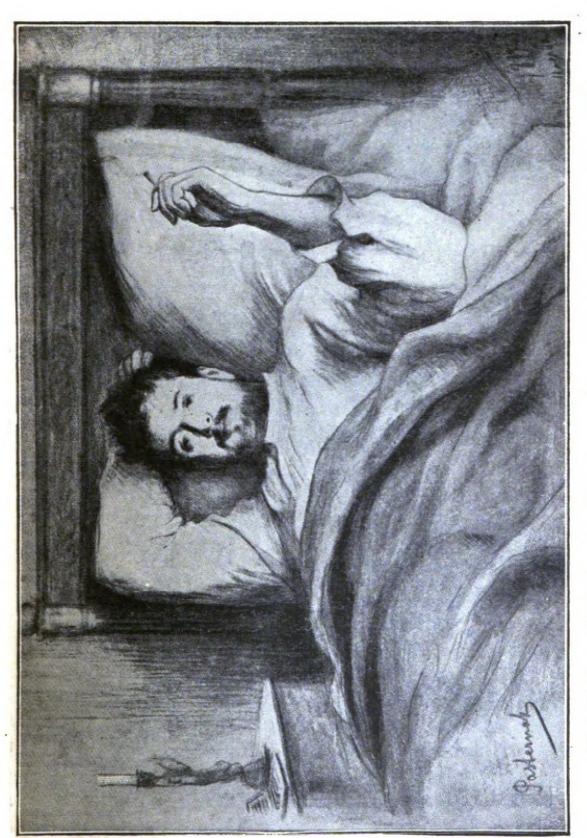
spected to marry in both white limbs bining dressing th, which were

of ill-fame, and in the eighth year after her fall, when she was twenty six years of age, occurred the incident for which she had been cast into prison and was now being led to court, after a six months' sojourn in jail with thieves and murderers.

### III.

While Maslova, exhausted by her long walk, reached with her convoy the building of the circuit court, that very nephew of her patronesses, Prince Dmitri Ivanovitch Nekhliudov, who had seduced her, was still reposing on his high, crumpled spring bed with its downy mattress; the collar of his spotless pleat-bosomed night robe of Holland linen was open; he was smoking a cigarette. He stared in front of him, with immobile eyes and pondered what he would have to do that day and what had happened to him the day before.

He dwelt in memory on the previous evening which he had passed in the house of the Kortchagins, a wealthy and aristocratic couple, whose daughter he was generally expected to marry in the course of time; he heaved a sigh, and throwing away his finished cigarette, started to draw another from a silver cigarette case, but changing his mind, he let his smooth white limbs slip from the bed and fumbling with his feet located his slippers. Throwing a silken bathrobe over his massive shoulders. he reached with quick, ponderous steps the adjoining dressing room which was permeated with the artificial fragrance of elixirs, eau-de-Cologne, creams and per-There using a specially prepared powder he cleaned his teeth, which were here and there filled with gold, rinsed them with a fragrant mouthwash, and began to wash himself all over, drying himself with all



"Nekhliudov who had seduced her .....was smoking a cigarette." Page 22

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s forehead.

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kinds of towels. Having washed his hands with scented soap, he carefully cleaned with brushes his manicured nails, and once more laved his face and massive neck in the immense marble wash stand, then passed into a third room which was adjoining his sleeping apartment, where a shower was awaiting him. There he bathed his muscular white body which had accumulated a layer of fat, and having rubbed himself all over with rough towelling, donned freshly ironed underwear and a pair of shoes polished to mirrorlike brilliancy; whereupon he seated himself before the dressing table and with a set of brushes brushed and combed his slight black curly beard and his waving locks that were now somewhat thinned about his forehead.

All of the things which he used,—his toilet articles, underwear, shoes, neckties, scarfpins and cuff links, were of the very best and most expensive quality, unobtrusive, plain, durable and costly.

Having picked from a dozen neckties and scarfpins—once it used to be novel and amusing, but now a matter of utter indifference to him-whatever came first into his hands, Nekhliudov put on a carefully brushed suit of clothes that had been spread out for him over a chair, and feeling clean and fragrant, though not exactly fresh, he passed into the spacious dining hall, the parquet flooring of which had been freshly waxed the night before by a trio of peasants; here stood a gigantic buffet of oak, and a large extension table of the same material, bearing an appearance of solemnity because of its spreading legs that were carved in the shape of lionclaws. On this table, which was covered with a delicate starched massively monogrammed cloth, stood a silver coffeepot containing fragrant coffee, a silver sugar bowl, a cream pitcher with boiling cream, and a wicker tray



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etrovna , handing

with fresh white bread, toast and biscuits. Near the service lay the morning's mail, newspapers and the latest issue of the Revue de deux Mondes. Nekhliudov was about to pick up his letters, when the door from the corridor opened and a stout woman, of mature years, clad in mourning and wearing a lace headdress which concealed the slightly disarranged parting of her hair, majestically strode into the room. This was the maid of Nekhliudov's deceased mother who had recently passed away in this same apartment; she had remained with Nekhliudov as his housekeeper, and her name was Agrafena Petrovna.

Agrafena Petrovna had traveled with Nekhliudov's mother in foreign countries for the space of ten years or more, and she looked and carried herself like a lady. She had been living in the Nekhliudoff household since her childhood, and knew Dmitri Ivanovitch while he was still plain Mitenka.\*)

"Good morning, Dmitri Ivanovitch."

"How do you do, Agrafena Petrovna. What's the good news?" inquired Nekhliudov affably.

"A note from the princess, or from her daughter. Their maid brought it quite a while ago this morning, and she is waiting in my room for an answer," replied Agrafena Petrovna, handing him the letter with a meaning smile.

"All right, a moment please," said Nekhliudov taking the letter, and frowning as he observed Agrafena Petrovna's smile.

The smile of Agrafena Petrovna betokened that the letter was from the young Princess Kortchagin, whom, Agrafena Petrovna understood, Nekhliudov expected to

<sup>\*)</sup> Diminutive for Dmitri.—Translator's note.

marry. And this understanding, expressed in Agrafena Petrovna's smile, was distasteful to Nekhliudov.

"Then I will tell her to wait", said Agrafena Petrovna picking up the crumb brush which was not in its place and carefully depositing it where it belonged, whereupon she strode out again.

Nekhliudov opened the scented letter which Agrafena Petrovna brought him and began to read it:

"Carrying out the obligation of serving as your memory, which I assumed",—so read the sharp and sketchy characters upon a thick sheet of rough-edged grey note-paper—"I beg to remind you that this, the twenty-eighth day of April, your presence is required in court to serve as a juror, and therefore you will be unable to drive over with us and Kolosov to view the paintings, as you with your characteristic rashness promised yesterday; 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 time. It came to my mind last night the moment you left, so don't you go and forget it."

Princess M. Kortchagin.

On the other side was the following addition:

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

M. K.

<sup>\*)</sup> Unless you are disposed to pay a fine of three hundred roubles to the Circuit Court which you deny your own self for the purchase of a horse.

<sup>\*\*)</sup> Mama desires me to tell you that your cover will be waiting for you until evening. Come without fail, no matter at what hour.

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Nekhliudov frowned. The note was a further move in the campaign so skillfully conducted by the young princess Kortchagin, of which he was the objective, and which had the aim of binding him to her ever more firmly with invisible threads, whereas, not to speak of the habitual indecision of men who are past their first youth and are not head over heels in love, Nekhliudov had another, a graver reason which made it impossible for him to propose at the moment, even if he had made up his mind. This reason lay not in the fact that about ten years ago he had seduced Katyusha and abandoned her, (this he had entirely forgotten, nor did he consider it an impediment to his marriage), the reason was that at that time he had a love affair with a married woman. which though broken by him was not yet acknowledged broken by her.

Nekhliudov was very bashful with women, and this very bashfulness had provoked in the married woman the desire to subdue him. This woman was the wife of the marshal of the nobility in the district where Nekhliudov used to go to cast his vote. And this woman enticed him into an intimacy which Nekhliudov found more and more exacting every day, and at the same time more and more repugnant. In the beginning Nekhliudov was unable to resist the temptation, and later because of a feeling of guilt before her he could not break off the intimacy without her assent. This was the reason that Nekhliudov felt that he had no right to propose to the Kortchagin girl, even if he had desired to do so.

A letter from the woman's husband chanced to be lying among the mail on the table. Seeing the handwriting and the postmark, Nekhliudov flushed and immedia-

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experienced in the face of approaching danger. But his agitation was groundless: the husband (marshal of nobility in the district where the bulk of Nekhliudov's estates was located) merely informed Nekhliudov that an extra session of the Zemsky\*) assembly was set for the end of May, and begged him to be sure and attend, in order to "donner un coup d'epaule"\*\*) in the forthcoming discussions of important school and road improvement proposals, in view of the strong opposition which the reactionary party was expected to put up.

The marshal was a liberal, and with the support of several adherents opposed the reaction which had set in under Alexander III; he was absorbed in this struggle, and was unaware of his own matrimonial mishaps.

Nekhliudev recalled to his mind all the minutes of agony he had suffered on account of this man. He remembered how once he had thought that the husband knew everything, and how he prepared himself to fight a duel with him, intending to fire into the air; that terrible scene, too, came to his mind when she rushed despairingly into the garden intending to drown herself in the pond, and how he ran all over the place looking for her.

"I cannot go there, nor can I undertake a thing until she replies to me", thought Nekhliudov. A week back he had written her a determined letter, in which he assumed all the blame and expressed his readiness to expiate his guilt, but declared that for her own good he regarded their relations definitely terminated. And

<sup>\*\*)</sup> Put your shoulder to the wheel.



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<sup>\*)</sup> A deliberative body composed of delegates elected by the nobility, land owners and peasants and charged with the promotion of rural interests.—Translator's note.

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it was this letter an answer to which he expected from her, but no answer came. Still even the absence of an answer he considered a good omen. If she had not meant to consent to a rupture, she would have come in person long ago, as she had done in the past. It had even come to Nekhliudov's ears that there was now a certain officer in the country who was zealously dancing attendance upon her, and this aroused in him torments of jealosy, and at the same time gladdened him with the hope of deliverance from the lie which weighed him down.

The other letter was from the superintendent of his estates. The superintendent wrote that his presence in person was necessary in order to assert his right of inheritance and moreover in order to decide the question of future management; whether to continue the order introduced by the late princess, or to do as he had proposed to the princess and now again to the young prince, namely to order more equipment and to have the land cultivated by the estate, instead of parceling it out to the peasants. The manager wrote that this method of operation would be far more profitable. At the same time he apologized for the delay in forwarding the remittance of three thousand roubles scheduled for the first of the month. The delay was due to the superintendent's inability to make collections from the peasants whose knavery now reached such a degree that he was forced to appeal to the intervention of the authorities in order to induce them to pay up.

This letter both pleased and displeased Nekhliudov. It was pleasant to feel his authority over an extensive domain, but he was likewise displeased, because in his youth he had ben an enthusiastic follower of Herbert

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Spencer, and being himself a large landowner he had been particularly struck by his assertion in Social Statics to the effect that private ownership of land was an injustice. Then, with the straightforwardness and the resoluteness of youth he had not only affirmed that land could not form an article of private ownership and written a thesis in college on the same subject, but even renounced in favor of the peasants that small portion of the estate which did not belong to his mother, but which he had personally inherited from his father, for he did not desire to own land against his convictions. Now, having become a great landowner by inheritance, he had to choose one of the two courses: either to renounce his possessions, as he had done ten years ago in relation to the two hundred dessyatins of his patrimony, or by tacit assent to acknowledge all his former ideas false and erroneous.

The first thing he could no longer do, because he had no means of support outside of the land. He did not wish to serve the government, and in the meanwhile he had acquired certain luxurious habits of living which he believed he could not do without. Nor did he have any cause to do so, for he now lacked that force of conviction, that resoluteness, and even that vanity and that desire to impress which had characterized his youth.

Neither could he bring himself at all to follow the second course by recanting those clear and incontrovertible arguments which proved the unlawfulness of owning land and which he had once discovered in Spencer's Social Statics, and the brilliant confirmation of which he found much later in the works of Henry George.

And for this reason the superintendent's letter annoyed him.

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### IV.

Having finished his coffee, Nekhliudov proceeded to his study, in order to look up in his jury summons the hour when his presence in court was demanded, and to write a note in reply to the princess. The way to the study led through his workshop. In the workshop an unfinished painting stood in reversed position on an easel, on which also were hung several study sketches. The sight of this painting with which he had struggled for two years, and of the sketches, and of the whole workshop brought to his mind the feeling lately experienced with peculiar insistence—of his impotence to advance further in the art of painting. He attributed this feeling to an inordinately developed estheticism, but nevertheless the consciousness of it was exceedingly distasteful.

Seven years back he had abandoned the service, having decided that he had a calling for art, and from the pinnacle of artistic activity he looked down with a certain contempt upon all other activities. Now it appeared that he had no right to assume this attitude. And therefore every reminder of it was disagreeable. With a feeling of pain he surveyed all the luxurious appurtenances of his workshop, and entered his study in a despondent frame of mind. The study was a spacious and lofty apartment with all sorts of decorations, devices and comforts.

In the massive desk, pulling out a drawer marked "urgent" he instantly found the summons according to which he was to be in court at eleven o'clock in the morning. Nekhliudov sat down to pen a note to the princess, thanking her for her invitation and promising

said you had

l him again,

to try and come up for dinner. But having indited one note, he tore it up, because it was too intimate; he wrote another—this was cold, almost rude. He destroyed this one also and pressed a button in the wall. In the doorway appeared an elderly, gloomy looking, cleanly shaven butler with sideboards, with a grey calico apron.

"Please send for a cab."

"Yes, sir."

"There is someone here from the Kortchagins, waiting for an answer, tell them I am much obliged and will try to be there."

"Yes, sir."

"This may be discourteous, but I can't write. Anyway, I shall see her later in the day," thought Nekhliudov and went away to put on his street clothes.

When he was dressed to go out and came out on the porch, his regular rubber-tired hansom was waiting for him.

"Yesterday, sir, you hardly left prince Kortchagin's house", said the cabman, turning his massive sunburnt neck in a white shirt collar, "when I came up, but the doorman said you had just gone."

"Even the cabbies know of my relations with the Kortchagins", thought Nekhliudov, and the mooted question which lately had been unremittingly engrossing him, confronted him again, and as with most of the other problems which presented themselves to him at that time, he was utterly unable to decide it one way or another.

In favor of the marriage spoke first the consideration that in addition to the comforts of his own home and hearth, married life by removing the irregularity of sex-

#### RESURRECTION

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ore worthy of y. His pride

ual relations afforded an opportunity of moral existence; in the second place, and this was the paramount argument, Nekhliudov hoped that family life and children would give some meaning to his life that was now inane. So much for marriage in general. But a gainst marriage in general was in the first place that fear of a loss of freedom which is characteristic of all mature bachelors, and in the second place an instinctive awe before the mysterious creature—woman.

In favor of marrying Missy in particular . (the Kortchagin girl, like all the young ladies of a certain set, had a nickname, but her real name was Maria), was in the first instance the fact that she was high-bred, and in all things, from her attire to her manner of speaking, walking and laughing, she stood out from among ordinary people, not by anything exceptional, but by sheer "class"—he did not know another word to descibe this characteristic, and he prized this characteristic very highly; in the second place she appreciated him more than anybody else did, and therefore, in his opinion, she understood him best. And this understanding him, that is this recognition of his superior worth, was for Nekhliudov a testimony of her sagacity and accurate judgment.

Against marrying Missy in particular spoke in the first place the consideration that he probably could find a girl still more endowed with merits than Missy, and therefore more worthy of him, and in the second place the fact that she was twenty seven years old, and therefore must have had love affairs in her past, and this thought annoyed Nekhliudov greatly. His pride could not be reconciled to the possibility that in the past she might have loved someone besides him. Of course, she could not have known that some day she would meet



"His familiar cabby was waiting for him." Page 33

him but the mere thought that she might have loved another in bygone days, exasperated him.

Thus there were as many arguments pro as con; at any rate they were of equal force, and Nekhliudov laughing at himself compared himself with the ass in the fable: unable to make up his mind which of the two bundles to pick up,—and an ass he remained.

"However, not having heard from Maria Vasilyevna," (the wife of the marshal) "not having wound up that affair, I cannot undertake a thing", he said to himself.

And this realization that he could, that he must postpone the decision, pleased him.

"Still, later on I will think it all over again", he said to himself as his cab noiselessly gliding over the asphalted driveway of the court-house stopped at the entrance.

"And now I must conscientiously, perform my public duty as I always do and deem proper to do. Besides, these things are frequently quite entertaining", he said to himself, passing by the doorman into the vestibule of the court-house.

## ٧.

The corridors of the court-house presented already a scene of bustling activity, when Nekhliudov entered.

The attendants briskly walked or even ran back and forth, without lifting their feet from the floor, as though skating, hurrying hither and thither on errands or with documents. Marshals, lawyers and court clerks passed this way and that way, while petitioners or defendants out of custody despondently paced the floor by the wall, or sat about and waited.

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"Where is the circuit court?" inquired Nekhliudov of one of the attendants.

"Which one? There is a civil section, and there's a supreme court too."

"I am a juryman."

"Then you want the criminal section. Why didn't you say so in the first place? Turn to the right, then to the left, it's the second door."

Nekhliudov followed his directions.

Two men stood waiting at the door indicated. One was a tall, corpulent, good-natured chap, who had evidently just had a bite of lunch and a few drinks and was in the merriest possible mood. The other was a shop assistant, of Hebrew extraction. They were discussing the price of wool, when they were joined by Nekhliudov who inquired whether this was the jury room.

"Yes, sir, this it is, sir. Are you on of the boys, sir, a juror?" inquired good-naturedly the merchant, with an amused wink.

"Well, what of that? Let us do our bit or work together", he continued upon receiving an affirmative answer from Nekhliudov. "My name is Baklashov, second guild merchant", he said extending his flabby, broad and open hand. "Work is good for us. With whom have I the pleasure?"

Nekhliudov gave his name and passed into the jury room.

In the small jury room some ten men of all descriptions had assembled. They had all just arrived; some of them were seated, others walked about looking around and forming acquaintances. There was a retir 'officer in uniform, others wore morning coats or business suits, and one was attired in the garb of a peasant.

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The faces of all bore an expression of a certain pleasurable agitation, of the consciousness of performing an important public function, although many had been taken away from their business and asserted that the whole thing was a nuisance to them.

The jurors, some of whom had in the meanwhile become acquainted, while others merely guessed who was who, discussed the weather, the early spring and the business an hand. Those who did not know him hastened to be introduced to Nekhliudov, evidently considering it a special honor. And Nekhliudov, as he always did among strangers, accepted this homage as his due. If asked why he considered himself superior to most people, he would have been unable to reply, since his life had never presented any peculiar merits. fact that he spoke English, French and German correctly, that his underwear, clothing, necktie and cuff links came from the best furnishers, he realized himself Could not account for the recognition of his superiority. Yet he unhesitatingly recognized this superiority on his part and accepted the homage shown him as his due, and would have felt insulted if it had been withheld. Right in this jury room he had an opportunity of experiencing the unpleasant feeling of such a lack of deference. Among the jurors he happened to find an acquaintance. It was Peter Gerasimovitch —, whose surname Nekhliudov did not know and even gloried in not knowing. This Peter Gerasimovitch had at one time tutored the children of his sister. He later graduated from college and was now a high school teacher. Nekhliudov could never stand his familiar bearing, his self-satisfied manner of laughing and his general "commonness", as Nekhliudov's sister used to put it.

"Ah, so they've caught you too?" Peter Gerasim-

more loudly.

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ovitch met Nekhliudov laughing loudly. "Couldn't you wriggle out of it?"

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"I had no intention of wriggling out of it", Nekhliudov replied severely and morosely.

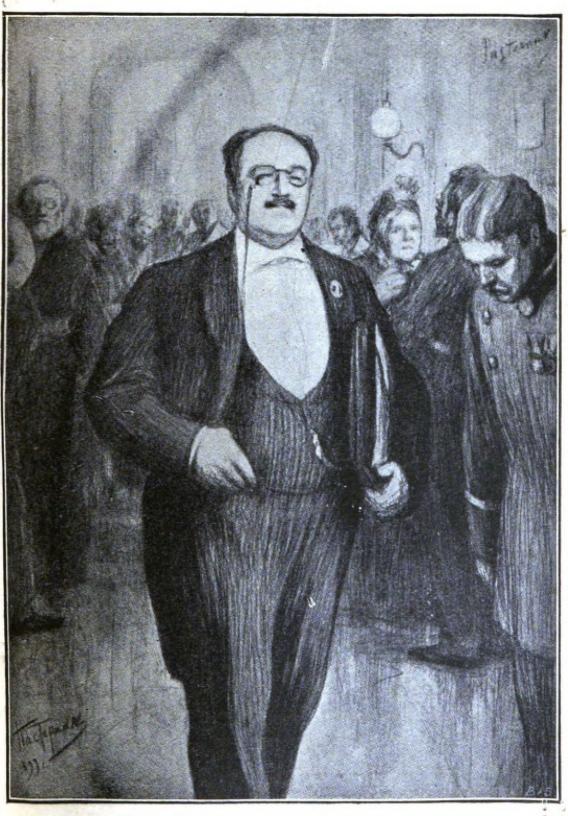
"Well, that's what I call civic virtue. You just wait till you're starved and they won't let you go to sleep, you'll sing a different tune", said Peter Gerasimovitch laughing still more loudly.

"This parson's son will presently get very familiar". thought Nekhliudov, and assuming an expression of such sadness as would have been natural only if he had just been told the news of the death of all his kin, he walked away from him and joined the crowd which had gathered around a clean shaven, tall and impressive looking gentleman who was relating something with animation. This gentleman was commenting on a law suit now being heard in the civil section, and was conversant with all its details, even referring to the judges and the celebrated jurists in the case by their Christian names. He was describing a wonderful turn which was called by a celebrated lawyer in the case, as the result of which one of the contending parties, an old lady, although the right was entirely on her side, was forced to pay over a large sum of money to the opposing side, without rime or reason.

"This lawyer is a genius", he said.

They listened to him with respect, and some tried to put in a comment of their own, but he snapped them short with brusqueness, as though he alone could know anything properly.

Although Nekhliudov had been a little late in arriving, he had still a long wait before him. The case was delayed by one of the members of the court who had not yet arrived.



"This lawyer is a genius." Page 40.

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### VI.

The presiding justice was early on the scene. He was a tall, stout man with long sideboards that were streaked with grey. He was married, but led a very dissolute life, as also did his wife. They did not interfere with one another. On that morning he had received a note from the Swiss governess who had lived in their house the preceding summer, and who was now on her way to St. Petersburg from the South. She wrote that she would be in town between three and six o'clock in the afternoon and would wait for him in the Italia Hotel. And for this reason he was anxious to start and to finish that day's sitting as early as possible, so as to be able to call before six o'clock on his red-haired Clara Vasilyevna, with whom he had entered into a love affair in the country house the summer before.

Entering his private chamber, he bolted the door, and from the lower shelf of the document safe he withdrew a pair of dumb-bells. After swinging them twenty times upward, forward, sideways and downward, he lightly squatted three times in succession, still holding the dumb-bells over his head.

"Nothing keeps a man so well in trim as exercise and a shower", he thought, feeling the swelling biceps of his right arm with his left hand, the ring finger of which was adorned by a band of gold. He still had to go through a set of exercises involving two windmill motions (which he always practised before a lengthy sitting) when the door was shaken. Someone was trying to open it. The president immediately laid aside his dumb-bells and opened the door.

"Pardon me", he said.

One of the associate justices entered the room. He

wore goldrimmed spectacles, was short of stature, his shoulders were raised and he frowned.

"Matvey Nikitich is absent again", said the member with a show of annoyance.

"He hasn't arrived yet", replied the president putting on his official uniform. "He is always late."

"It's a wonder to me he is not ashamed of himself", said the associate sitting down angrily and reaching for his cigarettes.

This member of the court was a man of very methodical habits. Earlier in the morning he had had an unpleasant encounter with his wife, provoked by the fact that she had spent her month's allowance ahead of the appointed time. She begged him to advance her some money, but he said that he could not depart from his rules. A scene followed. His wife said that if such was the case there would be no dinner that evening, that he should not expect to eat at home. Thereupon he left the house with the foreboding that she would carry out her threat, for anything could be expected of that woman.

"There is the sense of living a good moral life for you", he thought watching the glowing and healthy figure of the good-natured and cheery president, who spreading out his elbows was passing his well kept white hands through his thick long greying sideboards and adjusting them symmetrically on each side of the embroidered collar of his uniform. "He is always cheerful and contented, while I suffer."

The court secretary entered with some papers.

"Thank you very much", said the president lighting a cigarette. "What case shall we take up first?"

"I fancy the poisoning case", said the secretary with a show of indifference.

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"Very well, then, let it be the poisoning case", said the president deciding that it was an action that could be disposed of by four o'clock, permitting him to leave. "And Matvey Nikitich hasn't arrived yet?"

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"Not yet, sir."

"And is Brevet here?"

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

"Then if you see him, tell him, we shall commence with the poisoning case."

Brevet was the assistant prosecutor who was to prosecute at the present sitting.

Passing into the corridor, the secretary met Brevet. With his shoulders raised high, his uniform unbuttoned, with his portfolio under one arm, he was striding briskly along the corridor, almost on the run, swinging his free arm in such a manner that the palm of his hand was at right angles with the direction in which he proceeded.

"Mikhail Petrovitch wished to know whether you are ready", the secretary informed him.

"Of course I am ready, I'm always ready", replied the assistant prosecutor. "Which case comes up first?" "The poisoning case."

"Fine", said the assistant prosecutor. But in reality he didn't think it fine at all; he had not slept a wink during the night. They had celebrated a farewell party in honor of a colleague, drinking copiously and playing cards until two o'clock in the morning, and then they went to see the women in the very house where Maslova had been an inmate six months before, so that he had had no time to read up on the poisoning case, and was anxious to glance over it now. But the secretary, being very vell aware of the fact that he had not read the case, purposely had suggested to the president to take it up first. The secretary was a man of a liberal, even of

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a radical trend of mind. But Brevet was a conservative, and like all Germans in the Russian government service was particularly devoted to the orthodox religion, and the secretary disliked him and envied his position.

"And how about the Skoptzi?"\*) asked the secretary.

"I told you I couldn't prosecute this case", said the assistant prosecutor, "in the absence of witnesses, and I shall so inform the court."

"But all the same.."

"I can't", replied the assistant prosecutor and swinging his hand as before he ran into his room.

He postponed the Skoptzi case on the pretext of the absence of an altogether non-essential and superfluous witness, simply because in a court with an intelligent jury they might be acquitted. But by his agreement with the president the case was transferred for hearing to a court in the country, where there would be more peasants on the jury, increasing the chances of a verdict of guilty.

The bustling activity in the corridors was growing in intensity. Most of the people crowded about the hall of the civil section where the case was being heard which had been described by the impressive looking juror, who just gloated over litigation. During a recess, cut of the court room emerged that same old lady whose property the genius of a lawyer had succeeded in diverting from her in favor of the shyster who had no right to it whatsoever. This was well known to the judges, and even better to the plaintiff and to his attorney, but the tactics employed by him were such that there was nothing left to do but take the property from

<sup>\*)</sup> A Russian sect of dissenters who multilate themselves in order to avoid sexual sins.—Translator's note.

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the old lady and to turn it over to the shyster. The old lady was a stout person, decked out in her Sunday best and wearing a nat with immense flowers. As she came out through the door, she stopped in the corridor and extending her short plump arms she kept repeating to her lawyer: "How is this? Pray, tell me. How is this?" The lawyer looked at the flowers in her hat, without listening to her, and evidently was thinking of something else.

Back of the old lady, from the door of the civil section court room, with a brilliantly white shirt bosom exposed by a wide opened vest, his face aglow with self-content, now came out the celebrated lawyer himself, who had managed it so that the old lady with the flowers was left with nothing, but the trickster who had paid him ten thousand roubles received a property worth more than a hundred thousand roubles. All eyes were turned in the direction of the lawyer, and he was aware of the fact; his whole appearance seemed to say: "Pray, dispense with homage", and he rapidly passed on his way.

# Ý VII.

Finally Matvey Nikitich arrived in person, and the court marshal, a lean, long-necked man who walked slantingly and had a protruding lower lip which was also aslant, entered the jury room.

This marshal was an honest fellow, with a college education, but he could never keep a place because he drank to excess. Three months before, a countess who had befriended his wife, secured this position for him, and having held it that long he felt very happy.

"Well, gentlemen, are you all here?", he said put-

e others

ting on his eye glasses and looking over them.

"So it would seem", replied the jovial merchant.

"Well, we'll call the roll", said the marshal, and taking a list from his pocket, he commenced to call out the names eyeing those called now through, now over his eye glasses.

"State Councillor I. M. Nikiforov."

"My name", responded the impressive looking gentleman who knew so much about legal affairs.

"Colonel Ivan Semenovitch Ivanov, retired."

"Present", answered the lean man in the uniform of a retired officer.

"Peter Baklashov, second guild merchant."

"That's me", said the goodnatured merchant with a broad grin. "Ready."

"Lieutenant of the Guard Prince Dmitri Nekhliu-dov."

"Here", replied Nekhliudov.

The marshal glancing up over his eye glasses, with a particularly deferential and agreeable air, bowed, as though drawing thereby a line of demarcation between him and the others.

"Captain Yuri Dmitrievitch Danchenko, merchant Grigori Efimovitch Kuleshov, etc., etc."

All but two on the list were present.

"Now, gentlemen, please pass into the court room", said the marshal, pointing to the door with an inviting gesture.

Everybody started and yielding precedence to one another at the door, they passed into the corridor and from the corridor entered into the court room.

The court room was a spacious and lengthy hall. One end of it was occupied by a platform which was reached by three steps. In the center of the platform



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stood a table covered with a green cloth with a fringe of a darker green. Behind the table stood three chairs with very high carved backs of oak, and behind the chair hung in a frame of gold a bright-colored life size portrait of the emperor in a general's uniform with a sash, with one imperial leg stretched forward, and with his hand on the hilt of his sword. In the right hand corner hung a shrine with the image of Christ wearing a crown of thorns; here also stood a pulpit, on the right hand side was likewise the prosecutor's desk. On the left, facing the desk was the secretary's table in the rear, and closer to the public a carved oaken screen, and back of that the defendants' bench, which was still unoccupied. On the right, on a dais, stood two rows of chairs also with high backs for jurors, and below them were the attorneys' tables. All this was in the front part of the room which was divided by the screen in two sections. But the rear portion of the room was taken up entirely by benches, which rising one behind the other reached up to the rear wall. In the rear part of the room, on front benches, sat four women having the appearance of factory workers or chambermaids, and two men also of the working class; they were evidently awed by the splendor of the room and therefore timidly exchanged whispered remarks.

Close in the wake of the jurors came the marshal with his slanting gait, and proceeding to the center of the room he exclaimed with a loud voice as though intending to terrify those present:

"The Court! The Court!"

Everybody rose, and the justices wended their way to the platform. First the presiding justice, muscular and with his wonderful sideboards. He was followed by that morose associate member of the court with gold-



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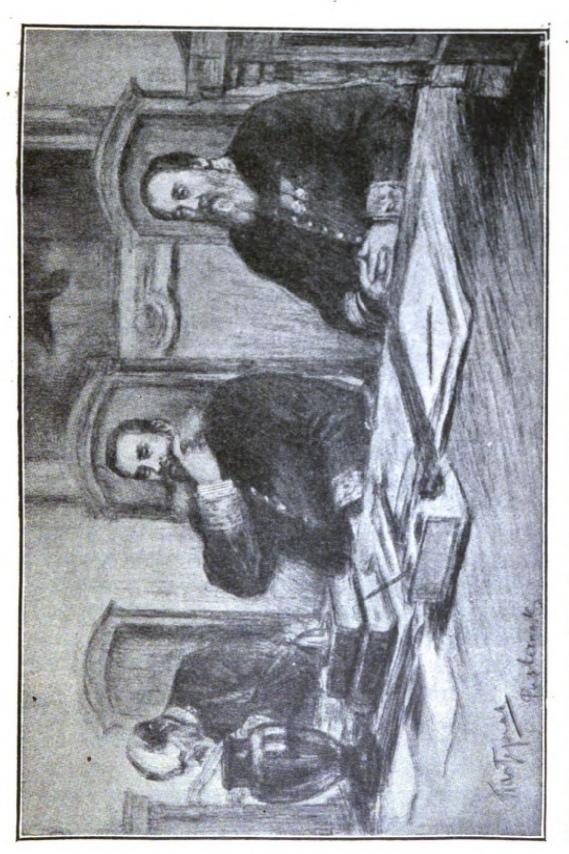
rimmed glasses, who was now still more morose because just before the opening of the court, his brother-in-law, an aspirant for a judgeship, called on him and brought him the sad news that he had been to see his sister and that she had declared that there would be no dinner that evening.

"That means we go to a gin-mill", said the brother-in-law laughing.

"Nothing to laugh at", said the morose member of the court settling into a state of deeper gloom.

And lastly came the third member of the court, that same Matvey Nikitich who was always late. This associate justice was a bearded man, with large, drooping, kindly eyes. He was a sufferer from a catarrh of the stomach, and that morning, by his doctor's orders, he had begun a new regimen which delayed him at the house a little longer than usual. Now as he advanced upon the platform he bore a pre-occupied look, having formed the habit of solving any problems that confronted him by puzzles. Thus he made the guess that if the number of steps from the door to his chair were divisible by three, without fractions, his new regimen would cure his catarrh, otherwise it wold not. There were twenty six steps, but he took an extra little step, and with exactly the twenty-seventh reached his seat.

The procession of the presiding justice and his associates as they ascended the platform in their uniforms with gold-embroidered collars was very impressive. They were conscious of it themselves, and all three, as though embarrassed by their grandeur, hurriedly and lowering modestly their eyes sat down upon their carved chairs behind the table which was covered with green cloth and supported the following articles: a symbolic crystal triangle surmounted by an eagle; a glass



"The figures of the Presiding Justice and the two Associates were very impressive." Page 50

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jar such as are found on household sideboards as receptacles for bonbons; an inkstand with pens, clean paper and freshly sharpened pencils of various sizes. Together with the justices also the assistant prosecutor came into the court room. Again hurriedly, with his portfolio under one arm and swinging his free arm as before, he proceeded to his place by the window and was immediately absorbed in reading and glancing through documents, utilizing every minute in order to prepare himself for the case. He prosecuted for the fourth time in his life. He was very ambitious and therefore considered it necessary to secure a conviction in every case he prosecuted. He knew the main outline of the poisoning case and had already prepared a rough draft of his speech, but he required some additional data and these he hurriedly copied out of his brief.

The secretary sat on the opposite end of the platform and having arranged all the documents that he might be called upon to read, he was scanning a magazine article that had been prohibited by the censorship and which he had managed to procure and to read the day before. He was anxious to discuss this article with the bearded member of the court who shared his liberal views, and before discussing it wished to familiarize himself with it.

# VIII.

The presiding justice looked through the papers, put some questions to the marshal and to the secretary, and having received affirmative replies, gave orders to bring in the accused. The door behind the screen was instantly opened, admitting two gendarmes in uniform and caps and with bared swords in their right hand, and



yes , and upon the defendants in front of him .

behind them came the male defendant, a red-haired man with freckles, followed by the two women. The man wore a prisoner's cloak which was much too wide and too long for him. As he entered the court room, he tightly pressed his hands against the seam of his trousers, the clumsy fingers spread out, and thus held back the sleeves that were too long for him. Without glancing at the justices or the audience he kept a watchful eye on the prisoners' bench as he made his way around it. Having gone around it, he sat down cautiously, on the very edge of the seat, leaving room for the others, and fixing his gaze upon the presiding justice, commenced to move the muscles of his cheeks as though mumbling something. After him came a young woman also wearing a prison robe. Her head was covered by a regulation prisoner's head-dress, her face was greyishwhite, bare of eyebrows or lashes, but her eyes were red-rimmed. The woman seemed to be perfectly calm. As she made her way to her seat, her robe caught in something, and she released it carefully and deliberately and took her seat.

The third accused was Maslova.

The instant she entered, the eyes of all the men in the room were turned in her direction and for a long time remained fixed upon her white face, with the black and flashing eyes, and upon the swelling bosom that heaved underneath the prison robe. Even the gendarme whom she had to pass watched her without taking his eyes off her, while she made her way to the defendants' bench and was taking her seat, but when she was seated he guiltily caught himself, hurriedly turned away, and pulling himself together, riveted his eyes upon the window in front of him.

The presiding justice waited until all the accused

the side of

had occupied their seats, and as soon as Maslova had seated herself, he turned to the secretary.

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Then commenced the usual procedure: the roll-call of the jurors, inquiries about those absent, the imposition of fines upon the latter, the hearing of those who came forward begging to be excused, and the substitution of alternates for the absent. Then the presiding justice folded the slips, put them into the glass jar; he rolled back the embroidered sleeves of his uniform, baring his very hairy arms, and with the motions of a trick magican took the slips out one by one, and unrolling them read off the names. Then the presiding justice let down his sleeves again and invited the priest to administer the oath to the jurors.

The priest, an elderly man, with puffed up paleyellow features, dressed in a brown cassock with a golden cross over his chest and also with some minor decoration pinned to the side of his cassock, slowly moving his swollen legs beneath the cassock, approached the pulpit which stood under the holy image.

The jurors arose and advanced to the pulpit in a body.

"This way, please", said the priest, fingering the cross on his chest with his puffy hand, and waiting for all the jurors to come up closer.

This priest had been in orders for a period of forty six years, and was preparing to celebrate his semi-centennary three years later, following the example of the dean of the cathedral who had celebrated his not long since. He had officiated in the circuit court since its institution, and was very proud of having administered the oath to tens of thousands and of continuing his labors in spite of his advanced years for the good of the church, the state and his family, which in addition to



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a house was due to inherit from him a capital of thirty thousand roubles invested in high class interest bearing securities. But the fact that his labor in the court, which consisted of inducing people to swear oaths over a volume of the gospels, in which the swearing of an oath was expressly interdicted, could not be termed a good work, never entered his mind, and this accustomed occupation not only failed to weary him, but he even loved it, particularly as it gave him an opportunity of forming many acquaintances with high grade people. On the present occasion, for instance, it afforded him a certain pleasure to make the acquaintance of the celebrated lawyer who inspired him with much esteem having received a fee of ten thousand roubles merely for the case against the old lady who wore the hat with immense flowers.

When all the jurors had ascended the steps of the dais, the priest bending his bald grey head to one side wriggled it through the grease-stained neck of his surplice, and straightening out his thinned locks he addressed the jurors:

"Raise your right hands and fold your fingers in this manner", he said slowly in a senile voice, lifting his puffy hand with dimpled fingers, and folding them. \*) "Now repeat after me," he said, and began: "I promise and swear by God the Omnipotent, before His Holy Gospel and before the Life-giving Cross of the Lord, that in the proceedings which....' he said pausing after every sentence. "Please don't drop your hand, but hold

<sup>\*)</sup> The arrangement of the fingers in making the sign of the cross is very strictly prescribed in the Eastern Church, the thumb, the index and the third fingers being gathered into a pinch, the remaining fingers remaining closely pressed to the palm. This is supposed to be symbolic of the Trinity. A very bitter schism rent the Orthodox Church in Russia because of dissenters insisting on crossing themselves with two fingers only.—Translator's note.

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ie up like this", he addressed a young man who had dropped his hand,—" in proceedings which...'"

The impressive looking gentleman with sideboards, the merchant and others had folded their fingers as the priest had directed, and held their hands high up and very accurately, as though with a feeling of distinct pleasure, while others obeyed rather reluctantly and negligently. Some repeated the words very loudly, as though defiantly and with an expression that seemed to say 'I will speak up just for spite'; while others mumbled and failed to keep up with the priest, and then as though frightened attempted in vain to catch up with him; some with a challenging air held their fingers folded in a convulsive pinch, as though fearful of losing something out of their hand, while others now loosened their fingers, now put them together again. Everybody experienced a feeling of clumsiness, but the aged priest alone was firmly convinced that he was performing a useful and a significant act.

After the swearing-in, the presiding justice invited the jurors to choose a foreman. The jurors rose, and crowdingly passed into the consulting room, where all reached for their cigarettes and began to smoke. Someone suggested the impressive looking gentleman as a foreman, and everybody immediately assented, whereupon the cigarettes were thrown aside and put out, and all returned into the court room. The foreman-elect announced the result of the election to the presiding justice, and once more the jurors, stepping over one another's feet, resumed their seats in the two rows of high-backed chairs.

Everything passed off without a hitch and with some show of solemnity, and this orderliness, routine and solemnity evidently afforded pleasure to all the par-



er each

ticipants, confirming them in their consciousness of performing a vital and essential public duty. This same feeling was experienced also by Nekhliudov.

As soon as the jurors were seated, the presiding justice delivered an address informing them of their rights, obligations and responsibilities. While speaking to them, the presiding justice constantly changed his pose: he leaned now on his left, now on his right arm, now against the back of his chair, now upon the arm of it, now straightening out the edge of his papers, now stroking the paper cutter, now toying with his pencil.

According to his words their rights included putting questions to the accused through the presiding justice, the use of paper and pencils and the inspection of evidence. Their responsibilities involved penalties for violating the secrecy of their deliberations and for establishing communications with outsiders.

Everybody listened with respectful attention. The merchant, radiating the odor of liquor all around and restraining with difficulty a fit of noisy belching, nodded approval after each sentence.

### IX.

Having finished his peroration, the presiding justice turned to the accused.

"Simon Kartinkin, stand up!" he said.

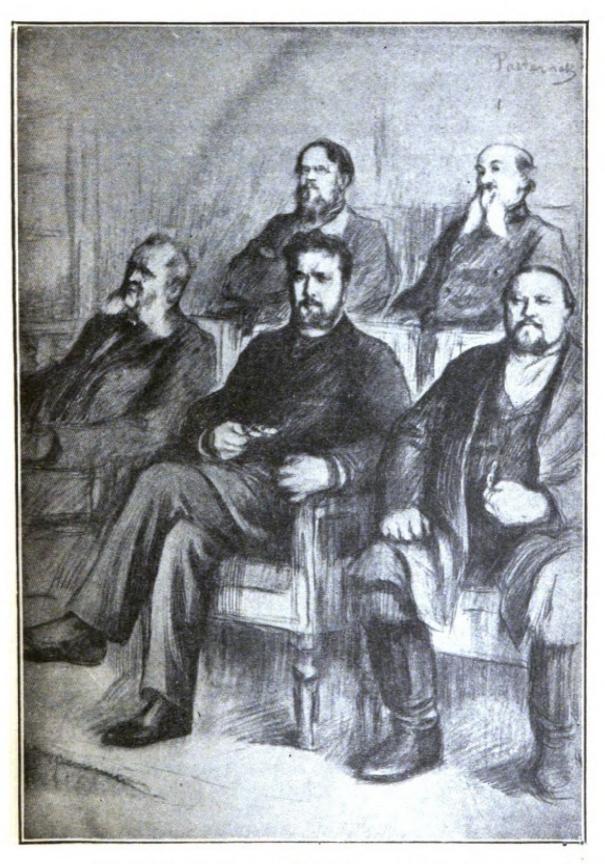
Simon leaped nervously to his feet, and the muscles of his cheeks quivered more rapidly.

"Your name?"

"Simon Petrov Kartinkin", he answered briskly with a cracking voice, evidently having forearmed himself for the question.

"Your state in life?"





"When the Jurors had taken their seats.." Page 58

"Peasant."

"What province and district?"

"Province of Tula, Krapivensky district, township of Kupiansk, village of Berki."

"Your age?"

"Thirty three, going on thirty four, born in eighteen hundred..."

"Your religion?"

"Russian religion, orthodox, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"Your occupation?"

"Occupation, sir, floor waiter in the 'Mauretania' Hotel."

"Have you ever been up for trial before?"

"Never convicted, sir, having lived..."

"Never up for trial before?"

"Never, God help us."

"Have you received a copy of the charges against you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sit down. Euphemia Ivanovna Botchkova", the presiding justice turned to the next accused.

But Simon remained standing, and stood in Botch-kova's way.

"Kartinkin, sit down."

Kartinkin kept on his feet.

"Kartinkin, sit down."

But Kartinkin persisted in his standing posture, and sat down only when the marshal had rushed to his side and bending his head to one side, with an unnatural stare, urged him in a stage whisper: "Sit down! Sit down!"

Kartinkin resumed his seat as rapidly as he had

ınatural stare

stood up, and closing the folds of his prison robe, recommenced his silent motions with his cheeks.

"Your name", the presiding justice addressed the second accused with a sigh of weariness, without looking at her and referring to something in the papers before him. The routine was so familiar to the justice that he could attend to two things at once.

Botchkova was forty three years old, her state in life a commoner\*) from Kolomna, her occupation floor

The Russian people were also classified by occupations in life—agriculture, trades, commerce, professions, priesthood, civil and military government service, and land-ownership. The lower ranks of agriculture were recruited principally from the peasant class; trades and crafts from peasants and the poorer commoners; in commerce there was a special sub-division, forming a very interesting social class, the "koopetz," which is literally translated as "merchant," a word which does not begin to convey to an Anglo-Saxon reader even a portion of what it signifies in Russia. The "koopetz" had three grades, known as guilds, based on the annual turnover and the tax paid to the State.

The third, the lowest guild, was formed by the general run of better shop keepers, the second represented the more pretentious shop keepers and business men, and the first included either very wealthy traders of every description or particularly Jewish business people, who sometimes paid the highest tax because of certain privileges, such as residence in restricted sections which the membership in the first guild carried with it. But the genuine Russian "koopetz" formed a class of his own, generally lacking in more than the lowest common school education, intermarrying with other families in his class, and if wealthy, leading a notoriously dissolute life, being the chief patron of expensive amusement resorts, and sometimes indulging, while under the influence of liquor, in the most harebrake

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<sup>\*)</sup> Under the bureaucratic regime of pre-revolutionary Russia, every person in the Empire belonged to a certain well-defined state in life, and was listed in some particular political sub-division of the country where his or her passport was issued. The lowest of this states was that of peasant, generally listed as belonging to a certain village, of a certain township, of a certain district, in a certain province. The peasant could not leave his village without a special permit, and was forced to return to the original village at intervals in person. The next state in the social scale was that of "mestchanin," of which the feminine form is "mestchanka," to which belonged all the middle classes, chiefly town residents. The nearest term corresponding to it in the English language is "commoner." Rising in the social scale, the next estate is that of nobility, with its various sub-divisions reaching up to the Imperial family.

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maid in the same "Mauretania" Hotel. No previous convictions or indictments. She also had received a copy of the charges. Botchkova snapped out her replies with exceeding boldness and with such a tone as though she meant to indicate: "Yes, that's me, Euphemia, and Botchkova too, and I received the copy ail right, and I'm proud of it, and I'm proud of it, and you just dare to make fun of me." Botchkova, without waiting for the permission to sit down, resumed her seat as soon as she had answered all questions.

"Your name", the presiding justice, who was a ladies' man, addressed the third defendant with a particularly cordial inflection. "You must stand up, you know", he added gently and pleasantly, when he observed that Maslova had remained seated.

Maslova rose with an abrupt motion, and with an expression of readiness extended her swelling bosom. Without uttering a word in reply, she regarded the presiding justice with her smiling and slightly squinting black eyes.

"What's your name?"

"Lyubov \*)," she snapped.

ed escapades, something in the fashion of a lucky Alaska miner who lets himself go in the White Light district of a big city.

The clergy formed a social class of its own, being considered government servants. The widely ramified bureaucracy comprising all of government employees was another class. Even teachers and professors belonged to it, each, in addition to his occupation, holding also a certain status in the bureaucratic scale, being entitled to a certain uniform. These distinctions in rank were closely proportioned to and corresponded with certain military ranks, to provide for a finely arranged scale of precedence.

The nobility was either hereditary or personal. The holding of an officer's rank in the army and in the navy, and of a certain rank in the civil service conferred a personal nobility status upon a commoner who had happened to attain the rank by merit.—Translator's note.

\*) "Love"—a professional name adopted by Maslova, as is customary in the Russian underworld.—Translator's note.

#### RESURRECTION

Nekhliudov, in the meantime, had put on his eyeglasses and watched the accused one by one as they were being interrogated. "Why, it cannot be possible," he mused, unable to take his eyes off the defendant. "But Lyubov—how can that be?" he meditated when she made the reply.

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The presiding justice was about to put another question, when the associate with the eye-glasses interrupted him, whispering angrily. The presiding justice nodded in approval and addressed the accused again.

"Lyubov? How is that?" he said. "You have a different name in the documents." The defendant remained silent.

"What is your real name, I ask."

"How were you christened", broke in the angry associate.

"Formerly they called me Katerina."

"Why it cannot be", Nekhliudov continued musing, and yet there was no longer any doubt that this was she herself, the same little girl, half ward, half ladies' maid, with whom he had once upon a time been in love, yes, that's it, in love, and whom later in some fit of madness he seduced and abandoned, and whom he had cast out of his memory, because the remembrance was too painful, because it was too obviously convicting, because it demonstrated that he who was so proud of his proprieties had treated this woman not only improperly, but like a common blackguard.

Yes, it was she. He now clearly recognized that exclusive and mysterious individuality which distinguishes each person from another, which makes the person stand out as something peculiar, unique and inimitable. In spite of the unnatural pallor and ful-

ness of her face, this individuality, this endearing and unique individuality still clung about that face, those lips, those slightly squinting eyes, and above all about that ingenuous smiling glance and that expression of willingness not only in her features but in her entire posture.

"You should have said so in the first place," the presiding justice continued in the same gentle tone. "And after your father?" \*)

"I'm an illegitimate child."

"What were you called by your god-father's name then?"

"Mikhailovna."

"What could she have done?" wondered in the meanwhile Nekhliudov breathing with difficulty.

"Your surname, your last name?" continued the presiding justice.

"I was registered by my mother's name-Maslova."

"Your state in life?"

"Commoner."

"Orthodox by religion?"

"Orthodox."

"Your occupation? What was your occupation?"

Maslova remained silent.

"What was your occupation?" continued the presiding justice.

"I was in a house," she said.

"What sort of a house?" insisted with asperity the associate who wore eye glasses.

"Ah, you know the sort yourself", said Maslova,

<sup>\*)</sup> In the case of children whose father is unknown, the patronymic name is supplied by the sponsor at baptism.—Translator's note.

smiling, and instantly, veering around abruptly, she again stared straight at the presiding justice.

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There was something so out of the ordinary in the expression of her face, something so horrifying and pitiful in the meaning of the words she uttered, in this smile and in the swift glance with which she measured the audience as she turned around, that the presiding justice dropped his eyes, and perfect stillness reigned in the court room for a moment. The stillness was interrupted by the laughter of someone in the audience. "Sh-sh-sh"—came from elsewhere in reproof. The presiding justice raised his head and went on with his interrogation.

"Never tried or held for a hearing before?"

"No, sir", replied Maslova in a low voice, heaving a sigh.

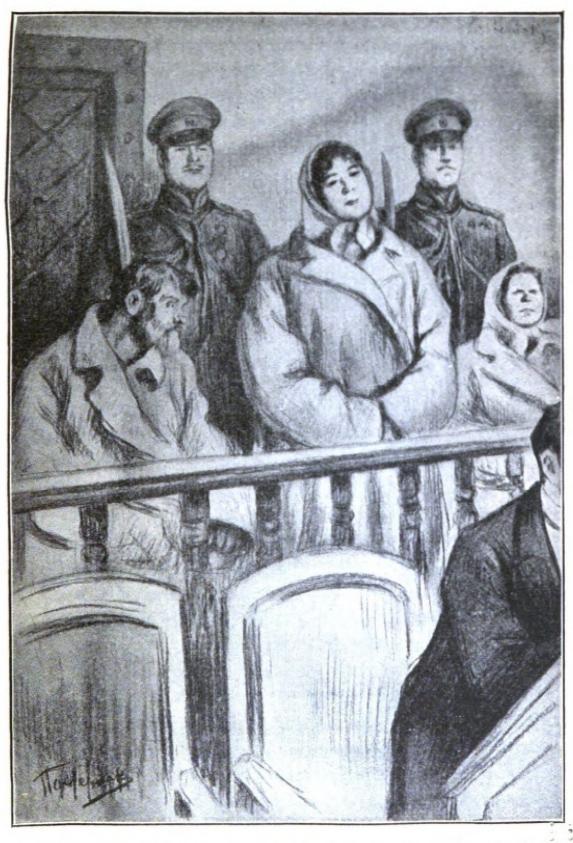
"Did you receive a copy of the charges?"

"Yes. sir."

"Sit down."

The accused raised her skirt in the back with the motion with which well dressed ladies adjust their train, and sat down, folding her small white hands in the sleeves of her robe, never taking her eyes off the presiding justice.

Next was called the roll of the witnesses, whereupon they were led out again; a medical expert was agreed upon and was invited into the cour room. Then the secretary arose and began to read the charges. He read in a loud and distinct voice, but so hurriedly, that his voice with its imperfect prenunciation of "r" and "l" sounds fused into one continuous somnolent drone. The justices leaned now on one, now on the other arm of the chair, now forward on the table, now back in the chair, now shut their eyes, now opened them, and



"What is your occupation?" repeated the Presiding Justice.

Masleva did not reply. Page 65

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interchanged whispers. One gendarme restrained several times an incipient convulsive yawn.

Of the accused, the man Kartinkin incessantly moved his cheeks. Botchkova sat erect and quiet, and from time to time scratched her head under the head-dress with her finger.

Maslova now sat unmoved, listening to the reading and watching the secretary closely, now shuddered and seemed to want to contradict something, then blushed and with a heavy sigh changed the position of her hands, looked about and once more fixed her gaze upon the reader.

Nekhliudov sat in the front row, on his high chair, second from the aisle, and without taking off his eye glasses stared at Maslova, while in his soul was going on an involved and agonizing process.

## **X**. •

And this was the case for the prosecution: On the seventeenth day of January, 188-, the police received word from the proprietor of the local Hotel "Mauretania" that one of his guests, Ferapont Smelkev, a merchant of the second guild from Siberia, had suddenly died during the night in his hostelry. According to the certificate of the medical officer of the fourth precinct, Smelkov's death had been caused by heart failure, superinduced by excessive indulgence in spirituous liquors, and Smelkov's body was interred three days later. But on the fourth day after Smelkov's death, there arrived from St. Petersburg the deceased's townsman and traveling companion, a Siberian merchant named Timokhin, who having learned of his friend's death and of the circumstances under which he died,



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reported to the police that he suspected that Smelkov had not died a natural death, but had been poisoned by criminals who had purloined his (Smelkov's) property, consisting of funds and a diamond ring, which were missing from the inventory. An inquest was ordered accordingly, which established the following facts:

First, the proprietor of the Hotel "Mauretania" and an employee of the merchant Starikov, with whom Smelkov had dealings on his arrival in the city, confirmed that Smelkov had been in possession of funds amounting to thirty-eight hundred roubles which he had drawn from the bank, whereas in his suit case and pocketbook which had been sealed up on his death, only the sum of three hundred twelve roubles and twelve kopeks was found.

Second, that Smelkov had passed the entire day and night which preceded his death in the company of the prostitute Lyubka\*) who had been twice in his room.

Third, that this prostitute sold to the mistress of her establishment a diamond ring that had been the property of Smelkov.

Fourth, that the floor maid Euphemia Botchkova, the day following Smelkov's death, opened an account current in the Bank of Commerce with a deposit of eighteen hundred roubles.

Fifth, that in accordance with the deposition of the prostitute Lyubka, the floor waiter Simon Kartinkin had supplied the said prostitute Lyubka with a powder, urging her to mix the said powder in liquor and to offer it to the merchant Smelkov, which the aforesaid prostitute Lyubka, according her own confession, ac-

<sup>\*)</sup> A vulgar and contemptuous corruption of "Lyubov" (Love), Maslova's professional name.—Translator's note.

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known as Lyubka, who was examined on being charged with the crime, testified that when Smelkov called at the house of ill-fame in which she was working, as she termed it, he indeed sent her to his room in the "Mauretania" Hotel in order to fetch some money from his suit case, that she opened the suit case with a key given her by the deceased himself, that she withdrew from it the sum of forty roubles as she had been instructed to do, but took nothing else, as Simon Kartinkin and Euphemia Botchkova could testify, in whose presence she opened the suit case and locked it again, having withdrawn the money.

But with regard to the poisoning of Smelkov, the prostitute Lyubov testified that on her third visit to the merchant Smelkov's room at the hotel, she actually did—at the instigation of Simon Kartinkin—give the deceased some powder which she herself believed to be a sleeping powder, mixing it with his brandy, with the intention of putting him to sleep, so that he might let her go sooner, but that she took no money whatever, and as for the ring, Smelkov had made her a present of that after he had struck her and she threatened to leave him.

The accused Euphemia Botchkova and Simon Kartinkin on examination testified as follows: Euphemia Botchkova claimed that she knew nothing of the missing money, and that she never even entered the room of the deceased merchant, and that Lyubka had the room all to herself. And if anything was taken, the theft must have been committed by Lyubka when she came with the key to the suit case to fetch the money to the merchant.

At this point in the reading Maslova shuddered, cpened her mouth and looked back at Botchkova.



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Confronted with her passbook which showed a deposit of eighteen hundred roubles—the secretary continued—and asked to account for the origin of this sum of money, she testified that this sum represented twelve years' savings, her own and Simon's, who was her intended husband.

At the preliminary hearing, when formally charged with the crime, Simon Kartinkin first testified and confessed that at the instigation of Maslova who had come from the house of ill-fame with a key, he together with Botchkova had stolen the money and divided it, sharing it with Maslova and Botchkova, he also confessed that he had given Maslova powders to put the merchant to sleep; but in his subsequent deposition he denied having participated in the theft of money or in giving powders to the Maslova woman. With regard to the Botchkova deposit, he now testified the same as she that this money had been earned by both of them in eighteen years' service in the hotel, principally from tips given them by the guests.

In order to clear up the circumstances attending the case, it was found necessary to perform an autopsy on the body of the merchant Smelkov and it was ordered exhumed, and an examination was made into the condition of his inner organs and any changes that might have taken place. The autopsy demonstrated that the death of the merchant Smelkov had been due to poisoning. The indictment further recited the cross-examination and the depositions of the witnesses. The indictment concluded as follows:

Second guild merchant Smelkov, addicted to drunkenness and vice, entered ito relations with a prostitute who went by the name of Lyubka, in the house of illfame maintained by the Kitayeva woman, and forming

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a special attachment for her, sent Lyubka, on the seventeenth day of January 188-, while he was in Kitayeva's house, with a key to his suit case which was in the room occupied by him in the hotel, instructing her to fetch from the suit case a certain amount of money which he needed to pay for entertainment, to-wit forty On arriving in the room, Katerina Maslova, conspired with Botchkova and Kartinkin to seize all the money and the valuables of the merchant Smelkov and to divide them among themselves, and this was duly accomplished (again Maslova appeared startled and almost jumped to her feet and flushed furiously), under which arrangement Maslova received the diamond ring — continued the secretary — and a small sum of money, which she either concealed somewhere or spent, as Maslova that night was not sober. In order to hide the traces of the crime the conspirators decided to entice Smelkov once more into his room and there to poison him by means of arsenic which Kartinkin had in his possession. With this aim in view Maslova returned to the house of ill-fame and there persuaded the merchant Smelkov to go back with her to his room in the hotel "Mauretania." When Smelkov returned, Maslova having meanwhile received the powders from Kartinkin, mixed same with liquor and gave Smelkov to drink, thereby causing Smelkov's death.

In view of the aforementioned facts, Simon Kartinkin, 33 years old, peasant of the village of Borki, Euphemia Ivanovna Botchkova, commoner, 43 years old, and Katerina Michailovna Maslova, commoner, 27 years old, are accused of having committed the larceny of money in the sum of two thousand roubles, the property of merchant Smelkov, on the seventeenth day of January 188—, and of having conspired to take his life



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in order to cover up the traces of their crime, and administered poison to said merchant Smelkov, thereby causing his death.

Tips crime is provided for in paragraph 1455 of the Criminal Code. In pursuance thereof and on the basis of such and such a paragraph of the Code of Criminal procedure, Simon Kartinkin, Euphemia Botchkova and Katerina Maslova are held for trial before the circuit court, with the privilege of a jury.

Thus the secretary terminated the reading of the lengthy act of indictment, and folding his papers together, he resumed his seat adjusting his flowing locks with both hands. Everybody breathed in relief with the agreeable feeling that the examination would now begin, clearing up all points, and that justice would be done. Nekhliudov alone failed to share this feeling: he was engulfed by the horror of realizing the deeds committed by that same Maslova whom ten years before he had known as an innocent and a deligthful little girl.

## XI.

When the reading of the indictment was concluded, the presiding justice after a consultation with his associates, turned to Kartinkin with a mien which plainly averred that now everything would be cleared up for a certainty and in the most detailed manner.

"Peasant Simon Kartinkin," he commenced, leaning over to his left.

Simon Kartinkin rose to his feet, his hands hugging the seam of his trousers, and leaned forward with his whole body, still insisting on moving his cheeks without uttering a sound.

"You are charged with having, on January the seven-





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teenth, 188—, in company with Euphemia Botchkova and Katerina Maslova, committed larceny by taking from the suit case of merchant Smelkov currency belonging to him, and then of having brought a quantity of arsenic and of inducing Katerina Maslova to administer same to merchant Smelkov in liquor, thereby causing Smelkov's death. Do you admit your guilt?" he said and leaned over to the right.

"By no manner of means, sir, seeing as how we must wait upon our guests."

"You can tell us later about that. Do you admit your guilt?"

"By no manner of means. I only..."

"You can tell us later about that. Do you admit your guilt?" calmly but firmly repeated the presiding justice.

"I can't do it seeing as how..."

Again the marshal rushed to the side of Simon Kartinkin and silenced him in a stage whisper.

The presiding justice, as though to indicate that this point was now settled, shifted the elbow of the arm in which he held the paper from one spot to another and row addressed Euphemia Botchkova.

"Euphemia Botchkova, you are charged with having committed larceny on January seventeenth, 188—, in the Hotel 'Mauretania', in company with Simon Kartinkin and Katerina Maslova, by purloining from the suit case of merchant Smelkov a sum of money and a ring, and after dividing the stolen property with your accessories, of having administered, with intent of covering up the traces of your crime, a poisonous substance to merchant Smelkov, thereby causing his death. Do you admit your guilt?"

"Guilt-nothing," the accused retorted boldly and



positively. "I never even came in the room. And as for this baggage, she was in the room, and it's her that took it."

"You can say that later on," again said the presiding justice, gently but firmly. "Then you do not admit your guilt?"

"I took no money, I gave him no drink, I wasn't even the room. If I'd been there, I would have chased her out."

"Then you do not admit your guilt?"

"Never."

"Very well, then."

"Katerina Maslova," commenced the presiding justice turning now to the third accused. "This is the charge against you: having arrived from a house of illfame in a room of the hotel 'Mauretania,' with a key to the suit case of merchant Smelkov, you stole from that suit case money and a ring," he went on as though reciting a lesson learned by heart, inclining in the meanwhile his ear to the left, in order to listen to the associate justice who had just informed him that according to the list of material exhibits a glass bottle was missing from the evidence,—"money and a ring," repeated the presiding justice, "and having divided the proceeds of your larceny, you returned with merchant Smelkov to the Hotel 'Mauretania,' and administered to said Smelkov poison in liquor, thereby causing his death. Do you admit your guilt?"

"I'm guilty of nothing," she commenced rapidly: "just as I said from the first, so I say now. I took nothing, nothing, and the ring he gave me himself."

"You do not admit that you are guilty of having stolen twenty six hundred roubles in money?" said the presiding justice.

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"I tell you I took nothing, only the forty roubles."

"Well, then, do you admit that you are guilty of administering powders in liquor to merchant Smelkov?"

"This I admit. Only I thought, the way they told me, they were sleeping powders, no harm to them. I never expected, never meant any harm. I say before God I didn't mean it," she said.

"And so you do not admit that you are guilty of the larceny of merchant Smelkov's money and ring," said the presiding justice, "but you admit that you administered the powders?"

"As to that, you know, I admit that I thought they were only sleeping powders. I gave them to him just to make him go to sleep, I never wanted, never meant anything..."

"Fine," said the presiding justice, evidently pleased with the results attained. "Then tell us just what happened," he continued, leaning back in the chair, and spreading both hands on the table. "Tell us all about it. By a frank confession you may be able to improve your position."

Maslova remained silent still staring hard at the presiding justice.

"Tell us how it all happened."

"How it happened?" Maslova suddenly started off in a hurried voice. "I came to the hotel, they took me to the room, he was there, and quite drunk by that time." She pronounced the word "he" with a peculiar expression of horror, with eyes wide open. "I wanted to get back home, he wouldn't let me."

She stopped, as though losing the thread of her thoughts, or as though something else had come to her mind.

"Well, and then?"



"Why, what else? I stayed awhile and went home." At that moment the assistant prosecutor half rose to his feet and unnaturally leaned on one elbow.

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"Do you wish to ask a question?" inquired the presiding justice, and as the assistant prosecutor replied in the affirmative, he beckoned to him that he might proceed with the question.

"I should like to ask whether the accused had been previously acquainted with Simon Kartinkin," said the assistant prosecutor without looking at Maslova.

And having put the question, he tightened his lips with a frown.

The presiding justice repeated the question. Maslova stared at the prosecuting attorney in affright.

"With Simon? I was," she said.

"I should like to know wherein consisted this acquaintance of the accused with Kartinkin? Had they met frequently?"

"Our acquaintance? He asked me to call, no other acquaintance," replied Maslova worriedly shifting her gaze from the prosecutor to the presiding justice and back.

"I should like to know why Kartinkin asked exclusively Maslova to call and no other girls?" said the assistant prosecuting attorney, screwing up his eyes and with a slight smile of Mephistophelian cunning.

"I don't know. How should I know?" replied Maslova, looking about in a frightened way, and for a moment arresting her gaze upon Nekhliudov. "He had the right to ask whom he pleased."

"Could she have recognized me?" Nekhliudov thought in terror, feeling the blood rushing to his face. But Maslova failed to distinguish him from the rest and im-

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mediately turned away, looking now with the same frightened expression upon the assistant prosecutor.

"The accused then denies any intimate relations with Kartinkin? Very well. I have no other questions to ask."

And the assistant prosecutor removing his elbow from the table began to make notations. He was not making any real notes, but merely guided the pen over his brief, shading the outline of some letters; he had seen the prosecutor and other lawyers making notations after having put a clever question, inserting additional notes in their briefs with the aim of crushing the opposing party.

The presiding justice did not immediately turn to the accused, because at that time he was asking the associate justice with the spectacles if he approved certain interrogations that had already been decided upon and set down in writing.

"Well, and what next?" continued to ask the presiding justice.

"I came home," went on Maslova, looking now at the presiding justice with a somewhat bolder expression. "I gave the mistress the money and went to sleep. I had just closed my eyes, when Bertha, our girl, wakes me up. Come, your merchant is back again. I did not want to come out, but madam made me. He was there (again she uttered the word "he" with obvious dread), "he kept giving the girls drink, and wanted to send for more wine, but his money was all gone. Madam would not trust him. Then he sent me to his room in the hotel. And he told me where he kept the money and how much to take. So I went."

The presiding justice was engaged in a whispered conversation with the associate justice on his left and

had not heard her, but in order to show that he had heard her, he repeated her last words. they were

"So you went. Well, and what then?" he said.

"I got to the hotel and did what he told me. I went to the room. I did not go in alone, I called Simon Mikhailovitch here and her too," she said pointing to Botchkova.

"It's a lie, I never went in," commenced Botchkova, but she was promptly silenced.

"Before their eyes I took out four red bills," Maslova continued with a frown, without deigning to look at Botchkova.

"Well, and didn't the accused notice as she was taking out the forty roubles, how much money there was in he bag?" again inquired the prosecutor.

Maslova's frame quivered the moment the prosecutor addressed her. She did not know why and wherefore, but she felt that he meant her harm. "I did not count, but I saw that they were all hundreds."

"The accused noticed that there were notes of hundred rouble denomination in the bag,—I have nothing else to ask."

"Well, so you brought the money?" continued the presiding justice.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, and what then?" asked the president.

"And then he took me back with him," said Maslova.

"And how did you give him powders in liquor?" asked the presiding justice.

"How did I? Emptied them in the liquor and gave him."

"But why did you do that?"

Before answering she heaved a deep and heavy sigh. "He would not let me go," she said after a pause.

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"He wore me out. I step into the corridor and say to Simon Mikhailovitch: 'If he would only let me go. I'm so tired.' And Simon Mikhailovitch says: 'We've got our fill of him too. Let's give him some sleeping powders. He'll go to sleep, and you can go home then.' Says I 'All right'. I thought it was a harmless powder. He gave me a paper. I go in and he's lying down back of the partition. Right away he tells me to hand him the brandy. I took a bottle of cognac from the table, poured out two glasses, one for him and one for myself, and dropped the powder in his glass and gave it to him. Would I've done it if I had any idea?"

"Well, and how did you get possession of the ring?" inquired the presiding justice.

"He made me a present of the ring himself."

"When did he give it to you?"

"When we came to the room, I wanted to leave him, and he punched my head and broke my comb. I got mad and started to go. He took the ring off his finger and gave it to me so that I shouldn't go," she said.

Just then the associate prosecutor rose again halfway and with the same put-on ingenuousness asked to be allowed to put a few questions, and having received permission, bent his head forward on his gold embroidered collar and inquired:

"I should like to know how long the accused had remained in the room of merchant Smelkov."

Again Maslova's heart was gripped with terror, she shifted her glance worriedly from the assistant prosecutor to the presiding justice, and huriedly replied:

"I don't remember how long."

"And does the accused remember whether she stepped in elsewhere in the hotel after leaving the merchant Smelkov?"



Maslova thought a moment.

"I stepped into the vacant room next door."

"Why did you step in there?" asked the assistant prosecutor in his excess of zeal addressing the accused direct.

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"To get fixed up and to wait for the cab."

"And was Kartinkin there with the defendant or not?"

"He came in too."

"What did he come in for?"

"There was some of the merchant's cognac left over and we finished it up together."

"Finished it up together? Very good."

"And did the accused have any conversation with Simon, and if so, then what did they talk about?"

Maslova suddenly frowned, flushing furiously the while, and hurriedly answered: "What I talked about? I did not say a word. All what happened I told you. I don't know any more. Do what you like with me. I am not guilty, that's all."

"I have nothing else to ask," said the assistant prosecutor to the presiding justice, and shrugging his shoulders unnaturally, began to insert rapidly in the rough draft of his speech the confession of the accused herself that she had entered a vacant room with Simon.

Silence ensued.

"Have you anything else to say?"

"I have told all," she said and sat down with a sigh.

Then the presiding justice jotted down a notation on a paper, and after listening to a whispered remark by the associate justice on his left he announced a ten minute recess, and hurriedly rising left the court room.

The conference between the presiding justice and

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the associate on his left—the tall, bearded member of the court with big kindly eyes—was due to the information which the associate conveyed to him to the effect that his stomach was slightly out of order and that he was compelled to massage it and to take some drops. The presiding justice complied with his request and announced a recess.

In the wake of the judges, the jurors rose also, and after them the attorneys and the witnesses, and with the agreeable sensation of having accomplished a part of the important task, they wandered back and forth.

Nekhliudov passed into the jury room and sat down at the window.

Yes, this was Katyusha.

The story of Nekhliudov's relations with Katyusha was as follows:

### XII.

Nekhliudov saw Katyusha for the first time in the third year of his course in college when he passed a summer with his aunts, preparing his thesis on the ownership of land. Generally he spent his summers with his mother on her extensive estate near Moscow. But that year his sister was married, and his mother went abroad to take the waters. But Nekhliudov had to prepare a thesis and he decided to spend a summer with his aunts. Out there, in the backwoods, things were quiet and there was nothing to distract. The aunts tenderly loved their nephew and heir, and he loved them in turn for their old-fashioned ways and plain living.

That summer Nekhliudov experienced the state of exaltation which comes over a youth when for the first time in his life not by the direction of others, but of his own accord, he discovers all the beauty and the meaning of life, and all the significance of the task that is set be-



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fore man in life, when he sees the perspective of unlimited self-perfecting opening up before him and before the world, and when he yields to this striving not only with a hope, but even with a firm conviction of being able to attain that perfection which his imagination reveals to him. That year, while still in college, he had read Spencer's Social Statics, and Spencer's arguments regardig the ownership of land impressed him with particular force because his mother was owner of very extensive holdings. His father had not been wealthy, but his mother had a dowry of ten thousand dessyatins of land. Then for the first time he realized the full cruelty and injustice of private land ownership, and being one of those men to whom a sacrifice in the name of moral demands presents the highest form of spiritual joy, he decided not to make use of the right of owning land and immediately turned over to his peasants the land which he had inherited form his father. Upon this same theme he also based his thesis.

His life in the village that year ran like this: he rose very early, sometimes at three o'clock in the morning, and before sunrise, at times through the morning mists, he went swimming in the river at the foot of the hill, and returned home while the dew was still upon the grass and the flowers. Sometimes in the morning, after drinking his coffee, he settled down to work on his thesis or to study the materials for his work, but frequently, instead of reading or writing, he left the house to wander through field and forest. Before the midday meal he slept somewhere among trees, then while at table he amused his aunts and infected them with his good spirits, then he rode horseback or rowed and in the evening read again or sat with his aunts, playing solitaire. Ofttimes at night he could not sleep simply because he was over-

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whelmed by the superabundant joy of life, and instead of sleeping he strolled through the garden, alone with his thoughts and his dreams.

So happily and peacefully he passed the first month of his visit with the aunts, paying no attention to the half ward and half ladies' maid, the dark-eyed, fleet-tooted Katuysha.

At that time, Nekhliudov, brought up under his mother's sheltering wing, was a perfectly innocent youth at nineteen. He dreamed of woman as of a wife only. All the women whom he could not marry, according to his ideas, were to him merely people. But that particular summer it happened about Ascension tide that a lady who owned the adjoining estate came to visit his aunts and brought her family: two young ladies, a high school student and a young artist who had worked himself up from the ranks of the peasantry and was staying with them.

After tea they began to play tag upon the freshly cut lawn before the house. Katuysha was asked to join. Nekhliudov after changing sides several times had to run with Katuysha. He had always watched Katuysha with pleasure, but it never entered his mind that any kind of a peculiar relationship could be established between them.

"I'll never catch these two," said the merry artist who was "it" and who ran about swiftly on his powerful peasant legs, short and curved as they were.

"They might slip and fall."

"You're it, and you can't catch us."

"One, two, three."

They clapped their hands thrice. Hardly repressing her laughter, Katyusha swiftly changed places with Nekhliudov, and with her strong, rough little hand pressing his powerful hand, she started on a run to the left, rustling with her starched skirt.

lips.

Nekhliudov was a swift runner, and he did not wish to be bested by the artist, and so he ran with all his might. When he glanced back he saw the artist in pursuit of Katyusha, but she kept her own with him, making a lively use of her lithe young limbs, and she was disappearing on the left. Right before her was a clump of lilac bushes, back of which no players ran, but Katyusha glancing back at Nekhliudov winked to him to join her back of the bushes. He caught her meaning and ran behind the bushes. But here, back of the bushes, was a ditch that was masked with nettles and of whose existence he was not aware. He stumbled, fell into the ditch, burned his hand on the nettles, and soothing the sting with freshly fallen evening dew, he fell again, but immediately—with a laugh at his own expense righted himself and scrambled to a safe spot.

Katyusha smiling radiantly, her eyes as lustrously black as damp blackberries, flew to meet him. They met and clasped hands.

"You got stung, I think," she said adjusting her disheveled tresses with her free hand, breathing heavily and looking up to him with smiling up-turned eyes.

"I didn't know there was a ditch there," he said smiling in response and clasping her hand.

She came nearer, and not knowing himself how it happened he drew his face closer to hers; she did not turn away, he clasped her hand still more tightly and kissed her upon the lips.

"Well, what do you think of that!" she exclaimed, and tearing her hand from him with a swift jerk she ran away from him.



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Reaching the lilac bush, she plucked two twigs of white lilacs that were fast shedding their petals, and striking her burning cheeks with them, she glanced back in his direction, and swinging her arms before her she rejoined the players.

From that time the relations between Nekhliudov and Katyusha were changed, being replaced by those peculiar relations which subsist between an innocent youth and an innocent maiden who are mutually attracted.

Whenever Katyusha entered the room, or Nekhliudov even from a distance caught a glimpse of her white apron, all things seemed to be illumined by sunny radiance, all things gained in interest, joy and significance, and life itself gathered gladness. She had the same experience; the same effect was caused by the mere realization in his case that Katyusha existed, and in hers that there was a Nekhliudov.

Did Nekhliudov receive a disagreeable letter from his mother, did he strike a snag in his thesis, did he feel that causeless sadness of youth? He had merely to recall the fact that there was a Katyusha, that he would soon see her, and all his troubles were dissipated.

Katyusha had many things to attend to about the household, but she managed to do all things in time, and in her spare moments she took up reading, Nekhliudov getting for her the works of Dostoyevski and Turgenev, which he himself had just finished reading. She loved best of all Turgenev's "Quietude." They had to converse in snatches, while meeting in the corridor, on the balcony, in the yard and sometimes in the room of his aunt's old parlor maid Matrena Pavlovna, with whom Katyusha roomed, and whose apartment Ne-

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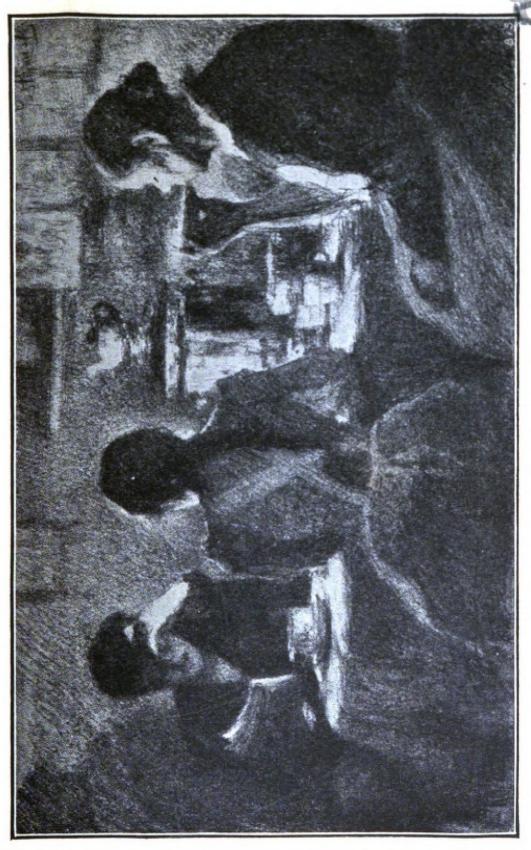
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## RESURRECTION

khliudov often sought out to drink tea "v prikooskoo"\*) And these conversations in the presence of Matrena Pavlovna were exceedingly enjoyable. It was more awkward to talk when they were alone. For their eyes commenced immediately to be saying other things, much more significant than they said with their mouth, and they puckered up their lips, separating in hasty confusion.

Such relations persisted between Nekhliudov and Katyusha all through his first stay with his aunts. The spinsters noticed the attachment and were much frightened; they even wrote about it to Nekhliudov's mother, Princess Elena Ivanovna, who was abroad. Aunt Maria Ivanovna feared that Dmitri might start an illicit love affair with Katyusha. But her fears were futile: without being himself aware of the fact, Nekhliudov loved Katyusha with the love of innocent persons, and his love was their chief protection from the fall. He not only lacked the desire of possessing her physically, but was even horrified by the mere thought of such a possibility. But the fear of the poetic spinster, Sophia Ivanovna, that Dmitri with his integrity and determination having learned to love the girl might not hesitate to marry her without paying any attention to her origin and position iu life,—this fear had a much better foundation. If Nekhliudov at that time had clearly realized his love to Katyusha, and particularly if any one had attempted to prove to him that he could not tie up his fortunes with the fate of this girl, it might

<sup>\*)</sup> This is a practice of Russian peasants (and a rather popular practice in the days of the sugar famine), the drinker holding a tiny piece of sugar in his mouth, permitting the tea to filter through it and thus to gather its sweetness "en route." An ordinary lump of sugar used so by an expert peasant tea drinker will sweeten over a dozen glasses of tea.—Translator's note.



"They chatted sometimes in the room of his aunt's old chambermaid, whose quarters Katyusha shared, and where Nekhliudov sometimes dropped in for a cup of tea." Page 87

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have easily happened that with his directness in all things he would have decided that there were no grounds why he should not marry her, no matter who she was, as long as he loved her.

But the aunts did not tell him of their fears, and so he departed without becoming clearly conscious of his love.

He was convinced that his affection for Katyusha was only one of the manifestations of those feelings of the joy of living which filled his entire being at the time and which he shared with this sweet and cheerful girl. But when he was ready to drive away and Katyusha standing on the porch with the aunts saw him off with her dark and tear-filled eyes that squinted just a trifle, he felt just the same that he was leaving behind something beautiful and precious which would never come back again. And he felt very sad.

"Good-bye, Katyusha, thank you for everything," he said over Sophia Ivanovna's cap, as he climbed into his rig.

"Good-bye, Dmitri Ivanovitch," she said with her pleasant and caressing voice, and holding back the tears that flooded her eyes, she ran into the hall where she could cry at will.

## XIII.

After that Nekhliudov did not see Katyusha for three years. And he saw her again only when having received his commission he stopped over at his aunts' on the way to join the troops, and now he was a very different man from the youth who had spent a summer with them three years back.

Then he had been an honorable, unselfish youth, ready to give himself up to any good work; now he was a corrupted and refined egotist who cared only for his own enjoyment. Then the world of God had seemed a



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mystery to solve which he strove with joy and solemnity, now all of life was simple and clear and determined by the conditions of the existence in which he found himself. Then he had felt the need of communing with nature and with those who had lived, thought and felt before-philosophers and poets; now he felt the need of human institutions and of consorting with comrades. Then woman had appeared a mysterious and a charming creature charming by her very mystery; now the meaning of woman, any woman outside of the immediate family and the wives of friends, was a very definite one. Then he had needed no money, he could have done with less than one third of what his mother gave him by way of an allowance, he could renounce the estate of his father and give it to the peasants; but now the allowance of fifteen hundred roubles per month did not suffice, and he had had some disagreeable interviews with her about money Then he had regarded the spiritual principle within as his true ego, but now he regarded his healthy, energetic animal self as his real ego.

And all this terrible change was brought about merely by his ceasing to believe himself and learning to believe others. And he ceased to believe himself and commenced to believe others, because living while believing himself he found too difficult. Believing himself, every question had to be decided generally not in favor of his animal ego that sought frivolous pleasures, but almost always against it; but believing others, there was nothing left to decide, all things had been decided, and the decision was almost always against the spiritual ego and in favor of the animal. Moreover, believing himself, he was always subjected to condemnation, but believing others, he received the approbation of the people around him.

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When Nekhliudov had been thinking, reading and talking about God, truth, riches and poverty, all the people around him considered these things to be out of place and somewhat ridiculous, and his mother and aunt called him with good-humored irony "notre cher philosophe;" but now when he read novels, told filthy stories, frequented the French Theater to see farcical comedies and cleverly related what he had seen, everybody praised him and encouraged him. When he formerly considered it needful to moderate his wants, wore an old overcoat and abstained from wine, everybody considered these things in the light of oddities or of an eccentric desire to show off, but when he now wasted large sums on the chase or upon the furnishing of an unusually luxurious study, everybody praised his taste and presented him with costly gifts. When he lived a life of chastity intending to remain in that state until his marriage, his relatives worried about his health, but his own mother felt rather pleased than annoyed when she learned that he had become a real man, winning some French woman away from a comrade. But as to the Katyusha episode, the mere thought that he could have married her, gave the princess-mother the creeps.

Similarly when Nekhliudov came of age, and surrendered to the peasants the little estate he had inherited from his father, regarding the ownership of land as unjust, this action of his horrified his mother and other relatives, and made him the constant butt of reproach and ridicule among his kith and kin. They never wearied of telling him that the peasants who received the land not culy failed to attain wealth but were pauperized, having opened three gin mills and given up working. But when

<sup>\*)</sup> Our dear philosopher.



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Nekhliudov joined the Guards and in the company of his aristocratic comrades squandered and gambled away so much money that Elena Ivanovna was compelled to tap her capital for funds, she felt almost no annoyance, considering it to be natural and even proper to be inoculated with this virus in the days of youth and in good society.

Nekhliudov held out at first, but it was a hard struggle, because all those things which believing himself he regarded as good were regarded by others as evil, and on the contrary all those things which believing himself he regarded as evil were thought good by all those around him. And the upshot of it was that Nekhliudov ceased to believe himself and began to believe others. And at first this self-apostasy was unpleasant, but this disagreeable feeling did not persist very long, and very soon Nekhliudov, having taken up smoking and drinking, ceased to experience this disagreeable sensation, and even found considerable relief.

And with all the force of his passionate nature Nekhliudov yielded himself up entirely to this new life that had the approval of everybody about him, and he succeeded in choking completely that voice within which called for something very different. This commenced after his removal to St. Petersburg, and was finally accomplished when he entered the army service.

Military service in general depraves people by placing those who take it up into a condition of utter idleness, in other words it deprives them of rational and useful employment and releases them from the bonds of the universal human obligations, in place of which it substitutes merely the conventional honor of the regiment, of the uniform, of the colors, and on the one hand an unlimited authority over other people, and on the other a slave-like obedience to superior officers.

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But if to this corruption of military service in general, with its honoring of the uniform and of the colors, with its sanction of violence and death, you add also the corruption of riches and of intimate intercourse with the reigning family, which is the usual thing in the sphere of certain exclusive Guard regiments, where only wealthy and high-born officers serve, then this corruption in the people who fall prey to it reaches a state of utter egotistic obsession. And in this state of egotistic obsession Nekhliudov abode from the moment that he entered the army and commenced to live in the same fashion as his fellow-officers.

He had nothing to do but to don a beautifully tailored uniform that had been brushed to spotless cleanness, not by himself (but by other people, a helmet and
arms—these, too, made,, polished and handed to him by
other people, to mount a fine-looking charger—again
broken in, trained and groomed by other people, and to
go to a drill or to a review with others like him, to gallop, to brandish his sword, to shoot and to instruct others
in the same arts. He had no other occupation, and yet
the highest people in the country,—young and old, the
Tsar and his courtiers, not only approved this occupation, but even praised and thanked him for engaging in
it.

Another thing that was considered good and essential was to squander money that seemed to come from invisible sources, to meet for the purpose of eating, and more particularly for the purpose of drinking, in officers' casinos or in the most expensive restaurants; then theaters, dances, women, and again horseback riding, brandishing of swords, galloping, and once more squandering of money and wine, cards and women.

Such a life depraves military men with especial

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throughness for the reason that if a civilian indulged in such a mode of living he could not help feeling ashamed in the depths of his heart, but military men imagine that this is as it should be, they boast and brag of such conduct, particularly in times of war, as was the case with Nekhliudov who joined the army after the declaration of the war against Turkey. "We are ready to sacrifice our lives in the war, and therefore such a care-free life is not only pardonable, but it is indispensable. And that is why we live in this fashion."

This is what Nekhliudov dimly felt in that period of his life; and through the whole of this period he was conscious of a delightful emancipation from all the moral barriers which he had once learned to rear up, and he remained unceasingly in a chronic state of egotistic obsession.

Such was his state of mind, when after a lapse of three years he visited his aunts again.

#### XIV.

Nckhliudev stopped off to see his aunts because their estate was en route to his regiment which had preceded him, also because they had urged him to do so, but principally because he longed to see Katyusha again. Perhaps in the depths of his heart an evil design against Katyusha had been already conceived under the promptings of the uncontrolled animal man within, but he was unaware of such a design, and merely longed to return again to the happy scenes of the past, to visit once more his somewnat laughable, but dear and goodnatured aunts, who had always unobtrusively surrounded him with an atmosphere of leve and admiration, and to see that sweet girl Katyusha of whom he had such agreeable memories.

He arrived towards the end of March, on Good Friday, when the thaw had set in making the roads

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impassable, in a blinding rain storm that drenched and chilled him to the skin, yet he was in good spirits and huoyant—as he usually felt during this period of his life. "Is she still with them, I wonder?" he mused as he drove into his aunts' familiar court-yard; it was an old style country gentleman's court yard, surrounded by a huge brick wall, and half buried in snow that had fallen from the roof.

He had hoped that she would run out on the porch in response to his ring, but only two barefoot peasant women with their skirts tucked up and carrying pails of water in their hands, evidently busy washing the floors, came out on the servants' porch. Nor was she to be seen on the front porch; only Tikhon, the butler, came out in an apron; he, too, was evidently busy cleaning up. Sophia Ivanovna in silk gown and cap came into the vestibule.

"So sweet of you to come," said Sophia Ivanovna kissing him. "Mashenka\*) is not feeling well, she was tired out in church. We received communion."

"Congratulations, aunt Sonya\*\*)," said Nekhliudov kissing Sophia Ivanovna's hands, "Pardon me, I have made you all wet."

"Go to your room. You're drenched to the skin. Why, you've got a mustache, I declare... Katyusha! Katyusha! Quick, get him some coffee."

"Right away!" echoed a familiar pleasant voice from the corridor. And Nekhliudov's heart gave a joyful jerk. "She's here." He felt a though the sun had burst through the clouds. Nekhliudov cheerfully followed Tikhon to his old room to change his clothes.

Nekhliudov meant to ask Tikhon about Katyusha,

<sup>\*)</sup> Pet name for Marie.—Translator's note.
\*\*) Pet name for Sophia.—Translator's note.

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how she was, how she was getting along, was she about to marry or not. But Tikhon was so deferential and withal so austere, and so obstinately insisted on pouring water out of the pitcher upon Nekhliudov's hands that Nekhliudov had not enough courage to ask him about Katyusha, but merely inquired about his grandchildren, about brother's old stallion and about the wach dog Polcan. Everybody, it seems, was well and happy, excepting Polcan who had gone mad the summer before.

He had taken off his rain-soacked clothing and commenced to put on dry clothes when he heard hurried steps in the corridor and a knock on the door. Nekhliudov recognized both the step and the knock. Only one walked and knocked like this.

He put on his damp overcoat and rushed to the door. "Come in!"

It was she, Katyusha. The same as ever, only sweeter than before. The same ingenuous, slightly squinting black eyes, with the trick of looking up and smiling. She wore a clean white apron as before. The aunts had sent with her a cake of scented soap fresh from the wrapper and two towels, one a large Russian towel, the other a rough bath towel. And the fresh cake of soap with the lettering all intact, and the towels and she herself—everything was equally pure, fresh, intact and pleasing. The sweet, firm ruby lips pursed as in olden days with irrepressible joy at sight of him.

"Welcome, Dmitri Ivanovitch," she said with difficulty, while her features glowed with a furious blush.

"How... how do you do?" he said, not knowing whether to use the intimate form of address—thou, or the more formal you, and blushed also.

"Still well and living?"

"Yes, praise be to God. Here, your auntie sent you



your favorite soap, it's rose," she said placing the soap on the table and the towels on the arms of a chair.

"He has his own," said Tikhon defending the independence of the visitor, and proudly pointing to Nekhliudov's large toilet bag which was open and disclosed an array of silver lids and a profuse collection of glass jars, brushes, creams, perfumes, and all sorts of toilet articles.

"Give auntie my thanks. Oh, but I'm so glad I came," said Nekhliudov, feeling that his soul was being filled with the old time radiance and tenderness.

She merely smiled in reply and went out.

While the aunts had always loved Nekhliudov, this time they received him more cordially even than usual. For Dmitri was on his way to the war where he might be wounded and even killed. This touched the aunts' hearts.

In planning his journey Nekhliudov figured on staying but one day with his aunts, but upon seeing Katyusha he agreed to spend Easter with them, which was only two days off, and he telegraphed his friend and comrade Shenbock, whom he was to have met in Odessa, inviting him to join at his aunts' instead.

From the first day that he saw her, Nekhliudov felt the old sentiment towards her. Still, as of old, he could not see Katyusha's white apron without a flutter of the heart, he could not hear her footsteps, her voice, her laughter and not be gladdened, he could not look into her eyes—dark as dew-damp blackberries, and not above her, particularly when she smiled, nor above all could he without confusion observe her flush to the roots of her hair whenever they chanced to meet.

He felt that he was in love, but not in the same way as of yore, when this love was to him a mystery and he

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had not dared to confess to himself that he loved, while he yet believed that it was possible to love but once in a lifetime. Now he was in love and knew it and was glad of it; and he dimly felt, though he hid it from himself, what this love consisted of and what could come out of it.

As with all people there dwelt in Nekhliudov two creatures: one, the spiritual man who sought only such blessings for himself as would be tlessings for others also, and the other, the animal man, who sought only his own good, and for the sake of that was ready to sacrifice the good of the whole world. In this period of his egotistic obsession, which was the result of his life in St. Petersburg and with the army, the animal man was predominant within him and had completely crushed the spiritual man. But when he saw Katyusha and experienced anew the feelings he once entertained for her, the spiritual man lifted up his head and commenced to reassert his rights, and in the course of those two days before Easter in the heart of Nekhliudov went on an incessant inner conflict, of which he was quite unconscious.

In the depths of his heart he knew that he ought to leave, and that there was no reason for his lingering in his aunts' house, that no good could come of it, but he felt so much joy and gladness that he did not say those other things to himself and he lingered.

Saturday night, of the eve of the glorious morn of Christ's Resurrection, the priest with the deacon and the sub-deacon, having barely managed, as they reported, to journey by sleigh over ruts and bare ground the distance of three versts which separated the church from the aunts' house, came to celebrate Midnight Mass.

Nekhliudov stood through the services with his aunts and the servants, but never took his eyes off Ka-

"The priest and the deacon came over in a sleigh and had a hard time making their way over ruts..." Page 100

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tyusha who was standing near the door and held the censers; then he exchanged the Easter kiss salute with the priest and with his aunts and was about to retire when he heard in the corridor Matrena Pavlovna, Maria Ivanovna's old parlor maid, and Katyusha getting ready to go to the village church to have the Easter buns and cakes blessed by the priest. "I'll go along," decided Nekhliudov.

The road was now impassable either on wheels or on runners, and Nekhliudov, who ordered things in his aunts' house as though at home, had a riding stallion saddled (which they called "brother's" stallion in memory of the aunts' deceased brother) and instead of going to bed donned a brilliant uniform with tight riding trousers, wrapped himself in a military overcoat, bestrode the overfed stallion, now quite an old fat animal, and rode through the night over ruts and snow to the church, to the constant neighing of his mount.

XV.

All through Nekhliudov's life this Midnight Mass remained one of his happiest and most vivid reminiscences.

The service had already commenced, when groping through the intense darkness, that was here and there relieved by a patch of snow, and splashing through puddles, he reached the church yard on his stallion which pricked up his ears at the sight of the firepots burning all along the ground around the church.

Recognizing Maria Ivanovna's nephew, the peasants conducted him to a dry spot where he could dismount, tied his horse and led him into the church. The church was filled with a holiday throng.

On the right were the men: old peasants in homespun coats and in crude boots made of fibre and in clean white leggings, and young peasants in new cloth peasant



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coats, with gaily colored girdles, and in leather boots. On the left—the women, in red silk headcloths, plush jackets with luridly crimson sleeves and blue, green, red and varicolored skirts, in leather shoes with heel plates; modest old women with white kerchiefs on their heads and in grey jackets and old-fashioned petticoats and in leather or bast shoes; among them were scattered the children in their holiday best, their heads shiny with oil. The men crossed themselves and bowed shaking their locks; the women, particularly the elderly ones, fixed their faded eyes upon a holy image with the candles. made the sign of the cross, tightly pressing their folded fingers to the kerchief on the forehead, to their shoulders and to their stomach, and muttering something either bent over in a standing posture or fell to their knees. The children imitating the elders zealously prayed when anybody looked at them. The golden iconostasis was aglow with little candles that encircled on all sides the gigantic tapers that were filigreed with gold. The chandelier was brilliant with candles; from the choir stalls came the joyous voices of the volunteer choristers, with roaring basses and thin boyish altos.

Nekhliudov pressed forward. In the center of the church stood the aristocracy: a landowner and his wife, with a son who was dressed in a sailor suit, the chief of police, a telegraph operator, a merchant in top boots, the village chairman with a medal, and to the right of the chancel, back of the landowner's wife, Matrena Pavlovna in a changeable lilac dress and a white fringed shawl, and Katyusha in a white dress with tucks, a blue girdle and a red ribbon in her jet black tresses.

Everything was festive, solemn, cheerful and beautiful: the priests in their white silvery chasubles with crosses of gold, the deacon and the sub-deacons in festal

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vestments embroidered with silver and gold, the volunteer choristers in their holiday best, and with oily hair, and jolly rollicking tunes of the holiday hymns and the incessant blessing of the people by the priests swinging their triple flower-decked tapers, and the salutations, repeated over and over, "Christ is risen!" "Christ is risen!" "Christ is risen!" Everything was beautiful, but best of all was Katyusha, dressed in white, with a girdle of blue and a red ribbon in her raven tresses, and with eyes that sparkled with joy.

Nekhliudov felt that she saw him, though she did not turn. He observed this when he made his way to the altar passing close by her side. He had nothing to say to her, but he made up something, and as he passed her he whispered:

"Auntie said that she would break her fast after late mass."

Her young blood, as it did whenever she looked at him, mounted to her charming face in a ruddy flood, while her black eyes smiling and happy gazed ingenucusly upward and rested on Nekhliudov.

"I know," she said with a smile.

Jest then the sexton making his way through the crowd with a copper coffee kettle passed by Katyusha, and without noticing her grazed her with the folds of his vestment. It was his deference before Nekhliudov that was responsible for this, for not daring to pass in front of him, he walked around him, and in doing so fell foul of Katyusha.

Nekhliudov marveled how the sexton could be so blind to the fact that whether in that church or anywhere else, whatever existed, existed for Katyusha only, and that one might slight anything in the world but her, since she was the center of everything. It was for her



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that the gold of the altar gleamed and all these candles scintillated on the chandeliers and all these people joyously intoned: "The Passover of the Lord, all ye people rejoice!" And all that was good in the world, it was all for her. And Katyusha, it seemed to him, realized that it was all for her. At least it seemed so to Nekhliudov when he watched her graceful figure in her pleated white dress and her rapt and radiant face, in which he read that the same thing which sang in his soul sang in hers also.

In the interval between the early and the late mass Nekhliudov came out of the church. The people made a gangway for him and bowed. Some recognized him, others inquired: "Who is this?" He halted on the platform before the portals. Here he was surrounded by beggars to whom he gave all the small change in his purse, and he walked down.

It was now light enough to distinguish objects, but the sun had not yet risen. The people had seated themselves on the mounds in the church-yeard. Katyusha lingered in the church, and Nekhliudov stopped and waited for her to come out.

The worshippers still flocked out of the church, clanging their hobnailed boots on the flagstones, and walking down the steps they dispersed in the church-yard and in the burial grounds.

A very aged peasant, Maria Ivanovna's pastry cook, with head all atremble, stopped Nekhliudov, exchanged with him the Easter kiss of salutation, and his wife, an old woman with a wrinkled Adam's apple that protruded from beneath her head-dress, took a saffron-yellow egg from a handkerchief and handed it to him.

Then came also a young smiling muscular peasant, in a new coat and a green girdle.



"All was beautiful, but best of all was the sight of Katyusha dressed in white .... Page 105

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"Christ is risen!" he said with laughter in his eyes, and closing in upon Nekhliudov, he enveloped him in that peculiar and not unpleasant atmosphere of peasant smell, and his curly little beard tickling Nekhliudov's face, with fresh and firm lips he implanted on the very center of his mouth three times a resounding kiss.

While Nekhliudov was exchanging kisses with the peasant and was receiving from him a dark brown egg, he caught sight of the lilac dress of Matrena Pavlovna and of a charming head of black with a ribbon of red.

And instantly she, too, over the heads of the crowd before her caught sight of him, and he saw how her face all lighted up.

She had come out with Matrena Pavlovna upon the front platform and was distributing alms to the beggars. One beggar, with a recently healed red sore instead of a nose, approached Katyusha. She withdrew something out of her handkerchief and handed it to the beggar, then came closer to him and without expressing the slightest repulsion, on the contrary with the same enraptured radiance in her eyes, she kissed him thrice. And while she was exchanging kisses with the beggar, her eyes met the glance of Nekhliudov.

She seemed to ask: "Is this the right thing to do?" "Yes, yes, dearest, all is right, all is beautiful, I love you."

She descended from the platform and approached him. He did not intend to exchange Easter kisses with her, but merely meant to be closer to her.

"Christ is risen!" said Matrena Ivanovna inclining her head and smiling with an expression which betokened: this day we are all equals, and wiping her mouth with a tightly folded handkerchief she held out her lips.

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"He is risen indeed!" responded Nekhliudov, kissing her.

He looked back at Katyusha. She flushed up, and at the same moment came up to him.

"Christ is risen, Dmitri Ivanovitch!"

"He is risen indeed," he said. They kissed twice, and then paused as though hesitating whether another kiss was required, and having decided that it was, they kissed for the third time and both smiled.

"Won't you go to the priest?" Nekhliudov asked.

"No, Dmitri Ivanovitch, we will sit here awhile," said Katyusha, breathing deeply with her full breast, as though after a good work well performed, and gazed straight up into his eyes with her yielding, virginal affectionate eyes that squinted the merest trifle.

In the love between a man and a woman there comes always a moment when this love reaches its zenith, when there is in it nothing conscious, nothing reasoning, and withal nothing sensual. Such was for Nekhliudov that night of Christ's Holy Resurection Sunday. As he now recalled Katyusha in every conceivable situation in which he had seen her, this minute overshadowed all others. The smooth, black, brilliant head, the pleated white dress that chastely enveloped her graceful figure, the maidenly bosom, the color in her face, these tender lustrous black eyes, and in her whole being these two outstanding characteristics, the purity of her virginal love not alone for him-of that he had been aware-but also for all and for everything, not alone for the good that is in the world, but even for that beggar whom she had kissed.

He knew that such a love dwelt in her, for he himself that night and that morning had felt something of



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it, and he was conscious of becoming one with her in that love.

Ah, if it all had but stopped at that feeling which filled him that night. "Yes, all this horrible business was done after that eve of the Holy Easter Day," he sighed as he sat by the window in the jury room.

## XVI.

On his return from church, Nekhliudov broke his fast with his aunts, and following the habit which he had contracted in the army took some vodka and wine as a bracer and retired to his apartment where he fell asleep in his clothes. He was aroused by a knock at the door. He knew by the knock that it was she, and got up rubbing his eyes and stretching himself.

"Katyusha, is it you? Come in," he said as he rose to his feet.

She opened the door a little way.

"Luncheon is served," she said.

She wore the same white dress, but without the bow in her hair.

As she peered into his eyes, her face was radiant as though she was a bearer of some unusually gladdening news.

"Coming instantly," he replied, as he picked up a comb to smooth his hair.

She lingered a moment too long. He noticed it and dropping the comb came towards her. But she instantly and swiftly turned on her heels and with her wonted brisk and easy stride gained the corridor runner.

"What a fool I was!" Nekhliudov said to himself, "Why didn't I catch her?"



And taking it on the run he caught up with her in the corridor.

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He did not know himself what he wanted of her. But when she had entered the 100m it dawned on him that he ought to do what everybody does under the circumstances.

"Katyusha, stop," he said.

She turned around.

"What is it?" she said stopping.

"Nothing, only..."

And with an effort, remembering how other people act in a similar situation, he put his arms around Katyusha's waist.

She stopped and looked into his eyes.

"Don't, please don't, Dmitri Ivanovitch," she muttered blushing and on the verge of tears, and with her rough strong hand she disengaged herself from the embracing arm.

Nekhliudov released her, and for a moment he felt not only ashamed and awkward, but even disgusted with himself. He ought to have believed himself, yet he failed to realize that his shame and awkwardness were the nobles, qualities of his soul that strove to assert themselves, but on the contrary it occured to him that it was his own foolishness that was speaking to him, and that the right thing to do was to do the same as everybody else.

He caught her once more, embraced her again, and kissed her upon her neck. This kiss was not at all like those other two kisses, that first unpremeditated kiss behind the lilac bush; and the second, that morning at church. There was horror in this kiss, and she sensed it.

"What are you doing?" she cried out in such a voice as though he had shattered something infinitely precious

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beyond reclaim. And she escaped from him on the run.

He came into the dining room. The aunts in holiday attire, the doctor and the lady from the neighboring estate stood about the buffet with the hors-d'oeuvres. Everything was commonplace, but in the soul of Nekhliudov a storm was raging. He did not understand a word of what was said to him and answered at haphazard; he thought only of Katyusha, and his mind dwelt on the sensation of that last kiss when he caught her in the corridor. He could not think of anything else. Whenever she entered the room his whole being sensed her presence, though he did not look at her, and he had to force himself not to look at her.

After luncheon he immediately retired into his room and paced the floor in great agitation, listening to the sounds in the house and waiting to hear her footfall. The animal man that dwelt in him had now not only raised his head, but had trampled under foot the spiritual man that he had been during his first visit, and even early that morning in church; and this dreadful animal man now ruled supreme in his soul. Although Nekhliudov kept constant watch for Katyusha, he did not succeed in seeing her all that day. She was evidently avoiding him. But towards evening it so happened that she had to enter the room adjoining his. The doctor had been asked to stay overnight, and Katyusha had to make the bed for him. Hearing her footsteps, Nekhliudov on tip-toe and holding his breath, as though preparing to commit a crime, followed into the room on her heels.

With both of her hands stuck into the pillow slip and holding on to the ends of the pillow she looked back at him and smiled, yet it was not the gay and joyous smile of yore, but rather a frightened and piteous smile. This smile seemed to tell him that what he was doing

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was wrong. He hesitated an instant. There was still a chance of putting up a fight. Though feebly, the voice of his true love for her was audible, telling him of her feelings, of her life. But another voice insisted. Take care, or you'll miss your pleasure, your good fortune." And this second voice silenced the first. He approached her resolutely. And a terrible, irrespressible animal feeling gained dominion over him.

Without freeing her from his embrace, Nekhliudov set her down upon the bed, and feeling that this was not yet enough he sat down beside her.

"Dmitri Ivanovitch, dearest, please let go of me," she pleaded piteously, "Matrena Pavlovna is coming," she cried tearing herself loose, and indeed someone was approaching the door.

"Then I will come to you in the night," said Nekhliudov. "You're alone, aren't you?"

"What do you mean? Never! Don't!" her lips were saying, but her whole being, wrought up and confused, was saying something very different.

It was, indeed, Matrena who came to the door. She entered the room with a bed-spread over her arm and casting a glance of reproof at Nekhliudov, angrily chided Katyusha for having taken the wrong bed-spread.

Nekhliudov walked out without saying a word. He saw by the expression on Matrena Pavlovna's face that she condemned him, and he knew that she was right in condemning him, that what he was doing was wrong; but the animal feeling having disentagled itself from the interference of the former feeling of pure love for her, overpowered him and ruled supreme, recognizing rothing else. He knew now what he had to do to satisfy this feeling and was casting about for means to accomplish it.



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All through the evening he was distraught; he dropped in upon his aunts, and he left them to remain in the solitude of his room, or he rushed over to the porch, and all the while he schemed how he might come upon her alone, but she avoided him, and Matrena Pavlovna tried not to let her out of her sight.

### XVII.

Thus passed the whole evening and then came the night. The doctor had gone to bed, the aunts were retiring. Nekhliudov knew that Matrena Pavlovna was now in the aunts' sleeping apartments, and Katyusha was alone in the maids' room. He came out again on the porch. The court yard was dark, the air was damp and warm, and filled with that white mist which in the springtime dispels the last lingering traces of snow, or rises up from the dying gasp of the thawing snow. Queer sounds were coming from the river, a distance of a hundred feet or so below an overhanging bank, right in front of the house,—the ice was breaking.

Nekhliudov descended from the porch and striding over puddles that were crusted over with icy snow, he walked around to the window of the maids' room. His heart beat loudly enough within his breast to be heard by him. His breath now died, now came in heavy gasps. A little oil lamp was burning in the maids' room. Katyusha sat at a table, alone, lost in thought and staring straight in front of her. Nekhliudov watched her for a long time without moving, seeking to learn what she would do unconscious of being watched. For a few minutes she sat motionless, then raised up her eyes, smiled and shook her head as though in self-reproof, and changing her pose abruptly spread out both arms on the table and gazed fixedly into space.

He stood and watched her and heard perforce the beating of his own heart in unison with the queer sounds



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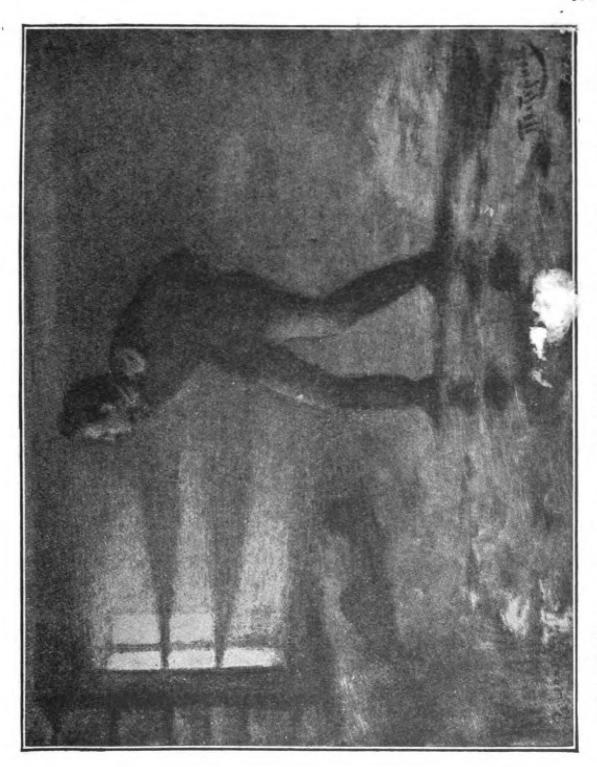
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that came from the river. There on the river, in the fog, a slow and laborious process went on unremittingly to the sounds of rustling and crackling and crumbling, while the floes of thin ice tinkled like glass.

He stood watching Katyusha's thoughtful face that seemed racked with an inward conflict, and he felt compassion with her, but strange to say this compassion only increased his desire for her. And desire took complete possession of him.

He tapped at the window. She trembled all over as though from an electric shock, and an expression of teror came over her face. Then she sprang to her feet, d pressed her face to the window pane. Nor did the pression of terror pass from her face, even when shadher eyes with the palms of both hands she recogpiled him. Her face was unusually grave, he had never seen her like this. She smiled only when he smiled, smiled as though in mere obedience to him, though in her soul there was no smile, but terror. He motioned to her with his hand, asking her to come out in the yard. But she shook her head, indicating that she would not come out, and remained by the window. He neared his face once more to the window and was about to call to her to come out, but she turned to the door; someone was evidently calling her.

Nekhliudov moved away from the window. The fog was so thick now that a distance of five steps from the house he could no longer distinguish the windows, but saw merely a black mass looming up before him from which came the ruddy glow of the lamp that in the mist assumed gigantic proportions. And from the river came the same sounds of buzzing and rustling and cracking and tinkling of the ice. Nearby, through the fog, crowed a cock, evoking echoes from his comrades in the vicinity,



"Nekhliudov once more approached the window of the maids' room." Page 113

burning, knocked in silence.

not go to

and in the distance, from the village, breaking in upon one another and finally merging into one triumphant chant additional cock-crows came in response. But excepting the river, all else was perfectly still. This was the second cock-crow.

Nekhliudov walked up and down around the corner a time or two, and landed once or twice in a puddle. Then he returned to the window of the maids' room. The lamp was still burning, and Katyusha was still sitting at the table as though in indecision. The instant he came to the window she looked at him. He knocked. And without waiting to see who it was that knocked she immediately ran out of the maids' room, and he heard the outside door open with a smack and a creak. was waiting for her near the porch and immediately embraced her in silence. She pressed close to his side, raised her head and held out her lips to meet his kiss. They were standing back of the porch hall, on a dry spot where the snow had thawed, and he was in the grip of agonizing unsatisfied desire. Suddenly the outside door smaked and creaked again and Matrena Pavlovna's angry voice was heard:

"Katyusha!"

She broke away from him and returned to the maids' room. He heard the bolt slide in its place. Then all was still, the ruddy eye that had glowed in the window was gone, and nothing remained but the fog and the fuss on the river.

Nekhliudov retraced his steps to the window, but no one was to be seen. He knocked, no one answered him. Nekhliudov returned to the house by the front entrance, but could not go to sleep. He took off his boots and walked barefoot along the corridor to her room which adjoined Matrena Pavlovna's. First he listened



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to Matrena Pavlovna's peaceful snore, and he was about to enter, when she commenced to cough and turned over on her creaking bed. His heart stood still, and he remained rooted to the floor for the space of about five minutes. Then all was still again and the peaceful snoring was heard once more, while he, endeavoring to step upon the boards that did not squeak, kept on his way until he reached her door. All was still. She was evidently awake because he could not hear her breathing. But the moment he whispered "Katyusha," she jumped up, came to the door and urged him to go away, with a show of temper as it seemed to him. "It looks so bad. How can you do such a thing? Aunties will hear you," spoke her lips, but her whole being cried out:

"I am all yours."

And Nekhliudov understood only that.

"Open just for a moment, please, I beg of you," he muttered words without sense. She was silent now and he heard the rustling of her hand as she groped for the bolt. The bolt snapped and he slipped through the opened door.

He seized her just as she was, in her coarse unbleached shirt with bared arms, lifted her up and bore her away.

"What—what are you doing?" she whispered.

But he pad no attention to her words and carried her to his room.

"Don't—please, let me go"—she pleaded, clinging fast to him all the time.

\* \* \*

When at last, trembling and silent, she left him vouchsafing no answer to his words, he walked out on the porch and stopped for a moment trying to grasp the meaning of all that had occurred.

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It was now lighter in the yard; but down on the river the crackling, the clanging and the rustling of ice floes had grown more intense, and the sound of rippling waters was now mixed with that music. The fog was commencing to settle, and from behind a bank of the mist came out the thin sickle of the moon throwing a gloomy glow on a scene of darkness and terror.

"What was it? Was it great happiness or great unhappiness that has befallen me?" he asked himself. "It's always done like this, everybody's doing it," he said to himself and went to sleep.

## XVIII.

The next day Shenbock, brilliant and jovial, called on the aunts to pick up Nekhliudov and took their hearts by storm with his elegance, cordiality, good spirits and generosity, and with his affection for Dmitri. his generosity pleased the aunts very much, it somewhat astounded them by its exaggerated manifestations. gave a rouble to a blind beggar that came to the house, he gave fifteen roubles in tips to the servants, and when Suzette, Sophia Ivanovna's Bolognese pet dog, scratched her paw before him so that it bled, he undertook to dress her wound, and without a moment's hesitation he tore his bordered batiste handkerchief into strips (Sophia Ivanovna knew that such handkerchiefs could not cost less than fifteen roubles a dozen) and made bandages of it for Suzette. The aunts had never seen men like him, and they did not know that Shenbock was indebted to the tune of two hundred thousand roubles which he never meant to pay, and that twenty five roubles more or less cut no figure with him.

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ning departed with Nekhliudov. They could not remain a day longer, as their leave was about up and they had to report to their regiment.

This last day which he spent in his aunts' house, with the memory of the night still fresh in his mind, two feelings rose and fought in Nekhliudov's soul: one—the burning, sensual memory of animal love, though it had fallen far short of its promise, tinged with a certain self-satisfaction at having attained his object; and the other a consciousness of having done wrong, and that this wrong must be righted, and must be righted not for her sake but for his own.

In the state of egotistic obsession in which Nekhliudov remained at that time, Nekhliudov thought of himself alone. Would the people condemn him, and if so how harshly, if they knew how he had treated her? But he gave no thought to her feelings or to her future.

He thought of Shenbock who suspected his relations with Katyusha, and this flattered his vanity.

When Shenbock had met Katyusha, he said to him:

"I see now why you discovered this sudden affection for your aunts that made you spend a whole week with them. I would have stayed myself, if I had been in your place. She's charming."

He also thought that though it was a pity to be leaving now without having tasted to the full the sweets of loving her, the necessity of his departure had this advantage that it immediately broke off relations which it might become difficult to maintain. He further thought that he ought to give her a sum of money, not for her sake, nor because she might have need of that money, but because it was the thing usually done under the circumstances, and he would have been considered dishonorable it after making use of her he had not reim-

bursed her. And so he gave her money, as much of it as he thought befitted his position and hers.

On the day of his departure he waited for her in in the hallway. She flushed when she saw him and attempted to go past him beckoning him with her eyes to the open door of the maids' room, but he stopped her.

"I came to say good-bye," he said, crumpling in his hand an envelope with a hundred rouble bill. "Here I..."

She guessed what it was, made a wry face, shook her head and pushed his hand away.

"No, you must take it," he muttered and slipped the envelope into the bosom of her dress, and as though he had burned himself, groaning and with distorted face, he ran to his room.

And he paced his room for a long time after this meeting, with face distorted, flinging himself about and moaning loudly as though with physical pain at the mere recollection of this scene.

But what was to be done? It was always thus. The same thing happened to Shenbock and the governess of whom he used to speak, and the same again had happened to his uncle Grisha, and again to his father when he lived in the country and when a peasant woman bore him an illegimate son named Mitenka who was still living. And if everybody was doing it, then it was the proper thing to do. Thus he tried to comfort himself, but he found no comfort. The memory seared his conscience.

In the depths, in the very depths of his soul he knew that he had committed so mean, despicable and cruel an act that with the consciousness of it before him not only was it imposible for him to condemn any other person, but he had no right to look into other people's eyes, much less to regard himself a fine, noble and great-

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hearted young man as he had been in the habit of doing. And he had to regard himself as such in order to lead a merry and cheerful life. There was only one way to make this possible: not to think of it. And this was just the course which he took.

The life upon which he was about to enter, with change of scenes, new comrades and the war, favored him in this course. And the longer he lived, the more he succeeded in forgetting, and towards the end he actually forgot altogether. Only once, after the war, when he dropped in to see his aunts in the hope of finding her and learned that Katyusha was no longer with them, that soon after his departure she left them going off somewhere to bear a child, that she actually gave birth to a child, and finally went altogether to the bad, only then his heart gave a twinge of pain. The child that she bore might have been his, judging by the time of its birth, and again it might not. The aunts said that she had gone wrong, being a wanton by nature like her mother before her. And this opinion of his aunts was a source of gratification to him, as it excused his course of action. At first he had some idea of hunting her up with her child, but for the very reason that in the depths of his soul the thought caused him too much shame and pain he failed to make the required efforts to locate her, and suffering his sin to lapse into deeper oblivion he finally ceased to give it any thought at all.

And now with tragic suddenness, this remarkable coincidence brought it all back to his mind and demanded from him a confession of that heartlessness, cruelty and vileness which had permitted him to live in peace for ten full years with such a sin on his conscience. But he was still far away from such a confession, and was thinking of himself only, fearing for himself lest it all be

discovered, lest either she or her counsel tell everything and disgrace him before all the world. shop

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## XIX.

This was Nekhliudov's frame of mind as he passed out of the court room and entered the jury room. He sat by the window, listening to the conversation that went on around him, and smoking incessantly.

The jovial merchant evidently found Smelkov's manner of amusing himself fully after his own heart.

"That's what I call a wild revel, Siberian style. That lad was a good picker, judging by the girl."

The foreman was dilating upon certain considerations, claiming that the whole thing depended upon expert testimony. Peter Gerasimovitch was exchanging jokes with the Jewish shop assistant and they both laughed. Nekhliudov curtly replied to the questions that were put up to him and wished only to be left alone.

When the marshal with his slanting gait came in and invited the jurors to return to the court room, a feeling of dread seized Nekhliudov's heart as though he was not on his way to pass judgment but to be judged. In the depths of his heart he already felt that he was a blackguard who ought to be ashamed to look in the people's eyes, yet by force of habit, as he mounted the platform and sat down in his seat, next to the foreman, and crossing his legs began to toy with his eye glasses, his movements were characterized by perfect self-assurance.

The accused had also been removed from the court room and were now being brought back.

There were new faces in the court room now—witnesses. Nekhliudov noticed that Maslova several times



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looked back, as though unable to tear her eyes away from her, upon a stout woman, who was gaudily dressed in silk and velvet, wore a large sized hat with a bow and carried a stylish shopping bag on an arm that was bare up to the elbow; she was seated in the first row right before the screen. As he later learned this was a witness, the mistress of the establishment in which Maslova had been an inmate.

Next came the examination of the witnesses, including the usual questions as to their name, religion, etc. Then after the prosecution and the counsel for the defence had been consulted whether they wished to examine the witnesses under oath or not, came again the same old priest who shuffled his legs with difficulty and again fingered the golden cross upon the breast of his silken cassock, and with the same calm conviction of being engaged in a useful and important enterprise administered the oath to the witnesses and to the expert. After the oath had been administered, all witnesses were removed, with the exception of the Kitayeva woman, the mistress of the house of ill-fame. She was asked to say what she knew about the affair. Kitayeva with an artificial smile, bobbing her head up in her hat after every sentence, told her story fluently and in detail, with a strong German accent.

First of all there came to her establishment Simon, a floor waiter whom she knew, asking for a girl to meet a rich merchant from Siberia. She sent Lyubasha\*). A little later Lyubasha returned with the merchant. The merchant appeared to be in ecstasies—Kitayeva said with a flitting smile and continued to drink in the house, treating the girls, but when his money gave out he sent that same Lyubasha, for whom he had formed a "pre-

<sup>\*)</sup> Pet name for Lyubov.

dilection," to his room to get the money, and she looked over in the direction of the defendant.

It seemed to Nekhliudov that Maslova smiled in response to this, and he found this smile loathsome. A queer indefinable mixture of loathing and compassion struggled in his heart.

"And what was your opinion of Maslova?" timidly and blushingly inquired the young lawer who was assigned by the court to defend her.

"The very best," replied Kitayeva, "an educated and a stylish girl, brought up in a good family, knows even French. Sometime drank a drop too much, but she never forgot herself. A very good girl."

Katyusha had been watching her mistress, then suddenly she turned her glance in the direction of the jurors and stared at Nekhliudov, and her face assumed a serious, even a stern expression.

One of these eyes squinted sternly. These two eyes with their particular glance were centered for awhile upon Nekhliudov, and inspite of the feeling of dread that had gripped his heart he could not avert his own glance from this pair of squinting eyes the whites of which gleamed so brightly. He remembered that terrible night when the ice was breaking, and the fog, and above all that sickle of the moon which rising before dawn shed its light upon a scene of blackness and terror. These two black eyes that gazed at him and past him reminded him of blackness and terror.

"Recognized," he thought. And Nekhliudov shrunk back as though expecting a blow. But she had not recognized him. She calmly heaved a sigh and commenced once more to look at the presiding justice. Nekhliudov also breathed a sigh. "If they'd only hurry," he thought. He was now experiencing a feeling such as used to come

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over him when in hunting he was forced to give the finishing blow to a wounded bird—loathing, compassion and annoyance. The bird struggles in the game bag. It's disgusting and pitiful; one seeks to finish it quickly and to forget about it.

Such were the mixed feelings that Nekhliudov now experienced while listening to the cross-examination of the witnesses.

### XX.

Yet, as though to spite him, the case dragged on for a long time; after each witness had been examined separately, and then the expert, and after all the usual foolish questions asked with a significant air by the assistant prosecutor and the counsel for the defence, the presiding justice invited the jurors to examine the material evidence consisting of the following exhibits: a ring of an enormous size with a cluster of diamonds, evidently fashioned to fit the forefinger of a giant, and a filter in which the poison had been analyzed. These articles were sealed and labeled.

The jurors were about to inspect these exhibits when the assistant prosecutor rose again and demanded that previous to the examination of the material evidence, the report of the medical examiner be heard.

The presiding justice who had been rushing the case as fast as he could, in order to keep his engagement with the Swiss girl on time, knew very well that the reading of this document could have no other effect but to bore them and to delay dinner, and that the assistant prosecutor demanded it merely because he knew he had the right to demand it, yet he could not very well refuse, and he expressed his consent.

The secretary found the document and once more commenced to read with his melancholy voice that slurred over his r's and his l's.



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The external medical examination showed that

1. Ferapont Smelkov was six feet five inches tall.

"A husky man, I must say," whispered the merchant in Nekhliudov's ear, much impressed.

- 2. The deceased was about forty years old, judging by external appearance.
  - 3. The body had a bloated appearance.
- 4. The color of the integuments was greenish, showing dark blotches in spots.
- 5. The outer skin all over the surface of the body appeared to have formed into blisters of varying size and in spots was detached from the body, hanging in the form of extensive patches.
- 6. The hair was brown and thick and easily parted from the skin at a mere touch.
- 7. The eyes had come out of the sockets, and the horny coating of the eyeballs was dull.
- 8. From the orifices of the nose, the two ears and the mouth cavity issued a foamy serous liquid, the mouth was half-opened.
- 9. There was almost no neck to be seen, due to the bloating of the face and of the chest.

And so forth, and so forth.

It took four pages and twenty seven points of similar stuff to give a detailed account of an external examination of that horrible, gigantic, fat and bloated decaying corpse of the merchant who had come to town to have a good time.

The feeling of indefinable loathing which Nekhliudov had experienced was still more accentuated during the reading of this description of the corpse. The life of Katyusha and the serous liquid that issued from the nostrils, and the eyes that had popped out of their sockets, and his own action towards her seemed to be

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objects of one and the same order and he was on all sides surrounded and engulfed by these objects. When finally the reading of the external examination was finished, the presiding justice sighed, raised his head and hoped that it was all over, but the secretary immediately commenced the reading of the autopsy report.

The presiding justice dropped his head again, and leaning upon his arm, closed his eyes. The merchant who sat next to Nekhliudov had a hard time fighting off sleep and now and then swayed back and forth; the accused, and the gendarmes back of them sat motionless.

The autopsy showed that:

- 1. The cranial skin easily parted from the cranial bones; no blood coagulation was discoverable.
- 2. The cranial bones were of average thickness and intact.
- 3. The dura mater showed two small pigmented spots about four inches in size, being itself dull-white in color, etc., etc.—altogether thirteen points.

Then followed the names of experts and signatures, and finally the opinion of the medical examiner showing that alterations found in the stomach and partly in the intestines and in the kidneys as noted in the report pointed with a considerable degree of probability to toxic poisoning as the cause of Smelkov's death. To deduce, however, from the determined alteration in the stomach and in the intestines the nature of the poison that had been introduced into the stomach would be difficult; but that the poison had been introduced into the stomach with liquor could be traced from the fact that a considerable quantity of liquor had been found in Smelkov's stomach.

"Seems that he could drink his share, all right,"

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whispered the merchant who had come to in the meanwhile.

The reading of this report consumed an hour but failed to satisfy the assistant prosecutor. After the reading the presiding justice turned to the assistant prosecutor:

"I think that it would be superfluous to read the report of the analysis of the internal organs?"

"I would request that this analysis be nevertheless read," sternly insisted the assistant prosecutor, avoiding to look at the presiding justice, as he rose sideways from his seat, and letting it be understood that to demand this reading was his prerogative, and that he would not renounce this prerogative, but would consider the refusal to comply with his request as a good cause for having the verdict quashed.

The associate justice with the heavy beard and the gentle drooping eyes who suffered from a catarrh and now begun to feel faint, appealed to the presiding justice:

"What's the use of reading this stuff? Only a waste of time. These new brooms sweep no better, but take more time."

The associate with the gold-rimmed glasses did not say a word; he glared straight into space with an air of gloomy determination, expecting no further good either from his wife or from his life.

The reading of the report commenced.

"On the fifteenth day of February, 188..., by written request no. 638 of the Medical Department, I the undersigned," began the secretary with determination, reading now more sonorously, as though striving to dispel the somnolency which seemed to afflict all the people in the room, in the presence of the assistant medical inspec-



tor, made the following examination of internal organs:

- 1. Right lung and heart (in a six pound glass jar.)
- 2. Stomach contents (in a six pound glass jar.)
- 3. Stomach (in a six pound glass jar.)
- 4. Liver, spleen and the kidneys (in a three pound glass jar.)
  - 5. Intestines (in a six pound earthenware pot)...

The presiding justice leaned over to one of his associates when the reading commenced and whispered something, then turned to the other, and receiving affirmative answers, interrupted the reading at this point:

"The court rules that the reading of this document be dispensed with as superfluous." The secretary stopped, picking up his papers, and the assistant prosecutor angrily began to jot down notations.

"The gentlemen of the jury are now free to examine the exhibits of the material evidence," said the presiding justice.

The forman and some of the jurors rose from their seats and approached the table evidently not knowing what to do with their hands, and examined in turn the ring, the bottle and the filter. The merchant even tried the ring on his finger for size.

"Some finger, let me tell you," he said on returning to his seat. "The size of a healthy cucumber," he added, evidently amused by the fabulous conception he had formed of the poisoned merchant.

# XXI.

When the examination of the material exhibits was ended, the presiding justice declared the court inquiry closed, and wishing to dispose of the case as quickly as possible, gave the floor to the prosecutor, without call-

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ing a recess, in the hope that he, being also human and fond of his smoke and his dinner, would have compassion with the court. But the assistant prosecutor pitied neither himself nor the court. The assistant prosecutor, who was a natural born fool and had suffered the additional misfortune of graduating from high school with a gold medal, receiving later an award in college for a thesis on servitudes in accordance with the Roman law. was moreover in the highest degree self-opinionated andpleased with himself (in which his succes with the ladies only served to encourage him), and all this had the effect of making him a consummate ass. When called upon to deliver a speech, he slowly rose to his feet, displaying his graceful figure in the tailor-made embroidered uniform, and steadying his hands upon his desk, with his head slightly inclined on one side, he took in the whole room with his gaze, avoiding, however, to look upon the accused, and commenced:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the case which is submitted to you," he began the speech prepared by him during the reading of the reports and the indictment, "is, if I may so express myself, a characteristic crime."

The prosecutor's address, in his opinion, was an event of public significance destined to rank with the celebrated early orations of pleaders who have attained to fame. What if his audience was composed of three women only, a seamstress, a cook and a sister of the defendant Simon, not counting a coachman?

Those other celebrities had begun in the same way, and the assistant prosecutor had set himself one standard—to be always on the height of his calling, that is to delve deeply into the psychological significance of the crime and to lay bare the cankers of society.

"You see before you, gentlemen of the jury, if I may

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so express myself, a characteristic crime of the dying century, bearing, I might say, the specific stigmata of that disheartening process of dissolution to which in these days are subject those elements of our society that are, I might say, peculiarly exposed to the corroding action of the rays of this process."

The assistant prosecutor delivered a very lengthy speech, striving on the one hand to remember those many clever things which had come to his mind, an on the other—and this was his main anxiety—trying to keep on talking without a moment's pause and to have his address flow on without a halt for an hour and a quarter. Only once he struck a snag and swallowed hard for a little while, but he made up for this delay by an extra outburst of eloquence.

Now he spoke in a gentle and ingratiating voice, poised first on one foot ond then on the other, gazing upon the jurors, now in quiet and businesslike tones, consulting his notebook, and again in ringing and denouncing tones, turning first to the audience and then to the jurors. Only upon the accused he did not once begin to look, though all the three of them watched him with absorbing fascination. His address contained all the latest wrinkles which were at the time in vogue among his set and which were then—and are even now—accepted as the last word of science. He had dragged in heredity and innate criminality and Lombroso and Tardes and evolution and the struggle for existence and hypnotism and suggestion and Charcot and the decadence.

According to the pictures drawn by the prosecutor, merchant Smelkov was the type of the vigorous unspoilt man of the people, Russian to the core, broad by nature, whose trustful and generous character made him an easy

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victim of the thoroughly deprayed persons into whose clutches he had fallen.

Simon Kartinkin was an atavistic product of serfdom, a hunted man, without education, without principles, without religion even. Euphemia was his mistress and also a victim of heredity. In her were to be observed all the earmarks of a degenerate personality. But the prime mover of the crime was Maslova who represented the phenomenon of decadence in its very vilest "This woman," said the assistant prosecutor, without looking at her, "had received an education, as we heard from the testimony of her mistress. not only read and write, but she knows French; she was an orphan, tainted doubtless with inherited criminal tendencies; she was brought up in an intelligent and titled family and could have lived, if she had so chosen, by honest labor. But she forsakes her benefactors, she abandons herself to her passions, and for their satisfaction enters a house of ill-fame, where she overshadows the other inmates by virtue of her superior education, and chiefly, as you, gentlemen of the jury, have heard her mistress testify, by her ability to influence others, by dint of that mysterious characteristic which lately has been so much exploited by science, particularly by Charcot's school, to-wit by hypnotic suggestion. By means of this characteristic she gains ascendency over a wealthy patron, a big, kind-hearted, trustful Russian, a man of the heroic mold of Sadko of legendary lore and she abuses this trust, first in order to rob him and then to take his life without a shred of compassion.

"I think he's flying off his handle altogether," said the presiding justice with a smile to the austere member of the court.

"A terrible idiot," said the austere member.

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"Gentlemen of the jury," continued meanwhile the assistant prosecutor gracefully undulating his sinuous form, "the fate of these persons is in your power, but still more so is the fate of society which is directly affected by your verdict. Delve deeply into the significance of this crime, into the peril which menaces society from these, I might say pathological persons, such as Maslova is, and protect it from contamination, protect the innocent and sturdy elements of society from contamination and from ruin."

And as though himself overwhelmed by the portentous weight of the impending decision, the assistant prosecutor, supremely fascinated by his own effort, sank back in his seat.

The sense of his address, stripped from the flowers of eloquence, was that Maslova had hypnotized the merchant, gained his confidence by her wiles, and went to the hotel room for money, armed with the key to the suit case, and intending to take it all herself, but being surprised by Simon and Euphemia she was forced to divide with them. And later, in order to hide the traces of her crime, she returned with the merchant to the hotel and there poisoned him.

After the address of the assistant prosecutor, from the seats of the counsel for the defence arose a middleaged man in a dress-suit\*) displaying a wide semi-circle of starched shirt bosom, and delivered a spirited address in the defence of Kartinkin and Botchkova. This was an attorney whom these two had hired for the sum of three hundred roubles. He whitewashed both of them and put all the guilt upon Maslova's shoulders.

<sup>\*)</sup> While the justices and the prosecutor, as well as other attaches of the court in Russia wear uniforms of civil servants, the pleaders appear in regulation evening dress.—Translator's note.

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He controverted Maslova's testimony to the effect that Botchkova and Kartinkin were present when she took the money, and insisted that her words, she being a self-confessed poisoner, deserved no credence. The sum of twenty-five hundred roubles, said the lawyer, could well have been earned by a hard working and honest couple who received as much as three and five roubles daily in tips from hotel guests. It was Maslova who had taken the merchant's money, giving it to someone to keep or perhaps, she lost it, since she was not in a normal condition at the time. As for the poisoning, Maslova committed that unaided.

For this reason he begged the jury to acquit Kartinkin and Botchkova of larceny, but even if they were found guilty of larceny, to acquit them of the participation in poisoning and of premeditation.

In conclusion, said the lawyer, taking a fling at the prosecutor, the brilliant discourse of the assistant prosecutor on the subject of hereditary tendencies might throw a light upon scientific problems of heredity, but was here beside the mark altogether, since no one knew anything Botchkova's parents.

The assistant prosecutor with an angry snarl jotted down some more notations and shrugged his shoulders with scornful wonderment.

Then arose Maslova's counsel, and timidly and haltingly delivered his speech in defence. He did not deny that Maslova had participated in the taking of money, but he insisted that she had no intention of poisoning Smelkov, giving him the powder in order to put him to sleep. He essayed a flight of eloquence by bringing up for consideration the fact that a man who remained unpunished had dragged her into the mire, while she had to bear the full burden of her fall, but this excursion into

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the dominion of psychology proved such a flat failure that everybody felt a little ashamed of him. While he was mumbling remarks about the cruelty of men and the helplessness of women, the presiding justice from a sheer desire to help him out, requested him to stick to the substance of the case.

After this address the assistant prosecutor rose again to his feet and defended his position about heredity against the first counsel for the defence, saying that even though Botchkova was the daughter of unknown parents the truth of hereditary influence was not disproved thereby, since the law of heredity was so firmly established by science that without deducing a crime from heredity, the existence of hereditary tendencies might be evolved by deduction from the crime itself. As for the claim of the defence that Maslova had been corrupted by an imaginary (he underlined "imaginary" in very spiteful accents) seducer, all the information on hand showed plainly that it was she rather who had seduced those unnumbered victims that had passed through her hands. And having said this, he sat down triumphantly.

Then the defendants were gieven an opportunity of saying something in their own behalf.

Euphemia Botchkova repeated that she had no knowledge of anything, that she had taken no part in anything, and obstinately pointed to Maslova alone as the sole guilty person. Simon merely said over and over again:

"By your leave, sir, only I ain't to blame, I didn't do nothing."

But Maslova did not say a word. When the presiding justice invited her to say what she could in her own behalf, she merely looked up at him, then glanced around like a cornered animal, and immediately dropped

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her eyes again and gave way to a fit of weeping, sobbing loudly.

"What has come over you?" asked the merchant in the seat next to Nekhliudov, hearing a queer sound which Lekhliudov had been unable to surpress. It was the and of a half-suppressed sob.

Nekhliudov still failed to realize the full purport of his own condition and ascribed this barely suppressed sobbing and the tears which had moistened his eyes to a weakened condition of his nerves. He put on his eyeglasses in order to hide his tears, and drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, energetically cleared his nose.

The dread of the disgrace with which he would cover himself if all those present in the court-room learned of his misdeed, overshadowed the inner process that was going on within him. At this stage this dread overcame all other sensations within him.

After the defendants had had their last say, and the contending sides had been consulted about the form of the questions, all of which consumed time, the questions were finally agreed upon, and the presiding justice commenced the summing up.

Before taking up the review of the case he explained to the jury at length, in suave and homely tones, that robbery was robbery and larceny was larceny, that the taking of property by breaking into a locked place was taking property by breaking into a locked place, and that taking property without breaking into a locked place was taking property without breaking into a locked place. And explaining this he kept looking in Nekhliudov's direction, as though to have this important distinction sink into his mind so that he might grasp it himself and explain it to the other jurors. And then assuming that the jurors had been sufficiently imbued with

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these truths he began to develop another line of thought, namely that murder is an act which causes the death of a human being, and that therefore poisoning is also murder. And when this truth in his opinion had also pentrated the minds of the jury, he explained to them penetrated the minds of the jury, he explained to them then the crime consists of both larceny and murder.

In spite of his own desire to dispose of the case as quickly as possible, for his Swiss paramour was already waiting for him, his profession was so much of a habit with him that having commenced to speak he could not arrest himself and therefore he put it before jury in a very detailed manner that if they considered the accused guilty, they had the right of bringing in a verdict of guilty, and if they found them innocent, they had the right of acquitting them; and if they found them guilty on one count, but innocent on another, they could return a verdict of guilty on the one count and acquit them on the other. Then he made it clear to them that although they had the right of returning these verdicts, they had to exercise this right within the bounds of rea-He also intended to explain to them that if they answered a question in the affirmative, they thereby affirmed the question in its entirety, but if they did not assent to a question in its entirety, it was their duty to specify the points to which they took exception. But glancing at his watch and seeing that it lacked five minnutes of three o'clock, he decided to pass at once to the summing up.

"The circumstances of the case are as follows," he said and he repeated all that had been several times stated by the counsel for the defense, by the assistant prosecutor and by the witnesses.

While the presiding justice was speaking, the two

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associates on both sides listened with an air of profound attention and took an occasional glance at their watches, but though they approved his speech as to quality, (it was, in other words, just what the circumstances called for), they found it a little too long-winded. This opinion was also shared by the assistant prosecutor, as well as by the other court officials, and by everybody in the court room.

The presiding justice finished summing up the case.

It seemed as though everything had been said, but the presiding justice felt unable to cut short his prerogative of speech—he was so pleased with the illumirating cadences of his own remarks, and he found it necessary to address the jurors briefly on the importance of the jurors' prerogative, and on the attention and care with which they were to exercise it, and not misuse it, reminding them of the oath which they had taken, and of their standing as the conscience of society and of the sacredness of the secrecy of the jury room, and so forth, and so forth.

From the time that the presiding justice commenced to speak, Maslova never took her eyes off his face, as though fearing to miss a single word, and therefore Nekhliudov no longer fearful of meeting her glance, watched her steadily in his turn. And in the meantime he experienced that familiar trick of imagination when after a long lapse of time one sees a beloved countenance: first it strikingly reveals the outward changes which have taken place during the period of separation, then little by little it is transformed into a perfect likeness of its own old self of many years back; the ravages of time all disappear, and there arises before the eye of the spirit the overruling manifestation of the exclusive

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unique personality of the spirit. This is what Nekhliudov experienced now.

Yes, indeed, in spite of the prisoner's robe, in spite of the widened waist line and the matured bosom, in spite of the looseness of the chin and the furrows over her brow and about the temples, in spite of the puffed up eyes beyond all doubt this was that same Katyusha who on that glorious morn of Christ's Resurrection had looked up to him—her beloved—so innocently with her upturned adoring eyes which were smiling with joy and with the fulness of life.

"And such a miraculous coincidence. This case had to come up for trial just when I am called to serve on the jury; I never run across her in ten years, and I must meet her here on the defendants' bench! How will it all end? Ah, if they would only hurry and get through!"

He still refused to yield to that feeling of repentance which was beginning to speak in him. He still considered it an accident which would pass by without disturbing his mode of life. He felt like the pup who has misbehaved in his master's room and whom the master takes by the scruff of the neck to prod his nose into the filth of which he was the author. The pup whines and struggles hard to escape the consequences of his misdeed, but the inexorable master will not let him go. And so Nekhliudov now fully realized the vileness of what he had done, and felt the powerful hand of the master, but still failed to garsp the significance of what he had done, or to recognize his master. He still longed to believe that that which was now going on before him was not his affair. But the inexorable and invisible hand held him fast, and he had the foreboding that he should never succeed in wriggling out of it.

He still put on a brave front, and from old habit

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crossed his legs as he toyed nonchanlantly with his eye glasses and sat with a self-reliant mien on the second chair in the front row, but all the time in the depths of his soul he felt all the cruelty, knavery and vileness not only of his deed, but of his whole idle, dissolute, mean and self-indulgent life, and that terible curtain which by some enchantment had for twelve years hidden from his eyes both his crime and the true nature of the life that followed in its wake, was already astir, and now and again he stole a glimpse behind it.

## XXIII.

At least the presiding justice finished his discourse and with a graceful flourish picked up the list of questions and tendered it to the foreman of the jury who had come for it. The jurors rose, glad to get away, and manifestly at a loss what to do with their hands as though ashamed of something, they filed into the conference room. The moment the door was locked behind them, a gendarme came along, took his sword out of the scabbard and raising it to his shoulder, stationed himself near the door. The justices meanwhile had risen and departed. The accused were likewise led out of the room.

As before, the first thing the jurors did on entering the conference room was to get their cigarettes and to smoke. They had all felt more or less, while occupying their seats in the court room, how unnatural and false was their position, but this feeling disappeared as they reached the conference room and had a chance to light up their cigarettes, and with a feeling of relief they took their seats and immediately engaged in an animated discussion.

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"The girl is not to blame, she's all in a tangle," said the good-natured merchant, "let's be lenient with her."

"We'll discuss this point later," said the foreman, "we must not yield to personal impressions."

"That was a fine summing up by the president," said the colonel.

"Fine, indeed! I almost fell asleep."

"The main thing is that the hotel help could not have known about the money, if Maslova had not been of one mind with them," said the shop assistant who was of the Jewish type.

"Then in your opinion it was she who stole the money?" asked one of the jurors.

"Nothing will make me believe that," cried the goodnatured merchant. "It's the red-eyed strumpet that started all this mess."

"They're all good," said the colonel.

"But she said she never even entered the room."

"And you believe her! I would not believe that wench..."

"Your not believing her makes very little difference," said the shop assistant,

"She had the key."

"Well, what of that?" retorted the merchant.

"And how about the ring?"

"She told you, didn't she?" cried again the merchant. "He was a tough customer, with a few drinks behind his belt, and he beat her up. Well, and then, of course, he felt sorry. There he says, take this and shut up. He was a strapper, I hear, weighed three hunderd twenty pounds stripped."

"That's not the point," interrupted Peter Gerasimovitch, "the question is this: was it she who cooked up



"...The Court was adjourned for a recess ..." Page 143.

the scheme and coaxed the others into it, or did the hotel help do it?"

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"The hotel help could not have done it without her, she had the key." The debate went on for some time incoherently.

"With your leave, gentlemen," said the foreman, "let us sit down at the table and discuss the case. Please," he said taking the chairman's seat.

"These wenches are a dirty lot," said the shop assistant, and to bolster up his opinion that Maslova was the prime mover in the crime he related a story of a friend of his whom a girl of that type had robbed of a watch.

This gave the colonel a chance to bring up an even more striking instance of the theft of a silver tea-urn.

"Gentlemen, let us confine ourselves to the questions in proper order," said the foreman tapping the table with his pencil.

All lapsed into silence. The questions were formulated as follows:

- 1. Is Simon Petrov Kartinkin, peasant of the village of Borki, district of Krapivensk, 33 years of age, guilty of administering a poisonous substance mixed with cognac to merchant Smelkov, on the seventeenth day of January 188—, in the city of N., thus causing Smelkov's death, after having conspired to deprive him of life with the intention of robbing him, and of committing larceny by stealing a sum of money approximating twenty-five hundred roubles and a diamond ring, the property of the deceased?
- 2. Is Euphemia Ivanovna Botchkova, commoner, 43 years old, guilty of the crime described in the first question?
  - 3. Is Katerina Mikhailovna Maslova, commoner, 23

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years of age, guilty of the crime described in the first question?

4. If the accused Euphemia Botchkova is not guilty on the first count, is she not guilty of larceny committed on the seventeenth day of January, 188—, in the city of N., while being employed in the hotel "Mauretania," by secretly stealing from the locked suit case belonging to merchant Smelkov, a guest in the said hotel, occupying at the time the room allotted to him, the sum of twenty-five hundred roubles in money, having unlocked the said suit case by means of a key brought by her and fitted to the suit case?

The foreman repeated the first question,

"How about it gentlemen?"

This question was decided very promptly. All agreed to answer, "Yes, guilty," finding him guilty as accessory both on the poisoning and on the larceny charge. Only one man, an aged bonded servant\*) refused to find Kartinkin guilty, answering every question in the sense of acquittal.

The foreman, in the belief that the old fellow did not understand, explained to him that there was no doubt of the guilt either of Kartinkin or Botchkova, but he replied that he understood quite well, but felt it best to show mercy. "We're no saints ourselves," he said and stuck to his guns.

With regard to the second question, after much talk and explaining, the answer was "not guilty," as there was no clear proof of her patricipation in the administering of the poison, the point on which her lawyer had placed so much emphasis.

<sup>\*)</sup> A member of an "artel," which are unions furnishing employees for positions of trust and guaranteeing the integrity of their members with the funds of the union.—Translator's note.

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The merchant in his desire to acquit Maslova insisted that the Botchkova woman was the chief instigator of the whole crime. Many jurors agreed with him, but the foreman, striving to adhere closely to legalities, ruled that there was no foundation for finding her guilty of having taken part in the administration of poison.

After a spirited discussion the opinion of the foreman prevailed. On the fourth question, relating again to Botchkova, the vote was "Yes, guilty," but yielding to the insistence of the old fellow the jury added "but with a recommendation for lenience."

The question relating to Maslova evoked a heated discussion. The foreman insisted that she was guilty both of the poisoning and of larceny, the merchant disagreed with him, and had on his side the colonel, the shop assistant and the old fellow. The rest seemed to be undecided, but the opinion of the foreman began to prevail, particularly as all the jurors were tired and favored that opinion which promised to unite them most quickly, thus bringing about their own release.

From the facts as related during the judicial inquiry, and from his own knowledge of Maslova, Nekhliudov was convinced that she was guiltless alike of the poisoning and of larceny, and at first felt sure that all would recognize this, but the merchant's defence of the girl was so clumsy and so evidently based on the physical liking he had conceived for Maslova—which he took no trouble of concealing, and which was responsible for the foreman's stubborn opposition, and everybody was so tired, that the verdict was inclining against her: he wanted to protest, but he found it terribly hard to speak for Maslova; it seemed to him that everybody would instantly discover his relation to her. And yet he felt that he could not leave things as they were. His face was

now flushed, now pale, and he was about to say something when Peter Gerasimovitch, hitherto perfectly silent, but now evidently annoyed by the arbitrary tone of the foreman, suddenly began to contradict him and bring out the very arguments which Nekhliudov had in mind.

"Pardon me," he said, "you say that she was guilty of larceny because she had the key, but could not the hotel help have opened the suit case with a key fitted to it, after she had gone?"

"Just so, just so," agreed the merchant.

"Besides, she could not have taken the money, for in her position she had no way of using it."

"That's what I say," agreed the merchant.

"It is much more likely that her coming put the thought in the mind of the hotel help, and they took advantage of the situation and put the whole blame on her shoulders."

Peter Gerasimovitch spoke in an irritated tone. And this irritability communicated itself to the foreman, who began obstinately to assert on opposing opinion, but Peter Gerasimovitch spoke so convincingly that the majority agreed with him, holding that Maslova had taken no part in stealing the money or the ring, and that the ring had been given her by the deceased.

When her share in the poisoning was discussed, then her zealous champion, the merchant, said that she must be found not guilty, since she had no motive in poisoning. But the foreman said that it was impossible to find her not guilty, since she herself admitted administering the powder.

"She did, but she thought it was opium," said the merchant.

"Well she could have taken his life with opium as

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well," said the colonel who was fond of digressing and seized this opportunity in order to relate that the wife of his wife's brother had taken opium and would have died but for the fortunate presence of a doctor nearby who was able to take the proper measures in time. The colonel related this so impressively, with so much self-assurance and with such noble bearing that no one had the heart to interrupt him. Only the shop assistant, following his contagious example, decided to interrupt him in order to tell a story of his own.

"Some people get so used to opium that they can take forty drops, I have a relative..."

But the colonel would not suffer himself to be sidetracked and continued his story of the effect of opium upon the wife of his wife's brother.

"Gentlemen, it is going on five o'clock already," said one of the jurors.

"How about it, gentlemen?" said the foreman. "Shall it be: guilty without intent to rob, and that she committed no larceny?"

"Agreed?"

Peter Gerasimovitch, content with his triumph, agreed.

"But with the recommendation of mercy," added the merchant.

All agreed, only the old bonded servant insisted on the plain verdict: "Not guilty."

"But it's just the same," explained the foreman, "that means she is not guilty."

"Go ahead, then, and is recommended to mercy, that means if there is any danger, this will clear it up."

Everybody was so tired and so mixed up in the arguing that no one thought to add to the verdict: "Yes, guilty, but without intent to cause loss of life."

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Nekhliudov was so excited that even he failed to notice it. And in this form the answers were written down and taken back to the court room.

Rabelais tells of a jurist who on being appealed to by litigants and after listening to the citing of all sorts of laws and to the reading of twenty pages full of legal nonsense in Latin suggested to the contending parties to throw dice for it, odds and evens, if evens the plaintiff wins, if odds, the defendant wins.

The same had occured here. One verdict was agreed upon intsead of another, not because all were of the same mind, but because in the first place the presiding justice who had taken up so much time with his summing up failed to mention a fact that he was otherwise in the habit of bringing to the notice of juries, namely that in their reply to the question they had the right to say: "yes, guilty, but without intent to cause loss of life"; second, because the colonel had been so long-winded and tiresome in telling the story of his wife's brother and his wife; in the third place because Nekhliudov was so agitated that he failed to notice the omission of the qualifying clause of lacking intent to kill, and thought that the clause "without premeditation" destroyed the element of guilt; in the fourth place because Peter Gerasimovitch was out of the room—he had stepped out when the foreman was reading the list of questions and answers; and finally because everybody was tired and wanted to get through and hastened to unite upon a verdict that would terminate the session most quickly.

The jurors rang the bell. The gendarme who had stood outside the door with a bared sword in his arm, replaced the sword in the scabbard and stepped aside. The judges resumed their seats, and the jurors filed into the court room.

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The foreman bore the list with a solemn air. He approached the presiding justice and handed it to him. The presiding justice read it with obvious amazement, waved his hands and turned to his associates to confer with them. The presiding justice was amazed that the jurors having qualified the first clause "without intent to rob," failed to qualify the second "without intent to kill." So it turned out according to the verdict of the jurors that Maslova had not stolen or robbed, yet poisoned a man without any apparent cause.

"Just look at the stupid mess they send us," he remarked to his associate on the left. "That means hard labor, and she is not guilty."

"Come, not guilty!" sneered the stern associate.

"She's not guilty and that's all. In my estimation this is a case where article 817 is clearly applicable. (Article 817 points out that if the court considers the verdict unjustified it can set aside the findings of the jurors.)

"What do you think?" he addressed the kindly associate.

The kindly associate did not reply at once. He looked at the number of the document before him and added the figures—no, they did not divide by three. He had made up his mind that if it did divide by three he would consent; nevertheless in the goodness of his heart he assented, atlhough the number was not divisible by three.

"I also am of the opinion that it is the right thing to do," he said.

"And you?" the presiding justice addressed the cranky associate.

"On no condition," he answered with an air of finality. "The newspapers clamor anyway that the jurors acquit criminals too freely, what will they say if the



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court should begin to acquit them? I do not agree under any circumstances."

The presiding justice glanced at the watch.

"Too bad, but what's to be done?" and he tendered the sheet to the foreman to read.

All rose to their feet, and the foreman poised first on one foot and then on the other, cleared his throat and read the questions and the answers. Every court official expressed astonishment, the secretary, the law-yers and even the prosecutor.

The accused sat unperturbed, evidently not understanding the meaning of the answers. Again every one sat down, and the presiding justice asked the prosecutor what penalties he proposed for the accused.

The prosecutor, delighted by an unexpected success in connection with Maslova and ascribing this success to his eloquence, looked up some reference and rose to his feet, saying:

"I would propose penalties in the case of Simon Kartinkin, on the basis of article 1452 and paragraph 4 of article 1453, in the case of Euphemia Botchkova on the basis of article 1659 and Katerina Maslova on the basis of article 1454."

These paragraphs carried with them the sternest penalties which the court could impose.

"The court will withdraw in order to formulate its ruling," said the presiding justice and rose.

And with that all the rest rose also and either stepped out or walked about the court room with the pleasurable feeling of a good deed accomplished.

"What a shameful botch have we made of it, old chap!" said Peter Gerasimovitch walking up to Nekh-liudov who was listening to something the foreman

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was telling him. "Why we have sent her up for penal servitude."

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"What are you saying?" cried Nekhliudov, this time failing to notice the disagreeably familiar manner of the teacher.

"Why," he said, "we failed to insert in the verdict the clause 'guilty without intent to kill.' The secretary has just told me that the prosecutor insists on fifteen years penal servitude."

"That was our decision," said the foreman.

Peter Gerasimovitch began to argue, saying that since she had taken no money, it followed as a matter of course that she had no intent to kill.

"But I read the questions and the answers aloud before handing them in," the foreman justified himself. "No one objected."

"I was out of the room at the time," said Peter Gerasimovitch. "How did you let it slip through?"

'I never thought..." said Nekhliudov.

"You never thought!"

"But it can be amended," said Nekhliudov.

"Not now any more-it's all over."

Nekhliudov looked upon the accused. And these, whose fate was now being decided, sat unmoved behind their screen back of the soldiers. Maslova was smiling at something. And an evil thought rose in Nekhliudov's soul. Earlier in the day, when he had anticipated her acquittal and continued residence in the city, he was undetermined how to act towards her. And it would have been difficult to decide upon his mode of relations to her; but penal servitude and exile to Siberia immediately destroyed any chance of mutual relations. The memory of the wounded bird that struggled in his game bag kept coming into his mind.

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### XXIV.

The anticipations of Peter Gerasimovitch were confirmed.

Having returned from the council room, the presiding justice took up the papers and read:

"The twenty-eighth day of April 188-, By order of His Imperial Majesty, the circuit court at N., Division of Criminal Offenses, by virtue of the verdict of the jury, on the basis of section 3, article 776 and article 777 of the Criminal Code, the Court sentences: Simon Kartinkin, peasant, 33 years of age and Katerina Maslova, commoner, 27 years of age to penal servitude at hard labor with the loss of all civil rights, to wit, Kartinkin for eight years, and Maslova for four years, including all the consequences provided for by article 25 of the Code. Euphemia Botchkova, commoner, 43 years of age, with the loss of all personal and also of acquired property rights and privileges to be imprisoned for a period of three years, with all the consequences provided for by article 48 of the Code. The expenses of the trial to be charged to the defendants, share and share alike, and in case of their insolvency to be assumed by the Crown.

The material exhibits in the case are to be sold, the ring is to be returned, the glass jars to be destroyed."

Kartinkin stood erect as before, hugging the seam of his trousers with his stretched out fingers and moving his cheeks. Botchkova set perfectly cool and collected.

When she heard the sentence, Maslova's face flushed a deep crimson.

"I'm not guilty, not guilty," she suddenly cried out

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at the top of her voice into the court room. "It's a sin. I am not golty. I never wanted it, never thought of it. I'm telling the truth, the truth!" And sinking back in her seat she sobbed out aloud.

When Kartinkin and Botchkova were led out, she was still sitting in her seat weeping so bitterly that a gendarme had to rouse her, shaking her by the sleeve of her robe.

"No, it's impossible to leave it like this," said Nekhliudov to himself, and now entirely oblivious of his evil feeling, hastened into the corridor to catch another glimpse of her, without giving himself an account of his motive in doing so.

An animated crowd was surging through the exit—jurors and lawyers, happy to see the trial concluded, and he was detained for some minutes at the door; when he finally reached the corridor, she was quite a distance ahead of him. With rapid steps, paying no heed to the attention he thereby drew to himself, he caught up with her and overtaking her, stopped. By this time she had ceased weeping but for a occasional convulsive sob, and drying her reddened face with the end of her headcloth she passed him without looking back. He let her pass, and hurriedly returned in order to have an interview with the presiding justice, but the latter had already departed, and Nekhliudov finally caught him in the vestibule.

"Mr. President," said Nekhliudov, while the justice having donned a light overcoat was taking his silverheaded cane from the porter. "May I have a few words with you regarding the case which has just been concluded. I am one of the juorrs."

"Why, of course, Prince Nekhliudov. Very pleased, indeed, we have met before," said the presiding justice

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shaking hands and recollecting with plea are the evening he met Nekhliudov, when he had danced with such exceptional dash, beating many young fellows at their own game.

"In the jury's answers to the questions regarding Maslova there occured a misunderstanding. She is guiltless of poisoning, and yet she was sentenced to penal servitude with hard labor," said Nekhliudov with a concentrated and gloomy expression.

"The court imposed sentence in accordance with the answers which you gentlemen presented to it," said the justice nearing the exit door, "although even the court thought the answers unjustified by the facts in the case."

He had remembered that he had had it in mind to explain to the jurors that their answer "yes—guilty," without excepting the intent to kill, confirmed her guilt with intent to kill, and that in his haste he had failed to do so.

"But is there no way to amend this mistake?"

"Grounds for appeal can always be found. It's a case for the lawyers," said the presiding justice putting on his hat a trifle sideways, and edging his way to the door.

"But this is terrible."

"You see there were two things before Maslova," said the presiding justice who evidently tried to be as agreeable and polite to Nekhliudov as possible; and having adjusted his sideboards over the collar of his overcoat, he took him by the elbow and led him to the exit, continuing: "You are going out, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Nekhliudov, and hurriedly putting on his overcoat, left the building with him.

"It was a somewhat peculiar situation, don't you

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"The gendarme had to arouse her by touching the sleeve of her prison robe." Page 157

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### RESURRECTION

see," continued the presiding justice raising his voice, "this Maslova woman had two things before her: either a practical acquittal, with perhaps a slight prison sentence which would have been offset by her preliminary confinement, or even a mere arrest, or on the other hand penal servitude with hard labor. There could not be a middle road. If you had only added the words 'but without intent to kill,' she would have been acquitted."

"By my unpardonable oversight this was not done," said Nekhliudov.

"That is where the whole trouble lay," said the presiding justice with a smile and a glance at his watch.

He still had three quarters of an hour grace to keep his appointment with Clara.

"Now if you so desire you can engage the services cf a lawyer. You must find grounds for an appeal. This can be always arranged.

"Dvoryanskaya street," he turned to the cabman, "thirty kopeks, I never pay more."

"Step right in, your Excellency."

"Good day, sir. If I may be of any service to you, call at any time, you know the address: Dvornikov's Apartments, on Dvoryanskaya, it's easy to remember."

And with a kindly bow he was off.

# XXV.

The interview with the presiding justice and the fresh air had a somewhat calming effect upon Nekhliudov. He now thought that the feeling experienced by him was an exaggeration, due to having spent a whole morning in such unwonted surroundings.

"Of course, it is a remarkable, a striking coincidence.

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And everything must be done to alleviate her fate, and must be done quickly. Instantly. I will find out right here in the court-house where either Fanarin or Mikishin live." He recalled the names of two well known lawyers.

Nekhliudov returned to the court-house, took off his overcoat and went upstairs. In the very first corridor he met Fanarin. He stopped him and told him that he had a case for him. Fanarin knew him by sight and by name, and said that he should be delighted to have an opportunity of serving him.

"While I am tired, if it will not take long, tell me all about it, let us step in here."

Fanarin led Nekhliudov into a small room, evidently some judge's private chamber. They sat down at the table.

"Well, what is it?"

"First of all, I must ask you," said Nekhliudov, "to see that no one learns that I am interested in this case."

"Why, that's understood. And..."

"I served on the jury to-day, and we condemned a woman—an innocent woman—to penal servitude with hard labor. And that troubles me."

Nekhliudov quite unexpectedly to himself blushed with embarrassment.

Fanarin gave him a quick flashing glance and then dropped his eyes again and listened.

"And..." was all he said in an undertone.

"We have condemned an innocent woman and I should like to have the case appealed and taken to the highest court."

"The Senate," Fanarin corrected him.

"And I should like you to take the case."

Nekhliudov was anxious to be through with the





hardest part as quickly as possible and immediately added:

"The fee and all the expenses I shall bear myself, whatever the amount may be," he said with a blush.

"Well, we won't quarrel about that," said the lawyer smiling condescendingly at his client's inexperience.

"What are the facts in the case?"

Nekhliudov told him.

"Very well, then, I shall take up this case to-morrow and look into it. And the next day, no, make it Thursday, come and see me at six o'clock in the evening, and I shall have an answer for you. Is it all right? Let us go then, I have to look up a thing or two here."

Nekhliudov said good-bye and went out.

The talk with the lawyer and the fact that he had already taken steps for Maslova's protection had a still more soothing effect upon him. He stepped outside. The weather was beautiful. It made him happy to breathe the air of springtime. Cabbies importuned him offering their services, but he chose to walk; yet immediately his head reeled with an onrush of thoughts and recollections relating to Katyusha and to the way he had acted towards her. He lapsed into a despondent mood and all things seemed gloomy. "No, I must think this over later," he said to himself, "But now I must seek a little distraction from these painful impressions."

He remembered the dinner appointment at the Kortchagins and looked at his watch. It was not very late, he had still time to make the dinner. A street car clattered past him. He caught it on the run. Reaching the square he jumped off, hired a good cab from the backstand and ten minutes 'ater was at the front door of the Kortchagin mansion.



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### XXVI.

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"Come in, your Serene Highness, you're expected," said the good-natured portly doorman of the Kortchagin mansion as he opened the massive oak door of the porte cochère entrance that glided noiselessly on English hinges. "They're at dinner, but I'm to ask you right up."

The doorman went up to the stair-case and rang a bell.

"Anybody there?" asked Nekhliudov, taking off his overcoat.

"Mr. Kolosov, sir, and Mikhail Sergheyevitch, otherwise only the family," replied the doorman.

A handsome flunkey, in a dress suit and white gloves, glanced down from the top of the stair-case.

"This way, your Serene Highness," he said, "You're to come right up, sir."

Nekhliudov ascended the stair-case and passing through the familiar magnificent and spacious reception room entered the dining hall. Here the whole family was assembled at the table, with the exception of the mother, Princess Sophia Vasilyevna, who never left her boudoir. At the head of the table sat the old Prince Kortchagin, at his left the doctor, on his right a guest, Iva Ivanovitch Kolosov, formerly marshal of nobility for some province, now on the board of a banking institution, a liberal and a friend of Kortchagin; next on the left Miss Reeder, the English governess of Missy's little sister, and her four year old pupil, on the right, opposite Missy, Kortchagin's only son Petya (Peter), a student in the sixth year of High School, (the whole family had remained in town on account of his impending

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annual examinations), his tutor, a college student; then on the left Ekaterina Alexeyevna, a spinster of forty, with Slavophile tendencies, opposite her Mikhail Sergheyevitch, otherwise Misha Telegin, Missy's cousin, and at the foot of the table Missy herself, and next to her an untouched cover.

"Fine. Sit down, we're just at the fish," said the old prince Kortchagin chewing cautiously with artificial teeth and glancing up at Nekhliudov with bloodshot eyes that apparently were bare of eye-lids.

"Stepan," he said, with his mouth full of food, to the portly and majestic butler, pointing with his eyes to Nekhliudov's untouched cover. Although Nekhliudov knew old Kortchagin very well and had seen him many times at dinner, he was that evening particularly unpleasantly impressed by his blood-red face, and the sensual smacking lips, by the serviette tucked into his vest, by his over-fat neck, and most of all by his well fed military figure—that of a typical Russian general.

Involuntarily he recalled the things which he had heard concerning this man's cruelty, who, God knows why, (he was rich and highborn, and did not need to be overzealous for the sake of promotion), had whipped and even hanged people while he was governor of a territory.

"You will be served immediately, your Serene Highness," said Stepan taking from the buffet that bore an array of silver vases, a large soup ladle and beckoning to the handsome side-whiskered flunkey who rushed to adjust the untouched service which had been set next to Missy's and was covered with a skillfully folded starched serviette, showing a huge coat of arms at the upper end.

Nekhliudov walked around the table shaking hands



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with the whole company. All excepting Kortchagin and the ladies stood up as he approached them. And this solemn procession around the table and the shaking of hands with the whole company, although he never otherwise exchanged a word with some of them, never seemed to him as disagreeable and ridiculous as this evening. He apologized for being late, and was about to take the vacant seat between Missy and Ekaterina Alexeyevna, but the old prince Kortchagin insisted that since he took no vodka, he should nevertheless help himself to the hors-d'oeuvres from the sideboard which bore an array of lobsters, caviare, cheese and herrings. Nekhliudov was surprised at his own appetite, for when he started on a piece of bread and cheese he could not stop and ate avidly.

"Well, have you been undermining the foundations of the social structure?" inquired Kolosov, ironically repeating an expression recently coined by a reactionary newspaper with reference to the jury system. "Have you been acquitting the guilty and condemning the innocent?"

"Undermining the foundations... Undermining the foundations..." repeated the prince with a laugh. He had boundless faith in the cleverness and the erudition of his liberal friend and colleague.

Nekhliudov, at the risk of being accounted discourtecus, did not reply to Kolosov and seating himself before a steaming plate of soup, continued to eat.

"Let him eat," said Missy with a smile, reminding him by the use of the familiar pronoun "him" of the closeness of the tie that bound them together.

Kolosov meanwhile expatiated loudly and spiritedly on the newspaper article which attacked the jury system

"The Hors-d'oeuvres table with lobsters, caviar, cheese and herring." Page 166

and aroused his indignation. He was supported by Mikhail Sergheyevitch, Kortchagin's nephew, who quoted from another article in the same newspaper.

Missy, as always, was very distinguée, and very well, unobtrusively well dressed.

"You must be dreadfully tired and famished," she said to Nekhliudov when he had finished munching.

"Not so very much. And you? Did you go to see the paintings?" he inquired.

"No, we put it off. We were playing tennis at Salamatov's. Really, Mr. Crooks plays a wonderful game of tennis."

Nekhliudov had come to seek diversion, for he had always felt at home in this house, not only on account of the fine tone of luxury pervading it, which had such a soothing effect upon his feelings, but also on account of that atmosphere of ingratiating flattery which surrounded him here imperceptibly. But strange to say, this evening, everything in this house seemed repulsive to him, beginning with the doorman and the broad staircase, the flowers, the flunkeys, the table decorations, and ending with Missy herself who now appeared to him so unattractive and unnatural. He was disgusted with that cocksure liberal tone of Kolosov, with that cocksure sensual ox-like figure of the old man Kortchagin, he felt annoyed by the French chatter of Ekaterina Alexeyevna, the Slavophile, he was annoyed by the constrained expression on the face of the governess and of the tutor, and particularly by the pronoun "him" that Missy had used in referring to him. Nekhliudov had always vacillated between two attitudes towards Missy: either as though with half-opened eyes or by moonlight—he saw in her nothing but what was beautiful: she seemed so



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though in the clear light of the sun he could not help noticing all her shortcomings. To-day the latter attitude prevailed. He saw all the lines in her face, he knew, he noticed how her hair had been crimped, he observed the sharpness of her elbows, and above all he saw the width of the nail on her thumb which reminded him of her father's identical thumbnails.

"Tennis is a terrible bore," said Kolosov, "how much better the ball games we played in our boyhood days."

"Ah, but you have never tried it. It is dreadfully fascinating." replied Missy pronouncing the word "dreadfully" in a peculiar unnatural manner as it seemed to Nekhliudov.

This started an argument in which Mikhail Sergheyevitch and Ekaterina Alexeyevna chimed in. Only the governess, the tutor and the children were silent and seemed to be bored.

"They're forever arguing," said the old man Kortchagin laughing loudly, and taking the serviette from his vest he rose from the table, rattling his chair, which was immediately snatched up by the flunkey. Following him the rest of the company rose also and walked to a small side table where stood bowls with warm scented water, and as they rinsed their mouths they continued their uninteresting dispute.

"Is it not so?" Missy appealed to Nekhliudov challenging him to support her opinion to the effect that nothing so shows up the character of a man as a game. She had noticed a concentrated, and it seemed to her a censuring expression on his face which she feared and she was anxious to know what it was that had evoked it.

"I really do not know, I have never given it any thought," replied Nekhliudov.

"Will you come with me to see mamma?" asked Missy.

"Yes, yes," he said fetching a cigarette and in a tone which betrayed that would rather not go.

She looked at him in silence and inquiringly, and he felt ashamed. "There, calling on people and acting boorish," he said to himself, and trying to be agreeable he said that he would go with pleasure if the princess would receive him.

"Yes, yes, mamma will be glad. She will let you smoke. And Ivan Ivanovitch is there also."

The mistress of the house, princess Sophia Vasilyevna, was an invalid. For the past seven years callers had found her reposing in laces and ribbons, mid velvet, gilt and ivory, bronze, lacquer and flowers; she went nowhere, and received, as she said, only "her friends," which meant all those who in some way stood out from the crowd. Nekhliudov was received as belonging to these "friends," and also because he was considered a bright young man, and again because his mother had been an intimate friend of the family, and finally because it would be such a good match if Missy married him.

The boudoir of princess Sophia Vasilyevna adjoined the large and small drawing rooms. In the large drawing room Missy who had been preceding Nekhliudov stopped resolutely and clasping the back of a gilt chair looked straight at him.

· Missy was very anxious to marry, and Nekhliudov was a good match. Besides she liked him and she had accustomed herself to the thought that he would be hers (not that she would be his, but that he would be hers),

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and by dint of unconscious, though none the less obstinate cunning such as is characteristic of mental aberrations, she had been steadily coming closer to her goal. She addressed him now in order to compel him to explain.

"I see that something happened to you to-day," she said. "What ails you?"

He recalled the meeting in the court-house, frowned and blushed.

"Yes, something has happened," he said, desiring to be truthful, "a strange, an unusual and an important thing."

"What was it? Can you not tell me what?"

"I cannot at this time. Permit me not to speak of it. Something has happened which I have had no time to think over," he said blushing still more deeply.

"And you will not tell me?" A muscle in her face twitched, and she moved the chair to which she was holding on.

"No, I cannot," he replied feeling that in giving her this answer, he was answering himself as well, acknowledging that something very significant had happened to him.

"Well, let us go then."

She shook her head as though chasing away some annoying thoughts and walked on with faster steps than usual.

It seemed to him that her lips were unnaturally compressed, as though she were holding back tears. He felt ashamed and hurt to have grieved her, but he knew that to weaken now ever so slightly would be his ruin, would bind him hand and foot. And as he feared this now above all other things, he reached the boudoir of the princess walking by her side in silence.

### XXVII.

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Princess Sophia Vasilyevna had finished her dinner—a very refined and nourishing meal, which she was in the habit of eating alone, so that no one could observe her in the act of attending to this prosaic function. By the side of her lounge stood a small coffee table; she was smoking a cigarette. Princess Sophia Vasilyevna was a slender and tall brunette, with prominent teeth and big eyes, and still strove to make herself appear young.

Her relations with the doctor were the subject of evil gossip. Nekhliudov had formerly made efforts to ignore it, but to-day it not only came to his mind, but he was terribly disgusted when he saw the doctor with his oily and glossy side whiskers standing by her side.

In a low cushioned armchair, at the coffee table, close to Sophia Vasilyevna, sat Kolosov who was busily stirring his coffee. On the table beside him was a glass with liqueur.

Missy entered with Nekhliudov, but did not linger in the room.

"When mamma tires of you and drives you away, come to me," she said addressing Kolosov and Nekhliudov in a tone which failed to betray that anything had occurred between them, and with a cheerful smile, walking inaudibly on the thick carpet, she left the room.

"How are you, my friend? Sit down and talk," said princes Sophia Vasilyevna with an artificial dissembling smile which could easily pass for a perfectly genuine smile and which revealed her beautiful large teeth that were so wonderfully made that they, too, could easily pass for natural. "I have been told that you had arrived from court in a very despondent mood. I fancy these things must be painful for people with a heart," she added in French.

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"Yes, that is true," said Nekhliudov, "it frequently brings home to a man his own un.—brings home to him the fact that he has no right to judge."

"Comme c'est vrai!" \*) said the princess as though greatly struck by the truth of his remark, and as always skillfully flattering her visitor.

"Well, and how about your painting? I am intensely interested in it," she added, "but for my helpless condition I should have called on you long ago."

"I have abandoned it altogether," drily replied Nekhliudov, to whom now the disingenuousness of her flattery was as patent as were the ravages of old age which she so anxiously strove to conceal. He simply could not bring himself into the mood of being agreeable.

"What a pity. You know, Repin himself told me that he has a positive talent," she said addressing Kolosov.

"How can she lie like that with a straight face!" thought Nekhliudov with a frown.

Realizing that Nekhliudov was in a bad humor and that it was not possible to draw him into a pleasant and sensible conversation, Sophia Vasilyevna turned to Kolosov, asking his opinion concerning a new drama in such a tone as though this opinion of Kolosov would authoritatively and with finality set at rest all her doubts and as though each word of that opinion was worthy of being immortalized. Kolosov condemned this drama and took advantage of this opportunity in order to express his ideas on art. Princess Sophia Vasilyevna was over-

<sup>\*)</sup> How very true!



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### RESURRECTION

awed by the accuracy of his judgment, and though she feebly essayed to defend the author of the drama, she either instantly surrendered to each argument or sought a compromise. Nekhliudov looked and listened, but he saw and heard something very different from that which was going on in his presence.

As he listened first to Sophia Vasilyevna, then to Kolosov, Nekhliudov saw in the first place that neither Sophia Vasilyevna nor Kolosov cared a rap one way or another about the drama, or about one another, and that they were speaking merely to satisfy a physiological craving of moving the muscles of the tongue and the throat after a meal; in the second place that Kolosov having heavily imbibed of vodka, wines and liquors was slightly intoxicated, though not in the same way as some mujik to whom drink is a rarity is drunken, but as people are apt to be who have made a habit of drinking wine. He did not totter, he did not say anything foolish, but he was in an abnormal state of buoyant self-satisfaction; in the third place Nekhliudov saw that Sophia Vasilyevna all through the conversation kept restlessly watching the window through which an oblique ray of the dying sun had threatened to stray into her vicinity revealing too clearly the effects of old age in her face.

"How true that is!" she said in reply to some remark by Kolosov and pressed an electric button in the wall near the lounge.

At that moment the doctor rose, and being "one of the family" left the room without a word of excuse. Sophia Vasilyevna followed him with her glance, continuing the conversation.

"Please, Philipp, let down that shade," she said pointing to the offending window shade with her eyes, when the hadsome flunkey came in to answer the bell.



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"No, say what you please, but there is a mystic quality in him, and without mysticism there can be no poetry," she said while one of her black eyes followed indignantly every movement of the flunkey who was engaged in the act of lowering the wrong window shade.

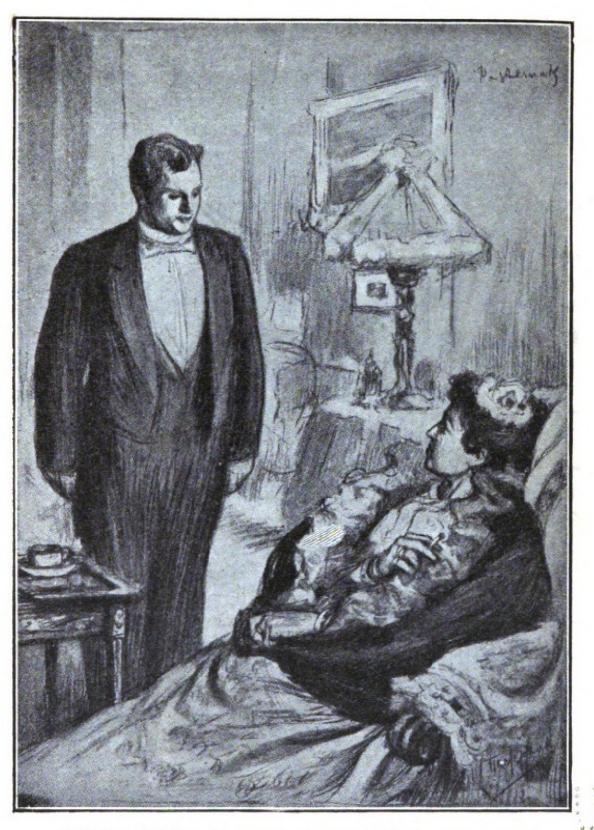
"Mysticism without poetry is a superstition, and poetry without mysticism is mere prose," she said with a despondent smile, her glance still riveted on the flunkey who was adjusting the shade.

"Philipp, not this shade, the one at the bay window," moaned Sophia Vasilyevna in an agonized tone, evidently filled with self-pity on account of the tremendous effort involved in pronouncing these words, and raising to her lips with her ring-decked hand a fragrant smoking cigarette, as a sedative to her nerves.

Philipp, broad-chested, muscular and handsome, lightly bowed as though by way of apology, and stepping softly across the rug with shapely stockinged legs that showed the sturdy bulge of his calves, in silent obedience walked over to the other window, and carefully watching the princess, began to arrange the offending window shade in such a manner that not a ray dared to stray upon her. But again he failed to do the right thing, and the martyred princess was forced to interrupt her remarks on mysticism in order to correct the inapt flunkey who was so inconsiderately annoying her. For a moment Philipp's eyes flashed resentfully.

"I bet he is inwardly saying 'who the devil can tell what you really want'?" thought Nekhiluov watching the little game. But the good-looking athletic servant immediately masked his show of impatience and serenely commenced to do the bidding of the palsied, impotent and whelly counterfeit princess.

"Of course, there is a great deal of truth in the teach-



"Please, Philipp, lower the shade," said the Princess when a handsome male servant came in response to the bell." Page 175.

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ing of Darwin," said Kolosov sprawling all over the low armchair and regarding Sophia Vasilyevna with somnolent eyes, "but he exceeds his bounds."

"And how about you? Do you believe in heredity?" asked Sophia Vasilyevna annoyed by Nekhliudov's persistent silence.

"In heredity?" repeated Nekhliudov. "No, I don't believe in it," he said, while his mind was engrossed in the contemplation of a series of queer pictures which had unaccountably risen before his fancy. He pictured to himself the sturdy and handsome Philipp as an artist's model, and side by side with him Kolosov—nude, with his melon-shaped belly, bald head and flabby, whip-like arms. And in the dim light of his fancy he also saw the princess's shoulders, now covered with silk and velvet, as they were in reality, but this picture was so repulsive that he made an effort to dispel it.

Sophia Vasilyevna measured him with her glance.

"I think, though, that Missy is waiting for you," she said. "Go to her, she wanted to play a new piece by Grieg for you, something very interesting."

"Missy did not want to play a thing. She's forever lying to me for some reason," thought Nekhliudov, but rose and pressed her hand—diaphanous, bony and littered with rings.

Ekaterina Vasilyevna met him in the drawing room and immediately engaged him in conversation:

"I must say that jury duty evidently has a depressing effect upon you," she said, speaking, as she always did, in French.

"Yes, and I must beg your pardon for being in poor humor to-day, I realize that I have no right to spoil the humor of others," said Nekhliudov.

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"Why are you in poor humor?"

"With your leave, I will not say why," he said trying to find his hat.

"And do you remember your own words about always speaking the truth, and the cruel truths you used to tell all of us? Why not tell the truth now? Do you remember, Missy?" Ekaterina Alexeyevna appealed to Missy who had just come in.

"Because that was a game," answered Nekhliudov seriously. "It can be done in a game. But in reality we are so evil, at least I am so evil that I, for one, cannot tell the truth."

"Do not excuse yourself, but rather tell us wherein are we so evil," said Ekaterina Alexeyevna playing with words and failing to notice Nekhliudov's serious mien.

"There is nothing worse than to admit that you are in poor humor," said Missy. "I never make such an admission to myself, and therefore I am always in good spirits. Well, will you come with me? We shall try to dispel your mauvaise humeur"\*)

Nekhliudov felt like a horse that is being patted previously to being bridled and led out to be harnessed. And to-day he felt less inclined to be a draft horse than ever. He excused himself saying that he had to go home, and began to say good-bye. Missy clung to his hand longer than usual.

"Remember, what is important to you, is also of importance to your friends," she said. "Will you come tomorrow?"

"Hardly," said Nekhliudov, and with a feeling of shame (he did not know whether for himself or on her acount) he blushed and hurriedly departed.

<sup>\*)</sup> Bad humor.



"What's the matter with him? Comme cela m'in-trigue,"\*) said Ekaterina Alexeyevna when Nekhliudov was gone. "I shall find out without fail. It must be some affaire d'amour propre, il est très susceptible, notre cher Mitya."\*\*)

"Plutôt une affaire d'amour sale,"\*\*\*) Missy wanted to say but refrained, looking straight ahead with a lack-lustre mien, a very different mien from the one she had kept up in his presence; no, she did not utter than mean word-play even to Ekaterina Alexeyevna, but contented herself by saying: "We have all of us our good and our bad days."

"Can it be that this one will fool me too?" she thought. "After all that has passed, it would be very mean on his part."

If called upon to explain just what it was what she had meant by the words "after all that has passed," she could not have said anything definite, and yet she knew for a certainty that he not only had aroused this hope in her, but had almost given her that promise. All this was done not in specific words, but with glances, smiles, hints and tacit inference. But she still regarded him as her own, and to lose him would have been very painful to her.

## XXVIII.

"Shameful and mean, mean and shameful," Nekhliudov thought in the meanwhile as he was walking home

<sup>\*)</sup> How that arouses my curiosity.

<sup>\*\*)</sup> A case of offended self-love, he is very sensitive, our dear Dmitri.

<sup>\*\*\*)</sup> Rather a case of improper love. (An untranslatable word play).

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through familiar streets. The feeling of oppression which had come over him as the result of his conversation with Missy would not be shaken off. He felt that from the point of view of formalities, if one might use the expression, he had dealt with her correctly, as he had never said anything to her that would bind him, having never proposed to her, but morally he felt that he had tied himself up, that he had given her a promise, although that day he had sensed in every fiber of his being that he could not marry her.

"Shameful and mean, mean and shameful," he repeated to himself, referrig not only to his relations with Missy, but to all things in general. Everything is mean and shameful," he repeated to himself again as he ascended the porch of his house.

"No supper," he said to Korney who had entered the dining room where a cover had been laid and the tea was set. "You can go."

"Yes, sir," said Korney, but did not leave, starting to clear the table. Nekhliudov was watching Korney with a feeling of irritation. He wanted to be left alone, but it seemed to him that everybody was intent on pestering him, as though on purpose. When Korney left the room with the service, Nekhliudov walked to the tea-urn to brew some tea, but hearing the steps of Agrafena Petrovna he hurried out of the room in order not to see her. He hastened into the drawing room and closed the door behind him. This drawing room was the apartment in which his mother had died three months back. Now as he entered this room which was illuminated by two lamps with reflectors, one before the portrait of his father, and the other before that of his mother, he remembered his relations with his mother in those last days. And these relations now seemed to him

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unnatural and disgusting. And he felt mean and ashamed. He remembered how in the last days of her illness he had directly longed for her death. He had been saying to himself that this longing was due to a desire to see her released from her sufferings, but in reality he had wished for her death in order to escape the sight of her sufferings.

Desiring to invoke a pleasant memory of her he scrutinized her portrait, for which a famous artist had charged a fee of five thousand roubles. She was portrayed in a black velvet gown with bared bosom. artist had drawn the bosom evidently with special care, dwelling on the interstice between the two breasts and on the blinding beauty of the neck and of the shoulders. This was altogether shameful and vile. A loathsome and blasphemous effect seemed to linger on this portrayal of his mother in the form of a semi-nude beauty. the more disgusting since it was only three months ago that she lay in this very room, withered like a mummy, yet exhaling an agonizing oppressive odor that lingered not only in the room, but penetrated the whole house, an odor which nothing could dispel. He fancied it was still clinging about the room, and he remembered how the day before her death she clasped his vigorous white hand with her tiny withered hand, that was even then turning black, and said: "Mitya, do not condemn me if I have not done right." And her pain-dimmed eyes filled with tears. "How vile," he said to himself once more when casting another glance upon the half-nude woman with magnificent shoulders and arms of marble whiteness who smiled so triumphantly. The nudity of the bosom brought to his mind another young woman whom he had recently seen in the same semi-nude state. was Missy who had discovered some pretext for sum-

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moning him one evening in order to show herself to him in an evening gown which she was wearing on her way to some ball. With loathing he recalled those beautiful shoulders and arms, and that coarse, bestial father of hers with his cruel past, and that bel esprit mother of dubious reputation. Everything was disgusting and at the same time shameful. Shameful and mean, mean and shameful.

"No, no," he thought, "I must set myself free; set myself free from all these false relations with the Kortchagins, with Maria Vasilyevna, and with the inheritance, and with all other things... Yes, I want to breathe freedom. I will go abroad. To Rome. I will take up my painting." Then he remembered his doubts with regard to his talent. "Well, anyway, just to breathe freely, first Constantinople, then Rome, only to get rid of juries. And that matter with the lawyer must be attended to also."

And suddenly there arose before his imagination a bafflingly lifelike vision of the prisoner with the black and slightly squinting eyes. How she had sobbed when the defendants were having their dast say! He hastily killed his finished cigarette and began restlessly pacing up and down the room. And one after another, the minutes which he had spent in her company were resurrected by his fancy. He remembered that last neeting with her, that animal passion which had grippe . him at the time, and the disillusionment which he experienced when his passion was gratified. He remembered the white dress with the blue sash, he remembered the mass. "Lut I did love her that night, with true and pure love, and oh how I was in love with her when I passed my first summer with the aunts writing my essay!" And he visualized his own self as he had been

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in those days. The memory was redolent with freshness, youth and fulness of life, and filled him with sadness.

The contrast between himself in those former days and as he was now was enormous; it equaled, if it did not exceed the contrast between Katyusha at church that night and that prostitute who had caroused with the merchant and was tried that morning.

Then he was a fresh and untrammeled youth, facing a vista of endless posibilities; now he found himself entrapped on all sides in the meshes of a foolish, frivolous, fatuous and futile existence from which he neither saw, nor hardly ever sought a way of escape. He remembered how once upon a time he had prided himself on his straightforwardness, how he had made it a rule always to speak the truth, and had indeed been a truthful man, and how he was now all engulfed in a lie, in that most horrible lie which all the people around him esteemed as the truth. And there was no way out of this lie, at least none that he saw. And he was steeped in it, had grown inured to it, and fondly indulged himself in it.

How to sever relations with Maria Vasilyevna and her husband so as to be able to look him and his children in the face without shame? How to untangle his relations with Missy without resorting to lies? How to scramble out of that contrast between the acknowledged unlawfulness of owning land and the enjoyment of land ownership through inheritance from his mother? How to obliterate his sin before Katyusha? He could not leave it as it was. "How can I abandon a woman whom I loved and be content with paying a lawyer's fee to free her from penal servitude which she never deserved, soothing my guiltiness with a money gift as I

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once thought the proper thing to do when I gave her that money?"

And he vividly recalled that scene in the corridor when he had caught her and forced the money upon her and run away from her. "Ah that money!" and the memory of that moment brought back the same sense of horror and loathing that had then filled his soul. "God! God! how vile!" he cried out loudly just as he had on that occasion. "Only a scoundrel, only a villain could have been capable of it. And I am that same scoundrel and villain!" he continued aloud to himself. "But am I really"—he had halted in his restless pasing "am I, in very truth, such a scoundret? What else am I?" he answered himself. "And is that all?" he kept on with his self-exposure. "Are your relations with Maria Vasilyevna and her husband anything else but vileness and villany? And your attitude to property? The pretext that the money was your mother's, does this justify your enjoyment of property which you recognize as unlawful? And the whole of your idle and abominable life? And the crown of all—your action towards Katyusha? Villain, scoundrel! Let people judge me as they will, I can fool them, but I shall never fool myself."

And he suddenly realized that that feeling of loathing which he lately had experienced towards people, and particularly that evening towards the prince, and Sophia Vasilyevna, and Missy, and Korney, was a feeling of self-loathing. And strange to say, in that feeling of his own admitted vileness there was not only something that caused him pain, but also something that gave him joy.

Nekhliudov had more than once in his life experienced what he called a "house cleaning in his soul." A house cleaning in his soul he called that state of his soul



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when after a lapse of time of varying length he sensed a clogging or an entire stoppage of his inner life and set about to clean out the rubbish which had accumulated in his soul and caused the slow-up.

After such awakenings Nekhliudov was wont to lay down for himself certain rules which he intended to follow forever: he started a diary and began a new life from which he meant never to deviate; he called this "turning a new leaf." But every time the snares of the world caught him anew in their meshes and he fell again without noticing it, sinking even to a lower level than that from which he had started.

He had thus cleaned house and risen several times: one of those occasions was when he paid his first visit to his aunts and spent a summer with them. That had been his most vivid, most joyful awakening. And its effects endured for a long time. Then a similar awakening came as he left the civil service and seeking to sacrifice his life for his country entered the army at the outbreak of the war. But here his soul was soon choked up with evil. Then another awakening when he retired and went abroad to take up painting.

And from that time until now, during all that long interval, he had never had a real house cleaning and for this reason he had never before reached such a degree of moral pollution, such a discord between the demands of his conscience and the life he was leading, and he was horror-struck when he saw the chasm.

This chasm was so great, the mire was so deep that at first he saw no hope of purging himself. "Have I not tried to perfect myself and to become better, and nothing came of it?" thus spoke in his soul the voice of the tempter, "what is the use of trying again? You are not the only one, they are all like this, such is life." But that

being of spirit and freedom, that alone is true, that alone is mighty, that alone is eternal, had already awakened within him. And he simply had to believe it. Tremendous as was the chasm between that which he was and that which he would be, for the awakened spiritual being there were no impossibilities:

"I will cut through the lie that binds me, cost what it may, I will acknowledge the truth, I will tell the whole truth and will tell it to one and all and I will henceforth do what is right," he said to himself loudly and resolutely.

"I will tell Missy the truth, tell her that I am a lewd rake, that I cannot marry her, that I have troubled her for nothing, I will tell Maria Vasilyevna (the marshal's wife). Still I have nothing to tell her, but I will tell her husband that I had deceived him like a blackguard.

"As to my inheritance I will arrange it so as to do the right thing. I will tell Katyusha that I am a blackguard, that I am guilty before her, that I shall do what I can to ease her lot. Yes, I will see her and ask her to forgive me.

"Yes, I will ask forgiveness just as a little child." He stopped. "I will marry her, if that is necessary."

He stopped again, folding his hands on his breast as he used to do in his childhood days, raised his eyes aloft and addressing some one said:

"Lord, help me, teach me, come and dwell in me, and purge me from all uncleanness."

He prayed, he pleaded with God to help him, to take up His dwelling with him, and to purge him, and yet he was asking for something that had already taken place. The God who dwelt within him had awakened in his consciousness. He felt himself to be one with



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Him, he sensed not only liberty, vigor and the joy of life, but also the fulness of the power of goodness. The best that a man is only capable of—he felt now able to accomplish.

Tears were in his eyes when he was saying these things to himself, and these tears were both good tears and evil: good tears because they were the tears of joy in the awakening within him of that spiritual being which all these years had lain dormant within him; evil tears, because they were tears of self-gratification, of delight with his own virtue.

He felt hot all over. He walked over to the window and opened it. The night was peaceful, fragrant and suffused with moonlight. A rattle of wheels on the street, and all was still once more. Directly under the window the shadows of a tall poplar's bare boughs were distinctly outlined twig by twig on the sand of the clearing. On the left was the roof of the shed gleaming white in the bright light of the moon; ahead the intertwined branches of trees with the black shadow of the fence in the background. Nekhliudov surveyed the moonlit garden and the roof and the shadow of the poplar, listening and inhaling the refreshing air of the spring night.

"How glorious, how glorious, my God, how glorious!" he said referring to that which was passing in his soul.

## XXIX.

Maslova returned to her cell at six o'clock in the evening, worn out and footsore after the unaccustomed walk of fifteen versts over cobbles, and moreover utterly crushed by the unexpectedly severe sentence and famished.

#### RESURRECTION

When during the recess the guards were lunching on bread and hard boiled eggs her mouth had begun to water and she felt the pangs of hunger, but she thought it humiliating to ask for something to eat. But three hours later her desire to eat subsided and left only a feeling of faintness behind it. In this state she heard the unexpected verdict. In the first moment she imagined that she had not heard aright; she could not believe her ears; she could not connect herself with the idea of a hard labor convict. But seeing the calm business-like faces of the judge and of the jurors who had accepted this pronouncement as something perfectly natural, she was filled with resentful indignation and cried out in tones which rang through the court room that she was not guilty. Seeing that her cry of protest was likewise accepted as something natural, something expected, something that could not mend matters, she burst into tears, realizing that she would have to submit to that cruel injustice of which she had been made the victim and which so amazed her. She was particularly amazed that this cruel judgment had been passed on her by men, young men, not the old, but by the very same men who had eyed her with such a show of kindly interest. Only one man, the prosecutor, had appeared to her in a very different mood. While she had been waiting in the detention room for the opening of the session, and during recesses, she saw how these men under one pretext or another passed by the door merely to catch a glimpse of her. And all of a sudden these same men for some reason had condemned her to hard labor, although she was innocent of the thing of which she was accused. wept and then stopped and sat in the detention room in a state of utter stupor waiting to be sent away. She craved for one thing only: a smoke. In this state she

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was found by Botchkova and Kartinkin who were brought after the sentence into the same room. Botchkova immediately assailed Maslova with a torrent of abuse, callig her a "hard labor convict."

"Didn't work, did it? The flim-flam didn't go, did it? Didn't wriggle out of it, you slut! Got what was coming to you, didn't you? When you're serving at hard, you'll lose your swell airs, like as not."

Maslova sat with her arms tucked in the sleeves of her robe, her head bent low, gazing straight down before her, just two steps away, upon the muddied floor, and merely said:

"I'm not touching you, so leave me alone. I'm not touching you, am I?" she repeated several times, then lapsed into absolute silence. She only showed a sign of life when Botchkova and Kartinkin had been led away, and a porter came in and brought her three roubles in change.

"Your name Maslova?" he asked.

"There, a lady sent you this," he said handing her the coins.

"What lady?"

"Take it, I say, don't argue."

The money had been sent by Kitayeva. As she was leaving the court-house she asked the marshal if she could give Maslova a small sum of money. The marshal gave her the permission. On receiving his permission, she took a three-buttoned chamois glove from her puffy white hand, fetched a stylish pocketbook from the folds of her silken petticoat in the rear, and withdrawing a large pile of coupons which she had just detached from securities that she had earned, she picked out one to the amount of two and a half roubles, and adding to it two twenty kopek coins and a ten kopek piece, she tendered

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the money to the marshal. The marshal called a porter and in the presence of the donor turned over the money to him.

"Please he sure to give it to her in full," said Carolina Albertovna to the porter.

The porter was offended by the implied distrust, which accounted for his severe manner towards Maslova.

Maslova was delighted with the gift, because it promised the gratification of her one craving.

"If I only could get a cigarette and steal a puff," she said and all her thoughts centered on her desire for a smoke. She had so longed for it, and she sucked in so longingly the tobacco-laden air which came from the opened door of a cabinet. But she was compelled to wait quite awhile, for the secretary whose business it was to send her on her way, had forgotten all about the accused and was engaged in a discussion, or rather in an argument with a lawyer over the newspaper article which had been stopped by the censor.

Finally towards five o'clock she was let go, and her convoy—the soldier from Nizhni Novgorod and his comrade, the Tchuvash,—led her out of the court-house by a rear exit. While still in the vestibule, she handed them twenty kopeks and asked them to buy two loaves of bread and some cigarettes. The Tchuvash laughed but took the money and said: "All right, I go buy," and he really honestly carried out his promise, buying the cigarettes and the bread and giving it to her. She was not allowed to smoke while on the street, so that she reached the prison with this craving ungratifield. As she was being taken to the door, they were bringing in a crowd of a hunder prisoners who had just arrived by train. She collided with them in the corridor.

The prisoners—bearded and shaved, old and young,

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Russians and Mongolians—some of them with half-shaved heads, clattered their leg-irons and filled the vest-ibule with dust, with the noise of shuffling steps and of chatter, and with the pungent odor of perspiration. Passing by Maslova they all gave her a look and some of them came close up to her and tugged at her clothes.

"A little beauty," said one. "What, oh, sis!" said another winking his eye at her. And one prisoner, a swarthy fellow with the back of the head shaved blue and a huge mustache, tripping in his leg-irons, rushed to her side and hugged her.

"Don't you know me, sweetheart? Now, don't you go and put on airs with me!" he cried showing his teeth and flashing his eyes, as she pushed him aside.

"What are you trying to do, you blackguard?" shouted the assistant superintendent who had happened to come alone.

The prisoner shriveled up and hurriedly leaped aside. The assistant superintendent now turned angrily to Maslova:

"Why are you here?"

Maslova meant to tell him that she had just been brought from the court-house, but she was so tired that she did not care to speak.

"Back from the court-house, sir," said the senior convoy guard making his way through the crowd and saluting.

"Well, turn her over to the chief. Such disgraceful doings."

"Yes, sir."

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"Sokolov! Receive your prisoner," cried the assistant.

The officer of the day came up and giving Maslova en angry push on the shoulder, nodded to her and led her

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into the female division. In the corridor of the female division she was searched, but without results, (she had secreted her box of cigarettes in the inside of her loaf) and she was once more admitted into the same ward which she had left that morning.

### XXX.

The ward in which Maslova was confined was an oblong room eighteen feet long by fourteen feet wide. It had two windows and a decrepit fire place that projected deeply into the room, while two thirds of the remaining space was occupied by sleeping bunks with bare warped boards. In the center of the wall opposite the entrance door hung a bleak icon with a wax candle stuck on the base of it, while a dust-begrimed bunch of immortelles was attrached beneath. Behind the door on the left a dark stain betokened the spots where an evil smelling vat had been placed for the night. The roll had just been called, and the women were locked in for the night.

This ward housed in all fifteen inmates: twelve women and three children.

It was still quite light, and only two women were reclining on the bunks: one, with the prison robe over her head, was a half-witted girl who had been locked up for having no documents of identification in her possession; she slept almost incessantly; the other one was a consumptive who had served time for theft. This one was not sleeping, but reposed with the prison robe under her head, her eyes wide open, trying hard to keep back the irritating and overflowing excretions that accumulated in her throat, in order to avoid a fit of coughing. The rest of the women, bareheaded and in shirts of un-

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bleached fabric, either sat on their bunks sewing or stood near the window watching the new prisoners who were being led across the court. Of the three women who sewed, one was the old woman Korableva who had seen Maslova off, a gloomy-looking, sulky, wrinkled female, with a bag of skin hanging under her chin, tall and powerful, with a short thin braid of yellow hair that was turning grey about the temples and a hairy wart on her cheek. This old woman had been sentenced to hard labor for the kililng of her husband. And she had killed him because he kept pestering her daughter. Korableva was the head-woman of the ward and trafficked in liquor. She wore a pair of spectacles while sewing and held the needle peasant fashion in her toil-gnarled hands, with three fingers and the sharp point towards her.

Next to her, likewise engaged in sewing canvas bags, sat a snub-nosed swarthy little woman with little black eyes, good-natured and talkative. She had been a flagwoman and lived in a hut along the railway and was sentenced to three months imprisonment for failing to flag a train thereby causing a train accident.

The third seamstress was Feodosia, (Fenitchka was the pet name for her); fair she was, with rosy cheeks, and with two long braids of golden hair wound around her little head, and quite young and very comely. She had attempted to poison her husband. This attempt at poisoning was made immediately after the marriage ceremony; she was only sixteen years old when she was made to marry. During the eight months that she was out on bail pending her trial she not only made her peace with her husband but even learned to love him so dearly that at the time of her trial she was living with him in greatest harmony. In spite of the fact that her husband, her father-in-law, and particularly her mother-in-law who



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had become much attached to her, tried their best during the judicial proceedings to have her acquitted, she was sentenced to hard labor and exile to Siberia. Goodhearted and cheerful, constantly smiling, Feodosia was Maslova's neighbor and bunk-mate and she had not only grown to like Maslova but even considered it her duty to look after her and to wait upon her. Two more women were sitting idly on their bunks, one a woman of about forty, with pale lean features, evidently once a great beauty, but now haggard and pale. She held a baby in her arms nursing it on her white and lengthy breast. Her crime was connected with the drafting of a recruit whom the mujiks believed improperly drafted; the people stopped the chief of rural police and took the recruit away from him. But this woman, who was the recruit's aunt, was the first to seize the reins of the horse that pulled the wagon in which the recruit was being taken away. Another inmate who sat about doing nothing was a good-natured little old woman with grey hair and a hump on her back. This old woman was sitting on the bunk by the fire-place and pretended that she was trying to catch a chubby four year old shaver with a closely cropped head who kept running past her and shrieking with laughter, kept taunting her: "Can't catch me!"

This old woman and a son of hers had been accused of arson; she bore her confinement with the greatest good nature, worrying only about her son who was also confined in the detention prison, but even more so about her old man who she feared would be eaten up by lice now that the daughter-in-law was gone and there was no one to wash him up.

In addition to these seven women, four more were standing by the opened windows holding on to the iron

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bars and exchanging noisy greetings with the same prisoners with whom Maslova had had an encounter. One of these women who was under arrest for theft, was a large and portly woman, flabby of figure, with face and arms of yellowish white and covered with freckles, and a thick neck which protruded from the unlaced and opened collar or her robe.

In a hoarse voice she was yelling obscene remarks through the window. Next to her, no taller than a tenyear-old girl, stood a swarthy ill-proportioned prisoner, with a long spine and very short legs. She had a ruddy face full of blotches, with widely separated black eyes and short thick lips that failed to close over her white protruding teeth. Now and then she screamed with laughter at the proceedings in the court below. The prisoner went by the nickname "Styles" because of her pretensions to style; she was under trial for theft and arson. Back of them stood a woman in the family way, clad in a very dirty grey shirt, wretched to look upon, gaunt, veiny and big-bellied. She was awaiting trial as a receiver of stolen goods. This woman did not utter . word, but watched with a delighted smile all that was going on in the court below. The fourth woman who stood near the window was undergoing punishment for selling liquor without license; she was a short, stockily built peasant woman with goggle eyes and a kindly face, She was the mother of the little lad who was playing with the old woman and also of a seven year old girl, both of whom were compelled to share her imprisonment because there was no one in whose care they might have been left outside. Like the others she was looking through the window, without, however, stopping her knitting, and she frowned and shut her eyes in disapproval of the acts and the words of the prisoners who were march-

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ing through the court. But her little daughter, the seven year old child, with the fair hair hanging loose from her head, was standing with nothing on but a shirt, close beside the red-haired woman, and clasping her petticoat with the thin little hand was drinking in wide-eyed the obscene curses which the women exchanged with the male prisoners and she repeated them in a whisper as though trying to memorize them.

The twelfth prisoner was the daughter of a country deacon who had drowned her infant in a well. She was a tall and stately girl with golden hair that escaped in a tangled mass from a short thick braid, and with immobile protruding eyes. She paid no attention to the doings around her, but paced back and forth in the center of the ward, clad in a dirty shirt, and veered abruptly on her heels whenever she reached the opposite wall.

#### XXXI.

When the key turned in the lock and Maslova came back, every woman in the ward looked up. Even the deacon's daughter paused for a moment, glancing at the rewcomer with raised eyebrows, but did not utter a sound and straightway resumed her restless pacing with the long and resolute stride. Korableva stuck the needle into the coarse fabric of her sewing and gazed upon Maslova inquiringly through her spectacles.

"There, if you ain't back again with us.. And I was thinking they'd let you go," she said in her hoarse almost masculine bass voice. "So they've sent you up, hey?"

She took off her glasses and laid down her sewing beside her on the bunk.

"And I have been talking it over with auntie here, dovey, reckoning they'd let you go in a minute. It comes

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out that way sometimes. And if you're lucky they're apt to give you cash to boot," commenced the flagwoman in a sing-song voice. "And look now what's happened! Seems as how we're poor guessers, we are. Seems as how the Lord had his own mind about it, dovey," she kept on her friendly and melodious chatter.

"Found you guilty, did they really?" asked Feodosia with tender solicitude, regarding Maslova with her childlike eyes of limpid blue, and her face, usually brimful with youthful merriment, turned serious as though she was on the verge of tears.

Maslova did not reply, but silently crossed to her own bunk, the second from the row, right next to Korableva's and sat down on the boards.

"I bet you haven't had a bite to eat!" said Feodosia and rising to her feet walked over to Maslova.

Maslova, without uttering a word, laid the loaves at the head of the bunk and began to undress; she took off her dusty robe and removed the head cloth from her curling black hair and sat down.

The hunchbacked old woman who had been playing with the little lad at the other end of the bunks had by now joined the group and stopped in front of Maslova.

"Tss-Tss-Tss," she shook her head and clicked her tongue in compassion.

The little fellow had followed the old woman and opening wide his eyes, screwed up his upper lip with a longing glance at the loaves which Maslova had brought.

Seeing all these sympathizing faces about her after all that had befallen her that day Maslova's first impulse was to give way to a fit of weeping and her lips quivered. Eut she strove to restrain herself and was succeeding in doing so until the old woman came along with the youngster. When she heard the woman's pitying tongue

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click, and more so when she met the glance of the child whose serious eyes had strayed from the loaves to her face she was unable to restrain herself any longer. Every fiber in her face was aquiver, and she sobbed out aloud.

"I told you to get a good lawyer," said Korableva. "Well, what is it—Siberia?"

Maslova tried to answer, but could not; still sobbing she took out of the loaves of bread the package of cigarettes that she had secreted there. A rosy-cheeked lady with a very high coiffure and a bosom that opened in a triangle was portrayed on the box. She handed the cigarettes to Korableva. Korableva glanced at the picture, shook her head with an expression of disapproval, which was evoked particularly by Maslova's waste of money, took a cigarette, lighted it over the oil lamp, puffed at it for a moment and returned it to Maslova. Maslova, still weeping, greedily commenced to inhale and to exhale the tobacco smoke puffing continuously.

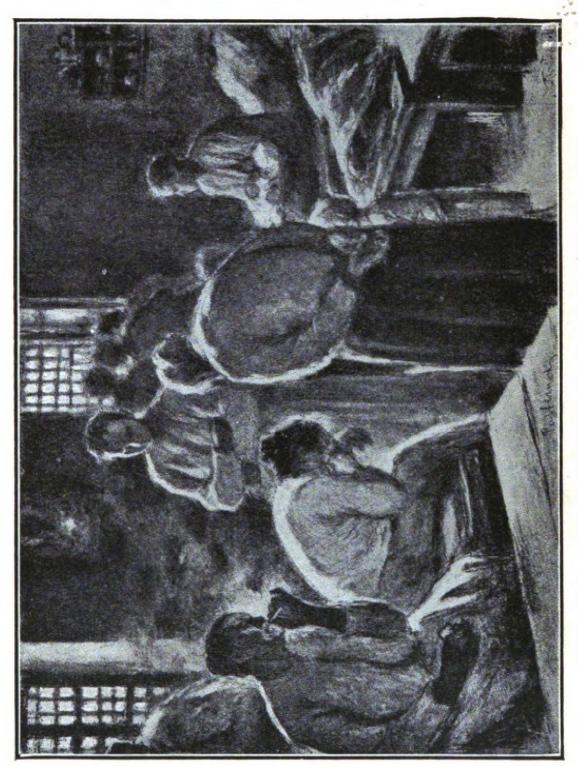
"Hard labor!" she finally brought out with a sob.

"They have no fear of God in their hearts, those damned maneaters and bloodsuckers!" exclaimed Korableva. "Here they go and send up a girl for nothing!"

Just then a peal of laughter came from the women who had been loitering near the window. The little girl laughed also and her amused childish treble mingled with the hoarse screams of adult laughter.

It was an indecent gesture by a prisoner in the court which had aroused the hilarity of the female prisoners at the window.

"The shaven-headed mongrel! Just look at him!" cried the red-haired woman, her bulky frame quivering with peals of laughter, and with face clinging greedily to the bars she fired into the court a volley of senseless and obscene abuse.



"Her face quivered and she sobbed out aloud." Page 200

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"Just listen to that greasy strumpet! What's she howling about, anyway?" said Korableva, shaking her head in disgust over the unseemly actions of the redhaired one. And turning to Maslova she inquired: "How many years?"

"Four," replied Maslova, and her tears came now in such torrent that some of them dropped upon the cigarette.

Angrily crushing it between her fingers, Maslova cast it aside and took another.

And the flagwoman, though no smoker herself, carefully picked up the cast-off fragment and straightened it out without interrupting her flow of speech for an instant.

"Let me tell, you, dovey, that's no lie what they say about justice: 'Where's justice? They've fed it to the hogs.' Why these judges do just as they please," she said. "Matveyevna here says to me, she says: 'I bet she gets off,' and I says, 'No,' says I, dovey, 'I feel it in my heart they'll send her up, and that's just what they've gone and done," she blabbed, listening with evident content to her own chatter.

By this time the last of the prisoners had gone across the prison court, and the women who had been exchanging badinage with them, left the window and joined the group about Maslova. The first to draw nigh was the goggle-eyed liquor dealer with the little girl.

"Kind o'hard on you, weren't they?" she said, seating herself by Maslova's side and continuing to knit at her stocking.

"Hard on her? I should say so. And because why? No money, that's why. With a little money and a smart lawyer, she'd have got off all right," said Korableva. "You know the one with the shock hair and the hook

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nose, what's his name now, I forget, why he'd get you out of the sea without a drop of water on you. She should have had him."

"Should have had him!" said "Styles," showing her teeth, as she joined the group. "He wouldn't spit on you for less than a thousand."

"Guess it's your unlucky star," interrupted the old woman who was indicted for arson. "Look at me! Is my lot easy? The boy parted from his wife, and stuck in jail to breed lice, and me, too, in my old age.." she began for the hundredth time to tell her own story. "From prison and beggar's pouch there is no escape. If it is not the beggar's pouch, then it's the prison."

"That's always the way with them," said the liquor seller and after a sharp glance at her daughter's head, she laid the stocking beside her and drawing the child's head between her knees, she began to search it with flying fingers. "'Why do you sell liquor?' 'And how am I to feed my children?'" she said attending the while to the familiar chase.

The appearance of the liquor seller recalled to Maslova her craving for a drink.

"If I only could have a drink," she said to Korableva, wiping her tears with the sleeve of her shirt and only with an occasional sob now.

"Got any coin? Well, come across then," said Korableva.

## XXXII.

Maslova withdrew the money from the trusty hiding place in the interior of her loaf of bread and tendered the coupon to Korableva. Korableva took the coupon, scrutinized it, and although she was illiterate herself, relying on the assurance of "Styles," who knew everything,

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that the slip was worth two and a half roubles moved over to the ventilator where she had hidden a flask of liquor. Seeing this, all the women who were not her bunk neighbors scattered each to her place. Maslova meanwhile shook the dust from her head cloth and robe, crawled up on her bunk and commenced to chew on her bread.

"I had been saving up some tea for you, but likely it's cold by now," said Feodosia taking down from the shelf a tin tea pot which was covered over with a rag and a cup.

The beverage was quite cold and tasted more of the tin than of the tea, but Maslova poured it into the cup and drank it while eating her bread.

"Here, Finashka," she called out and breaking off a piece of the loaf she gave it to the little fellow who had been intently watching her mouth.

Korableva in the meanwhile offered her the flask of liquor and a cup. Maslova in turn tendered them to Korableva and "Styles." These three prisoners were the aristocracy of the ward because they had money, and they shared what they had.

A few minutes later Maslova's wonted vivacity returned and she related with animation all that had happened to her in court, mockingly imitating the prosecutor, and dwelling particularly on the thing which had impressed her most of all. And what had impressed her most of all was the fact that the men had run after her everywhere. In the court everybody was looking at her, she said, and kept coming on purpose into the prisoner's room.

"The guard says to me: 'that's only to take a look at you.' A fellow comes: 'where is such and such a paper?' or one thing or other, and I see he don't need any paper



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at all, and stands there and eats me up with his eyes," she said with a smile and shaking her head as though in wonderment. "Funny people."

"You're right," chimed in the flagwoman, and her sing-song commenced to flow at once. "Just like flies on sugar. No good for anything else, but that's their specialty. They'll do without eating if only..."

"And even here," Maslova checked her, "I get caught again. Just as I come in there's a gang from the train. They fell all over me—I didn't know how to get rid of them. Lucky for me, the assistant chased themoff. One of them stuck like a leech, I had a hard time getting away from him."

"How did he look?" asked "Styles."

"Dark-complexioned, with a mustache."

"That's him all right."

"Who's him?"

"Why, Stcheglov. The one who has just passed by."

"And who's Stcheglov?"

"Lordy, she don't even know Stcheglov! Stcheglov skipped twice from Siberia. They've caught him now, but he'll make another break for it. Even the keepers are scared of him," said "Styles" who carried notes to the prisoners and knew everything that went on in the prison. "He'll surely make a break for it."

"Well, if he does, he won't take us along," said Korableva. "Better tell us," she said to Maslova, "what the lawyer said to you about handing a petition. That's the next thing to do, isn't it?"

Maslova said she didn't know a thing about that.

Just then the red-haired woman clasping with two freckled hands the matted waves of her auburn tresses that were hanging over her shoulders and scratching her

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head with her fingers approached the tippling aristocrats of the ward.

"I'll tell you all about it, Katerina," she commenced, "first thing you must write: 'I'm dissatisfied with the trial,' and then you must send it to the prosecutor."

"What do you stick your nose in this for?" Korableva turned on her with an angry masculine bass. "Have you smelt liquor? Don't try to ring in on it. We know without your help what to do, you're not wanted."

. "Who's talking to you, what's eating you?"

"You're after a drink, that's why you're so intertested."

"Well, give her a drop," said Maslova who always shared with others whateve he had.

"I'll give her something else.."

"Go ahead," said the red-haired one moving on Korableva. "Try it, I'm not scared of you."

"Jail slut!"

"Same as you!"

"Stewed tripe!"

"Me, tripe? Jailbird, murderess!" yelled the redhaired one.

"Go away, I tell you," Korableva growled darkly.

But the red-haired woman kept coming nearer, and Korableva pushed her away by a blow on the opened greasy breast. The red-haired one seemed to have been waiting just for this, and with a sudden and swift on-slaught seized Korableva's hair with one hand and tried to punch her face with the other. But Korableva succeeded in catching hold of that other hand and clung to it. Maslova and "Styles" meanwhile had seized the arms of the red-haired assailant and tried to tear her away. But the hand that was wrapt about Korableva's braid refused to open. It unclasped its hold for a moment only,



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but instantly it gained a firmer hold, with the halr wound tightly about the fist. Korableva, striving to pull her head away from the red-haired woman's grip, sought to catch her hand between her teeth, meanwhile raining blows upon her foe's body with her disengaged arm. The rest of the women in the ward crowded about the struggling women, trying to separate them, and shrieked at the top of their voices. Even the consumptive one managed to creep along to watch the clinging figures of the fighters, while the terrified children huddled together in a corner and cried. The fracas finally attracted the matron and the warder. The women were separated. Korableva let her silvered locks fall over her shoulder and busied herself removing from them the strands of torn hair, while the red-haired one clasped over her yellowish bosom the tattered remains of her shirt. Both women screamed explanations and complaints.

"I know, it's all on account of liquor, wait, I'll tell the superintendent to-morrow, he'll give you what's what. I can smell it all right," said the matron. "You better take it all away, or it will go hard with you. We've no time to bother with your quarrels. To your places, and shut up."

But peace was not easily restored. For a long time the women exchanged abusive remarks, telling their reighbors how it all had started, and who was to blame. Finally the warder and the matron left the room and the women quieted down and began to get ready for the night. The old woman went to the icon and commenced to pray.

"The two hard labor birds got together.." suddenly the red-haired one from the other end of the bunks in a hoarse voice, accompanying each word with ingeniously picked expletives.

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"Watch out, or you'll get what's coming to you," immediately rejoined Korableva with a similar volley of curses. And they were both still once more.

"If they hadn't stopped me, I would have torn out your blinkers," suddenly recommenced the red-haired one, nor did Korableva refrain from replying in kind.

Another and a longer interval of silence, and more curses. The intervals were getting longer and longer, and at last all was still.

All lay in their bunks; some were snoring; only the old woman who always took a long time to say her prayers, was still making obeisances before the image, and the deacon's daughter, the moment the matron left the ward, had commenced again to pace the floor.

But Maslova could not sleep; she kept thinking of being now a hard labor convict—twice she had been called that now, first by Botchkova, then by the redhaired woman, and she could not reconcile herself to the thought. Korableva who lay back to back with her turned around.

"There, never in my thoughts or in my dreams.." softly said Maslova. "Others do all sorts of things and get off scot free, and I must suffer for nothing."

"Don't grieve, girl. There are people in Siberia, too. You're not lost to the world even there," consoled her Korableva.

"I know I'm not lost, still it's a shame. Why such luck for me? And I got so used to a life of comfort."

"You can't go against God," replied Korableva with a sigh. "You can't go against Him."

"I know, auntie, still it's hard."

And they lapsed into silence.

"Hear her? The sobbing slob!" said Korableva calling Maslova's attention to the queer sounds which pro-

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cceded from the other side of the bunks.

These sounds were the repressed sobs of the redhaired woman. The red-haired one was weeping because she had been cursed and beaten up and done out of the liquor which she had so much desired. And she also wept because all through life she had known nothing but curses, mockery, insults and beatings. She tried to console herself and thought of her first love affair with Fedka (Teddy) Molodenkov, a factory hand, but the memory of that love brought with it also the memory of its end. And this love affair ended when Molodenkov in a fit of drunkenness had smeared some vitriol on her most sensitive spot, and then laughed with a comrade of his at her agonized writhing. She remembered this and felt sorry for herself; and thinking that no one heard her, broke out into fresh sobs; and she wept like a little child. moaning and sniveling and swallowing salty tears.

"I'm sorry for her," said Maslova.

"Sure enough, but why pester people?"

## XXXIII.

Nekhliudov's first feeling when he awoke the next morning was the consciousness that something had happened to him, and before he remembered what it was that had happened to him, he knew that something very portentous and good had happened. "Katyusha... The court... Yes, and I must stop all lying and tell the whole truth." And as a marvelous coincidence that very morning came at last the long-awaited letter from Maria Vasilievna, the marshal's wife, that very letter which he now so urgently needed. She gave him full freedom and wished him luck in his matrimonial plans.

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"Matrimony!" he said with an ironical smile, "How far am I from that!"

And he recalled his determination of the night before to tell her husband everything, to make a repentant confession to him, and to express his willingness to make any reparation. But this morning it did not seem so easy as the night before. "And besides why should I make a man unhappy if he does not know a thing? If he should ask me, yes, then I will tell him. But to look him up on purpose and tell him? No, that is not necessary."

And it seemed as hard to tell the whole truth to Missy. Here too it appeared impossible to commence telling her—it would be insulting.

Here, as well as in many other phases of life, it was unavoidable to leave something to inference, something unsaid. One thing he decided that morning: he would not go to Kortchagin's, but would tell the truth only if asked pointblank.

But in his relations with Katyusha nothing was to be left to inference.

"I will drive over to the prison, I will tell her. I will beg her to forgive me. And if necessary, yes, if necessary, I will marry her," he mused.

This thought of sacrificing all for the sake of moral satisfaction, this thought of marrying her, touched this morning with peculiar force his tenderest feelings.

It had been a long time since he met the coming of day with such a sensation of energy. When Agrafena Petrovna entered his room he told her with a determination that surprised himself that he no longer required his residence or her services. It had been tacitly understood that he was maintaining this large and expensive residence merely in order to be married there. Therefore the abandoning of the residence had a special significance. Agrafena Petrovna looked at him in wonderment,

also Korney,

"I am very grateful to you, Agrafena Petrovna, for all your care in my behalf, but I no longer require so large a residence or all these servants. If you wish to help me, you can kindly look after the things, and have them put away for the time being as you used to do when mamma was alive. And when Natasha comes (Natasha was Nekhliudov's sister) she will make the final arrangements."

Agrafena Petrovna shook her head.

"What arrangements? Won't you need the things?" she said.

"No, I sha'n't need them, Agrafena Petrovna, I'm sure I sha'n't need them," said Nekhliudov answering the question which was conveyed by the shaking of her head. "Tell also Korney, please, that I will give him two month's wages and will not need him any more."

"Dmitri Ivanovitch, that's no way to do," she said.
"What if you do go abroad, you will still need a place to live in."

"You don't quite understand me, Agrafena Petrovna. I'm not going abroad at all, and if I go away, it will be to a very different place."

And he suddenly flushed a deep red.

"Yes, I must tell her," he thought. "There's no use in concealing it. I must tell everybody everything.

"Something very unusual and very important happened to me yesterday. Do you remember Katyusha who used to be with aunt Maria Ivanovna?"

"Certainly. Didn't I teach her to sew?"

"Well, then, yesterday this Katyusha was tried in court, and I was on the jury."

"My God, how pitiful!" said Agrafena Petrovna. "And what was she tried for?"

"For murder—and I was the cause of it all."

"How could you be the cause of it all? How queer you talk?" said Agrafena Petrovna and her aged eyes flashed fire.

She knew of his affair with Katyusha.

"Yes, yes, I am the cause of it all. And this made a change in all my plans."

"And pray how could this change your plans?" inquired Agrafena Petrovna repressing a smile.

"Because since I am the cause of her taking this path, I must do all I can to help her."

"Well, that is your own good will, only there is no special guilt on your part. Such things happen to everybody, and with a little common sense all things are straightened out and forgotten and people live," said Agrafena Petrovna, sternly and seriously, "and you have no cause to take it all upon yourself. I heard that she had strayed from the right path, but who is to blame?"

"I am to blame, and for this reason I want to set things right."

"Well, it's hard to set such things right."

"That is my business. But if you are thinking of yourself, then what mamma wanted to..."

"I don't think of myself at all. The deceased—God rest her soul—was such a benefactress to me that I have nothing left to wish for. Lizanka (Lizzie) is after me," (that was her married niece) "and I will go to her, if I am not needed here. Only you take this so to heart for nothing, such things happen to everybody."

"Well, I think differently. And still I beg of you, help me to sublet the residence and to take away the things. I will be very, very grateful to you for it."

It was marvelous: since Nekhliudov had realized the cvil of his ways and learned to loathe himself, other people ceased to repel him. On the contrary his kind-

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ness and esteem mingled in his feelings both toward Agrafena Petrovna and toward Korney. He longed to unbosom himself even before Korney, but Korney's bearing was so impressively respectful that he decided not to risk it.

On the way to the court, passing through the same streets in the same cab, Nekhliudov marveled at his own self—he felt such a different man.

His marriage to Missy, which yesterday seemed so close at hand, appeared to him an utter impossibility. Yesterday he had regarded his position in such a light that he entertained no doubts that she would be happy to marry him. "If she only knew what I am, she would not even receive me in her house. And I dared to reproach her for flirting with another man! No, even if she did marry me could I have any peace of mind, not to speak of being happy, facing the knowledge that the other one was in prison, with the prospect of being sent to Siberia any day, on foot and with a batch of convicts, bound for the penitentiary? That woman whom I ruined doing hard labor, and I here receiving congratulations and making calls with a young wife! Or perhaps in company with the marshal whom I so shamefully deceived with his wife, attending sessions and voting for or against the bill for the rural inspection of schools, and then arranging secret meetings with his wife (how vile!); or perhaps working at my painting which is evidently never destined to be finished, for I have no business to waste time on such trifles and can't do a thing now anyway."—he was saying to himself exulting all the while over the inner transformation of which he was conscious.

"First of all"—he mused,—"I must see the lawyer, learn his decision, and then... look up the defendant of yesterday in prison and tell her everything."

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And when he pictured to himself how he would see her, how he would tell her everything, how he would confess repentantly his guilt before her, how he would tell her that he meant to do all he could, to marry her even, in order to expiate his guilt,—a peculiar feeling of self-adoration overcame him and his eyes were dimmed with tears.

#### XXXIV.

Having arrived at the court-house Nekhliudov met in the corridor the marshal who had been in attendance on the previous day. He asked him where the sentenced prisoners were kept, and who had to pass on applications to see them. The marshal explained to him that the prisoners were kept in different places, and that until the sentence was issued in its final form, the prosecutor had power to permit a meeting. "I will let you know and take you to see him after the session. The prosecutor has not yet arrived. And now please come into court, for the session is about to begin."

Nekhliudov thanked the marshal for his kindnessthis morning he felt particularly sorry for the old fellow -- and started for the jury room.

As he was walking to the jury room the jurors were already filing out of the door on their way to the session. The merchant was as merry as the day before, having had a bite to eat and a drop to drink, and he met Nekhliudov like an old friend. And even Peter Gerasimovitch did not evoke in him to-day any feeling or resentment in spite of his familiar manner and laughter.

Nekhliudov was burning to tell the jurors about his relations with yesterday's defendant.

"By rights," he said to himself, "I ought to have got

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up yesterday at the trial and publicly confessed my guilt." But when he entered the court-room in company with the rest of the jurors, the same routine commenced as the day before. Again the marshal cried: "The Court! The Court!" Again three men in collars on the platform, again silence, again the seating of the jurors on highbacked chairs, and gendarmes, and the priest. And he realized that though he really ought to have publicly stood up and confessed on the previous day, he would not have the heart to violate that solemn routine.

The preliminary proceedings were the same as the day before, except for the swearing in of the jury and the address to the jury by the presiding justice.

The case up for trial on to-day's calendar was larceny and burglarious entry. The accused, who was guarded by two gendarmes with bared swords, was a skinny and narrow-chested youth of twenty in a grey prison robe and with a sallow anemic face. He occupied the defendants' bench all alone, and looked askance on all who entered. They boy was accused of having in company with another broken the lock in a barn and purloined therefrom some old matting valued at three roubles and sixty seven kopeks. From the indictment it appeared that a policeman had stopped him while he was walking with his friend who was carrying the matting on his shoulder. The boy and his comrade confessed their guilt at once, and were jailed pending trial. boy's comrade, a locksmith, had died in the jail, and the boy was on trial alone. The old matting reposed on a table in the court room as material evidence.

The case was conducted just as the day before, with the entire arsenal of proofs, evidence, witnesses (who were sworn), interrogations, experts and cross-examination. The policeman in his testimony, in reply to the

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ouestions of the presiding justice, of the prosecutor and of the counsel for the defence curtly and stolidly snapped out: "Yes, sir!" "Don't know, sir!" "Yes, sir!" It was cvident that in spite of his military stolidity and machine-like bearing, he felt sorry for the lad and related the facts of his capture unwillingly.

The second witness was the householder who had been robbed, the owner of the matting, a bilious old man. When he was asked to identify the matting as his property, he complied very unwillingly. And when the assistant prosecutor inquired to what use he had intended to put this matting, and whether it was very needful to him, he lost his temper and said: "May I never see this matting again, it's no use to me anyway. If I had known that I'd have so much vexation over it, I should not have looked for it at all, but should have willingly given a ten-spot or two so as to be let alone with these inquiries. Why a have spent five roubles on cab hire alone. And I'm a sick man: I am suffering from rupture and rheumatism." This was what the witness said, while the accused himself frankly admitted his guilt, and glancing stupidly around like a cornered rat, with a broken voice, told the court how it all had occurred.

The case was clear, but the assistant prosecutor raising high his shoulders as the day before, formulated all sorts of cunning questions designed to trap the dangerous criminal.

In his speech he proved that the theft had taken place in a dwelling after a burglarious entry had been effected, and he demanded the heaviest penalty against the lad.

But the defending counsel (appointed for this purpose by the court) proved that the theft was committed from a place not employed for the purposes of a dwell-



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ing, and although the crime could not be denied, the criminal none the less was not so dangerous to society as the assistant prosecutor had pictured him.

The presiding justice, precisely as on the previous day, looked the personification of unbiased justice, and impressed upon the jurors many things which they already knew and could not help knowing. There were the same recesses as on the day before; with the same smoking of cigarettes; again the marshal cried: "The Court! The Court!" and again two gendarmes with bared swords, striving hard to fight off sleep, were threateningly arrayed about the defendant.

It appeared from the facts in the case that the lad while still a child had been apprenticed by his father in a tobacco factory where he lived for five years. Some months back he was discharged after a strike, and being out of work he wandered about the city doing nothing and spending his last copper on drink. In the gin-mill he met another unemployed, who had also lost his job, a locksmith who drank heavily; one night, while both were drunk, they broke a lock and stole the first thing they had laid their hands on. They were caught. They made a full confession. They were thrown in jail, where the locksmith died before the date set for the trial. Now the lad was being tried alone as a dangerous creature against whom the public had to be protected.

"Just the same dangerous creature as the criminal yesterday," thought Nekhliudov listening to all that was going on before him. "They're dangerous, and we are harmless. I am a libertine and a deceiver, yet though the whole world knows me for what I am, nobody despises me, but everybody respects me."

It was very evdient that this lad was not a specially wicked criminal, but a most ordinary sort of a chap out

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of luck (everybody saw that), who got to be what he was only thanks to the circumstances under which such people live. And therefore it would have seemed obvious that in order to avoid the prevalence of such boys, it was necessary to eliminate the conditions which permitted such poor creatures to come into existence. watched the frightened and sickly look on the boy's face, Nekhliudov thought that if only some man had taken a little pity on the lad, when necessity drove his parents to send him away from the village into the city, if some man had only extended to him a helping hand after he arrived in the city, where he worked twelve hours each day, and was soon enticed into drinking places by his older comrades; if some man had merely cautioned him even then, saying: "Here, Vanya, don't you go there, it won't do you any good," the lad might not have gone, might have kept out of trouble, might have never committed a crime.

But no such man came into his existence all through the years of his apprenticeship. They cropped his head short to ward off vermin and set him to work running errands for the factory hands. And since his first day in the city he never heard from his comrades or other workers anything but words of praise for those who cheat, drink, insult, bully or dissipate.

But when his health was undermined and his body ruined by unwholesome work, vice and drunkenness; when half-crazed with despair, he wandered aimlessly through the streets, as though in a dream, and stupidly broke into some barn to steal some worthless matting, did we take the trouble to remedy the conditions which had brought this boy to his present state? No, but we undertook to mend matters by wreaking penalizing vengeance upon the lad.

Horrible!

These things kept running through Nekhliudov's mind, and he no longer listened to what was going on about him. He was appalled by the revelation. And now he marveled that he had not seen these things before; and still more that others could remain blind.

#### XXXV.

When the first recess was announced, Nekhliudov rose and went into the corridor with the intention of not returning into the court-room. Let them do with him what they pleased, but he could no longer take part in that comedy.

Learning where the private office of the prosecutor was located, Nekhliudov proceeded to call on him. The porter would not admit him saying that the prosecutor was busy, but Nekhliudov paying no attention to him walked into the anteroom and meeting an official begged him to announce to the prosecutor that he was a juror and wished to see him in a very important matter. His princely title and distinguished appearance helped him. The official announced Nekhliudov, and he was admitted. The prosecutor received him standing, evidently somewhat put out by the insistence with which Nekhliudov had demanded an interview.

"What do you wish?" he sternly inquired.

"I am a juror. My name is Nekhliudov, and I must see the accused Maslova," quickly and determinedly said Nekhliudov, blushing and realizing that he was taking a step which would have a decisive effect upon the whole course of his life.

The prosecutor was a short swarthy chap, with greyish closely cropped hair, with flashing quick eyes and a omedy.

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neatly trimmed dense growth of beard on a prominent lower jaw.

"Maslova? Yes, I know. She was accused of poisoning," said the prosecutor calmly. "And why do you wish to see her?" And then as though to soften the effect of his words, he added, "I cannot sanction this unless I know why you wish to see her."

"I must see her on a matter of very great improtance to myself," said Nekhliudov.

"Just so," said the prosecutor and glanced attentively at Nekhliudov. "Has her case been heard yet or not?"

"She was tried yesterday and sentenced unjustly to four years hard labor. She is innocent."

"Just so. If she was only sentenced yesterday," said the prosecutor paying no attention to Nekhliudov's declaration that she was innocent, "then until the sentence is passed in its final form, she must still remain in the house of preliminary detention. Meetings there are permitted on certain days. I advise you to go there."

"But I must see her as quickly as possible," said Nekhliudov, and his chin quivered, as he felt that the decisive moment was approaching.

"And why must you?" inquired the prosecutor raising his eyebrows worriedly.

"Because she is innocent and was sentenced to hard labor. I am the guilty cause of it all," said Nekhliudov with a quivering voice, feeling at the same time that he was saying things which he ought not to say.

"How?" asked the prosecutor.

"Because I had betrayed her and thus forced her into the condition in which she is now. If she had not become that which I forced her to become she would not have had to face this accusation."



"Still I see no connection between that and an interview with her."

"I have made up my mind to follow her... and to marry her," said Nekhliudov. And as always whenever he thought or spoke of this, tears filled his eyes.

"Yes, indeed?" said the prosecutor. "This is really a very exceptional case. Aren't you a member of the Zemstvo (Rural Council) of Krasnopersk?" inquired the prosecutor as though remembering that he had heard about this man Nekhliudov who was now announcing to him such an odd decision.

"Pardon me," but I do not think that this has any connection with my request," resentfully replied Nekhliudov.

"Of course not," said the prosecutor smiling the least trifle and without any embarrassment, "but your desire is so extraordinary and so exceeds the customary forms.."

"Well, can I get the permission?"

"Permission? Yes, wait, I will give you a pass immediately."

He went to his desk, sat down and wrote something.

"Please, sit down."

Nekhliudov remained standing.

Having written the permit, the prosecutor handed it ot Nekhliudov eyeing him curiously.

"I also wish to state that I can no longer take any part in the proceedings," said Nekhliudov.

"You must submit a valid reason to the court, you know."

"The reason is that I consider every tribunal not only useless, but immoral."

"Just so," said the prosecutor with the same barely perceptible smile as though he intended to show by this smile that he was familiar with such statements and that

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they belonged to a certain category which he considered very amusing. "Just so, but as a prosecutor of the court, you will understand, I can hardly agree with you. And for this reason I suggest that you make this statement to the court, and the court will pass on it, finding it either valid or invalid, and in the latter case will impose a fine. Go to the court."

"I told you that I would not go there again," angrily snapped Nekhliudov.

"Good day, sir!" said the prosecutor nodding his head, evidently anxious to get rid of his visitor as quickly as possible.

"Who was that man who called on you?" asked the associate justice who came into the prosecutor's private office when Nekhliudov was taking his departure.

"Nekhliudov, you know the one who made all sorts of funny protests while a member of the Krasnopersk Zemstvo. And just imagine, he is on the jury, and among the defendants happens to be a girl or a woman who was convicted and sentenced to hard labor and whom he claims to have seduced, and now he wants to marry her?"

"You don't say!"

"That's just what he told me. He semed to be strangely agitated too."

"These modern young men! There's something abnormal about them."

"He is not a youngster by any means."

"Talk about that famous Ivashenkov of yours" (the assistant prosecutor). "I'm fed up with him. He talks you to death: oh, but he talks and talks.."

"These chaps must be cut short, that's all, they're regular obstructionists."

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## XXXVI.

From the prosecutor Nekhliudov drove straight to the house of preliminary detention. But it appeared that there was no Maslova confined there, and the superintendent explained to Nekhliudov that she most likely was kept in the old transfer prison. Nekhliudov went there.

Katerina Maslova was, indeed, an inmate in that prison.

The distance between the house of preliminary detention and the old transfer prison was enormous, and Nekhliudov reached the prison only towards evening. He tried to make his way to the door of the immense and gloomy structure, but the sentry would not let him pass and rang the bell instead. A warder answered the bell. Nekhliudov showed his permit, but the warder said that he could not admit him without the superintendent. Nekhliudov made his way to the superintendent's quarters. While ascending the staircase Nekhliudov heard the sounds of a difficult, rather ambitious piece played on the piano. But when the door was opened by an angry looking maid with a bandage over one eye, these sounds seemed to burst out of a room and assailed his ear. It was Liszt's Rhapsody—a piece of music that was being done to death at the time; it was magnificently played, but it stopped halfway. When it reached a certain point, the player commenced from the beginning. Nekhliudov asked the maid if the superintendent was in.

The maid informed him that he was not.

"Will he be in soon?"

The rhapsody stopped again, and recommenced brilliantly and noisily until it reached the charmed spot.

"I'll go and see."

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And the maid left him.

The rhapsody had just taken another flying start, but broke off abruptly before reaching the charmed point, and he heard a voice:

"Tell him he is not in, and is not expected back today, he is visiting, why are they pestering him?" came a woman's voice from behind the door, and again the sounds of the rhapsody, with another stop, followed by the noise of the piano stool that was being pushed aside. Evidently the angered performer intended to administer a reprimand to an annoying visitor who was calling out of hours.

"Papa is not at home," she said angrily as she came out. She was a disheveled, palefaced girl, of wretched appearance, with despondent eyes and a bruise beneath each of them. Seeing a fairly young man dressed in an elegant overcoat, her heart softened. "Come in, please. What is it you wish?"

"I wish to see a woman confined in this jail."

"I daresay it's a political?"

"No, not a political. I have a permit from the prosecutor."

"Well, I don't know, papa is not at home. But come in, please," she called him in again from the little anteroom. "You might see the assistant who is now in the office, talk with him. What is your name?"

"Thank you," said Nekhliudov and departed without answering her question.

The door had hardly closed behind him when he heard the same merry and lively strains of music that befitted neither the place where it was played nor the face of the wretched girl who was so stubbornly memorizing it. In the yard Nekhliudov met an officer with a stiffly waxed mustache and asked him how to reach the assist-

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ant. This happened to be the assistant himself. He looked at the permit, examined it and said that since the permit was made out for the house of preliminary detention he could not take the risk of considering it valid here. "And besides it is quite late. Please come tomorrow. To-morrow at ten o'clock in the morning all prisoners are allowed to have visitors. Come, and the superintendent will be in as well, and you can have your meeting either in the common room, or if the superintendent permits it, then in the private office."

Having after all failed to see her that day, Nekhliudov went home. Agitated by the thought of seeing her soon, Nekhliudov walked through the streets, thinking no more of the proceedings in the court, but of his conversations with the prosecutor and the assistant superintendent. The fact that he was seeking a meeting with her and had announced his intention to the prosecutor and had visited two prisons trying to see her so exited him that he could not regain his composure for a long time. Having returned home he immediately brought out his long neglected diaries, read a few entries and made the following note: "I have not written in my diary for two years and never expected that I should ever return to this form of childishness. But it was no childishness, it was a chance to talk with myself, with that true divine self which lives in every man. All this time this 'I' had been asleep and I had no one to talk with. It was awakened by the extraordinary occurrence on April the twenty-eigth, in the court, where I was a juror. On the defendants' bench I saw Katyusha whom I had betrayed, Katyusha in the robe of a prisoner. strange misunderstanding, and through my own error, she was sentenced to hard labor. I have just been to call on the prosecutor and in prison. I was not allowed

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### RESURRECTION

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to see her, but I have resolved to do everything I can in order to see her, to confess and to repent before her and to expiate my guilt though it be by marrying her. Lord, help me. There is happiness and joy in my soul."

### XXXVII.

For a long time that night Maslova was unable to fall asleep; she lay with wide opened eyes and watched the door which the deacon's daughter shut off from her view in passing as she kept up her incessant pacing; and Maslova was thinking.

She was thinking that under no circumstances would she marry an exile out there on the island of Sakhalin, but would make some other arrangements. With one of the chiefs, or a prison clerk, or a warden, or even with an assistant perhaps. They were all prone to such things. "If I only don't lose my figure. Then I'm lost." And she remembered how her own lawyer had ogled her, how the presiding justice had ogled her, how all the people in the court who passed her by chance or looked her up on purpose had ogled her. She remembered how Bertha who came to see her in prison told that the student of whom she was so fond, while an inmate at Kitayeva's, had inquired for her and expressed much sympathy with her. She remembered the fight with the red-haired one and felt sorry for her; she thought of the baker who had sent her an extra loaf of bread. Many others came into her mind, but not Nekhliudov. never went back reminiscently to her early days and youth, least of all to her love affair with Nekhliudov. It was too painful a subject. These memories lay dormant somewhere in her soul and she never stirred them up. She never even saw Nekhliudov in her dreams. She had not recognized him in the court room in the morning,

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not so much because he had changed so—the last time that she had seen him, he was a trim little officer, without a beard, with a struggling little mustache, and his hair, though short, was thick and wavy, but now he was a mature looking man, with a beard,—but because she had never even given him a thought. She had forever buried these memories of the past on that awful night when on his way from the army he passed through the village and did not stop off to see his aunts.

Until then, while still hoping that he would come, she not only failed to feel burdened by the child she was carrying under her heart, but was even often wondrously touched by its generally gentle, though now and then somewhat abrupt movements within her. But that night all things changed. And the coming infant became a mere hindrance.

The aunts had been waiting for Nekhliudov, they had begged him to stop off, but he telegraphed them that it was impossible to comply with their request, because he was scheduled to be in St. Petersburg at a certain time. When Katyusha learned of this she went to the station. The train was due to pass the station at two o'clock in the morning. Katyusha saw her mistresses retire for the night, and inducing the cook's daughter, a little girl called Masha, to accompany her, she put on a pair of old shoes, covered her head with a kerchief, got under way and finally reached the station.

It was a dark, windy and rainy night in the autumn. The rain now came down in thick warm drops, now stopped altogether. No road was to be seen underfoot in the field, and the forest was as dark as the inside of a chimney. Katyusha knew the road well, yet she lost her way in the woods, and she reached the little station where the train was to stop three minutes not in plenty

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of time as she had figured, but when the train was about to leave after the second signal. She rushed out on the platform and immediately recognized him in the window of a first-class carriage. That carriage was particularly well lighted. Two officers were by the window, seated in velvet chairs, facing one another and playing cards. On the table near the window stood two big guttering tapers. He was clad in snugly fitting riding breeches and white shirt and sat perched on the arm of the chair, leaning against the back of it and laughing at something. As soon as she recognized him she knocked at the window with her half-frozen hand. But at that moment the third signal rang out and the train slowly started, first backward, and then the cars, one after the other, moved forward with jerks. One of the two card players, with his cards in his hand, rose to his feet and looked out of the window. She knocked again and pressed her face to the window. At that moment the car near which she was standing had also moved forward with a jerk and was gone. The officer tried to lower the window but couldn't manage it. The train was moving faster, and Katyusha was walking briskly alongside. At that moment the conductor pushed her to one side and jumped aboard. She lagged belfind, but kept running on the wet boards of the platform; then the platform ended and Katyusha barely saved herself from a fall, and ran down the steps on to the ground. She kept on running, but the first-class carriage was now far ahead. The carriages of the second class were going past her, then the third class coaches rushed past her still more swiftly, yet she kept on running. When the last car with the lanterns in the rear had gone past her, she was already beyond the water tower, unprotected, and a fierce gust of wind caught her in its clutches, tearing the kerchief from her



head and gluing her moist garments to her limbs as she ran. The kerchief had been blown away by the wind, but she still kept on running.

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"Auntie Mikhailovna," cried the little girl who was hardly able to keep up with her. "You've lost your handkerchief."

Katyusha stopped and throwing back her head clasped it in her hands and sobbed out loudly:

"Gone!" she cried.

"Gone, in the lighted car, on a velvet chair, joking and drinking, and I here in the mud and in darkness, in wind and rain, standing and weeping," she thought and sat down on the ground and sobbed so loudly that the little girl was scared and clung tightly to her rainsoaked dress.

"Auntie, let's go home!"

"A train will pass, under the wheels, and all is over," thought Katyusha meanwhile, giving the little girl no answer.

She decided that she would do so. But just then, as always happens in the first moment of calm after great excitement, the unborn babe, his child, suddenly quivered within her, thumped and gently stretched, and thumped again with a thin, slight, sharp movement. And suddenly all that a moment before had racked her with such agony that life seemed not worth living, all the malice against him and the desire to wreak vengeance upon him though it be by killing herself—all was gone. She calmed herself, covered her head with the kerchief and started back home.

Exhausted, drenched and covered with mud from head to foot, she returned home, and from that day commenced that upheaval in her soul as the result or which she became what she was now. From that terrible

"Gone!" she cried. Page 230

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night on she ceased to believe in God and in goodness. She used to believe in God and thought that others believed in Him, but that night she became convinced that no one believed in Him and that all that was said about Him and His law was untrue and a fraud. He whom she loved and who had loved her, had cast her aside after making a mock of her feelings. And yet he had been the best of the men she knew. All the others were still worse. And all that had happened to her since served only to confirm her in these opinions. His aunts, pious old ladies that they were, drove her away when she could no longer serve them as well as she used to. And of the people whom she met later—all the women tried to make money out of her, and all the men, beginning with the old country chief of police down to the prison guards, looked upon her as an object of lust. And she was nothing else for anybody. The old author whom she met in the second year of her independence only confirmed her in this conviction. He plainly told her that therein was all happiness—he called it poetry and estheticism.

Everybody lived only for himself and for his own pleasure, and all this talk of God and of goodness was pure fraud. And if ever the question arose why it was so badly arranged on earth that people wronged one another and that everybody suffered, why that was nothing to think about. When she felt out of sorts, a cigarette or a drink, or best of all, a little loving by a man who pleased her, and she was all right once more.

# XXXVIII.

Next day, Sunday, at five o'clock in the morning, the customary whistle was heard in the corridor of the

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women's section, and Korableva who was up already aroused Maslova.

"Hard labor convict," thought Maslova in horror, as she rubbed her eyes and involutarily inhaled a breath of the air that towards morning was very foul, and she wanted to go to sleep again, to hide herself in the domain of unconsciousness; but the habit of fear overcame the desire for sleep, she rose in her bunk and gathering up her legs benath her, she sat down and looked around. The women had all risen, only the children still slept. The liquor woman with goggle eyes was pulling her robe from beneath the children who were sleeping upon it, cautiously and trying not to waken them. The rioter was near the fireplace, hanging up some rags that served for baby linen, while the baby was crying desperately in the arms of the blue-eyed Feodosia who was rocking back and forth and trying to soothe it with a tender lullaby. The consumptive one clasped her breast, with blood-suffused face, and coughed, sighing and groaning at intervals. The red-haired one was lying on her back bending her fat legs, and was noisily and merrily relating the dream she had had. The old woman incendiary was back again in front of the holy image, and whispering the same words over and over again, kept crossing herself and making obeisances. The deacon's daughter sat immobile on the bunk, and gazed into space with a dull unawakened stare. "Styles" was winding her coarse and greasy black hair about her fingers.

From the corridor came the sound of steps in shuffling slippers, the lock rattled and in came two male convict cleaners in jackets and grey pants that were far too short for them, terminating much above the ankles; with serious and angry faces they lifted the evil smelling vat upon the yoke and carried it out of the ward. The

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women piled out into the corridor to wash themselves at the faucets. Near the faucets there was again a fight between the red-haired woman and a female prisoner from one of the neighboring wards. More curses, screams and complaints.

"Is it the solitary you're after?" cried the inspector and slapped the bare fat back of the red-haired one with a whack that resounded through the whole corridor. "Not another sound out of you to-day."

"The old boy is playful to-day," said the red-haired one regarding the slap in the nature of a caress.

"Lively now, get ready for church."

Maslova had hardly time to comb her hair when the superintendent came in with his retinue.

"Inspection," cried the warder.

Other women prisoners came out of the adjoining wards and lined up in two rows the full length of the corridor, the women in the rear row placing their hands upon the shoulders of the women in front of them. They were all counted.

After the inspection the matron came in and led the prisoners to church. Maslova and Feodosia were in the center of the procession which was made up of more than a hundred women who had come out of the various wards. All wore white head-cloths, blouses and skirts, and only now and then came a woman dressed in colors. There were women who were following their husbands into exile, though not convicted of any wrongdoing themselves. The procession took up the entire stair-case. There was the soft sound of feet treading in prison slippers, conversation and occasional laughter. As she turned Maslova saw the malignant face of her foe Botchkova who was walking ahead and she pointed her out to Feodosia. Having descended the stair-case the women



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lapsed into silence, and crossing and bowing passed din the center through the opened door into the still empty church that gleamed in golden splendor. Their place was on the right, and they began to take up their stations crowding and pushing one another. In the wake of the women came the male exiles who were detained in prison while en route to their destinations; most of them had been sentenced and exiled by various village communities. Clearing their throats loudly they took up their stations in a dense mob on the left and overflowed into the center of the church. Upstairs, in the balcony, stood the crowd that had just been brought into the prison,—on the left. with half-shaven heads, the hard labor convicts, who indicated their presence by the rattling of chains, on the right, prisoners held for trial, unshaven and unfettered.

The prison church had been recently built and newly decorated by a wealthy merchant who had donated many thousands of roubles for this purpose, and it was all aglow with bright colors and gold.

For a time stillness reigned in the church, broken only by the clearing of noses and throats, the cries of infants and the occasional rattle of chains. But the prisoners who stood in the center of the church suddenly bestirred themselves, and pressing against one another formed a lane. The superintendent passed through this lane and stood a little in front of the entire congregation, in the center of the church.

## XXXIX.

The divine service commenced.

The divine service consisted in this: the priest, having donned a peculiar, fanciful and very uncomfortable embroidered áttire, cut up small pieces of bread and laid

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them side by side on a dish, and then placed them in a cup with wine, pronouncing as he did so various names and prayers. The deacon meanwhile kept up an unceasing reading, or alternating with the choir of prisoners, he chanted various prayers in the ecclesiastic Slavonic tongue, which, barely intelligible to start with, were still less intelligible because of rapid reading and chanting.

The purport of the prayers was principally to wish happiness for the Lord Emperor and his family. Prayers on this subject were repeated many times, either in conjunction with other prayers or separately, and on bended knee. In addition the deacon read several verses from the Acts of the Apostles in such a queer and strained voice that no one could understand a thing, but the priest read very distinctly a passage from the gospel by Saint Mark in which it was said that Christ after His resurrection, before flying up into the sky and sitting down on the right hand of His Father, had first appeared to Mary Magdalene from whom he had evicted seven demons, and then to the eleven disciples, and commanded them to preach the gospel to every creature, declaring that he who did not believe would perish, but he who believed and was baptized would be saved, and besides would cast out demons and cure people from illness through the laying on of hands, would speak with new tongues, would take up serpents, and if he drank poison, would not die but retain his health.

The substance of the divine service consisted in this: it was supposed that the pieces of bread which the priest had cut up and placed into the wine with certain manipulations and prayers were transformed into the body and blood of God. These manipulations consisted in this, that the priest raised aloft both hands, although his embroidered bag hindered him therein, held them in



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a certain position, then sank to his knees and kissed the table and that which lay thereon. But the principal act of the priest was when he took up the napkin with both lands, and waved it evenly and gracefully over the dish and the golden cup. It was supposed that at that moment bread and wine turned into flesh and blood, and for this reason this portion of the service was surrounded with particular solemnity.

"It is meet to praise the all-holy, all-pure and allblessed Mother of God," loudly cried the priest from behind a screen, and the choir solemnly commenced to sing that it was very meet to praise the Virgin Mary who had brought Christ into the world without violating her virginity, and who was held worthy therefore of greater honor than so-called Cherubim and of greater glory than so-called Seraphim. After this it was believed that the transformation had taken place, and the priest taking the 1 apkin off the dish cut the central piece of bread into four parts and laying it first into the wine put it into his mouth. It was supposed that he had eaten a piece of the body of God and drunk a swallow of His blood. After this the priest pushed aside the curtain, opened the doors in the center and taking into his hands the golden cup came out with it through the center door and invited those who also wished to eat the body and the blood of God that were in the cup to come forward.

Several children appeared to wish to do so.

Having first asked the children their names, the priest carefully fishing in the cup, stuck a piece of bread that had been dipped into wine with a spoon deep down into each child's mouth, going from one to another, while the deacon wiping off the children's mouths was singing in a jovial tone a song about the children who ate the body of God and drank His blood. After this the priest

ed and so

took the cup back of the screen and having drained all of the blood that still remained there and having eaten all of the pieces of God's flesh, carefully sucked his mustache, until it was dry, wiped his mouth and the cup, and in the happiest of moods, squeaking with the thin soles of his calfskin boots briskly stepped from behind the screen.

This wound up the principal part of the Christian divine service. But the priest, endeavoring to comfort the unfortunate prisoners, added something special to this customary service. This special service consisted in this: the priest stood before the supposed graven and gilt image—with blackened face and hands— of the same God whom he had been eating, with a dozen wax candles surrounding it, and in a peculiar falsetto began half singing, half reading the following words:

"Jesu, Most Sweet, Glory of the Apostles, Jesu, Praise of the Martyrs, Lord Omnipotent, Save me:

Jesu, My Saviour, My Jesu Most Beautiful, Saviour Jesu as I come to Thee, Have Mercy on me,

By the prayers of Thy Nativity, Jesu,

By the prayers of all Thy Saints and of all the Prophets,

Jesu, My Saviour, Jesu, Lover of Mankind, Make me meet for the joys of Paradise."

Here he stopped, drew his breath, crossed himself and made a low obeisance, and everybody did the same. The superintendent bowed, and so did the warders and the prisoners, while up above the chains rattled more noisily.

"Creator of the Angels and Lord of Hosts"—he continued,



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Jesu Most Miraculous, Marvel of the Angels,
Jesu Most Powerful, Deliverance of Forefathers,
Jesu Most Sweet, Magnifier of Patriarchs,
Jesu Most Blessed, Fulfilment of the Prophets,
Jesu Most Marvelous, Firmness of Martyrs,
Jesu Most Gentle, Joy of Monastics,
Jesu Most Gracious, Sweetness of Presbyters,
Jesu Most Gracious, Sweetness of Presbyters,
Jesu Most Merciful, Continence of the Fasting,
Jesu Most Luscious, Enjoyment of the Saintly,
Jesu Most Pure, Chastity of the Virgins,
Jesu Most Eternal, Salvation of Sinners,
Jesu, Son of God,

Have mercy upon me."

He finally came to a stop, giving the word "Jesu" a more sibilantly hissing sound with each repetition, and supporting his silk-lined cassock with one hand he bent one knee, bowed to the ground, while the choir chanted his last words: "Jesu, Son of God, have mercy upon me." But the prisoners knelt down and rose again shaking the remainder of the hair that still graced one half of each head and rattling their fetters that were chafing under their thin legs.

This continued for a long time. First came praises which all ended in "Have mercy upon me," then some more praises which ended with the word "Hallelujah." And the prisoners crossed themselves and bowed after each stop, but after awhile in bowing they skipped once or twice in succession, and everybody was pleased when the praising was all finished and the priest, with a sigh of relief, closed his booklet and retired behind the screen. There was only one more act left which consisted in this: the priest took a gilded cross with enameled medallions on each end that lay on the large table and came cut with it into the center of the church. First came the

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superintendent and kissed the cross, then the guards, then crowding one another and cursing in whispers, the prisoners. The priest while conversing with the superintendent, shoved the cross and his hand into the mouth and sometimes into the nose of the prisoners who came up to him, and these tried to kiss both the cross and the hand. This terminated the Christian worship which was conducted for the consolation and edification of erring brothers.

#### XL.

And it occurred to none of those present, from the priest and the superintendent down to Maslova that the same Jesus whose name the priest had hissed out with so many repetitions, praising him with all sorts of queer invocations, had forbidden literally everything that was done here: he had not only forbidden the senseless verbosity and the sacrilegious incantations of the priestly teachers over the wine and the bread, but had also in the most distinct manner forbidden one set of people to call another set by the name of teachers, he had forbidden the praying in the temples, but commanded each man to pray in his closet, he had forbidden the temples themselves, saying that he had come to destroy them, and that men should not pray in temples, but in spirit and in truth; but most of all he had forbidden not only to judge people and to keep them in confinement, to torture them, to disgrace them, to punish them, but he had forbidden every form of violence, saying that he had come to set free the captives.

It occurred to none among these present that what had been done here was the rankest blasphemy and mockery of that same Christ in whose name it was all done; it occurred to none that this gilded cross with



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enameled medallions on each end which the priest brought out and made the people kiss was nothing else but the symbol of the very gallows on which Christ had been put to death just because he had forbidden the very thing that was now being done in his name. It occurred to none that the priests who imagined that under the form of bread and wine they ate the flesh and drank the blood of Christ, were literally guilty of eating his flesh and of drinking his blood, not in the pieces and in the liquid which they swallowed, but by offending these little ones with whom Christ had identified himself, and by depriving them of the supreme good and by causing them to suffer grievously through concealing from them that message of blessing which he had brought for them.

The priest acted as he did with a calm conscience, having been brought up from childhood in the belief that his was the sole true faith, the faith in which the people before him had believed and in which the spiritual and the temporal authorities believed now. He did not, indeed, believe that the bread turned into flesh, nor that it did the soul any good to repeat many words, nor that he had really eaten a piece of God—it is impossible to believe that—but he believed that it was necessary to believe in this religion. And he was confirmed in this belief very largely by the fact that for the attention to the requirements of this religion he had now for eighteen years received an income which enabled him to maintain his family, keeping his son in the high school, and his daughter in a school for the daughters of the clergy. The deacon believed the same, only more firmly than the priest, for he had long since forgotten the substance of the dogmas of the faith, and knew only that for keeping the church warm, for requiems, for lauds, for plain prayer services and for litanies he received a set remuneration

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which the Christian people paid willingly, and he cried out his "have mercy on me" and sang and read the proper formulas with the same serene assurance that all of it was a very necessary occupation even as people sell kindling wood, flour and potatoes. But the head of the prison and the guards, though they had never known or delved into the dogmas of the faith or in the significance of what was going on in church, believed that it was imperatively necessary to believe in this faith, for the highest authorities and the Tsar himself believed in it. Moreover they felt though dimly (they could never explain how it was done) that this faith justified their cruelties. Without this faith it would have been difficult for them, perhaps utterly impossible, to employ their whole strength in torturing people as they were doing now, without suffering any qualms of conscience. The superintendent looked to be such a kindly man that he surely could not live such a life without the support of this faith. And therefore he was standing motionless and erect, made obeisances zealously, crossed himself, strove to feel deeply moved as they sang "Even as the Cherubim," and when the children were receiving communion, he came forward and held up with his own hands a little boy communicant and supported him.

But the majority of the prisoners, with the exception of the few of them who clearly saw through the fraud that was practised on the believing adherents of this faith and who inwardly laughed at them, this majority believed that in these gilded icons, candles, cups, vestments, crosses, repetitions of unintelligible words: "Jesu, Most Sweet, have mercy on me," was contained a mysterious power by means of which greater comforts in this life and in the life to come could be acquired. Although the majority among them having manipulated several

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experiments for the purpose of acquiring comforts in this life by means of prayers, services, and candles, had failed to obtain them, their prayers remaining unfulfilled, every one was firmly convinced that this failure was a mere mischance, and that the institution which was approved by learned persons and metropolitan bishops, was a very important institution, which was essential if not for this,

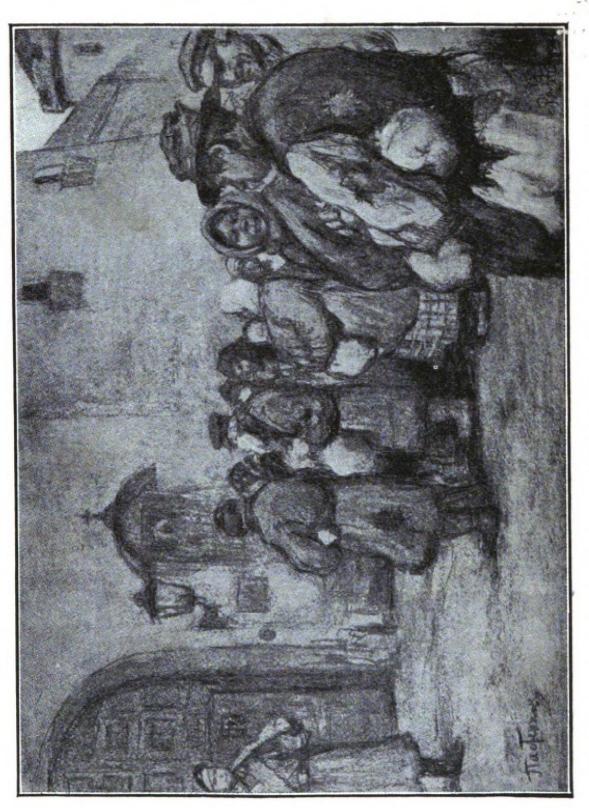
then at least for the life to come.

Even so believed Maslova. She, with the rest, experienced during the service a mingled sensation of reverence and boredom. She had been standing first in the center of the crowd behind the screen and could not see anybody but her sister-prisoners. But when the communicants surged forward, and she moved up together with Feodosia, she saw the superintendent, and behind the superintendent, between the guards, a peasant with a whitish blond beard, Feodosia's husband, who was trying to locate his wife with his eyes. Maslova during the Litany busied herself by watching him and exchanging whispers with Feodosia, and crossed herself and bowed only when everybody else was doing the same.

### XLI.

Nekhliudov left the house early. A peasant was still driving through a cross street shouting with a strange voice: "Milk, Milk,"

The previous night had fallen the first warm shower of the spring season. In all the unpaved places the grass had suddenly sprouted its greening blades. The birches in the gardens were covered with a verdant down, cherry trees and poplars stretched their long and fragrant leaves, in private houses and in shops the winter sashes were being removed and the windows cleaned. Nekhliu-



"A group of men and women, mostly with bundles, were standing here." Page 247

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# **RESURRECTION**

dov drove past the old market place which was thronged by a dense mob that was swarming about the booths of which many rows had been hastily set up: ragged men strolled through the crowd carrying shoes under their arms, or ironed vests and trousers across their shoulders, and offered them for sale to passers-by.

About the drinking places crowded the working people, free for a day from factory service, the men clad in clean jackets and shiny boots, the women with luridly colored silk kerchiefs on their heads and with bead-buttoned mantles. The policemen stood on their posts, toying with the yellow braids of their revolvers, eagerly watching for a little distraction by way of disorders, for the time hung heavily on their hands. On the boulevard paths, and on the brand new green of the lawns children and dogs ran about and played, while cheery nurses sat on the benches exchanging items of gossip.

In the roadways which were still cool and damp on the shady side, but had dried in the center, heavy trucks, hansom cabs and street cars thundered, clattered and whizzed hither and thither. The air reverberated with the ringing and clanging of church bells which from all sides summoned the city people to attend the same kind of service as had been celebrated in the prison. And the gaily attired throng was scattering about the various parishes.

The cabman did not drive straight to the prison gate, but deposited Nekhliudov before a short lane which led to the prison.

Several men and women, mostly with bundles, were standing here, on this turn to the prison, about a hundred steps from the prison itself. On the right hand side was seen a row of low wooden structures, on the left a two-

## RESURRECTION

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story house with some sort of a sign. The immense stone structure of the prison proper was straight ahead. but no visitors were as yet admitted. A sentry with a rifle on his shoulder was pacing up and down in front of the prison, angrily challenging any who dared to walk around him.

By the fence near the wooden structures, on the right hand side facing the sentry, a guard with a striped collar sat on the bench with a note book in his hand. Visitors came towards him and gave the names of those whom they wished to see. Nekhliudov also approached him and gave the name of Katerina Maslova. The guard with the striped collar entered it in his notebook.

"Why don't they admit yet?" inquired Nekhliudov.
"Mass is being said. When mass is over, you will
be admitted."

Nekhliudov went over to the crowd of waiting visitors. A man in ragged clothes and a battered hat, wit bare feet that were stuck into a pair of torn overshoes and with scarlet scars running the full length of his cheeks, separated from the crowd and made his way to the prison door.

"Where are you creeping?" yelled the soldier with the rifle.

"Who are you yelling at?" retorted the outcast unperturbed by the sentry's challenge and returned to his place. "I'll wait, if I can't come in. But why yell like a general?"

The crowd laughed in approbation. The visitors were for the most part very poorly dressed, some even in rags, but there were also some people who looked decent, at least outwardly, both men and women. Next to Nekhliudov stood a well dressed man, clean shaven, stout and ruddy of cheek, holding in his hand a bundle which

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evidently contained underwear. Nekhliudov asked him if it was his first visit to the prison. The man with the bundle said that he came every Sunday, and they entered into a conversation. He turned out to be a doorman in a bank, and he had come to call on his brother who was up for trial on a charge of embezzlement. The goodnatured fellow told Nekhliudov the whole story of his life and was about to question him in turn, when their attention was attracted by the arrival of a trap with rubber tires drawn by a large blooded mare and driven by a man in a college student's uniform, with a veiled lady at his side. The student descended carrying a big bundle in his hands. He approached Nekhliudov and asked him whether he could give the prisoners a donation of white bread and what he should do to have it accepted. "My fiancée wanted me to do this. The young lady there is my fiancée. Her parents advised us to bring it over in grerson."

"I'm here for the first time and I don't know, but I think you might ask this man at the door," said Nekhliudov pointing to the warder with the striped collar who sat with a notebook in his hand.

While Nekhliudov was conversing with the student, the massive iron gates of the prison (with a look-out window in the center) were flung open, and a uniformed officer came out accompanied by another warder. The warder with the notebook announced that the admission of visitors was now on. The sentry stood aside, and all the visitors, as though fearing to be late, hurried forward, some of them on the run, and made their way to the prison gates. A warder stood at the door and counted the visitors as they came in, calling out the consecutive rumbers in a loud voice: sixteen, seventeen, etc. Another warder on the inside, touching each visitor with his hand, counted them as they passed through, with the

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### RESURRECTION

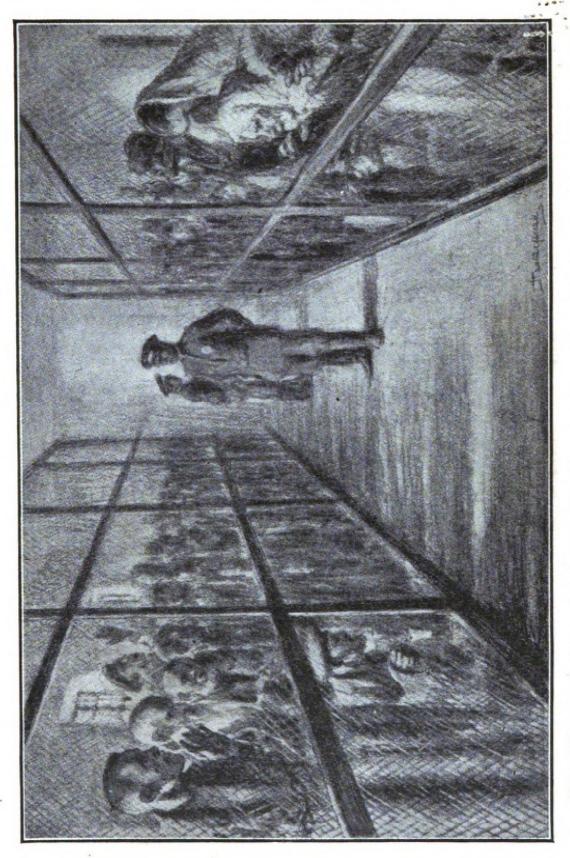
purpose of checking up the count again when the visitors left, so as not to have a visitor left over or to allow a prisoner to slip out. This checker, without scrutinizing the appearance of the visitors, slapped Nekhliudov's back with the rest, and for a moment this familiar application of the warder's hand to his person incensed Nekhliudov, but he immediately recollected his purpose in coming here, and he felt ashamed of this sensation of annoyance and insult.

The door admitted them immediately into a large vaulted room with small iron barred windows. This room, called the common room, brought Nekhliudov quite unexpectedly face to face with a large ropresentation of the Crucified in a niche.

"What is the idea of this?" wondered Nekhliudov who associated in his mind the picture of Christ crucified with captives set free rather than with prisoners under restraint.

Nekhliudov walked slowly, allowing the hurrying visitors to overtake him, while mingled sensations contended in his breast: horror before the wretches confined in this prison, pity for those innocent ones forced to remain there, such as Katyusha and the lad tried the day before, timid and touching contrition at the thought of the impending meeting. Passing out of the first room, at the other end he heard a warder make some remarks. But Nekhliudov, engrossed in his own thoughts paid no attention to his words, and continued on his way following the mass of the visitors, who were proceeding to the men's division and not to the place where the women were kept.

As he still permitted those who seemed to be in a hurry to push on ahead of him, he found himself to be the last person to enter the room that was set aside for



"An old-woman in a shawl, pressing close to the wire netting, with her chin acquiver, was shouting something to a palefaced young man..." Page 253

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meeting the prisoners. As he opened the door, a deafening din of a hundred voices that merged into one mighty roar assailed his ear. Only as he came closer to the people and saw them clinging like so many flies to a wire screen partition which divided the room in two parts, Nekhliudov understood what was the matter. In reality two wire screens that reached from the ceiling to the floor divided the room, in the rear of which there were some windows. In the space between the two screens warders paced back and forth. On the far side of the screen were the prisoners, and on the near side stood the visitors. Two screens and a distance of about seven feet separated the two groups, so that it was not only impossible to hand anything over to a prisoner, but even to distinguish faces if you happened to be nearsighted. It was even difficult to converse, and the visitors had to shout at the top of their voices to be heard. Faces were pressed to the screen on both sides; wives, husbands, fathers, mothers, children, all striving to get a good view of one another and to say what they had to say. But as each tried to make himself heard, and his neighbor had the same intention, and their voices interfered one with another, each strove to out-yell his neighbor. This was the cause of the roar of confused yells which struck Nekhliudov's ear the moment he entered the room. There was not the slightest chance of making out what was said. Only the expression of the faces of those who yelled gave an inkling or what they tried to convey and of the relations between those who tried to communicate one with another. Nearest to Nekhliudov was a little old woman, with a head covered by a kerchief, who clung to the screen with her chin aquiver and yelled something at a pale-faced young man with a half-shaved head. The prisoner was listening to her with

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eyebrows raised and forehead furrowed. Next to the old lady was a young man in workman's attire who shook his head while he listened to a prisoner with agonized face and a greyish beard, who bore a marked resemblance to him. A little further off stood the ragged fellow and waved his hands shouting and laughing. And right next to him on the floor sat a woman with a child, with a woolen shawl of good quality; she was sobbing bitterly, having evidently caught her first glimpse of the white haired man on the other side of the screen, who was clad in a convict's blouse, with head all shaved, and wore leg-irons. And right over that woman stood the doorman with whom Nekhliudov had exchanged words, and he was shouting something at the top of his voice to a baldheaded prisoner with flashing eyes on the other side of the screen.

When Nekhliudov realized that he would have to speak under such conditions, he was filled with resentful indignation against the people who were responsible for making and maintaining such an arrangement. It amazed him that such an abominable condition, such a mockery of human feelings, apparently failed to incense anyone. The soldiers, the superintendent, the visitors and the prisoners acted as though they admitted that it was all as it should be.

Nekhliudov remained in the room about five minutes, feeling strangely downhearted, impotent and at odds with the whole world. A sensation of moral nausea, akin to seasickness, overpowered him.

### XLII.

"Still, I must go on with that which brought me here," he said trying to bolster up his courage. "But

how to do it?" He began to look for someone in authority, and seeing an undersized haggard man with a mustache and with officer's shoulder-straps, who was walking up and down back of the crowd, he appealed to him:

as worthy

"Can you tell me, sir," he said with an oddly strained politeness, "where the women are kept, and where meetings with them are permitted?"

"Why, then you want the women's department?"

"Yes, I wanted to see a woman prisoner," replied Nekhliudov with the same strained tone of politeness.

"You should have said that while you were in the common room. Whom do you wish to see?"

"I must see Katerina Maslova."

"Is she a political prisoner?" inquired the assistant superintendent.

"No, she is simply..."

"Is she a sentenced woman?"

"Yes, she was sentenced the other day," replied Nekhliudov fearing to spoil the humor of the superintendent who seemed to have taken an interest in him.

"If you want the women's section, then please come this way," said the assistant superintendent having evidently decided after scrutinizing Nekhliudov's appearance, that he was worthy of attention. "Sidorov," he called an under-officer with a medal covered chest, "take this gentleman to the women's section."

"Yes, sir."

Just then the sound of heartrending sobs came from the screen.

All this seemed odd to Nekhliudox, but strangest of all that he was forced to express gratitude and feel under obligation to the superintendent and senior warder, in

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other words to the very people who perpetrated all the cruelties that went on in that institution.

The warder led Nekhliudov from the men's visiting room into a corridor, and then straightway through another door into the room assigned for visits in the women's section.

This room, just as the meeting room in the men's section, was divided in three parts by two screens, but it was much smaller; there were fewer visitors and prisoners, but the noise and the din were the same as in the men's section. Here too the authorities walked back and forth between the screens. The authorities were represented by a matron in uniform, with striped sleeves and blue trimmings and a blue-bordered belt. And even as in the male department people clung to the screens on both sides. On this side, townspeople in all sorts of clothing, on the other side the prisoners, some in regulation white, others wearing their own garments. The people were grouped all about the screen. Some stood on tip-toe, in order to be heard over the heads of others, others conversed squatting on the floor.

Most noticeable of all women prisoners, striking both in appearance and by virtue of her shrill voice, was a lean shaggy gipsy prisoner, with the kerchief askew over her curling hair, who stood on the other side of the screen, in the very center of the room, next to a post, and was shouting something to a male gipsy in a blue coat with a tight, low girdle. Next to the gipsy on the floor squatted a soldier who was talking to a prisoner, and next to him, clinging to the screen, stood a young peasant in bast shoes, with a blond little beard, flushed of face, restraining his tears with evident difficulty. A very comely prisoner who was gazing on her visitor with eyes of limpid blue was conversing with him. This was

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Feodosia with her husband. Next to him stood a man in tatters who was talking to a ragged broad-faced woman. Then two women, a man and again a woman, and opposite each was a prisoner. Maslova was not. among them. But back of the prisoners, on the other side, stood another woman, and Nekhliudov sensed at once that it was she, and he immediately felt the thumping of his heart and a catch in his breath. The decisive minute was approaching. He came closer to the screen and recognized her. She was standing next to blue-eyed Feodosia and listened with a smile to what she was saying. She was not dressed in a prisoner's robe as the other day, but wore a white blouse that was held tight with a belt and rose high over her bosom. From below her head-cloth her black hair escaped in a profusion of curls as it did in the court room.

"Now comes the deciding moment," he thought. "How shall I call her? Or will she come closer herself?"

But she did not come closer. She was waiting for Clara, and never thought that this man was there to see her.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the matron who was walking back and forth between the screens.

"Katerina Maslova," barely muttered Nekhliudov. "Maslova, for you," called out the matron.

Maslova looked up, raised her head and stretched out her bosom, and with that air of willingness which Nekhliudov knew so well, she came to the screen, edging in between two prisoners, and stared with questioning surprise upon Nekhliudov without recognizing him.

But judging from his attire that he was a man of wealth, she smiled.

"You're to see me?" she inquired pressing her smiling face with the squinting eyes to the screen.



the smile

"I'm here to see..." Nekhliudov did not know whether to use the formal pronoun "you" or the intimate "thee," and decided to say "you." He did not speak more loudly than usual. "I wanted to see you.. I.."

"Don't you try to put one over on me," the ragged fellow next to him was saying. "Did you take it or not?"

"I'm telling you she's dying, what more do you want?" someone was yelling from the other side.

Maslova was unable to hear what Nekhliudov was saying, but the expression of his face while he was talking reminded her of him. But she did not believe her eyes. Yet the smile disappeared from her face, and agonized lines appeared on her forehead.

"I can't hear what you're saying," she yelled, and her forehead furrowed still more.

"I came..."

"Yes, I am doing what I came for, I am confessing in penance," thought Nekhliudov.

And the moment this thought entered his mind, tears came into his eyes, a lump rose in his throat, and clasping the screen with his fingers, he restrained a sob with an effort.

"I'm telling you why stick your nose where it don't belong?" someone was yelling from one side.

"I swear by God, I don't know a thing about it," cried a prisoner from the other side.

Seeing his agitation, Maslova at last recognized him.

"I see the likeness, but I am not sure," she cried avoiding his glance, and her flushed face assumed a still gloomier expression.

"I have come to ask your forgiveness," he shouted cut loudly without inflection, as though reciting a lesson learned by heart.

And after he had shouted these words, he felt

as not

ashamed and he looked around. But immediately the thought came into his mind that if he felt ashamed it was so much the better, because it was meet that he should bear contumely. And he continued loudly:

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"Forgive me, I am dreadfully guilty before you," he cried.

She stood motionless and never took her squinting glance away from him.

He could not say another word and walked away from the screen striving to repress the sobs that shook his breast.

The superintendent who had directed Nekhliudov to the women's section and evidently taken an interest in him, appeared now in the female department and asked him why he was not speaking to the woman whom he had come to visit. Nekhliudov blew his nose and pulling himself together in an endeavor to assume a calm appearance, replied:

"I can't talk through the screen, I can't hear a thing."

The superintendent thought for an instant.

"Well, we can bring her out for a while."

"Maria Carlovna," he called to the matron, "bring out Maslova."

## XLIII.

A moment later Maslova came out through the side door. Walking up close to Nekhliudov with soft steps, she stopped and glanced at him askance. Her black hair, as the other day, escaped in curling ringlets; her face looked unhealthy, puffed up and white, but sweet-featured and calm; only the glossy black eyes that squinted irom beneath the swollen eyelids flashed with a queer fire.



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"You can speak here," said the superintendent and walked away. Nekhliudov came closer to a bench that stood by the wall.

Maslova looked inquiringly at the assistant superintendent, and then shrugging her shoulders in wonderment, followed Nekhliudov to the bench and sat down by his side adjusting her skirt.

"I know that it must be hard for you to forgive me," began Nekhliudov but stopped again, feeling that his tears impeded him. "But if I cannot undo the past, I will now do what I can. Tell me..."

"How did you find me?" she inquired without answering his question and casting at him an unseeing glance with her squinting eyes.

"My God! Help me! Teach me what to do!" said Nekhliudov to himself, watching her face, now so altered and evil.

"The other day I was in court as a juror," he said, "when you were being tried. Didn't you recognize me?"

"I did not, I had no time to recognize. I never even looked," she said.

"There was a child, was there not?" he asked and he felt his face coloring up.

"Thank God he died at the same time," she replied curtly and resentfully, turning her glance away from him.

"How? Why?"

"I was sick myself and almost died," she said without lifting up her eyes.

"How did the aunties let you go?"

"Who will keep a maid with a child? The moment they noticed it they drove me out. But what's the use of talking about it, I don't remember a thing. I've forgotten it altogether. That's all over and done with." er . That's all

to recall. er, then she felt hurt. what she ssociate him he men who him a

"No, it's not all over and done with. I cannot leave it like this. I now want to redeem my sin.

"There's nothing to redeem. What's past is past," she said, and all of a sudden—against his every expectation—she glanced at him with an unpleasant, seductive and pitiful smile.

Maslova never expected to see him, particularly here and now, and therefore at the first flush his appearance amazed her and forced her to think of things which she never cared to recall. In that first flush she dimly recalled that new wonderful world of feelings and thoughts which the charming youth had opened up before her, he whom she loved and who loved her, then she remembered his unspeakable cruelty and that whole series of humiliations and sufferings which followed in the wake of her enchanted happiness and were caused by it. And she felt hurt. Unable to analyze all this, she acted as she was always wont to act. She dispelled these memories and strove to veil them with the specific mist of her life of vice; this was just what she did. In the first moment she had associated this man who sat before her with that youth whom she once had loved, but seeing that this was too painful a memory, she ceased to associate him with that other one. Now this well dressed, well groomed gentleman with scented whiskers was for her not the same Nekhliudov whom she once had loved, but merely one of the men who when they needed her made use of a creature such as she, and whom creatures such as she in turn must use to their own greatest advantage. And that was why she bestowed upon him a seductive smile.

She was silent for a moment, deliberating how best to use him.

"That's all over and done with," she said, "now I'm



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sentenced to hard labor." And her lips quivered as she pronounced that terrible word.

"I knew, I was convinced that you were innocent," said Nekhliudov.

"Of course, I'm innocent. Am I thief or a robber?"

"I'm told in the ward that it's all in the lawyer," she added, "I'm told to hand in a petition. Only they say it costs a lot of money."

"Yes, without fail," said Nekhliuodv. "I have alread spoken to a lawyer."

"Don't spare money, get a good one," she said.

"I'll do everything possible."

And again they lapsed into silence.

She smiled once more in the same way.

"And I wanted to ask you... for some money, if possible. Not much.. say ten roubles... I don't need any more," she suddenly said.

"Certainly, certainly," said Nekhliudov in confusion and reached for his pocketbook.

She quickly glanced in the direction of the superintendent who was walking up and down the room, and said:

"Don't hand it to me in front of him, or they'll take it away from me."

Nekhliudov took out the pocketbook the moment the superintendent turned his back, but he could not hand her the banknote in time before the superintendent turned about and faced them. He crumpled the note in his hand.

"Why this is a dead woman," thought Nekhliudov scanning this face, once so charming, but now defiled and bloated, with her squinting black eyes that gleamed with an unpleasant glow as she watched the superinten-

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dent and his hand that was tightly clasping the banknote. And a moment of vaccillation came over him.

Again that tempter who had spoken to him the night before raised his voice in Nekhliudov's soul, striving as always to lead him away from the question what was the right thing to do and turn him to the question what would come of his acts and what was the use of them.

"You'll not be able to do a thing with this woman," said this voice. "You'll only hang about your neck a millstone that will drown you, that will make it impossible for you to help others. Would it not be best to give her money, to give her all you've got with you, to say good-bye and to end it forever?" he thought.

But he straightway felt that something most important was passing in his soul, that his inner life that moment was in the balance, with the slightest effort likely to turn the scales in either direction. And he made that effort, summoning from within that God whom he had sensed in his soul the night before; and God at once responded from within. And he decided immediately to tell her everything.

"Katyusha, I have come to thee to ask thy forgiveness, and thou hast not answered me, thou hast not told me whether thou forgivest me or not, whether thou wilt ever forgive me," he said passing over to the intimate "thou."

She was not listening to him, but was watching both his hand and the superintendent. When the latter turned away, she quickly stretched out her hand, seized the banknote and slipped it behind her girdle.

"You talk so funny," she said, smiling contemptucusly, as it seemed to him.

Nekhliudov sensed that there was in her something directly hostile to him, something that was shielding her

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just as she now was, something that hindered him from penetrating to her heart.

But strange to say, this not only failed to repel him, but on the contrary drew him to her with a peculiar and novel force. He felt that it was his duty to awaken her spiritually, and that it was a terribly difficult task, but the very difficulty of the task attracted him. He was feeling towards her in a way he had never felt towords her or towards anybody else,—and in that feeling there was nothing personal. He did not desire anything from her for himself, but merely desired that she should cease to be such as she now was, that she should awake and become such as she once had been.

"Katyusha, why do you talk like this? I remember you, I remember you as you were that time in Panovo.."

"Why bring up old things?" she said drily.

"I bring them up in order to make good, to expiate my sin, Katyusha," he commenced, and was on the verge of telling her that he would marry her, but encountering her glance he read in it something so coarse and repellent that he could not finish his words.

Just then the visitors began to file out, the superintendent approached Nekhliudov and told him that the visiting hours were over. Maslova rose to her feet, waiting obediently to be dismissed.

"Good-bye, I have many things to tell you, but as you see it is not possible to do so now," said Nekhliudov and offered her his hand. "I will come again."

"I think you've said everything.."

She offered her hand, but did not press his.

"No, I will try to see you again, in order to talk with you again, and I will tell you something very important, something that I must tell you," said Nekhliudov.



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"All right then, come," she said and smiled with the smile she had in reserve for men whom she wanted to please.

"You are closer to me than a sister," said Nekhliudov.

"Funny," she repeated and shaking her head she disappeared behind the screen.

### XLIV.

Nekhliudov had expected that at this first meeting, Katyusha on seeing him and recognizing his intention of serving her and his repentance would be pleased and touched and become the same Katyusha that she once had been, but to his dismay he saw that Katyusha was no more, but merely Maslova remained. This amazed and dismayed him.

He was principally amazed by the realization that Maslova not only showed no shame of her condition (not as a prisoner, she was ashamed of that, but as a prostitute), but even seemed to be content with it and almost gloried in it. Yet it could not have been otherwise. Every human being, in order to act, must consider his activity important and right. And therefore whatever the state of a person may be, he must form such a view of human life in general as will enable him to regard his activity important and right.

It is generally thought that a thief, a spy, a prostitute recognize their profession as evil and are ashamed of it. But entirely the opposite is the case. People placed in a certain position by fate or by their own sins and errors, be that position ever so wrong, form such a view of life in general as to picture their position good and worthy of esteem. And in order to maintain such a view people

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instinctively cling to that circle of associates in which their own idea of life and of their place therein formed in such manner is recognized as right.

This surprises us when we speak of thieves who boast of their skill, of prostitutes who glory in their vice, of murderers who are proud of their cruelty. But it surprises us only because the circle, the atmosphere in which these people live is limited, and principally because we find ourselves beyond its pale. But does not the same phenomenon hold true of the rich who boast of their wealth, which is based on robbery, of army leaders, who glory in their conquests, which are murders, of lords who are proud of their power, which is violence? We fail to see a distorted view of life, of good and evil, which these people adhere to in defending their state, simply because the circle of people with such distorted notions is a wider one, and we ourselves form a part of it.

And such a conception of life and of her place in the world had been formed by Maslova. She was a prostitute, sentenced to hard labor, and in spite of this she had formed such a conception of the world as permitted her to regard herself with self-approbation and even to boast before people of her state.

The pricipal basis of this conception of the world was in this: the supreme happiness of all men, all without exception, old and young, high school boys and generals, educated and uneducated, she saw in sexual intercourse with attractive women, and therefore all men, though pretending to be occupied with other things, in reality have but this one craving. And she, being an attractive woman, could either satisfy this craving or refuse to do so, and therefore she was an important and a useful person. All her life, past and present, served to confirm her in regarding this view as justified.

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For the space of ten years, wherever she had been, beginning with Nekhliudov and the old country chief of police and ending with the prison warders, she had seen that men needed her; she failed to see or to notice those men who did not need her. And therefore the whole world appeared to her made up of men raging with lust, watching her from all sides, and striving by all means,fraud, violence, bribery and cunning, to gain possession of her.

Such was Maslova's conception of life, and with such a conception she did not regard herself as the lowest of beings, but as a very essential person. And Maslova valued this conception of life above all else, she could not help thus valuing it, for if she altered this conception of life, she would lose that importance which this notion lent her in human society. And in order not to lose her importance in the scheme of life, she instinctively clung to that circle of associates who viewed life in the same way as she. Feeling, however, that Nekhliudov was trying to lead her into some other world, foreseeing that in that world she was bound to lose her place in life which gave her a feeling of self-reliance and self-respect, she struggled against him.

And for this reason she repelled at their first meeting those recollections of her early youth and of her former relations with Nekhliudov. These recollections did not coincide with her present conception of the world, and therefore she had completely erased them out of her memory, or rather let them repose somewhere within the recesses of her memory, untouched and dormant, but locked up and immured beyond all reach, as the bees immure the nests of worms that threaten to destroy their work. And therefore this Nekhliudov of the present was no more for her the man whom she once had loved with



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a pure love, but a wealthy gentleman who could and should be utilized, and with whom she could only entertain the same sort of relations as with other men.

"No, I could not tell her the principal thing," thought Nekhliudov as he joined the departing throng on the way to the exit. "I did not tell her that I would marry her. But though I failed to tell her this, I will do so anyway," he mused.

The warders stood by the door and again passing the visitors through the hands of two checkers, counted them to see that no extra person either left the building or remained in it. And that they slapped his back incensed him no longer, he even failed to notice it.

#### XLV.

Nekhliudov had made up his mind to change his style of living: to sublet his spacious residence, to discharge his servants and to move to a hotel. But Agrafena Petrovna argued that there was no sense in making any change in his style of living before next winter: no one would lease his residence with the summer season coming on, and moreover he would have to live and keep his furniture and things somewhere anyway. So that in spite of all his efforts Nekhliudov's desire for a change in his mode of living (he had in mind some simple menage, student-fashion) came to nothing. And not only was everything left as of old, but the house itself was transformed into a scene of intense bustling activity, what with the airing, the hanging and the dusting of all sorts of woolen and furry fabrics, with the participation of the house porter and his assistant, of the cook and of Korney himself. They had started first with all sorts of uniforms and queer creations of fur and skin that no one

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ever used; these were taken out into the yard and hung up on lines; then the rugs and upholstered furniture articles had their turn; the house porter and his assistant, baring their muscular arms, beat a frenzied tattoo upon the surface of these objects. An odor of naphtha pervaded the entire household. As Nekhliudov passed through the yard or looked out of the window and saw the appalling multitude of these articles and realized their obviously utter superfluity, he was astounded. The only use and purpose for all of this property that he could see was to afford a little physical exercise to Agrafena Petrovna, to Korney, to the house porter with his assistant, and to the cook.

"Still it would be hardly worth while to make any change in my style of living until Maslova's case is decided," thought Nekhliudov. "And it would be too much trouble anyway. A change will come of itself, as soon as she is either released or exiled, and in the latter case I will follow her into exile."

Nekhliudov drove over to Fanarin's residence at the time appointed by the lawyer\*). Entering Fanarin's palatial residence—the lawyer owned the house in which he lived—he observed an array of gigantic potted just as and wonderful window drapings, as well that's his own air of costly magnificence which che holds of people who have sudden and which is an eloquent with aid the lawyer, and his face "fool money," meaning ful and good-natured mien aswithout toil. Nekhliud alignant expression. number of clients who and they say we lawyers get our tients in a doctor's o he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement air while the ill he said striving to resume an agreement are the said striving

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reading tables near them obviously had the mission of affording them consolation.

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The lawyer's assistant who occupied a desk in the reception room recognized Nekhliudov and advanced to greet him, promising to announce his arrival to his chief without delay. But the assistant had barely reached the lawyer's private office, when the door opened, and a stockily built man of mature years, with a ruddy complexion and a thick mustache, sporting a brand new suit of clothes, appeared in the doorway in the midst of an animated and loud conversation with Fanarin himself. Their faces were the same expression of guilty triumph as is peculiar to people who have just concluded a profitable though somewhat shady transaction.

"It's your own fault, old chap," said Fanarin with a smile.

"I'd like to go to Heaven when I die, but it ain't uo use, my sins won't let me."

"I know, I know."

And they broke out in an unnatural guffaw.

"Ah, Prince, come inside, please," exclaimed Fanarin catching sight of Nekhliudov, and with a parting furniture and merchant who was on his way out, he conspite of all his effortinto his severely business-like private in his mode of living a smoke," said the lawyer as he menage, student-fashion) thiudov, and tried to suppress was everything left as of old; the successful negetiation transformed into a scene of in what with the airing, the hanging unection with the Massorts of woolen and furry fabrics, wo f the house porter and his assistant, these money pags, Korney himself. They had started firtice that lad? He's uniforms and queer creations of fur and 5th a coppur coin,

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and yet he says 'It ain't no use.' Can you beat it? And if you give him a chance he'll do you out of a twentyfive-spot" (a twenty-five rouble note), "he'll pull it out with his teeth."

"The other one says 'it ain't no use,' and you say 'twenty-five-spot'", flashed through Nekhliudov's mind and he conceived a feeling of unutterable loathing towards the glib lawyer whose tone intended to insinuate that he and Nekhliudov were one thing, but his other clients and the rest were an entirely different, a foreign set.

"He makes me so tired," continued the lawyer, "he's a terrible scoundrel. I had to get it out of my system," continued the lawyer as though apologizing for talking about things that did not concern his visitor. "And now as to your case. I have gone over it carefully, and as Turgenev says, 'contents thereof are not approved,' in other words that was a miserable shyster she had for a lawyer, he let every ground for appeal slip through his fingers."

"Then what have you decided?"

"One moment, please," and he turned to his assistant who had just come in. "Tell him, it will be just as I said, if he can, well and good, if he can't, that's his own lookout."

"He says he will not agree."

"Then he can leave it," said the lawyer, and his face which had borne a cheerful and good-natured mien assumed a gloomy and malignant expression.

"There you are, and they say we lawyers get our money for nothing," he said striving to resume an agreeable demeanor as before. "I saved one insolvent debtor from a very improper accusation, and now they are all

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after me. This class of cases requires an immense amount of work. And as an author said, we, too, leave a bit of our life in the ink well.

"And now to come to your case, or rather to the case which interests you," he said, "this was handled very poorly, there are now no good grounds for appeal, but still we may try to appeal, and here is what I have written."

He took a sheet of paper that was covered with writing, and commenced to read, slurring some purely formal phrases and emphasizing others impressively: "To the division of criminal appeals, etc., etc., etc., a notice of appeal. By the decision and verdict of etc., etc...... Maslova was found guilty of causing the death of merchant Smelkov through poisoning......and was sentenced according to article 1454 of the Criminal Code to hard labor for...."

He stopped. It was plain to be seen that in spite of being accustomed to all this he was listening with much pleasure to his own composition. "This verdict appears to be the combined result of such grave violations of the code of procedure and of such serious errors," he continued impressively, "that it calls for a reversal. In the first place: the reading during the court inquiry of the report of examination of Smelkov's inner organs was cut short in the very beginning by the presiding justice. This is point number one."

"But it was the prosecutor who had been insisting on the reading of it," interrupted Nekhliudov in surprise.

"Makes no difference. The defence might have had cause to demand it."

"But it was something entirely superfluous."

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"Nevertheless it's a ground for appeal. Further: 'In the second place, Maslova's counsel'", he continued to read "'was stopped by the presiding justice while delivering his speech for the defence at the point when with a view to characterizing the personality of Maslova he had referred to her fall, under the pretext that the counsel's remarks were irrelevant, while as the Senate has repeatedly pointed out, the elucidation of the character and of the moral make-up of the defendants in criminal cases is of paramount importance, though it may merely serve to facilitate the correct weighing of the question of responsibility.' Point number two," he said glancing up at Nekhliudov.

"But he had talked very poorly anyway, nobody could understand him," said Nekhliudov with growing astonishment.

"Yes, he was an idiot, and, of course, could not say anything of consequence," said Fanarin, "but just the same this is a ground for an appeal. To proceed, 'In the third place: in his concluding remarks, the presiding justice, clearly violated the unmistakable demands of paragraph 1, article 807, of the Criminal Code, in failing to explain to the jurors the legal elements comprising the meaning of guilt, and in omitting to tell them that they had a right while admitting the administering of poison by Maslova to Smelkov to find her not guilty because of lacking intent to commit murder, which would have the effect of making her guilty of a misdemeanor to-wit gross carelessness which resulted in the unexpected death of the merchant, instead of guilty of a crime.' This is the principal point."

"Yes, we should have thought of it ourselves. It was our own fault."

"'And finally, in the fourth place,'" continued the

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lawyer, "'the jurors' reply to the question of the court as to the guilt of Maslova was given in a form which contained an obvious contradiction. Maslova was accused of administering poison with the specific aim of material gain, but the jurors in their reply denied the guilt of Maslova as far as larceny was concerned, acquitted her of the participation in the theft of valuables. which would tend to show that they intended to deny her intention to commit nurder, and it was merely due to a misunderstanding induced by the inadequate final instructions of the presiding justice that they failed to express this clearly in their reply. This reply of the jurors called beyond doubt for the application of paragraph 816 and 808 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, to-wit an explanation of their mistake by the presiding justice, and a renewed consultation, leading to an amended answer by the jurors on the point of the defendant's guilt'" read Fanarin.

"And why did the presiding justice fail to do so?"

"That's what I should like to know," said Fanarin with a smile.

"Then the Senate will rectify the error?"

"That depends entirely upon the composition of the committee. And now to go on: 'This verdict did not justify the court,' he rapidly read on, 'in inflicting upon Maslova a penalty for a crime, and the application in her case of paragraph 3 of article 771 of the Code of Criminal Procedure constitutes a grave and a gross infraction of the basic principles of our criminal procedure. On the basis of the considerations submitted and in accordance with articles 909 and 910, paragraph 3 of article 912, and article 928 of the Code Criminal Procedure, I have the honor to petition that the case be referred to another section of the same court for re-trial.' And now all that

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can be done, has been done. But I will be candid with you. The chances of success are slim. Still everything depends upon the composition of the Senate committee. If you have any pull, I advise you to leave nothing undone."

"I have some acquaintances.."

"And moreover you must lose no time. They will soon be leaving town for their favorite hemorrhoid treatments. Then you can wait three months. Well, and in case of failure, there is still left the recourse of a petition to the Throne. And here again a little work behind the scenes is a necessity. I would be glad to be of service in this matter as well, that is not behind the scenes, but in composing the petition."

"Thank you, and your fee?"

"My assistant will give you the original copy of the appeal and furnish you this information."

"There was another matter I meant to ask you about. The prosecutor gave me a permit to see that person in prison, but I was told that it was necessary to secure a permit from the governor in order to set her at any other than the regular time and place. It is really so?"

"Yes, I think so. But the governor happens to be out of town, and his deputy is in charge. But he is such a consummate ass that you will hardly be able to accomplish anything with him."

"Do you mean Maslennikov?"

"Yes."

"I know him personally," said Nekhliudov and rose to leave.

Just then there came swiftly flitting into the room a very homely petite female—snubnosed, bony and yel-



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low of skin. It was the lawyer's wife who did not seem to be in the least worried by her homely appearance. She was most oddly overdressed—draped in velvet and silk, with flashes of glaring yellow and green—her scanty locks were moreover twisted into puffs, and she flitted into the reception room with the air of a conqueror, accompanied by a lanky and smiling male person with an earthy complexion, dressed in a cutaway with silk lapels and white necktie. It was an author whom Nekhliudov knew by sight.

"Anatole," she cried opening the door, "come to my rooms. Semyon Ivanovitch here promised to read an original poem, and you must read up on Garshin without fail."

Nekhliudov was preparing to leave, but the lawyer's wife after a whispered consultation with her husband, addressed herself to him immediately.

"Please, Prince, I know you, and I consider introductions superfluous. Please come to our literary matinee. It will be very interesting indeed. Anatole reads Garshin wonderfully."

"You see how diversified are my activities," said Anatole, shrugging his shoulders and smilingly pointing to his wife, as though to express the impossibility of withstanding so enchanting a creature.

With a sad and solemn air, but with the most exquisite courtesy withal, Nekhliudov thanked the lawyer's wife for the honor of her invitation, and excused himself on the plea of lack of time, and made his way out into the reception room.

"Such affectation," remarked the lawyer's wife of him, as he went out.

In the reception room the lawyer's assistant tendered Nekhliudov the original of the appeal, and in reply to the

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question about the fee, stated that Anatole Petrovitch had specified the sum of one thousand roubles, adding that as a rule Anatole Petrovitch did not take up that class of cases, but had made an exception for him.

"And who is to sign this appeal petition?" inquired Nekhliudov.

"This can be done by the defendant herself, but in case you have any difficulty in arranging that, Anatole Petrovitch can do it, after securing a power of attorney from her."

"No, I will look her up myself and secure her signature," said Nekhliudov delighted with the chance of sceing her ahead of the appointed time.

#### XLVI.

At the usual time the warders' whistles sounded through the corridors of the prison. The doors of the halls and of the wards opened with a metallic rattle, followed by the rush of bare feet and the clatter of slipper heels over the floors; the privy cleaners were passing back and forth filling the air with a disgusting stench; the prisoners, male and female, washed and dressed and passed into the corridors for roll-call, and after roll-call they proceeded to fetch boiling water for their breakfast tea.

While drinking their tea, the inmates in every ward throughout the prison were discussing with animation the forthcoming flogging of two prisoners set for that day. One of these was a young fellow of fair education, a shop assistant named Vasilyev, who had killed his sweetheart in a fit of jealousy. His ward-mates loved him for his good nature, generosity and independence towards the prison authorities. And for these same qualities the prison authorities greatly disliked him.

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Three weeks back a warder knocked down a mess attendant for spilling some broth upon his new uniform. Vasilyev took the victim's part saying that there was no law allowing the beating of prisoners. "I'll show you the law," said the warder and cursed Vasilyev. Vasilyev replied to him in kind. The warder tried to strike him, but Vasilyev seized his hands, held them in his grip for the space of three minutes, turned him around and pushed him out through the door. The warder complained, and the superintendent ordered Vasilyev to the dungeon.

The dungeons consisted of a series of dark closets that were locked from the outside with bolts. The dungeon was dark and cold, and had no cot, no chair, no table, so that the prisoner was forced to sit or to lie on the filthy floor, with rats running over his body (the dungeons were overrun with rats) and these rats were so bold that the prisoner had no chance to guard his supply of bread in the darkness. They ate the bread out of the prisoners' hands and attacked the prisoners themselves if they stopped moving for an instant. Vasilyev declared that he would not go to the dungeon because he had done no wrong. He was led away forcibly. He started to resist, and two of the prisoners aided him in beating off the warders. But these gathered in force, assisted by a warder named Petrov who was famed for his strength. The prisoners were subdued and rushed into the dungeons. A report was made to the governor that something very near a riot had taken place in the prison. And in reply came a document ordering the two ringleaders -Vasilyev, and a tramp named Nepomniastchi\*)-to receive thirty lashes apiece.

<sup>\*) &</sup>quot;Nepomniastchi"—"Can't-Remember," a favorite name assumed by Russian vagrants having no identifying documents and refusing to state their correct names to the police.—Translator's note.

"They have dragged him away, the devils..." Page 281

The flogging was to be administered in the female visiting room. The news had reached every inmate in the prison the night before, and every ward was alive with talk about the forthcoming puishment.

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Korableva, "Styles," Feodosia and Maslova were sitting in their favorite corner, red of face and excited (they had already partaken of vodka of which Maslova had now a plentiful supply, and which she generously shared with her chums), drinking tea and discussing the topic of the day.

"Did he raise a disturbance or something?" said Korableva referring to Vasilyev and biting off tiny bits of sugar with her remaining sound teeth. "No, he only stuck up for a mate, because nowadays you're not allowed to beat people."

"He's a fine lad, they say," added Feodosia who sat, with her long tresses uncovered, on a stump of wood near the bunk which served as a table for the tea kettle.

"Here's something you should tell him, Mikhailovna," said the flag-woman to Maslova, meaning Nekhliudov by "him."

"Sure, I'll tell him. He'll do anything for me," replied Maslova tossing her head with a smile.

"God knows when he'll come, and they've gone to fetch him already," said Feodosia. "It's dreadful," she added with a sigh.

"I saw them flog a mujik in the village office. My man's father sent me over to see the village elder, and when I get to the office, Lordy," and the flag-woman started on her longwinded tale.

The flag-woman's tale was interrupted by the sound of voices and the noise of steps in a corridor overhead.

The women stopped talking and listened.

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"They're dragging him, the fiends," said "Styles." "They'll beat him to death. They've got it in for him. the turnkeys, 'cause he won't take any nonsense from them."

All was quiet now overhead, and the flag-woman finished her story, describing the scene at the village office when the mujik was being flogged in the shed, and how her insides had almost burst with mortal fear. Then "Styles" told them about Stcheglov—how they lashed him with whips and never got a sound out of him. Feodosia cleared away the tea, Korableva and the flagwoman took up their sewing, and Maslova sat down on the bunk and clasped her arms about her knees, bored and downcast. She was about to lie down for a little nap, when the matron called her to go to the office to meet a visitor.

"Don't you fail to tell him about us," importuned the old Menshova, while Maslova was adjusting her head dress in front of the mirror of which half the quicksilver had worn off. "It wasn't us that set fire to it, but the villain himself, and the hired man saw him. You tell him to call Mitri and talk to him. Mitri will show the whole case to him as plain as in the hollow of his hand. And there they go and lock us up in jail, and we don't know the first thing about it, and the villain lives like a lord with another man's wife, loafing in his liquor dive."

"You call that law?" Korableva supported her.

"I'll tell him, I certainly will," replied Maslova. "Just another nip for my courage," she added winking an eye. Korableva poured out half-a-cupful of liquor. Maslova drained the cup, wiped her mouth, and in the merriest mood, repeated "yes, for my courage," shook her head and smiled, and followed the matron into the corridor.

## XLVII.

Nekhliudov had been waiting for quite some time in the vestibule. When he arrived in the prison, he rang the bell at the entrance door and handed the warder on duty the prosecutor's permit.

"Whom do you want to see?"

"The prisoner Maslova."

'You can't now, the superintendent is busy."

"Is he in the office?" inquired Nekhliudov.

"No, in the visiting room," replied the warder, with some embarrasment it seemed to Nekhliudov.

"Is to-day visiting day?"

"No, some special business."

"When can I see him?":

"When he comes out, you can speak to him. Now wait awhile, please."

At that moment a top-sergeant came out, with glistening chevrons and with a glossy shining face, and a mustache that reeked with tobacco. He addressed the warder with severity:

"Why did you let him in here? To the office..."

"I was told that the superintendent was here," said Nekhliudov wondering at the fact that the top-sergeant also seemed to be ill at ease.

Just then an inside door opened and Petrov, perspiring and flushed, came in.

"He'll have something to remember now," he sa'd addressing the top-sergeant. The top-sergeant pointed with his eyes to Nekhliudov, and Petrov stopped, frowned and disappeared through a door in the rear.

"Who will have something to remember? Why are they all so embarrassed? Why did the top-sergeant

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wink a warning to him?" mused Nekhliudov meanwhile.

"You cannot wait here, please step into the office," the top-sergeant turned again to Nekhliudov, and Nekhliudov was about to leave, when through the rear-door emerged the superintendent, appearing still more embarrassed than his underlings. He emitted sigh after sigh. Seeing Nekhliudov, he called to the warder:

"Fedotov, please get Maslova from the fifth female ward and take her to the office."

"Come, please," he said to Nekhliudov. They descended a narrow stairway into a small room with one window, a desk and several chairs. The superintendent sat down. "Painful, painful duties!" he said addressing Nekhliudov and taking another one of his thick cigarettes.

"You seem to be tired," remarked Nekhliudov.

"Tired of the service altogether—the duties are too arduous. Here you go and try to make their lot easy, and it comes out worse. I've just one thing on my mind and that's to leave the service. The duties are very, very difficult, sir."

Nekhliudov could not understand what particular difficulty attached to the superintendent's duties, but he noted the peculiar, pathetic, despondent and hopeless frame of mind in which he seemed to be to-day.

"Yes, I daresay they are difficult," he said. "But why take on yourself such duties?"

"I have no means, my family.."

"But if you find them painful..."

"Still, I must say, that in accordance with my powers, I am trying to be of use, easing things up a bit, where I can. Another one in my place might manage very differently. It's no joke, two thousand people, and such people, too. You hardly know what to do. They're

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nposed the

human beings, you feel sorry for them, but can they be let loose?" The superintendent related a story of a recent fight between prisoners which ended in a killing.

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His story was interrupted by the arrival of Maslova in the wake of the warder.

Nekhliudov observed her in the doorway before she had caught sight of the superintendent. Her face was fushed. She followed the warder with a brisk step and never ceased smiling and swinging her head. When she discovered the superintendent she stared at him in affright, but recovered herself immediately and turned to Nekhliudov boldly and cheerily.

"How d'you do?" she sang out smiling. And she shook his hand vigorously, unlike that first time.

"Here I've brought you a petition of appeal which you must sign," said Nekhliudov, somewhat surprised at the breezy manner in which she met him this time. "The lawyer composed the petition, you must sign it, and we will send it to St. Petersburg."

"Why not? I'll as lief sign it. Anything to oblige," she said winking an eye and smiling.

Nekhliudov took a folded sheet out of his pocket and approached the table.

"May she sign it here?" Nekhliudov asked the superintendent.

"Come here and sit down," said the superintendent. "Here's pen and ink. Can you write?"

"I could once upon a time," she replied with a smile, and sat down at the table, straightening her skirt and the sleeves of her blouse; she took up the pen clumsily with her little energetic hand, laughed out loud and glanced back at Nekhliudov.

He showed to her what and where to write. Cautiously dipping the pen into the ink and shaking off the

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surplus ink, she put down her name.

"Is that all?" she inquired, glancing up now at Nekhliudov, not at the superintendent, and dropping the pen now on the inkstand, now on the papers.

"I have something to say to you," said Nekhliudov taking the pen out of her hands.

"Go ahead and say it then," she said, and her face suddenly assumed a serious look as though she had just thought of something or had been simply seized with a desire to sleep.

The superintendent rose to his feet and stepped out, and Nekhliudov was left with her face to face.

## XLVIII.

The warder who had fetched Maslova sat down on the window sill away from the table. Nekhliudov's decisive moment had come. He never ceased to reproach himself for having failed to tell her at the first meeting that he intended to marry her, and was firmly resolved to tell her now. She was seated at the other side of the table. Nekhliudov sat down on the opposite side of the table facing her. The room was very light, and Nekhliudov for the first time saw her close enough to scrutinize her features: he saw the lines about her eyes and her lips, and the heavy puffed-up eyelids. And he pitied her more than ever.

Leaning over the table so as not to be heard by the warder, an old fellow of the Jewish type, with greyish side whiskers, who was sitting by the window, he said:

"If the appeal is not granted, we shall send a petition to the Tsar. We'll do all that we can."

"If only I'd had a good lawyer to start with," she interrupted, "but my lawyer was a plain fool. Making

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me compliments all the time," she said and laughed. "Now had they known that you and I were acquaint-ances, things would have come out different. As it is, what do they know? They think that everybody's a thief."

"How queer she is to-day!" thought Nekhliudov, and he was just about to begin with what was on his mind, when she broke in again:

"And I've got this to tell you. There's an old women in our ward, and everybody just marvels at her, she's such a wonderful old woman, and she's locked up for nothing at all in the world. She and her son, and everybody knows they're innocent, but people put the blame on their shoulders, and they're locked up. She heard, you know, that we're acquainted," said Maslova, twisting her head and looking at him, "and says: 'tell him,' she says, 'to send for my son, he'll tell him everything'. Menshov s their name. What can you do with her? She's such a wonderful old woman, it's plain to see that they're innocent. Take it up for them, won't you? there's a dear," she said looking up at him and lowering her eyes again with a smile.

"All right, I'll do what I can, I'll look into the case," said Nekhliudov with growing surprise at her breezy manner. "But I wanted to speak to you of my own business. You remember what I told you last time?" he said.

"You told me so many things. Well, what was it that you told me?" she said and never stopped smiling and turning her head now to one side, now to another.

"I told you that I had come to ask your forgiveness," he said.

"Forgiveness, forgiveness all the time. What's the use of all that? You better.."

"And that I want to atone for my sin," continued

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Nekhliudov. "To atone for it in deeds and not in words. I have decided to marry you."

Her face suddenly assumed an expression of terror. Her squinting eyes stopped and stared at him with an unseeing glance.

"What's that for?" she blurted out with an angry frown.

"I feel that I am bound before God to do that."

"What kind of a God are you talking about? What's this you're saying about God? What kind of a God? If you had thought about God that time..." she said and stopped with her mouth wide open.

Only then Nekhliudov for the first time caught the odor of liquor that came from her mouth and understood the cause of her agitation.

"Calm yourself," he said.

"Calm yourself, nothing, d'you think I'm drunk? And so I am, but just the same I know what I am saying," she spoke rapidly with purpling face. "I'm a hard labor convict, a prostitute, but you're a gentleman, a prince, and you've no business to soil yourself with me. Go to your princesses, but as for me, my price is a tenspot."

"You may use cruel words as much as you please, but you cannot approach my own feelings of guilt," said Nekhliudov softly and trembling all over, "you cannot imagine to what extent I feel my guilt before you."

"Feel my guilt!" she mocked him maliciously. "You didn't feel it when you threw a hundred roubles at me: 'There's your price.'"

"I know, I know, but what's to be done now?" said Nekhliudov. "I have decided now that I must not leave you, and I'll do what I have said." "And I tell you you won't," she said and laughed out loud.

"Katyusha!" he commenced, touching her hand.

"Go away from me. I'm a convict, and you're a prince, and you've no business here," she cried all distorted with anger and tearing her hand away from him.

"You want to save yourself through me," she continued, hastening to tell all that had risen up in her soul. "You've had your enjoyment out of me in this life, and it's through me you want to save youself in the next world! I hate you, and your glasses, and that disgusting smug phiz of yours. Go away! Go away!" she cried and leaped to her feet vehemently.

The warder rushed between them.

"What are you raising such a scandal for? How dare you.."

"Let her be, please," said Nekhliudov.

"Just so she don't forget herself, that's all," said the warder.

"No, no, but wait a moment, please," said Nekhliu-dov.

The warder returned to his window.

Maslova sat down again, lowered her eyes, and crossing the fingers of her little hands, clasped them tightly.

Nekhliudov was standing above her, not knowing what to do.

"You don't believe me, then?" he haid.

"That you want to marry me? That will never happen. I'd rather hang myself. Take that!"

"And still I will serve you."

"That's your business. Only I don't want a thing from you. I'm telling you the truth," she said.

"Oh, why didn't I die then?" she added and began to weep piteously.

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She raised her eyes, looked at him as though in wonderment, and began to dry the tears that were flowing upon her cheeks with the corner of her head-cloth.

Meanwhile the warder came towards them again and reminded them that their time was up.

Maslova stood up.

"You're excited now. If I can, I'll come to-morrow. Meanwhile think about what I've said," said Nekhliudov.

She did not reply to him nor gave him another look, but silently went out behind the warder.

"You've a great life ahead of you now, girl," said Korableva to Maslova when she had returned to the ward. "He's head over heels in love with you, that's plain to be seen. And don't you let any grass grow under your feet while he keeps coming. He'll get you cut of this. Rich people can do everything."

"Thats' the way it is," broke in the flag-woman with her sing-song. "When a poor man marries, even the right is too short, but a rich man—all he's got to do is to make a wish and everything comes out the way he wants. We had a big gentleman once..."

"Well, did you say something about my affair?" asked the old woman.

But Maslova did not reply to her friends, she lay down on her bunk and turning her squinting gaze to the corner of the ward she lay in that position until evening. A painful process was going on in her soul. Nekhliudov's words had taken her back into that world where she once suffered agonies and from which she had parted without comprehension, but with a passionate hatred. Now she was snatched out of that oblivion in which she had lived, and to live with a clear recollection of what had passed was too painful. And in the evening she bought more liquor and got drunk together with her cronies.

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## XLIX.

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"So that's the way it is. That's the way it is," thought Nekhliudov as he was leaving the prison, and now for the first time realizing the fulness of his guilt. If he had not attempted to wipe out his misdeed, to atone for it, he would have never realized the full extent of its villany; nor would she have realized the full extent of the injury which she had suffered. Only now it had come up to the surface in its fulness of horror. He now saw what he had done with the soul of that woman; she now saw and realized what had been done to her. Before this, Nekhliudov had toyed with this sensation of self-worship and of repentance, but now he was simply appalled. To cast her aside—that he felt he no longer could do, and yet he could not imagine what would be the final outcome of his relations to her.

At the very exit a warder, all decorated with crosses and medals, approached Nekhliudov and with an unpleasantly ingratiating mien tendered him a note:

"For your Serene Highness a note form a person...", he said as he gave Nekhliudov the envelope.

"What person?"

"Read it, sir, you will see. A prisoner, a political, sir. In my charge, sir. And she asked me. While it is not permitted, I thought from a sense of humanity...", the warder used expressions that did not seem natural for him.

Nekhliudov was surprised that a warder in charge of political prisoners could be carrying notes within the very prison walls, almost in plain sight of everybody; he did not then know that besides being a warder this man was also a police spy, but he accepted the note and read



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it after leaving the prison. The note was written with pencil, in a bold hand, and in simplified spelling:\*)

"Having learned that you occasionally visit this prison because of interest in a certain criminal prisoner, I should like to see you. Ask for a permit to see me. It will be granted you, and I will be able to give you much news of importance to your protegée and to our group. Gratefully, Vera Bogodukhovskaya."

Vera Bogodukhovskaya had been a villege school teacher in the wilds of the province of Novgorod where Nekhliudov once spent a few days with a party of comrades hunting for bear. She had applied to Nekhliudov for financial assistance in order to take a course in college. Nekhliudov complied with her request and later forget all about her. Now it turned out that this young woman was a political offender, confined in this prison where she doubtless heard something of his story, and evidently tried to be of service to him.

When first he met her, how easy and simple all things had seemed. And how difficult and complicated everything was now. Nekhliudov vividly and with pleasure recalled those bygone days and his acquaintance with Bogodukhovskaya. In was in the week before Lent, in the wilderness, some sixty versts from the nearest railway station. The chase had been a successful one, they had slain two bears, and were at dinner, getting ready to depart, when the owner of the hut in which they were stopping came in and announced that the deacon's daughter wished to see prince Nekhliudov. "Is she pretty?" somebody asked. "That will do," Nekhliudov re-

<sup>\*)</sup> The omission of unpronounced characters, and the substitution of one character for the various "e" sounds was affected by revolutionaries. It has been adopted officially since the fall of the Tsar.—Translator's note.

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torted with a serious mien, as he wiped his mouth and rose from the table wondering what the deacon's daughter could want of him, and followed the landlord into his own room.

He found there a girl in a felt hat, a small fur jacket, slender, haggard and homely of face excepting for a pair of attractive eyes with the eyebrows arching above them.

"There, Vera Efremovna, you can speak with the gentleman yourself," said the landlord's old wife, "that's the prince himself, And I'll go out meanwhile."

"In what way may I be of service to you?" asked Nekhliudov.

"I... I... You see, you're rich, you're wasting money on trifles, on bear hunting and such things," said the girl with much confusion. "I know it, but I have only one desire, to be of service to people, and I can't do a thing, for I don't know anything.."

Her eyes were sincere and good, and her whole expression—both resolute and timid at once—was so touching that Nekhliudov, as he was apt to do, placed himself mentally in her position and felt sorry for her.

"And what can I do for you?"

"I am a teacher, and I should like to take up a college course, and they won't let me. That is, not that they won't let me, they will, if I insist, but I have no means. Give me some money, I will finish the course and pay you back. I think if rich people kill bears and get the mujiks drunk, I don't call that doing good. Why shouldn't they do something good for a change? I only need eighty roubles, but if you won't give me the money, all right then," she added angrily.

"On the contrary, I am very much obliged to you

, and that is they were through the 'lighted matches now and telling ough the

for giving me an opportunity. I will bring you the money immediately," said Nekhliudov.

He stepped into the vestibule and caught here one of his comrades who had been eavesdropping. Without paying any attention to the gibes of his comrades he took the money out of his bag and brought it out to her.

"There, please, don't thank me. It's I who ought to be thankful."

Nekhliudov remembered all this with pleasure; it gave him pleasure even to recall that he had almost quarreled with the officer who was trying to turn it all into a silly jest, and that another officer took his part, as the result of which they became fast friends; and that the entire hunting expedition was a fortunate and a merry affair, and how good he felt as they were returning to the railway station in sleighs that same night. procession of sleighs each drawn by a pair of horses, glided noiselessly, Indian file, among the narrow path through the woods, now between rows of tall trees, now' through the bushes, with an occasional fir tree in between, and all covered with a thick blanket of snow. The ruddy glare of lighted matches flashed through the night when this one or that one of the party lighted a fragrant cigarette. Osip, the bear driver, was running from sleigh to sleigh sinking knee deep in the snow and telling about the elk that were wandering now through the deep snow, nibbling the bark of pine trees, and about bears that lay in their sleepy caves sending forth their hot breath through the airholes. Nekhliudov remembered all this, but most clearly of all he recalled the happy consciousness of his own health, strength and freedom from care. His lungs were straining at his fur jacket as he breathed in the frosty air, showers of snowflakes fell over his face from the branches of the trees struck by

slova, but

who neither

the horses' yokes\*), his body glowed, his face felt fresh, and his soul was free from reproach, terror or desire. How good he then felt! But now? God, how painful and difficult it all was.

Vera Efremovna was now evidently a revolutionist and had been imprisoned because of her revolutionary activities. He would have to see her, particularly as she promised to advise him with regard to improving Maslova's condition.

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The next morning, on awakening, Nekhliudov recollected all the happenings of the previous day and he was simply appalled.

But despite of this feeling of terror, he was more than ever resolved to go on with that which he had begun.

With this feeling of recognizing his clear duty he left the house to call on Maslennikov, in order to ask him for a permit to visit the prison, and for an interview not only with Maslova, but also with the old woman Menshova and her son, for whom Maslova had interceded. He also wanted to ask permission to see Bogodukhovskaya, who might be of use to Maslova.

Nekhliudov knew Maslennikov from of old, while still in the army. Maslennikov had been treasurer of his regiment. He was in those days a most amiable and capable officer, who neither knew nor cared to know anything in the world outside of his regiment and of the Imperial family. Now Nekhliudov found him in the capacity of a provincial executive; the province and executive duties had taken the place of his regiment in his af-

<sup>\*)</sup> The Russian mode of harnessing requires a yoke, or an arch for the shaft horse,—Translator's note.

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fections. He was married to a wealthy and ambitious woman who had induced him to leave the army for the state service.

She made fun of him and petted him like a trained animal. Nekhliudov had called on them a year back, but he found the couple so lacking in interest that he never repeated the visit.

Maslennikov's face shone when he saw Nekhliudov. He had the same broad and ruddy countenance, the same expansive waistline, and exhibited the same elegance in clothes which characterized him while in the army. There it had been a military full dress coat, ever spick and span, fitting snugly across the shoulders and the chest, or a becoming fatigue coat. Now it was the latest style of mufti that fitted his well nourished figure and showed off his massive chest every bit as well. He was in semi-dress\*). In spite of the difference in ages they greeted one another like chums (Maslennikov was forty years \*old).

"Well, well, thank you for coming. Let's go and see the wife. I have just ten minutes free before the session. The chief is away, you know, and I rule the province," he said with undisguised pleasure.

"I'm here on business."

"What's the matter?" said Maslennikov, with a sudden caution, and in a somewhat frightened and severe tone.

"There's is a person in prison" (at the word "prison" Maslennikov's face assumed a still sterner expression) "in whom I am very much interested and I should I'ke to meet that person not in the common room but in the

<sup>\*)</sup> Russian civil officers wear uniforms corresponding to their rank. Full dress uniform includes a gold embroidered coat and a sword.—Translator's note.

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office, and not only on visitors' days, but oftener. I was told that this depended upon you."

"Of course, mon cher, I am ready to do anything for you," said Maslennikov touching his knees with both hands as though in an attempt to soften the effect of his grandeur, "this can be done, but don't you see I am a Caliph but for an hour."

"Then will you give me a permit to see her?"

"Is it a woman then?"

"Yes."

"What is she in prison for?"

"Poisoning. But she was unjustly convicted."

"There is the justice of courts for you. Ils n'en font point d'autres\*), he added for some reason in French. "I know you don't agree with me, but what's to be done? c'est mon opinion bien arrêtée,"\*\*) he said expressing an opinion which he had come across in various forms during the past year in his favorite reactionary conservative organ. "Though I know you are a liberal."

"I don't know whether I am a liberal or not or something else," retorted Nekhliudov with a smile,—it always made him smile when people classified him as a member of some party or referred to him as a liberal because he insisted that before the court all men were equal, and that people on trial should not be tortured or beaten, particularly before being found guilty. "I don't know whether I am a liberal or not, but I know that much, that the present courts, bad as they are, are still better than the courts in former days."

"And who's your lawyer?"

"I called in Fanarin."

"Fanarin, hey?" said Maslennikov with a wry face,

<sup>\*)</sup> They make no other kind.

<sup>\*\*)</sup> That is my positive opinion.

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for he remembered how the year before this same Fanarin cross-examining him in his capacity as a witness at a trial, had succeeded in making a monkey of him without departing for an instant from the most scrupulous courtesy.

"I should not advise you to get mixed up with him. This Fanarin is un homme taré."\*)

"I have still another request," said Nekhliudov without replying to his remark about Fanarin. "A long time back I knew a girl—a teacher—a very forlorn sort of a creature, and now she is in prison. She is seeking an interview with me. Can you give me a pass to see her?"

Maslennikov slightly inclined his head to one side and thought a while before replying.

"Is she a political?"

"So I was told."

"Well, you see, meetings with politicals are only permitted to relatives, but seeing it is you, I will give you a blanket permit. Je sais que vous n'abuserez pas.\*\*) What is your, protégée's name? Bogodukhovskaya? Elle est jolie?"\*\*\*)

"Hideuse."\*\*\*\*)

Maslennikov shook his head disapprovingly, walked over to his desk, and wrote with a bold hand upon a letter-head: "Bearer of this, Prince Dmitri Ivanovitch Nekhliudov, has my permission to see in the prison office the following prisoners confined there: Maslova, commoner, and Bogodukhovskaya, hospital assistant," and he signed the permit with a sweeping flourish.

"You will have a chance to see the order they keep

\*\*\*\*) Hideous.



<sup>\*)</sup> A man with tarnished reputation.
\*\*) I know you will not abuse it.

<sup>\*\*\*)</sup> Is she pretty?

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there. And yet it is very difficult to maintain order there. because the prison is overcrowded, particularly with convicts en route to their various destinations. Still I keep a very watchful eye on them and I am devoted to this work. You will see for yourself. They are very well taken care of and very contented. The main thing is to know how to treat them. The other day there was an unpleasantness there—a case of insubordination. other man might have named it a riot and ruined many people for life. But we managed the whole thing very neatly. What is needed is watchful care on the one hand, and firm authority on the other," he said, balling into a puffy fist his white hand that was adorned with a turquoise ring and protruded from within a stiff white gold-linked shirt-cuff, "yes, sir, watchful care and firm authority."

"Well, I don't know so much about that," said Nekhliudov, "I have been there twice and was very painfully impressed each time."

"I tell you what—you must meet Countess Passaic," continued Maslennikov talkatively; "she has given herself up to this work entirely. Elle fait beaucoup de bien.\*) Thanks for her help, I may say without any false feeling of modesty, I have succeeded in changing things altogether, and changing them in such a way as to avoid the horrors that once had existed. Everything over there is simple fine. You'll see for yourself. But as for Fanarin, while I don't know him personally, and because of my official position our paths do not cross, I am nevertheless of the opinion that he is a thoroughly bad character, and besides he assumes such liberties while in court..."

<sup>\*)</sup> She is doing a great deal of good.



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"Well, I am very much obliged to you," said Nekhliudov without waiting for him to finish, and taking up the pass, proceeded to bid his former comrade adieu.

"Won't you come to see my wife?"

"No, excuse me, but I have no time now."

"Why, she'll never forgive me," said Maslennikov seeing his one time comrade off as far as the first landing of the stair-case, as was his wont with visitors not of the first, but of second importance—in which latter category he classified Nekhliudov. "But do come in, if only for a moment."

Nekhliudov, however, remained obdurate, and while a footman and a porter rushed to fetch his overcoat and cane, and to open the door, outside of which was stationed a policeman, he assured him that it was impossible for him to comply this time.

"Then come, anyway, on Thursday, that's her day at home. I'll tell her," shouted Maslennikov from the top of the stair-case.

# LI.

Having that same day gone straight from Maslennikov's house to the prison, Nekhliudov directed his steps
to the familiar quarters of the superintendent. As on
his first visit he heard the same sounds of the wretched
piano, but instead of the rhapsody this time it was the
Etudes of Clementi which he heard played with unusual
vigor, distinctness and rapidity. The maid with the
bandaged eye opened the door and told him that the
captain was in, and led Nekhliudov into a little parlor
which contained a sofa, a table and a large lamp with a
shade of pink paper that was slightly burned on one side.
The lamp was standing on a knitted woolen doily. The





"Marussya, do stop for a moment, please ..." Page 303

to lose

superintendent came out with a pained and despondent mien.

"What may be your pleasure, please?" he said buttoning the middle button of his uniform.

"I was to see the deputy governor, and he gave me a pass," said Nekhliudov. "I should like to see Maslova."

"Markova?" repeated the superintendent, failing to hear correctly because of the music.

"Maslova."

"Just so. Just so."

The superintendent rose to his feet and went to the door from behind which were heard the roulades of Clementi.

"Marussya, stop a moment," he said in a tone which betrayed that this music constituted the chief cross of his daily life. "I can't hear a thing."

The playing stopped, followed by the sound of irritated steps, and some one peeped through the door.

The superintendent, as though relieved at the cessation of the music, lighted a ponderous cigarette of mild tobacco, and offered one to Nekhliudov. Nekhliudov declined.

"Now I should like to see this Maslova."

"Very well, it can be arranged," said the superintendent.

"And what do you want?" he turned to a little girl apparently five or six years of age, who had come into the room and was walking towards her father with head turned so as not to lose sight of Nekhliudov. "There, look out, you'll fall," said the superintendent with a smile when the child's foot caught in the rug as she ran to her father without looking before her.

"Then if I may, I should like to go."

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"It is not convenient to see Maslova to-day," said the superintendent.

"Why?"

"It's really your own fault," said the superintendent with a trace of a smile. "Don't you give her any money, prince. If you so desire, give it to me. It will be kept as her property. You must have given her some money yesterday, for she got liquor, that's an evil that can never be successfully eradicated, and drank so much of it to-day that she became violent."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes, indeed. I was forced to use stern measures even. I transferred her to another ward. She's ordinarily a peaceable woman, so don't you go and give her any more money please. That class of people...."

Nekhliudov vividly recalled the scene of the day before and felt appalled.

"And may I see Bogodukhovskaya, the political prisoner?" asked Nekhliudov after a pause.

"That you may," said the superintendent embracing the little girl who was still eyeing Nekhliudov; then tenderly setting her down, he rose and walked to the anteroom.

The superintendent had hardly donned the overcoat which was handed to him by the girl with the bandage, when the roulades of Clementi rang out again with renewed distinctness.

"She had studied in the conservatory, but disorders broke out there. And she has much talent," said the superintendent walking down the stair-case. "She intends to give concerts."

Accompanied by Nekhliudov, the superintendent neared the prison. The little side door in the gate opened immediately at the approach of the chief. The turnkeys

saluted him, holding their right hand to the visor of their caps, and followed him with their eyes. Four men, with heads half-shaven, carrying vats with some liquid, met them in the hall, and shriveled up as they caught sight of the superintendent. One of them in particular bent almost double as he slunk away and scowled flashing his black eyes resentfully.

"Of course, a talent must be developed, can't afford to bury it, but it's very different you know in a small flat," the superintendent continued to chat paying not the slightest attention to the prisoners, and shuffling his feet wearily, he finally reached the common room, still accompanied by Nekhliudov:

"Whom is it you wish to see?" asked the superintendent.

"Bogodukhovskaya."

"She's in the tower. You'll have to wait awhile," he replied to Nekhliudov.

"And may I not meanwhile see the Menshov prisoners—mother and son accused of arson?"

"That's ward 21. Very well, I can send for them."

"And may I not see Menshov in his ward?"

"You'll find it more convenient in the common room."

"It would be more interesting for me."

"You have odd notions of what is interesting."

In the meanwhile a stylishly dressed officer, the superintendent's assistant, appeared from a side door.

"There, take the Prince to ward 21 to see Menshov," said the superintendent, "and then back to the office. And weanwhile I will send for—what is her name again?"

"Vera Bogodukhovskaya," said Nekhliudov.

The superintendent's assistant was a fair-haired

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officer, with a waxed mustache, whose whole person exhaled the odor of eau de Cologne.

"Come, please," he turned to Nekhliudov with an agreeable smile. "Are you interested in our institution?"

"Yes, and I am also interested in this man who I am told is confined here although perfectly innocent."

The assistant shrugged his shoulders.

"Such things happen," he calmly observed as he courteously allowed the visitor to precede him into the wide and malodorous corridor. "And sometimes they simply lie. Please, go ahead."

The doors of the cells were open and several prisoners were in the corridor. With a barely perceptible nod to the warders, and glancing askance at the prisoners who cautiously flattened themselves against the wall, either slinking back into their wards or standing soldier-fashion at attention, with the hands pressed to the seams of their trousers, and followed the representative of the authorities with their eyes, the assistant superintendent conducted Nekhliudov through the corridor into another on the left, the way to which led through an iron door that was locked.

This corridor was darker and stank even worse than the first. Locked and barred doors led into it from both sides. There were peep-holes, known as bull's-eyes, about an inch in diameter, in every door. The corridor was deserted but for an aged warder with a despondent and wrinkled face.

"In what cell is Menshov?" asked the assistant superintendent.

"Eighth on the left."

"And are these other cells all occupied?" asked Nekhliudov.

"All but one."

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LII.

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"May I look in?" asked Nekhliudov.

"Help yourself," said the assistant with a pleasant smile, and began to question the warder about something. Nekhliudov looked through one of the bull's-eyes—a tall young man, with a little black beard, clad only in underwear, was rapidly pacing the floor; hearing a rustling near the door, he looked up, frowned, and continued to pace.

Nekhliudov looked through another peep-hole. Here his eye met another, a very frightened large eye that was looking out. He hurriedly moved away. Looking through the third peep-hole he saw a wizened figure of a man, of a very diminutive size, sleeping on a cot, all rolled up, and the head covered with a prison robe. In the fourth cell sat a broad-featured man of pale complexion, with head bowed low, and elbows resting on his knees. Hearing the sound of steps, this man raised his head and looked up. The whole face, particularly the eyes, which were of a large size, showed an expression of hopeless despondency. Apparently he was not a bit interested in finding out who was looking into his cell. Whoever that might be, he knew it boded him no good. Nekhliudov was appalled. He stopped looking into the peep-holes and approached cell 21, which was Menshov's.

The warder turned the key and opened the door.

A muscular young man with a slight beard, a long neck and gentle round eyes, was standing near a cot, with a frightened expression, and in the act of hurriedly slipping into his prison robe. Nekhliudov was particularly struck by those round eyes which kept turning, in

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affright and wonderment, from him to the warder and to the assistant superintenden and back again.

"Here, a gentleman would like to ask you something about your case."

"Thank you humbly, sir."

I was told about you case," said Nekhliudov penetrating deeply into the cell and stationing himself near the filthy barred window.

"I wanted to hear the facts from your own lips."

Menshov came also to the window and immediately began his story, at first with an occasional timid glance at the assistant superintendent, and then with growing And when the assistant left the room altoboldness. gether in order to issue some orders in the corridor, his courage returned to him completely. In language and manner this was a story of a very plain and decent peasant lad, and Nekhliudov felt it strange to hear such a tale from the lips of a man clad in the garb of shame and confined in prison. Nekhliudov listened and at the same time his eyes were scrutinizing the low cot with its straw mattress, the window with the heavy iron bars, the filthy damp and grime-covered walls, and the wretched figure of the miserable-mishandled peasant in prison slippers and robe, and he felt more and more downcast, he hated to believe that the story told him by this good-natured person could be true; it was so terrible to think that wihout any just reason, just because they themselves had abused him, people could seize a man, garb him in convict's clothes, and confine him in this awful place. And yet it would be even still more terrible to imagine that the truthful-sounding story of this man with so goodnatured a face, could be a fraud and lie out of the whole cloth.

According to his story, the owner of a village liquor

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dive robbed him of his wife shortly after they had married. Several times he appealed to the law to protect his rights. But the liquor man bribed the authorities, and was always acquitted. Once he took his wife away from him by force, but she ran off again the next day. Then he came and demanded his wife. But the liquor man told him she was not there, although he had caught sight of her as he entered, and he was ordered out. He refused to go. The despoiler with the help of his hired man beat him unto blood, and the next day there was a fire in the liquor dealer's yard. He and his mother were accused of arson. but he had not set fire to the place, he was at the time in the house of a relative.

"You're sure you did not set fire to the place?"

"I never had such a thing in my mind, sir. The villain must have done it himself. They say he just had the place insured. And they lied about mother and me and said that we'd threatened them. And sure enough one day I cursed him, my heart couldn't stand it any more, but as for setting fire to his place, I never did it. I wasn't there even when the fire started. And he had it all fixed up so that I was with my mother the day it happened. But he did it himself, to get the insurance money and blamed it on us."

"Is it possible?"

"It's God's honest truth, sir. Be a father to me..." and he was about to bow to the ground before him, and Nekhliudov barely had strength to restrain him. 'Help me, sir, I'm being ruined for nothing," he continued. And all of a sudden his cheeks quivered and he broke out in tears, and pulling up the sleeves of his robe he began to wipe his eyes with the cuff of his dirty shirt.

"Finished?" asked the assistant superintendent.

"Yes. Don't lose heart, we'll do what we can," said

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ore him.

Nekhliudov as he went out. Menshov was standing on the threshold so that when the warder shut the door it hit his body. While the warder was locking the door, Menshov was looking through the bull's-eye.

#### LIII.

Walking back through the wide corridors (it was dinner time and the cells were opened) past people clad in light yellow robes, short wide trousers and prison slippers, Nekhliudov was experiencing a queer mixture of feelings—compassion for the people who were imprisoned, and horror and amazement before those who had caused them to be imprisoned and were keeping them there, and a sort of shame before himself for calmly inspecting all this.

Somebody scurried through one of the corridors, flopping with his slippers and slipped into a ward, and a number of people came out and stood in Nekhliudov's way bowing before him.

"If you please, sir, I don't know the right way of addressing you sir, but order something to be done, some decision.."

"I don't belong to the authorities, I don't know a thing."

"Anyway, tell the authorities about us," cried some indignant voice. "We're altogether innocent and are suffering the second month now."

"How? Why?" asked Nekhliudov.

"They've locked us up. And we're sitting here the second month now."

"That's true, it was a mischance," said the assistant superintendent.

"These people were taken up because of lack of iden-

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tification papers, and the intention was so send them back to their province, but the prison there burned down, and the authorities of their province wrote us asking us not to send them down as yet. And so we've sent back the men to all other provinces, but we're keeping these here for the time being."

"How, just for that?" said Nekhliudov stopping in the doorway.

A crowd of almost forty men, all clad in prisoners' robes surrounded him. A number of them were speaking at once. The assistant superintendent quieted them.

"Let only one man speak."

A tall fine looking peasant, about fifty years of age, came forward. He explained to Nekhliudov that they had all been sent away and confined in prison because they had no passports. But in reality they had their passports, only these had expired by about two weeks. Passports were allowed to expire year after year, and they had never had any trouble on that score, and now all of a sudden they were taken up and kept in prison almost two months like criminals.

"We're all stonemasons, members of one union. They said the prison in the province burned down. But that's not our fault. Help us, for God's sake."

Nekhliudov listened to the fine looking old peasant almost uncomprehendingly, because his attention was engrossed in watching a large dark-grey many-legged louse that was crawling through the hair on the cheek of the fine-looking old peasant.

"How can that be? Just for that alone?" said Nekhliudov addressing the superintendent.

"Yes, they ought to be sent home and settled there," said the assistant.

The moment the assistant superintendent finished

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speaking a wizened mite of a man came forward through the crowd—he, too, was dressed in a prison robe—and twisting his mouth in an odd manner he began to complain that they were being tortured without any cause.

"Worse than dogs...." he commenced.

"Don't talk too much, better shut up, or you know..."

"What should I know?" broke in the tiny fellow desperately. "Are we guilty of anything?"

"Shut up!" said the chief, and the tiny fellow shut up.

"But what is all this?" Nekhliudov said to himself, as he came out of the ward and ran the gauntlet of a pair of eyes of the captives who were peeping out of the various doors or met him in the corridos.

"Can it be that they really keep here perfectly innocent people?" said Nekhliudov as they came out of the corridor.

"Well, what would you do? Only they lie a lot, too. If you listen to them, they're all innocent," said the assistant superintendent.

"But these people are surely innocent of any wrong doing."

"These are, I admit. Only they are a very depraved gang. It's impossible to handle them without severity. There are such ruffianly types among them, it won't do to put a finger in their mouth. Yesterday for instance we had to punish two of them."

"Punish? How? inquired Nekhliudov.

"We were ordered to flog them with rods."

"But corporal punishment was abolished?"

"Not for those sentenced to loss of rights. These are still subject to corporal punishment."

Nekhliudov recalled what he had seen the day before, while he was waiting in the vestibule, and gathered that the punishment was being administered just about the time while he was waiting, and that queer mixture of feelings—curiosity, despondency, amazement, and moral nausea that bordered on the physical which he had already experienced in the past, though never with such intensity, overcame him with a peculiar force.

He no longer listened to the assistant superintendent, but hurried out of the corridor and directed his steps to the office. The superintendent was in the corridor. Taken up with other things he had forgotten to send for Bogodukhovskaya. He remembered his promise to send for her only when Nekhliudov had entered the office.

"I will send for her immediately, while you kindly wait awhile," he said.

The office consisted of two rooms. In one of these rooms, boasting of a large projecting fireplace, the whitewash of which had cracked in places, there were two grimy windows and in one corner stood a grimy instrument for measuring the height of prisoners. But in the other corner hung a large image of Christ—the habitual decoration of a place of torture. Several warders were seated in this first room. In the other room, on benches along the walls and in scattered groups, about a score of men and women sat around conversing in an undertone. A writing desk stood by the window.

The superintendent seated himself at his desk and offered Nekhliudov a chair that was standing nearby. Nekhliudov sat down and began to survey the people who had assembled in the room.

His attention was first drawn to a pleasant faced young man in a short jacket who was standing before an elderly woman with dark eye-brows and was telling her something with vehement gesticulations. Next to

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## RESURRECTION

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him sat an old man with blue spectacles, listening without making a move to a woman dressed in prison garb whose hand he was holding in his own, and who was telling him something.

A youth clad in a uniform which showed that he pursued a scientific course in high school had riveted his gaze with a fixed and frightened expression in his face, upon the old man. Near them, in a corner, sat a couple who appeared to be very much in love. She was a shorthaired blonde, with an energetic expression on her pretty face, a mere slip of a girl, but stylishly dressed. He was a handsome youth with finely drawn features and waving hair, and wore a rubber jacket. They were sitting in the corner talking in whispers and seemed to be melting away with love. Nearest of all to the table sat a grey-haired woman in a black gown, evidently a mother; her eyes were glued to the face of a consumptive looking young man, who also wore a rubber jacket; she was trying to say something, but tears prevented her. The young man was holding a paper in his hands, evidently at a loss what to do with it, and kept folding and crumpling it angrily in his hands. Close to them sat a plump and pretty girl with red cheeks and protruding eyes, dressed in grey and wearing a cape. She was sitting right next to the crying mother, tenderly patting her upon the shoulder. All about this girl was attractive—her large white hands, her wavy short locks, her firm nose and lips, but the principal charm of her face was in her gentle, candid sheeplike hazel-colored eyes.

The pretty eyes left the mother's face for an instant when Nekhliudov entered and they met his glance, she turned away immediately and began to whisper something to the mother. Near the pair of lovers sat a swarthy and shaggy man with a gloomy face who was saying something agrily to a beardless visitor who had the appearance of a member of the Skoptzi sect.\*)

Nekhliudov sat down by the superintendent's side and glanced around with intense curiosity.

He was amused by a closely shorn youngster who came towards him and asked him in a thin piping voice:

"Whom are you waiting for?"

This question surprised Nekhliudov, but when he saw his serious and sensible face with attentive and lively eyes, he answered him with a serious mien that he was waiting for a lady whom he knew.

"Is she your sister?" asked the boy.

"No, she is not my sister," replied Nekhliudov in astonishment. "And with whom are you here?" he asked the lad.

"I'm here with my mamma, she's a political," said the boy.

"Maria Pavlovna, take Kolya (Nick) away," said the superintendent, who evidently found Nekhliudov's conversation with the child to be a contravention of existing laws.

Maria Pavlovna—the same pretty girl with the sheep-like eyes who had drawn Nekhliudov's attention, rose to her full height and with a rapid and solid, almost masculine stride came towards Nekhliudov and the lad.

"Is he asking you who you are?" she inqired of Nekhliudov with the trace of a smile and looking into his eyes so trustingly and simply as to leave no doubt that she was, and by nature could not otherwise but be, friendly and sisterly towards every one.

"He must know everything," she said now smiling broadly into the youngster's face, with a smile that was

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<sup>\*</sup> A sect of Russian dissenters who practice self-mutilation. —Translator's note.

so good and sweet that both the lad and Nekhliudov involuntarily smiled in response.

"Yes, he asked me whom I had come to see."

"Maria Pavlovna, it is not permitted to converse with strangers. Don't you know that?" said the superintendent.

"All right, all right," she said, and taking with her large white hand the little hand of the lad who was looking steadily into her eyes, she returned to the mother of the consumptive youth.

"Whose child is this?" inquired Nekhliudov of the superintendent.

"The son of a political prisoner. He was born in prison, too," replied the superintendent with a show of pride as though exhibiting a curiosity of his institution.

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and now he is on the way to Siberia with his mother."

"And this girl?"

"I can't answer that question," replied the superintendent with a shrug of his shoulders. "And here is Bogodukhovskaya in person."

# LV.

Through the rear door, with a shambling gait, came in a little short-haired woman, lean and yellow of face, with big and kindly eyes—it was Vera Efremovna (Bogodukhovskaya).

"Thank you for coming," she said shaking Nekhliu-dov's hand. "Did you remember me? Let us sit down."

"I never thought of finding you like this."

"Oh, I'm very well off, so very, very well off that I could not wish for anything better," said Vera Efrem-

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ovna, looking up at Nekhliudov with the wonted frightened expression in her kindly big round eyes, and twisting her very slender vein-streaked neck that protruded from the miserably crumpled and soiled collar of her blouse.

Nekhliudov began to question her how she had fallen into these straits. She replied, entering into the details of her case with much animation. Her talk was interspersed with foreign words and such terms as disorganization, propaganda, groups, subsections, which were very familiar to her, and which she evidently thought were just as familiar to Nekhliudov, though he had never heard them in his life.

She was telling him all this with the apparent conviction that he was intensely interested and was fully conversant with all the mysteries of the party of the People's Will. But Nekhliudov was watching her pitiful neck, her scant and disheveled hair, and was wondering why she was telling him all this. She appeared to him pitiful but in an entirely different way from the peasant Menshov, who was pining in prison without any guilt on his part. She appeared to him pitiful most of all because of that apparent tissue of tangled theories that filled her head. She was eveidently regarding herself a heroine ready to sacrifice her life for the success of her cause, yet she was hardly able to explain what that cause was and wherein lay its success.

The matter which Vera Efremovna had desired to lay before Nekhliudov related to a chum of hers, a girl by the name of Shustova, who did not even belong to her sub-group, as she termed it, but who had been arrested together with her five months back and confined in the Petropavlovsk fortress simply because a bock and some papers which had been entrusted to her for safe-

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keeping had been found in her possession. Vera Efremcvna considered herself partly responsible for Shustova's incarceration, and she implored Nekhliudov, because of his connections, to do everything in his power to have Shustova released. The other matter regarding which she spoke to Nekhliudov concerned a man by the name of Gurkevitch, and she begged his to intercede in his behalf in order to permit him to have an interview with his parents and to receive certain scientific books which he required for his scientific research.

Nekhliudov promised to try to do what he could on his next trip to St. Petersburg.

With regard to herself Vera Efremovna told him that on completing a course in obstetrics she had joined the party of the People's Will and worked with them. For a while things went on nicely, they were making proclamations and carried on propaganda work in factories, but one of the prominent members was arrested, with the seizure of all documents, and thereupon the police rounded them all up.

"So I was taken with the others, and now I am being sent into exile," she finished her tale. "But that's nothing. I feel fine, like an Olympic deity," she said and smiled pitifully.

Nekhliudov inquired about the girl with the sheep-like eyes; Vera Efremovna told him that she was a general's daughter, an old time member of the revolutionary party, who had been caught in the toils having assumed the blame for a shot that some one had fired at a gendarme. She had been living in a flat with some conspirators who had a printing press. One night the flat was searched by the police; the dwellers in the flat resolved to defend themselves; they put out the lights and began destroying the evidence. The police, however, broke in,

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and one of the conspirators fired a shot mortally wounding a gendarme. When they were questioned about the person who had fired the shot, she claimed that she had done it, although she had never held a revolver in her hand and did not have the heart to kill a spider. And so it remained. And now she was on her way to Siberia, condemned to hard labor.

"A fine and altruistic personality," said Vera Efremovna approvingly.

The third matter which Vera Efremovna wished to speak about concerned Maslova. She knew (as everything was known in this prison) all about Nekhliudov's relations with her and she advised him to try and have her removed among the political prisoners, or at least placed as a nurse in the hospital, where at this time there were many patients and helpers were badly wanted.

Nekhliudov thanked her for the advice and said that he would try to avail himself of her suggestions.

### LVI.

Their conversation was interrupted by the superintendent who rose and announced that the period set for the interviews had expired and that it was time to leave. Nekhliudov rose, said good-bye to Vera Efremovna, and proceeding to the door stopped there to watch the scene.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the time is up," the superintendent repeated his admonition several times in succession, now rising to his feet, now sitting down again.

The superintendent's warning merely resulted in a strange increase of animation both among the prisoners and the visitors, but no one even thought of leaving. Some continued to sit and chat. Others had begun to say their farewells and were now weeping. Particularly

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pathetic was the mother with her consumptive son. The young man was still rolling the slip of paper in his hands, and his face had grown more and more sinister in expression, so great were his efforts not to yield to the contagion of his mother's state of feelings. But the mother hearing that it was time to say good-bye, laid her face on his shoulder and sobbed making a sniffling noise with her nose. The girl with the sheep-like eyes—Nekhliudov watched her involuntarily — stood before the sobbing mother and talked to her, apparently endeavoring to calm her. The old man with the blue spectacles stood clasping his daughter's hand in his own, and nodded in response to something she was saying. The young lovers had risen to their feet and were silently gazing into one another's eyes.

"These two alone are in good spirits," said the young man in the short jacket who was standing near Nekhliudov at the door, and was also watching the leave taking, as he pointed to the two lovers.

Feeling the glances of the young man and of Nekhliudov, the lovers—the young man in the rubber jacket, and the pretty blonde girl, released their clasping hands, and began to whirl around midst peals of laughter.

"They are going to be married this evening right here in prison, and she is accompanying him into exile to Siberia," said the young man.

"And who is he?"

"Sentenced to hard labor. I'm glad they're a bit cheerful, for it's very painful to listen to the rest," added the young man in the jacket as he listened to the sobs of the consumptive's mother.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please, please, do not force me to adopt strict measures," said the superintendent repeating the same thing over and over again, "Please,

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all this? The time is up. This is impossible. I warn you for the last time," he repeated sadly, now lighting up his Maryland cigarette, now putting it out again. It was evident that in spite of the ingenious, well worn and familiar arguments which permit people to do evil to others without feeling any responsibility, the superintendent could not help realizing that he had some share in the guilt for the sorrows that were being manifested in that room; and he evidently felt dreadfully oppressed.

Finally the prisoners and the visitors began to separate, some leaving the room through the inside door, and others through the door that led to the outside. The men with the rubber coats passed out, the consumptive, and the shaggy chap with the dark complexion, Marie Pavlovna went out, too, with the lad who had been born in prison.

The visitors started also to leave. The old man with the blue spectacles walked out with a shambling gait, and Nekhliudov followed him.

"Yes, it's a wonderful system," said the talkative young man as though continuing an interrupted conversation while he walked downstairs in company with Nekhliudov. "It's a lucky thing that the captain is a good-natured man, not a stickler for regulations. It gives them a chance to have a chat and to relieve their hearts."

When Nekhliudov, conversing with Medyntzeff—as the talkative young man had introduced himself—reached the vestibule, the superintendent joined them with an expression of utter weariness in his face.

"So if you wish to see Maslova, come to-morrow, please," he said with the obvious intention of being agreeable to Nekhliudov.



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"Very well," said Nekhliudov and hastened to go. The innocent suffering of Menshov was manifestly terrible, though not so much his physical suffering, as that bewilderment, that loss of faith in goodness and in God into which he had been driven by the cruel and undeserved treatment on the part of his tormentors; terrible was the disgrace and the agony inflicted upon those other absolutely guiltless people merely because of discrepancies in some documents; terrible were these stupefied warders themselves, engrossed in the task of torturing their brothers and convinced that they were performing a good and an essential duty. But most terrible of all seemed to him this ageing and ailing superintendent, who though kindly at heart, was forced to separate mother from son, father from daughter,-people who were in no respect different from himself and from his own children.

"Why is all this?" Nekhliudov asked himself, experiencing the utmost degree of moral nausea which bordered on the physical,—which was the feeling that habitually came over him when visiting the prison,—and he found no answer.

### LVII.

The next day Nekhliudov called on his lawyer and laid before him the facts in the Menshov case, begging him to undertake the defence. The lawyer listened to him, promised to look into the case and said if all of the facts were really as Nekhliudov has related, he would undertake the defence without any remuneration. Nekhliudov also informed the lawyer of the confinement of a crowd of one hundred and thirty persons because of a misunderstanding, and asked him to let him know on whom all this depended and who was to blame for it.

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The lawyer paused for a few minutes, evidently trying to formulate an accurate answer.

"Who is to blame? Nobody. Tell it to the prosecutor, and he will say that the governor is to blame, tell it to the governor, and he will say that the prosecutor is to blame. No one is to blame."

"I will immediately look up Maslennikov and tell him."

"Well ,that would be useless," replied the lawyer with a smile. "He is such a—— I hope he's no intimate friend or relative of yours—he is, with your leave, such an ass, and withal such a crafty beast."

Nekhliudov recalled what Maslennikov had said about the lawyer, and without replying to him, started on his way to Maslennikov's.

Nekhliudov intended to take up two matters with Maslennikov—Maslova's transfer to the hospital, and the case of the one hundred thirty men confined in the prison without cause. Hard though it was to ask favors of a man whom he did not respect, it was the only means to attain his end, and he had to go through with it.

As he drove up to Maslennikov's house he noticed several turnouts near the main entrance, traps, hansoms and carriages, and he remembered that this was the reception day of Maslennikov's wife, which he had been invited to attend. While Nekhliudov was approaching the house, one carriage had pulled up in the porte cochère, and a footman, in a cape and with a cockade on his hat, was assisting a lady to the carriage—she had hold of her train which revealed a part of pencil-thin legs in slippers. Among the carriages he recognized the closed landaulette of the Kortchagins. The greyhaired red-cheeked coachman courteously doffed his hat as befitted on meeting a particularly well known gentleman of his employer's ac-

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quaintance. Nekhliudov had hardly time to inquire where Mikhail Ivanovitch (Maslennikov) was to be found, when that gentleman himself appeared on the carpeted staircase, seeing off a particularly important guest, one of the sort he accompanied not merely to the first landing, but to the very bottom step. This was a very important military functionary, who while descending was conversing with his host in the French language about the entertainment for the benefit of orphanages which was to be shortly held in the city, and expressed the opinion that it was a very good thing for the ladies: "They're having a good time, and they get the money."

"Qu'elles s'amusent et que Dieu les bénisse."\*) "Ah, Ne-kliudov, how do you do. Haven't seen you in an age," he welcomed Nekhliudov. "Allez presenter vos devoirs à Madame\*\*). And the Kortchagins are here too. Et Nadine Bukshevden. Toutes les jolies femmes de la ville,\*\*\*) he said, presenting and slightly inclining his shoulders to the footman who was holding his magnificent overcoat with the golden stripes. "Au revoir, mon cher," and he shook hands with Maslennikov.

"Well, come upstairs, how glad I am," excitedly muttered Maslennikov linking his arm under Nekhliudov's, and in spite of his obesity swiftly dragging him upstairs. Maslennikov was in a state of particularly joyful stimulation because of the attention shown him by his important visitor. All attentions of this sort afforded Maslennikov the same delight as the kindly puppy dog feels after its master has stroked and petted it and scratched it behind its ears. The puppy dog wags its tail, crouches, twists and presses its ears and

\*\*\*) All the pretty girls in town.

<sup>\*)</sup> May they amuse themselves, and may God bless them.
\*\*) Come and pay your respects to Madame.

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whirls around in frenzied transports. Maslennikov was ready to do the same. He failed to notice Nekhliudov's serious expression, and refusing to listen to him, was irresistibly dragging him into the reception room. was impossible to refuse, and Nekhliudov came along.

"Business matters afterwards. I'll do what you command me," said Maslennikov, leading Nekhliudov through the salon. "Anounce to her Excellency that Prince Nekhliudov is here," he said to a flunkey on the way. The flunkey started off in a canter, and overtaking them, was gone. "Vous n'avez qu'à ordonner.\*) But you must see my wife without fail. I got one good call down for not bringing you up."

The flunkey meanwhile had announced him, and Anna Ignatievna, or Madame la Générale, as she liked to be called, had already nodded to Nekhliudov with a radiant smile across the hats and the heads of those about sofa. From the other end of the reception room, where a number of ladies sat about the table with the tea things, while civilians and men in uniforms stood around, was heard the incessant din of masculine and feminine voices.

"Enfin!\*\*) Is it that you don't care to know us any more? Have we done you any harm?"

With these words which presupposed an intimate friendship such as had never existed between her and Nekhliudov, Anna Ignatievna met him as he entered.

"Are you acquainted? Acquainted? Mme. Peliavskaya-Mikhail Ivanovitch Tchernov, sit down, close by."

"Missy, venez donc à notre table, on vous apportera

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<sup>\*)</sup> You have only to command, \*\*) At last,

votre thé..."\*) "And you..." she turned to the officer who conversing with Missy, and whose name she had evidently forgotten. "Please come also. Will you have some tea, Prince?"

She reddened

"I will never, never believe that, she simply did not love him," a feminine voice was heard.

"But she did love her cookies!"

"Always these silly jokes," laughingly intervened another lady with a tall hat, and glistening with silk, gold and jewels.

light. Let me have some more."

"C'est excellent—these waffles are wonderful and so light. Let me have some more."

"Are you leaving soon?"

"This is our last day, that's why we came."

"Such a beautiful spring.. How nice it must be in the country."

Missy wore a hat and some sort of a dark striped dress that fitted faultlessly around her slender waist, as though she had been born in the dress, and she looked very pretty. She reddened when she saw Nekhliudov.

"And I had thought that you were out of town," she said to him.

"I almost went out of town," said Nekhliudov. "But business matters have held me back. I'm even here on business."

"Come to see mamma, she is very anxious to see you," said Missy, and feeling that she was lying and that Nekhliudov knew that she was, she blushed still more furiously.

"I shall hardly have any time," gloomily replied Nekhliudov, trying to appear that he had not noticed her blushes.

<sup>\*)</sup> Come to our table. Your tea will be brought to you.

#### RESURRECTION

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Missy frowned indignantly, shrugged her shoulders and turned her attention again to the elegant officer who had caught the empty cup from her hands, and with his trailing sword knocking against the chairs, he bravely who transported it to another table.

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"You too must donate to the asylums."

"I don't refuse, only I want to save all my generosity for the entertainment. There I will show myself in full force."

"All right then," was heard a voice with a patently insincere laugh.

The reception was going off brilliantly. Anna Ignatievna was transported with delight.

"Micka tells me that you are devoting your attention to prisons. I can very well appreciate it," she said to Nekhliudov (Micka was her pet name for her husband). "Micka may have faults, but you don't know how good he is. All these unhappy prisoners are his children. He does not look upon them in any other light. It est d'une bonté!"\*)

She stopped finding no words to express the bonté of that husband of hers who had been ordering floggings for people, and immediately with a smile turned to a wrinkled old woman with lilac ribbons who was just then entering the room.

After the proper quantity of meaningless words required for the observance of decencies, Nekhliudov rose to his feet and walked over to Maslennikov.

"Can you listen to me now?"

"Yes, yes, why not? Let's go in here."

And they entered a small Japanese boudoir where they sat down by the window.

<sup>\*)</sup> He is a man of such goodness!

#### LVIII.

"Well, 'je suis à vous.\*) Care to smoke? Only wait, we might mess up things here," he said fetching an ash tray. "And now what's on your mind?"

"I have two matters to take up with you."

"Is that so?"

Maslennikov's face assumed an expression of gloom. All the traces of the pleasurable excitement of a puppy whose master had scratched it behind the ears had suddenly and totally disappeared. Sounds of conversation kept flitting over from the reception room. A female voice was saying: "Jamais, jamais je ne croirai\*\*)," while from the other end a masculine voice was telling something, repeating constantly the words la comtesse Voronzoff and Victor Apraxine, and from a still different corner came a mingled din of voices and laughter. Maslennikov was trying to hear what was going on in the reception room, but he was also listening to Nekhliudov.

"I want to speak again of the same woman," said Nekhliudov.

"The one who was innocently sentenced? Yes, yes, I know."

"I should like to ask you to have her transferred as an attendant to the hospital. I was told that this could be done."

Maslennikov compressed his lips and lapsed into thought.

"It's hardly feasible," he said. "Still I will look into it and will telegraph you to-morrow."

<sup>\*)</sup> I am at your service.

<sup>\*\*)</sup> I shall never, never believe it.

for a month."

"I was told that there were many patients in the hospital and a great lack of helpers."

"Just so, just so, at any rate I will let you know."
"Please."

Peals of general laughter which sounded almost natural came from the reception room.

"Victor is still at it," said Maslennikov with a smile. "He is wonderfully witty when he is in the right mood."

"And another thing," said Nekhliudov. "There are now one hundred thirty persons confined in prison merely because their passports had expired. They've been kept here for a month."

And he related the facts which had caused their confinement.

"How did you learn all this? inquired Maslennikov and an expression of worry and annoyance suddenly overcast his features.

"I was on my way to see a prisoner who is detained for trial, and I was surrounded in the corridor by these people who begged me..."

"What prisoner was that?"

"A peasant who is under a wrongful accusation and for whom I have secured a counsel. But that is neither here nor there. Can it be that these altogether blameless people are kept in prison merely because their passports had expired and..."

"That's the prosecutor's business," interrupted Maslennikov with annoyance. "And you insist that the courts are swift and just. It is the duty of the assistant prosecutor to visit the prisons and to ascertain whether any persons are innocently confined therein. But they don't do a thing. All they know is to play bridge."

"Then you can't do anything?" gloomily retorted Nekhliudov recalling the lawyer's prediction that the

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governor would put the blame on the prosecutor's shoulders.

"No. I'll do something. I'll look into the matter at once."

"It makes it only all the worse for her. C'est un souffre douleur,"\*) from the reception room came the voice of a woman who evidently was very indifferent about what she was saying.

"So much the better, I'll take this one too," came from the other side a teasing masculine voice which was followed by an equally teasing laughter of a woman who was evidently trying to withhold something from her companion.

"Well then, I'll do everything," repeated Maslennikov, putting out the cigarette with his finger that was decorated with the turquoise ring. "Now let's go back to the ladies."

"And still another matter," said Nekhliudov without entering into the reception room, but stopping short at the threshold. "I was told that corporal punishment was inflicted upon some persons in prison yesterday. Is this true?"

Maslennikov flushed.

"You know that too? No, mon cher, it is positively wrong to admit you, you meddle with everything. Let us go, let us go, Annette is calling us," he said grasping his arm and once more assuming the same agitated expression as after the attentions shown to him by the important personage, only this time his agitation was not joyful but worried.

Nekhliudov tore his arm from his grasp, and without nodding to any person or uttering a sound, he gloomily

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<sup>\*)</sup> She is a laughing-stock.

strode through the reception room and hurrying past the flunkeys who had hastily stationed themselves at intervals, he rushed into the vestibule and out into the street.

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"What's the matter with him? What did you do to him?" asked Annette of her husband.

"That's what I call à la française,\*) said someone.

"Why à la française? It's rather à la zoulou."\*\*)

"He's always been like that."

Someone rose to go, somebody else arrived, and the chattering talk went on. Society was using the Nekhliudov episode as a suitable topic of conversation at the jour fixe.

The next day after his visit at the Maslennikov house, Nekhliudov received from him a letter on glossy note paper with armorial monograms and seals, and written in a magnificent firm hand, which informed him that he had communicated with the physician relative to Maslova's transfer to the hospital, and that his desire would most likely be granted. The letter was signed: "Your affectionate senior comrade," and a big, determined and remarkably skillful flourish appeared under the signature "Maslennikov."

"Fool,"—Nekhliudov could not restrain himself from saying, particularly as in the word "comrade" he sensed that Maslennikov meant to appear condescending, that in spite of the fact that he was engaged in performing the vilest and most disgraceful functions from the point of view of morality, he considered himself a very important personage, and meant to convey that though he might not try to flatter him, he might still show that he did not stand too much on his grandeur and so he called him a comrade.

<sup>\*)</sup> French fashion.

<sup>\*\*)</sup> Zulu fashion.

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#### LIX.

One of the commonest and most wide-spread superstitions is that every person possesses certain well defined characteristics and possesses them to the exclusion of other characteristics, being good, or evil, clever or stupid, active or slothful, etc. People are not like that. We can say about a man that he is oftener good than mean, oftener clever than stupid, oftener active than slothful, or vice versa. But it would be untrue to call one person good or wise, and another mean or stupid. Yet this is the way we always classify people. People are like rivers. The water in them all is alike, but each river is here narrow and swift, there broad and sluggish, now pure and cold, now turbid and warm. And even so are the people. Every man has all human characteristics within him in an embryonic state, and exhibits now these, now others, and frequently appears unlike himself, although the remains the same exclusive and unchanged self. In the case of some people this passage from one state into another is apt to be very abrupt. Nekhliudov was one of such. In his case such changes occurred as the result of physical as well as of spiritual causes. And a similar change had just taken place within him.

The solemn and joyous feelings of restoration which he had experienced after the trial and after the first meetting with Katyusha had been altogether dissipated, giving way after the first meeting to a feeling of dread and even of loathing. He had resolved, indeed, that he would not leave her, would not alter his determination to marry her, if she so desired, but the idea was oppressive and agonizing.



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vil expression.

The day after his call on Maslennikov he again drove to the prison in order to see her.

The superintendent permitted the meeting, but not in the office, nor in the legal consulting room, but in the visiting room of the women's section. In spite of his good nature, the superintendent was rather reserved with Nekhliudov; evidently Nekhliudov's talk with Maslennikov resulted in instructions to be more cautious when he called again.

"You may see her," he said, "only with regard to giving her money, remember what I asked you. And as far as transferring her to the hospital is concerned, as His Excellency wrote us, that can be arranged, and the doctor is willing, only she herself declines to go: 'Why should I carry pots for these mangy bums?' she said. That's the kind of people they are, prince," he added.

Nekhliudov did not reply and requested to be allowed to proceed to his meeting. The superintendent sent a warder with him, and Nekhliudov followed him into the empty visiting room of the women's section.

Maslova was already there and she came out from behind the screen, timid and subdued. She came up to Nekhliudov and looking past him softly said:

"Pardon me, Dmitri Ivanovitch, I said many mean things the other day."

"It is not my place to pardon you," commenced Nekhliudov.

"Only just the same I must ask you to leave me in peace," she added and in the horrible squint of her eyes as she glanced up at him, Nekhliudov read again a strained and evil expression.

"Why must I leave you in peace?"

"Just so!"

"But why?"



She gave him again a glance of malice, as he thought. "Well, then, let me tell you," she said. "You leave me be, that I truly mean. I can't have you. Drop the whole thing," she said with trembling lips and paused. "That's straight! I'd sooner hang myself."

Nekhliudov perceived that in her refusal hatred and the rankling of unforgiven injury were mingled with a very different, a good and a significant feeling. Now, as in a state of perfect calmness, she reaffirmed her former refusal to marry him, all doubts that had been lingering in Nekhliudov's mind immediately vanished, and he returned to his former solemnly serious and exalted attitude towards Katyusha.

"Katyusha, just as I told you before, even so I say now," he brought out with much earnestness, "I want you to marry me. And if you do not wish to do so, until such a time that you may wish to do so, I shall, as I have lately done, stay wherever you are, go wherever they may take you."

"That's your business, and I will say no more," she said.

He also was silent, feeling unable to speak.

"I am going to the country now, and will then go to St. Petersburg," he said as he recovered his composure. "There I will go to work on your case, or let me say on our case, and, God granting, the sentence may be changed."

"And if not—what odds? It was coming to me for other things, if not for this," she said, and he saw what a great effort she was making in order to restrain her tears.

"Well, did you see Menshov?" she suddenly inquired, as though to hide her agitation. "Isn't it true that they are innocent?"

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"Yes, I think they are."

"Such a wonderful old lady," she said.

He told her all that he had learned from Menshov, and asked her if she needed anything.

And again they lapsed into silence.

"Well, and with regard to the hospital," she suddenly said casting a squinting glance at him, "if you want me to, I will take it up, and I'll drink no more liquor..."

Nekhliudov gazed silently into her eyes. Her eyes were smiling. "That is very good news," was all he could say, and he bade her good-bye.

"Yes, indeed, she is another person altogether," thought Nekhliudov, experiencing after his former doubts an entirely new faith, such as he had never felt before, in the invincibility of love.

Returning after this meeting into her stinking ward, Maslova took off her prison robe, sat down on her bunk and dropped her hands in her lap. In the ward were only the consumptive Vladimirskaya woman with an infant in arms, the old Menshova, and the flagwoman with the two children. The deacon's daughter had been found mentally afflicted and taken to the hospital the day before. The rest of the women were busy in the laundry. The old woman lay in the bunk asleep, the children were in the corridor, the door having been left open. Vladimirskaya with the infant in her arms, and the flagwoman who did not for an instant relax her nimble fingers from knitting at her stockings, came towards Maslova.

"Well, have you seen him?" they asked.

Maslova never answering, sat high up on her bunk dangling her feet.

"What are you moping about?" said the flagwoman.

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"Don't lose heart, whatever you do. Well, Katyusha?" she said nimbly fingering her knitting.

Maslova did not reply.

"The gang is out washing clothes. They say great donations to-day. They've brought in a lot of stuff," said Vladimirskaya. "Finashka," the flagwoman creid through the door, "where have you gone, you scamp?"

And she took out one of her knitting needles, stuck it into the ball of wool and into the stocking, and went out into the corridor.

Just then they heard a noise of feminine chatter in the corridor, and the ward inmates, with their bare feet stuck into prison slippers, came in each with a load of bread, some having two large loaves in their arms. Feodosia also came towards Maslova.

"Well, anything wrong?" asked Feodosia looking up affectionately at Maslova with her clear blue eyes. "Here is some bread for your tea," and she commenced to deposit the loaves on the shelf.

"What's the matter? Has he changed his mind about marrying?" asked Korableva.

"No, he hasn't changed his mind, but I don't want to," said Maslova.

"You're certainly a fool," said Korableva in a bass voice.

"What's the use of getting married, if you can't live together?" said Feodosia.

"But your husband now is going along with you," retorted the flagwoman.

"Yes, but we're already lawfully married," said Feodosia, "and why should he marry by law, if he can't live with her?"

"She's a fool! If he married her, he'd cover her with gold."

"He said 'wherever they send you, I'll go after you,' said Maslova. "Well, if he does, all right, and if he don't, I shan't ask him to. He's on his way to St. Petersburg now to look after my case. All the ministers there are his kin," she continued. "And still I don't need him."

"To be sure, you don't," suddenly agreed Korableva, rummaging in her bag and evidently thinking of something else. "Shall we have a little drink now, hey?"

"Not for me," answered Maslova. "You go ahead and drink without me."

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