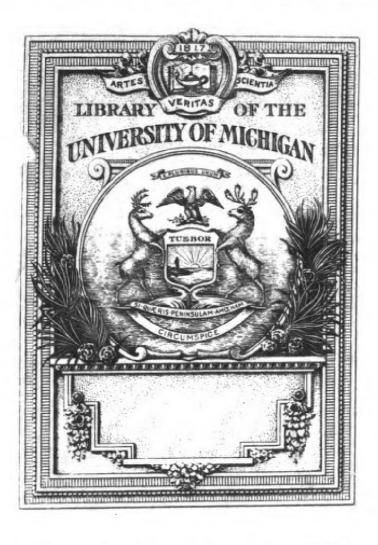
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LEO TOLSTOY

RESURRECTION

Translated by ARCHIBALD J. WOLFE

VOL. II.

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I.

The case was likely to be heard in the Senate in about a fortnight, and Nekhliudov intended to be in St. Petersburg before then, and in case the matter were decided adversely in the Senate, he had arranged to submit a petition to the Throne, following the advice of the attorney who had prepared such a petition for this emergency. In case the appeal to the Senate were disallowed —an emergency for which the lawyer counselled to be prepared in view of the weakness of the grounds cited in the writ of appeal—the party of hard labor convicts in which Maslova was included was likely to leave early in Tune, and in order to be ready to follow Maslova to Siberia, which Nekhliudov was firmly resolved to do, he was obliged to pay an immediate visit to his holdings in the country where he had to straighten out various things.

First of all Nekhliudov proceeded to the Kusmins-koye estate, an extensive property with rich black soil, from which he derived his principal revenue. He had lived on this estate in his childhood and early youth, and had visited it twice after reaching man's estate, and on one occasion, at the request of his mother, he installed there a German as superintendent, going with him through the inventory, so that he was conversant with the condition of the estate and with the relations between the peasants and the office, that is with the landowner. And the relations that existed between the peasants and the office were such that the peasants were in a state of



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RESURRECTION

complete dependence upon the office. Nekhliudov had been aware of this since his student days, when he was professing, and preaching the doctrine of Henry George, and in accordance with this teaching gave up his patrimony to the peasants. After leaving the army, indeed, when he had become accustomed to spend about twenty thousand roubles a year, he no longer found his theories incumbent on himself to follow in practice, and he gradually forgot them, giving no account to himself of the source of the money with which his mother supplied him, and he tried not to think about it at all. But the death of his mother, the succession to her estates and the necessity of making arrangements about his property -his land holdings-raised for him the question of his relation to the subject of owning land. A month back Nekhliudov would have said to himself that he was not strong enough to alter the existing order of life, and that moreover he took no active part in the management of the estate, and these considerations would have soothed him more or less, as he lived away from his holdings and merely received his income from them. But now he had decided that in view of his impending journey to Siberia and the difficult relations towards the world of penal institutions, which he faced, he could not leave things in their former state but would have to change them though it be to his own detriment. And for this purpose he was resolved not to cultivate the land for his own account, but to distribute it for a small consideration among the peasants, giving them an opportunity of becoming generally independent of the landowner. Time and again he compared the position of the landowner with the position of the serf-owner, and he likened the giving of land to peasants instead of cultivating it with hired labor to the actions of the serf-owners when they permitted the



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peasants to pay a stipulated annual tribute instead of furnishing permanent labor to the manor. It was no complete solution of the problem, but a step towards the solution. It was a transition from a coarse form of force to one less coarse. And this was what he intended to accomplish.

Nekhliudov arrived at Kusminskoye about noon. In accordance with his practice of simplifying his life in all details, he had not announced his coming by telegraph, but hired a two-horse cart at the station. The driver was a young fellow in a lengthy Nanking peasant coat that was belted below the waist; he was sitting sidewise on the box, in the usual style of peasant drivers, and was all the more ready to gossip with his gentleman fare, since as they talked, the spavined and limping white shaft horse and the emaciated winded off-horse had a chance to crawl at a snail pace which pleased them both very much.

The driver talked about the manager at Kusminskoye, blissfully ignorant of the fact that his fare was the master of the estate. Nekhliudov purposely refrained from enlightening him:

"He's a swell German, all right," said the driver who had lived in the city and was a reader of fiction. He sat half-turned towards his fare, grasping the lengthy whip handle now from the top, now from below, and evidently was trying to show off his education. "He's got a light-bay three-span, and when he goes driving with his lady, he certainly shows off well," he continued. "Last winter, Christmas time, he had a Christmas tree in the mansion and entertained a houseful of guests. It was electric lighted, too. Nothing like it even in the capital. And his graft—God help us! But why should

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he care? He's got the power. I hear he's bought a fine estate of his own."

Nekhliudov thought that he was quite indifferent to the way the German was running his property and making use of it for his personal profit, but the longwaisted driver's story nevertheless displeased him. He was enjoying the beautiful day, the dense glowering clouds that at times hid the sun completely from view, the early grain fields with the peasants following in the wake of their primitive plows as they turned over the oats, and the dense verdant herbage with the larks soaring overhead, and the woods all covered with fresh green foliage excepting the late oaks, and the meadows with the motley herds and horses, and the fields with men plowing; and through it all ran a note as though of some annoying thought, and when he tried to ask himself what had caused it, he remembered the driver's tale of the German who housed in Kusminskoye.

After he had arrived in Kusminskoye and delved into its affairs he soon lost that feeling.

An inspection of the office books and a talk with the clerk who naively expatiated on the advantages of leaving the peasants short of land and of their being surrounded on all sides by the estate holdings, confirmed Nekhliudov still more in his determination to discontinue the operation of the estate and to turn over the land to the peasants. From the office books and from his conversation with the clerk he gleaned that still, as in former days, two thirds of the best arable land was being cultivated with hired labor by means of improved farming machinery, while the remaining third was cultivated by the peasants under leases at the rate of five roubles per dessyatin; the peasant obligated himself to plow up



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three times, and as many times to harrow and to sow his dessyatin, with the subsequent mowing, binding and harvesting, and delivering of the proceeds for thrashing, in other words to perform labor that was worth at least ten roubles per dessyatin in the cheapest open labor market. But everything the peasants needed from the office they paid for with labor at the most exorbitant rates. Thus the peasants paid for the outlying fields which were leased to them at least four times as much as these should fetch figuring on the basis of five per cent interest.

Nekhliudov had known all this since of old, but the facts struck him as new, and he only wondered how he and others in the same position could remain blind to the unnaturalness of this situation. The arguments of the manager that in the case of a transfer of land to the peasants the whole inventory would be lost, for it would not fetch one fourth of its true value, that the peasants would ruin the soil, and that finally Nekhliudov's loss would be tremendous, only confirmed Nekhliudov in the belief that in turning over the land to the peasants and in depriving himself of the major portion of his revenue he was performing a good deed. He decided to finish the whole business right now, during his present visit. To gather and to sell the growing grain, to dispose of the inventory and of the superfluous structures—the manager could attend to that, after he left. But now he instructed the manager to assemble on the next day the peasants of the three villages located within the lands of the Kusminskoye estate, so that he could announce to them his intention and agree with them as to the price to be paid for the land that was to be turned over to them.

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ed firmness in the face of the manager's arguments, and of his readiness to make a sacrifice for the sake of the peasants. Nekhliudov stepped out of the office and walked around the house, while meditating upon the task before him, past the flower beds that this year had been neglected (though there was a flower bed opposite the manager's house), across the tennis court which was now overrun with chicory, and along the avenue of lindens, where he had been in the habit of walking while enjoying his cigar, and where only three years back a pretty girl visitor at the house, named Kirimova, was wont to flirt with him. Having fixed in his mind the points of the speech which he intended to deliver next day to the peasants, Nekhliudov directed his steps to the manager. and over the tea discussed with him once more the question how best to liquidate the entire estate. Perfectly calm and content in the consciousness of having paved the way for the good work which he intended to undertake for the peasants, he entered the room in the mansion which was made ready for his occupation and which was ne room usually set aside for visitors.

It was a clean though small-sized apartment, with paintings representing views of Venice, and a mirror between two windows, with a clean spring bed and a table with a jug of water, matches and a candle snuffer. His bag had been placed on a table near the mirror, it was opened and showed his toilet set and some books which he had brought along to read,—one in the Russian language—an experimental study of the laws of criminality, and two books in German and in English on the same subject. He had intended to read these books in his spare moments while visiting the villages, but it was too late now, he was getting ready for bed, so as to be up



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bright and early in order to prepare himself for his talk to the peasants.

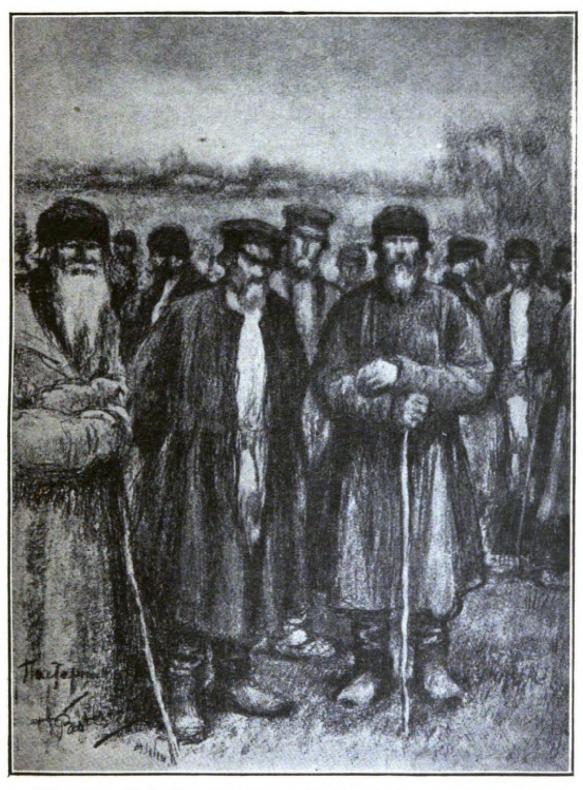
In the corner of the room stood an antique inlaid arm chair, and the sight of this old chair which he remembered seeing in his mother's bedroom suddenly evoked in Nekhliudov's soul an entirely unexpected feeling. He began to feel sorry for the house that would go to wreck and ruin, and for the garden that would be neglected, and for the woods that would be exterminated, and for all those cattle pens, stables, implement sheds, machines, horses, cows, which, he knew, cost so much trouble and effort to instal and to maintain, though the trouble and effort had not been his own. It had seemed before such an easy thing to renounce all this, but now he regretted not only this, but also the land and the loss of half the revenue, which might now prove so useful. And instantly there were at his beck and call many specious arguments which showed that it was not sensible or proper to give up the land to the peasants and to destroy his property.

"I must not own land. But without owning land I cannot carry on the estate. Besides, if I now go to Siberia I shall need neither house nor estate," thus spoke one voice within him. "That may be so," said another voice, "but in the first place you will not spend all of your life in Siberia. If you marry, you may have children. And as you received your estate in good order, you must likewise pass it on in turn. There are obligations you owe the land. It is easy to give everything away, to destroy, but it is very difficult to build up. But the main thing is to consider carefully your life and to decide what you will do with yourself, and to make arrangements about your property accordingly. And have

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you made a decision that is quite firm? Then again, are you acting in all sincerity, as before your own conscience, when you act like this, or is it all for the people so that you may boast before them?" These questions Nekhliudov asked of himself, and was forced to admit that what the people would say about him exerted an influence upon his decision. And the more he thought, the more questions came up before him, and the less solvable they became. In order to escape these thoughts he lay down on the freshly made bed and tried to go to sleep, so as to solve the problems that were now holding him in their toils, with a refreshed head on the morrow. But he could not fall asleep for a long time. Through the open window, together with the fresh air and the moonlight came the sound of the croaking of frogs that mingled with the chirping and whistling of nightingales far away in the park and one close by under the window in the blossoming lilac bush. Listening to the nightingales and to the frogs, Nekhliudov thought of the music of the prison superintendent's daughter; recalling the superintendent, his thoughts wandered to Maslova, and he was reminded of the queer quivering of her lips (so much like a frog that croaks) as she said to him: "Drop it altogether." Then the German manager seemed to descend among the frogs. He tried to hold him back, but the German not only went down among them, but was even changed into the shape of Maslova and said: "I am a hard labor convict, and you are a prince." "No, I shall not yield," thought Nekhliudov and immediately he awoke and asked himself: "well, is it good or evil that which I am doing? I don't know and I don't care. I only want to sleep." And now he himself began to sink down where the manager and Maslova had gone, and there everything ended.



The peasants had gathered in a circle, leaning upon their staffs. Page 15.

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Nekhliudov awoke at nine o'clock the next morning. The young office assistant who waited on the master of the estate heard him stirring about and immediately brought in his shoes polished as they had never been before, and fetched him some spring water, cold and of wonderful purity. He also announced that the peasants had begun to assemble. Nekhliudov, now wideawake, leaped from his bed. There was no trace of last night's feelings of regret over the land he was giving up and the great enterprise he was destroying. He recalled these feelings with astonishment. Now he rejoiced in the task that awaited him, and even gloried a little in it involuntarily. From the windows of his room he could see the tennis court, which was now overgrown with chicory, and where, by order of the manager, the peasants were assembling.

It was not for nothing that the frogs had been croaking the night before. The weather was dreary. Since early morning a drizzly, windless, warm rain had been falling, hanging in heavy drops on leaves, boughs and grass blades. Through the window he scented not only the odor of foliage, but also the smell of the earth that was athirst for the rain. While dressing, Nekhliudov several times looked out of the window and watched the peasants assembling on the court. They arrived one after the other, doffed their hats and caps as they saluted one another, and stationed themselves in a semi-circle leaning upon their staffs. The superintendent—a clean-cut, muscular, robust young man, clad in a short jacket with a stiff green collar and enormous buttons, came to call Nekhliudov, saying that everybody had arrived, but that they

would gladly wait, while Nekhliudov had his breakfast tea or coffee,—either was ready and waiting for him.

"No, I'll come right out," said Nekhliudov experiencing a sudden attack of timidity and bashfulness at the thought of the impending conversation with the peasants.

He was on his way to realize that wish of the peasants, which they had never dared to hope to see realized. -to turn over the land to them at a low price, in other words, he was on his way to confer a benefit upon them, and yet he felt ashamed of something. When Nekhliudov came in sight, there was a baring of heads-fair, curly, bald and grey, and he was so embarrassed that for a long time he could not utter a sound. The rain kept drizzling down in tiny drops that found lodgment in the peasants' hair and beards, and in the woolen fringe of their coats. The peasants were watching the master and waiting for him to speak, and he was so confused that he could not bring out a word. The embarrassing pause was terminated by the German superintendent, who was cool and self-assured; he laid great store upon his thorough knowledge of the Russian peasant and spoke Russian perfectly. This robust overfed chap, (as also did Nekhliudov himself) presented a tremendous contrast with the haggard and wrinkle-faced peasants, whose emaciated shoulder-blades protruded from beneath their coats.

"The prince here is anxious to be good to you, to give you the land, only you are not worthy of his favor," said the superintendent.

"Why not worthy, Vasili Karlovitch*), haven't we worked for you? We were well content with her late



^{*)} Russian for "Wilhelm, son of Karl,"—according to the Russian custom of patronymic address.—Translator's note.

ladyship, God rest her soul, and the young prince, thank God, does not forget us either," commenced a red-haired peasant who appeared to be a fluent talker.

"I have called you together because I mean, if you so desire, to turn over to you the entire land," said Nekhliudov.

The peasants were silent as though failing to comprehend or to believe.

"Just how do you mean 'turn over the land to us'"? asked a middle-aged peasant clad in a sleeveless over-coat.

"Rent it to you so that you may have use of it at a low price."

"Finest thing in the world," said an old fellow.

"If it's only not too much for us," said another.

"Why shouldn't we take the land?"

"That's our regular work to make our living off the land."

"And it's better for you, too, sir, just collect your money, and save all the wrong that's going on now," some voices were heard saying.

"All the wrong is on your part," said the German. "If you only did your work right and kept order..."

"How can we, Vasili Karlytch?"*) said a sharpnosed emaciated old man. "You say, 'Here, what's this horse doing in the grain?" But who let it? I'm swinging the the scythe the livelong day, or doing something else, or may be I fall asleep staying all night in the field with the job, and the horse strays into the oats, and what do you do? You skin me alive."

"Why don't you keep proper order?"

"It's easy for you to say, 'Keep proper order,' only

^{*)} Colloquial for Karlovitch.

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we haven't got the strength to do it," replied a tall, swarthy middle-aged peasant who seemed to be all hair.

"Didn't I tell you to build fences?"

"And why don't you give us timber to do it?" interposed a little runt of a peasant. "I tried to put up a fence the other summer, and you stuck me in jail for three months to feed lice. That's what comes of putting up fences."

"What's that he's saying?" asked Nekhliudov of the superintendent.

"He's the first thief in the village," said the superintendent to him in German. "We've caught him every year in the forest. And you, you must learn to respect the property of other people," said the superintendent.

"Don't we respect you?" said an old man. "We've got to respect you, we're in your hands entirely, you can twist us into ropes."

"Don't worry, nobody can get the best of you, only don't you try to get the best of us."

"Get the best of you, indeed! Last year you smashed me in the mouth, and that was all there was to it. Fine chance to go to law with a rich man, that's plain to be seen."

"And you do what the law tells you."

There was apparently a rhetorical tournament in progress, in which neither side clearly realized what it was saying, nor why. Only one thing could be noticed,—on the one side resentment repressed by fear, and on the other side an attitude of superiority and authority. It was painful to Nekhliudov to listen to this, and he tried to return to the business on hand: to fix the rentals and the terms of payment.

"But how now about the land? Do you want it?

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And what price will you fix, if I give you the whole land."

"It's your merchandise, so it's up to you to fix a price."

Nekhliudov fixed a price. And as usual, although the price fixed by Nekhliudov was much lower than that which prevailed all around, the peasants commenced to haggle and found the price too high.

Nekhliudov had expected that his proposal would be hailed with joy, but no trace of satisfaction was to be noticed. Nekhliudov could conclude that the peasants found the proposition ad vantageous only from the fact that when they commenced to discuss who would take over the land, the whole peasant community, or an association, a bitter quarrel ensued: between those peasants who sought to exclude from participation men who were weak or were known as poor payers, on the one hand, and those whom it was suggested to exclude on the other. Finally, thanks to the superintendent, the price and the terms of payment were agreed upon, and Nekhliudov went to the office with the superintendent to draw up a plan of agreement.

Everything was arranged just as Nekhliudov had desired and expected. The peasants got their land at about thirty percent lower rental than was exacted in the district; Nekhliudov's revenue was cut down about fifty percent, but still amply sufficed for his needs, particularly taking into consideration the proceeds of the sale of timberland and the expected yield of the sale of the inventory. Everything seemed to be going on beautifully, but still Nekhliudov kept feeling a little ashamed of himself. He saw that the peasants, though some of them came up and expressed their thanks to him, were dissatisfied as though they had expected something more.

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It turned out that after having sacrificed much for the peasants he had failed to come up to their expectations.

The next day the agreement was signed, and accompanied by the elder peasants who had been chosen to see him off, Nekhliudov, with the disagreeable feeling of a task not fully accomplished, seated himself in the superintendent's swell three-span outfit described to him by the driver whom he had hired at the station, and drove over to the railway station after bidding farewell to the peasants who shook their heads with puzzled discontent. The peasants were dissatisfied. Nekhliudov was dissatisfied with himself. What had caused this feeling of dissatisfaction, he did not know, but he had all along felt somehow downcast and ashamed of something.

III.

From Kusminskoye Nekhliudov proceeded to the estate which he had inherited from his aunts, which was the one where he had met Katyusha. Here too he had intended to make the same arrangement about the land as in Kusminskoye; and he also meant to find out what he could about Katyusha and their child, whether it had really died and how. He arrived in Panovo early in the morning, and the first impression that struck him as he drove into the courtyard was the appearance of desolation and decay which characterized all structures and particularly the house. The iron roof that had once upon a time been green but had not been painted in years was ruddy with rust, and several sheets of roofing yawned upward, probably as the result of storms. The boards that covered the structure had been torn off in spots by people who had just helped themselves where a board could be easily detached by bending the rusting

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nails. The two porches, in the front and in the rear, the latter holding such memories for him, had rotted and crumbled, with only the cross-beams left. Some of the windows had lost their panes and were boarded up, and the wing in which the office clerk lived, and the kitchen and the stables were all decaying and damp. Only the garden alone had not fallen into decay, but had grown and filled and was now in full bloom; from behind the fence he could see as in clouds of white the blossoming cherry, apple and plum trees. The hedge of lilac bushes was in full bloom just as twelve years back, when he was playing tag with Katyusha behind it, and in stumbling was stung by nettles. The larch which Sophia Ivancvna had planted near the house and was no higher than a fence post when he first came, was a great tree now, fit to be cut up for planks, and was all covered up by the tender down of greenish-yellow needles. The river was well within its banks, gurgling in the sluices by the mill. On the meadow, across the river, grazed a motley herd of peasant cattle.

The clerk, who had studied at the seminary, but failed to finish the course, met Nekhliudov in the courtyard and was all smiles; still smiling he invited him into the office, and he carried this same smile with him (as though his smile bore the promise of some special treat) behind the partition; a little whispered conversation ensued here, followed by silence. The driver received his tip, and tinkling his harness bells, drove off, and all was still. Then a barefooted girl in an embroidered blouse, with rings of fluff in her ears, scurried by the window, followed by a peasant whose heavy hobnailed boots clattered over the beaten path.

Nekhliudov sat down at the window, looking into the garden and listening. Through the little paneled



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window, lightly moving the hair of his perspiring fore-head and the memoranda that he had placed on the window sill which was all mutilated by knife marks—came the bracing breeze of the spring and the odor of freshly plowed earth. From the river, came the rat-tap-tap of the village women's paddles beating against the wash, and this plashing noise spread over the sunlit dammed stretch of the river, followed by the measured sound of the water that came down from the mill, and a fly rushed past his ear with a frightened and penetrating buzz.

And suddenly Nekhliudov remembered that in the far long ago, when he still was young and innocent, he had heard the same plashing of the paddles upon the wet washagainst the measured rumble of the mill, and that the spring breeze then had likewise agitated the hair on his perspiring brow and sheets of paper on the knife-marked window sill, and a fly had breezed past his ear with the same frightened buzz, and he not only recalled himself as a lad of eighteen, but for an instant felt himself to be that same lad, with all the pristine freshness and purity, and with the future before him that was filled with most wonderful possibilities, and withal he knew, as happens in dreams, that it was all past and gone, and he was terribly disheartened.

"When will you be pleased to eat, sir?" asked the clerk with a smile.

"Any time, I am not hungry. I want to take a walk into the village."

"You might like to go into the house? Everything is in order inside. Just take a look, sir, though judging by the outside..."

"No, thank you, later, but tell me now, have you a

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woman here by the name of Matrena Kharina?" (This was Katyusha's aunt.)

"Yes, indeed. Down in the village, can't do a thing with her. She keeps a liquor dive. I know it, and show her up, and give her the dickens, but I hate to make a complaint against her, as she is an old woman with grandchildren," said the clerk with the same smile expressive at once of his readiness to please his master and his conviction that Nekhliudov understood everything as well as he.

"Where does she live? I have a mind to look her up."

"Towards the end of the settlement. Third hut from the far end. There's a brick cottage, and back of the trick cottage you'll find her hut. But I'd better show you the way," said the clerk with a happy smile.

"No, thank you, I'll find it myself, but you will please make it known to the peasants that I want to talk to them about the land," said Nekhliudov, resolved to finish here too with the peasants, just as he had in Kusminskoye, and if possible to get through with it before night.

IV.

Beyond the gates, on the hard trodden path that led across a pasture which was overgrown with buckthorn and bugwort, Nekhliudov met the peasant girl with the gaily colored apron and puffs in her ears, who was making rapid headway with her sturdy bare feet. She was now returning from her errand, and as she walked she swung her left hand across her path, while with her right she was hugging tightly to her bosom a red-feathered rooster. The rooster with his quivering comb of red



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seemed to be perfectly serene, and merely rolled his eyes; now and then he either stretched out or raised up high a swarthy leg catching the girl's apron with the spur. Nearing the lord of the manor, she first moderated her stride, slowing down from a canter to a walk, but when she came up to him, she stopped short, and flinging her head backward as a starter, she curtseyed a deep obeisance; when he had passed on, she continued on her way with the rooster. Coming down to the well, Nekhliudov met an old woman who was carrying two pails of water, filled to the brim, on a yoke that spanned the huddled back of her dirty unbleached shirt. The old woman carefully set down the pails on the ground, and bowed to him with the same preliminary backward fling of her head.

Back of the well commenced the village. It was a bright warm day, and in spite of the early hour of ten the sultriness was oppressive. The gathering clouds now and then veiled the sun from view. The village street was permeated with a strong and acrid but not wholly unpleasant odor of dung, which proceeded not only from the peasants' wagons that were climbing up-hill on the glassy well trodden highway, but also very largely from the dug-up piles of manure in the yards, past the open gates of which Nekhliudov was making his way. Back of the wagons that were climbing up-hill walked the peasants, barefoot, their leg wrappings and shirts soiled with the liquid of manure, and all paused to look around at the tall and stately lord of the manor who was wending his way up the village street, wearing a grey hat with a silk band glistening in the sunlight, and who with every other step touched the ground with his shining knotty cane, the handle of which sparkled in the sun. Peasants on their way back from the fields sat on the



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shaking seats of their empty carts, and lifting their hats, watched with surprise the progress of the unusual man who was walking along their street; women came out of the gates or on front porches, pointed him out to one another and followed him with their eyes.

At the gate of the fourth homestead Nekhliudov's progress was arrested by a dray which was closely packed with dung, with a little mat atop for a seat, and which was just making a squeaky exit out of the yard. A little lad about six years of age, all excited over the prospect of a ride, was walking behind the wagon. A young peasant who wore bast shoes and walked with a lengthy stride was leading the horse out of the gates.

A lanky-limbed bluish-grey colt had trotted out of the gate, but seeing Nekhliudov, balked in affright, pressing against the side of the wagon and knocking his legs against the wheels, and raced out ahead of its worried and softly neighing mother who was pulling the heavy vehicle through the gateway. The horse behind her was being led out by an agile and lean old peasant, who was barefoot, but wore a pair of striped leggins and a filthy long-tailed shirt, and whose angular shoulder blades stood out sharply in the back.

When the horses got out on the hard road, which was covered with little grey piles of dung that seemed to have been seared with fire, the old chap returned to the gates and bowed to Nekhliudov.

"Like as not you're our ladies' nephew, sir, ain't you?"

"Yes, yes."

"Welcome to you, sir. So you've come to look us up, hey?" talkatively commenced the old peasant.

"Yes, yes, well, how do you people live?" said Nekhliudov at a loss what to cay.

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"How do we live, eh? The worst kind of a life, sir," drawled the old man in a sing-song voice, as though finding much pleasure in his answer.

"And why is life so bad?" said Nekhliudov walking through the gate.

"What else can it be? The very worst kind of a life," said the old peasant following Nekhliudov to the grain shed which had been emptied down to the floor.

Nekhliudov followed him under cover.

"Look, I have twelve souls here," continued the old man pointing to a couple of women, who stood with hay forks in their hands on the uncleared bank of manure, their headcloths awry, all perspiring, while their rolled up skirts exposed their bare calves that were covered half way up with liquid manure. "Not a month passes, but I must buy a two-hundred weight, and where am I to get it?"

"Haven't you got enough of your own?"

"Enough of my own, indeed," said the old fellow with a contemptuous smile. "I have land enough for three souls only, and this year we've managed to get together eight ricks, and no more, and we coudn't pull through until Christmas."

"And how do you manage then?"

"Just like that. We hired one boy out, and we took a little money from you, sir, but that was all gone before Lent, and the taxes still unpaid."

"And what are your taxes?"

"Why from my homestead alone about seventeen roubles every four months. Such a life, Lord have mercy upon us, we don't know which way to turn."

"And may I come into your hut?" said Nekhliudov

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making his way across the little yard, passing from the shed on to saffron-yellow and highly odorous fresh patches of dung that had not yet been turned over by the forks.

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"Why not? Come in," said the old peasant and rapidly striding with his bare feet that squeezed the dung till it oozed between his toes, he caught up with Nekhliudov and opened for him the door that led into the hut.

The peasant women straightened the cloths on their heads, let down their skirts, and gazed with curious awe upon the well-groomed master with gold links in his cuffs, who was about to enter their abode.

Two little girls clad only in shirts scurried out of the hut. Nekhliudov took off his hat, stooped and entered into a small hallway and made his way into the filthy and crowded hut, which reeked with the sour odor of food. The hut contained also two looms. By the fireplace in the hut stood an old woman with sleeves rolled up over a pair of emaciated, vein-marked and sunburnt arms.

"Here's our master come to pay us a visit," said the cld man.

"That's very nice, welcome to you, sir," kindly replied the old woman as she let down her sleevs.

"I wanted to see how you live," said Nekhliudov.

"As to that, we just live as you see. The hut is trying to fall apart, and like as not will be somebody's death. But the old man says it will have to do. So we live like kings," said the alert old woman with a nervous shake of the head. "There I'm getting dinner together. I must feed the workers."

"And what have you got for dinner?"

"For dinner? Why, we have fine victuals—the first



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course, bread with kvas*), and the second course is kvas with bread," said the old woman exposing in her grin a set of half decayed teeth.

"Joking apart, show me what you will eat to-day."

"Eat?" laughed the old man. "Our eating is a simple matter. Show it to him, mother."

The old woman shook her head.

"Wants to see what we peasants eat, hey! You're a curious master, to look at you. Want to know everything! As I said, bread with kvas, and vegetable soup besides, the women folks brought home some roots last night, and so we have soup, and after that potatoes."

"And nothing more?"

"What else would you have? A little sour cream for the cabbage soup, and that's all," said the old woman laughing and looking at the door.

The door was open, and the hallway was full of people, little boys and girls and women with babes at their breast had crowded about the door to look at the tunny gentleman who was trying to learn what the peasants ate. The old woman evidently was quite proud of her ability to hold converse with gentry.

"Yes, poor, very poor, indeed, is our life, sir, it's no use talking," said the old man. "Where are you creeping?" he shouted at the throng in the hallway.

"Well, good-bye," said Nekhliudov with a sense of shame and embarrassment the cause of which he could not explain to himself.

"Thank you humbly for coming to see us," said the cld man.

^{*)} A home made drink prepared from bread and water by a process of fermentation, very nearly corresponding to cider in the household of Russian peasants.—Translator's note.

In the hallway the people crowding one another made a lane for him to pass through, and he went out into the street and continued on his way. Two barefoot boys followed him out of the hut: one, the elder, wore a filthy shirt that had once been white, the other was clad in a flimsy faded pink shirt. Nekhliudov turned around and looked at them.

"And where will you go now?" said the lad in the white shirt.

"To Matrena Kharina," he said "do you know her?"

The little lad in the pink shirt laughed for some reason, while the elder asked further questions.

"What Matrena is that? Is she an old'un?"

"Yes, she's an old woman."

"Oh," he replied with a drawl. "That's Semyon's widow, t'other end of the village. We'll take you there. What say, Fedka, let's take him there?"

"What about the horses?"

"Guess they'll be all right."

Fedka agreed, and the three proceeded up the village street.

V.

Nekhliudov found it easier to talk with the youngsters than with the adults, and as they walked he had quite a chat with them. The little fellow in the pink shirt had stopped laughing and talked now as sensibly and clearly as did his elder companion.

"Tell me, who's the poorest person in the village?" asked Nekhliudov.

"Who's poer? Mikhaila is poor, Seymon Makarov, he's poor, and Marfa, she's poor too."

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"But Anisia is still poorer. She even has no cow, she's going begging," said little Fedya.

"That's so, she's got no cow, but there's only three in her family, and Marfa has five," replied the elder.

"But Anisia's a widow woman," the pink boy stuck up for Anisia.

"You say Anisia's a widow woman, but Marfa is as good as a widow," continued the elder lad. "She's got no husband anyway."

"Where is her husband?" asked Nekhliudov.

"In prison, feeding lice," said the elder boy using an expression which is current among peasants.

"Last summer he cut down two birches in the master's woods, and they stuck him in jail," the pink-clad boy hastened to enlighten him. "He's sitting six months and his woman is begging for bread, with three children and the poor granny," he explained circumstantially.

"Where does she live?" inquired Nekhliudov.

"Right in this yard," answered the lad pointing to a hut in front of which stood a tiny flaxen-haired child. Hardly able to hold himself up on his crooked legs that were curving outward at the knees, he stood swaying unsteadily on the foot-path right in Nekhliudov's way.

"Vaska*), you scamp, where are you off to?" cried a woman who had run out of the hut in a filthy grey shirt that seemed to have lain among ashes. With a frightened expression she rushed in front of Nekhliudov and picking up her youngster bore him away into the hut, as though she feared that Nekhliudov would harm her babe.

It was the same woman whose husband was sitting

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^{*)} Diminutive for Vasili (Basil).—Translator's note.

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in jail for cutting down the birches in Nekhliudov's preserves.

"And this Matrena, is she poor?" asked Nekhliudov as they were nearing Matrena's cottage.

"How can she be poor? She sells liquor," decisively answered the slim little fellow in pink.

Arriving at Matrena's hut, Nekhliudov dismissed the boys and entered first a hallway and then the hut itself. The hut of old Matrena was fourteen square feet, so that a grown-up person could not stretch out in the bed which stood behind the fireplace. "On this bed," he mused, "Katyusha bore her child and lay ill." Almost the whole hut was taken up by a loom, which the old woman was trying to adjust with the aid of her eldest grandchild when Nekhliudov knocking his head against the low transom walked in on them. Back of this visitor two other grandchildren came running into the hut and stopped still in the doorway holding on to the door jambs with their hands.

"Who's wanted?" angrily inquired the old woman who was in bad humor because of some trouble with the loom. Besides being an underground liquor dealer she was afraid of all strange people.

"I'm the owner of the estate. I wanted to talk with you."

The old woman paused, took a good look at him, and all of a sudden her face was transformed:

"And is it really yourself, you darling? And I, like a fool, never knew you, thought 'twas some stranger passing by," she commenced to talk in a false sweet voice. "It's really your own self, my cleareyed eagle!"

"I should like to speak with you privately," said Nekhliudov with a glance at the wide open door through which he saw some children and back of them an emaci-

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ated woman holding in her arms an infant that was clad in rags, wasted to the bone, and very pale from illness, but was bravely smiling none the less.

"What's there to gape at? Wait till I get you, just hand me my crutch," the old woman scolded the crowd that had gathered in the doorway. "Shut the door, will you?"

The children disappeared and the woman with the infant shut the door.

"And here I was, wondering who it was who came, and all the time it's the master himself, my golden darling, my honey boy," said the old woman. "Not too roud to come here. Oh, you precious master. Sit down here, your Highness, right here on the window seat," she said wiping the window seat with the curtain. "And I think 'who, the devil, is coming here,' and it's His Highness himself, the good sweet master, our helper and comforter. Pardon me for an old fool—I'm getting blind."

Nekhliudov sat down, the old woman stood in front of him, holding her right hand to her cheek, and with her left clasping the pointed elbow of her right arm, and continued with her sing-song:

"But it's old you're getting, your Highness. In the clden days you was like a tender stalk, but look at you now! Cares, I daresay.."

"Well, I came to ask you about Katyusha Maslova, do you remember her?"

"Katerina? Of course I do, ain't she my niece? How could I forget her, oh the tears and tears I've shed for her! I knew everything. Who's without sin before God, without guilt before the Tsar? It's the work of youth, drinking tea and coffee together, and the devil tempting, he's got the power, and the sin is done. What

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can you do? And you didn't kick her out into the street, why you gave her rich reward, a cool hundred, didn't you? And what does she go and do? She would not listen to reason. If she'd only listened to me, she could have lived well. And though she's a niece of mine, I must tell the truth, she was a spoilt girl. Didn't I put her in a good place after that? And she wouldn't stay humble, she called her master names. Is it becoming to us to call our masters names? Well, they fired her, and

"I wanted to ask you about the child. She brought a child into the world in your house, didn't she? Where is the child?"

then she could have lived with the forester, and again

"As for the child, little father, I put a lot of thought on that.' She was in deep trouble, and it looked as if she might not pull through. I had the child properly christened and sent it to an asylum. Why let the little angel suffer, with the mother at death's door? Others leave the child about, forget to feed it, and the child passes away, but I thought I'd go to some trouble and send it to the asylum. We had some money, and so we had the child taken there."

"Did the child have a number?"

"It had a number, but it died right away. She told us that when she brought the child there, it died right there."

"Who was 'she'?"

she wouldn't."

"That same woman who lived in Skorodnoye. That was her business. Her name was Malania, she's dead now. A right smart woman she was. And this is what she used to do: they'd bring her a baby, she'd take it and keep it in the house and feed it. And she'd feed it, little father, until she was ready to take them to town. And



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as soon as she'd get three or four together, why then she'd take them all to the asylum. And she had it all fixed so clever—she had a cradle, a large double one, you know, and that's where she put the darlings. And the cradle had a handle, and so she put four of them together, with heads apart, so as not to hurt one another, and she'd stick nipples in their mouths, and they'd stay perfectly still, the little angels."

"Well, and what then?"

"When she took Katerina's baby, she kept it first for a couple of weeks, and he took sick in her house."

"And did the chilld look good?"

"A sweet child, you couldn't wish for a better one. The dead image of you," added the old woman winking an eye.

"And why did he take sick? Doubtless he was not properly fed?"

"As to that, what could you expect? Just a make believe. It wasn't her child, was it? All she cared for was to get it there alive. She said that she got the child as far as Moskow, and there it died straightaway. And she brought the certificate with her, everything in order. She was a smart woman."

And that was all that Nekhliudov could learn of his child.

ΥI.

Bumping his head once more against both doors, in the living room and in the halllway, Nekhliudov passed out into the street. The youngsters, the waxen-white and the pink, were waiting for him. A few others had joined them meanwhile. Waiting with them were several women with infants at their breasts, among them the haggard



woman who was lightly holding in her arms the anemic infant with a rag-cap on its head. This infant wore a perpetual grotesque smile on its senile face and kept up a constant convulsive movement with its long twisted fingers.

Nekhliudov saw that this was a smile of suffering. He inquired who this woman was.

"Why that's the same Anisia I told you about," said the elder lad.

Nekhliudov turned to Anisia.

"What do you live on?" he asked. "How do you support yourself?"

"What do I live on? I beg," said Anisia and burst into tears.

But the senile infant was all smiles now, twirling his legs that were as thin as angleworms.

Nekhliudov took out his pocketbook and gave the woman ten roubles.

He had hardly gone two steps, when he was overtaken by another woman with an infant, then by an elderly peasant woman, and by a younger woman again. They started all to tell him about their poverty and asked for help. Nekhliudov gave away the sum of sixty roubles which he had in small bills in his pocketbook, and oppressed by terrible anguish returned home, that is to the wing of the house which was occupied by the estate clerk.

The clerk met Nekhliudov with a smile and notified him that the peasants would assemble in the evening. Nekhliudov thanked him and without entering the house slipped into the garden walking upon paths that were now overgrown with weeds but were carpeted with a layer of white apple blossoms. He was meditating upon the things which he had seen.

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About the wing of the house at first all was still, but soon Nekhliudov heard from the clerk's living apartment the sound of two feminine voices interrupting one another in angry altercation, and alternating with them the soothing voice of the smiling estate clerk.

"I've no more strength left, why you're stealing the cross from off my neck"*) a resentful feminine voice was heard saying.

"She'd just that moment strayed in," another voice was saying. "Give her back, I tell you. What's the use of letting the poor beast suffer, and leaving the babies without milk?"

"Pay or work it off," replied the clerk in a calm voice.

Nekhliudov came out of the garden and walked over to the porch. Here he found two bedraggled peasant women, one of whom seemed to be on the eve of giving birth to a child. On the steps of the porch stood the clerk, with his hands stuck in the pockets of a linen duster. When they saw the master, the women subsided and began to adjust their slipping bandannas, while the clerk withdrew his hands from his pockets and began to smile.

The trouble was, as the clerk explained, that the peasants purposely allowed their calves and even their cows to stray on the estate meadows. Two cows belonging to these women had been caught in the meadows and impounded. The clerk was demanding from the women thirty kopeks a-piece, or two days service for each cow. But the women claimed that their cows had just strayed when they were caught, and that in the second place they had no money, and in the third place

^{*)} All Greek orthodox believers wear a small cross of gold or silver as the scapular is worn by Catholics.—Translator's note.

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they demanded, against their promise to furnish the service imposed upon them that the cows be returned to them immediately, for they had been standing all morning in the pound unfed and were lowing pitcously.

"Don't I always beg you in kindness," said the smiling clerk glancing back at Nekhliudov as though asking him to bear witness, "when you drive out your cattle to pasture, to have someone look after them?"

"I just ran down to look after the youngster, and they were gone."

"Don't go away if you undertake to tend the cattle."

"But who's to feed my baby? Will you give him the breast?"

"Why, if the cow had grazed in the meadows, she'd have no belly-ache now, but she only just that minute strayed in," said the other woman.

"They've ruined all the pastures," the clerk turned to Nekhliudov. "If they're not fined, we'll have no hay."

"Don't take any sin upon your soul," cried the woman who was with the child, "my cattle have never been caught before."

"They have this time, so pay up or work."

"All right, I'll work, but let the cow go, don't starve her," she cried resentfully. "Why, I have no peace night or day. Mother-in-law is sick. Husband is off on a rampage. I've got everything on my shoulders, and I've no more strength left. Hope you choke with the work you'll get out of me."

Nekhliudov asked the clerk to release the cows, and returned to the garden to conclude his meditations, but there was nothing left to mediate upon.

Everything was very plain to him now, so plain that he more and more marveled that others could fail to see it, that he himself had so long failed to see how clearly



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obvious it all was. The people were starving to death, they had learned to accept this slow starvation as a matter of course, they had evolved habits of life pecular to the process of extermination by starvation—the dying off of children, excessive toil for women, general lack of nourishment particularly in the case of the aged. And little by little the people reached such a state that they failed to see the full horror of it and to complain about it. And for this reason we have learned to fancy that this state is perfectly natural and is as it should be. It was clear to him now that the principal cause of the people's want-recognized and perpetually claimed by the people themselves—was in the landowners depriving them of land, that land whereby alone the people could support themselves. Yet it was perfectly obvious that young and old were starving to death for want of milk, and that there was lack of milk because of want of land for pasturage, for grain and for hay; it was perfectly clear that the entire misfortune of the people, or rather the paramount proximate cause of their misfortunes was in the fact that land from which they obtained their support was not in their own hands, but in the hands of persons who enjoyed the right to use that land while living by the toil of these same people. But the land, which is so needful to the people that they starve to death for want of it, is being tilled by these same people-driven to it by extreme need-so that the grain might be sold abroad, and that the landowners might buy hats, canes, pleasure vehicles, bronzes, etc. This was as clear to him now as the fact that if horses are herded in a corral where they have consumed all the grass underfoot, they must starve to death until they are given a chance to make use of some land where they can find nourishment. And this thought was horrible. It could not, it ought

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not to be. And means must be found to prevent this state of affairs, or at least not to participate in it. "And I shall surely find some means," he mused as he paced back and forth in the nearest avenue of birches. "They talk in scientific societies, in government institutions and in newspapers about the causes of the poverty of the people, about methods of uplift, and they never think of the one positive method which will surely uplift the people and which is to return to the people the land that was taken away from them." And he evidently recalled the basic principles of Henry George, and his one time devotion to them, and he marveled how he could have forgotten it all. "The land cannot form an object of ownership, it cannot be an object of purchase or sale, any more than the water, than the air, than the rays of the Everybody has an equal right to land and to all the privileges it gives to people." And he understood row why he had experienced a sense of shame when recalling his arrangement at Kusminskoye. He had been deceiving himself. Knowing that man has no right to own land, he had nevertheless usurped that right and made a gift to the peasants of a part of possessions to which he knew in the depths of his heart that he had no right. Now he intended to do differently and to deviate from his course at Kusminskove. And he outlined in his head a project which consisted in giving the land to the peasants on rental, and in recognizing the rental money as the property of the peasants themselves, so that they might pay this money and use it for taxes and for the needs of the community. This was a long way off from Single Tax: but it was the most feasible arrangement under the existing conditions. But the main thing was that he now renounced the use of the right of land ownership.



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When he entered the house, the clerk, smiling with particular cordiality, asked him to come in to dinner, and expressed the fear that the meal which his wife had prepared with the assistance of the young woman with fluff rings as a treat for him, might be overdone if he waited longer.

The table was covered with a cloth of unbleached fabric; an embroidered towel served for a serviette; on the table stood a soup tureen of old Saxon china, with a broken handle, containing potato soup that had been prepared with the same rooster who had recently been twitching each swarthy leg in turn, but had been since dissected and chopped into tiny pieces, to which the down was still adhering in spots. The soup was followed by some more rooster with singed hair trimmings, and little cheese pies with much butter and sugar. In spite of the indifferent tastiness of the repast, Nekhliudov ate his share, without paying attention to what he was eating, for he was engrossed by the thoughts that had dispelled that feeling of discouragement with which he had arrived in the village.

The clerk's wife kept peeping through the door while the awestricken girl with fluff rings was serving the meal, and the clerk himself, inordinately proud of his wife's skill, was smiling with increasing joy.

After the dinner Nekhliudov had some trouble to get his clerk to sit down, and in order to check himself up and also to express to a listener the thoughts that surged in his mind, he related to him his plan of turning over the land to the peasants, and asked his opinion on the subject.

The clerk smiled as though he had thought of the same thing a long while back and was very glad to hear

it all, but in reality he did not understand a thing, apparently not because of Nekhliudov's lack of clearness in expressing himself, but because it appeared from this plan that Nekhliudov was giving up his own advantage for the benefit of others; but the axiom that every man cared only for his own advantage had become so deeply rooted in the clerk's conviction that he supposed that he had failed to understand something, when Nekhliudov told him that all the income from the land would pass into a common fund of all the peasants.

"I see. Than you will draw interest from this fund?" he said all radiant with smiles.

"No. Understand me, I am giving up the land entirely."

"But you'll have no income?" he asked ceasing to smile now.

"That's just what I renounce."

The clerk heaved a deep sigh and then smiled again. Now he understood. He understood that Nekhliudov was not quite right in his head, and he immediately commenced to seek in Nekhliudov's plan of renouncing his land ownership a possibility of personal gain, and insisted on understanding the project in such a way as to share in the possibility of using the land that was being given away.

But when he realized that this was impossible, he was grieved, and ceased to take an interest in the plan, and continued to smile merely in order to be agreeable to his master. Seeing that the clerk did not understand him, Nekhliudov dismissed him, and sat down himself at the knife-marked and ink-stained desk and began to put down the details of his plan in writing.

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ing lindens, and mosquitoes came into the room in swarms and stung Nekhliudov. When he had finished his memorandum he also heard from the village the sounds of lowing herds, the creaking of the gates and the chatter of the peasants, who were gathering together, and he told the clerk that he did not care to have the peasants called to the office, but that he would go down to the village and look them up in the homestead where they assembled. Hurriedly finishing a glass af tea which the clerk had brought him, Nekhliudov started on his way to the village.

VII.

A hubbub was reigning in the crowd that had assembled in the courtyard of the village elder's homestead, but as Nekhliudov drew nigh, the hubbub subsided, and just as in Kusminskoye, the peasants doffed their hats one after the other. The peasants in this locality were very poorly clad as compared with the Kusminskoye peasants; the women, married and single, wore puffs in their ears, and the men were clad in bast shoes and long peasant coats. Some of them were even barefoot, and clad only in shirts, just as they had come from work.

Nekhliudov, with an effort, commenced his address by announcing to the peasants his intention of giving them the land altogether. The peasants remained silent, no change of expression taking place in their countenances.

"Because I consider," said Nekhliudov blushing, "that every person has the right to the use of land."

"Surely. That's so," were heard the voices of several peasants.



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Nekhliudov continued to talk how the income from the land should be divided among all, and therefore he proposed to them that they should take the land, paying for it a price fixed by themselves into a common fund which would remain at their own disposal. Here and there were heard approving and assenting voices, but the grave miens of the peasants grew more and more serious, and the eyes that had been fixed upon the master were lowered as though to show that his artifice had been understood by all, and that he could not fool anybody.

Nekhliudov had spoken with sufficient clearness, and the peasants were not dull of comprehension, but they did not understand him for the same reason that the clerk had not understood him. They were absolutely convinced that it was proper for every human being to look after his own advantage. With regard to the landowners, they knew by experience gained in many generations that the landowner always looked after his own interest to the detriment of the peasant. And so when the landowner called them together and offered them something new, it was doubtless done in order to deceive them still more artfully.

"Well then how much do you think we'll tax the land?" asked Nekhliudov.

"What have we to do with taxing it? We can't do it. The land is yours, and the power is yours," replied some men in the crowd.

"But you will use this money yourselves for the needs of the community."

"We can't do it, community's one thing, and this is another thing."

"But understand," said the clerk who had followed Nekhliudov to the meeting and tried to explain matters.



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"The prince is giving you this land for money, but the money is turned over to your own fund, to the community."

"We understand that very well," said a toothless and angry old fellow without raising his eyes. "It's to be like a bank, only we must pay up on time. We don't want this, because we are hard up anyway, and we might be ruined altogether."

"What's the use of this anyway? The old way is best," said some discontented and even plainly rude voices.

And they started to decline the proposition with particular vehemence when Nekhliudov mentioned that he would make up an agreement which he would sign and which they would have to sign also.

"Why sign? We've always worked without signing, and we'll keep on that way. And what's this for? We're unlearned people."

"No, we don't agree, because we're not used to this. Let it stay the way it was. Only make a change about the seeds," come from various directions.

To make a change about the seeds meant that under the present system the peasants had to supply their own seed for manorial seeding, and they begged that the estate should henceforth supply it.

"Then you decline to accept the land?" asked Nekhliudov turning to a middle aged barefoot peasant in a torn peasant coat, who stood with a radiant mien and held his ragged hat in his left hand in a queer formal manner, as do the soldiers when they are commanded to take off their hats.

"Yes, sir!" promptly replied the peasant, who had

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not yet worn off the hypnotizing effects of army drill and discipline.

"Then you have enough land?" asked Nekhliudov.

"By no manner of means, sir!" replied the ex-soldier woth an artificially merry air, carefully holding his ragged hat before him as though offering it to any one who cared to make use of it.

"But just the same, think over what I have told you," said Nekhliudov in surprise and repeated his proposition.

"Nothing for us to think over, just as we said, so it will be," resentfully replied the gloomy toothless old fellow.

"I will stay here another day, if you change your mind, let me know."

The peasants did not reply.

And failing to accomplish anything with them, Nekhliudov returned to the office.

"And I must report to you, Prince," said the clerk when they had returned, "that you'll never come to an agreement with them. They are a stubborn lot. When they get together at a meeting, they stick to one thing and refuse to budge They're always scared of something. Yet these same mujiks—take that grey-haired one, or the dark-haired one, for instance, who would not agree with you—they're smart peasants. When he comes to the office, and sits down for a drink of tea," smilingly continued the clerk, "and starts to talk, why he's got the mind of a cabinet minister, and he'll give you a right cpinion on everything. But at a meeting he's a different fellow altogether, and he is bound to stick to one thing."

"Then why not get together a few of the most sensible men in the village, and bring them here, and I will try to explain it all to them in detail?" said Nekhliudov.

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"That could be done," said the smiling clerk.

"Then please attend to this to-morrow."

"That can be done, sir," said the clerk, smiling still more joyously. "I'll get them together to-morrow."

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1 our scythes . "

"Pretty slick, hey?" remarked a swarthy mujik mounted on a well-fed mare, tugging at his shaggy never combed beard, to an elderly emaciated peasant in a ragged coat who was riding alongside of him and rattling with iron chains. They were on their way to a night job, to pasture their horses by the highways, and also in the estate forests by stealth. "'I'll give you the land for nothing, only sign here!' they've pulled the wool over cur eyes long enough. Nothing doing. Nowadays we know a thing or two of our own," he added, and stopped to call back a yearling colt that had strayed.

"Here, coltie, coltie," he cried as he stopped his mare and glanced back, but the colt was not behind him, having strayed aside into the meadows.

"Damn his eyes, he's strayed into the master's meadows," exclaimed the swarthy peasant with the shaggy beard, hearing from the dewy meadows, fragrant with the swamp, the noise of the strayed yearling as he neighingly pranced about in the pasture.

"I see the meadows are covered with weeds, we'll have to send the women next holiday to weed them out," said the emaciated peasant in the ragged coat. "Or we'll spoil our scythes."

"You just sign, he says," continued the peasant his criticism of the master's speech. "You just sign, and he will swallow you whole!"

"True enough," replied the old fellow. And they said no more.

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Nothing was heard but the sound of the horses' hoofs on the hard macadam.

VIII.

Returning home, Nekhliudov found in the office which had been prepared for him to pass the night in, a high bedstead with a feather mattress and two pillows, and a double red-bordered stiff quilt, closely and prettily stitched, evidently from the trousseau of the clerk's wife. The clerk offered Nekhliudov a supper made up of the remains of the dinner, and when Nekhliudov declined, he apologized for the poor entertainment and arrangements and withdrew, leaving Nekhliudov alone.

The adverse decision of the peasants failed to embarrass Nekhliudov. On the contrary, in spite of the fact that at Kusminskoye his offer had been accepted, and he had been showered with expressions of gratitude, and here he had met distrust and even hostility, he felt happy and serene. It was stuffy and dirty in the office. Nekh. liudov stepped out into the courtyard and started to proceed to the garden, but remembered that fateful night, the window in the maids' room and the rear porch, and the thought of visiting places that were desecrated by sinful associations was repugnant to him. He sat down on the porch and breathed in the bracing odor of young birch leaves that filled the air with its fragrance and listened to the mill, to the nightingales and to some other bird that was whistling a monotonous tune hard by the porch. The lights in the window of the clerk's apartment went out; in the East, back of the shed, glowed the radiance of the rising moon; flashes of distant lightning began to throw an increasingly lurid light over the luxuriantly blooming garden and the decaying mansion;



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the dull noise of distant thunder was heard, and a dense black cloud covered a full third of the sky. The nightingales and that other bird had ceased their songs. Through the noise of the mill came the cackling of geese, and then the early cocks in the village and in the clerk's yard began to interchange their calls, as they are apt to do before their time when the nights are hot and a storm is brewing. There's a proverb among the peasants that the early roosters mean a merry night. This night was more than merry for Nekhliudov. It was joyous and happy. The magic of his fancy restored before him that happy summer which he had passed here as an innocent youth and he felt himself once more as he had been then and as he also had been in all the later noble moments of his life. He not only recalled himself, but he even felt himself again as he was in the days, when, a lad of fourteen, he had prayed to God to reveal His truth to him, when he had wept as a child at his mother's knee, bidding her adieu, and promising to remain always good and not to grieve her, and he felt himself again as he was when with his childhood chum Nikolenka Irtenev he had made the resolution that they would always support one another in good living and in trying to make all people happy.

He remembered now the voice of the tempter in Kusminskoye, when he began to regret the house, and the forest and the estate and the land, and he asked himself again whether he regretted it all. And now he thought it odd that he ever could have felt a regret. And he remembered all that he had seen that day: the woman with children, whose husband had been put in prison for chopping wood in his own, Nekhliudov's, forest preserves, and that horrible Matrena who believed, or at least spoke as though she believed that the women of her class must submit to being the mistresses of the gentry; he remem-

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hered her attitude to the children, the practice of taking the babies to the foundling asylum, and that illfated infant in the ragged cap and with the senile smile who was dying for want of nourishment; he also recalled that frail little woman facing childbirth who was forced to labor for him, because, worn out with her toil, she had failed to watch the cow that had nothing to eat; and again he remembered the prison, the shaven heads, the cells, the loathsome stench, the chains—and side by side with all that the frenzied extravagance of his life, of the life in the city and in the capital, of the life of the gentry in general. And all things were clear and free from doubt.

The radiant moon had risen almost in its fulness over the shed, black shadows fell across the court yard, and the roofing sheets atop the decaying mansion were gleaming in the moonlight.

And as though anxious not to pass this radiance unheralded, the nightingale in the garden that had lapsed into silence resumed its pipe and trill.

Nekhliudov remembered how in Kusminskoye he had started to ruminate over his life, to solve its problems, what and how he would do, and he also remembered that he had become all tangled up in these problems and could not solve them because of the innumerable things to be considered with each problem. And having propounded to himself all these questions once more, he was now surprised to find all so simple of solution. And now they proved simple only because he no longer worried what would become of him—this did not even interest him now—but he thought merely of what he ought to do. And strangely enough, he could in no way decide what he ought to do for himself, but he knew beyond a doubt what he ought to do for others. He now knew beyond a doubt that the land ougt to be given to the peasants,

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because it was evil to retain it. He knew beyond a doubt that he must not leave Katyusha, that he must help her, that he must be ready to do anything in order to atone for his sin before her. He knew beyond a doubt that he had to investigate, to study, to become conversant with, to comprehend all this business of courts and punishments which he saw in so different a light as compared with other people. What would come of it, he did not know, but he knew beyond a doubt that his duty was to attend to the one, to the other and to the third. And he rejoiced in the firmness of his convictions.

Meanwhile the black cloud had overcast the whole sky, and the distant flashing was succeeded by strokes of lightning which illuminated the whole courtyard and the crumbling mansion with the dilapidated porches; and the peals of thunder crashed right over his head. The birds were all silent but the leaves were now rustling, and the wind reaching the porch where Nekhliudov was sitting stirred his locks. He felt the first drop, then annother, then the rain beat a tattoo on the spouting and on the roof, and the whole air was aglow with flashes; then sudden silence again, and Nekhliudov barely had time to count to three, when something over his head seemed to rend with a terrifying crash, angrily rolling all along the sky.

Nekhliudov went into the house.

"True, true," he thought. "That which is being done with our life, and the sense of it all is incomprehensible and must remain incomprehensible to me. Why these aunts? Why did Nikolenka Irtenev have to die, and I remain living? And why Katyusha? And my madness? Why the war? And why my dissolute life that followed? To comprehend it all, to comprehend all the works of the Master is not in my power. But to do

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His will, as written down in my conscience, that is within my power and that I know beyond doubt. And when I do it, I am beyond doubt at peace."

The rain was coming down in torrents, running off the roof and dropping gurglingly into the barrel under the gutter spout; but the lightning lighted up the court yard and the mansion less and less often. Nekhliudov returned to his bedchamber and lay down on the bed. not without some misgivings as to bedbugs, whose presence he had suspected from the torn and filthy papering of the wall.

"Yes, that's it, to feel myself the servant, and not the master," he thought and rejoiced over the thought.

His forebodings proved justified. The moment he had put out the candle, he was beset by stinging insects.

"To give up the land, to go to Siberia, facing fleas, bedbugs, filth. Well, if I must bear this, I'll bear it." But in spite of every desire to bear it, he could not do it, and he sat down by the open window and admiringly watched the vanishing clouds and the returning moon.

IX.

It was towards morning when Nekhliudov fell asleep, and he awoke late the next day.

Towards noon seven picked peasants who had been invited by the clerk entered the apple orchard and gathered under the apple trees, where the clerk had arranged a table and several benches over posts driven into the ground. After some persuasion the peasants were induced to put on their hats and to sit down on the benches.

With particular obstinacy the ex-soldier insisted on holding his torn hat before him, in accordance with the

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regulations for funeral services: this time he was dressed in clean leggings and bast shoes.

Finally a broad-shouldered old man of venerable appearance, whose grey beard curled like the beard of Michael Angelo's Moses, and whose bare tawny sunburnt forehead was surrounded by a dense crown of grey curling hair, put on his heavy cap, and lifting up the foids of his homespun lengthy peasant coat climbed over a bench and sat down, and the rest followed his example. When everybody was seated, Nekhliudov took his seat facing them and leaning with his elbow on the table over the paper on which he had jetted down the details of his plan, he began to explain it.

Whether it was because there were fewer peasants before him ,or because his mind was now on the business he had on hand and not on self, Nekhliudov this time experienced no sensation of embarrassment. Instinctively he addressed himself with preference to the broad-shouldered sage with the white curling beard, as though expecting his approval or objections. But Nekhliudov's idea of this sage was a mistaken one. The venerable old chap, indeed, nodded his handsome patriarchal head with approbation, or shook it with a frown, when others voiced objections, but it was evident that he found it difficult to understand what Nekhliudov was saying, and comprehended it only after the other peasants had put these remarks into their own words. Nekhliudov's words were much better understood by the old fellow's neighbor, a wizened, crosseyed and almost beardless old peasant, who was attired in a patched up Nankin sleeveless coat and in boots that were worn down on one side. This fellow was an oven builder, as Nekhliudov later learned. The oven builder was moving his eyebrows back and forth, making an effort to follow Nekhliudov's words



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with intense attention, and immediately interpreted them to others in his own language. Equally quick of comprehension proved an undersized, stockily built old man with a white beard and a pair of very intelligent eyes, who availed himself of every opportunity to interlard Nekhliudov's words with jocular remarks, and evidently was quite proud of his accomplishment. The ex-soldier could have also understood Nekhliudov, but for the stupefying effect of military service and for his aptness to become entangled in his habit of senselessly militaristic methods of speech.

Most serious of all, and most to the point, proved a long-nosed tall peasant, with a little beard, clad in a clean homespun suit and in new bast shoes, who spoke in a heavy bass voice. This man understood everything and spoke only when it was necessary. The other two cld men,—one being the same toothless chap who had so resolutely rejected all cf Nekhliudov's proposals, and the other, a tall, pale, lame old man with a kindy face, whose legs were attired in tightly wrapped white leggings and peasant boots,—both listened attentively but made hardly any remarks.

Nekhliudov first of all expressed his own view of land ownership.

"In my opinion," he said, "land must neither be bought nor sold, for if it is sold, then those who have noney can buy it all up, and then they are in a position to demand at will from those who have no land, taking money for the right to use land.

"That's right," said the long-nosed peasant in his deep bass.

"Ouite right, sir," said the ex-soldier.

"A woman picks a handful of grass for the cow, gets



caught, and off she goes to jail," said the modest good-natured fellow.

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"Our own land is five versts away, and there's no way of hiring land nearer by, the price is so high, it can't be done," added the angry toothless old peasant.

"They twist us into ropes at will, it's worse than being serfs," asseverated the angry fellow.

"I think just as you do," said Nekhliudov, "and I consider it a sin to own land. And that's why I give it to you.".

"Why, that's a good work," said the old man with the curls of Moses, evidently understanding that Nekhliudov intended to hire it out.

"And that's why I came, I don't want to own land any more, and we must discuss now how to get rid of it."

"Just give it to the peasants, and there's an end to it," said the angry toothless fellow.

Nekhliuodv was taken back for a moment as though sensing in this remark a doubt as to the sincerity of his intention. But he immediately regained his composure and used this remark in order to tell them what was on his mind.

"I would gladly give it away," he said, "but how and to whom? To what peasants? Why to your community and not to the Deminskoye village?" (It was a neighboring village with a very niggardly allotment of land.)

All were silent. Only the ex-soldier again blurted out his: "Quite so, sir."

"Very well then," said Nekhliudov, "you tell me, as to giving the land away to the peasants, how would you go about it?"

"How we'd go about it? We'd divide it all by the

number of souls, share and share alike," said the oven builder swiftly raising and lowering his eyebrows.

"How else would you? Divide it by the number of souls," supported him the lame old fellow in white leggings.

Everybody supported this decision, considering it satisfactory.

"Just what do you mean by the number of souls?" inquired Nekhliudov. "Give a share to every person in each homestead?"

"By no manner of means, sir!" the ex-soldier started to say, trying to assume in his face an expression of merry alertness. But the prudent tall peasant did not agree with him.

"If you divide, divide share and share alike for all," he replied in his deep bass voice after a little thought.

"Can't be done," said Nekhliudov having prepared his objection in advance. "If the land is shared out alike, those who do not do their own work, who do not themselves till the soil, will take their shares and will sell them to the rich. And again the rich will accumulate the land. And those who stick to their shares, when their families multiply, will find the land all gone again. And again the rich will get under their dominion those who have need of the land."

"Quite so, sir!" hastily concurred the ex-soldier.

"Forbid to sell the land, excepting to those who do their own plowing," said the oven builder angrily interrupting the soldier.

To this Nekhliudov replied that it would be difficult to watch whether a man plowed for himself or for another.

Then the tall sensible peasant proposed an arrangement to plow as a community. "And those who do the

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plowing will share. And those who don't plow, would get nothing," he concluded with his determined bass voice.

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Nekhliudov had his arguments ready also against this communistic project. He interposed the objection that under such an arrangement everyone would have to own his plow, and the horses would have to be alike in strength, so that one would not lag behind the other, and that all the plows, and the horses, and the threshers, and the entire outfit, would have to be common property, and in order to bring this about, all the people must be of one accord.

"And our people will never be of one mind," said the angry peasant.

"There would be one everlasting fight," said the old man with the white beard and the laughing eyes.

"Then again, how would you divide the land as to quality?" said Nekhliudov. "Why black loam to one, and clay and sand to others?"

"Why not cut it up in parcels so that all get an equal share?"

To this Nekhliudov objected that it was not the case of dividing land in one community only but of dividing land in general, which may be located in several provinces. If the land is given to the peasants freely, why should some own good land and others poor land? Everybody will want the good land.

"Quite so, sir!" remarked the soldier.

The others were silent.

"So you see it is not as simple a matter as you have thought," said Nekhliudov. "And we are not the only ones who have thought over the matter. Many people have given much thought to it. And so an American,



whose name is George, he found a way out. And I agree with him."

"Well, you're the master, you do the giving, as you please. It's your will," said the angry peasant.

This interruption embarrassed Nekhliudov, but to his pleasant surprise he noticed that he was not the only one displeased with it.

"You just wait, uncle Semyon, let him tell us," interposed the sensible looking peasant with an impressive bass.

This encouraged Nekhliudov and he began to explain them the single tax proposal according to Henry George. "The land is no man's, it is God's," he commenced.

"That's so, that's true," several voices agreed in unison.

"All the land is common. Everyone has an equal right to it. But some land is better than other. every man desires to take the best. How then arrange it so as to make things equal? Why, let him who will own good land, pay to those who do not own land the amount of its value," Nekhliudov replied to his own question. "But since it is difficult to determine who is to pay and to whom, and since it is necessary to collect money for public uses, it must be arranged so that he who owns land should pay to the community, for its various needs, as much as his land is worth. Then all will be equal. Would you own land? Then pay more for good land, less for poor land. And in case you do not care to own land, pay nothing at all. And in your place those will pay taxes for public needs who own the land."

"That's proper," replied the oven builder shifting his eyebrows, "whose land is better, let him pay more."

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"He had a good head on his shoulders, that man George," said the impressive old peasant with the curls.

"If only the payment is in reason," said the tall fellow with the bass, evidently foreseeing what the conversation would lead up to.

"And payment must be neither too high nor too low. If it be too high, they will fail to come up to time, there will be losses, and if too low they will commence buying one from another, will begin to deal in land. And this plan is exactly the one I intended to introduce here."

"That's true, that's correct. Why, that's not bad!" said the peasants.

"What a head, that George," repeated the old man with curls.

"A right smart idea that of his."

"Well, and if I should want some land?" asked the clerk with a smile.

"If there is an unclaimed parcel, take it and work it," replied Nekhliudov.

"What would you want with it? You're well fed anyway," replied the old man with the laughing eyes.

And at this point the meeting was terminated.

Nekhliudov again repeated his proposition, but he did not insist on an immediate answer, advising them to talk it over with the community and to give him an answer. The peasants told him that they would talk it over with the community and would give him an answer, and bidding him farewell, they left in a highly stimulated condition. Their loud departing talk was heard for a long time from the highway, and re-echoed along the river as far as the village.

The next day the peasants did not go to work but discussed the master's proposition. The community was

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divided into two camps,—one considered the master's proposal advantageous and profitable, another saw in it a trap the substance of which they could not understand, but which they therefore particularly feared. the third day they all agreed to accept the proposition and came to Nekhliudov to announce to him the conclusion of the community. A decisive effect upon the acceptance of this agreement was the influence of an old reasant woman, whose report was received by the elder ones among them, and banished the suspicions of any ulterior motive on the part of the master, her explanation being that the master was worried about his soul and was acting in this way in order to save himself. This explanation was supported by the generous gifts of money which Nekhliudov had distributed during his sojourn at Panovo. But the money gifts which Nekhliudov distributed there had been due to the fact that he had for the first time learned that degree of abject poverty and of wretchedness of life to which the peasants had sunk, and while he realized that it was irrational, he could not refuse to give them some of that money of which he now had such an abundance, having collected for the timber sold the year before at Kusminskoye and received earnest money to apply on the purchase price of the inventory.

As soon as they learned that the master was giving money to those who applied, crowds of people from all around the district began to flock to him importuning him for help. He was utterly at a loss what to do with them, by what considerations to be guided in solving the question how much and to whom to give. He felt that it was impossible to refuse to give to those who begged, and who were obviously very poor, but to give at haphazard to those who begged had no sense.

On the last day of his sojourn at Panovo, Nekhliu-

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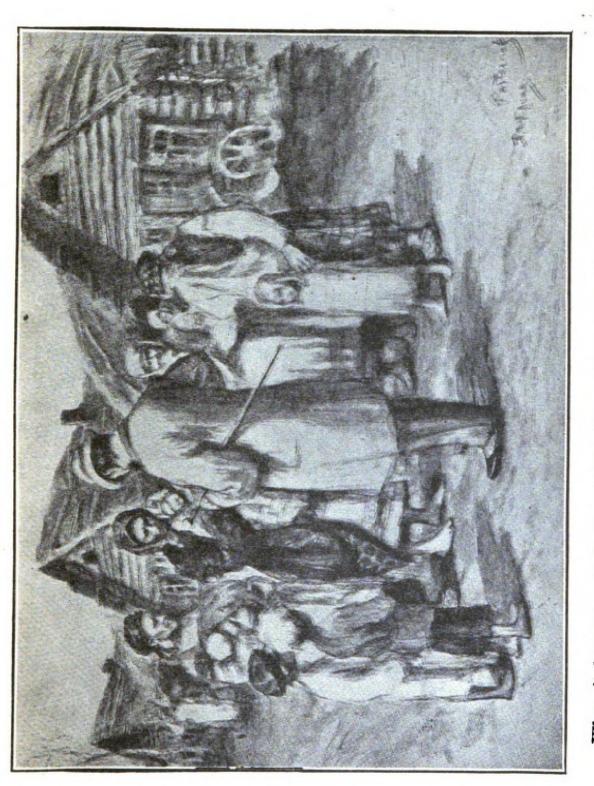
dov entered the house and busied himself by looking over the things that had remained there. While rummaging among them, he found in the lowest drawer of a bulging mahogany chiffonier with brass pulls in the shape of lion heads with rings, the property of his aunts, a mass of correspondence and among the letters a photograph representing the following group: Sophia Ivanovna, Maria Ivanovna, himself as college student and Katyusha, pure, fresh, happy and joyful. Of all the articles that were in the house, Nekhliudov took only the letters and this picture. Everything else he left to the miller, who through the mediation of the clerk had purchased for a mere tenth of its value the whole Panovo mansion—to tear down and cart away, and all of the furniture.

Remembering the feeling of regret which had overcome him at Kusminskoye at the thought of loss of property, Nekhliudov marveled how he could have experienced such a feeling; now he felt in it an unceasing joy of deliverance and novelty like a traveler in discovering unexplored regions.

X.

This time the city produced upon him on his return a peculiarly strange and novel impression. He had arrived in the evening, when the street lamps were lighted, and so drove from the station to his residence. The odor of naphtha still clung to every room, and Agrafena Petrovna with Horney felt worn out and out of sorts, and had even quarreled, because of the spring cleaning of the articles the sole purpose of which seemed to consist in being hung up, dried and put away again. Nekhliudov's appartment was not occupied, but neither had it





When it became noised abroad that the master was in the habit of giving money to those who asked, many people from the vicinity, principally women, came to him for assistance. Page 59.

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been put in order, and it was difficult to reach on account of the trunks that were scattered about the halls, so that Nekhliudov's arrival seemed to have interfered with the doings that were going on in his residence by sheer law of inertia. All this so disagreeably impressed Nekhliudov with obvious absurdity in which he once used to participate—after the experience of the poverty in the villages—that he decided to move next day to the hotel, leaving Agrafena Petrovna to put away the things as she saw fit, until the arrival of his sister, who was to make a final disposition of everything that was in the house.

In the morning Nekhliudov left the house, and selected a two room suite in the first somewhat filthy and very modest furnished room house he ran across near the prison, and having arranged to have the things which he had selected taken to his new abode, he proceeded to look up his lawyer.

The weather was chilly. The storms and the rain were followed by a season of cold that generally sets in during the spring. It was so cold, and the wind was so penetrating that Nekhliudov was shivering in his light overcoat and he walked fast in his endeavor to warm himself.

His memory resurrected the types of the village dwellers, the women, the children and the old folks, their poverty and troubles, which he had seen as though for the first time, and particularly the smiling senile infant twisting his calfless legs, and he involuntarily compared them with the types he met in the city. Passing by the meat and fish and furnishing shops, he was struck, as though seeing it for the first time, by the well-nourished appearance of the shopkeepers, cleanly and portly people, the like of whom was not to be found in any of the vil-

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lages. These people were evidently convinced that their endeavors to deceive persons who knew nothing of their wares, constituted a useful and not an idle pursuit. Just as well fed appeared the coachmen with their enormous padded posteriors and big-buttoned backs, and again the porters with gold-striped caps, and the servant girls in aprons and puffs, and particularly the drivers of de luxe hansoms, with shaved necks, seated haughtily on their boxes and looking down contemptuously and dissolutely upon passers-by. He involuntarily saw in all these people the same men and women from the villages who had been deprived of land and because of this robbery forced to flock into the city. Some of them succeeded in making use of city conditions and became as the gentry and were glad of their condition, others had fallen here into worse conditions than they had lived under in the village and seemed still more pitiful. So pitiful for instance seemed to Nekhliudov the cobblers whom he found working in the window of a basement: and even so were the haggard, pale and disheveled laundresses ironing the wash with bared and skinny arms from behind opened windows which exuded soapy vapors. And even so pitiful seemed to him a couple of painters in aprons and slippers over sockless feet, covered with paint from head to foot, whom he met in the street. Their sleeves were rolled up above their clbows and they carried a bucket of paint in their sunburnt, veinmarked nerveless hands, and they never ceased cursing. Their faces were worn and angry. And so were the faces of the dust-begrimed swarthy drivers of heavy drays who were riding on their shaky rattling vehicles. And the same again were the expressions of the men, women and children who stood on street corners begging alms. And the same faces were seen in the liquor shops through the opened windows, where Nekhliudov passed by. Perspiring, red-

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faced people, with stupefied expressions, sat shouting and singing around filthy tables that were covered with tea things and with bottles, while white-clad waiters scurried back and forth with a swinging gait. One in particular he noticed sitting by the window, with raised eye brows and stretched out lips, staring straight ahead as though trying to remember something.

"And what on earth has brought them all together to this place?" wondered Nekhliudov breathing in with the dust that was borne by a gust of chill wind the ubiquitous odor of rancid oil from fresh paint.

In one of the streets he ran into a string of drays that were hauling loads of iron and were making such a terrible racket upon the rough roadway that his head and ears began to throb with pain. He increased his stride in order to overtake the drays, when through the clanging of iron he heard someone call out his name. He stopped and saw a short distance ahead a military person with pointed waxed mustache and a radiant and sleek face, who was seated in a de luxe cab, waving a cordial salute, while a smile exposed a set of flashing white teeth.

"Nekhliudov! Is it really you?"

Nekhliudov's first sensation was that of delight.

"Ah, Shenbock!" he joyfully exclaimed, but he immediately realized that there was no ground for rejoicing.

It was the same Shenbock who had stopped off at his aunts' on that memorable occasion. Nekhliudov had long since lost sight of him, and only heard from time to time that he was head over heels in debt, had left the regiment, but remained in some way attached to the cavalry and somehow managed to subsist in a mysterious way in the world of the wealthy. His happy and contented air seemed to confirm this.

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"Delighted to have run across you. Why there isn't a soul in town, but, Lord, how you've aged," he said alighting from the cab and straightening out his shoulders. "I only knew you by your walk. Well, what do you say, do we eat together? Where do they serve the best meal in this town?"

"I don't know whether I'll have time," said Nekhliudov, thinking only how best to get rid of his former comrade without insulting him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"On business, old chap. A guardianship matter. Why, I'm legal guardian, you know, in charge of Samanov's affairs. The rich fellow, you know. He's rats in the garret and owns fifty four thousand dessyatin of land," he said with much pride, as though he had created all this vast acreage himself, "and his affairs were dreadfully entangled. The peasants had the whole land. They did not pay a red copper, and were over eighty thousand roubles in arrears. I changed it all inside of a year and increased the ward's estate seventy percent." What do you think of that, hey?" he proudly asked.

Nekhliudov recalled the rumor that this same Shenbock for the very reason that he had dissipated his own fortune and piled up debts beyond his ability of ever repaying, was appointed, through some mysterious influence, guardian over the estate of an aged millionaire who had been going through his wealth at a rapid pace, and that now he was evidently living on the proceeds of his guardianship.

"How can I get rid of him without hurting his feelings?" wondered Nekhliudov watching his shining sleek face with the waxed mustache and listening to his good-

natured comradely chatter about places that served good meals and to his boasts about the cleverly managed guardianship.

"Well, where do we eat then?"

"Why, I have no time," said Nekhliudov looking at his watch.

"Well, I tell you what. There are races this afternoon. Will you go?"

"No, I shan't go to the races."

"Drop in anyway. I haven't a stable of my own any more. But I'm backing Grishin's string. You remember him? He has an excellent stable. Then you drop in at the races and we'll dine together."

"I won't be able even to take dinner with you," said Nekhliudov with a smile.

"What's all this? Where are you bound for now? If you say so, I'll drop you off where you want to go."

"I'm on my way to a lawyer and he lives just around the corner," said Nekhliudov.

"I hear you are in some way mixed up with prisons. You've become a prison spokesman, eh? That's what the Kortchagins told me," said Shenbock with a laugh. "They're gone too. What is it all about? Tell me."

"Yes, it's all true," said Nekhliudov, "but how can I talk about it in the street?"

"Just so, just so, and you've always been eccentric. So you'll be at the races?"

"No, no, I can't and I don't care about them. Don't feel angry, please."

"Feel angry, indeed, nonsense! Where are you stopping?" he asked, and his face assumed a serious expression, with eyes unmoved and eyebrows raised. He was evidently trying to remember something, and Nekhliudov observed in him the same stupid expression as in the

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face of the man with the raised eyebrows and the bulging lips whose appearance he had noted a few minutes before in the restaurant window.

"What a terrible cold, eh?"

"Yes, yes."

"You have the bundles?" Shenbock turned to the cabman.

"Well, good-bye then, I am very, very glad to have come across you," he said shaking Nekhliudov's hand with vigor, leaped into the cab, waved his broad hand in a new white chamois glove before his glossy face and smiled his accustomed smile that revealed his remarkably white teeth.

"Can it be that I once was like him?" thought Nekhliudov as he continued on his way to the lawyer. "Yes, though never quite like him, but I tried to be like him and thought that I would live my whole life like that."

XI.

The lawyer received Nekhliudov ahead of his turn and immediately went into a discussion of the Menshov case which he had studied. The baselessness of the accusation had aroused his indignation.

"This is an outrage," he said, "it is very likely that the property owner himself had set fire to the place in order to obtain the insurance money, but the main thing is that Menshov's guilt is absolutely unproved. There is no evidence whatever. It was a case of overzeal on the part of the examining magistrate and negligence on the part of the assistant prosecutor. If the case is only heard here, and not in the province, I can guarantee to win the case and will not accept any fee. As to the other case, here is a petition to the Throne in behalf of Feodo-

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sia Biriukova, take it. When you go to St. Petersburg, take it along, file it yourself, and ask about it. Otherwise they'll send it back for inquiry and report, and nothing will come out of it. But you must try to reach some persons who have influence in the Commission for Petitions. Well, is that all now?"

"No, I have letters here..."

"I see you've become the funnel, the spout, as it were, through which all the complaints of the prison are poured," said the lawyer with a smile. "There's a great deal of that, it will overtax your strength."

"No, but it's really a striking case," said Nekhliudov and told him briefly the substance of the case which consisted of the following facts: A peasant in the country who knew his alphabet began to read the Gospel and to interpret it to his friends. The clergy construed this into a crime. He was denounced, the examining magistrate questioned him, the assistant prosecutor formulated an indictment, and the court confirmed the accusation.

"Why this is something awful," said Nekhliudov. "Can this be the truth?"

"What is it that surprises you so?"

"Everything. I can understand the police officer who must do as he is told. But the assistant prosecutor who formulated the charges, he is a man of education..."

"That's where you make your mistake. We have accustomed ourselves to think that the prosecutors and the judiciary in general are some new type of men with liberal ideas. They might have been such to begin with, but they are a very different set now. These officials worry only about the twentieth day of the month (pay day). They receive a salary, and they hope for an in-

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crease, and that is the limit of their principles. They will indict, try and convict anybody you please."

"But are there really laws according to which a man may be sent into exile for reading the Gospel in company with others?"

"He cannot only be sent into exile, with settlement in less remote region of Siberia, but even sentenced to hard labor, if it can be proved that in reading the Gospel he allowed himself to interpret it differently from the approved interpretation, and in doing so criticised the interpretation of the church. This is public blasphemy of the Orthodox church, punishable by exile to Siberia for settlement, in accordance with article 196."

"It cannot be."

"I am telling you. I always say to the gentlemen of the judiciary," continued the lawyer, "that I can never behold them without experiencing a sense of gratitude, for if I stay out of prison, or you too, for that matter, with all the rest of us, then it is merely due to their graciousness. It is the easiest matter in the world to have every one of us deprived of our civil rights and exiled to less remote regions of Siberia."

"But if this is so, and everything depends upon the prosecutor, and upon persons who may or may not apply the law at their will, what is the use of courts?"

The lawyer laughed out loud with amusement. "Listen to the questions he asks! Why, my good sir, this is philosophy. Why, it's something that may be discussed. Come over Saturday to the house. You will find here scientists, literary men and artists. We can talk over general subjects at that time," said the lawyer with ironical pathos as he pronounced the words "gen-



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eral subjects." "Are you acquainted with my wife? Do come."

"All right, I'll try," said Nekhliudov, feeling that he was telling an untruth, for he knew that if he did try, it would be only to avoid being at the lawyer's in the evening, in the midst of scientists, literary people and artists. The laughter of the lawyer in response to Nekhliudov's remark that courts had no meaning if judiciary officials could either apply or not apply the law as they pleased; his tone in using the words "philosophy" and "general subjects" showed to Nekhliudov how utterly different were his views of these matters from those of the lawyer, and probably of the lawyer's friends, and notwithstanding the remoteness which he felt now from such one time friends as Shenbock, Nekhliudov sensed a still greater chasm between himself and the lawyer and the people of his sphere.

XII.

It was a long way to the prison, and it was getting late, and Nekhliudov took a cab and drove there. Passing through one of the streets on the way there, the cabby, a middle-aged man with a bright and good-natured countenance, turned back to Nekhliudov and pointed to an immense edifice in the course of erection.

"Look at the size of that building," he said, with the air of being partly responsible for the structure and with a show of personal pride.

It was indeed a vast structure, laid out in a complicated and unusual style of architecture. A substantial scaffolding of huge pine timbers, held together with iron braces, surrounded the frame of the building and sep-



arated it from the street by a wall of boards. Bespattered with lime, the workmen swarmed like ants over the gangplanks of the scaffolding; some were laying stones, others were planing them, still others were carrying hods and tubes, going up loaded, coming back empty. An elegantly dressed portly gentleman, evidently the architect, stood near the scaffolding, and pointing upwards was explaining something to a respectfully listening contractor, who had the appearance of a man from the province of Vladimir. A procession of drays wended its way through the gates, past the architect and the contractor, coming in loaded, and going out empty.

"How sure they are of themselves, those who work, and those who order them to work, that this is all as it should be, that while at home their wives toil beyond their strength on the eve of childbirth, and their babies, in skull caps, on the brink of starvation smile their senile smile and wriggle their little legs, they must still build this utterly needless palace for some stupid and utterly needless man,—one of the very men who rob and despoil them," thought Nekhliudov as he glanced at the building.

"Yes, it's a fool building," he expressed his thought aloud.

"A fool building? How do you make that out?" retorted the cabman with an injured air, "thank God for it, it means work for the people, and so it's no fool building."

"But it's useless work."

"No, it's needed, or they wouldn't build," replied the cabman, "and the people make a living by it."

Nekhliudov did not reply, particularly as the rattle of the wheels made conversation difficult. Near the

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prison the cabman turned from the boulder-paved road into macadam, which made it easier to converse, and again addressed Nekhliudov.

"Just look at the crowds that are flocking into the city these days—loads and loads of them," he said turning in his seat and pointing to a party of peasant laborers with saws and axes, skin coats and bags slung across their shoulders who were walking towards them.

"More than in other years?"

"I should say so. They're crowding so everywhere, it's simply terrible. And the bosses fling them about like chips. Every place is full."

"Why is this so?"

"They've multiplied so. No place for them."

"What if they have multiplied? Why don't they stay in the country?"

"There's nothing to do in the country. There's no land for them."

Nekhliudov had the usual experience of a man with a sore spot. It seems that he is bound to knock against things with the place that is sore. But it seems so only, because only the knocks that touch the sore spot are noticed.

"Can it be that it's everywhere the same?" he wondered and he began to question the cabman how much land there was in his own village, how much he had himself, and why he lived in the city.

"As for land, sir, we have a dessyatin to the soul. And we have land for three souls," the cabman willingly replied. "I have a father at home, and a brother, another brother is in the army. They manage between them, but there's nothing to manage. The brother was thinking of going to Moskow."



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"And can't you hire land?"

"Where will you hire it, sir? The gentry, such as they were, have squandered their land away. Tradesmen have got it all in their hands. You can't buy it away from them, they do their own work. In our village a Frenchman bought it up from the master, and he won't rent it out, and there's an end to it."

"What sort of a Frenchman? Dufard is his name, perhaps you've heard of him. He makes wigs for the actors in the big theater, it's a good business, and he's made loads of money. He bought the whole estate from our ladyship. And now he's got us in his hands. He rides us as he pleases. But thank God, he's not a bad fellow. Only his wife, she's a Russian, and she's a bitch, let me tell you, may God preserve us. She just robs the people. It's a sin. Well, and here's the prison. Where would you like me to drop you? At the main entrance? I don't think they're letting people in at this hour."

XIII.

With sinking heart, and dreading to think how he would find Maslova this time, and stricken with awe before the mystery which was attached in his mind both to her and to that conglomeration of people that dwelt in the prison, Nekhliudov rang the bell of the main entrance and asked the warder who came to the door to be allowed to see Maslova. The warder inquired within and informed him that she was in the hospital. Nekhliudov proceeded to the hospital. A friendly old fellow who acted as the hospital watchman admitted him immediately, and learning whom he wished to see, directed him to the children's ward.



A young doctor, reeking with carbolic acid, came out to Nekhliudov in the corridor and sternly demanded his business. This doctor extended all sorts of favors to the prisoners and was therefore continually in hot water with the authorities of the prison and with the senior physician. Fearing that Nekhliudov had it in mind to ask him for some unlawful favor, and endeavoring moreover to show that he made no exceptions for anyone whatsoever he simulated an angry appearance.

"There are no women here, these are the children's wards," he said.

"I know, but here is a nurse or attendant who has been transferred from the prison."

"Yes, there are two of them here. Then what is it you wish?"

"I am very close to one of them, whose name is Maslova," said Nekhliudov, "I'm on my way to St. Petersburg in order to file an appeal in her case. And I intended to give her something. It's merely a photograph," said Nekhliudov taking an envelope from his pocket.

"Well, this can be arranged," said the doctor in a softened tone, and addressing himself to an old woman in a white apron, he directed her to call the prisonernurse Maslova.

"Won't you sit down, or come into the reception room?"

"Thank you," said Nekhliudov, and taking advantage of the doctor's change of tone he asked him how they were satisfied with Maslova in the prison.

"Fairly well, her work is not bad, taking into consideration the sphere from which she came," said the doctor, "bye the bye, here she is in person."

Through one of the doors came in the old nurse

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followed by Maslova. She wore a white apron over a striped dress, her head was covered by a cloth which concealed her hair. Seeing Nekhliudov she flushed, paused irresolutely, then frowned, lowered her eyes, and proceeded towards him with a swift stride along the runner of the corridor. When she reached his side, she first hesitated to extend her hand, but then extended it anyway, and blushed stil! more. Nekhliudov had not seen her since their conversation in which she apologized for her outburst of temper, and he expected to find her the same as then. But she was entirely different now, there was something new in the expression of her face: something reserved, bashful, and it seemed to Nekhliudov something ill-disposed towards him. He told her the same as he had told the doctor, that he was on his way to St. Petersburg, and he tendered her the envelope with the photograph which he had brought from Panovo.

"I found this in Panovo, it's an old photograph, you might like to have it. Take it."

She raised her black eyebrows in surprise and looked at him with her squinting eyes wonderingly, as though to ask: "Why this?" But she took the envelope without saying a word and concealed it behind her apron.

"I saw your aunt there," said Nekhliudov.

"You did?" she inquired indifferently.

"Are you content here?" asked Nekhliudov.

"Yes, pretty well," she said.

"Do you find it hard here?"

"No, not so much, though I have'nt got used to it yet."

"I am very glad for you. It is anyway better than over there."

"Than over where?" she said and her cheeks glowed with a deep blush.

"Over in the prison," he hastened to reply.

"Why better?" she asked.

"I think the people are better here. There are no people here like the ones over there."

"There are many good people over there also," she said.

"I did some work on the Menshov case and have hopes that they will be freed."

"God grant it. She's such a wonderful old person," she said repeating her characterization of the old woman, and smiled a little.

"I'm on my way to St. Petersburg. Your case will come up soon, and I hope the verdict will be reversed."

"Whether it is or not, it's all the same to me now," she said.

"Why now?"

"Just so," she said with a stealthy searching glance. Nekhliudov interpreted this remark and the glance to mean that she wanted to know whether he still persisted in his resolution or accepting her refusal as final had changed it.

"I don't know why it is all the same to you," he said.
"But as far as I am concerned it is indeed all the same to me whether you are acquitted or not. In any case I am ready to do what I said." he answered determinedly.

She raised her head, and looked with her black squinting eyes both at him and past him, and her whole face shone with joy. But she said something entirely different from that which her eyes expressed.

"It's useless for you to talk like this," she said.

"I spoke so that you might know."

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"All this has been said, and there is no more to say," she replied barely able to suppress a smile.

A noise was heard in the ward, followed by the crying of a child.

"I think, they are calling me," she said looking around worriedly.

"Well then good-bye," he said.

She pretended not to notice the hand which he had extended to her, and without pressing it she turned around, and striving to hide her triumph, she swiftly strode over the runner of the corridor.

"What is going on in her? What is she thinking? What is she feeling? Is she trying to test me, or can it be that she really cannot forgive me? Is she unable—or unwilling to say all that she thinks and feels? Has she softened or hardened?" Nekhliudov asked himself. And he found no answer. He knew only one thing and that was that she had changed, that in her soul was going on a process of transformation of grave importance to her, and that this transformation was uniting him not only with her but with Him also in whose name that transformation was taking place. And this union led him into a joyously excited frame of mind and affected him deeply.

Returning to the ward which contained eight beds with children patients, Maslova, following the instructions of the sister, began to adjust a bed, and leaning over too far with a sheet in her hands, she slipped and barely escaped a fall. A little boy with a bandage around his neck, who was convalescing, watched her and laughed, and when Maslova losing her balance was forced to sit down on the bed, she also laughed out, but



Maslova took the photograph out of the envelope. Page 81.

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so loudly and contagiously that several children laughed in response, and the sister scolded her angrily:

"What are you laughing at? Do you think you're back where you came from? Go for the food."

Maslova subsided and taking the dishes went where she was sent, but exchanging a glance with the bandaged boy who was not allowed to laugh, she barely suppressed another outburst of laughter and giggled.

Several times during the day, when she was left alone, Maslova drew the photograph a little way out of the envelope and viewed it admiringly, but only in the evening, when she was off duty, and she was alone in the bedroom which she was sharing with the nurse, Maslova took the photograph out of the envelope, and dwelling caressingly with her glance upon every detail of faces, clothing, porch steps and bushes against the back ground of which appeared her own picture and his, and of the aunts, she gazed for a long time upon the faded yellowish picture and could not sufficiently admire her own past self, in particular her handsome youthful features and the hair that curled all around her forehead. She was so wrapt in admiring the picture that she never noticed her roommate, the nurse, who had come into the room.

"What's this? Did he give it to you?" said the good-natured stout nurse as she leaned over the photograph.

"Can this be you?"

"Who else should it be?" said Maslova with a smile looking up at her roommate.

"And who's this? Is that himself? And would that be his mother?"

"His aunt. And didn't you really know me in this?" asked Maslova.

"How should I? Never in the world. Why the face is altogether different. That must have been full ten years back?"

"It wasn't the years—it was the life," said Maslova, and suddenly her animation was all gone. Her face grew aged and downcast, and a wrinkle appeared between her eyebrows.

"Well, you had a pretty easy life 'there', I swan."

"Easy, indeed," repeated Maslova shutting her eyes and shaking her head. "Worse than hard labor."

"How? Why?"

"How? From eight o'clock in the evening until four in the morning, and that every day."

"Why don't they drop it?"

"They would if they could, but they can't. But what's the use of talking," exclaimed Maslova, and throwing the photograph into the drawer of the table, and repressing with an effort a flood of mean words, she ran out into the corridor banging the door. As she had looked at the photograph she felt herself again the girl she had been in the picture, and she had lingered in thoughts on the happiness of those days, and dreamt that she could be happy with him even now. But the words of her roommate brought back to her mind that which she was now and that which she had been "there"—they brought back to her mind the whole horror of that life which she sensed but dimly, but which she would not permit herself to realize in its fulness.

Only now she vividly remembered those nights of horror, particularly that night in the week before Lent, when she was waiting for the college boy who was to buy her out of the institution. She recalled herself in a decolleté dress of silk that was stained with liquor, with

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a red bow in her disheveled hair, worn out, faint and drunken, how she had seen her guests off at about two o'clock in the morning, and in the interval between dances sat down by the side of the skinny, angular pimply girl who accompanied the violinist on the piano, and how she complained to her of her difficult life and how the accompanist told her that she too had found this life oppressive, and how they were joined by Clara, the maid, and how the three of them had suddenly resolved to give it up. And they thought that they were through for the night and were ready to leave, when in the vestibule they heard the noise of arriving drunken guests. violinist played a ritornello, the accompanist beat out her accompaniment of a riotously merry Russian song for the first figure of the quadrille; a wizened little fellow seized her around the waist; he was drunk and hiccoughing, stinking of liquor, and had come dressed in an evening suit with a white bow tie, but cast off his swallow-tail during the second figure, while another, a fat fellow with a beard, also in evening wear, (they had come straight from some ball) had caught Clara, and they whirled and danced and shouted and drank for the longest time...

And so it went on for a year, and two and three. How could she help changing? And the cause of it all was he. And again there rose in her heart the old resentment against him, she longed to abuse him, to reproach him. She regretted that she had omitted an opportunity to tell him this day once more that she saw through him, that she would not give in to him, that she would not let him exploit her spiritually, as he had used her bodily, that she would not permit him to make of her an object of his magnanimity. And in order to crush in some way that agonizing feeling of self-pity she longed for liquor.



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And she would have broken her word and drunk of it if she had been in the prison. But here there was no way of getting liquor excepting through the hospital assistant, and she was afraid of him because he kept pestering her. Relations with men were now loathsome to her. She sat for a while on the bench in the corridor, returned to her bedroom, and without saying a word in reply to her roommate's remarks, she wept for a long time over her ruined life.

XIV.

Nekhliudov had three matters to attend to in St. Petersburg. One was Maslova's appeal petition to the Senate, the other Feodosia Biriukova's case in the Petition Committee, and the third Vera Bogodukhovskaya's commission, to be taken up either with the Gendarmerie Administration, or with the Third Division, regarding the release of Shustova, and the securing of a meeting for a mother with her son confined in the fortress, concerning whom Bogodukhovskaya had sent him her note.

These last two matters he considered his third case And there was still a fourth case—that of the sectarians who had been separated from their families and were being sent into exile to Caucasus because they had read and interpreted the Gospel. He had promised it to him self, rather than to them, to do everything possible to clear up this business.

From the time of his last call at Maslennikov's, and particularly after his visit in the country, Nekhliudov had not only made a resolution to ignore but even conceived in every fibre of his being a feeling of utter loathing to wards the sphere in which he had lived until then, to

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wards that sphere where they took such pains to conceal the sufferings to which millions were subjected in order to assure comforts and pleasures for a small number of people, that the people of this sphere neither saw nor indeed can see these sufferings, and consequently the cruelty and the criminality of their own lives. Nekhliudov could no longer, without embarrassment of self-reproach, have any dealings himself with the people of this sphere. Yet the habits of his past life drew him to that sphere; family and friendship ties drew him there, and principally the desire to do that which engrossed him now-the desire to aid Maslova and all those other sufferers whom he sought to help, which compelled him to seek the aid and the service of people in that sphere, whom he not only respected no longer, but who largely filled him with resentment and with contempt.

Having arrived in St. Petersburg, Nekhliudov stopped with his aunt on his mother's side, who was a Countess Tcharskaya, the wife of a former minister of the cabinet, and he immediately found himself in the very heart of the aristocratic society to which he had become such a stranger. It was disagreeable for him to do so, but he could not help himself. To have put up at a hotel instead of at his aunt's would have meant to offend her, and yet the aunt had great connections and could be most useful in all of the matters with which he intended to busy himself.

"Well, what is it I hear about you? Miraculous things!" said to him Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna (Tcharskaya) over a cup of coffee immediately on his arrival. "Vous posez pour Howard."*) Aiding criminals.

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traveling from prison to prison, correcting people."

"Not a bit of it. Nothing further from my mind."

"Well, what of it? It's good work. Only there is some romantic story connected with it. Come on, tell me all about it."

Nekhliudov related his connection with Maslova—everything as it had occurred.

"I remember, I remember, poor Helen told me something about it when you were living with the old spinsters. It seems that they wanted to marry you to a ward of theirs." (Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna had always despised Nekhliudov's aunts on his father's side).

"Is that the one? Elle est encore jolie?"*)

Aunt Ekaterina Ivanovna was a healthy, cheerful, energetic and chatty woman of sixty. She was tall and very stout, and a trace of a black mustache was noticeable on her upper lip. Nekhliudov was fond of her and he early in childhood accustomed himself to be infected by her cheeriness.

"No, ma tante, this is all over with. I only meant to help her because in the first instance she was innocently sentenced, and it was my fault, and I am also to blame for her fate in general.. I feel it my duty to do all I can for her:"

"But I was told that you meant to marry her."

"Yes, I wanted to do that, but she is not willing."

With bulging brows and lowered eyes Ekaterina Ivanovna looked in surprised silence at her nephew. Suddenly her mien changed, giving way to a pleased expression.

"Well, she has more sense than you. What a fool

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you are, to be sure. And you would have really married her?"

"Positively."

"After all that she has been?"

"All the more because of that. For I am to blame for all."

"No, you are simply a dunce," said the aunt suppressing a smile. "A terrible dunce, but I love you just because you are such a terrible dunce," she repeated exhibiting an obvious fondness for that expression, which truly portrayed her view of her nephew's moral and mental condition. "You don't know how à propos it is. Aline has an asylum for Magdalens. I called there once. They are terribly repulsive. I kept washing and washing myself after I got home. But Aline is devoted to the work corps et âme.*) Let's give your protégée to her. If anybody can correct her, Aline will."

"But she's sentenced to hard labor. I have come to take steps to have the verdict reversed. This is my first case for you."

"Is that so? And where is the case to be heard?"
"In the Senate."

"In the Senate? My dear cousin Lyovushka (Leo) is in the Senate. However, he is in the Heraldry section. But of the real men I don't know anyone. God only knows who they are, some sort of Germans most of them, with funny names: Ge, Fe,De, tout l'alphabet,**) or various common Ivanovs, Semyonovs, Nikitins, or else Ivanenkos, Simonenkos, Nikitenkos***) pour varier.****)

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^{*)} Body and soul.

^{**)} The whole alphabet.

***) All plebeian names, those ending in "enko" denoting Ukrainian origin.

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Des gens de l'autre monde*). Still, I'll tell my husband about it. He knows them. He knows everybody. I'll tell him, and you give him the details, for he never understands me. No matter what I tell him, he never understands me. C'est un parti pris**). Everybody understands me except he."

At that moment a stockinged flunkey brought a letter on a silver tray.

"From Aline herself. And now you'll hear Kiesewetter."

"Who is this Kiesewetter?"

"Kiesewetter? Be sure to be here this evening, and you'll know who he is. He speaks so that the most hardened criminals sink to their knees, weep and repent.".

Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna, strange though it may seem and so unbefitting her own temperament, was a warm supporter of that teaching which presented the essence of Christianity as faith in redemption. She frequented the gatherings where this doctrine (it happened to be in fashion at that time) was being expounded and she arranged meetings of believers in her home. In spite of the fact that this doctrine rejected not only all ceremonial and all icons, but also all sacraments, there were icons in every room and even over her bed, and she obeyed all the commands of the church, without seeing any contradiction therein.

"There, if your Magdalen only could hear him, she would surely be converted," said the Countess. "But you must positively he here this evening. You will hear him then. He is a wonderful man."

"I am not interested in this, ma tante."

^{*)} People of another world.

^{**)} This is a positive decision.

/ith

"But I tell you that it is interesting. And you must come. Well, go on, what else do you want of me? Videz votre sac." *)

"I have a case in the fortress."

"In the fortress? I could give you a note to Baron Kriegsmuth. C'est un très brave homme**). But you know him yourself. He was a comrade of your father's. Il donne dans le spiritisme***). But that's nothing. He is very kind. And what do you want there?"

"I want to ask permission for a meeting between a mother and her son who is confined there. But I was told that it depends on Tcherniavsky, not on Kriegsmuth."

"I don't like Tcherniavsky, but he's Marietta's husband. I might ask her. She would do it for me. Elle est três gentille."****)

"I want to ask also about another woman. She has been imprisoned for several months and nobody knows why."

"Hardly that. Probably she herself knows right well why. They all know well. And it serves them right, these women with short hair."

"We don't know whether it serves them right or not. But they are suffering. You are a Christian and you believe in the Gospel and yet you are so merciless."

"That does not matter. Gospel is Gospel, and what's disgusting is disgusting. It would be worse if I started to pretend that I loved nihilists, and worst of all, the nihilist women with cropped heads, when I simply can't bear them."

*) Empty your bag.
**) He is a very fine man.

****) She is very nice.

^{***)} He is interested in spiritualism.

in terrible

"And why can't you bear them?"

"After the first of March you ask me why?"*)

"But not all of them took part in the first of March."

"All the same. Why do they stick their nose in what does not concern them. This is not woman's work."

"But Marietta, you find, can attend to business all right," said Nekhliudov.

Marietta, indeed! Marietta is Marietta. But these are God knows what, some riff-raff that would teach everybody."

"Not teach, but merely try to help the people."

"It is known without them who needs help and who needs none."

"But the people suffer. I have just come from the country. Is it necessary that the peasants should exert themselves to the last drop of blood without enough to eat, while we live in terrible luxury?" said Nekhliudov involuntarily drawn by his aunt's good nature into a discusion of everything that was on his mind.

"Would you have me work without enough to eat?"

"No, I don't want you to go without food," said Nekhliudov with a smile, "I only wish that we all might work and all might eat."

The aunt lowered her eyebrows, and narrowing her pupils, regarded him curiously: "Mon cher, vous finirez mal,"**) she said.

"But why?"

At that moment a tall broad-shouldered officer in a

**) My dear, you will have a bad ending.

^{*)} Alexander II was assassinated on March 1, 1881, Russian style.—Translator's note.

fool, but

general's uniform entered the room. It was the countess's husband, Count Tcharsky, an ex-minister.

"Ah, Dmitri, how do you do?" he said, offering him his freshly shaved cheek for a kiss. "When did you arrive?"

He silently kissed his wife on the forehead.

"Non, il est impayable,"*) said Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna to her husband. "He bids me to go to the creek and wash clothes and to eat nothing but potatoes. He is a terrible fool, but nevertheless do what he asks you. He is a terrible dunce," she corrected herself. "And have you heard that Kamenskaya is in such a despair that they fear for her life," she turned to her husband. "You had better look her up."

"Yes, it's terrible," said the husband.

"You go and have a talk with him, and I have to attend to some correspondence."

The moment Nekhliudov had passed into the room adjoining the drawing room she called out to him:

"Then shall I write Marietta?"

"If you please, ma tante."

"Then I'll leave en blanc what is required for the shorthaired girl and she'll order her husband to do the needful. And he'll do it. Don't think me mean. They are all repulsive, your protégées, but je ne leur veux pas dc mal,**) Lord love them. Well, go on. But in the evening you must surely be here to hear Kiesewetter. And we'll pray. And if you only are not antagonistic ça vous fera beaucoup de bien***). For I know and Helen does too, but the rest of you are far behind. Then until we meet again."

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^{*)} He is impossible.

^{**)} I do not wish them any harm.
***) It will do you much good.

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XV.

Count Ivan Mikhailovitch (Tcharsky) was an exminister and a man of very firm convictions. The convictions of Count Ivan Mikhailovitch since early youth had consisted in this: it is natural for birds to eat worms, to be clad in feathers and down and to fly in the air, and it is equally natural for him to eat expensive viands prepared by expensive chefs, to be dressed in most expensive and comfortable clothes, to ride on the best and swiftest horses, and therefore all these things must be ready for him. Moreover Count Ivan Mikhailovitch believed that the more money from the State Treasury came into his hands, and the more decorations, particularly with diamond insignia of something, were awarded to him, the more frequently he met and conversed with highly placed personages of both sexes, the better it was for him. Compared with these basic dogmas Count Ivan Mikhailovitch considered everything else trifling and uninteresting. Everything else might be so or might be the contrary. And in accord with this faith Count Ivan Mikhailovitch had lived and acted in St. Petersburg for the space of forty years and on the expiration of that period he reached the position of a minister.

The principal qualifications of Count Ivan Mikhailovitch which helped him to attain this post consisted first of his ability to understand the sense of written documents and of laws, and to compose, though somewhat clumsily, intelligibly written documents, and to write them without making mistakes in spelling. In the second place his personality was most presentable, and wherever necessary he could assume an appearance not only



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of pride but of unapproachableness and majesty, but again where necessary he could be servile to the utmost degree of passionate cringing. In the third place he had no general principles or rules, either of personal morality or concerning the state, and could therefore agree with everybody when it was necessary, and where necessary he could also disagree with everybody. Acting in this manner he only took pains to maintain the tone, without too obvious a self-contradiction, but he was utterly indifferent to the question whether his actions were or were not moral in themselves or whether they would result in the utmost good or utmost evil for the Russian Empire or for the whole world.

When he became a minister, not only those who depended on him (and there were very many people besides his own entourage who depended on him), but a great many outsiders and he himself were convinced that he was a very wise statesman. But after a little while, when he had failed to accomplish anything or to show anything, and when following the law of the struggle for existence he was crowded out by other presentable and unprincipled officials who like himself had learned to write and to understand documents, and was forced to leave the active service of the state, it became clear to everybody that he was not only a man of less than ordinary wisdom, but even very narrow and poorly educated, though exceedingly arrogant, a man who barely reached the level of editorials in conservative newspapers. It turned out that there was nothing in him to distinguish him from other poorly educated and arrogant officials who had crowded him out, and he realized it himself, but this failed in the least to shake his conviction that he ought to receive every year a large amount



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of state moneys and new decorations for his dress outfit. This conviction was so strong that no one had the heart to refuse him and he received every year, partly in the shape of a pension and partly as a member of some very high state body or as a chairman of various commissions, sums of money reaching into many thousands of roubles, and in addition every year new privileges in connection with extra stripes for his shoulders or trousers and new ribbons and enameled stars for his dress coats, all of which he valued most highly.

Count Ivan Mikhailovitch listened to Nekhliudov as he once used to listen to the reports of his executive assistant, and after having listened told him that he would give him two notes, one to Senator Wolff, of the Department of Appeals, ("They say various things about him, but dans tous cas c'est un homme très comme il faut,"*) he said, "and he is under obligations to me, and he will do what he can"), and the other note Count Ivan Mikhailovitch addressed to a very influential person connected with the Petition Committee. The affair of Feodosia Biriukova which Nekhliudov had related to him interested him very much. When Nekhliudov said that he intended to write a letter to the Empress, he said that it was indeed a very affecting story and he might, if opportunity offered, tell about it at Court. But he could not promise. Let the petition take its regular course. But if opportunity offered, he thought, and he were called to the petit comité next Thursday, he might talk of the case.

Having received both notes from the Count, and a note from the Countess to Marietta, Nekhliudov immediately proceeded to deliver them in person.

First of all he went to Marietta. He had known

^{*)} At any rate he is a very decent man.

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her as a little girl, daughter of an aristocratic family of small means, and had learned that she married a man who was making a career, but of whom rather evil rumors were afloat, and Nekhliudov had always found it a painfully agonizing task to appeal to a man whom he did not respect. In such cases he always felt an inner discord and dissatisfaction with himself and a hesitancy. To ask or not to ask? Still he always decided to ask. Moreover he regarded it as a certain amount of hypocrisy to appear as a suppliant among people whom he no longer considered his kin, but who still regarded him as their kin; he felt in their company that he was falling back into the old rut, involuntarily yielding to that frivolous and immoral tone which reigned in that circle. had felt it in the house of Ekaterina Ivanovna. Even this very morning, talking over the most serious things with her, he had fallen into a frivolous tone.

Altogether St. Petersburg, after a long absence produced upon him its usual physically stimulating and morally enervating influence.

A handsome, spick and span, courteous cabman drove him past handsome, spick and span, courteous policemen over handsome cleanly swept streets, past handsome, spick and span residences to the house where Marietta resided.

At the porte cochère stood a pair of English horses with covers, and an English-looking coachman with mutton chop whiskers, clad in a livery, with an imported whip in his hand, sat haughtily on the box.

The doorman, in a brilliantly clean livery, opened the door into the vestibule where a footman in a still neater livery, with gold stripes and with magnificently combed side whiskers, was standing alongside the official

said

messenger of the day who was dressed in a brand new uniform.

"The general does not receive to-day. Nor does Her Excellency. Her Excellency is about to drive out."

Nekhliudov delivered the note of Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna, took out a card, walked over to the table with the book for the signatures of visitors and began to write his name, when the footman advanced to the door, the doorman walked out to the driveway and called out: "The carriage," and the messenger stretched out full length at attention, with his hands hugging the seams of his trousers, and stiffened up, meeting and following with his glance a slender little lady who was descending the steps with a rapid stride that was out of harmony with her importance.

Marietta was wearing a tall hat with a feather, a black dress and a pair of new black gloves; her face was covered with a veil.

Seeing Nekhliudov she raised her veil, revealing a very pretty face with flashing eyes and glanced at him curiously.

"Ah, Prince Dmitri Ivanovitch," she said with a cheerful and pleasant tone, "I should have found out..."

"Why, you even remember my name?"

"Certainly, why both I and my sister had been in love with you," she retorted in French, "but how you have changed! What a pity that I must be going. Still, let's go back," she said pausing irresolutely.

She looked at the clock on the wall.

"No, I can't. I am going to the requiem mass at Kamenskaya's. She's terribly prostrated."

"What's the matter with this Kamenskaya?"

"Haven't you heard? Her son was killed in a duel.



He fought with Posen. Her only son. It's terrible. The mother is prostrated."

"Yes, I heard about it."

"No, I'd better go, and you come to-morrow, or better come this evening," she said and with a brisk easy stride she went to the door.

"I cannot this evening," said Nekhliudov, coming out with her to the portal. "And I have some business with you," he said watching the pair of chestnut horses that were running up to the driveway.

"What is it about?"

"Here is a letter for you from my aunt," said Nekhliudov tendering her . narrow envelope with an enormous armorial monogram. "It will explain everything."

"I know, Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna think's I have great influence with my husband. She is in error. I can't do a thing and I don't want to intercede. But of course, for the sake of the Countess and for your own I am ready to depart from my rule. And what is it about?" she said vainly trying to locate a pocket with her little hand that was clad in a black glove.

"A girl is confined in the fortress, she's innocent and she's sick and not in the least mixed up in anything."

"And what is her name?"

"Shustova. Lydia Shustova. It's all in the note."

"Very well, I will try to do what I can," she said and lightly ascended the softly upholstered carriage, the varnished exterior of which shone in the brilliant sunlight, and opened her parasol. The footman climbed up to the box and signalled to the coachman to proceed. The carriage started, but in the same instant she touched the coachman's back with her parasol, and the thin-limbed

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beauties, the two mares with tails docked in English style, lowered their beautiful heads that were wrapped in hoods, stopped and pawed the ground.

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"But you come, and please come without any ulterior motives," she said and smiled with a smile the power of which she well knew, and as though completing the performance she dropped the curtain by lowering the veil. "Now go," she said, touching the coachman once more with her parasol.

Nekhliudov raised his hat. And the blooded brown mares, whinnying, struck the pavement with their hoofs, and the carriage swiftly rolled away, here and there lightly leaping with its new rubber tires over rough spots in the roadway.

XVI.

Remembering the smile which he had exchanged with Marietta, Nekhliudov shook his head in self-reproach.

"Before you know it you will be drawn into this life," he thought, experiencing that feeling of duality and doubt which always came over him when he found himself obliged to curry favor with people whom he did not respect. Nekhliudov briefly deliberated where to proceed next in order to lose no time, and decided to go first of all to the Senate. Here he was conducted into the office where he found an enormous number of exceedingly courteous spick and span officials who were performing their duties under surroundings of great magnificence.

Nekhliudov was told by the officials that Maslova's

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petition for the quashing of her sentence had been received and passed on for consideration and report to that same Senator Wolff to whom he had a letter from his uncle.

"The Senate will meet this week, but Maslova's case will hardly be reached. Still with a little influence there might be hope that it would be taken up this week after all, in which case it would come up on Wednesday," said one of the officials.

In the Senate office, while waiting for the result of his inquiry, Nekhliudov heard again discussions of the duel and full details of the killing of young Kamensky. . Here for the first time he learned the full particulars of that affair which had set all St. Petersburg agog. And these were the circumstances under which the affair occurred: some officers had been eating oysters at a bar, and as usual a considerable quantity of liquor was consumed. Someone made an opprobrious remark about Kamensky's regiment. Kamensky called the offender a liar. He in turn struck Kamensky. A duel was fought the next day and Kamensky was shot through the abdomen, death following two hours later. The slayer and the seconds were arrested, but though they were put under arrest in the regiment guard house, it was rumored they would be set free in about a fortnight.

From the office of the Senate Nekhliudov proceeded to the Petitions Committee, in order to call on Baron Vorobyev, an official who wielded much influence in the committee, and who occupied a magnificent apartment in a building owned by the government. The door porter and a flunkey sternly informed Nekhliudov that the Baron could not be seen outside of regular reception



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days, since he was this day with His Majesty the Emperor, and had another report the next day. Nekhliudov left his letter and started on his way to see Senator Wolff.

Wolff had just finished breakfast, and was engaged in his accustomed task of promoting his digestion by the smoking of a cigar and a promenade in his room, and thus he received Nekhliudov. Vladimir Vasilyevitch Wolff was, indeed, un homme très comme il faut,*) which qualification he prized above all other things, and from this pinnacle he looked down upon all other people. He could not help highly valuing this qualification, for it alone had enabled him to make a brilliant career such a career as he had always desired,-acquiring by means of marriage a capital which yielded him an annual income of eighteen thousand roubles, and by his own efforts the post of a Senator. He not only regarded himself as un homme très comme il faut, but also a man of chivalrous integrity. Under integrity he considered refusing to take secret bribes from private persons. But he did not consider it dishonorable to secure all sorts of expense money, subsistence allowances, rentals from the treasury, and in return he was content to perform with slavish chedience everything the government demanded of him. Nor did he consider it dishonorable—on the contrary, he considered it a noble, brave and patriotic deed,—to ruin and to reduce to beggary, to send into exile and imprisonment hundreds of innocent people merely because of their attachment to their race and to the faith of their fathers, as he had done in his capacity as the governor of one of the provinces in the Kingdom of Poland; nor did he consider it dishonorable to have robbed in cold blood not

A very decent man.

only his own wife, who was madly in love with him, but also her sister of their private fortunes.

On the contrary, he considered it a rational arrangement of his family life. The family of Vladimir Vasilyevitch was composed of his somewhat colorless wife and his sister-in-law, whose worldly goods he had taken into his hands just as he had his wife's, by selling her estate and depositing the proceeds in his own name, and finally his meek, timid and homely daughter who was leading a lonely and a painful existence, and who but recently had found a diversion in the evangelical doctrine, attending meetings at Aline's and in the house of Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna. The son of Vladimir Vasilyevitch was a good-natured youth, who had sported a growth on his face at fifteen, and at that early age had also begun to drink and to lead a dissolute life; these practices he kept up until the twentieth year, when he was thrown out of the house because he could not graduate from any school and because, due to the bad company which he kept, he constantly incurred debts which compromised his father. Having paid for him one debt of two hundred thirty roubles, and another time one of six hundred roubles, the father declared to his son that he was through, and that if he failed to mend his ways he would put him out of the house and break off all relations with him. The son not only failed to mend his ways but ran up debts to the tune of one thousand roubles and had the daring to tell his father that life in his home was an agony anyway. And then Vladimir Vasilyevitch declared to him that he could go where he pleased, and that he was his son no longer. From that time on Vladimir Vasilyevitch pretended that he had no son, and no one in the household dared to mention the boy's name, and still

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Vladimir Vasilyevitch was fully convinced that he had ordered his family life in the best possible and rational manner.

Wolff with a friendly but somewhat derisive smile (this was a mannerism of his, an involuntary expression of his consciousness of *comme-il-faut* superiority over the majority of human beings) stopped in his perambulations about the room, shook hands with Nekhliudov and read the note.

"Kindly be seated, but excuse me. With your leave I shall keep on walking," he said, and inserting his hands in the pockets of his jacket, he continued to walk with light and gentle steps diagonally across his spacious study which was furnished in severely correct style. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, and naturally pleased to be of service to Count Ivan Mikhailovitch," he said blowing a spiral of fragrant bluish smoke and carefully withdrawing his cigar from his mouth in order not to drop the ashes.

"I should merely ask that the case be heard as quickly as possible, for if the accused must proceed to Siberia, it is best that she start as early as she can," said Nekhliudov.

"Yes, with the first steamboats from Nizhni Novgorod, I know," said Wolff with his condescending smile —indicating that he always knew in advance everything that a man had started to tell him. "What is the name of the accused?"

"Maslova."

Wolff walked over to his writing table and glanced at a document that was lying on top of a file box with papers.

"Just so, just so, Maslova. Very well, I will ask

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my associates. We shall hear the case on Wednesday."

"May I so telegraph to my lawyer?"

"Ah, you have a lawyer? Why was it necessary? But if you so wish, go ahead."

"The grounds for an appeal may be found inadequate," said Nekhliudov, "but from the substance of the case it would appear that the verdict of guilty was due to a misunderstanding."

"That may be so, but the Senate cannot look into the question of facts," said Vladimir Vasilyevitch with severity, while scrutinizing his cigar ash. "The Senate merely looks into the correctness of the application of the law and of the interpretation."

"This seems to me to be an exceptional case."

"I know, I know. All cases are exceptional cases. We'll do what we can. That's all." The ash still held on, but exhibited a fissure and was in grave peril. "And do you but rarely come to St. Petersburg?" inquired Wolff holding the cigar so as to prevent the ashes from dropping. But the ash began to quiver, and Wolff bore it with utmost caution to the ash tray where it collapsed.

"But what a terrible affair was that of Kamensky's," he said. "A charming young man. The only son. And think of his mother's precarious condition," he said repeating almost literally the words that were at the time on the lips of all St. Petersburg when discussing the Kamensky case. After a few words about Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna and her infatuation for the new religious fad which Vladimir Vasilyevitch neither censured nor approved, but which in view of his being so comme-ulfaut he evidently considered utterly superfluous as far as he was concerned, he rang.

Nekhliudov bowed himself out.

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"If convenient, come and take dinner with me," said Wolff holding out his hand to him. "Let it be Wednesday. And I will give you a positive answer on Wednesday."

It was getting late and Nekhliudov drove home, that is to the house of his aunt.

XVII.

Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna dined at half past seven, and dinner was served in a novel fashion which Nekhliudov had never before observed. The courses were put on a table, the waiters withdrew immediately, and the diners helped themselves. The men would not allow the ladies to overtax themselves with unnecessary motions, and being the sterner sex, bore courageously the entire burden of depositing the food on the ladies' plates as well as on their own and of pouring out the beverages. But when a course was finished, the Countess pressed a push button on the table, the waiters noiselessly entered, removed the dishes quickly, sat down a fresh service and brought in the succeeding course. The dinner was exquisite, as were also the wines. In the brilliantly lighted and spacious kitchen a French chef was at work assisted by two under-chefs clad in white. The dinner was laid for six: the Count and the Countess, their son, a forbidding looking officer of the Guards, who was leaning with his elbow on the table, Nekhliudov, a French lady-lecturer and the superintendent of the Count's estate who had just arrived from the country.

Here, too, the duel formed the chief topic of conversation. The discussion centered on the Emperor's attitude to the duel. It was known that the Emperor was much

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grieved for the mother's sake, and everybody felt sorry for her. But since it was also known that the Emperor in spite of his sympathy for the mother did not wish to be too severe on the slayer who was defending the honor of the uniform, everybody else was also very lenient with the slayer who had defended the honor of the uniform. Only Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna, with her usual freethinker frivolity, expressed an opinion condemning the slayer.

"Carousing and killing decent young people—I would not forgive that under any consideration," she said.

"This opinion is something I can't understand," said the Count.

"I know that you never understand what I say," said the Countess and turned to Nekhliudov. "Everybody understands me but my husband. I am saying that I feel sorry for the mother and that I do not want to see a man slay another and get off scot free."

Then the son who had hitherto maintained silence took up the defence of the slayer and assailed his mother's argument, proving with considerable rudeness that an officer could not have acted otherwise or he would have been expelled from the regiment by the verdict of his fel-Nekhliudov was listening but refrained low officers. from participating in the conversation, and as an exofficer fully appreciated the arguments of young Tcharsky, without going so far as to acknowledge them as valid, but he involuntarily contrasted the officer who had slain his comrade with that other handsome young prisoner whom he had seen in the prison and who had been sentenced to hard labor for slaying a man in a fight. Both of these killings were the results of drinking. Both men became slayers through drunkenness. That other one, a

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peasant, had killed in a moment of rage, and he is separated from his wife, from his family, from his relatives, fettered with chains, and with tonsured head is ready to start on his way to hard labor exile, but this one is sitting in an excellent room, in the regimental guard house, eating fine dinners, drinking fine wines, reading books, and expecting to be released in a day or two in order to resume his old life which had only gained in interest; and he forthwith put into words the thoughts that surged through his mind.

At first Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna agreed with her nephew, but then she subsided. And together with the rest Nekhliudov felt that by relating what he did he had committed some breach of decorum.

The large salon had been specially prepared as though for a lecture, with rows upon rows of tall chairs with carved backs on one side and facing them a large table with an arm chair and a small table with a jar of water for the preacher; here later in the evening, soon after dinner, guests began to assemble for the meeting at which Kiesewetter. the foreign evangelist, was expected to preach.

Elegant carriages came up to the front entrance. In the salon sat various ladies richly attired in gowns of silk, velvet and lace, with ornate padded coiffures, and with tightly corseted or padded figures. Scattered among the ladies was a sprinkling of men, both officers and civilians, and there were also five or six persons from the common walks of life: two yard porters, a shopkeeper, a flunkey and a coachman.

Kiesewetter, a vigorous man with greyish hair,

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spoke in English, and a slim young girl with eye-glasses interpreted his remarks with remarkable promptness and accuracy.

He stated that our sins were so great, and their punishment so great and inescapable, that to live with the prospect of such retribution was impossible.

"Dear brethren and sisters," he said, "let us just give a little thought to our own self and our life, to what we are doing, how we are living, how we have angered an all-loving God, how we have forced Christ to suffer, and we shall understand that there is no forgiveness for us, no way of escape, no salvation, that we are doomed to destruction. Terrible ruin, eternal torment awaits us," he said with a quivering and tearful voice. "How to be saved, brethren, how to be saved from this terrible conflagration? It has seized the whole house and there is no way of escape."

He paused, and real tears were streaming down his cheeks. For over eight years without fail each time when he reached this stage of his sermon (with which he was so pleased) he felt a-catch in his throat, a tickling sensation in his nose and tears appeared in his eyes.

And these tears affected him still more. Sobs were heard in the room. Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna, seated by the little inlaid table, had buried her head in her hands, and her fat shoulders were shaking convulsively. The coachman was eyeing the German with frightened wonderment, as though he was on the point of running into him with the shaft of his carriage, and he had refused to budge. The greater part of the audience had followed Ekaterina Ivanovna's example as to pose. Wolff's daughter who greatly resembled her father, and



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who was dressed in a very stylish gown, had sunk to her knees covering her face with both hands.

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The orator suddenly uncovered his face again and screwed it into a smile which greatly resembled the genuine article. It was a smile such as actors use when they try to express ecstasy, and with a sweetly tender voice he continued to speak:

"But there is a way of salvation. Here it is—it is easy and joyful. This salvation is in the blood which was shed by the only begotten Son of God who gave himself up to be crucified for us. His suffering, his blood saves us. Brethren and sisters," he continued with a fresh flood of tears in his voice, "let us thank God who gave His only begotten Son to redeem the race of man. His holy blood..."

But Nekhliudov felt such agonies of nauseating disgust that he quietly rose to his feet, and suppressing a groan of shame, walked out on tip-toe and retired to his room.

XVIII.

The next morning, when Nekhliudov had barely finished dressing and was about to go downstairs, the valet brought up the card of his Moscow lawyer who had just arrived. The lawyer had come to the capital to attend to some affairs of his own, but intended to avail himself of this opportunity in order to be present at the discussion of the Maslova case in the Senate where it was soon to be heard. He had missed the telegram which Nekhliudov had sent to him the night before. Learning from Nekhliudov the date for which Maslova's

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case was set on the calendar, and the composition of the Senate committee, he smiled.

'Here we have all the three types of our Senators," he said. "Wolff is a St. Petersburg bureaucrat. Skovorodnikov, a learned theoretical jurist; and Be—a practical lawyer. He is the livest of them all," said the lawyer. "I pin my best hopes on him. Well, and how about the Petition Committee?"

"I expect to go to-day to Baron Vorobyev, I could not get an interview with him yesterday."

"Do you know why Vorobyev is a Baron?"*) said the lawyer responding to the comic intonation with which Nekhliudov emphasized this foreign title in connection with so genuinely Russian a surname. "Emperor Paul, I believe, had conferred this title upon his grandfather, who was his valet, I think. He had done something that pleased his crazy Majesty. So he said, be a Baron, who can stop me? And so it started—Baron Vorobyev. And he is very proud of it, and he is a great blackguard."

"And so I'm on my way to him," said Nekhliudov.
"Fine! Let's go together. I'll take you down in
my cab."

As they were about to leave the house, Nekhliudov met a flunkey in the vestibule who handed him a note from Marietta:

"Pour vous faire plaisir, j'ai agi tout à fait contre mes principes, et j'ai intercédé auprès de mon mari pour votre protégée. Il se trouve que cette personne peut être relâchée immediatement. Mon mari a écrit au

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^{*)} The title of Baron is unknown to Russian nobility, and is in Russia usually borne by persons of German descent. principally from Baltic provinces.—Translator's note.

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commandant. Venez donc 'without ulterior motives.'

Je vous attends."*)

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"What do you think of that?" said Nekhliudov. "Is it not terrible? They are keeping a woman for seven months in solitary confinement, and it turns out that she is absolutely blameless, and in order to have her released it is only necessary to say the word."

"It's always that way. But at any rate you have attained your purpose."

"But even this success grieves me. I ask now why are such things done? Why has she been kept in confinement?"

"Well, perhaps it is best not to try to get to the bottom of it. And I'll take you to your destination," said the lawyer when they came out on the porch, and the elegant cab which the lawyer had hired drew up to the entrance.

"You're bound for Baron Vorobyev's?"

The lawyer gave the necessary directions to the coachman and the trusty steeds soon took him to the Baron's house. The Baron was at home. In the first room Nekhliudov found a young official in semi-dress, (a young man with an extraordinarily slender neck and a prominent Adam's apple, who was walking about with an unusually light step), as well as two ladies.

"Your name?" asked the young official with the Adam's apple, moving with an unusually light and graceful stride from the ladies to Nekhliudov

^{*) &}quot;To please you, I have violated all my principles and have pleaded with my husband for your protegee. It appears that this person can be released immediately. My husband has written the commandant. Come to see me, without ulterior motives, won't you? I expect you."

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Nekhliudov gave his name.

"The Baron told me about you. One moment, please."

The aide-de-camp passed through a door that was kept shut, and brought out a lady in mourning whose face was stained with tears. She was letting down her entangled veil, with fingers that were very thin, evidently striving to conceal her tears.

"Come in, please," said the young official to Nekhliudov, and stepping lightly to the door of the room, he opened it and paused at the threshold.

Nekhliudov entered and found himself face to face with a stockily built man of medium size, with closely cropped head, dressed in a cutaway; he was seated in an arm-chair before a huge desk and was cheerfully looking into space. His friendly face, noticeable particularly for its ruddiness against the white frame of snowy mustache and beard, assumed a cordial smile when Nekhliudov came in sight.

"Very glad to see you. I was a great friend and acquaintance of your mother. I used to see you as a boy and as a young officer. Sit down and tell me how I may be of service to you. Yes, yes," he said shaking his closely cropped snow white head while Nekhliudov was relating the story of Feodosia Biriukova. "Go on, go on, I understand everything, yes, yes, indeed it is a pathetic story. Well, have you filed a petition?"

"I have prepared a petition," said Nekhliudov taking it out of his breast pocket, "but I wanted to ask you.. I had hopes that special attention would be paid to this case."

"And you did very well. I will surely report it myself," said the Baron with a very faulty imitation of compassionate sympathy in his merry face. "It is very pathetic. Evidently she was a mere child, the husband treated her roughly and she resented it, and later they came to love one another... Yes, I will report it."

"Count Ivan Mikhailovitch said that he had meant to ask..." These words had hardly fallen from Nekhliudov's lips when the expression on the Baron's face underwent a change.

"However," he said, "you had better hand the petition yourself in the office, and I will do what I can," he said to Nekhliudov.

At that moment the young official entered the room evidently very proud of his own swaggering walk.

"This lady begs to say a few more words."

"Well, call her back. Ah, mon cher, the many tears you see here, if one but could dry them all! I do what I can."

The lady came in.

"I forgot to ask you not to permit him to give the child away, otherwise he..."

"But I told you what I would do."

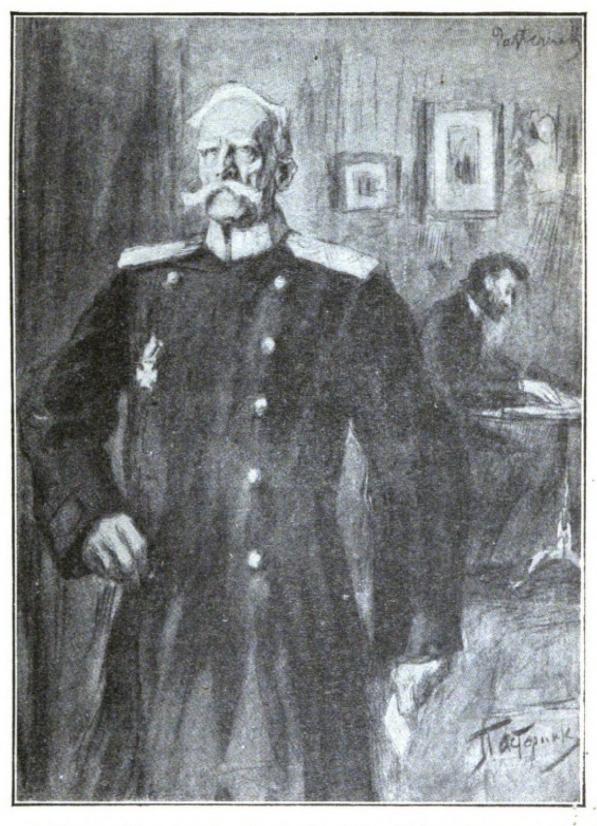
She grasped his hand and began to cover it with kisses. "Baron, for God's sake, you will save a mother's life..."

"Everything will be done."

When the lady went out, Nekhliudov began to make his farewell bow.

"We'll do what we can. We'll get in touch with the Ministry of Justice. They will give us a reply, and then we will do what we can."

Nekhliudov went out and passed into the office. Here again as in the Senate he found a magnificent apartment, magnificent officials, spick and span, courte-



The man in whose hands was the fate of the prisoners in the fortress... Page 112.

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ous, correct from attire to speech, accurate and solemn.

"How many there are of them, how dreadfully many, and how well fed, what spotless shirts and hands, what lustrously polished boots, and who is doing all this? and how well off they all are compared not only with the people in prison but also in the village," Nekhliudov again involuntarily mused.

XIX.

The man in whose power it was to relieve the fate of those imprisoned in St. Petersburg was an old General, of German baronial ancestry, who had done much meritorious service for the state, but, according to rumor, was no longer is his right mind; he had decorations enough to cover him from head to foot, but did not ordinarily wear them, with the exception of a white cross on a riband. He had served in the Caucasus regions where this particularly flattering decoration was bestowed upon him for his leadership of Russian peasants; these had their heads closely cropped, were stuck in uniforms and armed with rifles and bayonets, were led forth to kill over a thousand persons who were defending their liberty and their homes and their families. Then he lived in Poland where he also compelled Russian peasants to commit sundry crimes for which he received new medals and decorations for his uniform. Then he was transferred somewhere else, and when he became a decrepit old man he was appointed to a post which provided him with a fine residence, a good income and honors, and of which he was still the incumbent. He very strictly fulfilled all orders from above and attached a peculiar value to such literal fulfillment of orders, ascribing a peculiarly



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sacred significance to these instructions from above, believing that anything in the world might be permitted to change, but not these instructions from above. His duty consisted in keeping political offenders of both sexes in solitary confinement in bastions, but so to keep them that in the course of ten years half of them perished, partly going insane, partly dying of consumption and partly by suicide; by starving themselves to death, cutting their arteries with jagged pieces of glass, by hanging or by setting themselves on fire.

The old general knew all this, all this was going on before his eyes, but all these cases failed to reach his conscience, even as accidents due to storms or floods, etc., could not touch his conscience.

These things occurred as the result of carrying out instructions sent down from above in the name of His Majesty the Emperor. These instructions had to be carried out at all costs, and therefore it was perfectly futile to think of the consequences of these instructions. The old general did not permit himself to think of these things, considering it his patriotic duty as a soldier to refrain from thinking, in order not to weaken in the carrying out of these duties which he considered very important. Once a week the old general according to the requirements of his position made the round of all bastions and asked the prisoners whether they had any requests to make. The prisoners appealed to him with sundry requests. He listened to them quietly, in impenetrable silence, but never granted any requests, because all of their requests were contrary to lawful regulations.

While Nekhliudov was approaching the residence of

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the old general, the chimes in the turret tinkled the tune of the hymn "How Gracious is Our Lord in Zion," and then the clock struck the hour of two. Listening to these chimes Nekhliudov involuntarily recalled reading in the memories of the prisoners of the December revolution how this hourly repeated sweet music evoked a terrible echo in the souls of these condemned to lifelong captivity.

But while Nekhliudov was driving up to the front entrance of his residence the old general was sitting in his darkened reception room behind an inlaid table, and in company with a young artist (brother of one of his underlings) he was engaged in revolving a saucer over a sheet of paper. The thin, moist, flabby fingers of the artist were intertwined with the coarse, gnarled and stiff-jointed fingers of the old general, and these intertwined hands were jerking in unison with the inverted tea saucer over the sheet of paper which was inscribed with all the letters of the alphabet. The saucer was replying to the question which the general had propounded: how will the souls know one another after death?

At the moment when one of the orderlies assigned to act as a valet came in with the visiting card of Nekhliudov, the spirit of Joan of Arc was speaking through the medium of the saucer. The spirit of Joan of Arc had already spelled out letter by letter the words: "will know one another" and these had been put down in that order. But when the orderly came in the saucer had just stopped on "b" and then on "y" and reaching the letter "a" it stopped again and commenced to jerk back and forth. It was jerking this way because the following letters in the general's opinion ought to

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RESURRECTION

have been "n", that is Joan of Arc, as he thought meant to convey that the souls would know one another "by and by," after perhaps a process of purification from all that is earthy, or something similar, so that the next letters ought to have been "n" and "d", but the artist thought that the next letter ought to be "l", that the spirit meant to say that he souls would know one another "by a light" proceeding from the ethereal essence of the spirits. The general sat with a frown over his dense grey eyebrows, gazing fixedly upon the hands, and imagining that the saucer moved of its own accord, he was dragging it towards "n." But the young anemic artist, whose thin locks were combed back of his ears, was peering into the dark corner of the reception room with his dull blue eyes, and moving his lips nervously was dragging his saucer towards "l." The general frowned still more at the interruption of his seance, and after a moment's silence, took the card, put on his eye glasses, groaned a little with the pain in the small of his back, rose to his full height and rubbed his stiffened fingers.

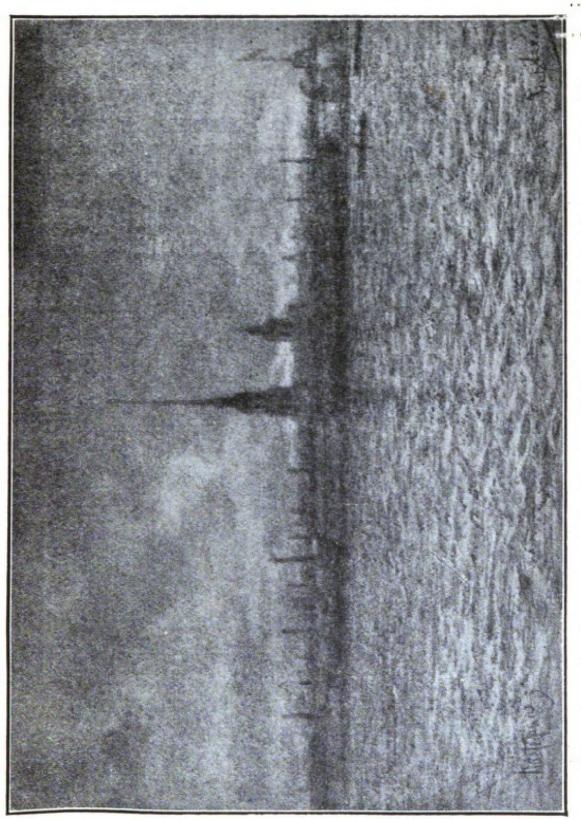
"Ask him into the study."

"With your permission, your Excellency, I will finish this myself," said the artist. "I feel the presence."

"Very well, finish it yourself," said the general resolutely and severely, and taking large steps with his stiffened limbs walked to his study with a determined and measured stride.

"Glad to see you," the general greeted Nekhliudov, pronouncing these cordial words with a tone of rudeness. He pointed to the chair near the writing table. "Have you been long in St. Petersburg?"





The chimes in the tower of the fortress of Petropavlovsk struck two. Page 117.

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Nekhliudov told him that he had but recently arrived.

"Is the Princess, your mother, well?"

"Mother died some time back."

"Pardon me, I'm very sorry. My son told me that he had met you."

The general's son had started on a career similar to his father's, and after graduating from the military academy he served for a time in the Intelligence Department and was very proud of the work which had been entrusted to him. His duties gave him charge of the espionage organization.

"Why, I served with your father. We were friends, comrades. Are you in the service?"

"No, I am not in the service."

The general inclined his head disapprovingly.

"I have a favor to ask of you, general," commenced Nekhliudov.

"Yes? I'm glad to hear it. How may I be of service to you?"

"If my request is out of place, please pardon me, but I must transmit it to you."

"What is it?"

"A certain Gurkevitch is confined under your charge, his mother is asking for an interview with him, or at least that some books be transmitted to him."

The general did not express any pleasure or displeasure at Nekhliudov's request, but inclined his head to one side and closed his eyes as though in deep meditation. He was not meditating, however, as a matter of fact, and was not even interested in Nekhliudov's request, knowing very well that his reply would coincide with the requirements of the regulations. He was mere-

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RESURRECTION

ly taking a mental rest and was thinking of nothing in particular.

"This, you see, does not depend on me," he said after a little pause of rest. "Regarding meetings there is a regulation approved by the Throne, and what is permitted there, is permitted. But with regard to the books, we have a library and they receive such books as are approved."

"But he requires scientific books, he wants to study."

"Don't you believe him." The general lapsed into silence again. "That is not for study purposes. Merely to raise trouble."

"But don't you see, they want to occupy their time in their difficult condition," said Nekhliudov.

"They're forever making complaints," said the general. "We know all about them."

He was speaking of them in general as though they were a peculiar mean race of people.

"And they have comforts here which you can rarely find in places of confinement," continued the general.

And as though by way of apology he commenced to describe all the comforts provided for the prisoners, as though the principal aim of this instituion consisted in furnishing an agreeable place of abode for the captives.

"In olden days things were, indeed, rather rough, but now they are kept wonderfully well. They eat a three course dinner, and always one meat dish, stew or chops. Sundays they have a fourth dish—dessert. God grant that every Russian may eat as well."

Having started on a hackneyed subject, the general, as old persons usually will, commenced to reiterate that which he had many times said over and over again in adducing proofs of their exactions and ingratitude.

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"They get books of spiritual character and old magazines. And we also have a library, but they read very seldom. At first they seem to take an interest, then they leave the new books unread with pages uncut from the middle of the book, and leave old books with pages unturned. We have even tried," said the general with a faint semblance of a smile, "to test them by inserting little bits of paper. They don't take trouble to turn the pages. And they are not prevented from writing," continued the general. "They get a slate and a slate pencil so that they may write to amuse themselves. They can wipe off the slate and write again. And yet they don't write. No, pretty soon they grow altogether peaceful. Only at first they worry, and then they grow fat and very quiet," said the general without the least suspicion of the terrible significance of his words.

Nekhliudov was listening to his hoarse senile chatter, he was watching these ossified limbs, the lacklustre eyes beneath they grey eyebrows, the shaven chops that leaned against the military collar, that white cross of which he was so proud because he had received it for an exceptionally cruel and wide-spread slaughter, and he realized that it was useless to offer objections or to try to explain to him the meaning of his own words. But nevertheless he made another effort and asked about another case, the case of Shustova, regarding whom he had been notified earlier in the day that she was ordered released.

"Shustova? Shustova.. I don't recall all the names. There are so many of them, you know," he said as though reproaching them for overcrowding. He rang the bell and sent for the chief clerk. While they were looking for the chief clerk he admonished Nekhliudov to serve

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the state, saying that honorable and noble men, obviously classifying himself among these, were needed by the Tsar and... by the country," he added evidently with the sole intention of rounding up his sentence.

"I am old, nevertheless I serve as long as my strength permits me."

The chief clerk, an elderly haggard man with shifty but clever eyes, came in and reported that Shustova was being confined in some oddly named fortification point and that no papers regarding her had been received.

"As soon as we get the release order, we will despatch her the same day. We neither hold them, nor particularly appreciate their visits," said the general with another attempt at a playful smile which merely screwed his senile face into a grimace.

Nekhliudov rose, trying to hold back the expression of that mixed sentiment of loathing and pity which he felt towards this terrible old man. But the old man concluded on his part that it would not do to be too severe on the frivolous, and evidently deluded son of a comrade or to let him depart unadmonished.

"Good-bye, dear boy, do not harbor a grudge against me, for I speak out of love to you. Have nothing in common with such people as we have under confinement. There are no innocent ones among them. They are the most immoral sort of people. We know all about them," he said in a tone that did not admit a possibility of doubt. And indeed he had no doubts on this subject, not because it was as he had stated, but because if it were otherwise he could not regard himself a respected hero who was worthily winding up a meritorious life, but a scoundrel who had bartered away his conscience and was continuing to barter it away in his old age.

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"But best of all go into service," he continued. "Men of honor are needed by the Tsar... and by the country. If I and all others refused to serve as you do, what then? What would remain? There we go condemning conditions, but we refuse to help the government."

Nekhliudov heaved a profound sigh, made a deep obeisance, shook his large bony hand and left the room.

The general shook his head disapprovingly and rubbing his spine returned to the reception room where the artist was waiting for him, having already jotted down the reply of the spirit of Joan of Arc. The general put cn his eye glasses and read: "will know one another by a light issuing from their ethereal forms."

"Ah," said the general approvingly and shutting his eyes, "but how will they know one another if they all have the same light?" he asked crossing fingers again with the artist and sitting down at the table.

Nekhliudov's cabby meanwhile had driven up to the entrance.

"It's a dreary place, sir," he said turning to Nekhliudov, "I felt almost like driving off without waiting for you to come out."

"Yes, dreary, indeed," agreed Nekhliudov breathing in with full chest and fixing his eyes upon the vapory clouds that floated in the sky and upon the ripples on the river Neva from the boats and steamers that were wending their way hither and thither.

XX.

The following day Maslova's case was set for a hearing, and Nekhliudov drove to the Senate. The lawyer met him as he drove up to the majestic entrance of the



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Senate building, and several carriages had already preceded them. Ascending the solemnly magnificent grand stairway to the second story, the lawyer, who seemed to be perfectly at home in the building, directed his steps to a door on the left on which was engraved the year of the introduction of judiciary codes. Taking off his overcoat in the first spacious chamber and learning from the porter that the Senators had all arrived, the last one having just preceded them, Fanarin remained in a swallow tail coat and a white tie over an expanse of white shirt bosom*) and with an air of cheerful confidence proceeded to the next room. On the right hand side of this room stood a large closet and a table, on the left was a winding staircase from which an elegantly dressed official in semi-dress with a portfolio under his arm was just in the act of descending. The attention of the newcomer into the room was particularly drawn to a patriarchal looking little old man with long snow white locks, in a short coat and grey trousers, with two attendants by his side, who were standit g before him in a peculiarly obsequious posture.

The elderly gentleman with snow white locks entered into the closet and disappeared there. Just then Fanarin caught sight of a local colleague, who was likewise dressed in a swallow tail coat with a white bow tie, and immediately entered into an animated conversation with him. But Nekhliudov was scrutinizing the persons whom he saw in the room. There were about fifteen people in the audience, including two ladies. One was fairly young and wore eye-glasses, while the other had grey hair. The case set for the hearing concerned a

^{*)} According to the Russian etiquette lawyers must appear in evening wear when pleading before courts.—Translator's note.



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newspaper libel, and it had attracted a larger audience than usual, mostly from people connected with the press.

The marshal of the court, a handsome man with ruddy cheeks, in a magnificent uniform, approached Fanarin and asked him what case he was interested in, and learning that it was Maslova's made a note of it and left him. Just then the door of the closet opened again, and the patriarchal looking little old gentleman emerged once more, only this time instead of a jacket he wore an attire covered with gold braid, with shining medals in front, and clad like this he greatly resembled a bird.

This amusing outfit evidently embarrassed the little old gentleman himself, for with a more rapid stride than usual, he hastily passed through the door that was opposite to the antechamber.

"This is Be, a most estimable man," said Fanarin to Nekhliudov, and having introduced him to his colleague he told him about the case that was to be heard next, which he claimed was exceedingly interesting.

The hearing commenced upon, and Nekhliudov joined the public and passed into the session hall on the left. All of them, including Fanarin, filed into the place behind the screen which was allotted to the audience. Only his colleague from St. Petersburg passed on beyond the screen on the other side of the desk that was in front of it.

The sessions hall of the Senate was smaller than the court room in the District Court, it was more plainly furnished, but differed otherwise only in that the table behind which the Senators were seated was not covered with green baize but with a cloth of ruby colored velvet with a border of golden braid. But even here were found these everlasting symbolic attributes of the places where

they dispense justice: the mirror*), the icon—the emblem of hypocrisy, and the portrait of the Emperor-the emblem of servile adulation. With the same solemnity the marshal exclaimed: "The Court!" again everybody rose, and the senators made the same ascent to their places, clad in their uniforms, and took their seats in highbacked chairs, leaning likewise against the table in their efforts to appear natural. There were four Senators present. The presiding Senator, Nikitin, a clean-shaven man with a narrow face and steel-grey eyes; Wolff, with tightly compressed lips and little white hands with which he was turning the pages of the brief; then Skovorodnikov, clumsy, sallow-faced and stout; he was the learned jurist; and lastly Be, that same patriarchal-appearing old gentleman who had been the last to arrive. Together with the Senators came out the Chief Secretary and the Assistant Prosecutor General, a medium-sized clean-shaven haggard young man, with a very dark complexion and melancholy black eyes. In spite of his queer uniform, and although over six years had passed since Nekhliudov had seen him last, he recognized in him one of the most intimate friends of his college days.

"Is this Assistant Prosecutor General Selenin?" he asked the lawyer.

"Yes. Why?"

"I am very well acquainted with him, he is an excellent fellow."

"And a very satisfactory Assistant Prosecutor General, a man who knows his business. He should have been asked..." said Fanarin.

"He will act in accordance with his conscience in

^{*)} A crystal triangle known as the Mirror of Laws, an emblem of Russian Courts.—Translator's note.

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any event," said Nekhliudov recalling his intimate relations and his friendship with him, his charming characteristics of cleanmindedness, integrity and decency in the very best sense of that word.

"Yes, and besides it would be too late now," whispered Fanarin, completely absorbed in listening to the case which had just begun.

The Senators were considering a complaint against the decision of the court of Appeals which had affirmed a verdict of the District Court without any change.

Nekhliudov began to listen to the case and tried to enter into the meaning of what was going on before him, but here as in the District Court the principal difficulty lay in the fact that instead of talking about that which would naurally seem the main thing, they discussed things that were only of indirect importance. The case concerned an article which had appeared in a newspaper and which exposed the swindling actions of the president of a stock company. It would seem that the principal point should be whether it was true that the president of the stock company was robbing those who had trusted him, and how to arrange it so that he could rob them no longer. But this was not even considered. They only argued whether the newspaper proprietor had or had not the right under the law to print the article in question, and what crime had he committed in printing it, slander or libel, and to what extent did the slander partake of the character of a libel, or the libel partake of the character of slander, and more of the same nature regarding articles of various kinds and decisions of various instances, all of it being very little intelligible to a layman.

The only thing that Nekhliudov understood was this: this same Senator Wolff, who was reporting the



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case under review, and who only the day before had so sternly emphasized to him that the Senate had no power to enter into the consideration of the substance of a case, in the present instance was reporting with evident partiality in favor of quashing the verdict of the Court of Appeals, and that Selenin, very contrary to his usual moderation of temperament, was expressing an opposite view with unexpected vehemence. But the vehemence of Selenin, who was otherwise so reserved, was based on the fact that it was known to him that the chairman of the stock company was a shady man with regard to financial matters and that he had entertained Wolff at an extravagant dinner almost on the eve of the hearing. And now when Wolff reported the case with such patent bias, though with considerable caution, Selenin's blood was up and he expressed his opinion with a little more temper than an ordinary case called for. His words evidently offended Wolff, who blushed and twitched and indulged in wordless gestures, and wore a very dignified and offended expression when he retired with the other Senators in the conference room.

"What case are you on?" inquired the marshal of the court of Fanarin as soon as the Senators had retired.

"I have already informed you—the Maslova case," said Fanarin.

"That's so. This case will be heard to-day. But..."

"But what?" asked the lawyer.

"You see, it was expected that the parties would not be represented, so that the Senators hardly intended to come out after passing their ruling. But I will report..."

"Just what will happen?"

"I will report, I will report," and the marshal jotted down a note.



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The Senators indeed had intended after announcing their ruling in connection with the slander case to dispose of all the remaining cases, including Maslova's, over tea and cigarettes, without leaving the conference room.

XXI.

The moment the Senators had seated themselves around the conference room table, Wolff with animation commenced to set forth the grounds by reason of which the verdict should be quashed. The presiding Senator, always a contrary sor! of a man, was in a particularly bad humor this day. Having listened to the case during the session, he had already formed his opinion, and sat now absorbed in his thoughts, without listening to Wolff. But his thoughts were dwelling on the entry which he had made the day before in his memoirs on the subject of the appointment of a man named Vilianov to an important post to which he had been aspiring himself for a long time. The presiding Senator Nikitin was in all sincerity convinced that his views of the officials of the highest two classes in the bureaucratic scale with whom he had had dealings during his career formed a material of great historic importance. The day before he had written a chapter in which he expressed extremely harsh views of the officials of these two highest classes for obstructing him, as he termed it, in his work of saving Russia from the ruin into which the country was being dragged by the present rulers, but in reality because they had interfered with his obtaining a post which yielded a higher emolument than he was now enjoying, and he was thinking now that an entirely different light would

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be thrown upon the matter for the benefit of the coming generations through his memoirs.

"Yes, certainly," he replied to a remark which Wolff had just made to him, without even listening to it. But Senator Be was listening to Wolff with a melancholy mien, meanwhile busily drawing wreaths upon a sheet of paper that was lying before him. Be was a liberal of the purest water. He sacredly guarded the traditions of the sixties, and if he ever departed from the strictest impartiality, it was only in favor of liberalism. And so in the present instance, apart from the fact that the stock manipulator who had complained of slander was a man of shady character, Be was in favor of ignoring his complaint also for the reason that punishing a journalist for a libel was a restriction of the liberty of the press. When Wolff had finished a recital of his grounds, Be, without completing the drawing of his wreaths, with a melancholy mien-it always made him melancholy to be forced to prove such truisms—and with soft and agreeable accents, concisely, simply and convincingly demonstrated the groundlessness of the complaint, and lowering his snow white head resumed the drawing of the wreath.

Skovorodnikov, who was seated opposite Wolff and was continuously gathering his beard and mustache into a little knot which he pushed into his mouth, the moment Be had finished speaking, ceased to chew his beard, and stated in a loud and strident voice that although the chairman of the stock company was a terrible black-guard, he would be in favor of quashing the verdict if there were any legal grounds for such a course, but since there were none, he associated himself with the opinion of Ivan Semyonovitch (Be), with evident delight in the pin prick which he thereby had administered to Senator

Wolff. The presiding Senator supported the opinion of Skovorodnikov and the case was decided in the negative.

Wolff was dissatisfied, particularly by the realization that he had been caught, as it were, in an exhibition of improper bias, and simulating an air of indifference, opened the papers in the case of Maslova which was next to be reported on. The Senators in the meanwhile had rung the bell and ordered some tea and started a general conversation discussing another affair, which together with the Kamensky case, formed at that time the topic of town talk in St. Petersburg. It was the case of the chief of a department in one of the ministries who had been caught and exposed in the commission of an offence against article 995*).

"How vile!" exclaimed Be with disgust.

"Why vile? I can show you in literature a suggestion by a German author who plainly advocated the legalization of marriage relations between men," said Skovorodnikov, greedily smacking his lips and puffing at his crumpled cigarette which he was holding between the lower joints of his fingers very close to his palm, and he laughed out loud.

"You're joking!" said Be.

"I'll show you," said Skovorodnikov quoting the full title of the work and even the year and the place of publication.

"I hear he is scheduled for appointment as governor in one of the Siberian provinces," said Nikitin.

"Fine. They will receive him with a cross-bearing Bishop at the head of the deputation. They ought to find a Bishop of the same type. I could recommend them

^{*)} An unnatural offence against morals.—Translator's note.

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one," said Skovorodnikov and dropping the remains of his cigarette into a saucer, he once more gathered his beard and mustache into a knot and commenced to chew thereon.

At this moment the marshal came in and reported the desire of the lawyer and of Nekhliudov to be present at the consideration of the Maslova case.

"Why, this case," said Wolff, "is really a very romantic story." And he told them what he knew of the relations between Nekhliudov and Maslova. After a brief conversation and having finished their tea, the Senators returned to the sessions hall, announced their decision relative to the case that had just been reviewed, and took up the Maslova case.

Wolff reported Maslova's complaint very circumstantially in his thin voice, and again exhibited a certain bias and a desire to have the verdict set aside.

"Have you anything to add?" the presiding senator asked Fanarin.

Fanarin rose to his feet, impressively expanding his white-shirted chest and taking up the case point by point, with remarkable emphasis and precision of expression demonstrated that the lower court had deviated in each of the six points from the clear sense of the law; he permitted himself, though briefly, to touch the substance of the case and to refer to the crying injustice of the verdict. The gist of the brief but powerful address was that he apologized for insistently pointing out matters which the honorable Schators in their penetrating sagacity as great jurists saw and grasped far better than he could, and that he was doing so merely because he had assumed the obligation of doing so. After Fanarin's address not the least doubt seemed to exist that the Senate would



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set aside the verdict of the lower court. Having finished his address Fanarin smiled in triumph. Looking upon the lawyer and noting his smile, Nekhliudov felt sure that the case had been won. But glancing at the Senators he saw that it was Fanarin alone who smiled in The Senators and the Assistant Prosecutor triumph. General neither smiled nor appeared triumphant, but had the appearance of men who were bored and were inwardly saying: "We've heard a lot of talk like that, and it's all buncombe." They all appeared to be satisfied only when the lawyer was through and had ceased detaining them unnecessarily. Immediately after the lawyer had finished his speech, the presiding Senator turned to the Assistant Prosecutor General. briefly but clearly and concisely moved that all the grounds cited by the appellant be rejected as unfounded. Thereupon the Senators rose and retired to the conference room for a consultation. In the conference room the vote was divided. Wolff advocated that the verdict be set aside. Be, having grasped the whole trouble, also warmly advocated the quashing of the verdict, and drew for his associates a vivid picture of the lower court and of the misunderstanding on the part of the jurors, as he had with perfect accuracy understood it. Nikitin, as usual, was in favor of severity and of the strictest formality on general principles and opposed this view. The whole matter hinged on Skovorodnikov's vote. And this vote was cast in favor of rejection of the appeal, principally because Nekhliudov's determination to marry this girl in the name of some moral consideration was in the highest degree distasteful to him.

Skovorodnikov was a materialist and a believer in Darwin's theories and he considered any manifestation

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of abstract morality—or what was still worse to him—of religious sentiment not only a contemptible madness, but a personal insult aimed at himself. All this pother about a prostitute, and the presence of a famous lawyer here in the Senate in her defence, and of Nekhluidov himself, annoyed him in the utmost degree. And pushing his beard into his mouth, with a grimace, he simulated most naturally an attitude of complete ignorance of the whole matter excepting that he claimed that he considered the grounds for a reversal of the verdict as cited by the appellant inadequate and therefore agreed with the presiding Senator that the complaint be disallowed.

And the complaint was rejected.

XXII.

"Terrible," said Nekhliudov as he made his way into the anteroom in company with the lawyer who was adjusting his portfolio. "They take the most obvious case and on purely formal points they turn it down. It's terrible."

"This case was spoiled in the lower court," said the lawyer.

"And even Selenin was in favor of turning it down. It's terrible, terrible," reiterated Nekhliudov. "What's to be done now?"

"A petition to the Throne. You can submit it while you are here. I will prepare it for you."

At that moment the wizened figure of Wolff in uniform and decorated with stars came out into the anteroom and approached Nekhliudov.

"What can you do, dear Prince? There were not



enough grounds for appeal," he said shrugging his narrow shoulders and shutting his eyes, and was gone.

Wolff was followed by Selenin, who had learned from the Senators that his old friend Nekhliudov was in the building.

"What an unexpected meeting," he said coming towards Nekhliudov and smiling with his lips, while his eyes retained their melancholy expression. "I didn't even know that you were in St. Petersburg."

"And I didn't know that you were prosecutor general.."

"Only assistant," Selenin corrected him.

"What are you doing in the Senate?" he asked eyeing his friend with a melancholy and downcast air.

"I had hoped to find justice and to save an innocent condemned woman."

"What woman?"

"The one whose case has just been heard."

"Ah, the Maslova case," said Selenin remembering now. "It was a perfectly unfounded complaint."

"The important thing was not the complaint but the woman, who is innocent and is undergoing punishment."

Selenin sighed: "That may be, but..."

"Not may be, but it is really so.."

"How do you know?"

"I was a juror, and I know that we made a mistake."

Selenin mused. "You should have reported it right there and then," he said.

"I did."

"It should have been entered in the protocol. If this

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had been shown with the petition for a reversal of judgment..."

"But even so it was obvious that the verdict was absurd."

"The Senate has no right to say so. If the Senate undertook to set aside verdicts on the basis of its views as to the justice of the verdicts themselves, then not only would the Senate lose every point of support and would rather run the risk of upsetting justice then of upholding it," said Selenin recalling the preceding case, "but moreover the verdicts of jurors would lose all their meaning."

"I only know one thing, that this woman is innocent and that the last hope of saving her from unmerited punishment is gone. The supreme judicial body has confirmed the lawlessness that was committed."

"No, it did not confirm it, because it did not enter nor indeed could enter into a review of the case itself," said Selenin half shutting his eyes.

Selenin, always busy and seldom making social visits, evidently has not heard a thing of Nekhliudov's romantic affair; and Nekhliudov who had gathered that much decided that he need not talk to him of his peculiar relations with Maslova.

"You must be stopping at your aunt's," added Selenin with the evident intention of changing the subject. "I learned from her yesterday that you were here. The Countess invited me to attend with you a meeting with some foreign preacher," he said smiling with his lips only.

"Yes. I attended one, but left in disgust," angrily retorted Nekhliudov annoyed by Selenin's change of subject.

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"But why with disgust? After all it is a manifestation of religious sentiment, though it be onesided and sectarian," said Selenin.

"It is raving nonsense," retorted Nekhliudov.

"No, it is not. The only thing that is queer is that we so little know the teaching of our own church, that we accept our own basic dogmas as a sort of a new revelation," said Selenin hastening to communicate to his former friend these new ideas of his.

Nekhliudov looked at Selenin carefully and with surprise. But Selenin had dropped his eyes which were now expressive not only of melancholy, but also of hostility.

"But do you really believe in the dogmas of the church?" asked Nekhliudov.

"Of course I do," said Selenin looking into Nekhliu-dov's eyes with a glance that was direct though dull.

Nekhliudov sighed. "Remarkable," he retorted.

"Still, we'll have a chat some other time," said Selenin. "I'm coming," he remarked to the marshal who had come to fetch him. "We must surely meet again," he added with a sigh. "Only shall I ever find you in? As far as I am concerned, I am always at home for dinner, at seven o'clock. I live on Nadezhdinskaya,"—he gave him the number of the house. "What a lot of water has flown since those days," he added in departing, smiling once more with his lips alone.

"I'll come if I find time," said Nekhliudov feeling that his one intimate and beloved friend had been transformed, as the result of a brief conversation, into a stranger, distant and incomprehensible, if not directly hostile.

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XXIII.

In their college days, when Nekhliudov and Selenin were acquaintances, Selenin had been a model son, a loyal comrade, a man of the world with a good education considering his years, and very tactful, always elegant and handsome, and at the same time extraordinarily honorable and truthful. He made wonderful strides in his studies without an effort and without pedantry, being rewarded with gold medals for his theses. He had made the aim of his young life to serve mankind not only in words, but also in deeds. This service he pictured to himself only in the light of state service, and therefore after graduation he carefully examined every branch of activities to which he could devote his abilities and decided that he could do most good in the second division of the Emperor's own office, which had charge of compiling legislation, and he entered its service. spite of the most precise and conscientious execution of all that was demanded of him, he did not find in this service a satisfaction of his longing to be useful, and could not create within himself the consciousness that he was doing that which he ought to be doing. This feeling of dissatisfaction became so pronounced as the result of conflicts with a narrow-minded and ambitious superior immediately above him that he left the second division and took up service with the Senate. He did better in the Senate, but the same feeling of dissatisfaction pursued him also here. He never ceased thinking that things were not up to his expectations and should be somehow different. Here while he was serving in the Senate his relatives succeeded in securing for him



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the appointment as a gentleman-in-waiting to the Tsar, and he was forced to drive here and there in an embroidered uniform and with a linen apron thanking various people for having been appointed a flunkey. Strive as he might, he was unable to find a logical explanation of this position. And here even more than in the state service he felt that things were not what they ought to be, and yet he was on the one hand unable to decline, for fear of offending those who were convinced that they had given him a very great pleasure, and on the other hand this appointment flattered the lowest qualities of his nature, and he was pleased with the reflection of himself in an embroidered uniform each time he stood before the mirror and with the respect which this appointment inspired in many persons.

The same thing happened to him with regard to his marriage. A brilliant match, from the point of view of the world, had been arranged for him. And he married principally because to refuse meant to offend and to injure not only the bride who had wished for it, but also those who had arranged the match, and marriage to a pretty, youthful and highly born girl flattered his vanity. But soon even the marriage proved different from what it should have been, just as the state service and the court appointment had. After the first child the wife did not desire any more children and began to lead a luxurious worldly life in which he was willy-nilly forced to participate.

She was not particularly beautiful, but was true to him, yet not to speak of spoiling thereby her husband's life, she zealously led the style of living referred to, though even she herself obtained no benefit from it, but only a terrible strain and weariness. All his efforts to lead her to abandon it were shattered against the stone



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wall of her assurance that it was necessary for it to be so, in which assurance she was supported by all her relatives and friends.

The child, a little fairhaired girl with bare legs, was a creature utterly foreign to her father, particularly because she had been brought up very differently from his desires. An attitude of habitual non-comprehension, or even a desire not to understand one another, was established between husband and wife, and was followed by a silent warfare that was concealed from outsiders and moderated only by the dictates of decency. So that even his family life turned out not as it should be, even more so than the service and the court appointment.

But furthest removed from being what it should be was his attitude to religion. In common with all the men of his circle and time he had broken by his mental growth, and without the least effort, through those meshes of religious superstitions in which he had been brought up, and he did not know himself how he had managed to free himself. Being a serious-minded and an honest man he had not concealed this emancipation from official religion in the days when he was young and in college and was intimate with Nekhliudov.

But with advancing years, and with promotions in the service, particularly with the coming of an era of conservative reaction which had then just set in in society, this spiritual liberty began to be a hindrance. Not to speak of domestic relations, particularly at the time of his father's death when he was compelled to attend requiem masses, not to speak of his mother's wish that the should fast at appointed times, or of the public opinion which demanded all these things, his position required his constant attendance at public prayer and

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praise services, celebrations, special services of thanksgiving, etc., and very few days passed but brought him in contact with the external forms of religion which he was unable to avoid. Attending these ceremonies, one of two courses was open to him: to pretend (which his truthful character prevented him from doing) that he believed in things in which he really did not believe, or else to arrange his life in such a manner as not to be forced to participate in what to him was a lie.

But in order to accomplish this seemingly simple matter much was required: besides entering upon a path of constant struggle with all those who were near him, he would have also had to throw up the service and to give up all that career of usefulness to mankind, which he thought he was already accomplishing, and which he hoped still further to increase in the future. And in order to do this, a man must be firmly assured that he is right. And he was firmly assured that he was right, just as any man of education in our day must be assured of the rightness of common sense reasoning if he knows a little history, knows the origin of religion in general and the origin of decay of the Christian ecclesiastical religion in particular. But under the pressure of the affairs of life, he, though a truthful man, conceded a little lie whichconsisted in this: he said to himself that in order to maintain that that which is irrational one must first make a study of the irrational thing. That was the little lie which led him astray into the greater lie in which he now was steeped.

In asking himself the question of the rightness of the orthodoxy in which he had been born and brought up, which was demanded from him by all those around him, without bowing to which he could not continue his activity that was so useful to mankind, he had already



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prejudged the question. And therefore in order to enlighten himself he did not take the works of Voltarie, Schopenhauer, Spencer or Kant, but the philosophical works of Hegel, the religious essays of Vinet and Khomiakov, and of course he found in them that which he needed: a semblance of comfort and a justification of that religious teaching in which he had been brought up and which his reason long since had rejected, but lacking which his life was filled with all sorts of discomforts, and with the recognition of which these discomforts were automatically removed. And he appropriated all those time-worn sophisms to the effect that the finite reason of man could not know the truth, that truth is revealed only to mankind as a whole, that the sole means of knowing the truth is revelation, that revelation is guarded by the church, etc. And from that time on he could calmly, without the consciousness of a lie, attend prayer services, requiems, masses, could fast and cross himself before images, could continue his official activity which yielded him the consciousness of doing good and useful work, and a consolation in a joyless family life. He thought that he believed and yet more than in any other phase of his life he was conscious in every fibre of his being that his faith was in no way that which it should be. And that was why his eyes were always melancholy. And that was why on seeing Nekhliudov whom he had known before all these lies became fixed in him, he remembered himself such as he had been in those days, and particularly after he had hastened to give him a hint of his religious views, he realized more than ever that it was not as it should be, and he became terribly downcast. And this same feeling, after the first flush of pleasure at seeing an old friend, communicated itself also to Nekhliudov.

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And for this reason, in spite of promising one another to meet again, neither made an effort to bring this meeting about, and as a matter of fact they did not meet again during Nekhliudov's sojourn in St. Petersburg.

XXIV.

Leaving the Senate building Nekhliudov, accompanied by the lawyer, walked on the sidewalk. The lawyer had ordered his cab to follow them and commenced to tell Nekhliudov the salacious story of that department chief of whom the senators had been speaking, describing how he had been caught, and explaining how instead of being sentenced to hard labor he had received an appointment to the post of a governor in Siberia. Having finished telling this story with all its filthy details, he told another-with much relish-about some men in high places who had stolen funds that were being collected for an unfinished monument past which they had driven this very morning, and still another about somebody's mistress who had made millions on the Stock Exchange, and again how this one had sold and another one had bought a wife, and the lawyer started on a new tale of rascalities and villanies of all sorts committed by the highest men in the country, who instead of languishing in prisons occupied presidential chairs in various institutions. These stories, of which he had evidently an inexhaustible supply, furnished much amusement to the lawyer, who was pointing out with great logic that the methods employed by him as a lawyer for the increase of his own earnings were perfectly legitimate and unobjectionable compared with the methods employed for the same purpose by the highest dignitaries in St. Peters-



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burg. And therefore the lawyer was very much amazed when Nekhliudov without waiting to hear the end of his stories about the venality of highest officials, said goodbye and hailing a cabman returned to his lodging.

Nekhliudov felt very sad. He felt sad principally because the decision of the Senate had confirmed that agonizing outrage upon innocent Maslova and also because this decision placed additional difficulties in the way of realizing his unalterable determination of uniting his fate with hers. This sadness was accentuated by the recital of the monstrous evils which were reigning here, and which the lawyer had related to him with such relish, and besides he was forever haunted by that malignant, frigid and repelling glance of Selenin, who had once been so charming, candid and noble.

When Nekhliudov returned home the doorman with a somewhat contemptuous mien tendered him a note which, he said, some woman had written in the lobby and left for him. It was a note from Shustova's mother. She said in the note that she had called to thank the benefactor and savior of her daughter, and in addition she begged, nay she entreated him to look them up in their flat, which was number so and so, on the Fifth Avenue on Vasili Island*). This was very essential, she wrote him, for the sake of Vera Efremovna. He need not fear that they would overwhelm him with expressions of gratitude, they would not say a word about gratitude, but would be simply glad to see him. If he could, they should like to have him call next morning.

There was also another note, from a former comrade of Nekhliudov's, Bogatyrev an Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, whom Nekhliudov had begged to submit to

^{*)} An unpretentious part of St. Petersburg, on the other side of the river Neva.—Translator's note.

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which he had prepared. Bogatyrev wrote in his large bold handwriting that in accordance with his promise he would place the petition into the Emperor's own hands, but that the thought had occurred to him whether it would not be best for Nekhliudov to make a personal call upon a man on whom this matter ult mately depended and to make a personal appeal to him.

Nekhliudov after the impressions of the last few days of his stay in St. Petersburg had reached the state of utter hopelessness of attaining anything. The plans which he had formed in Moscow appeared now in the light of youthful dreams which inevitably lead to disenchantment in real life. But nevertheless, since he now was in St. Petersburg, he regarded it his duty to do all he could, and he decided to call the very next day on Bogatyrev, and after consulting him, to look up the party on whose decision depended the case of the sectarians.

Having drawn from his portfolio the papers in the case of the sectarians he was now reading them over, when he heard a knock at the door and a servant of Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna came in with an invitation to come upstairs for tea.

Nekhliudov promised to come at once and putting away his papers he started for his aunt's apartments. On his way upstairs he looked through the window and saw in the street the pair of Marietta's bays, and instantly he experienced an unexpected onrush of cheerfulness and felt like smiling.

Marietta had not taken off her hat. This time she was not in black, but wore a light dress of sundry hues, and sat, with a cup in her hand, next to the chair of the Countess, chatting and flashing her beautiful smiling eyes. Nethliudov happened to come in at the very moment when

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Marietta had blurted out a witty remark, that must have been witty in an indecent way, it seemed to Nekhliudov from the character of the laughter that followed: the good-natured Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna, with the mustache on her upper lip, shook in every fibre of her obese figure, and rocked back and forth in convulsions of laughter, while Marietta with a mischievous expression, had slightly curved her smiling mouth, and inclining her energetic and merry countenance to one side regarded her companion in silence.

Nekhliudov gathered from a word or two which he had picked up that they had been discussing the second tit-bit of St. Petersburg's gossip of the day, namely the episode of the Siberian governor, and that it was in connection with this affair that Marietta had said something that struck the Countess as so funny that she could not shake off her laughter for a long time.

"You will be the death of me," she said with a fit of coughing.

Nekhliudov greeted them and sat down by their side. And no sooner had he thought of censuring her for her frivolity than she noticed the serious expression on his face, and immediately, in order to please him, (this had been her endeavor ever since meeting him the other day) she not only altered the expression of her own face, but even apparently her entire state of mind. She had suddenly become very serious, discontented with life, seemingly groping for something, striving for something, and it was not so much that she dissembled, she actually duplicated the state of soul—though she could have never expressed in words wherein it consisted—through which Nekhliudov was passing at that time.

She asked him what success he had met with. He

told her about his failure in the Senate and about his meeting with Selenin.

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"Ah, what a pure soul, here is indeed a chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*) A pure soul," both of the ladies applied to him that constant epithet under which Selenin was known in society.

"What sort of a wife is that of his?" inquired Nekhliudov.

"She? Well, I shan't judge her. But she does not understand him."

"Can it be that he too was in favor of turning down the appeal?" she said with sincere sympathy. "This is terrible, how sorry I am for her!" she added with a sigh.

He frowned and tried to change the subject and began to speak of Shustova who had been confined in the fortress and later released thanks to her intercession. He thanked her for pleading with her husband and wanted to say how terrible it was to think that not only this woman, but her whole family, had suffered merely because nobody had taken them up, but she did not allow him to finish and expressed her own indignation.

"Don't say a word," she said. "The moment my husband told me that she could be released, this very thought struck me too. Why then had she been detained it she was innocent?" she expressed the thought which Nekhliudov had intended to bring out. "This is an outrage, an outrage."

Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna saw that Marietta was flirting with her nephew and this amused her. "Do you know what?" she said when they had finished, "come tomorrow evening to Aline's, Kiesewetter will be there. And you too," she turned to Marietta. "Il vous a re-

^{*)} A knight without fear and without reproach.

marqué," she said to her nephew. He considers the things you do as a good sign; I was telling him about you, and he says and that you will surely come to Christ, so please don't fail to be here. Tell him, Marietta, to come, and come yourself."

"In the first place, Countess, I have no right whatsoever to give advice to the prince," said Marietta looking at Nekhliudov and by this glance establishing a sort of understanding with him in relation to the words of the Countess and to Evangelicals in general, "and in the second place I am not very fond of..."

"Yes, you do everything your own way, upside down."

"How my own way? I believe in the same way as the commonest peasant woman," she said with a smile. "And in the third place I am going to-morrow to the French Theatre."

"Ah, have you seen that actress, what is her name now?" said Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna.

Marietta mentioned the name of a celebrated French tragedienne.

"Don't fail to go, it's wonderful."

"Whom do you want me to see, ma tante, the actress or the preacher?" said Nekhliudov with a smile.

"Please don't catch me with words."

"I think first the preacher and then the French actress, otherwise one might lose the taste for sermons altogether," said Nekhliudov.

"No, best start with the French Theatre, and then go and repent," said Marietta.

"Don't you try to make fun of me. The preacher is one thing, and the theatre is another. In order to save our souls we need not pull a long face or cry all the time. We must believe and then we are sure to be happy."

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"But, ma tante, you preach better than any preacher."

"Do you know what?" said Marietta. "Come to my box to-morrow."

"I fear that I shan't be able to..."

The conversation was interrupted by the coming of a servant who announced a visitor. This was the secretary of a charity organization of which the Countess was a patroness.

"Ah, but this is a terribly tiresome gentleman. I had better receive him outside. And then I'll come back to you. Give him some tea, Marietta," said the Countess making her way into the drawing room with a swift swinging gait.

Marietta took off her glove and bared her energetic though somewhat flat hand, with a mass of rings on the fourth finger.

"Will you have some?" she inquired picking up a silver tea kettle from an alcohol lamp and stretching out her little finger in an odd manner.

Her face became sad and serious.

"I feel always dreadfully, dreadfully hurt when people whose opinion I value confuse me with that situation in which I find myself."

She seemed to be on the verge of tears as she was saying these last words. And though upon analysis these words had no sense at all, or at least a very indefinite sense, they appealed to Nekhliudov as words of profound sincerity and goodness, so attractive seemed to him that that glance of the flashing eyes of the beautiful exquisitely gowned young woman, which accompanied these words.

Nekhliudov was watching her in silence and could not tear his eyes away from her face:

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is going on within you? But what you did is known to all. C'est le secret de polichinelle.*) And I am delighted with it and I approve of you."

"Really, there is nothing to delight in, I have done so very little as yet."

"That does not matter. I understand your feelings and I understand her. Very well then, I will not talk about it," she interrupted herself when she noticed an expression of annoyance upon his face. "But I also understand that having seen all the sufferings, all the horrors going on behind prison walls," said Marietta, who in reality desired but one thing, namely to attract him, and divined with her feminine intuition all that which he held important and precious, "you should desire to help those who suffer, those who suffer so cruelly, so cruelly because of people, of indifference, of barbarism. I understand how a life could be sacrificed for this, and I would sacrifice it myself.. But every one has his own fate to mold."

"Aren't you satisfied with your fate?"

"I?" she asked as though struck with amazement at the possibility of being asked such a question. "I must be content, and I am. But there is a worm that sometimes awakes...."

"And you must not let it go to sleep, you must obey this voice," said Nekhliudov yielding altogether to her deception.

Often in later days Nekhliudov remembered with shame this conversation with her: he remembered her words, which were not so much lies as they were counterfeits of his own words, and that expression of pretended adoring attention with which she listened while he de-

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scribed the horrors of prison life and his own impressions of village life.

When the Countess returned they were conversing not like merely old friends, but like intimate cronies, who alone understood one another in the midst of a throng that did not understand them.

They were talking of the injustice of power, of the sufferings of the unfortunate, of the poverty of the people, but in reality their eyes gazed on one another under the babble of the conversation and kept asking: "could you love me?" and kept answering "yes, I could," and the sexual passion, assuming the most unexpected and roseate form, drew them closely together.

As she departed, she told him that she was ever ready to be of service to him in any way that she could, she entreated him to look her up in the theatre the next evening though for a minute only, that she had some very important matter to discuss with him.

"Well, then, and when shall I see you again?" she added with a sigh and cautiously began to draw her glove over her ring-decked hand. "So promise me you'll come."

Nekhliudov promised.

That night, when Nekhliudov remained alone in his room, he stretched himself out in his bed, having put out the candle, and for a long time was unable to go to sleep. As he remembered Maslova, the decision of the Senate, and his determination to follow her into exile anyway, and his renunciation of land ownership, suddenly, like an answer to all of these problems, there rose before him the image of Marietta, her sigh and her glance, as she said "When shall I see you again?" And he remembered her smile with such distinctness as though he had visualized it and he smiled in response. "Am I do-



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ing right in going to Siberia? Am I doing right in depriving myself of riches?" he asked himself.

And the answers to these questions in that luminous St. Petersburg night*) that shone through the negligently lowered blind were indefinite. Everything in his head was in a tangle. He recalled his former mood and his former course of thoughts, and these thoughts had no more their old convincing power.

"And what if this were all merely imagination and it should turn out that I should not be able to live there? If I come to regret having done the right thing?" he said to himself and was now unable to answer these questions. He fell into a heavy sleep such as in olden days used to follow a night of gambling with heavy losses at cards.

XXV.

Nekhliudov's first sensation on awaking next morning was of some sort of a vileness that he had committed the day before. He began to remember: there had been no vileness, no evil act, but there had been thoughts, evil thoughts, to the effect that all his recent intentions—marriage to Katyusha, and the turning over of the land to the peasants, were dreams impossible of realization, that he could not hold out, that all these things were artificial and unnatural, that he had better keep on living as he had. There had been no evil action, but something that was worse than an evil action: there had been thoughts that lead to evil actions.

An evil action need not be repeated and may be re-

^{*)} The spring and summer seasons in St. Petersburg are noted for what is known as "white nights," which are practically devoid of darkness.—Translator's note.

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pented of; but evil thoughts give birth to all sorts of evil actions.

An evil action merely paves the way to other evil actions, but evil thoughts irresistibly drag a man along the evil path.

Repeating in his mind once more the thoughts of yester-eve, Nekhliudov marveled how he could have trusted them for an instant. No matter how novel and difficult was that which he intended to do, he knew that this was the only life which was now possible for him, and no matter how familiar and easy was the return to his old life, he knew that it meant death for him. The seduction of yester eve appeared to him now like the state of a man who has indulged in a long sleep, and though he does not wish for any more sleep, still seeks to linger in bed and to coddle himself, although he knows that it is high time to get up and to attend to an important and joyous task:

That morning, the last of his sojourn in St. Petersburg, he drove over early to the Shustova house on Vasili Island.

The apartment of Shustova was on the second floor in the rear. Following the janitor's instructions Nekhliudov sought out the rear staircase, and ascending a flight of steep and straight steps, he entered directly into a suffocatingly hot kitchen that was densely permeated with the odor of cooking.

An elderly woman with rolled up sleeves and apron, wearing spectacles, was standing near the stove mixing something in a smoking pan.

"Whom do you wish to see?" she said severely as she looked at the newcomer over her spectacles.

Nekhliudov had hardly given his name, when the



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fair hair that an broidered

face of the woman assumed an expression of shocked delight.

"Ah, the Prince," exclaimed the woman, wiping her hands on her apron.

"But why did you come up the back stairs? Oh, our benefactor! I am her mother. They almost ruined the little girl. Our savior," she said clasping Nekhliudov's hand and trying to kiss it.

"I called on you yesterday. My sister specially begged me to do so. She is here. This way, this way, please, follow me," said Mother Shustova, conducting Nekhliudov through a narrow door and a dark hallway and adjusting underway, now her tucked up dress, now her hair. "My sister, Mrs. Kornilova, you've heard about her?" she added in a whisper, pausing before the door. "She had been mixed up in political affairs. An exceedingly brainy woman."

Opening the corridor door Mother Shustova led Nekhliudov into a tiny room where at a table on a lounge sat an undersized stout girl in a striped cotton blouse and with curling fair hair that formed a fringe about her very pale face which bore a marked resemblance to her mother's. Facing her, doubled up on an arm chair, sat a young man in a Russian blouse with an embroidered collar, with a little black mustache and a short beard. They wore both engrossed in conversation and looked around only when Nekhliudov had entered through the door.

"Lydia, this is prince Nekhliudov, the same who....."

The palefaced girl jumped up nervously, adjusting a curl of her hair which had fallen over her ear and fixed her large grey eyes upon the newcomer in affright.

"So you're that same dangerous woman for whom

side.

Vera Efremovna had pleaded?" inquired Nekhliudov extending his hand with a smile.

"Yes, I'm she," said Lydia and opening wide her mouth that revealed two rows of beautiful teeth she smiled a friendly childlike smile.

"Auntie was so anxious to see you. Auntie!" she called through the door in a pleasant and tender voice.

"Vera Efremovna was very much grieved over your arrest," said Nekhliudov.

"Sit down here, please, or better here," said Lydia pointing to a broken upholstered chair from which the young man had just risen.

"This is my cousin Zakharov," she said noticing the glance which Nekhliudov had given the young man.

The young man, smiling as good-naturedly as Lydia, shook hands with the visitor, and when Nekhliudov took his chair, he fetched a stool from the window and sat down by his side. From another door came a fair-haired high school boy, about sixteen years of age, and silently sat down on the window sill.

"Vera Efremovna is a great friend of my aunt's, but I hardly know her," said Lydia.

At that moment from the adjoining room came a woman, with a very pleasant and intelligent face, who was clad in a white blouse with a leather belt.

"How do you do? Many thanks for coming," she said as soon as she seated herself on the lounge next to Lydia.

"And how is Verotchka?") Did you see her? How does she bear her condition?"

"She does not complain," said Nekhliudov. "She says she enjoys an Olympic serenity."

^{*)} Pet name for Vera.



"That's Verotchka all over," said the aunt smiling and shaking her head. "She is worth knowing. She is a wonderful personality. Everything for others, nothing for herself."

king around.

"That is true. She did not ask a thing for herself, but worried only about your niece. She was grieved principally because she had been seized, she says, without any cause."

"That is right," said the aunt. "It was a terrible thing. She suffered really for my sake."

"Not at all, auntie," said Lydia, "I would have taken the papers even without you."

"With your permission, I know better," continued the aunt. "Don't you see," she turned to Nekhliudov, "it all was due to a certain person asking me to take care temporarily of some peapers. but having no apartment of my own I took them to her. An that night they made a search in her house and they took the papers and herself into the bargain, and have held her all this time, demanding to know who had given them to her."

"And I would not tell," said Lydia, quickly, nervously worrying the curl which was not a bit in the way.

"And I don't say that you did," said the aunt.

"If Mitin was taken, it was through no fault of my own," said Lydia blushing and looking around with a worried expression.

"Don't talk about it, Lidotchka," said the mother.

"Why not? I should like to tell about it," said Lydia blushing no more, but smiling, and no longer trying to adjust the curl, but winding it around her finger, and for ever looking around.

"Remember what happened yesterday when you started to talk."

"Never mind. Den't worry, mamma. I did not say

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a word, I kept still. When he was quizzing me twice about Mitin and about auntie, I did not say a word, but declared that I would answer no questions. Then that man... Petrov..."

"Petrov is a secret service man, a gendarme, and a terrible blackguard," interrupted the aunt explaining to Nekhliudov her niece's words.

"Then he," said Lydia, hurrying and agitated, "began to coax me. 'Whatever you may say', he said 'will not harm anyone, quite the contrary. If you speak, you may help release the innocent whom perhaps we are tormenting without cause.' And still I said that I would not speak. Then he said: 'Very well then, don't say anything, but do not deny what I say'. And then he began to mention names and named Mitin."

"Don't talk about it, please," said the aunt.

"Please, auntie, do not interfere," and she never stopped twirling the curl about her finger and looking around. "And then imagine the next day I learn through knock signals on the wall that Mitin was taken. So I thought I must have have given him away. And that began to prey on my mind, so much, so much, that I feared I should go insane."

"And it turned out that it wasn't through you at all that he was taken," said the aunt.

"But I didn't know it. I thought that I had betrayed him. I walked and walked, from one wall to the other, and could not think. I thought that I had betrayed him. I lay down and covered my head and I heard a whisper: 'you've betrayed him, you've betrayed Mitin'. I knew that this was a hallucination, but I could not bear to hear it. I tried to go to sleep, and I couldn't, I tried not to think, and again I couldn't. That was terrible," said Lydia with ever increasing agitation, twisting the curl



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about her finger and untwisting it again and always looking around.

"Lidotchka, calm yourself," repeated her mother touching her on the shoulder.

But Lidotchka could not stop herself any more: "It's terrible because.." she had started to say but only gave a queer little sob, and without finishing the sentence, catching herself on a chair, she ran out of the room. The mother followed her.

"These blackguards ought to be all strung up," said the high school boy on the window sill.

"What's that you are saying?" asked the aunt.

"I? Nothing.. Just so." answered the high school boy and picking up a cigarette that was laying on the table lighted it..

XXVI.

"Yes, solitary confinement is a terrible thing for young people," said the aunt shaking her head and also lighting a cigarette.

"I think that applies to all." said Nekhliudov.

"No, not to all," answered the aunt. "For genuine revolutionists I am told it is a sort of a rest and relief. The political suspect lives in everlasting anxiety, material privations and a state of dread, both for himself and for others, as well as for the cause, and when finally he is taken, everything is ended, and all responsibility ceases: just sit thee down and rest. I was told they experience a positive feeling of pleasure when they are taken. But the young, the innocent! They always first take the innocent things like Lidotchka—for them the first shock is terrible. Not the fact that they are deprived of liberty, or roughly treated, poorly fed, suffer



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from bad air, experience all sorts of privations, these things are nothing. They could easily bear three times as many privations, but the moral shock which they experience when they are caught in the toils for the first time.."

"Have you experienced it?"

I have been imprisoned twice," said the aunt with a sweetly melancholy smile. "When I was taken the first time—and absolutely innocently—I was twenty two years old and had a child and was expecting another. Though the loss of freedom was hard to bear. as was also the separation from my child and from my husband, it was as nothing compared with my realization that I had ceased to be a human individual and had become a thing. I wanted to say good-bye to my little daughter, and I was told to go and take my seat in the cab. I asked where I was being taken, and I was told that I would find out when I got there. I asked what I was accused of, and received no answer. When after the examination I was undressed and forced to put on prison clothes and given a number, I was taken into a vault, the door was opened, I was pushed in, locked up and left alone, with none but the sentry walking silently up and down with his rifle and glancing occasionally through an opening in the door, and I felt terribly oppressed. I was particularly struck when the gendarmerie officer who was examining me offered me a cigarette. That meant that he knew that people enjoyed smoking, that meant that he knew that people enjoyed freedom and light, that he knew that mothers loved children and children loved mothers: so why did they mercilessly tear me away from all that was dear to me, to lock me up like a wild beast? That could not borne with impunity. If you believed in God and in people, in the love of

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people for one another, this would break your faith. And from that time on I ceased to believe and became hardened," she concluded with a smile.

Lydia's mother came in through the same door through which Lydia had disappeared and announced that Lidotchka was all upset and could not come out again.

"And why have they ruined her young life? I am specially grieved," said the aunt, "because I was the unwilling cause of it."

"God grant that she may recover in the country air," said the mother. "We'll send her to her father."

"Yes, if it were not for you, she would have perished altogether," said the aunt. "Thank you. But I wanted to see you principally because I wanted to ask you to transmit a letter to Vera Efremovna," she said drawing a letter from her pocket. "The letter is not sealed, you may read it, or tear it up, or give it to her, whatever you may find in accord with your convictions," she said. "There is nothing compromising in this letter."

Nekhliudov took the letter and promising to deliver it, rose, said good-bye and passed into the street.

He sealed the letter without reading it and resolved to deliver it to its destination.

XXVII.

The last case which detained Nekhliudov in St. Petersburg was the case of the sectarians whose petition addressed to the Tsar he had intended to submit through his former regiment comrade Bogatyrev, Aidede-Camp to the Emperor. In the morning he drove over to Bogatyrev's and found him still at home, though just about to leave and finishing his breakfast. Bogatyrev

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was a medium-sized stockily built man who was gifted with extraordinary physical strength—he could bend a horseshoe with his hand—and was a kindly, honorable straightforward and even a liberal-minded chap. In spite of these characteristics he was very close to the court, and loved the Tsar and his family, and succeeded in some miraculous manner while living in the highest spheres to see in them only that which was good, without participating in anything that was evil or dishonorable. He never censured persons or measures, and either kept silence or said what he had to say in a bold and loud voice, as though shouting, accompanying frequently his words with an equally sonorous laughter. And he did not do these things by premeditation or from political motives, but because this was his nature.

"Well, it's great to have you come. Won't you have some breakfast? The steak is wonderful. I always begin and end with substantial dishes. Ha, ha, ha! Well, have a little wine," he shouted pointing to a carafe with red wine. "And I have been thinking about you. I will hand in the petition, I will tender it personally, into the Tsar's hands. That's sure. Only it occurred to me trat it might be better for you to look up Toporov first."

Nekhliudov made a wry face at the mention of Toporov's name.

"Everything depends on him. It will be referred to him anyway. And perhaps he may give you satisfaction himself."

"If you say so I will look him up."

"Fine. And how does St. Petersburg affect you?" shouted Bogatyrev. "Tell me, how?"

"I feel that I am being hypnotized," said Nekhliu-dov.

"Being hypnotized?" repeated Bogatyrev with a loud



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laugh. "Well, if you won't drink, all right then." He wiped his mustache with the serviette. "Then you'll go there? Eh? And if he won't do it, bring it back to me, and I'll hand it in to-morrow," he roared, and rising from the table crossed himself with a wide sweep of his hand, evidently as unconsciously as he had wiped his mouth, and was now adjusting his sword.

"Let's go out together," said Nekhliudov, gladly shaking the broad and vigorous hand of Bogatyrev, and with the pleasurable sense of something wholesome and unconsciously fresh, he parted from him on the porch of the house.

Although Nekhliudov did not expect any good from his trip, following Bogatyrev's advice he nevertheless drove over to Toporov's, who was the man on whose decision depended the case of the sectarians.

The post of which Toporov was the incumbent presented in its very aim an inner contradiction which only a dull man, devoid of moral feeling, could ignore. Toporov was blessed with both of these negative characteristics. The contradiction contained in the aim of the office which he occupied consisted in the fact that this post was designed to support and to defend by all external means, not excluding force, that church, which by its own declaration was established by God Himself, and could not be shaken either by the gates of Hell or by any human effort. This divine and unshakeable institution was to be supported and defended by that human institution at the head of which stood Toporov and his officials. Toporov failed to see this contradiction and did not care to see it, and greatly worried therefore lest some catholic priest, protestant pastor or sectarian succeeded in ruining that church against which the gates of Hell could not prevail. Toporov, in common with all men devoid

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of fundamental religious sentiment and the consciousness of the equality and of the brotherhood of men, was fully convinced that the people consisted of creatures entirely different from himself, and that the people imperatively required those things without which he himself could do very nicely. In the depths of his heart he himself believed in nothing, and found this state of mind convenient and agreeable, but he feared that the people might attain to this same state of mind, and he counted it his sacred duty, as he said, to preserve the people from such fate.

Just as a culinary book mentions that the lobsters love to be boiled alive, so he also not only in the metaphorical sense of the cook book, but literally, thought and declared that the people loved to be superstitious.

His attitude to the religion of which he was the protector was that of the poultry raiser to the offal on which he feeds his chickens; this offal is very disagreeable, but the chickens love it, and therefore they must be fed on offal.

Of course, all these miraculous images—the Iberian, the Kazan and the Smolensk Mothers of God*) are very crude idolatry, but the people love it and believe in it and therefore these superstitions must be supported. Thus thought Toporov without considering that it seemed to him that the people loved superstition only because there had always been and there still existed people as cruel as Toporov himself, who though enlightened themselves used their light not for the purpose for which it should be used, namely to help the people in their struggle to free themselves from darkness and

^{*)} Famous images in Russian churches and monasteries, reputed as miraculous.—Translator's note.



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ignorance, but only for the purpose of keeping them steeped in that condition.

When Nekhliudov entered Toporov's reception room, Toporov was conversing in his study with a Mother Superior, an energetic nun of aristocratic origin, who was propagating and supporting the cause of orthodoxy in the western provinces among the Uniates*) who hadbeen forced into orthodoxy.

The attaché who was in the reception room questioned Nekhliudov about his business, and learning that Nekhliudov had undertaken to present the petition of the sectarians to the Emperor asked if he would not permit him to glance over the petition. Nekhliudov gave him the petition and the attaché proceeded to his chief's study. The Mother Superior with her tall cap, waving veil and a lengthy black train, had folded her white manicured hands that were fingering a set of topaz beads, and passed out of the study making her way to the exit. Nekhliudov was still waiting. Toporov meanwhile was reading the petition and shaking his head. He was annoyed as he read the petition which was written in a very clear and incisive style.

"If it should get into the Emperor's hands it might lead to unpleasant questions and misunderstandings," he thought after he had read the petition. Laying it on the table he rang and sent for Nekhliudov.

He remembered the case of these sectarians, and an earlier petition from them had already reached him once. The facts of the case were these: these apostates from orthodoxy had been first admonished and then sent up for trial, but they were acquitted by the court. Then the bishop and the governor decided, on the pretext that

^{*)} Uniates were orthodox Ukrainians who had adopted a loose union with the Catholic Church.—Translator's note.

bishop's

very cruel

their marriage ceremonies were invalid, to separate the husbands from their wives and also from their children and to exile them to different destinations. And these fathers and wives were merely asking not to be separated. Toporov remembered the case distinctly.

When it first came up, he hesitated whether it was not best to stop it. But he finally saw no harm in confirming the order which exiled the members of these peasant families to various destinations; for to leave them at home might have had a bad effect upon the remaining population, leading others to secede from orthodoxy, and besides this order testified to the bishop's zeal, and therefore he had confirmed the measures undertaken in the case.

But now, with such a champion as Nekhliudov who had strong connections in St. Petersburg, the matter might be singled out and laid before the Emperor separately as something very cruel, or it might reach foreign newspapers, and therefore he immediately formed an unexpected decision.

"Good morning," he said with the appearance of a very busy man, as he stood up to meet Nekhliudov and immediately proceeded to the root of the matter.

"I know this case. The moment I saw the names I remembered the whole unfortunate business," he said picking up the petition and showing it to Nekhliudov.

"I am very grateful to you for reminding me of it. It is a case of excessive zeal on the part of the provincial authorities."

Nekhliudov remained silent and looked coldly into the immobile mask of his pallid face.

"And I will issue an order to revoke this measure and to instal these people in their own abodes."

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"Then I need not file this petition?" said Nekhliu-dov.

"Certainly not. I promise you," he said with specific emphasis on the word I, fully convinced that his honor and his word were an ample guarantee. "The best thing would be if I wrote the order myself. Please sit down."

He walked over to the table and commenced to write. Nekhliudov remained standing and gazing down upon his narrow hairless skull, his head that was streaked with swelling blue veins as he swiftly guided the pen over the paper, and he wondered why this man was doing that which he was doing, why this man, so manifestly indifferent to all things, was doing all this with such a preoccupied air? Why?

"There you are," said Toporov sealing the envelope.
"You can notify your clients," he added tightening his lips by way of a smile.

"And why were all these people allowed to suffer?" said Nekhliudov as he took the envelope.

Toporov raised his head and smiled, as though Nekhliudov's question had afforded him a special delight.

"That I cannot tell you. I may only state that the interests of the people over whom we watch are so important that excessive zeal in connection with the problems of religion is not as terrible and injurious as the excessive indifference to them which is now spreading broadcast."

"But why in the name of religion violate the first requirements of good life—why separate families?"

Toporov maintained his indulgent smile, as though he found everything that Nekhliudov said very sweet and charming. Whatever Nekhliudov might say, Toporov would have found it sweet and charming from that lofty pinnacle of broad statesmanship, on which he thought he was standing.

"From the point of view of a private individual this may seem so," he said, "but from the point of view of statesmanship a somewhat different view is presented. However, good-day, sir," and Toporov inclined his head and extended his hand.

Nekhliudov shook it in silence and hastened to leave, regretting that he had shaken his hand.

"The interests of the people," he repea. I Toporov's words. "It's your own interests, only your own and nothing else all the time," he was thinking as he left Toporov's presence.

And as he swiftly made a mental survey of all those persons, who were illustrating the activities of the institutions which were intended to dispense justice, to preserve faith and to promote education, beginning with the peasant woman who was punished for selling liquor without license, and the youngster who was sentenced tor theft, and the vagrant who was serving time for vagrancy, and the incendiary who was accused of arson, and the banker who was punished for misappropriation, and this unhappy Lydia who was arrested merely because some needful information could be obtained from her, and these sectarians for secession from orthodoxy, and this Gurkevitch for desiring a constitution, the conclusion came into Nekhliudov's mind with startling clearness that all these people had been arrested, locked up and exiled not because they had contravened the demands of justice or committed unlawful deeds, but because they had hindered the officials and the rich in the enjoyment of that wealth which they had collected from the people.

And they were all hindrances—the woman who sold liquor without a license, and the thief who strolled about

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the town, and Lydia with her proclamations, and the sectarians who destroyed superstition, and Gurkevitch with his constitution.

And therefore it seemed very clear to Nekhliudov that all these officials, commencing with his aunt's husband, the senators and Toporov himself down to these little spick and span and precise gentlemen who sat behind desks in the ministries were in no way abashed by the fact that under this system the innocent were made to suffer, but were only concerned in the one endeavor to eliminate all those who menaced them.

So that not only did they fail to observe the rule of pardoning ten guilty men lest one innocent man be condemned, but on the contrary as in order to cut out a rotting portion some of the healthy flesh must be also cut away, the practice was to put out of the way ten harmless ones lest by chance one truly dangerous person were allowed to escape.

This explanation of what was going on appeared very simple and clear to Nekhliudov, but its very simplicity and clearness forced Nekhliudov to hesitate in acknowledging it. It could not be that such a complex phenomenon should have so simple and terrible an explanation, it could not be that all those words of justice, goodness, law, faith, God, etc., were nothing but mere words serving only to mask the coarsest corretousness and cruelty.

XXVIII.

Nekhliudov would have left town that same evening but for his promise to Marietta to look her up at the theatre, and although he knew that he ought not to do



In the box sat Marietta, a strange lady and two men. Page 173.

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it, nevertheless beguiling his own soul with the argument that he felt obligated by his promise, he went.

"Am I able to withstand these enticements?" he thought somewhat disingenuously. "I'll go and see for the last time."

Having changed into evening dress, he arrived in time for the second act of the everlasting "Dame aux Camelias," in which the visiting actress made her portrayal—then still new—of the dying moments of a consumptive woman.

The theatre was crowded, and Marietta's stage box was pointed out to Nekhliudov with obsequious promptness due to the rank of the inquirer.

A liveried attendant stood in the corridor and bowing to him as to an old acquaintance opened the door.

The boxes opposite, rows upon rows of them, were filled with the figures of spectators seated therein and others standing behind these; and those whose backs were close by, and those in the stalls whose heads were to be seen—snow white and grey, bald altogether and partly bald, curled and pomaded,—all the spectators had focussed their concentrated attention upon the haggard and bony actress, richly clad in silk and laces, who was throwing herself about while delivering a monologue in an unnatural voice. Someone said "hush" when the door was opened and two currents of air—warm and chilly—fanned Nekhliudov's cheek.

In the box he found Marietta and an unknown lady in a scarlet wrap and with a cumbersome elaborate coiffure, as well as two men,—Marietta's husband, in a general's uniform, a handsome tall gentleman with a severe and impenetrable hooknosed countenance and broad military chest, the result of skillful padding with cotton and



last scene?" she

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starched canvas, and a blond man with a bald pate and solemn side-whiskers between which shone a clearly shaven chin with a furrow. Marietta, graceful, slender, clegant, decolletée, with strong muscular shoulders that sloped from the neck, and a mole at the point of juncture between neck and shoulder, promptly looked back and pointing with her fan to the chair behind her, smiled at Nekhliudov cordially, gratefully and as it seemed to him significantly. Her husband looked at Nekhliudov calmly, this being his habitual attitude to all things, and inclined his head. His whole appearance and the glance which he had exchanged with his wife showed plainly that he felt himself the lord and master of his beautiful wife.

When the monologue was finished, the theatre shook with the applause.

Marietta rose and holding up her rustling silk skirt passed into the rear portion of the box and made her husband acquainted with Nekhliudov.

The general smiling continuously with his eyes said that he was very glad to meet him and lapsed into a calm and impenetrable silence.

"I ought to have left town to-night, but I had given you a promise," said Nekhliudov addressing Marietta.

"Well, if you did not care to see me, you will see a wonderful actress," said Marietta replying to the meaning which he had put in his words. "Wasn't she great in this last scene?" she turned to her husband.

The husband nodded.

"It fails to touch me," said Nekhliudov. "I have seen so much genuine suffering that..."

"That's so, sit down, tell us about it."

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The husband was listening and the smile in his eyes grew more and more sarcastic.

"I called to-day on the woman who was released after a long detention. She is an utterly broken creature."

"That's the woman I told you about," said Marietta to her husband.

"Yes, I was very glad that she could be released," said the husband calmly, nodding his head again, and smiling beneath his mustache with open sarcasm, as Nekhliudov thought. "I'll go out for a smoke."

Nekhliudov sat expecting that Marietta would say that something which she had to say to him, but she did not say a word, nor even pretended, but joked and talked about the play which she thought was bound to touch Nekhliudov with particular force.

Nekhliudov saw that she really had nothing to say, but that she had merely desired to show herself to him in all the charm of her evening gown, with her shoulders and mole, and he felt both charmed and chagrined.

The covering that had hitherto concealed all these charms was taken off for Nekhliudov, or rather it was not so much that it was off as that Nekhliudov could now see what had been beneath it. Looking at Marietta he feasted admiringly upon the sight, but he knew that she was a liar and that she was living with a husband who was building up a great career upon the tears and the lives of many hundreds of people and that she was entirely indifferent to it all, and that all the things which she had said the evening before had been lies, and that what she wanted—why, neither he nor she knew—was to compel him to love her. And this attracted and repelled him at the same time. He had tried to leave sev-

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eral times, picked up his hat again and again, but nevertheless remained.

But finally when the husband with the odor of tobacco still lingering about his mustache returned and looked at him with the air of patronizing contempt as though he failed to recognize him, Nekhliudov giving him no time to shut the door passed out into the corridor and finding his overcoat left the theatre.

As he was making his way home along the Nevsky he could not help noticing a little distance ahead of him a woman of fine figure dressed ostentatiously well, who was calmly making her way along the wide asphalt sidewalk; and both her face and her bearing indicated a consciousness of her wicked power. All the men who either met her in passing or overtook her stopped to look back at her. Nekhliudov was walking faster than she and in passing looked into her face. The face apparently touched up with paint was nevertheless pretty and the woman smiled at Nekhliudov and flashed her eyes. And strangely enough Nekhliudov immediately recalled Marietta, for he experienced the same feeling of attraction and disgust which had come over him in the theatre.

Hurriedly overtaking her, Nekhliudov turned into the Morskaya, and making his way to the embankment began to pace up and down to the great astonishment of a policeman stationed there.

"Same smile as that other one gave me in the theatre to-night as I came in," he thought, "and there was the same meaning in either smile. The only difference was that this smile said plainly and directly: 'do you want me? then take me. If not, pass on,' But that other one pretended that she was thinking of something else, that she was living in a world of loftier, finer sentiments. But the basis was the same. This one was truthful at any

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rate, but the other one lied. Moreover, this one was driven into her condition by necessity, but the other one merely toyed and amused herself with that wonderful, disgusting, terrible passion. This woman of the streets was like stinking polluted water that is offered to one whose desire to drink overcome his disgust; that other one in the theatre was like venom which imperceptibly poisons all that it comes in contact with." Nekhliudov remembered his affair with the marshal's wife and a flood of shameful recollections swept over him. "How repulsive is the animalism of the brute that is in man," he thought. "But when this animalism is undisguised, you can see it from the pinnacle of your spiritual life and spurn it, and whether you fall or resist it, you remain as you had been; but when this animalism masquerades under an alleged esthetic poetical cover and demands your adoration, then you are lost in it altogether and deifying the animal you cease to distinguish between good and evil. Then it is dreadful."

Nekhliudov saw this now very clearly, just as he saw the palaces and the sentries, the fortress and the river, the boats and the Stock Exchange across the river. And just as the night lacked the restful and calming darkness that descends upon the earth, but was luminous with the opaque, despondent and unnatural light that has no source of its own, so the restful darkness of non-discernment was lacking in Nekhliudov's soul.

Everything was clear. It was clear that all the things which people considered important and good were trivial and vile, and that all this splendor, all this luxury served merely to hide crimes that were old established and habitual to all, but were left unpunished and triumphant, masked as they were with every charm that human mind could invent.



RESURRECTION

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Nekhliudov tried to forget it, tried not to see it, but he could not help seeing it. Though he did not see the source of the light which revealed this all to him, just as he did not see the source of the light which lay over St. Petersburg, and though this light seemed to him hazy, disheartening and unnatural, he could not help seeing the things which the light revealed to him, and he felt both stimulated and perturbed.

XXIX.

Arriving in Moscow Nekhliudov's first move was to drive to the prison hospital in order to acquaint Maslova with the sad news that the Senate had confirmed the decision of the lower court, and that she must get ready for her journey to Siberia. He pinned but slight hope to the petition to the Tsar which the lawyer had composed and which he was now taking to Maslova for her signature. And strange to say he no longer cared about its success. He had prepared himself mentally for the journey to Siberia, for a life among exiles and convicts, and it was difficult for him to imagine how he would have arranged Maslova's life and his own under different conditions. He remembered the words of the American writer Thoreau who had said in the days of slavery in America that the only place which befitted an honest citizen in the states where slavery was sanctioned and protected by law was in prison. Even so thought Nekhliudov particularly after his trip to St. Petersburg and all that he had learned there.

"Yes, the only place which befits an honest man in Russia at the present time is the prison," he thought. And he even realized it directly as he drove up to the prison and entered the vestibule.

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The doorkeeper of the hospital recognized Nekhliudov and immediately informed him that Maslova was no longer there.

"Where is she?"

"Back in the prison."

"Why was she transferred there?" asked Nekhliudov.

"Oh that tribe, your Serene Highness," said the doorkeeper, with a contemptuous smile. "She started some monkey business with the hospital assistant, so the head surgeon fired her."

Nekhliudov never thought that Maslova and the state of her soul could so closely affect him. He was stunned by this news. He experienced the same feeling which overcomes people when they receive the news of some dire unexpected personal misfortune. He felt agonies of pain. The impression which surged in his heart was a feeling of shame. Above all he thought of his own ludicrous position in the joyous picture which he had painted of her transformed state of soul. All her words indicating a reluctance to accept his sacrifice, her reproaches, her tears--nothing but cunning tricks of a depraved woman who strove to exploit him to her own best advantage. It seemed to him now that on his last visit he had observed in her those signs of incorrigibility which was now demonstrated. All this flashed through his mind as he instinctively put on his hat and walked out of the hospital. "But what to do now?" he asked himself. "Am I tied to her? Am I not released by this action of hers?" he asked himself. But the moment he had formulated these questions he realized immediately that in considering himself released and in abandoning her he would not punish her, which was his desire, but himself, and he felt terrified.

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"No, that which has happened cannot alter, it can only confirm my decision. Let her do what she will, what the state of her soul calls for, let her start 'monkey business' with hospital assistants, that is her business... But my business is to do that which my conscience demands," he said to himself, "and my conscience demands that I sacrifice my freedom to atone for my sin, and my decision to marry her, though by fictitious matrimony, and to follow her wherever she may be sent, remains unaltered," he said with resentful obstinacy and walking out of the hospital he wended his way, with a determined stride to the great main portal of the prison.

As he approached the gate he asked the warder on duty to report to the superintendent that he should like to see Maslova. The warder on duty knew Nekhliudov and informed him, like an old acquaintance, of the great change which had just taken place in the prison. The captain had resigned and his place was taken by a new superintendent who was very strict.

"Things are terribly strict nowadays," said the warder. "He's here now, they've gone to report to him."

The superintendent was indeed in the prison building and very soon came out to see Nekhliudov. The new superintendent was a tall and rawboned man with protruding cheek bones, very deliberate in his movements and of morose appearance.

"Meetings are permitted only on stated days and in the visiting room," he said without looking at Ne-khliudov.

"But I have a petition to the Tsar which must be signed."

"You can give it to me."

"I must see the prisoner personally, this was always permitted to me."

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"Perhaps formerly, but not now any more," said the superintendent with a fleeting glance at Nekhliudov.

"I have a permit from the governor," insisted Nekhliudov reaching for his pocket book.

"Let me see it," said the superintendent still refraining from looking straight into his eyes and when Nekhliudov handed him the document he took it between his long dry white fingers, on one of which—the index finger—he wore a plain golden ring, he read the paper with deliberation.

"Step into the office, please," he said.

The office this time was entirely unoccupied. The superintendent sat down at his desk, and started to look over the papers that lay on the table, with the obvious intention of being present at the meeting.

When Nekhliudov inquired whether he might be allowed to see the political prisoner Bogodukhovskaya, the superintendent curtly replied that this would not be allowed. "Meetings with political prisoners are not allowed," he said and was lost in the reading of his papers. Having in his pocket a letter to Bogodukhovskaya, Nekhliudov felt like a conspirator whose designs had been exposed and frustrated.

When Maslova entered the office the superintendent raised his head and without looking either at Maslova or Nekhliudov he said: "Go ahead" and continued to occupy himself with his papers.

Maslova was dressed as formerly in a white blouse, skirt and headcloth. Coming close to Nekhliudov and seeing his forbidding face she blushed a deep purple and fingering the edge of her blouse she lowered her eyes.

Her embarrassment confirmed to Nekhliudov the truth of the doorkeeper's statement.

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sions, but could not offer his hand as he had intended, for she was very repulsive to him now.

"I brought you some bad news," he said in measured tones without looking at her or offering his hand. "The Senate turned us down."

"I expected so," she said in a strange voice as though choking.

Under different circumstances Nekhliudov would have asked her why she had expected it, but now he merely glanced at her. Her eyes were filled with tears.

But this instead of softening him merely irritated him still more against her.

The superintendent rose and began to pace back and forth in the room.

In spite of all the loathing which Nekhliudov now experienced towards her he found it necessary to express to her his regret that the Senate's decision was adverse.

"But do not despair," he said, "the petition to the Tsar may bear fruit and I hope..."

"It's not that," she said looking at him piteously with her moist and squinting eyes.

"What then?"

"You must have been to the hospital and they doubtless told you about me.."

"Why, that's your affair," said Nekhliudov coldly and with a frown. The cruel feeling of hurt pride which had almost subsided arose within him with renewed strength the moment she mentioned the hospital. "He, the man whom any girl of the highest circles would have been happy to marry, had offered to marry this woman and she could not wait and started 'monkey business' with a hospital assistant," he thought looking at her with hatred.

"Here, sign this petition," he said and fetching from

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his pocket a large envelope he laid it on the table. She dried her tears with the end of her head cloth and seated herself at the table asking him where to sign.

He showed her where and what to write and having sat down at the table she adjusted with her left hand the sleeve over her right wrist; but he towered above her gazing silently upon her frame that was bent low over the table and was shaken with suppressed sobs, and in his soul struggled the feelings of good and of evil, injured pride and compassion with her suffering, and the latter triumphed.

Which was first: whether he first pitied her in his heart or first remembered his own self, his own sins, his own vileness in the very things for which he reproached her he did not remember. But suddenly and all at once he felt himself guilty, and was deeply sorry for her.

When she had signed the petition and wiped an inkstained finger on her skirt, she rose and looked at him.

"Whatever the outcome, whatever happens, nothing can alter my decision," said Nekhliudov. The thought that he had forgiven her increased in him the feeling of compassion with her and of tenderness towards her and he longed to comfort her. "What I said I will do. Wherever they may send you I will be with you."

"That's all for nothing," she interrupted him with a beaming face.

"Think if you need anything for the journey."

"Nothing special, I think. Thank you."

The superintendent approached them and Nekhliudov without waiting for him to make any remarks, said good-bye and walked out with a feeling of quiet joy, peace and love for all people such as he had never before experienced. Nekhliudov was overjoyed and lifted up



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to a never yet attained height by the consciousness that no action of Maslova could alter his love for her. Let her start 'monkey business' with hospital assistants, that is her affair, but he loved her not for his own self, but for her sake and God's.

But that 'monkey business' with the hospital assistant for which she had been sent away from the hospital, and in the existence of which Nekhliudov had believed, had consisted only in this: acting under the instructions of the nurse she had gone to fetch some pectoral tea from the dispensary which was located in the far end of the corridor; here she found the hospital assistant Oustinov, a tall and pimply man, who had pestered her for a long time, and who was all alone. Tearing herself away from him, Maslova gave him a vigorous push, causing him to fall and to break two bottles.

The chief surgeon happened to be passing and hearing the noise of breaking glass and seeing Maslova running out of the dispensary with a flushed face, he angrily called to her:

"Well, my good woman, if you start 'monkey business' here, I'll soon get rid of you. What's going on here?" he turned to the assistant looking at him severely over his spectacles.

The assistant started to excuse himself with a smile. The surgeon without waiting for him to finish raised his head until he looked through his spectacles instead of over them, returned to the sick ward and the same day notified the superintendent to send down another attendant instead of Maslova, but a more responsible one.

That was all the 'monkey business' in which Maslova had been concerned. To have been discharged from the hospital on the ground of 'monkey business' with a man pained Maslova's feelings particularly because after her meeting

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with Nekhliudov relations with men, which had long been repulsive to her, had grown still more loathsome. The fact that judging from her past and from her present state every man, including the pimple-faced hospital assistant, considered it his right to insult her and was surprised by her refusals, hurt her feelings acutely and made her very sorry for herself and brought tears to her eyes. Coming out to see Nekhliudov she wanted to disprove the unjust accusation which she felt must have come to his ears. But when she commenced to do so, she felt that he did not believe her, and that her explanations would only confirm his suspicions, a lump came in her throat and she could not speak. Maslova was still thinking and continued to assure herself, as she had said to him after the second meeting, that she hated him and had not forgiven him, but she now loved him again and loved him so that she instinctively did whatever he wished her to do: she had stopped drinking and smoking, dropped her flirting, and entered the hospital as an attendant. All these things she had done because she thought he wanted her to do them. If she so decisively declined, whenever he mentioned marrying her, to accept his sacrifice, it was due first to her desire to repeat those proud words which she once had flung at him, but principally because she felt that marrying him would mean unhappiness for him. She was firmly resolved not to accept his sacrifice, and yet it caused her an acute agony to think that he despised her, that he believed that she still continued to be what she had been, and that he failed to see the change which had taken place in her. That he was thinking now that she had done something wicked in the hospital pained her more than the news that she was now definitely condemned to hard labor.

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It was likely that Maslova would be despatched with the first batch of prisoners sent to Siberia, and therefore Nekhliudov was preparing himself for the departure. But he had so many affairs to attend to that he felt that no matter what amount of time he had at his disposal he could not accomplish all. Now things were entirely contrary to what they had been before. Then he had to ponder what was the thing to do, and the main point of interest was always exclusively Dmitri Ivanovitch Nekhliudov. And yet in spite of the fact that all the interests of life were concentrated upon Dmitri Ivanovitch, all these matters were drearily dull. things concerned other people, and not Dmitri Ivanovitch, and they were all interesting and fascinating and there was an endless succession of these things to attend to. Moreover in former days business affairs and matters concerning Dmitri Ivanovitch always annoyed and irritated him, but these matters concerning strangers very largely evoked in him a state of rejoicing.

The business affairs which absorbed Nekhliudov's attention at this time were divided into three classes. With his accustomed methodic pedantry he had himself divided them into these classes, and according to this division, he had sorted the papers relating to them into three portfolios.

The first matter concerned Maslova and the assistance to be extended to her. This case had resolved itself now into the filing of a petition to the Tsar and further steps to be taken in the support of it, as well as the preparations for the journey to Siberia.

The second matter concerned arrangements with the

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estates. In Panovo the land had been turned over to the peasants on the condition of the payment of rentals to be used for the common needs of the peasants. And in order to confirm this transaction, an agreement had to be drawn up. But in Kusminskoye things still remained as he had arranged them, that is the rentals for the land were due to him, but he had to determine the time of payment, the proportion of money that he had to draw for his own necessities and the amount he intended to devote to the needs of the peasants. Not knowing what expenses would be connected with his journey to Siberia he decided not to renounce as yet this source of revenue, though he had cut it down to one-half.

The third division concerned aid to prisoners who were beginning to appeal to him in increasing numbers.

At first entering into communication with a prisoner who had appealed to him for aid, he immediately initiated the necessary steps in order to relieve his fate, but soon he had so many applicants that he realized the impossibility of helping each one of them separately, and was therefore involuntarily led to the fourth line of endeavor which recently engrossed him more than all the other affairs.

The fourth line of endeavor lay in the solution of the problem of that remarkable institution called the criminal court; what was it? how and whence had originated that system which was responsible for the prison with its dwellers in which Nekhliudov had struck up some acquaintances, and also for all the other places of confinement from the Petropavlovsk fortress to the island of Sakhalin where hundreds and thousands of victims of that criminal law at which he never ceased to wonder languished in confinement.

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From personal interviews with prisoners, and as the result of quizzing the lawyer, the prison chaplain and the superintendent, as well as from reading the notes of the inmates, he came to the conclusion that these socalled criminals could be divided into five distinct classes. The first class was composed of perfectly innocent people, victims of judicial errors, such as the alleged incendiary Menshov, or Maslova, etc. There were not many people in this class,—the prison chaplain estimated their proportion at about seven per cent, but their position evoked a peculiar intereest. The next class comprised persons sentenced for actions committed under exceptional circumstances, such as provocation to anger, jealousy, drunkenness, etc., that is actions that most likely would have been committed even by those who did the sentencing if placed in the same circumstances. This class comprised according to Nekhliudov's observations at least one half of all the criminals if not more.

The third class was composed of persons punished for acts which according to their own ideas were most ordinary and even proper acts, but which in the opinion of people who were total strangers to them were considered crimes. To this class belonged persons engaged in secret liquor traffic, smugglers, peasants taking grass or wood from lands owned by large agricultural owners and from fiscal forests. To this class also belonged the thieving mountaineers and the unbelieving people who stole from the church.

The fourth class consisted of persons confined as prisoners because they were morally on a higher plane than the average level of society. Such were the sectarians, such were the Poles and the Caucasians who had risen for their independence, and such again were the political prisoners, socialists and strikers who had been

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sentenced for resisting the authorities. The proportion of these people—the best people of the community—was according to Nekhliudov's observations very considerable.

To the fifth category finally belonged people before whom society was far more guilty than they were before society. These were neglected people, who had been stupefied by all sorts of oppression and temptations, like the lad who had stolen the mats and hundreds of other people whom Nekhliudov had seen in and out of prison, whom circumstances almost inevitably lead towards the commission of those acts which are called crimes. This category, according to Nekhliudov's observations, included many slayers and thieves, with a number of whom Nekhliudov at this time was entering into communication. In this group he classified, after a closer acquaintance with them, also those corrupted and depraved persons whom the new school refers to as the "criminal type," and the existence of which in society is considered the foremost proof of the necessity of criminal law and of punishment. These so-called depraved criminal abnormal types were in Nekhliudov's opinion the same sort of people as those before whom society was even more guilty than they were before society, but in this case society was not guilty in its immediate relation to them at this time, but had been guilty in the past, before their parents and ancestors.

Among these people he was particularly impressed in this respect by a habitual thief named Okhotin, who was the son of a prostitute, brought up in a common lodging house, and who evidently until he reached the age of thirty had never met anyone on a higher level of morality than a policeman; who as a lad had fallen in



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with a gang of thieves, and who withal was gifted with a great talent as a comedian which attracted many people He was asking Nekhliudov's protection, and to him. was at the same time making funny remarks about himself, about the judges, about the prison and about all laws not only criminal but also divine. Another of the same type was the handsome fellow Feodorov, who with a gang of robbers of which he was chief had robbed and slain an old official. He was a peasant whose father had been perfectly illegally deprived of house and home, and who later was drafted and while in the army service suffered persecutions for daring to fall in love with the mistress of an officer. He was a passionate and magnetic character, a man who above all things had sought to enjoy himself, having never seen anybody who refrained from enjoying himself, who had never heard that there was any other aim in life than selfenjoyment. It was clear to Nekhliudov that both of them were gifted personalities which had been neglected and misshapen, just as stray plants are apt to become neglected and misshapen. He had also come across a woman and a tramp who were repulsive in their stupidity and cruelty, but he could not possibly discover in them that criminal type of which the Italian school of criminology speaks, but merely saw in them two persons who were repulsive to him just as some persons out of prison, in evening dress, shoulder straps or laces might be repulsive to him.

Thus in the investigation of the question why and wherefore so many varied personalities had been put into prison, while other persons very much like them were allowed to go about in freedom and even undertook to judge them, consisted the fourth line of endeavor which at this time occupied Nekhliudov.

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At first Nekhliudov had hopes of finding an answer to these questions in books and bought up all the works on this subject, including the books of Lombroso, Garofalo, Ferry, Liszt, Mowseley and Tardes, and he perused this literature with rapt attention.

But the more he read the more he became disenchanted. He had the same experience as the people generally have who turn to science not in order to play a rôle in it, to write, to argue, or to teach, but who turn to science with direct and simple problems of life. Science answered thousands of very cunning and ingenious questions which had some connection with the criminal law, but failed to answer the one question for which he was seeking an answer.

He asked himself a very simple question; by what right can one set of people lock up, torture, exile, flog or put to death other people when they are no different from the people whom they torture, flog and put to death? And science answered with discussions whether man is or is not endowed with freedom of will; whether a man by measurements of the skull may be or may not be found to be a criminal in type; what is the part of heredity in the commission of crime? is there such a thing as congenital immorality? what is morality? what is insanity? what is degeneration? what is temperament? what are the effects on crime of climate, nourishment, ignorance, imitativeness, hypnotism, passion? what is society? what are its duties? etc., etc.

These discussions reminded Nekhliudov of the answer given him once by a little lad on his way home from school. Nekhliudov asked him whether he had learned how to spell. "I have," said the lad. "Well, spell 'paw'." "What kind of a paw do you mean, a



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dog's or a cat's?" asked the boy with a shrewd look. The same answering in the form of questions Nekhliudov found in scientific books in response to his one basic question. There was in them a great deal that was clever, learned, interesting, but there was no answer to the main question: by what right do some punish others? Not only was there no answer, but all the discussions had for their aim to explain and to justify punishment, the necessity of which was considered axiomatic. Nekhliudov read a great deal, but fragmentarily, and ascribed his failure to find an answer to this superficial research, and therefore did not yet permit himself to believe in the accuracy of the answer which latterly had more and more impressed itself upon him.

XXXI.

The despatch of the party of prisoners with which Maslova was to go was set for the fifth day of July. Nekhliudov arranged to follow her the same day. The day before his departure Nekhliudov's sister accompanied by her husband arrived in town to see her brother.

Nekhliudov's sister, Natalia Ivanovna Ragozhinskaya, was ten years older than her brother. He had grown up partly under her influence. She had greatly loved him when he was a little boy, and then very shortly before her marriage they came together almost on the footing of equals, she a girl of twenty five and he a lad of fifteen. She was at that time in love with his friend Nikolenka Irtenev who had since died. They were both very fond of Nikolenka and loved in him and in their own self that which was good in them all and which serves to make all people one.

Since those days they had both become corrupted.

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He through military service and through evil life, she through marriage to a man whom she had learned to love sensually, and who not only had no love for all those things which had once been most holy and dear to her and to Dmitri, but even did not understand what those things were, and attributed all strivings towards moral perfection and service of mankind, which once had characterized her life, to infatuation, self-love and to a desire to show off before others.

Ragozhinsky had been a man without name or wealth, but a very shrewd political office holder, who, skilfully manoeuvering between liberalism and conservatism and exploiting either movement as it happened to promise the best results at a given time or in a given case, and above all by some peculiar characteristics which made him the favorite of women, had managed to strike up a relatively brilliant career in the judiciary branch of the service. He was a man of mature years when he made the acquaintance of the Nekhliudovs while on a trip abroad, gaining the love of Natasha (Natalia) who was no longer a very young girl herself, and married her almost against the wishes of her mother who saw in this union a misalliance.

Nekhliudov, though he concealed it from himself and tried to overcome this feeling, hated his brother-in-law. He was repelled by his vulgarity of sentiments and by his arrogant narrowmindedness, but principally he disliked him for his sister's sake because she passionately, selfishly, sensuously loved this cheap personality, to please whom she was ready to suppress all the good that was in her.

Nekhliudov felt always acute agonies at the thought that Natasha could be the wife of this bewhiskered ar-

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rogant fellow with the glossy bald pate. And every time when he learned that she was about to become a mother he experienced a feeling akin to regret, as though she had become infected by some added evil contagion from this man who was such a total stranger to them all.

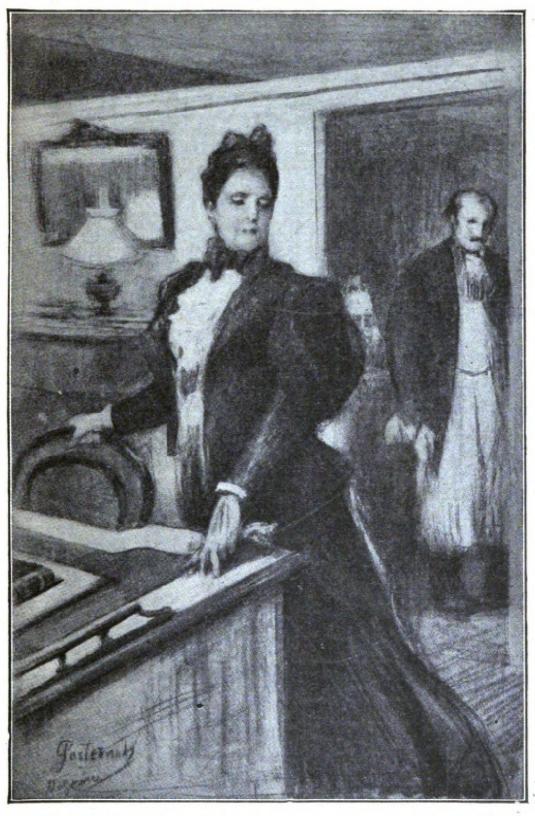
The Ragozhinskys arrived alone, unaccompanied by their children, of which they had two, a boy and a girl. They stopped in the best suite of the best hotel. Natalia Ivanovna immediately proceeded to the old residence of her deceased mother and learning from Agrafena Petrovna that he had moved to some furnished rooms she hunted up his new habitation. The dirty waiter who met her in a gloomy evil-smelling hall that had to be artificially lighted in the day time informed her that the prince was out.

Natalia Ivanovna demanded to be shown to her brother's apartment in order to leave a note for him. The waiter led her to the rooms.

Entering the two tiny rooms Natalia Ivanovna surveyed them critically Everywhere she noticed that familiar cleanliness and painstaking accuracy which struck her particularly in the modest environment which was so novel for him. On the writing table she saw the familiar paperweight with the bronze dog; also the familiar accurately arranged portfolios, papers, writing utensils, books dealing with penalties for crimes, an edition of Henry George in the English language, a French work by Tardes, with the also familiar large ivory paper cutter which was inserted therein.

Seating herself at the table she wrote him a note asking him to visit her without fail the same day; and shaking her head in wonderment at what she had seen, she returned back to her hotel.





Natalia Ivanovna demanded to be taken to her brother's room, in order to write him a note. Page 194.

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Two questions interested Natalia Ivanovna now with regard to her brother: one was his marriage to Katyusha which she had heard gossiped about in the town where she lived; everybody was talking of it; and the distribution of his lands among the peasants which was also known to many and was considered by many a political and perilous move. His marriage to Katyusha from one point of view pleased Natalia Ivanovna. She admired this resoluteness, recognizing therein both his and her old selves such as they had been in the good old times previous to her marriage, but at the same time she was horror stricken to think of her brother marrying such a terrible woman. The latter sentiment was the stronger of the two and she resolved to influence him as far as possible and to hold him back, although she realized how difficult a task it would prove.

The other matter, the distribution of his lands among the peasants, was not so close to her own heart, but it had aroused her husband's indignation and he demanded of her to take this matter up with her brother. Ignati Nikiforovitch said that such an act was the acme of absurdity, frivolity and pride, that if there were any possibility of explaining such an act, it could be only explained by a desire to set oneself up as a being apart, to boast and to create talk about oneself. "What is the sense of giving the land to the peasants against payment to be made to the peasants themselves?" he said. "If he insisted on doing this, why not sell through the Peasants Bank? That would have had some sense. At any rate this act borders on abnormality," said Ignati Nikiforovitch, considering already the question of declaring him incompetent, and demanding of his wife that she should have a serious talk with her brother concerning this queer intention of his.



XXXII.

Returning home and finding on his table a note from his sister, Nekhliudov went immediately to see her. was in the evening. Ignati Nikiforovitch was resting in the adjoining room, and Natalia Ivanovna met her brother alone. She wore a closely fitting black silk gown, with a red bow on her bosom, and her hair was waved and dressed in the latest style. She was evidently striving to retain a youthful appearance in order to keep up with her husband. Seeing her brother she leaped from the sofa and with quick steps, rustling her silken skirt, rushed forward to meet him. They kissed and regarded one another with a snile. There occurred that mysterious significant exchange of glances, which cannot be expressed in words,—glances which were all truth, and an exchange of words followed which was no longer as truthful. They had not met since the death of their mother.

"You look stouter and younger," he said. She pursed up her lips in delight.

"And you have lost weight."

"Well, how is Ignati Nikiforovitch?" asked Nekhliudov.

"He is resting. He had not slept all night."

There was a great deal to be said, but they never said a word, though their glances expressed that there were things to be said which they were leaving unsaid.

"I called on you."

"Yes, I know."

After a brief pause he continued.

"I left the house. It is too large, lonely and dull.



And I don't need those things at all. You can take it all, that is the furniture and everything."

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"Yes, Agrasena Petrovna told me. I was there, I am very grateful to you."

At that moment the hotel waiter came in with a silver tea service. They were silent while the waiter was arranging the tea things. Natalia Ivanovna walked over to the chair opposite the little table and brewed the tea in silence. Nekhliudov also remained silent.

"Well, how about it, Dmitri? I know all," said Natasha resolutely looking at him.

"Well, I am glad that you do."

"Can you hope to correct her after such a life?" she said.

He was sitting erect on a little stool, without a back to lean on, and listened to her attentively, trying to understand and to answer properly. The mood evoked by his last meeting with Maslova still continued to fill his soul with a serene joy and a friendly disposition to all people.

"I do not mean to correct her, I want to correct my-self," he answered.

Natalia Ivanovna sighed.

"There are other means besides marriage."

"And I think that it is the best; besides it brings me into a world in which I may be useful."

"I do not think," said Natalia Ivanovna, "that you could be happy there."

"It is not my own happiness that counts."

"True enough, but she, if she has a heart, cannot be happy in this, she cannot wish for it."

"As a matter of fact she does not wish it."

"I understand, but life..."

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"Well, what about life?"

"Life demands something else."

which we ought," said Nekhliudov looking into her face that was still handsome, though lined by tiny wrinkles about the eyes and the mouth.

"I don't understand," she said with a sigh.

"Poor dear! How she has changed!" thought Nekhliudov recalling her as se had been before her marriage, and he was seized by an onrush of tenderness towards her that was built on numberless memories of childhood.

At that moment, walking as always with head held high and the broad chest stretched out, with a soft and easy stride, Ignati Nikiforovitch came in with his spectacles, bald pate and glossy black beard, all shiny and glowing.

"How do you do? How do you do?" he exclaimed with unnatural self-conscious emphasis. In spite of the fact that during the early days after the marriage they had tried to become chummy, their manner of addressing one another had always remained forma!

They shook hands and Ignati Nikiforovitch sortly dropped into an armchair.

"Am I not disturbing your conversation?"

"No, I do not hide from anyone that which I say or that which I do."

The moment Nekhliudov saw this face and these hairy hands and heard this patronizing arrogant tone, his mood of meekness immediately disappeared.

"Yes, we were talking about his intentions," said Natalia Ivanovna. "Will you have some tea?" she added taking up the tea kettle.

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"Yes, if you please; what particular intention do you refer to?"

"To proceed to Siberia with that party of convicts in which is the woman before whom I consider myself guilty," said Nekhliudov.

"Yes, I heard that you intend not only to accompany her but even more."

"Yes, and to marry her, if she should only desire."

"Is that so? But if you do not mind, will you not explain your motives? I don't understand them."

"The motives are these... that her first step in vice.." Nekhliudov was annoyed with himself for not finding the proper expression. "The motives are these that I am guilty and she is being punished."

"If she is being punished then probably she is not innocent."

"She is absolutely innocent," and Nekhliudov related the facts with needless agitation.

"Yes, it's an omission by the presiding justice and lack of thought on the part of jurors in formulating their answer. But for such cases we have the Senate."

"The Senate turned us down."

"Turned you down? Then in that case there were no adequate grounds for quashing the verdict," said Ignati Nikiforovitch evidently adhering fully to the well known opinion that truth is a product of judicature. "The Senate cannot enter upon a review of the substance matter of a case. But if an error had really occurred in court, then a petition to the Throne is in order."

"This has been filed. But there is no likelihood of success. They will inquire at the ministry, the ministry will ask the Senate, and the Senate will reiterate its finding, and as usual the innocent will be punished."

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"In the first instance the ministry will not inquire of the Senate," said Ignati Nikiforovitch with an indulgent smile, "but will send for the minutes of the case direct to the original court, and if it finds an error it will report accordingly, and in the second place the innocent are never punished, or only in the rarest and most exceptional instances. But it is the guilty who are punished," said Ignati Nikiforovitch with a self-satisfied smile.

"And I have convinced myself that the contrary is true," said Nekhliudov with a feeling of illwill towards his brother-in-law, "I have convinced myself that a goodly half of the persons sentenced by courts are innocent."

"How is that?"

"Innocent in the direct sense of the word just as this woman is innocent of poisoning, just as the peasant whom I recently met is innocent of murder which he had never committed; just as a son and his mother were innocent of arson, when the proprietor set fire to his own house, and yet they have barely escaped conviction."

"Surely judicial errors occur and have always occurred. A human institution cannot be perfect."

"And then a very large proportion of them are innocent because having been brought up in a certain environment they do not consider the acts committed by them as crimes."

"Pardon me, but this is wrong. Every thief knows that stealing is wrong, that he should not steal, that stealing is immoral," replied Ignati Nikiforovitch with a calm and selfreliant smile that had in it something contemptuous that so particularly irritated Nekhliudov.

"No, he does not know. He is told 'Do not steal!" but he sees that the manufacturer steals his labor, with-

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holding his pay, that the government with all its officials unceasingly robs him under the guise of taxes."

"Well, this is anarchism," Ignati Nikiforovitch calmly defined the meaning of his brother-in-law's words.

"I don't know what it is but I merely state what is," continued Nekhliudov; "he knows that the government robs him; he knows that the landowners robbed him in the distant past when we took from him the land which should be the common property of all, and then when ge gets it into his head to gather a few shrubs from this stolen land so as to have a little fuel for his fireplace we put him in prison and try to convince him that he is a thief. But he knows that it is not he who is the thief but he who had stolen the land from him, and that the restitution of that which was stolen from him is his duty to his own family."

"I don't understand you, or if I do, I don't agree with you. The land cannot be nobody's property. If you divide it," said Ignati Nikiforovitch with full assurance that Nekhliudov was a socialist and that the requirement of the theory of socialism was to divide all the land in equal shares, and that such a division was absurd and that he could easily controvert it, "if you divide it to-day in equal shares it will pass to-morrow into the hands of the more industrious and capable people."

"Nobody is thinking of dividing the land into equal shares, the land should not belong to any one, should not be an article of purchase. sale or lease."

"The right of ownership is innate to man. Without the right of ownership there cannot be any interest in the cultivation of land. Destroy the right of property and we shall relapse into a state of savagery," authorita-



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tively exclaimed Ignati Nikiforovitch citing that familiar argument in favor of land ownership which is considered incontrovertible and which says that the greed for land ownership is a proof of its necessity.

"On the contrary, then only will the land cease to be idle as it is lying idle now while landowners, like the dog in the manger, refuse to admit those to the land who can make use of it and do not themselves know how to exploit it."

"Listen, Dmitri Ivanovitch. But this is absolute madness. Is it possible in our modern times to destroy the ownership of land? I know that this is your hobby. But let me tell you plainly.." And Ignati Nikiforovitch turned pale and his voice trembled. Evidently this question touched him to the quick. "I should advise you to study this question thoroughly before attempting to apply it in practice."

"Do you refer to my personal affairs?"

"Yes. I suppose that we are all placed in certain positions and must bear those obligations which are the outcome of these positions. We must maintain thees conditions of existence in which we were born and which we have inherited from our ancestors and which we must pass on to our descendants."

"I consider it my duty.."

"Permit me," continued Ignati Nikiforovitch refusing to allow himself to be interrupted, "I am not speaking for myself or for my children, the well-being of my children is adequately provided for, and I earn enough to live on, and I suppose that my children will live without worry, and therefore my protest against your actions, which permit me to say are not well reasoned, is not the result of considerations of personal interest, but as a

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matter of principle I cannot agree with you. I should advise you to think more, to read..."

"Well, kindly leave it to me to decide my own affairs and to know what to read and what not to read," said Nekhliudov and his face turned pale. Feeling his hands grow numb and realizing that he was losing control of himself, he lapsed into silence and commenced to drink his tea.

XXXII.

"Well, and how are the children?" asked Nekhliudov of his sister after regaining his composure to some extent.

The sister reported about the children that they had been left with their grandmother (her husband's mother) and being well satisfied to see his argument with her husband terminated, she began to describe a game which her children were fond of, being a game of travels, just as he had once played with his dolls, a black Moor and a doll which they used to call the French lady.

"Can you really remember that?" asked Nekhliudov with a smile.

"And just imagine, they play exactly the same game."

The unpleasant discussion was over. Natasha calmed herself, but did not desire to speak before her husband of things that were known only to her brother and herself, so she referred to the bit of news that had reached the town from St. Petersburg concerning the sorrow of Kamensky's mother who had lost her only son through a duel. Ignati Nikiforovitch expressed his disapproval of an order of things which excluded killing in a duel from the list of common criminal offences.

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This remark of his proveked an objection on the part of Nekhliudov, and a quarrel ensued again, with the result that while much was left unsaid, and neither side was able to state its case fully, both stuck to their own convictions which were mutually condemnatory. Ignati Nikiforovitch felt that Nekhliudov condemned him, despising his entire activity, and he was eager to prove to him the utter baselessness of his opinions. But Nekhliudov, apart from the annoyance which he had felt over his brother-in-law's interference in his affairs with the land (in the depths of his soul he realized that his brother-in-law, his sister and their children as his heirs had a right to interfere), resented it in his soul that this narrow-minded man could with perfect assurance and serenity continue to support the correctness and lawfulness of a business which now appeared to Nekhliudov indubitably mad and criminal. This arrogance irritated Nekhliudov.

"Well, what would a court do with this case?" 's asked Nekhliudov.

"It would sentence one of the two duelists as a common murderer to hard labor."

Nekhliudov's hands ran cold again and he hotly replied:

"And what would happen?" he asked.

"Justice would be done."

"As though justice formed the aim of the activities of tribunals," said Nekhiiudov.

"What else?"

"The maintenance of class interests. The court, in my opinion, is merely an administrative weapon for the support of the existing order of things which is advantageous to our social class."

"This is an entirely novel view," said Ignati Niki-



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forovitch with a serene smile. "Ordinarily an entirely different purpose is attributed to courts."

"In theory, yes, but in practice this is just what I have found it to be. The court has for its aim merely to preserve society in its present state and for this reason it persecutes and punishes both those who are above the general level and desire to uplift it, namely so-called political offenders, and those who are below it, the so-called criminal types."

"I cannot agree in the first place with the proposition that the so-called political offenders are being punished for being on a level above the average. They are mostly the dregs of society, just as depraved, though along different lines, as are also those criminal types whom you consider below the average level."

"But I know people who are immeasurably above their judges; all sectarians are morally upright and "teadfast people."

But Ignati Nikiforovitch being a man who was unaccustomed to being interrupted while he was talking, was not listening to Nekhliudov, and irritating him thereby still more, continued to talk at the same time with Nekhliudov.

"Nor can I agree with the statement that the court has for its aim the maintenance of the existing social order. The court pursues its proper aims which are either the correction..."

"Fine way to bring about correction, through prisons," interposed Nekhliudov.

"Or the elimination," obstinately continued Ignati Nikiforovitch, "of those corrupted and bestial people who menace the existence of society."

"And that's just the trouble that they attain neither

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the one nor the other purpose. Society has no means of attaining them."

"How is that? I don't understand this," asked Ignati Nikiforovitch forcing a smile.

"I want to say that there are really only two rational punishments which used to be applied in the olden days: corporal punishment and the death penalty, both of which because of the gradual softening of customs are falling more and more into disuse," said Nekhliudov.

"Well, this is somehing new and it is surprising to hear it from you."

"It is rational to cause pain to a man in order that he should not in the future do the thing for which he had been subjected to pain, and it is perfectly rational to chop off the head of a member of society who is a menace to it. Both of these punishments have a reasonable sense. But what is the sense in taking a man who has been corrupted through idleness and bad example, and locking him up in prison, under conditions of guaranteed and enforced idleness in company of the most depraved people? Or why transport them for some reason at government expense—I think at the cost of five hundred roubles per head—from the province of Tula to the province of Irkutsk, or from the province of Kursk..."

"Still people fear these trips at the government expense, and if it were not for these trips and prisons. we should not be sitting here together as we are sitting now."

"Prisons cannot guarantee our safety, for these people are not confined for life, but are set free from time to time. On the contrary, in these institutions these people are forced into vice or depravity of the vilest kind, in other words the menace is increased."

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"You mean to say that the penitentiary system must be perfected?"

"It cannot be perfected. Perfected prisons would cost more that what we pay for popular education, and would prove an added burden to these same people."

"But the defects of the penitentiary system in no way invalidate the courts themselves," Ignati Nikifor-ovitch continued to develop his idea again refusing to listen to his brother-in-law.

"These defects cannot be corrected," said Nekhliudov raising his voice.

"What will you have then? Put them to death? Or as one statesman has proposed gouge out their eyes?" said Ignati Nikitorovitch with a triumphant smile.

"Yes, that would be cruel, but would be to the point. But what is being done now is cruel and is not only the point, but is so utterly absurd that it cannot be comprehended how sane people can participate in such an absurd and cruel business as the criminal court."

"But take me for instance, I take part in it," said Ignati Nikiforovitch turning pale.

"That is your affair. But I cannot understand it."

"I think that you do not understand a great many things," said Ignati Nikiforovitch with a shaky voice.

"I saw in a court how the assistant prosecutor with every ounce of his energy strove to convict an unhappy boy who could only arouse the compassion of any uncorrupted person: I knew of another prosecutor examining a sectarian in an effort to twist the reading of the gospel into an offence under the criminal law; and the whole activity of courts consists only in acts that are just as senseless and cruel."

"I should not be in the service if I thought so," said Ignati Nikiforovitch and rose to his feet.

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Nekhliudov had noticed a certain flash behind the glasses of his brother-in-law. "Can these be tears?" thought Nekhliudov. And they were indeed tears of resentment. Ignati Nikiforovitch walk over to the window, took out his handkerchief, cleared his throat, began to wipe his glasses and at the same time wiped his eyes. Returning to the sofa Ignati Nikiforovitch lighted a cigar and did not say another word. Nekhliudov was annoyed and ashamed that he had so hurt the feelings of his brother-in-law and of his sister, particularly because the next day he was going to leave and did not expect to see them again. In a state of embarrassment he said good-bye and went home.

"It may be very well that what I was saying was the truth, at any rate he did not bring forth any objections. But I should not have spoken like that. I have not greatly changed if carried away by a feeling of ill will I was able to offend him so and to hurt poor Natasha," he thought.

XXXIV.

The party of prisoners to which Maslova was attached was to leave the station at three o'clock in the afternoon, and in order to see the party depart from the prison and to reach the railrway station together with it, Nekhliudov intended to arrive at the prison before noon.

Putting away his belongings and his papers, Nekhliudov paused over his diary, read over several entries and particularly the lines which he had inserted last. The last entry before leaving St. Petersburg read like this: "Katyusha does not want my sacrifice, but wants her own. She has overcome, and so have I. She makes



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me happy with the change which seemingly—I hardly dare to believe it—is going on within her. I hardly dare to believe it, but it seems to me that she is coming back into the fulness of life."

Right after this was written the following: "I had a very painful and a very joyful experience. I learned that she had misconducted herself in the hospital. And suddenly I felt terribly pained. I did not expect that this could pain me so much. I spoke to her with hatred and loathing and then remembered my own self, the many times I had been guilty before her, even now in hating her, and suddenly I conceived a terrible loathing towards myself, and pity for her, and I felt well. If we could only always in time see the beam in our own eyes. how much better we should be." Under this day's date he made this entry: "I called on Natasha and just on account of being satisfied with myself I was not kind, but mean, and a painful feeling resulted. But what's to be done? A new life commences to-morrow. bye, old life, and good-bye for good. Many impressions have accumulated, but still I am unable to unify them."

Awakening the next morning the first feeling of Nekhliudov was repentance for what had occurred with his brother-in-law. "I can't leave like this," he thought, "I must run over to see him and smooth things over." But glancing at his watch he saw that it was now too late and that he had to make haste in order not to be too late for the exit of the party. Getting his things together hastily he sent the porter and Taras, Feodosia's husband, who was accompanying him, to the railway station with his things, and hiring the first cabman, he drove to the prison.

The prisoners' train left two hours ahead of the mail train which Nekhliudov was taking, and for this



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reason he gave up his rooms and paid for them, not intending to return there any more.

It was a day during a protracted heated spell in July. The night had been sultry, the stone of street and structure and the metal of roofs had had no chance to cool off and radiated their stored up heat into the baking immobile air. There was no breeze, or when it stirred it seared one with a breath of blazing fetid air that was recking with dust and with the smell of oil paint. There were few people about the streets, and those who were out tried to walk in the shade of houses. Only the deeply sunburnt peasant street pavers clad in bast shoes sat in the center of the roadway hammering with their mallets on the cobbles which they placed into the baking sand, and sulky policemen in unbleached blouses with the orange colored cords of their revolvers, stood in the center of streets, morosely changing postures from time to time, and the street cars, with the blinds drawn on the sunny side, pulled by horses in white covers with the ears sticking out through the holes in the hood, clangingly rolled back and forth through the streets.

When Nekhliudov reached the prison, the party had not yet gone, but they were still hard at work inside the prison, though they had started at four o'clock in the morning, delivering and receipting for the prisoners who were being shipped out. There were six hundred twenty three men and sixty four women in the batch that was being shipped, and it was necessary to check them all up in accordance with lists, while the sick and the feeble had to be turned over to the convoy guards separately. The new superintendent with two assistants, the doctor, the hospital assistant, the convoy officer and a clerk were seated at a table with papers and writing utensils

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that had been placed in the court yard in the shade of the wall and as the prisoners came up one after the other they passed them down the line in one continued operation, calling their names, inspecting them, taking their pedigrees and entering them on lists.

By this time the sun had reached half of the table with its rays. It was getting hot and oppressively sultry, particularly as not a breath of air was stirring, and the heat was intensified by the exhalations of the crowd of prisoners who were huddled together in the same spot in a dense mass.

"What, is there no end to them?" said the chief of the convoy, a tall stout man of red complexion, with high shoulders and short arms as he inhaled the smoke from a cigarette never ceasing to send forth clouds of smoke through the mustache that covered his mouth. "I'm fagged out. Where do they all come from? Many more?"

The clerk looked up the list and replied:

"Twenty four more men and the women."

"Don't stop, pass right along!" shouted the convoy officer at the huddling crowd of prisoners that had not yet been checked up. The prisoners had been standing for three hours in closed ranks, not in the shade, but in the baking sun, waiting their turn.

This work was going on inside the prison, but outside, near the gates, stood as always a sentry with a rifle, and a score of drays had drawn up waiting for the prisoners' belongings and for the feeble, while around the corner stood a crowd of relatives and friends hoping to catch a glimpse of the convicts as they were being shipped, or perhaps even to pass a word or a gift to them. Nekhliudov joined this group.

He had been standing there close to an hour. At



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the end of an hour, from behind the gates came the sound of rattling chains and of steps, official voices and clearing of throats and a subdued hubbub of a large crowd. This went on for the space of five minutes, while warders were going in and out of the side door in the great gate. Finally a word of command was heard. The gates opened with a bang, the rattling of chains grew in distinctness, and the soldiers composing the convey guard filed out in their white blouses and with rifles, and disposed themselves in a wide circle before the gates, with the precision of a familiar and accustomed maneuver. When they had taken up their places, a new command was shouted, and the prisoners began to file out by twos; they wore pancake shaped hats on their shaven heads, carried bags slung across their shoulders, and dragged their manacled feet, swinging their free arm, while with the other they held on to the bag behind their shoulder. First came the men sentenced to hard labor, all in uniform grey trousers and prison robes marked with an ace on the back. Young and old, lean and fat, bearded and smoothfaced, pale, red and swarthy, Russians, Tartars and Jews, they all came out rattling their chains and briskly swinging their arms as though starting out on a long march, but after walking a distance of about ten steps, they halted and submissively stationed themselves in ranks of four. Right behind them, without a stop, came another lot of men, shavenheaded as the first, but without leg irons, though handcuffed and wearing the same sort of clothes. These were men sentenced to exile without hard labor. They came out as briskly as the first, stopped and formed into ranks of four. Then came the village community exiles. After these the women, in the same order, first the hard labor convicts in grey prison robes and head cloths, then ex-

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iled women and those who voluntarily followed their husbands, dressed in town or village clothes. Some of the women carried their babies with them in the folds of their grey prison robes.

With the women came out the children, boys and girls on foot. These children, like foals in a herd of horses, pressed close to the adult prisoners. The men stationed themselves in silence, with an occasional clearing of throats and rarely a curt remark. But among the women reigned an incessant chatter. It seemed to Nekhliudov that he had recognized Maslova as she walked out, but she was lost immediately in the multitude, and he merely saw a crowd of grey-gowned creatures that seemed to have been stripped of their human, and particularly of their feminine characteristics, creatures with children and sacks, who were stationing themselves back of the men.

Although all of the prisoners had been counted once within the walls of the prison, the convoy guards commenced to count them again, checking them up with their first count. This checking process went on for a long time especially since the prisoners had shifted about, changing their places and confusing the count of the guards. The guards cursed and pushed the prisoners about, these obeyed resentfully, though with an outward show of submission, and they were counted over again. After they had all been counted the second time, the convoy officer called out some command and a new confusion ensued in the crowd. The feeble men, the women and the children rushed to the drays, overtaking one another, and began to place their bags upon them, climbing up behind them afterwards. Women with crying babies, merry children quarreling with one another for



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places, and morose despondent male prisoners climbed up on the wagons and took their seats.

Several prisoners lifting up their hats approached the convoy officer appearing to make some request. Nekhliudov later learned that they were begging to be allowed to go on the drays. Nekhliudov saw that the convoy officer who had been silently eyeing one petitioner, while inhaling the smoke of his cigarette, suddenly raised his short arm and struck at the prisoner and that the latter, drawing in his shaven head between his shoulders as though expecting a blow, sprang aside with agility.

"I'll 'knight' you in a minute so that you'll long remember me. You'll get there on foot," shouted the officer.

Only a tottering lanky old man in leg irons was admitted by the officer to the drays, and Nekhliudov saw this old man take off his pancake shaped hat, cross himself and make his way to the drays. There for a long time he tried in vain to climb up, the leg irons preventing him from raising his feeble senile manacled legs, and a woman who sat on the dray finally assisted him up by his arm.

When the drays were all filled with bags, and those who had received permission had seated themselves atop of the bags, the convoy officer took off his hat, and with his handkerchief wiped his brow, his bald pate and his purple neck and crossed himself:

"The party, march!" he commanded. The soldiers thumped their rifles, the prisoners took off their hats and began to cross themselves, some with their left hands, the convoy guards shouted something, the prisoners shouted something in response, the women screamed, and the party surrounded by white-bloused soldiers started on its way raising a cloud of dust with the multi-



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tude of fettered feet. The soldiers walked ahead, back of them, clanging their chains, came the men with the leg irons, four abreast, behind them the plain exiles, back of them the community exiles, handcuffed in pairs, and then the women. And in the rear came the drays loaded with the bags and the feeble, and on one, atop of a pile of bagagge, sat a woman in heavy wraps, who screamed and sobbed without stopping.

XXXV.

The procession was so lengthy that the front ranks had disappeared from view when the drays with the weak and the sick had barely started. When the drays had started, Nekhliudov seated himself in the cab which he had in waiting and ordered the driver to overtake the entire procession, in order to see in driving past the party if he could not find any acquaintances among the men prisoners, and then locate Maslova among the women so as to ask her whether she had received the things which he had sent her.

The heat had grown more intense. There was no breath of air stirring, and the dust raised by a thousand feet hung like a pall over the prisoners as they marched in the center of the road. The prisoners marched with a quick stride and the plug that was pulling the cab succeeded only by degrees in overtaking the party. Rank after rank marched the strange creatures, weird and terrible to look upon, advancing with the stride of a thousand uniformly shod and wrapped limbs and keeping step in unison, swinging the free arm as though to keep up courage. There were so many of them, and they were so uniform in appearance, and they were placed in such peculiar and weird circumstances that it seemed to



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Nekhliudov that they were not human, but some peculiar monstrous creatures. This impression was destroyed only as he recognized in the crowd of hard labor convicts the murderer Feodorov and among the exiles another acquaintance of his, Okhotin, the comedian, and a vagrant whom he also knew. Almost every prisoner turned to look askance at the cab which was overtaking them and at the gentleman seated therein who was scanning them so closely. Feodorov threw back his head to indicate that he had recognized Nekhliudov. Okhotin winked. Neither bowed, considering that this was not allowed. Coming abreast with the women Nekhliudov immediately recognized Maslova. She was marching in the second rank of the women. On the outside of this row marched with face that had flushed a deep red a short-limbed black-eyed ugly looking woman who was tucking the folds of the robe behind her belt. This was the woman known as "Styles." Then came a pregnant woman who barely managed to drag her feet, and the third was Maslova. She was carrying a bag on her shoulders and looked straight ahead. Her face was calm and resolute. The fourth, next to her, was a handsome young woman who was walking briskly, dressed in a short robe and a head cloth tied peasant fashion—this was Feodosia. Nekhliudov descended from the cab and approached the marching women intending to ask Maslova about the things which he had sent her and how she felt. But an under-officer of the convoying guard, who was marching on this side of the party, noticing his approach hastened to him:

"Can't come near the party, sir" he cried. "It's not allowed."

Coming closer and recognizing Nekhliudov (everybody in prison knew Nekhliudov by this time) the un-



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der officer held his fingers to his cap and stopping near Nekhliudov said:

"You can't now, sir. You can do it at the station, but here it is not allowed.—Don't lag behind, there, march," he cried, and braving the heat, he ran back to his place at a canter in his stylish new boots.

Nekhliudov returned to the sidewalk and ordering the cabman to follow walked on in the full view of the party. Wherever the convoy passed, the prisoners attracted universal attention in which compassion mingled with terror. Those who passed by in carriages stuck their Leads out of the cab window and followed the prisoners with their glance as long as they could. Pedestrians stopped and viewed the strange spectacle with surprise and affright. Some came along and offered alms. Convoy guards received these alms for the prisoners. Some, as though hypnotized walked for a while in the wake of the procession and then stopped and shook their heads and continued to follow the procession with their eyes. People rushed out of the gates and doorways calling to one another, others hung from windows and watched the monstrous parade in motionless silence. On one of the crossings the procession had forced an elegant carriage to come to a halt. On the box sat a shiny-faced coachman, with an imposingly padded rear and with a row of buttons on his back. In the carriage, on her rear seat, sat a man with his wife. The wife was haggard and pale, wore a light hat and a gay parasol, and the husband wore a silk hat and a stylish light colored overcoat. Facing them sat their children: a little girl with fair hair falling about her shoulders, most prettily dressed and fresh as a spring flower, also with a brightly colored parasol, and an eight year old lad with a long slender neck and protruding collar bones, wearing a sailor hat



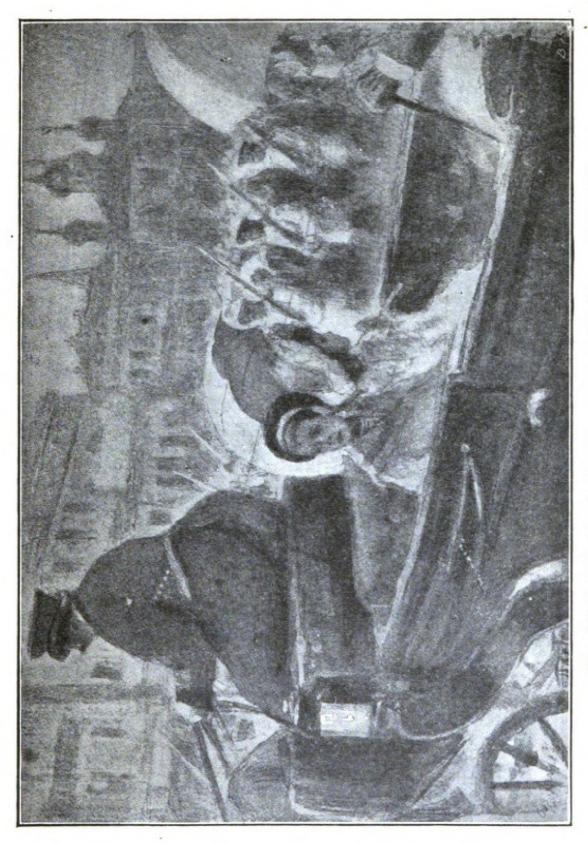
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adorned with long ribbons. The father was angrily reproaching the coachman for having failed to head off the procession of prisoners which was holding them up, and the mother made a wry grimace of disgust, protecting herself against the dust and the sun with the parasol which she held close to her face. The portly coachman frowned resentfully as he listened to the undeserved reproaches of his master who had himself ordered him to drive up this street, and held back with an effort the sleek raven colts with lathering neck and shoulders who were eager to go on. The policeman would have most gladly served the master of so elegant a turnout and would have let him pass by stopping the prisoners, but he felt that this procession partook of a sort of a gloomy solemnity which he did not dare violate even to please so rich a gentleman. He merely held his fingers to his cap by way of indicating his obeisance before wealth and sternly regarded the prisoners as though vowing that in any event he would protect the inmates of the carriage against them. So that the carriage was forced to wait for the procession to go past and could resume its journey only after the last dray had clattered past them, with the bags and the prisoners that were sitting on it, among whom was the hysterical woman who had meanwhile grown still, but on seeing the elegant carriage resumed her sobbing and screaming. Only then the coachman lightly shook up his reins and the blooded raven stallions clattering their hoofs upon the pavement bere away the carriage that softly vibrated on its pneumatic tires to the country house, whither the husband and the wife and the little girl and the lad with the stender neck and protruding collar bones were bound with the prospect of a rollicking good time.

Neither the father nor the mother gave either the





The little lad was trying to suppress his tears. Page 223.

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little girl or the lad any explanation of the sight which they had witnessed; so that the children were compelled to work out their own solution of the problem concerning the significance of this sight.

The little girl had sized up the expression on the faces of her father and her mother and decided the question in the sense that these people were something vastly different from her parents and her acquaintances, that they were bad people and they therefore had to be treated exactly as they were being treated. And therefore the little girl was merely frightened, and felt happy when these people were no longer to be seen.

But the little lad who had watched the procession of the prisoners without winking an eye or taking his glance off them, had solved the problem differently. He still knew firmly and beyond doubt, having received this knowledge direct from God, that these people were exactly the same as he and as other people, so that something evil had been done to them, something that ought not to have been done, and felt sorry for them and experienced a sense of terror not only before these people who were chained and whose heads were shaven, but also before those who had chained them and shaved their heads. And therefore the little lad's lips swelled up more and more and he was making strenuous efforts not to burst out crying, opining that crying under such circumstances was disgraceful.

XXXVI.

Nekhliudov had kept up with the rapid gait of the prisoners' progress, but though he was but lightly clad, wearing a light overcoat, he felt terribly hot, principally because of the dust and the stagnant sultry air in the



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streets. After walking about a quarter of a mile he returned to his seat in the cab and drove ahead, but in the middle of the roadway, while seated in the carriage, he felt even more oppressed by the heat. He had tried to recall his conversation with his brother-in-law of the night before, but now the thoughts of it failed to agitate him as they had in the morning. The impressions of the exodus from the prison and of the party's procession completely overshadowed them. But the principal thing was the oppressive heat. Close to a fence, in the shade of some trees, two high school boys having taken off their hats stood before an ice cream peddler who had got down on his knees to dispense his delicacy. of the lads was already in the midst of his enjoyment, carefully licking his tiny horn spoon, while the other was waiting for his glass to be filled with a heaping vellow mass.

"Where can I get a drink?" asked Nekhliudov of the cabman feeling an irresistible desire for refreshment.

"There is a good tea house close by," said the cabman and turning around the corner drove up with Nekhliudov to the main entrance with a large sign. A flabby attendant behind the bar and several floor waiters clad in suits that had once been white, had been lounging about the tables because of lack of customers, and looking up curiously at the unwontedly elegant patron, offered him their services. Nekhliudov ordered some seltzer water and sat away from the window at a small table that was covered with a dirty cloth. Two men sat at another table with a tea service and a white glass bottle before them; they were wiping the perspiration from their brows and were busily making up some accounts in a perfectly amicable manner. One of them was a dark complexioned man with a bald pate, with the same

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fringe of black hair as Ignati Nikiforovitch. This impression brought back to Nekhliudov's mind his last night's conversation with his brother-in-law and his desire to call on him and on his sister before his departure. "I shall hardly be able to do so before my train leaves," he thought, "I had better write a letter." He called for paper, envelope and a postage stamp, and sipping his fresh and sparkling beverage, he began to consider what he should write. But he could not collect his thoughts and was unable to compose the letter.

"Dear Natasha! I cannot leave with the painful recollection of my talk last night with Ignati Nikifor-ovitch," he had commenced. "What then? Ask his pardon for what I said yesterday? But I merely stated what I thought. And he might think that I was abandoning my position. And then that interference of his in my affairs... No, I can't," and he was filled again with a sense of hatred against this alien arrogant man who could not understand him. Nekhliudov placed the unfinished letter in his pocket, and paying his bill went out into the street and drove off once more to catch up with the marching prisoners.

The heat meanwhile had grown in intensity. The walls and the stones seemed to breathe out air that was blazing hot. The roasting pavement seemed to sear the feet, and when Nekhliudov touched the varnished dashboard of his cab he felt a distinct sensation of a burn.

The horse proceeded at a listless canter, clattering with its hoofs a tattoo upon the dusty roughly paved roadway; the cabman dozed off again and again; but Nekhliudov sat without thinking of anything and looked straight ahead with an indifferent air. Down the street, against the gateway of a big house, a group of people

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udov who had

mbarrassed,

had gathered and a convoy guard armed with a rifle stood close by.

Nekhliudov stopped his cabman.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Accident to a prisoner."

Nekhliudov alighted from his cab and joined the group of people. On the roughly paved slanting roadway, close to the curb. with his head lower than his feet, lay a broadchested prisoner of mature years, with red beard, flaming red face and a crushed nose, in a grey prison robe and grey trousers. He lay flat on his back, extending his freckle-covered hands with the palms turned down, his deep broad chest rose and fell convulsively at long regular intervals, and he sobbed looking up at the sky with glassy bloodshot eyes. Over him stood a frowning policeman, a letter carrier, a shop assistant, and old woman with a parasol, and a closely cropped boy with an empty basket on his arm.

"They get weak sitting in prison and lose their strength, and they make them march through a furnace," said the shop assistant with a mien of censuring somebody, to Nekhliudov who had meanwhile come along.

"He'll surely die," said the woman with the parasol in a plaintive voice.

"You should loosen his shirt," said the letter carrier.

The policeman with fat trembling fingers commenced clumsily to loosen the strings that tied the collar about his vein streaked blood red neck. He was evidently excited and embarrassed, but still considered it his duty to turn to the crowd chidingly.

"Don't crowd. It's hot enough as it is. You're keeping off the air."

"A doctor ought to look them over, if a man's weak, he should be left behind. What do they do instead? They make a man who's more dead than alive go out and march," said the shop assistant evidently proud of exhibiting his knowledge of what's what. Meanwhile the policeman had untied the cords of the shirt, and straightening himself out looked around.

"Move on, I tell you. It's none of your business, is it? What's there to look at?" he said turning to Nekhliudov for sympathy and support, but failing to discover any sympathy in his glance, he looked at the convoy guard. But the convoy guard was standing aloof, examining the heel of his boot that was threatening to fall off, and was utterly indifferent to the perplexities of the policeman.

"The people in charge, what do they care? Is it right to drive people to death?"

"A convict is a convict, but he's human just the same," said someone in the crowd.

"Raise his head and give him some water," said Nekhliudov.

"Water is being fetched," said the policeman and picking up the prisoner by his armpits, with an effort raised the upper part of his body a little higher.

"What's this crowd for?" suddenly inquired a determined authoritative voice and towards the little group of people that had gathered about the prisoner swiftly strode the precinct police sergeant in an extraordinarily spick and span blouse and even more lustrous top boots.

"Move away! Nothing to stand around for, gaping," he shouted to the crowd without knowing yet why the crowd had gathered. Coming closer and seeing the dying prisoner, he nodded approvingly, as though it was just what he had expected and he addressed himself to the policeman:

"What about it?"



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The policeman reported that a party of prisoners was on the march, and the prisoner had dropped in his tracks, and the convoy officer had ordered him to be left behind.

"Well then, take him to the station, Get a cab."

"One of the porters has gone to fetch it," said the policeman raising his hand to his cap in salute.

The shop assistant began to make a remark about the heat.

"Is it your business? What? On your way!" said the precinct sergeant and looked at the shop assistant to sternly that he completely subsided.

"You should give him a drink of water," said Nekhliudov. The sergeant measured Nekhliudov with a stern gance, but did not say a word. A porter had meanwhile brought a cup of water, and the sergeant commanded the policeman to give the victim a drink. The policeman raised the prisoner's lifeless head and attempted to pour the water into his mouth, but the prisoner would not take it. The water spilled over his beard, wetting the front of his jacket and his unbleached canvas shirt.

"Pour it over his head!" commanded the sergeant, and the policeman taking off the pancake-shaped hat, poured the water over the curling fringe of his red hair and over the bare bald skull. The eyes of the prisoner opened wide, as though with fear, but he did not change his position. Rivulets of water that turned filthy from dust coursed down his cheeks, but the mouth kept up its measured sobbing and his whole body quivered convulsively.

"Here's a cab, take this one," the sergeant addressed the patrolman, pointing to Nekhliudov's cab.

"It's my cah," said Nekhliudov, "but you may take

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it. I'll pay you," he added addressing the cabman.

"Don't stand gaping," cried the precinct sergeant.
"Lend a hand."

The patrolman, the porters and the convoy guard picked up the dying man, carried him to the cab and set him down on the seat. But he was unable to support himself, his head fell back and his body kept slipping down from the seat.

"Lay him down," ordered the sergeant.

"Never mind, sir, I'll get him to the station like this," said the patrolman planting himself down by the side of the dying man and firmly grasping him under the armpit with his strong right arm.

The convoy guard picked up the slipper-shod sockless feet, adjusted them and straightened them out under the box.

The sergeant meanwhile looked around and discovering the prisoner's pancake-shaped hat on the ground put it over the prisoner's moist head that had again fallen backward. "Off with you!" he commanded.

The cabman glancing around angrily shook his head and accompanied by the convoy guard on foot turned back and started off at a slow pace on the way to the station house. The patrolman who sat next to the prischer kept supporting the slipping body with the head that was flopping in every direction. The convoy guard walking beside the cab, from time to time adjusted his feet. Nekhliudov walked behind him.

XXXVII.

The cab with the prisoner drove into the court yard of the police station going past a fireman on guard duty, and stopped before one of the entrances.



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In the station court yard a crew of firemen with rolled up sleeves were busily washing some sort of a cart mid loud chatter and laughter. When the cab stopped, several policemen surrounded it and picking up the lifeless body of the prisoner by its armpits and by the legs took it off the vehicle that was groaning under their combined weight. The policeman who had brought the prisoner made some passes with his benumbed arm, took off his cap and crossed himself.

But the dead man was carried through the door and up the stairs. Nekhliudov followed. In the filthy small from where they had taken the corpse there were four cots. A couple of sick men in robes sat on two of the cots, one distinguished by a crooked mouth and the other one a consumptive. Two cots were vacant. The prisoner was laid on one of these. A wizened little fellow with glistening eyes and constantly shifting eyebrows, dressed only in underwear and socks, walked over to the prisoner who had just been brought in with swift and noiseless steps, looked at him and then at Nekhliudov and broke out in a peal of loud laughter. It was an insane man who was being held in the detention room.

"So they are trying to scare me, eh?" he said. "But no, they can't do it."

In the wake of the policemen who had carried the corpse into the room, came the precinct sergeant and a hospital assistant.

The hospital assistant approached the corpse, touched the prisoner's yellow and freckle-covered hand, which was by this time cold and deathly pale, though still soft, held it for an instant and then dropped it. It fell lifelessly upon the dead man's chest.

"He's through," said the hospital assistant, shaking

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his head, but evidently for order's sake he opened the dead man's moistened unbleached shirt and flinging his curly hair back from his ears by a shake of his head, he leaned over the prisoner's deep and yellow-skinned chest that was now perfectly still. No one spoke. The assistant arose, shook his head again, and with his fingers touched first the one and then the other eyelid over the opened and staring blue eyes.

"You can't scare me, you can't scare me," meanwhile the lunatic kept repeating, continually expectorating in the direction of the hospital assistant.

"What now?" asked the precinct sergeant.

"What now?" repeated the assistant. "Have him taken to the morgue."

"Better make sure it's so," severely insisted the precinct sergeant.

"I ought to know by this time," said the assistant for some reason covering up the dead man's chest that had been left open. "Still I'll send for Matvey Ivanovitch, let him take a look. Petrov, go and fetch him," said the assistant and walked away from the corpse.

"Take him to the morgue," said the precinct sergeant. "And you step to the desk and get a receipt," he said to the convoy guard, who had been all the time clinging to his prisoner.

"Yes, sir!" replied the convoy guard.

Several policemen lifted the corpse and took it back again to the stairway. Nekhliudov started to follow them, but the lunatic detained him.

"You're not in on this conspiracy, so give me a cigarette," he said. Nekhliudov brought out his cigarette case and gave him a cigarette. The lunatic shifting his eyebrows began to tell him in a rapid flow of speech how he was being tormented by suggestions.



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"Why, they're all against me and they plague and torture me through their mediums..."

"Pardon me," said Nekhliudov and without waiting to listen to him walked out into the court yard in order to learn where they had taken the dead man.

The policemen had meanwhile crossed the court yard with their burden and were about to descend into a basement doorway. Nekhliudov wanted to follow them, but the precinct sergeant stopped him.

"What is it you require?"

"Nothing," replied Nekhliudov.

"In that case, please go your way."

Nekhliudov submitted and started for his cab. His cabman was taking a snooze. Nekhliudov woke him up and resumed his journey to the railway station.

He had hardly driven a hundred yards when he met a dray accompanied by another convoy guard with a rifle. On the dray reposed the figure of another prisoner who was apparently dead. The prisoner lay stretched out on his back and his shaven head with a little black beard covered with the pancake-shaped hat that had slid over his face down to his nose, shook and quivered with every jolt of the dray. The driver of the dray, clad in heavy boots, was walking alongside leading his horse. A policeman walked behind. Nekhliudov touched his cabman by the shoulder.

"Lord, what on earth are they doing?" inquired the cabman as he stopped his horse.

Nekhliudov alighted from the cab and following the drayman, once again passed the guard of the engine house and entered the court yard of the station. The firemen had meanwhile finished washing their cart and were gone, and in their place stood the fire chief, tall and angular, with a band on his hat. The fire chief was

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sternly watching an overfed fatnecked light bay stallion which was being led past him by a fireman. The stallion was lame on his foreleg and the fire chief was angrily expostulating with a veterinary surgeon who was standing by his side.

The precinct sergeant was also in the immediate vicinity. Seeing another corpse he walked over to the dray.

"Where did you pick this one up?" he asked shaking his head disapprovingly.

"On the Staraya Gorbatovskaya," answered the policeman.

"A convict?" inquired the fire chief.

"Yes, sir, the second one to-day," replied the precinct sergeant.

"Great order, this. And Lord, what a heat!" said the fire chief and turning to the fireman who was leading the lame stallion away, he shouted: "Put him in the corner day stall. You. son of a dog. I'll teach you how to cripple horses that are worth more than you."

This corpse even as the former one was taken from the dray by several policemen and first carried into the reception room. Nekhliudov followed them as though hypnotized.

"What is it you want?" one of the policemen asked him.

Without answering he walked to the place to which they carried the corpse.

The lunatic was sitting on the cot still greedily smoking the cigarette which Nekhliudov had given him.

"So you're back, are you?" he said with another outburst of laughter. Seeing the corpse he frowned. "Again?" he said. "They make me tired. Do they think I am a



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child? Do they?" he smiled inquiringly as he turned to Nekhliudov.

Nekhliudov meanwhile was scrutinizing the features of the dead man, with no one in the way to hinder him; the face of the corpse which had been covered by his cap was now plainly visible. Ugly as he had been the first prisoner, this victim was unusually handsome, both in features and physique. He was a man in the full bloom of strength. In spite of the disfiguring tonsure of a half of his head, the abrupt somewhat narrow forehead bulging a little over the black eyes that were now lifeless, was very attractive, as was also the little slightly curved nose above the thin black mustache. The lips, now livid, were composed into a smile. A slight beard merely fringed the lower part of his face, and a strong small handsome ear was visible on the shaven side of his skull.

The expression of the face was serene, solemn and gentle. Apart from the fact that the face betrayed spiritual life that had gone to waste, the slender bones of his manacled feet, the powerful muscles of his well proportioned limbs revealed him to have been a handsome, vigorous, agile human animal as a mere animal, which in its way had been a far more perfect creature than the light bay stallion the crippling of which had so annoyed the fire chief. And yet he had been hounded to death, and not only was there none to pity him as a human being, no one pitied him even as a useful animal that had been gratuitously ruined. The only feeling which his death had evoked in people seemed to have been that of annoyance for the trouble caused by the necessity of disposing of this body which threatened to decay. A doctor accompanied by the hospital assistant and a police inspector entered the room. The doctor was a well set up



stockily built man in a summer coat of Chinese silk and trousers of the same material which fitted tightly about the muscular calves of his legs. The police inspector was a fat little man with a round red face which appeared to be still more globular because of his habit of puffing up his cheeks with air and of slowly emitting it again. The doctor seated himself on the cot next to the corpse and like the assistant in the former case he touched the dead man's hands, listened to his heart and rose to his feet straightening out his trousers.

"They don't make them any deader," he said.

The police inspector puffed up his cheeks with air and slowly exhaled it again.

"From what prison?" he turned to the convoy guard.

The convoy guard gave him the information and spoke of the manacles which the dead man still wore.

"I'll have them taken off, thank God we have our own blacksmiths," said the police inspector and blowing up his cheeks again, he walked over to the door, slowly letting out the air.

"Why is this so?" Nekhliudov inquired of the doctor.

The doctor glanced at him through his spectacles.

"Why is what so? Why do people die of sunstroke? Just like this: they sit without exercise and without light all through the winter, and all of a sudden they are let out into the sunlight, and on a day like to-day, and are marched in a big crowd, cutting off every current of air. And a sunstruke results."

"Then why do they do so?"

"Go and ask them! But who are you?"

"I am an outsider."

"In that case, good day, sir, I have no time," said



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the doctor, with chargin, pulling down his trousers and turning in the direction of the patients' cots.

"Well, and how are things with you?" he addressed the pallid man with the crooked mouth and the bandaged neck.

The lunatic in the meanwhile was sitting on his cot, and having finished his smoke, was expectorating in the direction of the doctor.

Nekhliudov descended into the court yard, and walking past fire horses and chickens and the fire house guard in a brass helmet, passed through the gates, mounted the cab, the driver of which had meanwhile gone off into another snooze, and resumed his journey to the station.

XXXVIII.

When Nekhliudov arrived at the station the prisoners were all seated in railway coaches with barred windows. Only a few persons who had come to see the prisoners off were standing about the platform; they were not allowed to come near the cars. The convoy guards looked unusually worried. On the way from the prison to the station, in addition to those two men whom Nekhliudov had seen, three others had dropped in their tracks and died of sunstroke; one was taken, like the first two, to the nearest police station.*) The convoy guards were not worried about the fact that five men who might still be living had died while in their charge. That was of no concern to them, but they were merely concerned in performing all that the law required of

^{*)} In the early eighties five prisoners died in one day of sun stroke while being marched from Butyrsky prison to the railway station of the Nizhni Novgorod railway.—Author's note.

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them under such circumstances: to turn over the corpses to the proper authorities, together with their papers and belongings, and to have them taken off the list of those who were to be transported to Nizhni Novgorod, and this was a very troublesome matter particularly in this terrible heat.

This was the thing that kept the convoy guards busy, and for this reason until it was all completed, Nekhliudov and the others were not permitted to come near the railway coaches.

They made an exception of Nekhliudov, however, because Nekhliudov had given some money to an under-officer. The under-officer allowed Nekhliudov to pass, but begged him to make his interview as short as possible and then to leave, so that the convoy chief might not notice him. There were eighteen coaches in all, and every one of them, excepting the official car, was chockfull of prisoners. Walking past the coaches Nekhliudov listened to what was going on inside. The rattle of chains, bustle and chatter interspersed with senseless profanity was heard from every coach, but contrary to Nekhliudov's expectations nowhere did any one discuss the death of their comrades who had fallen by the way-side. The conversation concerned their bags, drinking water and the choice of seats.

Looking through the window of one of the coaches, Nekhliudov observed some convoy guard standing in the middle gangway in the act of removing handcuffs from the prisoners. The prisoners extended their hands and one convoy guard opened the lock of the handcuffs and slipped them off. Another collected the handcuffs.

Having walked past the male coaches, Nekhliudov came alongside of coaches containing the female prisoners. In the second women's coach he heard a measured



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groaning interspersed with pleading exclamations: "oh, oh, oh, oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord!.."

Nekhliudov walked past, and following the directions given him by the convoy guard stopped at the window of the third coach. As Nekhliudov put his head to the window, he was struck by a blast of torrid air that was saturated with the dense odor of human perspiration, and he heard distinctly a hubbub of screeching feminine voices. Upon all the benches sat flushed and perspiring women in robes and blouses exchanging loud remarks. Nekhliudov's face at the window attracted their attention. Those nearest to the window subsided and drew closer to him. Maslova clad only in a blouse and without a head cloth was sitting at the opposite

Recognizing Nekhliudov she nudged Maslova and pointed with her hand to the window.

window. Nearest to him was the fair and smiling Feo-

Maslova rose hurriedly, put the head cloth over her black hair and with a brightened look in her smiling red and perspiring face she approached the window and held on to the bars.

"What a heat!" she said with a pleased smile.

"Did you get the things?"

"I did, thank you."

"Is there anything you need?" asked Nekhliudov feeling the air from the heated interior of the coach like a blast from the furnace.

"No, nothing, thank you."

"A little water, perhaps..." said Feodosia.

"Yes, a little water," repeated Maslova.

"Haven't you any water?"

"We had some, but they have drunk it all up."

"Immediately. I'll ask the convoy guard," said Ne-



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khliudov. "We shan't meet now until we reach Nizhni Novgorod."

"And are you going too?" said Maslova, as though unaware of the fact, with a happy glance at Nekhliudov.

"I am following with the next train."

Maslova did not say a word and only a few moments later heaved a deep sigh.

"Is it true, sir, that twelve prisoners have been done to death?" asked a stern old woman prisoner in a coarse peasant voice.

This was Korableva.

"I have not heard of twelve. I only saw two," said Nekhliudov.

"They say it was twelve. Can it be that nothing will happen to them for it? They're devils, they are."

"And are there any sick among the women?" said Nekhliudov.

"The women are stronger," said another undersized woman convict with a laugh. "There's only one weak one here, she just took it in her head to have a baby. Listen to her screams," she said pointing to the neighboring coach from which the moaning proceeded.

"You've just asked if we needed anything," said Maslova, striving to keep her lips from smiling with joy. "Can't you try and have this woman left behind? She's suffering so. Can you tell the authorities about her?"

"I will."

"And another thing, could she see Taras, her husband?" she added pointing to the smiling Feodosia. "He is traveling with you, isn't he?"

"No talking with the prisoners, sir," exclaimed the voice of a convoy under-officer.

It was not the same under-officer who had admitted Nekhliudov. Nekhliudov walked away and started to ams,"

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look for the chief in order to plead with him with regard to the woman who was about to give birth to a child and with regard to Taras, but he could not find him for a long time nor could he get any satisfaction from the convoy guards. They were in a great turmoil, some were leading a convict somewhere, others were scurrying about buying provisions for their journey or putting away their belongings in the coaches, still others were running errands for a lady who was accopmanying the convoy chief, and all of them answered Nekhliudov's questions with reluctance.

Nekhliudov ran into the convoy chief after the second gong had sounded.*)

The officer was wiping with his short right arm the mustache that covered his mouth, and raising his shoulders was giving instructions to the top-sergeant.

"What is it that you really want?" he asked Nekhliudov.

"There's a woman about to give birth to a child in the coach, and I thought that..."

"Well, let her give birth to a child.. Then we'll see," said the convoy chief entering his coach and swinging his short arms.

At that moment the conductor came along with a whistle in his hand. The last bell was heard, and among the people on the platform who were seeing their friends off and in the women's coaches there arose a sound of weeping and of lamentations. Nekhliudov was standing on the platform shoulder to shoulder with Taras and watched how one after the other the coaches filed

^{*)} Three gongs are sounded before a train in Russia leaves the station. The first-five minutes before the departure of the train, the second—two minutes before leaving, and the third—immediately before starting.—Translator's note.

onies of

past them, with windows barred and the tonsured heads of convicts visible back of the bars. Then the women's coaches came alongside, through the windows of which they saw the women convicts, some with heads uncovered, others with head cloths; last of all came the coach containing Maslova. Together with others she stood near the window looking over to Nekhliudov with a pitiful smile.

XXXIX.

There were still two hours left before the departure of the passenger train on which Nekhliudov was traveling. Nekhliudov had first thought to utilize this interval for a brief call on his sister, but now, after the impressions of the morning, he was so agitated and crushed that as he sat down upon a sofa in the first class waiting room he suddenly was overcome by such drowsiness that he turned on one side, laid his palm under his cheek and immediately fell asleep.

He was awakened by a waiter in a dress suit who was wearing a badge on his coat and a serviette over his arm.

"Aren't you Prince Nekhliudov, sir? A lady is looking for you."

Nekhliudov jumped to his feet, rubbed his eyes and remembered where he was and all the occurrences of that morning.

And his recollections included: the march of the prisoners, the corpses, the coaches with the barred windows and locked up therein the women, one of whom was suffering the agonies of child-birth with no one there to help her, while the other was piteously smiling at him through the iron bars.



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But in reality something very different met his eyes: a table groaning under an array of bottles, vases, candle sticks, and dishes, agile waiters scurrying back and forth, and in the depth of the big room, behind the jars that were filled with fruit and behind the bottles—a buffet attendant and the backs of travelers stopping at the buffet for a bite to eat.

While Nekhliudov was changing from a reclining to a sitting posture and was coming to by degrees, he noticed that everybody in the room had curiously turned to observe something that was going on in the doorway. He looked too and noticed a procession of men carrying a lady in an armchair, with a flimsy lace covering that was wrapped about her head. The bearer in front seemed to be a flunkey and his figure appeared familiar to Nekhliudov. The bearer in the rear was also the familiar door porter with the gold stripes on his cap. Back of the armchair walked an elegant ladies' maid, with apron and curls, carrying a bundle, some sort of a round object in a leather case and parasols. Still further back walked Prince Kortchagin in a traveling cap, with his chest stuck out, and with his apopleptic neck; back of him Missy, Misha, her cousin, and a diplomat whom Nekhliudov knew, a longnecked man by the name of Osten, with a prominent Adam's apple, and always mirthful in mood and in appearance. He walked ahead, trying to prove something to Missy with impressive air, but evidently in a joke. Back of all walked the doctor angrily puffing at a cigarette.

The Kortchagins were on their way from their suburban estate to visit the princess's sister on her estate in the province of Nizhni Novgorod.

The procession of the chair bearers, the parlor maid

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and the doctor wended its way into the ladies' waiting room, evoking universal curiosity and expression of esteem from all observers. But the old prince sat down at the table and summoning a waiter began immediately ordering various dishes and beverages. Missy and Osten had also stopped in the dining room and were about to sit down when they caught sight of an acquaintance in the doorway and rushed forward to meet her. This acquaintance was Natalia Ivanovna.

Natalia Ivanovna, accompanied by Agrafena Perrovna, was looking in every direction as she entered the dining room. Almost simultaneously she caught sight of Missy and of her brother. She first approached Missy, merely nodding to Nekhliudov. After exchanging kisses with Missy, she immediately turned to Nekhliudov.

"At last I have found you," she said. Nekhliudov, greeted Missy, Misha and Osten, and stopped for a brief chat. Missy told him about the loss of their house in the city as the result of a fire, which forced them to move to her aunt's in the country. Osten availed himself of this opportunity to relate a funny incident in connection with the fire.

Nekhliudov paying no attention to Osten turned to his sister: "I am so glad you came," he said.

"I have been here for quite some time," she said. "Together with Agrafena Petrovna," she pointed to Agrafena Petrovna who was dressed in a hat and a raincoat, and bowed from afar with gentle dignity, and with a little embarrassment not wishing to be in the way. "We have been looking for you everywhere."

"And I had fallen asleep here. I am so glad you came," he said. "For I had started to write you a letter," he said.



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"Indeed?" she exclaimed a little frightened. "What about?"

Missy and her cavaliers noticing that an intimate conversation was about to commence between brother and sister walked a little distance away. But Nekhliudov and his sister sat down on a velvet lounge by one of the windows, near someone's baggage.

"Last night after leaving you I had a good mind to return and to express my regrets, but I did not know how he would receive it. It was not kind of me to speak like that to your husband, and it troubled me afterwards," he said.

"I knew, I felt sure that you did not intend to," she said softly. Tears came into her eyes and she touched his hand. This phrase was not clear, but he fully understood it and was touched by that which it intended to convey. Her words signified that outside of her love for her husband which had possession of her soul, her love for her brother was very dear to her, and that every dissension with him meant agony for her.

"Thank you, thank you. Ah, but what I have seen to-day," he exclaimed recalling the second sunstruck prisoner. "Two prisoners killed."

"Killed, how?"

"Just killed. They were led through this heat. And two of them died of sunstroke."

"Can it be true? How? To-day? Just now?"

"Yes, just now, I have seen their corpses."

"But how were they killed? Who killed them?" said Natalia Ivanovna.

"Those killed them who were forcibly leading them," said Nekhliudov with irritation, feeling that she was looking upon this business with the eyes of her husband.

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"Good Lord!" exclaimed Agrafena Petrovna who had come closer.

"No, we have not the slightest idea of what is being done with these unfortunates, and yet we ought to know," said Nekhliudov watching the old prince who had tied the serviette about his neck and was seated at the table with a wine cup in front of him and had just glanced around and noticed Nekhliudov.

"Nekhliudov!" he shouted. "Do you want to refresh yourself? The very finest thing for a trip."

Nekhliudov declined and turned away.

"But what will you do?" continued Natalia Ivanovna.

"Whatever I can. I do not know what it will be, but I feel that I must do something. And whatever I can, that I will do."

"Yes, yes, I understand this. Well and how about these people?" she said with a smile and apointed with her eyes to Kortchagin. "Is it really all over in that direction?"

"Absolutely. And I think without any regrets on either side."

"A pity. I feel sorry. I am very fond of her, But assuming that this is so, why do you want to bind yourself?" she added. "Why are you going?"

"I am going because I must," seriously and drily replied Nekhliudov, as though anxious to break off this conversation, but he was instantly ashamed of his coldness to his sister. "Why not tell her all that I think?" he wondered. "And let Agrafena Petrovna hear it too" he said to himself with a glance at the old parlor maid. The presence of Agrafena Petrovna encouraged him still more to repeat his intention to his sister.

"You speak of my intention to marry Katyusha?

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You see, I had determined to marry her, but she firmly and definitely refused to consent," he said and his voice trembled, as it always did whenever he spoke of this subject. "She does not want my sacrifice, but she is making a sacrifice of her own, which is a very great one for one in her position, and I cannot accept this sacrifice, if it be merely a passing fancy. And that is why I amstrilowing her, and mean to be where she is, and as f. I am able to help and to ease her lot."

Natalia Ivanovna made no reply, Agrafena Petrovna looked inquiringly at Natalia Ivanovna and shook her head. At that moment the procession started on its way out of the ladies' waiting room. The same handsome flunkey Philipp and the porter were carrying the princess. She stopped the bearers and beckoning Nekhliudov to her side, offered him with a pitifully languishing grimace her white and ringdecked hand, shrinking with horror at the thought of the coming hearty handshake.

"I cannot bear it. Ce climat me tue."**) And having conversed on the horrors of the Russian climate, she invited Nekhliudov to come and see them, and signaled the bearers to proceed.

"Then be sure to come and see us," she added turning her lengthy prople to Nekhliudov, as she was borne away.

Nekhliudov walked over to the platform. The procession of the princess wended its way to the right, to the coaches of the first class. But Nekhliudov, accompanied by the porter who was carrying his baggage, and by Taras who was carrying his own duffle bag, turned to the left.

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"Here is my companion," said Nekhliudov to his sister pointing to Taras whose story he had already told - her.

"Are you really going third class?" said Natalia Ivanovna when Nekhliudov stopped outside a coach of the third class and the porter with his belongings with aras entered the coach.

with Taras," he said. "By the way," he added, "I have not yet given the Kuzminskoye land away to the peasants, so in the case of my death your children will inherit it."

"Dmitri, stop," said Natalia Ivanovna.

"But in case I should give the land away, the only thing that I can say is that everything else will be theirs, for I shall hardly marry, and if I do, there will be no children, so that..."

"Dmitri, please do not say such things," said Natalia Ivanovna, and yet Nekhliudov saw that she was pleased with the announcement that he had made to her.

Ahead, before the first class coaches stood only a small group of people who were still watching the coach into which princess Kortchagin had been taken in the chair. The rest of the passengers had already taken their places. Belated passengers hurriedly clattered over the boards of the platform, the conductors were shutting the doors and inviting the travelers to take their seats and the remaining friends to leave the coaches.

Nekhliudov stepped inside of the coach: it was roasting hot from the sun and stank, and he immediately walked out upon the platform.

Natalia Ivanovna, in her stylish wrap and hat, was standing beside the railway coach and was evidently striving to find a subject of conversation and could not.

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It was not even possible to say "écrivez," for they had long since learned to make fun of this hackneyed parting phrase of the traveling public. That brief conversation about money matters and inheritance had abruptly destroyed the tenderly intimate ties which had begun to be restored between brother and sister: they now felt estranged from one another; so that Natalia Ivanovna was glad when the train started, and she was only able to nod her head and to say with a sorrowing and a tender face: "good-bye, Dmitri, good-bye."

But the moment the coach had departed she was already thinking how she would report her conversation with him to her husband, and her face assumed a serious and careworn expression.

And Nekhliudov, too, although he had never cherished any but the kindliest of feelings towards his sister, and had never concealed anything from her, felt awkward and painful in her presence and only sought to be freed from it as quickly as possible. He felt that his Natasha of old was no more she who had been so close to him, but in her place was the slave of an alien and repulsive swarthy and hairy husband. He had clearly realized it when her face lighted up with peculiar animation only as he commenced to speak of that which interested her husband, regarding the land given to the peasants and the inheritance, and this filled him with sadness.

XL.

It was so oppressively hot in the big third class coach which al! day long had stood baking in the glare of the sun and was now crowded with passengers that

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Nekhliudov did not enter but remained standing on the outside platform. But even there he could not breathe, and Nekhliudov took a deep breath only when the train had emerged from the maze of houses and the wind had commenced to blow freely.

"Yes, killed," he repeated to himself the expression which he had used to his sister. And in his imagination, from among all the impressions of that morning, with extraordinary brightness rose up the handsome face of the second victim, with the smile hovering about his lips, while the brow remained sternly calm, and with the vigorous little ear showing under the livid tonsure of the skull. "And what is most dreadful of all is the fact that he was killed and that nobody knew who had killed him. But killed he was. With the other prisoners he had been forced to march by the order of Maslennikov. Maslennikov doubtless had issued one of his customary orders, affixing his signature with the fool flourish to some words on a letterhead, and, of course, under no circumstances will he regard himself as guilty. Still less so will feel the prison doctor who had examined the prisoners. He had performed his duty accurately, separating the feeble from the strong, and he could not foresee the terrible heat, nor that they would be marched so late in the morning and in so dense a mass. The superintendent? But the superintendent merely carried out an order commanding him that on such and such a day he should despatch so and so many hard labor convicts and exiles, men and women. Neither did any guilt attach to the convoy chief whose duty consisted in receiving by count such and such a quantity in one place and delivering by count such and such a quantity in another place. He was conducting his party as usual, and who could foresee that two such sturdy looking prisoners as the two whom Nekhliudov

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saw would fail to stand the journey and die? No one was guilty, but men had been killed, and killed nevertheless by these same people who were blameless for their deaths."

"It all happened," Nekhliudov thought, "because all these people—the governor and the superintendent, the precinct sergeant and the patrolmen, believe that there are such situations in life in which a human attitude towards a human being is not obligatory. For if all these people-Maslennikov, and the superintendent and the convoy chief-if they had not been governors, superintendents and officers, they would have considered a score of times whether it was the right thing to send the people out into such intense heat and in such a mass: a score of times they would have stopped on the way and seeing a man grow faint or exhausted, they would have taken him out of the crowded ranks, led him into a shady spot, offered him water, suffered him to rest, and if a iatality had occurred they would have expressed sympathy. They had done nothing of the kind, and even had prevented others from doing it merely because they had failed to see human beings before them and their obligations to these human beings, seeing only the service and its demands, which they placed above the de-That's where the whole mands of human relations. trouble lies," thought Nekhliudov. "If it is possible to acknowledge that there is anything which outweighs the love of humanity though it be for an hour, though it be in some one exceptional instance, then there is no end to crimes that may be perpetrated against people without leaving behind a sense of guilt in the souls of the perpetrators."

Nekhliudov was so absorbed in his meditations that he never noticed how the weather had changed in the



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meanwhile: the sun had disappeared behind a ragged low impending advance cloud, and from the western horizon moved a massive light grey cloud which somewhere far off had already started to shed itself over fields and woods in a slanting rapid downpower. A moist rainy treeze was wafted from the cloud. Now and then a flash of lightning shot through the cloud and peals of thunder mingled more and more with the rumble of the train wheels. The cloud was coming closer and closer, oblique drops of rain driven by the breeze started to spot the platform on which Nekhliudov was standing and his light overcoat. He walked over to other side breathing deeply the moist fresh air and the grainy fragrance of the ground that had long been athirst for the rain. watched the swiftly passing panorama of gardens, woods, yellowish fields of rye, the strips of oats that still were green, and the black furrows of dark green flowering The whole scene seemed to have been potato beds. covered with a glaze: that which was green had turned a deeper green, the yellow—a deeper yellow, the black a deeper black.

"More, more!" said Nekhliudov rejoicing at the fields, gardens and orchards as they revived under the lifegiving downpour.

The heavy shower did not last very long. The cloud had partly spent itself and partly passed on, and only the final drops,—straight, swift and small—were falling on the moistened earth. The sun came out once more, everything gleamed, and in the east over the horizon curved a rainbow, low, but brilliant, with the purple hue most vivid, and broken off at one end only.

"What was it I was thinking about?" Nekhliudov asked himself when all these changes in nature had

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taken place and the train passed into a deep cut between two steep walls.

"I had been this king that all these people, the superintendent and the convoy chiefs, all these service men—though by nature good and kindly people, had become wicked merely because of service."

He remembered the indifference of Maslennikov when he related to him what was going on in the prison, the cruelty of the convoy officer when he refused admission to the drays or paid no heed to the birth pangs of the woman in the train. All these people seemed invulnerable, impenetrable to the commonest feeling of compassion merely because they were in the service. Being in the service they were impervious to a feeling of humanity, "just as these stone lined walls are impervious to rain," thought Nekhliudov watching the slanting sides of the cut that were lined with stone of many hues, along which the rainwater trickled in currents without being able to penetrate into the ground. "Perhaps it is necessary to line the railway cuts with stones, but it is sad to see the earth deprived of capacity for vegetation, while it might have borne grains, grass, bushes and trees such as I see beyond the cut. The same thing happens with people," thought Nekhliudov, "perhaps they are really needed, these governors, superintendents, patrolmen, but it is terrible to see people stripped of the foremost human characteristics: love and compassion for other creatures."

"The whole trouble," mused Nekhliudov, "lies in the fact that these people acknowledge as law that which is not the law, and fail to acknowledge as law that which is the eternal, unalternable, irreplaceable law which God Himself has inscribed in the hearts of men. I am simply afraid of them. And indeed these people are terrible.

They are more terrible than highwaymen. A highwayman might be seized with compassion, but these know no compassion. They are insured against pity just as these stones are against vegetation. And that is what makes them so terrible. They say the Pugatchevs and These people are a thousand Razins were terrible.*) times more terrible," he continued to think. "If we were given a problem in psychology, how to bring it about that the people of our day, Christian, humane, perfectly kindly people, should commit the most fiendish misdeeds without experiencing a feeling of guilt, there would be only one solution: that which now exists, should exist, that is these people should be made into governors, superintendents, officers, policemen, etc., that is in the first place they should be assured that there is a business known as the service of the state which makes it possible to treat human beings as though they were mere things, that is without a human brotherly attitude towards them, and in the second place these people should be so connected by this same service of state that the responsibility for the consequences of their actions towards people should not fall upon any one of them individually. Outside of such conditions there is no possibility in these days of perpetrating such atrocities as I witnessed this morning. The whole trouble is that people think that there are situations in which human beings may be treated without love, but there are no such situations. Things may be treated without love: trees may be chopped down, bricks may be made, iron may be forged without love; but people cannot be treated without love any more than bees can be treated without prudence. This is a characteristic of bees. If you take it into your

^{*)} Famous bandit and rebel chiefs of Russian history.—Translator's note.

, women, '

head to treat them imprudently you will only hurt yourself. The same is true with people. And it cannot be otherwise, for the mutual love between people is the basic law of human life. It is true that man cannot force himself to love, as he may force himself to work, but it does not follow from this that people may be treated without love, particularly if you require something of them. If you cannot feel love for people, sit still," thought Nekhliudov addressing himself, "busy yourself with yourself, or with things at your pleasure, only do not busy yourself with people. Just as you can eat without harm to yourself, and derive benefit from food only when you have a desire to eat, so you can commune with people without harm and with benefit only when you love. If you allow yourself to deal with people without love, as you had acted last night towards your brotherin-law, there are no limits to the cruelty and to the brutality towards other people, as I saw this morning, and there are no limits to your own suffering as I have found out in the course of my own life. Yes, yes, this is so," thought Nekhliudov. "This is good, this is good," he repeated to himself, experiencing the double enjoyment of refreshing coolness after the terrible heat and of the consciousness of having attained the highest degree of clearness in solving a problem that had occupied his thoughts for a long time.

XLI.

The coach in which Nekhliudov had found a seat was half filled with people. Among the passengers were servants, artizans, factory workers, butchers, Jews, shop assistants, women, laborers' wives, a soldier and two ladies—a young and an elderly one who wore bracelets



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Taras looking very happy, was sitting to the right of the aisle, saving a seat for Nekhliudov, and was animatedly conversing with a muscular man who sat facing him, wearing an unbuttoned woolen sleeveless coat. Nekhliudov learned later that he was a gardener on his way to a new position. Before reaching Taras, Nekhliudov stopped in the aisle near a venerable looking old fellow with a snow white beard, in a Nanking sleeveless coat, who was busily conversing with a young woman in peasant garb. Next to the woman sat a seven-year old girl, with feet dangling above the floor, dressed in a new little sarafan and wearing her hair in a little braid. The child was ceaselessly cracking sunflower seeds.

Looking around at Nekhliudov the old man pushed aside a fold of his coat from the shiny hard bench which he was occupying alone and cordially said: "Have a seat. sir!"

Nekhliudov thanked him and sat down. As soon as Nekhliudov had seated himself, the woman continued her interrupted tale:

She was telling about the reception with which she had met in the city from her husband, whom she had been visiting, being now on her way home.

"It was in the carnival week, and with God's help I

^{*)} A favorite peasant delicacy corresponding to our peanuts in its use among the lower classes in Russia.—Translator's note.



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had a chance to come to the city to see him. And now, if God will, I'll see him again next Christmas."

"That's fine," said the old man with a glance at Nekhliudov. "You must look him up from time to time, or the young man will kick over the traces, living in the city."

"No, granddad, my man is not that kind. Not enough that he won't bother with foolishness, why he's as modest as a girl. And he sends his money home to the last penny. And he was so glad to see the little lassie, I've no words to tell about it," said the young woman with a smile.

The little lassie meanwhile was spitting out sunflower shells and listening to her mother, and as though to confirm her words she looked up at the old man and at Nekhliudov with her bright and steady eyes.

"And if he's a wise lad, so much the better," said the old man. "But how about this, does he do anything like that?" he added pointing to a couple of factory workers evidently man and wife, who were sitting across the aisle.

The factory laborer was holding a bottle to his lips, and with head thrown back was taking deep draughts from its contents, while his wife, holding the bag from which the bottle had been taken, was watching her husband intently.

"No, my man neither drinks nor smokes," said the woman who was conversing with the old man, happy of an opportunity to praise her husband once more. "They don't make them any better on earth, granddad. That's the kind he is," she said addressing him and Nekhliudov.

"What more can you wish for?" repeated the old man gazing at the drinking factory worker. The latter meanwhile having finished with the bottle handed it to his wife. The wife took the bottle, laughed and shook her head, and also applied it to her lips. Noting the glances of Nekhliudov and of the old man, the laborer said:

"What's the matter, sir? The drink? When we work nobody sees us, but when we drink everybody sees it. I've earned some money, and so I drink and treat my wife. And that's all."

"Just so, just so," said Nekhliudov at a loss what else to say.

"Isn't it right, sir? My wife is a steady woman. I'm satisfied with my wife, because she feels for me. Am I telling the truth, Mavra?"

"There, take it, I've had enough," said the wife handing the bottle back to him. "And don't wag your tongue so fooolishly."

"There you are," continued the laborer. "A good woman, and all that, but every so often she'll squeak like an ungreased dray. Am I telling the truth, Mavra?"

Mavra laughed and with a drunken gesture raised her hand.

"There, he's off again."

"That's so, she's good while she's good, but when she gets the traces under her tail, good-bye, she'll do things you never hear tell of. I'm telling the truth. And you excuse me, sir. I've taken a little drink aboard, so what can you do?" said the laborer and started to prepare for a snooze, laying his head in the lap of his smiling wife.

Nekhliudov sat for a while with the old man who was telling him about himself: he was an oven builder, fifty-three years at the trade, and he had put up so many fireplaces that he had lost count of them, and now he

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was trynig to settle down to a rest, but still found no time for it. He had been to the city where he had put the youngsters to work, and was now on his way to the village to pay a visit to his folks. Having listened to him until he finished, Nekhliudov rose to his feet and walked over to the place which Taras was saving for him.

"Well, sir, sit down. We'll put this bag elsewhere," said the gardener who was sitting opposite Taras, with a cordial tone, as he looked up in Nekhliudov's face.

"Crowded, but contented," said Taras in a sing-song voice and smiling, and lifted in his strong arms as though it were a feather his eighty pound bag which he deposited near the window. "There's lots of room, or we might stand up for a while, or crawl under the seat. That's a quiet place to stay. What's the use of talking nonnense?" he chattered beaming with good-nature and friendliness.

Taras was wont to say about himself that without liquor he had no words, but a little liquor loosened his tongue and gave him a flood of good words, so that he could say anything he wished. And indeed in his sober state Taras was mostly silent, but when he had drunk a little, which happened on rare and special occasions, he became agreeably talkative. Then he was in the habit of talking a great deal, in well chosen words, with much sincerity, simplicity and particularly with great cordiality which fairly seemed to sparkle from his kindly blue eyes and from his lips on which perpetually hovered a friendly smile.

This was the state in which he found himself to-day. The approach of Nekhliudov had for a moment interrupted his flow of speech. But after adjusting his bag,

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he leaned his sturdy arms against his knees, and looking straight at the gardener continued his story. He was telling his new acquaintance, in all its details, the story of his wife, why she was being sent into exile and why he was now following her into Siberia.

Nekhliudov had never heard the details of this story and therefore listened with interest. Taras had arrived at the point in the story when the poisoning had already been attempted, and the family had learned of Feodosia's act.

"I'm telling him about my trouble," said Taras turning to Nekhliudov with the cordiality of a chum. "Such a friendly man, let me tell you, so we got to talking, and I'm telling him all about it."

"Just so, just so," said Nekhliudov.

"Well then, on this wise, old pal, the whole thing came up. Mother takes this same pancake, 'I'm going to the police', she says. And dad, he's an old man with a system. 'Wait, old lady', he says, 'the young woman is nothing but a child, she didnt' know what she was doing, let's have pity on her. She might wake up to herself'. But no use, she won't listen. 'While we're keeping her, she'll make us all croak like a bunch of cockroaches'. So she gets a'l fixed up and off she goes to the police. And the chief gets all up in the air and comes over to the house. And calls for witnesses."

"And how about you?" asked the gardener.

"And I, old pal, am all laid up with belly ache and throwing up all the time. My insides are all twisted and I can't utter a word. So dad, he hitches up the horses, takes Feodosia and straightway goes to the police and from there to the magistrate. And she, old pal, makes a clean breast of it in the first place, and then tells the magistrate everything as it happened, and tells him

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where she took the arsenic and how she made the pancakes. 'Why did you do it?' he says."

"And she says 'just because I'm dead tired of him. And Siberia', she says, 'is more welcome than life with him'. That means with me," said Taras with a smile. "So she confesses everything. And, of course, they take her to jail. Dad comes home alone. And the working season comes on, and we've only one woman in the place, that's my mother and she's no good any more at work. So we think it over, can't we get her out on a guarantee? So dad he hunts up the chief, no good, and then another, and again another one. He hunts up five others, all for nothing. So he gives it up, but he runs into some kind of a court writer. A smart lad, he was, one in a thousand. 'Give me a five spot, and I'll help you out'. They agree on a three spot. And what do you think, old pal? I take her own rags to the pawnshop and give him the money. So he writes a note," Taras dramatically exploded as though saying that he fired a shot, "and it turns the trick. By that time I am up again and about, so I go to town for her.

"So I come, old pal, to town. Put up the mare in a stable, take the paper and off I go to the castle. 'What do you want?' 'So and so' I say, 'my missus is locked up here'. 'Have you got a paper?' So I hand over the paper. He looks at it, 'Wait' he says. I sit down on the bench. The sun was past noon. The chief comes out. 'Are you Vargushov?' he says. 'That's me'. 'Take her away' he says. They open the gates. They lead her out in her own clothes, everything all right. 'Are you on foot?' 'No, I'm with a mare'. So we come to the livery, I pay for the mare, hitch up, put what hay is left under the mat. She sits down, wraps herself up in a shawl, and off we go. She don't say a word, no more do I. We

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get near the house, and she says, 'And how's mother. well?' 'Well,' I say. 'And how's dad, well?' 'Well', I say. 'Forgive me, Taras', she says, 'for my foolishness. I didn't know what I was doing'. And I say: 'What's the use of talking? I forgave you long ago.' So she says no more. We come home, and she drops on her knees to mother. And mother says, 'God will forgive'. And dad he welcomes her and says: 'Why bring up bygones? Live as good as you can. Now's not the time for talk,' he says. 'The fields must be cleared. Back of Skorodnoye', he says, 'on the manured lot there's a crop of rye, thank God, that you can't get at with a hook, all tangled up and spread like a blanket. Time to reap. So you go with Taras to-morrow and reap awhile'. And she goes to work that day, old pal, and she works like a wonder. We had hired three desyatins that time and God gave us crops of rye and oats you seldom see. So I cut and she binds, or we both reap together. I'm a pretty smart worker, don't let the work slip through my fingers, but she beats me whatever she does. A handy woman, young and brimful with strength. And she gets so stuck on her work, old pal, that I must hold her back. We get back home, with fingers swollen and arms all gnawing with pain, and instead of resting, she runs to the shed without waiting for supper, getting binder twine ready for the next day. What doings there were!"

"Well, and did she get friendly to you?" asked the gardener.

"Don't say a word, she clings so to me, we live like one soul. Whatever comes in my head, she understands. And even mother, she's cross as a rule, but even she says: 'She's a changeling, all right, our Feodosia, a different wench altogether from what she was'. One day we go for sheaves, and the two of us are sitting in front. And



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I say: 'What came over you that time, Feodosia?' 'What came over me?' she says, 'I didn't want to live with you, thought I'd rather die than live with you'. 'And now?' I say. 'Now, I've got you in my heart'". Taras stopped and with a smile of joy shook his head in wonderment. "No sooner we're through with the fields, and I go off to soak some hemp, and come home," he continued after a pause, "there's a summons from the court. And we've forgotten all about it and have nothing to go to court for."

"It's nothing but the devil's own doing," said the gardener, "why one person gets it into his head to kill another. So we had a man once" and the gardener was about to commence with a tale of his own, when the train came to a stop. "Why here's the station. Let's go out and have a drink."

The conversation came to an end, and Nekhliudov in the wake of the gardener descended from the coach upon the wet boards of the platform.

XLIII.

Even before leaving the coach Nekhliudov had noticed in the court yard of the station several elegant carriages each drawn by three or four well-fed horses with tinkling harness bells. But when he had descended upon the platform that had been stained dark with the rainfall he saw a group of people before the first class section. Prominent in it was a tall stout lady with a hat garnished with expensive feathers and a raincoat, and a lanky thin-legged young man in a cyclist's outfit, accompanied by an enormous dog with an expensive collar. Back of them stood flunkeys with wraps and umbrellas and a coachman who had come to meet the gentry. Over the entire

assemblage, from the stout lady down to the coachman, lay a stamp of serene self-assurance, of abundance, of wealth. Around this knot of people had formed a circle of curious and servile onlookers, bowing before this display of wealth; the station master in a red cap, the gendarme, a haggard elderly spinster in the national costume with glass beads who made a practice of meeting every train, the telegraph operator and a number of passengers, both men and women

In the young man with the dog Nekhliudov recognized young Kortchagin, the high school student. stout lady was the sister of the princess into whose estate the Kortchagins were moving for the time being. The chief conductor with shining stripes and boots opened the door and as a mark of respect was holding it ajar while Philipp and a white-aproned porter were cautiously carrying out the longfaced princess on her folding chair; the sisters exchanged greetings, a discussion in French ensued whether the princess preferred to be driven in the closed coach or an open carriage, and the procession which wound up with the chambermaid with curls, carrying the parasols and the leather case, started on its way to the station exit. Nekhliudov who did not desire to encounter them and to say good-bye once more, stopped before reaching the station door and waited for the whole procession to pass. First came the princess with her son, then Missy, the doctor and the maid passed though, but the old prince had lagged behind with his sister-in-law, and Nekhliudov who did not care to come closer heard only fragments of their French conversation. One of the phrases uttered by the prince particularly stuck in Nekhliudov's memory, as it will happen sometimes without rime or reason, with all its intonations and voice peculiarities. "Oh, il est du vrai grand monde,



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du vrai grand monde."*) the prince was saying referring to someone in his loud arrogant voice; then accompanied by his sister-in-law and followed by the reverent conductors and porters, he passed through the door of the station.

At that same moment from around the corner of the station on the platform appeared a batch of laborers in bast shoes and sheepskin coats, carrying their bags across their shoulders. The laborers with firm soft steps approached the first railway coach they saw, and attempted to board it, but the conductor immediately drove them away. Without stopping, the laborers hurrying and stumbling over one another's feet proceeded to the neighboring coach and clumsily began to enter, their bags catching in the framework of the car, when another conductor caught sight of them from the station door and divining their intention shouted an angry warning at them. The entering laborers immediately came out again, and with the same soft step turned to the next coach, the one in which Nekhliudov had his seat. The conductor stopped them again. They paused and were about to proceed further when Nekhliudov advised them that there were seats in that coach and that they might go in. They obeyed him, and Nekhliudov followed them into the coach. The laborers were about to look for seats, when the gentleman with the cockade and the two ladies, evidently regarding their attempt as a personal affront, raised a formal protest and began to chase them out. The laborers—they were about a score in number-some old and some quite young, all with sunburnt haggard and careworn faces, immediately resumed their procession through the coach, catching with their

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bags against benches and the framework of the car, with an evident feeling of guiltiness, and seemingly ready to go anywhere, to the end of the world, and to sit down wherever they might, even on a pile of tacks.

"Where are you crowding, you devils? Sit down right here," shouted the conductor who had come towards them.

"Voilà encore des nouvelles,"*) said the younger of the two women fully convinced that her choice of the French language would draw Nekhliudov's attention.

But the lady with the bracelets merely sniffed the air and frowned and made a remark about the pleasures of riding in one car with stinking peasants.

But the laborers with the joy and peace of people who had escaped from a dire peril began to find places and dropped their heavy bags with a motion of their shoulders, stowing them away under the seats.

The gardener who had been conversing with Taras was not in his own seat at that time, and had meanwhile returned to his own place, so that there were three seats opposite and next to Taras. Three of the laborers took up these seats, and when Nekhliudov came towards them, the sight of the gentleman's attire confused the laborers so that they started to leave their seats and to go away, but Nekhliudov begged them to remain and sat down on the arm of the seat in the aisle.

One of the two laborers, a man about fifty years of age, exchanged a glance of surprise and even fear with the younger man. That Nekhliudov instead of cursing and chasing them, which was the proper thing for a gent-leman to do, had yielded his seat to them, surprised and worried them. They even feared that it might get them

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into some trouble. But seeing that there was no trickery behind it and that Nekhliudov was peacefully conversing with Taras, they regained their composure and crdered the young lad to sit on a bag and insisted that Nekhliudov should resume his seat. At first the elderly laborer, who was sitting opposite Nekhliudov shrank back and carefully pulled away his feet that were clad in bast shoes, for fear that he might knock against the gentleman, but then he entered into such an amicable discussion with Nekhliudov and Taras that he even repeatedly slapped Nekhliudov's knee with his upturned palm when he came to points in his conversation which he wished to emphasize particularly. He was telling about his affairs and about his work in the peat bogs, from which they were now returning to their village, after working two and a half months, taking home their earnings, about ten roubles a head, a part of their pay having been given them in advance when they had hired themselves out.

Their work, he said, had kept them knee deep in water and lasted from sunrise to sunset, with a two hours rest for dinner.

"For those who are not used to it, it was hard, sure enough," he said, "but once you're used to it, it's not so bad. If only the food had been right. And at first the food was very bad. But then the people kicked and the food was better, and it was easier to work."

Then he began to tell them how for the space of twenty-eight years he had every year gone out to work, turning over all his earnings to the house, first to his father, then to his eldest brother, and now to his nephew who was in charge of the household, and how he himself cut of the fifty or sixty roubles which he earned spent



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only two or three roubles on foolishness, such as tobacco and matches.

"And I've sinned too by taking a drink of liquor when tired from work," he said with a guilty smile.

He also related how the women managed the house in their absence and how the contractor had treated them before they started for home to a couple of gallons of liquor, and how one of their number had died, and another one was being taken home sick. The sick man of whom he was speaking was right with them in the coach, sitting in a corner. He was a young fellow with a greyish pale face and livid lips. He had been evidently wasted with a fever and even now was suffering with it.

Nekhliudov walked over to him, but the lad looked up at him with such a solemn and suffering glance that Nekhliudov decided not to worry him with questions, but advised the old man to buy him some quinine and put down the name of the drug on a piece of paper. He wanted to give him some money, but the old laborer declined, saying that he could use his own.

"Well in all my travels I have never come across a gentleman like that. Instead of taking you by the neck and chasing you out, he gives up his seat. So there are different sorts even among the gentry," he concluded addressing Taras.

"Yes, an entirely new and a different world, an altogether new world," thought Nekhliudov as he looked upon those haggard muscular limbs, those sunburnt, tender and pain-racked faces, and felt himself surrounded on all sides with a new kind of people, whose interests were serious, whose joys and sorrows concerned the genuine life of mankind at work.

"There it is, le vrai grand monde,"*) he thought recalling the phrase used by Kortchagin and that whole

^{*)} The true aristocracy.



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idle luxurious world of Kortchagins with their futile and pitiful interests. And he experienced the feeling of a traveler who had discovered a new, unexplored and beautiful world.

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PART THE THIRD.

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The party of prisoners to which Maslova was attached had covered a distance of close to five thousand versts. Until the town of Perm Maslova had been traveling by rail and by river steambcat, herded together with other criminal prisoners, and not until that town was reached had Nekhliudov succeeded in obtaining an order attaching her to the political prisoners, as he had been advised to try by Bogodukhovskaya who was also proceeding with the same party.

The trip to Perm had been a great trial to Maslova, both physically and morally. Physically, because of overcrowding, filth and loathsome vermin, and morally, because of the men who were as loathsome as the vermin, and though they changed with each new convoy station even as the vermin they were everywhere equally annoying and insistent in pestering her without a letup. Among the prisoners of both sexes, warders and convoy guards prevailed a custom-sanctioned state of cynical relations of vice, which forced every woman who did not care to profit by being a woman to be ever on her guard. And this constant state of fear and struggle was a great triel. Maslova was peculiarly subject to such attacks, both because of her attractive appearance and because of her past which was known to all. The determined rebuffs she invariably administered to all men who annoyed her were considered by these as uncalled for affronts and evoked in them a feeling of strong resentment. She found some relief in her closeness to



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Feodosia and Taras: the latter learning of these annoyances to which his own wife was also subjected, had arranged to get himself arrested in order to be with her and to protect her and had traveled with the party of exiles as a fellow prisoner.

The transfer to the political division improved Maslova's condition in every respect. Not only were the political prisoners better housed and better fed and less coarsely treated, but Maslova's transfer also improved her condition by freeing her from masculine persecutions, and she was able to live without being constantly reminded of her past which she now so greatly longed to forget. But the principal benefit of this transfer consisted in throwing her together with several persons who exerted upon her a decisive and most beneficial influence.

Maslova was permitted to share the quarters of the political prisoners in the halting places en route, but being a physically sound woman she was compelled to march with the criminal prisoners. And so she marched all the way over from Tomsk. Two political prisoners were making the journey on foot in her company: Maria Pavlovna Shtchetinina*) that very handsome young woman with the sheep-like eyes who had made such an impression on Nekhliudov when he had his interview with Bogodukhovskaya, and who was now on her way to exile in the province of Yakutsk, and a certain Simonson, that same swarthy shaggy-haired man with very deep-set eyes whom Nekhliudov had also noticed on the same occasion. Maria Pavlovna was marching on foot, having offered her seat on the wagon to a woman who was about to give birth to a child; but Simonson because

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he considered it unjust to avail himself of any class privileges. These three were in the habit of leaving the camp early in the morning, together with the criminal prisoners, while the politicals made a later start traveling on wagons. And so it happened again in the last halting place before reaching a certain large city where a new chief was to take charge of convoying the party.

It was in the early hours of a stormy morning in September. Now it snowed, now it rained to the accompaniment of chilly wind blasts. All the prisoners in the party—four hundred men and about fifty women—had already assembled in the yard of the station, some of them crowding about the convoy sergeant who was distributing two days' subsistence money among the trusties, while others were purchasing eatables from the market women who had been admitted into the court yard. The air was filled with the din of prisoners' voices as they counted their money or bargained for provisions with the shrilly expostulating market women.

Katyusha and Maria Pavlovna, both in top boots and sheepskin half-coats, their heads wrapped in shawls, had come out of the station house and were wending their way towards the market women who had stationed themselves at the north end of the stockade, where they found shelter against the wind and were vying with each other in crying their wares: fresh pie, fish, noodles, porridge, liver, meat, eggs and milk, while one of them had even brought a whole roast suckling pig.

Simonson was dressed in a rubber coat and rubber overshoes that were tied with cords over a pair of woolen stockings. He was an advanced vegetarian and did not use the skins of slain animals to clothe himself. He also was waiting in the yard for the start of

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the party. He was standing near the porch, jotting down in his diary a thought which had just struck him. And the thought was this: "If a microbe," he had put down in his note book, "were to observe and to investigate the nail of a man it would form the conclusion that man was inorganic matter. Even so, observing the crust of the earth, we assert that the globe is inorganic matter. This is inaccurate."

Having bought some eggs, biscuits, fish and fresh wheat bread, Maslova was packing her purchases in a bag, while Maria Pavlovna was squaring accounts with the marketwomen. Suddenly a commotion occurred among the prisoners. All talk subsided, and the prisoners began to form into ranks. The convoy officer had come out and was now issuing his final instructions preparatory to the start.

Everything was proceeding as usual on these occasions: leg-irons were counted and tested, and the prisoners who were to march hadcuffed in pairs were being joined with their partners. But suddenly the officer's commanding and and angry voice broke the stillness of routine, followed by the wailing of a child. For a moment all was still, and then a subdued murmur ran through the crowd. Maslova and Maria Pavlovna moved to the spot whence the noise proceeded.

II.

Reaching the scene of the disturbance Maria Pavlovna and Katyusha observed the following incident: the officer, a stockily built man with a big blond mustache was rubbing the palm of his right hand which he had hurt in striking a prisoner's face and was uttering

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a series of obscene and vulgar oaths. Before him stood, holding one hand to a smashed and bleeding face and supporting with the other a screaming ragged child, a slim and lanky prisoner, with one side of his head shaven off and dressed in a prisoner's overcoat that was too short for him and in still less adequate trousers.

"I'll teach you to argue, you————"

(obscene oath), "let the women carry her, you—————," shouted the officer. "Handcuff him!"

From the prisoners' remarks it appeared that the officer had insisted on handcuffing a community exile who had been marching so far with his little girl in his arms, the mother having died of typhus fever in Tomsk. The prisoner protested that he could not carry the child while handcuffed, and this protest had irritated the officer, with the result that he punched his face for failing to render instant obedience.

Facing the victim stood the convoy guard and an undersized blackbearded prisoner with one end of a pair of handcuffs around his wrist, casting morose side glances now at the officer, now at the beaten prisoner with his little girl. The officer commanded the convoy guard once more to take the child. The murmuring in the crowd grew more and more audible.

"He's marched since Tomsk without handcuffs," a hoarse voice was heard from the rear ranks. "It's no pup, it's a child."

"What will he do with the youngster? That's no law and order," said somebody else.

"Who said that?" the officer shouted as though stung by an adder, and rushed among the prisoners. "I'll show you law and order. Who said that? You? You?"



a Pavlovna

"We've all said it because..." answered a broadshouldered undersized prisoner.

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He had hardly uttered these words when the officer began to punch his face with his fist. "Riot will you? I'll show you how to riot. I'll shoot you like dogs and the government will only thank me for it. Take away that girl."

The crowd subsided. One convoy guard tore the shrieking child from the prisoner's arms, the other began to handcuff the prisoner who had held out his wrists submissively.

"Take her to the women," shouted the officer to the guard, adjusting the belt of his sword.

The little child had tried to release her arms from the shawl in which she was wrapped and was screaming without a let-up with purpling face and at the top of her voice. Maria Pavlovna stepped out from the crowd and advanced to the convoy officer.

"Permit me to carry the girl, sir!" she said.

"Who are you?" inquired the officer.

"I am a political,"

Evidently the attractive face of Maria Pavlovna with her big beautiful eyes (he had noticed her when taking over the prisoners) had produced its effect upon the officer. He eyed her silently, as though weighing something in his mind.

"I don't care, carry her if you wish. It's easy for you to feel sorry for them, but if they escape, who will answer?"

"How could he escape with a child in his arms?" said Maria Pavlovna.

"I have no time to argue with you. Take her, if you wish."

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"Am I to give her the child, sir?" asked the guard. "Yes, do."

"Come to me," said Maria Pavlovna coaxing the little girl.

But the child who had been squirming in the soldier's arms in an effort to get back to her father, continued to scream and refused to go to Maria Pavlovna.

"Wait, Maria Pavlovna, she will come to me," said Maslova, reaching into hed bag for a bun.

The little girl knew Maslova and seeing her face and a bun in her hands she went to her.

All was still now. The gates were opened, the prisoners emerged into the open and formed into ranks; the guards counted their prisoners once more; the bags were packed and tied, the feeble took their seats on the wagons. Maslova with the child in her arms took her place among the women next to Feodosia. Simonson who had been watching the entire proceedings, advanced with a quick and determined step to the officer who had finished giving his orders and was about to take his seat in a cart.

"You have acted wrong, officer," said Simonson.

"You get back to your place. None of your business!"

"It is my business to tell you that you have acted wrong, and I did," said Simonson, watching the officer's face intently from beneath his shaggy brows.

"Ready? Party, march!" shouted the officer paying no further attention to Simonson, and supporting himself on the shoulder of the soldier-driver he climbed into the cart. The party started and spread out as it reached the muddy and rutted road that was lined on both sides with ditches and led through a dense wood.

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III.

After the dissolute, luxurious and pampered life of the past six years in the city, and after a sojourn of two months in the company of criminals in the prison, the life in the company of the political exiles, in spite of the hardships to which they were subjected, seemed very good to Katyusha. Daily marches of twenty to thirty versts, with plenty of good food, and a day's rest after each two days of marching had strengthened her body; while intercourse with new comrades opened her eyes to new interests in life of which she heretofore had not the faintest conception. Such wonderful people, she used to say, as those with whom she was now marching into exile, she had never known or dreamt of. "There I was crying because they convicted me," she said, "but I ought to be grateful to God as long as I live. I have learned things that I should have never heard of in my life." Very easily, and without an effort, did she grasp the motives which guided these people, and being one of the mass of people she sympathized with them thoroughly. She realized that these persons had taken the part of the people against the masters; and the fact that they were of gentle birth themselves and had sacrificed their privileges, their liberty and their very lives for the sake of the people, led her to appreciate them and to admire them still more intensely.

And she admired all of these new companions; but most of all she admired Maria Pavlovna, and she not only admired her, but also learned to love her with a peculiar, reverent and enthusiastic love. She was amazed to see this attractive girl, daughter of a wealthy general, capable of conversing in three languages, carry herself like a plain working woman, giving away to

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others whatever her wealthy brother sent her by way of gifts, wearing clothes and footwear not only of the plainest, but of downright poorest quality, and paying no attention whatever to her external appearance. was this characteristic: an utter want of coquetry which most particularly amazed and enchanted Maslova. Maslova saw that Maria Pavlovna was aware of her own good looks, and that she even was pleased with this knowledge of her attractiveness, but she also saw that she not only failed to gloat over the impression produced upon men by her looks, but even feared it and experienced a feeling of loathing and horror at the mere thought of falling in love. Her male comrades who knew this, though they may have felt drawn to her, rever permitted themselves to betray their feelings, and treated her like a comrade of their own sex. strangers frequently annoyed her, and she was only saved from such, as she herself used to relate, because of her unsual physical strength, of which she was specially proud.

"Once," she was telling Katyusha laughingly, "some well dressed man pestered me in the street and would not leave me alone; I gave him one good shaking and scared him so that he took it on the run."

She became a revolutionist, as she explained, because since her childhood days she had been disgusted with the life of the gentry and preferred the life of plain people, and she was always scolded for loitering in the maids' room, or in the kitchen, or in the stable, instead of being in the drawing room.

"And I had always found more fun among the cooks and the coachmen, being bored to death by the ladies and gentlemen of our own set," she said. "Then when I learned to understand things, I realized that our life

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was altogether evil. I had no mother; I did not love my father, and when I was nineteen years old I left the house with a girl chum and went to work in a factory."

After leaving the factory she lived awhile in the village, then moved again to the city, finding lodging in an apartment which also housed a secret printing establishment, and was arrested and sentenced to hard labor. Maria Pavlovna never spoke of this incident herself, but Katyusha learned from others that she had assumed the blame for a shot which was fired by a revolutionist in the dark during a search of the house by the police.

Since making her acquaintance Katyusha had seen that under no circumstances did she ever give any thought to self, but always strove to serve others, and to help others in great things or little. One of her present companions, Novodvorov, said about her in a jest that she was devoted to the sport of doing good. And this was perfectly true. The whole interest of her life was directed to seeking out opportunities of serving others, just as the huntsman stalks his game. And this sport had become a habit and finally the sole concern of her life. And she did these things so naturally that all those who knew her no longer appreciated it, but almost demanded it.

When Maslova joined the party Maria Pavlovna had conceived towards her a feeling of loathing and disgust. Katyusha noticed it, but she also observed that Maria Pavlovna was making efforts to be particularly kindly and pleasant to her. And this kindness and friendliness on the part of so unusual a person touched Maslova until she devoted herself to her with her whole soul, unconsciously adopting her views and instinctively imitating her in everything.

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This devoted affection on Katyusha's part in turn so deeply touched Maria Pavlovna that she conceived a strong liking for Katyusha. These two women were drawn together also by that feeling of revulsion which they exhibited towards the idea of sexual love. One abhorred that passion, because she had already tasted its fulness of abomination; the other because though a stranger to it she looked upon it as something incomprehensible and subversive of human dignity.

IV.

Thus one influence to which Maslova readily yielded was the influence upon her of Maria Pavlovna. This was due to the love which Maslova had conceived for her. There was also the influence of Simonson. And this was due to the love which Simonson had conceived for Maslova.

All human beings live and act partly under the influence of their own thoughts and partly under the influence of the thoughts of others. The measure in which they live according to their own thoughts as compared with the measure in which they live under the influence of the thoughts of others forms one of the principal distinctions among people. Some people employ their thoughts mostly as a mental toy, treating their reason as a fly-wheel from which the driving belt has slipped, and submit in their actions to the influence of the thoughts of others; others, regarding their thoughts as the prime movers of their entire activity, almost invariably listen to the dictates of their reason and submit to it, following the decisions of others only on rare occasions, and then only after weighing them critically.



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Such a man was Simonson. He examined and decided all things by the use of his reason, and what he resolved he also performed.

He had come to the conclusion, while still in high school, that his father's wealth, earned in his capacity as an official in the quartermaster's department, was the result of dishonest gains, and declared to his father that this wealth should be turned over to the people. When his father not only refused to obey the suggestion, but roundly scolded him into the bargain, he left his home and ceased to benefit by his father's means. Having come to the conclusion that all the existing evil was the result of the lack of education on the part of the people, he joined the People's party and graduating from college, became a village schoolmaster and boldly preached to his own pupils and to the peasants in general whatever he considered right, denying whatever he considered false.

He was arrested and tried.

During the trial he came to the conclusion that the judges had no right to try him and he expressed himself to that effect. When the judges failed to agree with him and went on with the trial, he resolved not to answer any questions and refused to open his mouth. He was exiled to the province of Archangel. There he formulated a religious teaching which determined all his future activities. He trught that everything in the world was endowed with life and that nothing was dead; that all the objects which we consider inanimate are only particles of one great organic body which we cannot grasp, and that therefore the task of man as a particle of this great organism is to support the life of this organism and of all its living particles. And therefore



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he considered it a transgression to destroy anything living. He was against war, capital punishment and all killing not only of human beings but even of animals. With regard to matrimony he had also a theory to the effect that the propagation of the species was the lowest function of man, the highest being to serve the forms of life already in existence. He found a confirmation of this theory in the existence of phagocytes in the blood. Unmarried persons, in his opinion, are even as phagocytes whose purpose is to assist the feeble and diseased portions of organism. And even so he lived since he had come to this conclusion, although in his youth he had been addicted to vice. He recognized himself as also he did Maria Pavlovna as phagocytes of the universe.

His love for Katyusa did not violate this theory, for his affection was platonic, and he considered that such a love not only was no obstacle to phagocyte activity but even a great stimulus to it.

Not only did he have his own peculiar ways of deciding moral questions, but he also decided most of his practical problems in his own peculiar way. He had his cwn theories for all practical problems. He had his rules for the number of hours to work and to rest, how to feed and to clothe himself, how to fire a furnace or light a room.

At the same time Simonson was exceedingly shy with people and very modest. But once he had arrived at a decision, nothing could stop him.

This was the man who exerted a determining influence upon Maslova because of the love which he had conceived for her. Maslova's feminine instinct soon revealed this love to her, and the consciousness that she

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was able to awaken such a feeling in so unusual a man raised her in her own esteem. Nekhliudov offered her matrimony because of his magnanimity and because of what had occurred between them. But Simonson loved her as she was now and loved her simply because he loved her. Morover she felt that Simonson considered her an unusual woman, distinct from all others, attributing to her peculiar qualities of lofty morality. She was not quite sure just what the characteristics were which he attributed to her, but striving in any event not to disappoint him, she strained every effort to stimulate in her inner self all the best qualities which she could only imagine. And this forced her to be as good as she only knew how.

This had begun while still in the prison, when during the general meeting of the politicals she had caught the persistent gaze of his guileless, kindly dark blue eyes directed upon her from beneath his towering forehead and shaggy eyebrows. She had noticed on that cccasion that this peculiar man was watching her in a peculiar way, and she observed the compellingly striking combination of sterliness—the effect of his shaggy hair and frowning eyebrows— with childlike goodness and guilelessness. Later when she had been transferred to the politicals she saw him again in Tomsk. And although not a word had passed between them, the glance which they exchanged was a tacit acknowledgment of recognition and of mutual esteem. Not even later had there been any significant conversation between them. But Maslova felt that when he spoke in her presence his words were addressed to her, and that in speaking he tried for her sake to express himself as clearly as pos-Their closer intimacy began from the moment when he took up his march with the criminal prisoners.



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V.

From Nizhni until Perm Nekhliudov had only twice succeeded in seeing Maslova: once at Nizhni, just before the prisoners had boarded the screen-encased barge, and the second time at Perm, in the prison office. On both of these occasions he found her secretive and unfriendly. To his question whether she was well and whether she needed anything she gave him evasive and embarrassed replies, tinged, he thought, with that hostile suggestion of reproach which she had exhibited more then once in the past. And this morose state of mind, which was due to the persecutions to which she was then being subjected by the men, worried Nekhliudov. He feared that under the influence of the painful and depraving circumstances under which she found herself during the transport she might relapse into that former condition of inner dissension and despair which had led her on former occasions to feel irritated against him, and to fall back upon intense consumption of tobacco and liquor in order to forget herself. But he was in no position to help her because all through that first part of the journey it was impossible for him to meet her. Only after she had been transferred to the political prisoners did he convince himself of the baselessness of his fears and now, on the contrary, he began to observe more and more clearly with each meeting the inner change which was increasingly manifested itself within her and which he had so greatly yearned to see. During their first meeting in Tomsk she became again as she had been just previous to her departure. She did not frown or show embarrassment on seeing him, but on the contrary met him gladly and frankly, thanking



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him for what he had done for her, and particularly for bringing her together with the people among whom she was now housed.

After a two months' journeying with the transport the change which had taken place within her also manifested itself in her appearance. She had lost weight, her cheeks were tanned, and she seemed to have aged. Lines had made their appearance about her temple and her mouth; she no longer let her hair curl over the forehead but bound it up in a shawl; and neither in her dress nor in her behavior was there any further trace of her old time coquetry. And these changes, partly accomplished, partly in the process of development, evoked in Nekhliudov's heart a peculiarly joyful response.

He now experienced a feeling towards her which he had never experienced before. This feeling had nothing in it akin to the first poetic attraction, still less to that later sensual infatuation, nor even to that consciousness of duty fulfilled which was tinged with self-admiration and which he felt when he had decided to marry her. This present feeling was that utterly frank feeling of pity and good-will which he had experienced on seeing her in the prison for the first time, and again with renewed intensity after she left the hospital when overcoming his rising disgust he forgave her for the imaginary affair with the hospital assistant, which later revealed itself as baseless. It was the same feeling with the difference that whereas it once had been a passing emotion, it now became a permanent condition. ever his thoughts, whatever his actions—his general mood was now that of compassion and good-will not only towards her, but towards all people in general.

This feeling seemed to have uncovered in Nekhliudov's soul a wellspring of love which had formerly



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found no outlet, but which he now directed to all people with whom he came in contact.

During the entire trip Nekhliudov found himself in that state of exaltation which made him instinctively compassionate and attentive to all people from his driver and the convoy guard to the chief of the prison and the governor of the province with whom he had dealings.

During this period, thanks to Maslova's transfer among the politicals, Nekhliudov formed acquaintances with many political prisoners—first in Ekaterinburg, where they were kept with comparative lack of restraint, all together in a large ward, and later on the march with those five men and four women to whom Maslova was attached. This intimacy with the exiled politicals entirely changed the views which Nekhliudov had hitherto entertained regarding them.

From the very beginning of the revolutionary movement in Russia, and particularly since March the first (the assassination of Alexander II), Nekhliudov's feelings towards revolutionists were those of ill-will and contempt. He had been first of all repelled by the cruelty and secretiveness of their tactics in their fight against the government, mainly by the cruelty of the assassinations which they had perpetrated, and finally he disliked the characteristic of excessive conceit which seemed to be common to them all. But getting to know them better and learning what they had suffered at the hands of the government, he found that they could not be other than such as they were.

▶ Dreadfully senseless as were the tortures inflicted upon the criminal prisoners, still before and after their conviction they were treated with a certain show of legality. But in the treatment of politicals not even a semblance of legality was observed, as Nekhliudov

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found in the case of Shustova and then in many, many instances among his new acquaintances. These people were treated like the fish that are caught with the seine: all are dragged ashore just as caught, and the big fish are put aside, being needed, while the small fry is carelessly left on the shore to perish out of their element.

Thus they caught hundreds of persons who were obviously innocent and could not harm the government in the least, being kept sometimes for years in various prisons, where they either contracted consumption or lost their minds, frequently committing suicide. They were kept in prison merely because there seemed to be no immediate cause to set them free, whereas being on hand, under lock and key, they might sometimes prove useful in connection with some judicial investigation. The fate of all these people (many of whom were innocent even from the government point of view) depended upon the arbitrary judgment of some gendarmerie or police official, of a spy, a prosecutor, or a minister. Either from ennui or from a desire to distinguish himself, such an official would make arrests, and it depended upon his whim or the whim of his superiors whether the prisoner was set free or allowed to languish in prison. And the higher officials, depending upon their desire to distinguish themselves or upon their personal relations with the minister, either exiled the victims to the ends of the world or kept them in solitary confinement, or condemned them to exile, or hard labor, or death, or they set them free to please some lady interceding for them. They were treated as the enemy in war time, and they in their turn naturally employed the same methods as those employed against them. And just as military people live always in the atmosphere of the public opinion which not only conceals from them the criminality

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of their actions but even allows these acts to appear heroic, even so in the case of political prisoners they were always surrounded by the public opinion of their own immediate circle in the light of which their cruel acts, committed with the risk of loss of liberty, life and all that a man holds dear, not only did not appear wicked, but on the contrary were regarded as acts of virtue. This explained to Nekhliudov the curious phenomenon that persons of the meekest character, incapable of witnessing the sufferings of living creatures, could coolly make preparations for assassinating people, and almost all af them regarded murder as a weapon of self-defence and of the attainment of the supreme end of common weal, and as such a lawful and just act. But the high opinion in which they held their own enterprise, and consequently themselves, was the natural outcome of the importance attributed to them by the government and of the cruel penalties to which it subjected them. They had to have a high opinion of themselves in order to endure that which they had to endure. Coming to know them closer, Nekhliudov found that they were not wicked all through as they were pictured by some, nor were they heroes all through as they were regarded by others, but were ordinary people among whom as everywhere there were good and bad and mediocre individuals. There were among them people who had become revolutionists because they sincerely felt the obligation of combating the existing evil; but there were also among them some who had taken up this activity from selfish and vain motives: but the majority had been attracted to revolutionary activity by a thirst for danger and risk, by the enjoyment of putting their life at stake,—feelings familiar to Nekhliudov from his war experiences, feelings which are characteristic

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of everyday youth. They differed from ordinary people (and that to their own advantage) by the fact that moral requirements in their midst were above the level of those current in the circles of ordinary people. They considered obligatory not only abstemiousness, asceticism, truthfulness and unselfishness, but even a readiness to sacrifice life itself for the sake of the common cause. And therefore those among them who were above the average level were very much above it, but those who were below it were very much below it, being mostly untruthful and dissemblers and at the same time arrogant and boastful. So that some of his new acquaintances Nekhliudov not only esteemed but even learned to love

VI.

with his whole soul, while towards others he was more

Nekhliudov had learned to like especially a young consumptive by the name of Kryltzov who was one of the party to which Katyusha was attached and who had been sentenced to hard labor in exile. Nekhliudov had made his acquaintance as far back as Ekaterinburg and then met him again and conversed with him several times during the journey. One day, during the summer, on the occasion of a day's rest at a station, Nekhliudov spent with him almost an entire day, and Kryltzov who was in a talking mood told him the story of his life and how he had become a revolutionist. His. story until his imprisonment was very brief. His father, a wealthy landowner in the southern provinces, died when he was still a child. He was the only son and was brought up by his mother. He found studying easy, both in high school and college, and graduated from the



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university as the first candidate of the mathematical de-The university offered him a chair and a partment. chance to study abroad. But he hesitated. There was a girl whom he loved and he dreamt of marriage and of taking up agrarian politics in the province. He wanted to do much, but could not settle his mind on anything. About that time some of his friends in college approached him for a contribution to what they termed a common cause. He knew that they meant the revolutionary cause in which he had not interested himself in the least, but out of good comradership and fearing in his pride that a refusal would be attributed to cowardice, he gave them some money. Those who were collecting the fund wer caught; a memorandum was found showing that Kryltzov had made a contribution. He was arrested and detained first at the police station and then in prison.

"In the prison where I was confined," Kryltzov was telling Nekhliudov (he was seated on top of his bunk, hollow-chested, leaning with his elbows upon his knees and throwing only an occasional glance at Nekhliudov with his glistening, feverish, beautiful eyes), "in this prison there was no particularly severe discipline. We not only communicated by tapping on the walls, but walked about the hallways, shared our provisions and tobacco, and in the evening even sang in chorus. a good voice. Yes, indeed. And if it had not been for mother, she took it all so terribly hard, I should have felt fine in prison, finding things agreeable and very interesting. Here by the way I met the celebrated Petrov (he later committed suicide in the fortress by cutting himself with a piece of glass) and others. But I was not a revolutionist. I also formed the acquaintance of two men in nearby cells. They had been caught in con-



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nection with one and the same case, something concerning Polish proclamations, and were on trial for an attempt to escape from the convoy while being taken to the railway. One of them was a Pole, Lozinsky by name, the other a Jew, called Rosovsky. This Rosovsky was a mere lad. He claimed that he was seventeen years old but he did not look a day over fifteen. He was slender and puny, with bright black eyes, very lively, and as all Jews, very musical. His voice had not yet matured but he sang very beautifully. Yes, indeed. I was there when they were taken to court for trial. They had led them away in the morning. In the evening they returned and told us that they had been condemned to death. No one had expected that. Their case was such a trifling one. They had merely tried to get away from the guard and did not even wound any one. And then it was so unnatural to execute a mere child like Rosovsky. And all of us in prison came to the conclusion that the verdict was merely to throw a scare into them and would not be confirmed. At first we had been a bit excited but then we calmed down and reverted to our old mode of life. Yes, indeed. Only towards evening a warder comes to my door and mysteriously whispers to me that carpenters had arrived to build the gallows. At first I could not understand what it all was about, what gallows he meant. But the old warder was so agitated that when I gave him a second look I understood that it was for our two lads. I wanted to tap and talk it over with the comrades, but I feared that the two might hear. The comrades were also silent. Evidently everybody had heard the news. In the corridors and the cells reigned the silence of death. We did not exchange taps, we did not sing. At about ten o'clock in the evening the warder came again and told me that

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they had brought the executioner over from Moscow. He just said it and went away. I began to call to him to come back. Suddenly I hear Rosovsky's voice from his cell calling to me across the corridor: "What's the matter? Why are you calling him?" I told him I had wanted to ask him to bring me some tobacco, but he seemed to be suspecting something and began to question me: why had there been no singing? why no tapping? I don't remember what I told him, and I walked away from the door in order not to converse with him. Yes, indeed. It was a terrible night. All night long I sat'up listening to every sound. Suddenly towards morning I hear the doors of the corridor open, footsteps, many of them. I stood by my peep-hole. A lamp was burning in the corridor. The superintendent passed by. He was a big stout man, apparently self-assured and determined. But his face looked like a ghost's: blanched and downcast-almost frightened. Behind him the assistant, frowning and determined; in the rear a platoon of guards. They marched past my door and stopped in front of the neighboring cell. And I hear the assistant say in a queer, unnatural voice: 'Lozinsky, get up, put on clean underwear.' Yes, indeed. Then I hear the squeak of the door, they went into his cell, and again I hear Lozinsky's steps: he was walking in the opposite direction. I could see the superintendent only. He was standing pale as a sheet and kept buttoning and unbuttoning his coat and shrugging his shoulders. Yes, indeed. Suddenly, as though startled by something, he moved aside. It was Lozinsky who had walked past him and was making his way to my door. He was a handsome youth, you know, of that fine Polish type: a straight, wide forehead with a wealth of finely curling blond hair and with beautiful blue eyes. He was such



a flourishing, strapping, vigorous youth. He stopped before my window so that I could see his whole face. A terrible, drawn, ashen face.

'Kryltzov, have you any cigarettes?' I was about to offer him some when the assistant hurriedly, as though he feared to come late, took out his own cigarette case and offered it to him. He took a cigarette, and the assistant lighted a match and held it for him. He took a puff and seemed to be lost in thought. Then something seemed to come back to his mind and he began to speak: 'It's cruel and it's unfair. I committed no crime. I....' something seemed to quiver in his young white throat from which I could not tear away my eyes. Yes, indeed. Just then I hear Rosovsky cry out in the corridor with his thin Semitic voice. Lozinsky threw away his cigarette and walked away from the door. Rosovsky now came to my little window. His childish face with the moist black eyes was flushed and perspiring. was also wearing clean linen, but his trousers were too big and he kept pulling them up with both hands, trembling all the time. He neared his pitiful face to my window and said: 'Anatoli Petrovitch, didn't the doctor order some pectoral tea for me? I feel sick, I'll drink a little tea now'. Nobody answered, and he looked inquiringly first at me and then at the superintendent. Yes, indeed. Suddenly the assistant made a stern face and with the same shrill voice exclaimed: 'What tomfoolery! Let's go.' Rosovsky evidently unable to understand what was awaiting him walked off ahead of the others, as though hurrying, almost running along the corridor. But suddenly he balked, I heard his piercing voice and sobs. Then a turmoil, and heavy footsteps. He was shrieking piercingly and sobbing. Then further and further.. The outside door rattled and all

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was still. Yes, indeed. And so they hanged them. They strangled them both with ropes. Another watchman saw the hanging and told me that Lozinsky had not struggled, but that Rosovsky had fought for a long time, and that he had to be dragged to the scaffold and his head to be forcibly slipped into the noose. Yes, indeed. This watchman was a stupid sort of a young fellow. 'They told me, sir,' he said to me, 'that it was so awful. Nothing awful at all. They just dangled, twitched their shoulders a couple of times', and he mimicked the convulsive jerking of the shoulders as they rose and fell. 'Then the hangman jerked the rope so as to tighten the noose, and that was all: they never even stirred again. Nothing awful at all'," repeated Kryltzov the words of the watchman and tried to smile but instead of a smile burst out into sobs.

For a long space of time after this recital he was lost in silence, breathing heavily and swallowing the sobs that rose in his throat.

"And since then I became a revolutionist. Yes, indeed," he said calming down and finishing his story briefly. He belonged to the party of the People's Will and was even the chief of the group of disorganisation, the aim of which was to terrorize the government until it abdicated its powers and summoned the people. With this aim in view he had made trips to St. Petersburg and to foreign countries, and to Kiev and Odessa, and was everywhere successful. Then a man in whom he had reposed complete confidence betrayed him. He was arrested, tried, kept two years in prison, and sentenced to death, the sentence being later commuted to life imprisonment at hard labor.

In prison he had developed consumption, and in the condition in which he now found himself he knew that at



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the most he had only a few months to live. Yet he did not repent what he had done and said that if he had another life to live, he would employ it in the same cause—the destruction of that system under which were possible the things which he had seen.

The story of this man and his intimacy with him explained much to Nekhliudov which he had not formerly comprehended.

VII.

On the day when the officer had his encounter with the prisoners over a little girl as the party was leaving the halting place on its march, Nekhliudov who had spent the night in a lodging house, woke up late and lost some time over his correspondence which he was trying to finish up in time to mail some letters in the capital of the province and he left his lodging a little later than usual. So he was unable to overtake the party, as he usually managed to do, but it was towards dusk trat he arrived in the village near which they had halted for the night.

He dried himself in the inn which was kept by an elderly widow who was very stout and had an unusually fat neck. Nekhliudov took some tea in the clean guest room which was profusely decorated with pictures and images, and hastened to the prison stockade in order to ask the officer's permission for an interview.

At the last six halting places the convoy officers (in spite of the fact that they changed each time) had resolutely refused to admit Nekhliudov to the prisoners' quarters, and so he had not seen Katyusha for a week. This strictness was due to the fact that a prominent prison official was expected to pass through. Now that

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the dignitary had passed on, without even troubling to look at the prisoners' stations, Nekhliudov had hopes that the new convoy officer who had taken charge that morning, would allow him to have an interview with the prisoners as other officers had done on former occasions.

The landlady offered Nekhliudov a cart to take him to the halfway halt which was located at the other end of the village, but Nekhliudov preferred to walk. A husky broad-shouldered giant of a young workman, with immense top boots that had been liberally smeared with fragrant tar undertook to conduct him.

A mist had descended from the sky and it was so dark that excepting where a little beam of light came from the village windows Nekhliudov could not see his companion three paces away, and heard only the slushing of his boots in the deep, sticky mire. They passed the village square with the church and a long street with brightly lighted house windows, and following his guide Nekhliudov walked in the darkness on the outskirts of the village. But before long he saw in the distance rays cf stockade lights that seemed to melt in the fog. The reddish spots increased in size and distinctness; soon they could see the railings of the stockade, the black figure of the moving sentry, a striped pillar and a booth. The sentry challenged the newcomers with his accustomed "Who goes there?" and learning that they were strangers turned adamant and would not permit them to wait near the stockade. But Nekhliudov's guide was not a bit abashed.

"You're a cross lad, all right," he said. "Just make a little noise and we'll wait for the sergeant."

The sentry without saying another word shouted something through the gate and stopped, watching in-

in of voices.

tently the broad-shouldered youth who was removing a layer of mud from Nekhliudov's boots with the help of a piece of wood. Back of the stockade railings was heard the din of voices, male and female. About three minutes later the gate was opened and out of the gloom there stepped into the circle of light under the lantern the sergeant with an overcoat thrown over his shoulders and asked the newcomers their business. Nekhliudov handed him a visiting card with a note which he had written to the convoy officer asking him to receive him on a personal matter and begged the sergeant to deliver it. The sergeant was less severe than the sentry, but he proved much more curious. He insisted on knowing why Nekhliudov wished to see the officer, and who he was, evidently scenting a chance to turn an honest penny and anxious not to miss it. Nekhliudov replied that he had a special business with the officer, and asked him to deliver the note saying that he would find him grateful. The sergeant took the note, nodded and departed. A little later the gate rattled again and a crowd of women came out stepping across the threshold of the gate; they were carrying baskets, veneer boxes, jars and sacks and loudly conversed in their curious Siberian dialect. They were not dressed like peasants, but city fashion, in overcoats and skin coats; their skirts were tucked up high, and their heads covered with shawls. They were eyeing Nekhliudov and his companion with curiosity. One of them evidently overjoyed at meeting the broad-shouldered lad instantly fired upon him a volley of Siberian profanity by way of a welcome:

"What the hell are you doing here, you devil?" she said.

"Just showing a stranger the way, and what did you bring?"



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"Dairy stuff. Must come back again in the morning."

"And wouldn't they let you stay overnight?" the lad inquired.

"You go to hell, smarty," she answered with a laugh. "What's the matter with seeing us home to the village?" The guide made another response which provoked an outburst of mirth not only among the women, but also in the sentinel, and turned to Nekhliudov:

"Will you find your way back? Sure, you won't get lost?"

"Yes, yes."

"When you pass the church, it's the second house after the two story house. And here's a stick for you," he said offering to Nekhliudov a staff that towered over his shoulders, and slushing through the mud with his immense boots he disappeared in the darkness with the women.

His voice, alternating with the voices of the women, was still heard in the fog, when the gate rattled again, and the sergeant came out inviting Nekhliudov to follow him into the officer's quarters.

VIII.

The semi-halt was arranged like the other transport stations and semi-halts along the Siberian road; three cne-story dwellings stood in a court yard which was surrounded by a fence of pointed beams. The largest of these buildings, with barred windows, harbored the prisoners. In the second were housed the convoy guards. The third was occupied by the convoy officer and the administration office. Bright lights illumined all the widows, seemingly bearing a promise of cheer and cozi-



which fitted

ness within, a promise which in this instance was more than ordinarily illusory. Lanterns were lighted before the porches of each house and about five more lanterns were strung along the walls. The sergeant had led Nekhliudov along a broadwalk to the porch of the smallest building. Ascending three steps he let him pass ahead into an entrance which was lighted by an oil lamp and the air in which was thick with lamp smoke and soot. Near the fireplace a soldier, clad in a coarse shirt and with one of his legs in a yellow top boot, was standing over a samovar zealously fanning the flames with the other boot leg. Seeing Nekhliudov the soldier left the samovar, helped Nekhliudov with his raincoat and entered the inner roota.

"He's come, sir!"

"Ask him in," came an angry voice.

"Walk through the door," said the soldier and resumed his work over the samovar.

In the second room which was lighted by a hanging lamp, behind a covered table on which stood the remains of a dinner and two bottles, sat an officer clad in Tyrolean jacket which fitted closely around his broad chest and shoulders; he had a big blond mustache and a very red face. The warm room was reeking not only with the smell of tobacco but also with some strong and vile perfume. Seeing Nekhliudov the officer rose and looked upon the newcomer with a glance that seemed to combine a little ridicule with a little suspiciousness.

"What is it you wish, sir?" he said and without waiting for an answer called out: "Bernov, how about the samovar, is it coming or not?"

"Right away."



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"I'll 'right away' you so you won't forget it in a hurry," cried the officer flashing his eyes.

"I'm bringing it, sir," cried the soldier and came in with the samovar.

Nekhliudov waited for the soldier to put down the samovar (the officer had been watching the lad with his deadly malignant eyes as though aiming where best to strike him). When the samovar was put down, the officer brewed his tea; then he fetched from a closet a square decanter and some bisquits. Placing all this upon the table cloth he again addressed Nekhliudov.

"In what way may I be of service to you?"

"I should like to request an interview with one of the prisoners," said Nekhliudov without sitting down.

"A political? That's prohibited by the law," said the officer.

"This woman is not a political prisoner," said Nekhliudov.

"Indeed? Sit down, please," said the officer.

Nekhliudov obeyed.

"She is not a political prisoner," he said, "but as the result of my request the higher authorities permitted her to march with the politicals."

"Yes, I know," interrupted the officer. "A short-sized woman dark-complexioned? Why, that can be done. Will you have a smoke?"

He offered Nekhliudov a box with cigarettes and poured two glasses of tea with great precision, pushing one over to Nekhliudov.

"Please," he said.

"Thank you, but I should like to see"

"The night is long. You'll have time. I'll have her called out."



very poor , his perfume, which did not define this

"Would it not be possible to admit me to her quarters without calling her out?"

"To the politicals? That's against the law."

"I have been admitted several times. If you fear that I might take something over to them, why I could do that through her just as well."

"No, no," said the officer, "she would be searched," and he laughed disagreeably.

"Well, then search me."

"Well, we'll ma age without it," said the officer, holding the opened decanter to Nekhliudov's glass. "May I? Well, as you please. Living here in Siberia you learn to appreciate meeting a man of education. For our service, you know, is the sorriest kind of life. And if a man is used to something different, it is very painful indeed. And our sort has a very poor reputation: a convoy officer is supposed to be coarse and uneducated, and few imagine that we might have been born for better things." The red complexion of this officer, his perfume, his rings, and particularly his disagreeable laugh were very "epulsive to Nekhliudov, but he was, as he had been all through this journey, in that serious and attentive mood which did not permit him to act in an unfriendly or contemptuous way towards any person, and he considered it his duty in talking to any man to "go all the way" as he used to say trying to define this attitude in his own mind. Listening to this officer and realizing his state of mind, he said in all seriousness:

"I think that in your position there must be some comfort in being able to relieve the sufferings of people."

"What do they suffer? They are in a class by themselves."

"How are they a class by themselves?" said Nekhliu-



dov. "They are the same as we. And there are innocent persons among them."

"Of course there are all kinds among them. And of course I feel sorry for them. Others don't yield a bit, but I try to relieve them wherever I can. Let me rather suffer than them. Others when anything happens not in accordance with the law immediately take to shooting, but I have compassion. Any more? Have some more," he said pouring him some more tea. "And who may be the woman whom you wish to see?" he asked.

"It is an unfortunate woman who had fallen into a house of ill fame and there was innocently accused of poisoning, but she is a very good woman."

The officer shook his head.

"Such things happen. In Kazan, let me tell you, was a woman called Emma. She was a Hungarian by birth, but she had genuine Persian eyes," he continued, unable to repress a smile of pleasurable recollection. "She was swell enough to be taken for a countess."

Nekhliudov interrupted the officer and returned to the former topic. "I taink that you can relieve the condition of these people while they are in your charge. And acting thus I am convinced that a great joy would come to you," said Nekhliudov trying to speak as distinctly as possible, just as one speaks to children or foreigners.

The officer was regarding Nekhliudov with flashing eyes evidently waiting with impatience for a chance to finish his story of the Hungarian woman with the Persian eyes, whose picture evidently came very vividiy to his mind and was absorbing his attention.

"That may be so," he said. "And I feel sorry for

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them, but I wanted to tell you about this Emma. What she did was...."

"This does not interest me," said Nekhliudov. "I may frankly tell you that formerly I used to be like that myself, but now I abominate such relations with women."

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The officer looked up at Nekhliudov with affright.

"Won't you have a little more tea?" he said.

"No, thank you."

"Bernov," called the officer. "Take this gentleman to Vakulov, tell him to admit him into the separate ward to see the politicals. He can stay there until roll-call."

IX.

Accompanied by the orderly Nekhliudov found himself once more in the dark court yard which was dimly lighted by the red glaring lanterns.

"Where do you want to go?" asked a convoy guard meeting Nekhliudov's guide.

"Special ward number five."

"You can't get through here. The door is locked. You'll have to go to the front porch."

"Why locked?"

"The sergeant locked it and went to the village."

"Then let's go to the porch."

The soldier led Nckhliudov to the front porch making his way over planks to the other entrance. They had heard while still in the yard a din of voices and a tumultuous bustle within as though in a great bee-hive ready for swarming, but when Nekhliudov came nearer and the door was opened, the din increased in intensity and was transformed into a mixture of shouting, cursing and laughing voices. He heard the rolling rattle of



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chains and caught a whiff of the familiar oppressive odor.

These two impressions—the roar of many voices with the clanking of chains and that terrible odor—always blended in Nekhliudov's mind into a combined sensation of moral nausca that bordered on the physical. And these two impressions intermingled and emphasized one another.

As he entered the hallway he saw an immense evil smelling vat and the first thing that caught Nekhliudov's eye was a woman sitting on the edge of the vat. Opposite her was a man with a pancake-shaped hat shifted to one side over his shaven head. They were talking. The prisoner on seeing Nekhliudov winked one eye and said: "Even Tsars must do it, sir." But the woman let down the folds of her prison robe and lowered her eyes.

The hallway led into a corridor into which opened the doors of the wards. The first was the family ward, then came the big ward of unmarried prisoners, and at the end of the corridor were two small wards allotted to the politicals. The premises were intended to shelter one hundred and fifty people, but on this occasion housed four hundred and fifty so that every ward was overcrowded and the prisoners finding no room in the wards were forced to make themselves comfortable in the corridors. Some were sitting or lying on the floors, others were running back and forth with filled or empty tea pots. Among these was Taras. He ran after Nekhliudov and welcomed him cordially. The kindly face of Taras was disfigured by purpling blotches on the nose and under his eyes.

"What has happened to you?" asked Nekhliudov. "Ah, nothing much," said Taras with a smile.



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"They are forever fighting," contemptuously remarked the guard.

"All because of the woman," added a prisoner who was walking behind him. "They had a fight with Fedka, the blind."

"And how is Feodosia?" asked Nekhliudov.

"She's well, thank you, I'm just fetching her some boiling water for tea," said Taras and entered into the family ward.

Nekhliudov peeped through the door. The whole ward was filled with men and women, who had made themselves comfortable both on top of bunks and under them. The ward was filled with the steam from wet clothing that had been hung up to dry, while the air was rent with a riot of feminine voices. The next door led into the ward of unmarried prisoners. This ward was even more crowded, and in the very doorway stood a crowd of prisoners in rainsoaked clothes, overflowing into the hallway and evidently engaged in dividing something or settling some sort of an argument. The guard explained to Nekhliudov that the ward-senior was settling with a gamester out of provision funds for monies won or lost with tickets that had been cut out of playing cards. Seeing the sergeant with a gentleman those who were nearest stopped talking and eyed the newcomers with ill-will. In the crowd of the gamblers Nekhliudov noticed his old friend, the hard labor convict Feodorov, who always had by his side a wretched looking white-faced puffy youngster with arched eyebrows, and also a disgusting looking pockmarked noseless vagrant of whom it was said that during a flight from the prison into the Taiga he had murdered a chum and eaten his flesh. The vagrant stood in the corridor with the wet cloak thrown over his shoulder and looked

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at Nekhliudov with an insolent sneer, without taking the trouble of stepping out of his way. Nekhliudov walked around him.

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This spectacle was very familiar to Nekhliudov, for during the past three months he had frequently seen these same four hundred criminal convicts in all sorts of situations in the heat of the day and in clouds of dust raised as they dragged their chained feet through the roads, and as they rested by the roadside, and in the stopping places where they slept in the yard while the weather was warm—with the horrible scenes of most flagrant vice; yet every time he came into their midst and felt as he did now that the eyes of all were turned upon him he experienced a painful feeling of shame and a sense of his own guilt before them. And the most oppressive characteristic of this sensation was that with this feeling of shame and of guilt mingled an unconquerable feeling of loathing and abomination. He knew that in the circumstances which they found themselves they could not be other than they were, and still he could not repress his loathing.

"They've got it easy these idlers," Nekhliudov heard as he neared the door of the political ward, and a hoarse voice added an obscene curse.

This sally was followed by an outburst of hostile and sneering laughter.

X.

After passing the ward of the unmarried prisoners the sergeant was conducting Nekhliudov told him that he would call for him before roll call and turned back. The sergeant had hardly left when a barefoot prisoner rushed to Nekhliudov with swift furtive steps holding



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on to his leg-irons with his hands, and edging up so closely to Nekhliudov that he could almost taste the pungent and acrid odor of perspiration, he addressed him in a mysterious whisper:

"Do something, sir. They've got that boy into a terrible mess. They've made him drunk and he can himself Karmanov. Take a hand in this deal. We can do it, it would mean death for any one of us," said to prisoner and anxiously looking around lost no time a getting away.

The facts in the case were these: Karmanov, a hard labor convict, had persuaded a youthful prisoner who resembled him in appearance but who had been sentenced merely to deportation to change places and penalties: the convict was to go into exile, and the lad undertook to undergo the hard labor punishment in his stead.

Nekhliudov had already heard something of this affair, for the same prisoner had informed him of the planned interchange a week back. Nekhliudov nodded to him to indicate that he had understood him and would do what he could, and walked on without glancing around.

Nekhliudov had become acquainted with this prisoner at Ekaterinburg where the latter appealed to him to use his influence in order to secure a permit for his wife to follow him to Siberia, and he was amazed at his daring action. He was a man of medium size, thirty years of age, by appearance the commonest kind of peasant, and he had been sentenced to hard labor for attempted robbery and murder. His name was Makar Devkin. The circumstances surrounding his offence were peculiar. This crime, as he told Nekhliudov, was not his own work, but the work of the devil.

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A stranger, he told Nekhliudov, had come to his father's house and hired a rig to take him to a village forty versts away, for which he offered to pay two roubles. Makar harnessed the horse, dressed and had some tea with the stranger before starting out. While ey were drinking their tea the stranger bragged that was on his way to get married and that he had the with of five hundred roubles on his person. Hearing his Makar went out into the yard and taking a hatchet put in under the straw in the sleigh. "I don't know myself why I took that hatchet," he said. 'Take this hatchet', he says, and I take it. Then we climb into the sleigh and off we go.

"For awhile we run along without any trouble. I even forgot all about the hatchet. We were getting closer to the village; it was just about six versts off. We had to take a hill to strike the main road. So I get off and walk behind the sleigh, and he whispers to me: 'What do you think? You get to the top of the hill, then you're on the main road, too many people, and then next thing you know you're in the village, and he'll carry his money away with him. Now is the time to do it, no use waiting any longer'. So I bend over the sleigh, to fix the straw like, and the hatchet just naturally pops up and gets into my hand. He looks around. 'What's the matter with you?' he says. I swing the hatchet, aiming to hit him, but he is a strapping fellow, he jumps out of the sleigh, grabs me by the arm and says: 'You villain, what are you trying to do?' He gets me down in the snow, but I don't even put up a fight, I just give myself up. So he ties my hands with a girdle and throws me into the sleigh, and drives me straight to the police station. They put me in jail. Then came the trial. The village gave me a good char-

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acter, said I had been a good lad, never in trouble. The boss I used to work for gave me a good character too. Only I had no money for a lawyer," said Makar, "and later they gave me four years."

And now this same man was endeavoring to save a fellow convict from misfortune, and fully aware that he was thereby gravely imperilling his own life, he managed to expose this prison secret to an outsider, Nekhliudov, although he well knew that the convicts would strangle him instantly and without compunction if they had caught an inkling of his intervention.

XI.

The political prisoners' quarters consisted of two small wards the doors of which led into a railed-off section of the corridor. As he passed beyond the railing, the first face which Nekhliudov saw was that of Simonson who was squatting on the ground with a log of pine in his hands. He was in front of a blazing stove the door of which was shut tight and rattled with the suction of the draught within.

Seeing Nekhliudov he looked up from beneath his shaggy eyebrows and held out his hand without changing his posture.

"I am glad you came, I have something to communicate to you," he said significantly, looking straight into his eyes.

"And what may that be?" Nekhliudov inquired.

"Later, I am busy now."

And Simonson returned to his stove which he was firing in accordance with his own peculiar theory of the minimum loss of thermal energy.

Nekhliudov was about to pass through the nearest

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door when Maslova emerged from another door, and bending low, with broom in hand, began to sweep a large heap of dust and rubbish in the direction of the stove. She was dressed in a white blouse, with tucked up skirt and wore white stockings. Her head was covered with a kerchief down to her brows, to protect her from the dust. Seeing Nekhliudov she straightened up, all flushed and animated, laid aside the broom, and wiping her hands against her skirt, planted herself in front of him.

"Getting things in order?" inquired Nekhliudov offering his hand.

"Yes, I'm back on my old job," she said and smiled. "And the dirt here is something terrible. We've done nothing but clean and clean."

"Well, how about the plaid, is it dry?" she asked Simonson.

"Almost," replied Simonson giving her a queer little glance which surprised Nekhliudov.

"Then I'll come for it and bring out the furs to dry. Our crowd is all inside," she said as she made her exit through the far door and pointed Nekhliudov to the near door. Nekhliudov opened the door and entered a small ward which was dimly lighted by a little metal lamp that had been placed on a bunk, rather too low to throw much light.

It was cold in the ward and the air was filled with the mingled odor of floating dust, dampness and tobacco. The tin lamp was shedding a bright light upon those very close to it, but the bunks were left in darkness and deep shadows flitted about the walls.

The rest of the little party were indeed inside, with the exception of two men who were in charge of the



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commissary and had gone to fetch provisions and boiling water.

Here was Nekhliudov's old friend Vera Efremovna who had grown still more haggard and vellow, with

who had grown still more haggard and yellow, with her big scared eyes, the prominent vein on her forehead, with hair cut short and wearing a grey blouse. She was seated before a sheet of newspaper with a pile of to-bacco spread on it which she was stuffing with jerky movements into empty cigarette shells.

Here was also Emilia Rantseva, one of the politicals whom Nekhliudov liked best. She had charge of the household arrangements and under these exceedingly difficult circumstances managed to create an atmosphere of homelike coziness and attractiveness. Seated near the lamp with sleeves rolled up over a pair of beautiful sunburnt arms, she was drying cups and saucers and arranging them with agile hands on the sleeping bench over which she had spread a towel that served as a table-cloth. Rantseva was a somewhat homely young woman with an intelligent and kindly face which in smiling had the trick of suddenly changing into a cheery, happy and fascinating countenance. And she greeted Nekhliudov with such a smile.

"And we have been thinking that you had gone back to Russia," she said.

In the hadow of a far corner he noticed Maria Pavlovna, who was doing something to a little fair-haired girl while the victim kept up a ceaseless chatter with a sweet infantile voice.

"How nice of you to come. Have you seen Katya?" she asked Nekhliudov. "Can you see our little visitor?" She pointed to the girl.

And here, too, was Anatoli Kryltzov. Worn to a shadow, white as a ghost, he was sitting in the far corner

of the bunk, with his legs in felt boots gathered beneath him, all crumpled up and shivering; his hands were tucked into the sleeves of his fur jacket; he was watching Nekhliudov with feverish eyes. Nekhliudov started towards him, but near the door on the right he saw a man with curly red hair, dressed in a rubber jacket and wearing spectacles; he was rummaging for something in a bag and exchanging words with a prety and smiling political prisoner whose name was Grabetz. This was a noted revolutionist, Novodvorov, and Nekhliudov hastened to salute him. His haste was due to the fact that among all the political prisoners in this particular lot this one man was distasteful to him. Novodvorov glanced at him sharply through his spectacles,

"Well, journeying pleasantly, I hope?" he said with evident sarcasm.

flashing his blue eyes, and frowned as he offered him his

"Yes, I see much of interest," said Nekhliudov pretending not to notice the sarcasm and accepting the remark as a pleasantry, and started towards Kryltzov.

Outwardly Nekhliudov exhibited an attitude of indifference, but in the depths of his soul he was not indifferent to Novodvorov. Novodvorov's words and his evident desire to say and to do something to annoy him upset Nekhliudov's benign state of mind, and he suddenly felt sad and downcast:

"Well, how is your health?" he said grasping Kryltzov's clammy and shivering hand.

"Oh, fair, only I can't get warm, I got soaked to the skin," said Kryltzov hastily hiding his hand in the sleeve of his fur jacket. "And it is terribly cold here. Look, all the windows are broken," and he pointed to

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the windows with iron bars, with the panes broken in two places.

"And how about yourself? Why haven't you been over to see us?"

"I could not get permission. The officials are too strict. Only to-night I have found an officer who is accommodating."

"Accommodating, listen to him," said Kryltzov. "Ask Masha what he had done to-day."

Maria Pavlovna (Masha) without rising from her bunk related the incident with the little girl which had occurred early in the morning as they were starting out on their march.

"In my opinion a collective protest is necessary," said Vera Efremovna with a determined voice, but at the same time casting irresolute and timid glances into the faces of the company. "Vladimir protested, but that was not enough."

"Protesting, fiddlesticks," said Kryltzov annoyed and frowning. Evidently the artificial and affected tone and the nervous manner of Vera Efremovna had been an old standing source of annoyance to him. "Are you looking for Katya?" he addressed Nekhliudov. "She is forever working, cleaning up. They have just finished cleaning this room, which is the men's room, now they are tidying the women's room. Only they can't get rid of the fleas. We're being eaten alive. And what is Masha doing there in the corner?" he asked pointing to the corner where Maria Pavlovna was sitting.

"She is combing her ward's hair," said Rantseva.

"I hope she will not let loose a horde of insects among us," said Kryltzov.

"No, no, I'm very accurate. She's clean now," said Maria Pavlovna. "Take her," she turned to Rantseva.

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"I'll go to help Katya. And I'll get his plaid for him." Rantseva took the little girl, and with motherly tenderness pressed the child's bare puffy arms to her bosom, and seating her on her lap gave her a piece of sugar. Maria Pavlovna went out, and in the next moment two men came in with boiling water and provisions.

XII.

One of the newcomers was a short and slender young man dressed in a skin coat and top boots. He walked with a swift light tread, and carried two steaming tea kettles with boiling water, holding under his arm a loaf of bread that was wrapped in a cloth.

"So here we have our prince with us again," he said as he deposited the tea kettles among the array of cups and turned over the loaf of bread to Maslova. "And we have done some wonderful marketing," he continued taking off his skin coat and throwing it over the heads of the people into a corner of the bunk. "Markel has bought milk and eggs; we'll have a banquet, that's all. And Kirillovna is still busy with her esthetic cleanliness," he said casting a smiling glance at Rantseva. "So kindly brew the tea," he said to her.

This man's whole appearance, the sound of his voice, the flash of his glance radiated cheerfulness and goodnature. The other newcomer was, on the contrary, a man of morose and despondent appearance; he was an angular man with very prominent cheek bones, a bulging ashen face and thin lips, but with a pair of attractive eyes of greenish hue. He was clad in a padded overcoat, top boots and overshoes. He had brought in two jars and two baskets. Depositing his burden before Rantseva he bent his neck in Nekhliudov's direction by

way of a bow, so that while bowing he kept him in full view. Then somewhat reluctantly he offered him a perspiring hand and proceeded to unpack his provisions with deliberate precision.

Both of these political prisoners were men of the people. The first was a peasant named Nabatov, the second a factory laborer Marke! Kondratyev. became a revolutionist a mature man of thirty five; Nabatov as a boy of eighteen. Due to his unusual talents. Nabatov had made his way from the village school to high school. He worked his way as a tutor and graduated with a gold medal, but did not go to college, because a year before his graduation he had decided to go among the people in order to educate his oppressed brothers. And that was just what he did. First he obtained a position as a village clerk, but was arrested shortly afterwards for reading forbidden books to the peasants and for establishing a co-operative producers' association among them. The first time they kept him in jail for eight months and released him under secret surveillance. On his release he moved to another province, where he located in a new village, and became a schoolmaster. He behaved as he had in the first place. He was caught again and kept fourteen months in prison, and here he became firmly grounded in his views.

After his second imprisonment he was exiled to the province of Perm. He made his escape from there. He was caught again and after an imprisonment of seven months he was exiled to the province of Archangel. He escaped once more and once more was captured. Then he was sentenced to be deported to Yakutsk. And so he had passed half of his adult life in exile and prisons. But these adventures had failed to embitter his spirit or to lessen his energy, but rather served to stimulate it.



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He was an active man with an excellent digestion, always on the go, cheerful and good-natured. He never repented anything, never speculated far in advance, but always acted in the present with every resource of his brain, cleverness and practical common sense. When he was free he worked towards the accomplishment of the purpose which he had set for himself, namely the consolidation and the enlightenment of the working people, principally of the peasants. When he was in the toils, he worked with the same energy and practical common sense to establish communications with the outside world and to improve conditions as best possible under the circumstances, not only for his own benefit, but also for his companions. First and foremost he was a social creature. He apparently wanted nothing for himself, and was content with next to nothing, but for the common benefit of his comrades he demanded much and was willing to labor with his brain and with his hands, untiringly, sacrificing sleep and food. Being a peasant he was industrious, shrewd and skilful at work; he was naturally abstemious, courteous without effort and respected not only the feelings, but also the views of others. His old mother, an illiterate and most superstitious woman, was still living and Nabatov helped to support her, and whenever he was free managed to visit her. During these visits he entered into the details of her life, assisted her in her work and maintained associations with his former comrades among the peasant lads; he smoked home-made cigarettes with them, engaged in boxing with them, and tried to explain to them how they had all been cheated and how they should labor to free themselves from the web of fraud in which they were caught and held captive. Whenever he thought and spoke of what the revolution would give



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to the people he always had in mind the same people from whose midst he had come himself, living in almost the same conditions, but only with land to till and without the gentry or the officials. According to his ideas the revolution was not to change the basic forms of the people's life; in this he disagreed with Novodvorov and the latter's follower, Markel Kondratyev; the revolution in his opinion was not to destroy th centire structure, but was to re-arrange the inner appointments of the beautiful, spacious, stable and dearly loved old edifice.

In respect to religion, too, he was a typical peasant. He had never given any thought to metaphysical problems, to the beginning of all, to life after death. God was to him, as to Arago, a hypothesis the need of which he had not yet found. He was not a bit interested to know how the world began; whether in accordance with Moses or Darwin; and Darwinism, which seemed so important to his comrades, was to him as much of a mental toy as the story of the creation in six days.

He never worried about the problems of the origin of the world, for the very reason that the problem how best to live in it was ever uppermost in his mind. He never gave any thought to future life, bearing in the depths of his soul the firm and calm conviction inherited from his ancestors and characteristic of all tillers of the soil that just as in the world of animals and plants nothing ever terminates but constantly changes from one form into another—dirt into grain, grain into a hen, the tadpole into a frog, the caterpillar into a butterfly, the acorn into an oak, likewise the man will be transformed and not destroyed. This he believed and therefore looked forward to death with equanimity and even with cheerfulness, and firmly bore all sufferings that pointed the way to it, but he neither cared, nor indeed

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knew how to talk about these things. He loved to work and was always busy with practical things.

The other political prisoners from the people was Markel Kondratyev, a man of a very different type. He had gone to work at the age of fifteen, and right then learned to smoke and to drink, in order to lull some dim sense of injury. And this sense of injury overcame him one Christmas when the manufacturer's wife had invited all the lads to see the Christmas tree, and when he and his comrades each received a little horn worth a copper coin, an apple, a gilt walnut and a sugared grape, while the manufacturer's children were given toys that seemed to him like gifts of a fairy and cost as he found out later over fifty roubles. He was thirty years old when a famous woman revolutionist came to work in their factory and noticing Kondratyev's unusual abilities began to give him books and pamphlets, discussing them with him and explaining to him his own condition and its causes and the means of securing improved conditions. When he had clearly realized the possibility of emancipation, both for himself and for his comrades, from that oppressed condition in which he found himself, the injustice of this condition appeared to him even more terrible and cruel than before, and he passionately longed not only for this emancipation but also for a chance to punish those who had brought about this cruel oppression and supported it. This possibility as was explained to him could only come with knowledge, and Kondratyev went to work passionately to acquire knowledge. It was not clear to him just how knowledge could accomplish the materialization of the socialist ideal, but he believed that since knowledge had revealed to him the injustice of this condition in which he found himself, knowledge would also correct this injustice

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Moreover knowledge raised him in his own estimation above other people And for this reason he gave up smoking and drinking; later he was appointed storekeeper and found more leisure to devote to study.

The revolutionist who taught him marveled at the remarkable ability with which her pupil insatiably absorbed knowledge of every kind. In two years he had mastered algebra, geometry, and history, of which he was particularly fond, and familiarized himself with the entire critical literature, principally of the socialist school.

The revolutionist was arrested, and Kondratyev was also seized, as forbidden books had been found in his possession; he was put in prison and later exiled to the province of Vologda. Here he made the acquaintance of Novodvorov, read many more revolutionary books, retaining everything in his mind and becoming still more grounded in socialistic views. After his exile he became the leader of a workmen's strike which ended with the demolition of the factory and the killing of the manager. He was arrested again and sentenced to the loss of civil rights and to exile.

His attitude to religion was as negative as to the existing economic order. Realizing the absurdity of the faith in which he had been brought up, he freed himself from it with an effort, which at first partook of fear and later turned into a joyful satisfaction; then as though to avenge the fraud that had been practised on him and on his ancestors, he made a practice of subjecting all that smacked of priesthood and all religious dogmas to a constant biting and bitter ridicule.

He was ascetic as a matter of habit, contenting himself with very little, and like all men trained to toil from childhood had well developed muscles and performed



They were all in a pleasant and animated mood. Page 324.

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every physical task easily, industriously and skilfully, but most of all he cherished his leisure in order to continue to study, both in prison and in the halting places. He was now studying the first volume of Marx and carefully preserved this book in his bag, cherishing it with utmost care as a valued treasure. He maintained an attitude of reserve and indifference towards all comrades excepting Novodvorov, to whom he was particularly attached and whose opinions on every subject he accepted as an inconcovertible truth.

Towards the women, whom he regarded as a hindrance in every needful work, he felt an irresistible contempt. But he felt sorry for Maslova and was kind to her, seeing in her an illustration of the exploitation of lower classes by the upper classes.

For the same reason he disliked Nekhliudov, was incommunicative in his presence, never pressed his hand, but merely stretched out his hand for him to shake, whenever Nekhlidov saluted him.

XIII.

The fire in the stove had burnt up brightly and warmed up the ward; the tea had been brewed and poured out into glasses and cups, and whitened with milk; an abundance of fresh rye and wheat bread and butter, of hard boiled eggs, and calf's head and feet comprised the spread. Everybody moved over to the spot on the sleeping bench which represented the table, and commenced to eat, drink and talk. Rantseva was seated on a box and poured the tea. All the others had crowded around her, excepting Kryltzov, who had taken off his rainsoaked coat, wrapped himself up in the dry



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plaid, and lay on his bunk conversing with Nekhliu-dov.

After the dampness and the cold of the march, after the filth and disorder which they had found in their present abode, and after the labor of cleaning up, good food and hot tea had put every person into a pleasant and happy mood.

The stamping of feet, the turmoil of shouts and curses that came from the criminals' quarters on the other side of the wall only increased the feeling of coziness, reminding them of their surroundings. Like a stop on an ocean trip, these people felt for a time free from the buffetings of humiliation and suffering which had threatened to engulf them, and were therefore in a state of stimulation and exaltation. They talked of everything excepting of their own condition and of what was awaiting them. As generally happens among a set of young men and women who are thrown together by the force of circumstances, even as this little company, there had sprung up among them all sorts of appropriate and inappropriate and variously intertwined attractions and counter-attractions. They were almost all in love. Novodvorov was in love with the pretty smiling Grabetz girl. This Grabetz girl was a young college student who had thought but little and was very indifferent to revolutionary problems. But she had fallen under the sway of modern influence, compromised herself in some matter and was sentenced to exile. Just as in the days of her fredom the principal interests of her life consisted in seeking success with men, she did not change while held for trial, or in prison or in exile. Now on her march into exile she comforted herself with the thought that Novodvorov had fallen in love with her and she in turn fell in love with him. Vera Efremovna, who was very



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susceptible, but did not have the faculty of arousing love in others, never gave up hope of finding a reciprocal response, and was in love now with Nabatov, now with Novodvorov. Something akin to infatuation filled the heart of Kryltzov towards Maria Pavlovna. He loved her as men love women, but knowing her views about love, he skilfully masked his feelings in the guise of friendship and gratitude for the special tender solicitude and care which she bestowed upon him. The love relations between Nabatov and Rantseva were particularly complicated. Just as Maria Pavlovna was a perfectly chaste girl, Rantseva was a perfectly chaste wife.

At the age of sixteen, while still in high school, she fell in love with Rantsev, a student in the university of St. Petersburg, and three years later she married him before his graduation. In the fourth year of his college career he became involved in some university trouble and was banished from St. Petersburg, whereupon he · became a revolutionist. She had been studying medicine, but abandoned her studies, followed him and likewise embraced the revolutionary cause. If her husband had not been in her eyes the best and the wisest man in the world she would not have fallen in love with him, or falling in love with him she would not have married him. But having fallen in love with him and married the man, who in her eyes was the best and the wisest man in the warld, she naturally enough held the same views of life and of its purpose as did the best and wisest man in the world. In his earlier days he saw the purpose of life in study, and she held the same view of life. He became a revolutionist, and so did she. She could very nicely prove that the existing state of affairs was impossible, and that the duty of every human being was to struggle against this order, and to strive



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to bring about the establishment of a political and economic order which would permit the free development of personality, and such like. And it seemed to her that these were her real views and feelings, but in reality she merely thought that whatever views were held by her husband were genuine truths and she strove only after one thing—a complete harmony, a merging of her soul with the sould of her husband, which was the only

thing that gave her a moral contentment. Separation from her husband and from her child which was taken over by her mother was a great trial to her. But she bore this separation bravely and calmly knowing that it was for her husband's sake and for that cause which was indubitably true because her husband served it. In her thoughts she was always with her husband, and as she had neved loved any man before, she could not now love any one else excepting her husband. But the pure and devoted love of Nabatov touched and agitated her. He was a brave and a moral man, a friend of her husband's, and tried to treat her like a sister, but in his relations to her there was a flash of something deeper, and this something deeper terrified both of them, and at the same time it illuminated their painful existence.

So that entirely free from infatuation in this circle were only Maria Pavlovna and Kondratyev.

XIV.

Waiting for his chance to talk to Katyusha alone after the common supper and tea, Nekhliudov sat conversing with Kryltzov. Among other things he mentioned to him Makai's appeal in behalf of his comrade and gave him the details of Makar's crime. Kryltzov



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listened attentively with his flashing eyes riveted upon Nekhliudov's face.

"Yes," he suddenly remarked, "the thought frequently comes to me as we march with them side by side, who they really are. They are the very people for whom we are fighting. And yet we not only don't know them, we don't want to know them. 'And their attitude towards us is even worse, they hate us and consider us their enemies. It's terrible."

"There is nothing terrible about it," said Novodvorov who had been listening to their conversation. "The masses always worship power," he said with his quavering voice. "The government has the power, they worship it and they hate us; and to-morrow when we have the power, they will worship us."

At that moment from behind the wall came another outburst of curses, a noise as of bodies thrown against the wall, the rattle of chains, screaming and shouting. Some one was being beaten, some one was crying: "Help!"

"There they are, the beasts. What can there be in common between us and them?" asked Novodvorov calmly.

"You say beasts. But just now Nekhliudov told me of an act," said Kryltzov with irritation, and he told about Makar risking his life to save a fellow-villager. "This is not bestiality, this is heroism."

"Sentimentalism," sarcastically replied Novodvorov.

"It is hard for us to understand the emotions of these people and the motives of their actions. You see magnanimity in this act, but there may have been in it some personal grudge against that hard labor convict."

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another?" said Maria Pavlovna, with a sudden show of heat.

"It is impossible to see that which does not exist."

"Why does it not exist, if a man runs the risk of a horrible death?"

"I think that if we mean to carry on our cause," said Novodvorov, "then the first condition is (Kondratyev had looked up from the book which he had been reading close to the lamp and was now attentively listening to his teacher) not to give way to fancies, but to look at things as they are. We must do everything for the masses of the people and expect nothing from them. The masses represent the object of our activity, but they cannot be our co-workers as long as they remain inert as they are now," he continued as though delivering a lecture. "And therefore it is entirely illusory to expect any help from them until the process of development has advanced, that process of development for which we are preparing them."

"What process of development?" said Kryltzov with a flush in his face. "We say that we are against arbitrariness and despotism, but is this not the most abominable despotism?"

"No despotism whatever," coolly replied Novodvorov. "I simply say that I know the path which the people must follow and that I can point them to this path."

"But what makes you so sure that the path which you point out is the true path? Is this not the same despotism from which came the inquisition and the murders of the great revolution? They too knew the one true path wihch they had learned."

"The fact that they had erred does not prove that

I err. And there is a great difference between the ravings of ideologists and the data of positive economic science."

The voice of Novodvorov was filling the ward. Everybody else maintained silence.

"They're forever arguing," said Maria Pavlovna, when Novodvorov had stopped for an instant.

"And what is your own opinion?" Nekhliudov asked Maria Pavlovna.

"I think Anatoli is right, we must not force our views upon people."

"And how about you, Katyusha?" Nekhliudov asked with a smile, awaiting her answer not without fear that she might say something out of place.

"I thing that the plain people have been wronged," she said with blazing cheeks, "the plain people have been greatly wronged."

"You're right, Mikhailovna, you're right," cried Nabatov, "the people have been very greatly wronged. They must be wronged no more. And that is the whole of our cause."

"A curious notion of the problems of revolution," said Novodvorov and began to puff angrily at his cigarette.

"I cannot talk with him," said Kryltzov in a whisper and lapsed into silence.

"And it is really better not to talk to him," said Nekhliudov.

XV.

In sptie of the fact that Novodvrov was much respected by all the revolutionists, and in spite of his great learning and reputation for cleverness, Nekhliudov classified him among the revolutionists whose moral quali-

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ties placed them below the average level, and who were therefore very much below that level. The mental powers of this man—his numerator—were very high; but his opinion of himself—his denominator—was abnormally large and had long since exceeded his mental. powers.

With regard to his spiritual life this man was a type diametrically opposed to that of Simonson. Simonson was a man of that essentially masculine type whose actions are the outcome of their thought activity and are determined by it. Novodvorov, however, belonged to that class of people, essentially feminine in type, whose thought activity is usually directed partly towards the attainment of purposes conceived by their sentiments and partly to the justification of acts evoked by sentiment.

The entire revolutionary activity of Novodvorov, notwithstanding the eloquent way with which he managed to explain it by bringing out convincing arguments, seemed to Nekhliudov to be based on vanity and on the craving for leadership.

Thanks to his ability of appropriating and of accurately repeating the thoughts of others, he had been a leader during his s hool years, both among students and teachers, where such ability is valued,—in the high school, in college and in postgraduate work, and he had been content. But when he had received his diploma and was through with study, and this leadership had become a thing of the past (Nekhliudov learned these facts from Kryltzov who did not like Novodvorov), in order to attain to leadership in a new sphere Novodvorov suddenly made a radical change in his views, turning from a little-by-little liberal into a red revolutionary, a member of the party of the People's Will.

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Thanks to a lack of moral and esthetic qualitities in his character which lead others to doubt and hesitation, he assumed in the revolutionary world the position of party leader which satisfied his self-esteem. Having once chosen his direction, he never doubted or wavered and was therefore convinced that he was never in error. Everything seemed to him extraordinarily plain, clear and indubitable. And given his narrowness and onesidedness of view, everything was indeed very plain and clear, and the only thing needful, as he said, was to be His self-assurance was so enormous that he could only either repel or subjugate the minds of others. But since his activity was carried on among very young people who regarded his infinite self-assurance in the light of profound wisdom and brilliance, the majority submitted to him and he had much success in revolutionary circles. His activity consisted in paving the way for a rising in which he was to seize the power and summon the national assembly. And to the assembly was to be submitted a program which he himself had prepared. And he was perfectly sure that this program exhausted all the problems and had to be carried out without fail.

His comrades respected him for his daring and determination, but they did not love him. And he in turn loved nobody else, treating all people of ability as rivals, and would gladly if he dared have treated them as the mature gorillas treat the young males of their species. He would have gladly torn the cleverness and the abilities out of the minds of others so as to prevent them from standing in the way of the manifestation of his own ability. He was friendly only to those who bowed before him. Such was his attitude to Kondratyev, the workman whom he had converted by his propa-

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ganda, as well as to Vera Efremovna and to the Grabetz girl both of whom were in love with him. Although in principle he advocated the emancipation of women, in the depths of his sou! he considered all women stupid and trifling, excepting those with whom he was from time to time enamored, as he happened to be now with the Grabetz girl, and then he regarded them as women of a superior type, whose worth he alone could appreciate.

The question of sex relations seemed to him very clear and simple like all the rest of social problems, and free love was his solution of it.

He had one fictitious wife and one lawful one from whom he had separated on discovering that no true love existed between them, and he was preparing to enter into a new free matrimonial alliance with the Grabetz girl.

He despised Nekhliudov first for "showing off" with Maslova, as he called it, but particularly because have dared to have ideas of the defects of the present order of things which not only failed to agree word for word with his own—Novoquorov's ideas, but were of a peculiar "princely" type, in other words "fool" ideas of his own. Nekhliudov knew of this attitude on the part of Novodvorov towards him, and to his regret he felt that in spite of his charitable mood towards all which he maintained at that time, he felt impelled to repay him in the same coin, being unable to conquer an overwhelming dislike towards him.

XVI.

The voices of officials were now heard in the neighboring ward. Stillness had set in meanwhile, and pres-



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ently the sergeant came in vith two guards. It was time for roll-call. The sergeant counted every person in the room pointing to each with his finger. When Nekhliudov's turn came he said with a friendly familiarity:

"And now, prince, you can't stop any longer after roll-call. You must go."

Nekhliudov, knowing what this meant, walked over to him and slipped into his hand three roubles which he had been holding in readiness.

"Well, what can a fellow do with you? Sit awhile then." The sergeant was about to leave, when another sergeant came in foll wed by a haggard prisoner with a scanty beard and a blackened eye.

"I'm about the little girl," said the prisoner.

"Why, here's daddy," suddenly rang out a childish voice and a blond little head rose up from behind Rantseva, who together with Maria Pavlovna and Katyusha was sewing a new dress for the child out of a skirt which had been donated by Rantseva.

"Yes, daughter, it's daddy," said Busovkin tenderly.

"She's in good hands here," said Maria Pavlovna glancing compassionately at Busovkin's disfigured face. "Leave her with us."

"The ladies are making a new dress for me," said the little girl drawing her father's attention to Rantseva's work. "A nice red one," she prattled.

"Do you want to stay over night with us?" said Rantseva petting the child.

"Yes, and daddy too."

Rantseva's face shone with a smile.

"Daddy can't," shc said. "You had better leave her here."

"All right, you can do it," said the sergeant stop-



ping in the doorway and went out with the other sergeant.

The moment the sergeants were gone, Nabatov walked over to Busovkin and patting him on the shoulder inquired:

"How about it, iriend, it is true that Karmanov wants to change places?"

The kindly and good-natured face of Busovkin suddenly assumed a sorrowful expression and a film seemed to cover his eyes.

"I haven't heard. Hardly," he said and with the film still over his eyes he added: "Well then, Aksyutka, stay and be a queen here with the ladies," and he hastened to go out.

"He knows all about it, and it's true that they've changed places," said Nabatov. "What will you do?"

"I'll tell the authorities when we reach the city. I know them both by face," said Nekhliudov.

The little company maintained silence fearing a renewal of the dispute.

Simonson who had been quietly lying meanwhile on his bunk with his hands under his head, rose resolutely to his feet and carefully walking around the sitting comrades approached Nekhliudov.

"Can you listen to me now?"

"Certainly," said Nekhliudov and rose to follow him.

Looking at Nekhliudov as he was rising to his feet and meeting his glance, Katyusha blushed and shook her head as though in doubt.

"My business with you is this," commenced Simonson when he had gained the corridor with Nekhliudov close on his heels. The air in the corridor was filled with the roar and the lin of criminals' voices. Nekhliu-

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dov frowned, but Simonson was seemingly not a bit abashed.

"Knowing your relations with Katerina Mikhailovna," he said gazing attentively and firmly with his kindly eyes into Nekhliudov's face, "I consider it my duty," he continued, but stopped because at that very instant two voices close to the door commenced to yell in unison, evidently engaged in some sort of a dispute.

"I tell you, damn your eyes, they are not mine," cried one voice.

"Hope you choke, you devil," hoarsely cried the other. Just then Maria Pavlovna came out into the corridor.

"Is this a place to talk?" she said. "Come in here, there is no one here but Verotchka." And she preceded them into the neighboring ward, which was a tiny room, evidently intended as a solitary cell, but now turned over for the accommodation of the political women prisoners. Here on a bunk, with her head wrapped up in a shawl, lay Vera Efremovna.

"She has a headache, she is asleep and cannot listen and I'll go right out," said Maria Pavlovna.

"On the contrary, stay," said Simonson. "I have no secrets from anybody, certainly none from you."

"Very well then," said Maria Pavlovna, and moving her whole body from side to side, like a child, and with this same movement receding further and further as she seated herself on the bunk, she prepared herself to listen, looking straight ahead into the distance with her pretty sheep-like eyes.

"My business then is this," repeated Simonson. "I know your relations with Katerina Mikhailovna and

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consider it my duty to inform you of my attitude to her."

"Just what do you mean?" inquired Nekhliudov involuntarily admiring the simplicity and directness with which Simonson was addressing him.

"That I should like to marry Katerina Mikhailov-na..."

"Remarkable," said Maria Pavlovna fixing her gaze upon Simonson.

"And I have decided to ask you to consent that she should become my wife," continued Simonson.

"What can I do? That depends on her," said Ne-khliudov.

"Yes, but she will not decide this question without you."

"Why?"

"Because the question of her relations with you has not been definitely settled, and until then she cannot make a decision."

"As far as I am concerned the question has been definitely settled. I wanted to do that which I considered my duty, and also to relieve her condition, and outside of that I have no wish to be in her way."

"But she does not want your sacrifice."

"There is no sacrifice."

"And I know that this decision of hers in unalterable."

"Then what is there to discuss with me?" asked Nekhliudov.

"She wants you to acknowledge it yourself."

"How can I acknowledge that I should not do that which I consider my duty to do? The only thing that I can say is that I am bound, while she is free."

Simonson paused in thought.

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"Very well, I'll tell her so. Do not think that I am in love with her," he continued. "I love her as a sweet and unusual person who has suffered much. I do not want anything from her, but I have a terrible longing to help her, to relieve her con.."

Nekhliudov was amazed as he heard the quiver in Simonson's voice.

"To relieve her condition," continued Simonson. "If she will not take your aid, let her accept mine. Should she agree, I intend to ask to be sent to her place of detention. Four years is not an eternity. I would live near her and I might relieve her condition," and he stopped again in agitation.

"What can I say?" said Nekhliudov. "I am glad that she has found such a protector as you."

"That's what I wanted to know," continued Simonson. "I wanted to know whether as one who loves her and wishes her well you would approve of her marriage with me."

"Yes, indeed," said Nekhliudov emphatically.

"The whole thing centers on her. I only want to see this long-suffering soul rest from suffering," said Simonson looking at Nekhliudov with such childlike tenderness as could not be expected from a man of his austere appearance.

Simonson rose and taking Nekhliudov's hand, smiled with embarrassment and embraced him.

"And so I shall tell her," he said and walked out.

XVII.

"What do you thing of that?" said Maria Pavlovna, "he is in love, he's head over heels in love. I certainly never expected Vladimir Simonson to fall in love in this



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foolish infatuated stripping fashion. Remarkable, and I must honestly add, disheartening," she concluded with a sigh.

"But she, Katyusha? What is her position in this, what do you think?" asked Nekhliudov.

"She?" Maria Pavlovna paused evidently trying to answer this question as accurately as possible. "She? Don't you see that in spite of her past she is by nature endowed with a most ethical character and her feelings are so fine. She loves you, she loves you with a love that is of high calibre and she is happy in the thought that she can at least do you the negative good of not entangling you with herself. For her the marriage to you would be a terrible fall, worse than anything that had gone before, and therefore she would never agree. And yet your presence worries her.

"Then what am I to do? Disappear from the surface?" said Nekhliudov.

Maria Pavlovna smiled in her attractive child-like way.

"Partly yes."

"How can I disappear?"

"I have fibbed. But about her I meant to tell you that she is aware of the absurdity of his exalted love (he had never said a word to her about it), and she is half flattered and half trightened by it. You know I am not competent in these matters, but I think that on his part there is nothing but the most ordinary masculine sex feeling, only slightly masked. He says that this love increases his energy and that this love is platonic. But I know well enough that even though it were an extraordinary love, it is just the same love and just as surely based on filth as Novodvorov's affair with Lyubotchka."



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Maria Pavlovna had got away from her subject as she expatiated on her favorite and familiar theme.

"But what am I to do?" asked Nekhliudov.

"I think that you ought to speak to her. It is alway best to have things clear. Speak to her, I'll call her. Agreed?" said Maria Pavlovna.

"If you please," said Nekhliudov and Maria Pavlovna stepped out.

A queer feeling possessed Nekhliudov when he was left alone in the little room listening to the quiet breathing of Vera Efremovia which was now and then interrupted by a groan, and to the roar of the criminals two doors away which never subsided in intensity

That which Simonson told him released him from the obligation which he had taken upon himself, which in moments of weakness had seemed so oppressive and strange, and yet his present feelings were tinged not only with displeasure but even with pain. This feeling was not free from the realization that Simonson's proposal destroyed the exceptional character of his act, depreciating in his own eyes and in the eyes of the people the value of the sacrifice which he had brought: if so worthy a man, not tied up with her in any way, was willing to throw in his lot with hers, his sacrifice could not have been so immense. There was in it something, too, of plain jealousy, he had grown so used to the thought of being loved by her that he could not admit the thought of her loving another. And moreover he realized the ruin of a once conceived plan-to live near her until she had served her term. If she should marry Simonson, his presence became unnecessary and he would have to formulate another plan of life.

He had had no time to analyze these feelings when



the door was opened, admitting a more distinct volume of tumult from the criminal section (something unusual had been going on there all evening) and Katyusha entered the cell.

She walked over to him with a swift stride.

"Maria Pavlovna sent me here," she said stopping close by his side.

"Yes, I want to talk to you. Sit down, please. Vladimir Ivanovitch has been talking to me."

She sat down folding her hands on her knees and trying to appear calin, but when Nekhliudov mentioned Simonson's name she blushed a furious red.

"And what did he say to you?" she asked.

"He told me that he would like to marry you."

Her face suddenly wrinkled, expressing suffering. She did not say a word but merely lowered her eyes.

"He was asking my consent or advice. I told him it all depended on you.. That it was up to you to make a decision."

"Why all this? What's the use?" she said and looked up into Nekhliudov's eyes with that queer squinting glance which always affected him so greatly. For the space of several seconds they were silently looking at one another. And this glance revealed many things to him and to her.

"You must decide," repeated Nekhliudov.

"What should I decide?" she said. "Everything has been long since settled."

"No, you must decide whether you accept the proposition of Vladimir lvanovitch or not," said Nekhliudov.

"What kind of a wife am I? A hard labor convict.

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Why should I ruin Vladimir Ivanovitch too?" she said with a frown.

"But what if you are pardoned?" said Nekhliudov.
"Leave me alone. There is nothing more to say,"
she retorted, and rising to her feet walked out of the
cell.

XVIII.

When Nekhliudov close on Katyusha's heels returned to the men's ward, everybody seemed excited. Nabatov who went everywhere, got in touch with everybody and observed everything had come across a piece of news that amazed everybody. This news consisted in the discovery of a notice on the wall which had been left by Petlin, a famous revolutionist who had been sentenced to hard labor. Everybody thought that Petlin had long since reached Kara, but it was apparent now that he had only recently passed this way, a sole political, with a party of criminal convicts.

"On August seventeenth," said the note, "I was shipped alone with a party of criminals. Neverov had been with me but he hanged himself in the insane asylum at Kazan. I am well and cheerful and hope for the best."

Everybody was discussing Petlin's condition and the causes that had led to Neverov's suicide. Kryltzov was silent, with a concentrated air, and gazed ahead with motionless glistening eyes.

"My husband told me that Neverov had been seeing ghosts while still in Petropavlovsk," said Rantseva.

"Yes, a mere poet, an imaginative windbag, such people can't stand the solitary," said Novodvorov. "Whenever I was put in the solitary, I never permitted



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my imagination to run riot, but divided my time in the most systematic manner. And that is why I have always borne it well."

"What is there to bear? I was frequently delighted to be put in the solitary cell," said Nabatov with a cheerful tone evidently endeavoring to dispel the morose frame of mind of the company, "otherwise you're always scared to get caught yourself or to involve others or to spoil some plan, but once in the solitary, responsibility ends. You have a chance to rest. Just sit and smoke."

"Did you know him closely?" asked Maria Pavlovna with a worried look at Kryltzov whose face was now very drawn and haggard.

"Neverov—an imaginative windbag!" suddenly exclaimed Kryltzov catching his breath as though he had been shouting or singing too long. "Earth bears few men such as Neverov, as our porter used to say. Yes, he was clear as crystal, you could see clear through him.

"Not saying that he was incapable of falsehood, why he could not even presend in play.

"Not saying that he was thin-skinned, he had no skin at all, his nerves were all on the outside. Yes, a complex and a wondrously richly endowed soul. Not like. But what's the use of arguing?" he lapsed into silence. "We argue about what is best," he finally said with a wrathful frown, "whether first to educate the people and then to alter the forms of life, or first to alter the forms of life, and again how to fight, whether by peaceful propaganda or by terror. We argue, yes. But they don't argue. They know their business. They don't care a rap whether scores or hundreds of such and such people perish or not. On the contrary, it's better for them if the best perish. Yes, Hertzen used

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to say that when the Decembrists were taken out of circulation the common average of the nation was lowered. It could not help being lowered. Then Hertzen himself and his co-workers were taken out of circulation. And now Neverov..."

"They can't destroy all," said Nabatov with his cheerful voice. "There will be some left to carry on."

"No, there won't be any left if we start feeling pity with them," exclaimed Kryltzov raising his voice and refusing to be interrupted. "Give me a cigarette."

"They are not good for you, Anatoli," said Maria Pavlovna. "Please do not smoke."

"Leave me alone," he retorted angrily and commenced to puff, but immediately burst out in a fit of coughing; his throat was drawn and he was on the verge of nausea. He spat out and continued.

"We are wrong, we are wrong. Our business is not to argue but to get together and to destroy them."

"But they are also human beings," remarked Ne-khliudov.

"No, they are not human beings if they do the things which they do. They've invented bombing from balloons. Yes, just go up in a balloon and shower bombs upon them until the bombs destroy them like a nest of bedbugs. Yes, because.." he commenced again, but suddenly his face flushed, he coughed more intensely and a current of blood rushed out of his mouth.

Nabatov ran out to fetch some snow, Maria Pavlovna hunted up some drops and offered them to him, but he shut his eyes. and pushing her away with his thin white hand lay back breathing heavily and rapidly. When the snow and cold water had calmed him a little,

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they bedded him for the night. Nekhliudov said goodbye and following the sergeant who had come for him and had been waiting for him to finish, he made his way to the exit.

The criminals had quieted down meanwhile and the majority of them were asleep. In spite of the fact that prisoners had bedded themselves for the night on bunks and under bunks and in the passages of the wards, they could not all be accommodated and a number of them lay on the floor in the corridors, with heads resting on bags and covered up with prison robes. Snores, groans and sleepy voices were heard from the wards. Everywhere were to be seen knots of human figures covered with prison robes. Only a few men in the unmarried ward were still awake, huddled together about a bit of a candle which they hastily put out on seeing a uniform, and in the corridor sat a naked old man under a lamp busily removing vermin from his shirt. The vitiated air in the political ward seemed pure by comparison with the oppressive stench which prevailed here. The smoking lamp seemed to be burning in a haze and it was difficult to breathe. In order to walk through the corridor without stepping on sleeping bodies or stumbling over them it was necessary first carefully to select a vantage point and then to lock for a vacant spot for the next step. Three sleepers who had evidently found no resting place even in the corridor had made themselves comfortable in the hallway, right under the stinking and leaking vat. One of these was a half-witted old fellow whom Nekhliudov had frequently noticed on the march. The other sleeper was a ten-year-old lad; he was lying between two convicts, with his hand under his cheek, and peacefully slept on the leg of one of his neighbors.

Coming out of the gate Nekhliudov stopped and ex-



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panding his breast kept for a long time breathing in the frosty air of the winter night to the full capacity of his lungs.

XIX.

The stars were now out. Walking over the hardened mud, which only in spots showed black against the snow, Nekhliudov returned to his inn. He knocked against the darkened window and a barefoot broad-shouldered laborer opened the door and admitted him into the hallway. From the hallway on the right came the sound of drivers snoring in the peasant quarters; behind the door, in the yard, he heard the sleepy noise of a number cf horses who were chewing their oats. The door on the left led into the clean guest room. The guest room smelt of wormwood and perspiration; from behind the partition came the snoring of a powerful pair of lungs, and before the image burned a little red lamp. khliudov undressed; he spread a robe over the oilclothcovered sofa, brought out his own leather pillow and lying down began to turn over in his mind all that he had seen and heard during the day. And of all that he had seen the picture of the lad sleeping in the mess that was coming out of the vat, with his head pillowed on the leg of a convict, seemed to him the most horrible.

In spite of the unexpectedness and the significance of the talk he had had that evening with Simonson and Katyusha, he did not dwell in his mind on that incident; his relation to it was too involved and at the same time too indefinite, and for this reason he repelled all thought of it. But all the more vividly he recalled the spectacle of these unfortunates suffocating in the oppressive air and wallowing in the filth that oozed out of the stinking



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vat, and particularly of that child with the innocent face who was lying asleep pillowed on a convict's leg and whose image refused to be blotted out of memory.

To know that somewhere afar off one set of people is torturing another set, subjecting the victims to all sorts of debauching, inhuman degradations and sufferings, is one thing, but continuously for three months to be an eye-witness of this same debauching and degradation as inflicted by one set of people upon another -that is quite a different matter. And that is what Nekhliudov had gone through. More than once during these three months he had asked himself: "Am I crazy and see something that nobody else can see, or are they crazy who do those things which I see?" But these people (and there were so many of them) who were doing the things that so amazed and horrified him went about their work with such calm assurance that what they did was not only the right thing to do but was also a very important and beneficial work, that it was impossible to regard them all as insane. And he could not regard himself as insane because he recognized the clearness of his thinking. And therefore he remained in a state of uncomprehension.

What Nekhliudov had seen during these past three months presented itself to his mind in about the following shape: from among all those who lived in freedom, by decree of the courts or of the administration, were selected the most nervous, vehement, excitable, vigorous, and talented people who happened to be less cunning or cautious then others, and these people who were no whit more guilty or more dangerous to society than those who remained free, were in the first place shut up in prisons, transported to jails and penitentaries, where they were kept for months and years in a state

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of utter idleness and material freedom from care, as well as separated from nature, family and labor, that is outside of the requisites of a natural and moral human ilfe. This in the first place In the second place these people were being subjected in these institutions to all sorts of needless degradations-chains, tonsure, shameful clothing, in other words they were deprived of the principal motive which stimulates weak minds towards a good life-care for public opinion, shame and consciousness of human worth. In the third place, being in constant peril of their lives,--not to speak of the exceptional instances of sunstroke, drowning, conflagrations, infectious diseases prevalent in these places of confinement, exhaustion and corporal punishment, these people were constantly in a condition where even the best and the most moral among them, out of sheer self-preservation, were forced either to perpetrate or to condone in others the perpetration of the most abominably cruel deeds. In the fourth place, these people were forcibly thrown together with persons who had been exceptionally depraved by the circumstances of their lives (and particularly by these same institutions), lewd wretches, murderers and villains who acted like a ferment upon these other people inasfar as they had not been thoroughly depraved by the means employed by them. And finally in the fifth place, one thing was most emphatically drilled into the heads of these people who had been subjected to all these retributive measures: by means of the most inhuman acts performed upon themselves; by the torture of the children, of the women and of the aged, by lashing and beating with rods and with whips by offering rewards for the recovery of fugitives dead or alive, by separating husbands from wives, by forcing strange husbands to cohabit with strange wives, by fir-



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ing squads and gallows, it was most emphatically drilled into their heads that all sorts of violence, cruelties and brutalities are not only not forbidden but are even permitted by the government if they happen to serve its purposes, and therefore are all the more permissible to those who are in servitude, necessity and want.

They seemed to be institutions designed for the production of so concentrated a form of vice and corruption as could not otherwise be attained under any other conditions, in order to disseminate this concentrated vice and corruption as far as possible throughout the entire nation.

"It is as though they had set themselves the task of corrupting the greatest possible number of people in the best and surest way," thought Nekhliudov musing upon the meaning of that which was going on in prisons and transport jails. Hundreds of thousands of people are brought each year to the highest degree of corruption, and when they have become fully depraved they are let loose again so that they might carry back through the nation the iniquities acquired by them in prison.

In the prison of Tiumen, Ekaterinburg and Tomsk and in the transport stations along the way Nekhliudov had seen this seeming purpose of the human society attained in the most successful manner. The people, common, ordinary people, with the requirements of the Russian communal Christian peasant morality, were dropping these ideas and acquiring new prison ideas consisting in the belief that any degradation or violence inflicted upon the human person was permissible if it was only advantageous.

People who had lived some time in prison came to realize in every fibre of their being that judging by what

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had been done to them all, those moral laws of regard and pity for human beings which had been expounded by moral and ecclesiastical teachers had been in reality abrogated, and that they were therefore no longer binding.

Nekhliudov saw this in every prisoner whom he knew: Feodorov, Makar and even Taras, who after spending two months en route into exile amazed Nekhliudov with the immorality of his opinions. During the march Nekhliudov learned that vagrants preparing to escape into the Taiga were in the habit of persuading their comrades to join them only to kill them when the proper time came, in order to feed on their flesh. He even saw a living person who had been accused of such things and had confessed. And the terrible thing was that these cases of cannibalism were not isolated but of frequent occurrence.

Only the peculiarly intense cultivation of vice in these institutions could have brought a Russian man to the condition of these vagrants who had anticipated Nietzsche's teaching in considering all things permissible and nothing forbidden and who spread this doctrine first among fellow prisoners and then through the entire nation.

The only explanation of what was going on here was that the professed aim of it was the abatement of crime, a deterring measure, correction and lawful retribution, of which the books are full. But in reality not one of these four factors played any role. Instead of abating, criminality had increased. Instead of deterring, criminals had been encouraged, and many vagrants, for instance, flocked to the prisons voluntarily. Instead of correction there was a systematic inoculation with all sorts of vice. And penalties imposed by the govern-



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ment not only failed to soften the need of retribution, but even cultivated it in the people where it had not been felt before.

"Then why do they do so?" Nekhliudov asked him-self and found no answer.

And what amazed him most was that these things were not done accidentally or though a misunderstanding or in an isolated instance, but were done continually, for a hundred years, with the sole difference that formerly the victims had their nostrils torn and ears cut off and later were branded and beaten with rods, but now they were merely handcuffed and were transported by steam insead of horse-drawn vehicles.

The arguments that the things which had provoked his indignation (as he was told by prison employees) were due to inperfections in the arrangements of jails and transport stations and could be remedied by designing a system of modern prisons failed to satisfy Nekhliudov, because he felt that the things which had evoked his indignation were not due to a greater or less degree of perfection in the furnishing of prison buildings. He had read about perfected prisons with electric push buttons such as Tardes recommended, and these perfected forms of violence filled him even with greater indignation.

And Nekhliudov's indignation was most of all aroused by this: in the courts and in the ministries sat persons who received fat salaries, collected from the people, in return for which they consulted books written by the same kind of officials with the same motives, and whenever people violated the laws which these officials had composed, they made these acts fit under certain paragraphs, and by virtue of these paragraphs they

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directed these people to be sent away to this place or that place where they could not see them again, and where these people fell under the power of cruel coarse wardens, inspectors, and guards, and perished body and soul by the million.

Getting to know prisons and transport shelters from personal observation he saw that all these vices which developed among the prisoners—drunkenness, gambling and cruelty—and all those terrible crimes committed by prison victims, (including cannibalism) were not accidents or manifestations of degeneration, of criminal type or abnormality, as stupid scientists interpret to uphold the hands of the government, but are the inevitable consequence of the incomprehensible error that one set of people can inflict penalties upon another.

Nekhliudov saw that cannibalism does not commence in the wilds of Siberia but in the ministries, committee and in the departments and only finds its culmination in the Taiga; that neither his brother-in-law, for instance, nor any of the officials in courts or ministries, commencing with the bailiff and ending with the minister, cared a rap about justice or the people's welfare, but all cared greatly for the roubles paid out to them for the performance of all those acts of which this degradation and suffering were the outcome. This was perfectly evident.

"Then is it all, indeed, the result of misunderstanding? Could nothing be done to guarantee salaries for all these officials and perhaps even to pay them a premium so as to induce them not to do what they are doing?" thought Nekhliudov. And lost in these thoughts, after the second crow of the roosters, in spite of the fleas which rained upon him like the spray of a fountain whenever he moved, he fell into a deep slumber.

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XX.

When Nekhliudov awoke the next morning, the drivers had been gone a long time, the landlady had finished her tea, and wiping her perspiring stout neck with a handkerchief she came to tell him that a convoy soldier had brought a note for him. The note was from Maria Pavlovna who informed him that Kryltzov's attack was more serious than they had thought. "For a time we wanted to leave him behind and stay with him, but this was not permitted, so we'll take him along, but we fear the worst. Try and arrange it in the city to have him left back and some one of us with him to care for him. If it necessary for this that I marry him I am, of course, ready to do so."

Nekhliudov sent a boy to the station for horses and started hurriedly to pack. He had not finished his second glass of tea when a stage three-span tinkling with bells and rattling its wheels over the frozen mud as though over a city pavement pulled up before the porch. Having paid his fat-necked landlady Nekhliudov hurried out, and seating himself in the cart ordered the driver to make all speed in order to catch up with the party. Not far from the gates of the cattle stockade he caught up with the wagons that were loaded with the bags and the sick which rolled noisily over the hardening frozen mud. The officer was not there, having driven ahead. The soldiers, having evidently partaken of liquor, walked behind the wagons and alongside of them and chatted merily. There was a quantity of wagons. the front came the wagons, each packed tight with six feeble criminal prisoners apiece, in the three rear wagons rode the politicals, three to the wagon. On the hind-



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most sat Novodvorov, Grabetz and Kondratyev, on the one next to it in front Rantseva, Nabatov and the weak rheumatic woman to whom Maria Pavlovna had yielded her place. On the third, bedded on straw and pillows, Maria Pavlovna sat on a box near him. lay Kryltzov. Nekhliudov stopped his wagon near Kryltzov and came over to him. The convoy guard, who was slightly intoxicated, waved his hand at him, but Nekhliudov paid no attention to him and coming close to the wagon he walked alongside, holding on to the shaft. Kryltzov was wearing a skin coat and a lamb fur cap; his mouth was tied with a kerchief, and his face was more drawn and pale than ordinarily. His handsome eyes seemed more brilliant and larger than ever. Swaying feebly with the jolting of the vehicle he looked upon Nekhliudov with a fixed gaze, and in reply to his inquiry as to his health he only shut his eyes and angrily shook his head. Maria Pavlovna was sitting on the other side. She exchanged a significant glance with Nekhliudov in which she expressed her worry about Kryltzov's condition, and then she started to chat in a cheery voice.

"That officer evidently got ashamed of himself," she shouted so as to make herself heard above the rattle of the wheels. "They've taken the handcuffs off Busovkin. He is carrying his little girl in his own arms. Katya and Simonson are marching with them and Verotchka, too, taking my place."

Kryltzov said something that could not be heard and pointed to Maria Pavlovna, shaking his head with a frown and evidently trying to repress a fit of coughing. Nekhliudov held his head close to the sufferer's lips in order to hear better. Kryltzov freed his mouth from the kerchief and whispered:

"Feel much better now. If I only don't catch cold."



Nekhliudov nodded his head approvingly and exchanged glances with Maria Pavlovna.

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"Well and how is the problem of the three planets?" whispered Kryltzov and smiled a heavy painful smile. "Is the solution difficult?"

Nekhliudov did not grasp his meaning, but Maria Pavlovna explained to him that he was referring to the mathematical problem of the relation between the three celestial bodies, the sun, the moon and the earth, and that Kryltzov had invented this comparison to illustrate the relations between Nekhliudov, Simonson and Katyusha. Kryltzov nodded to show that Maria Pavlovna had correctly interpreted this allusion.

"The question is not up to me," said Nekhliudov.

"Did you get my note? Will you do it?" asked Maria Pavlovna.

"Without fail," said Nekhliudov, and noticing an expression of discontent in Kryltzov's face he walked over to his wagon, climbed to his sagging seat and holding on to the sides of the vehicle which jolted along the furrows of the rutted road he began to overtake the party of convicts in grey prison robes and sheep-skins, who marched handcuffed in pairs and dragging their leg-irons in a procession which had strung out over a distance of about a verst. On the opposite side of the road Nekhliudov recognized Katyusha's blue kerchief, the black coat of Vera Efremovna and Simonson's jacket, knitted cap and white woolen stockings, that were tied with straps like sandals. He was walking alongside of the women heatedly arguing about something.

Seeing Nekhliudov the women bowed and Simonson solemnly raised his cap. Nekhliudov had nothing to say and drove past them without stopping. Before long



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they struck the macadamized road and the driver began to make better time, but he was forced continually to get out of the way of trucks which stretched on both sides of the road.

The road was all furrowed with deep ruts and led through a dark pine wood which was relieved on both sides by the bright sandy yellow of the still remaining leaves of birch and larch trees. About halfway to destination the forest ended and on both sides spread the fields, and in the distance came into view the gilded crosses and cupolas of a monastery. The day turned out to be glorious, the clouds had scattered, the sun had risen above the wood, and the damp foliage, the puddles, the cupolas and the crosses shone brightly in its radiance. Ahead on the right, in the misty distance, gleamed the white caps of the mountains. The three-span drove into a large suburban village. The village street was filled with people, Russians and native tribesmen in their queer looking caps and cloaks. Men and women, sober and drunken, crowded and chatted about the shops, teahouses and drinking places. The close approach to a city was in the air.

Whipping up and pulling the reins on the right offhorse, and seating himself on his box so that his reins were on his right, the driver, evidently intending to show off, sped through the main street and without lessening his pace drove to the ferry landing. The ferry was in midstream and was coming back. About a score of wagons were waiting for it. Nekhliudov did not have to wait long. The ferry which had pulled up stream against the current came down to the landing swiftly borne by the powerful current.

Tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, curt-spoken ferrymen in skin coats and top boots, threw out the lines



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with practised skill and fastened them about the posts: opening the bars they let ashore the wagons which they had ferried across, and took on the return load of vehicles, crowding the surface of the ferry with wagons and shying horses. The swift current of the wide stream plashed against the sides of the ferry, straining the lines. When the ferry was filled and Nekhliudov's wagon, with the horses unharnessed, pressed in on all sides by other vehicles, was edged in on the side of the ferry, the ferrymen let down the bars, paying no attention to those who were left behind, unloosened the lines and the ferry started on another trip. Quiet reigned on the ferry excepting for the stamping of the ferry-men's feet and the pawing of the horses against the deck of the ferry.

XXI.

Nekhliudov stood near the rail and watched the swift broad stream. In his imagination rose two images, one succeeding the other. Kryltzov's head quivering with the jolting of the wagon on which he lay dying his wrathful death, and the figure of Katyusha cheerily marching next to Simonson. The first picture—of Kryltzov dying and not preparing for death—was gloomy and painful. The other impression—of cheerful Katyusha who had found the love of such a man as Simonson and had firmly set her feet in the sure and solid path of good—should have been pleasant, but it also had proved painful to Nekhliudov and he could not overcome a feeling of sadness.

From the city came the roar and the coppery tremor of a large monastery bell. The driver who was standing next to Nekhliudov and all other drivers one after the other raised their hats and crossed themselves. Nearest to the railing stood a shaggy undersized old man

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man whom Nekhliudov had not noticed. This one did not cross himself, but lifting up his head he fixed his glance upon Nekhliudov. This old man was clad in a patched coat, shoddy trousers and a pair of badly worn and patched boots.

Slung across his shoulder was a little bag, his head was covered with a tall well-worn fur cap.

"Why don't you pray, old man?" said Nekhliudov's driver donning and adjusting his cap. "Ain't you christened?" "To whom should I pray?" said the shaggy old man emphasizing each word rapidly, determinedly and aggressively.

"Don't you know to whom? To God," sarcastically replied the driver.

"And you show me where He is. Where is God?"

There was something so serious and firm in the face of that old man that the driver realized that he was dealing with a man of power and felt abashed, but did not show it, and in his effort not to be silenced and shamed before the listening public, he quickly replied:

"Where? Don't you know? In Heaven."

"Have you been there?"

"I haven't, but everybody knows we must pray to God."

"No man has ever seen God anywhere. His only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father had revealed Him," said the old man with a frown as he rattled off his remarks with great rapidity.

"You're evidently no Christian, Rags. Go ahead and pray to your rags," said the driver slipping his whip behind his belt and adjusting the harness on the off-horse.

Some one laughed.

"And what is your true belief, grandpa?" asked a middle-aged man who was standing near his wagon.



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"I have no belief whatsoever. For I don't believe nobody nohow excepting myself," he replied with the same rapidity and determination.

"How can a man believe himself?" inquired Nekhliudov breaking in upon the conversation. "There is a danger of making a mistake."

"Never in the world," answered the old man shaking his head vigorously.

"Then why are there different faiths?" asked Nekhliudov.

"That's just why there are different faiths. They believe other people and don't believe their own self. And I used to believe other people and strayed like a man in the Taiga. I got so far astray that I never hoped to find the way. I have been with the Old Believers and the New Believers, with the Sabbatarians and the Khlysty, and Popovtzy and the Bezpopovtzy, and the Austrian Rites and the Molocans and the Skoptzy.*)

Every faith blows its own horn and so they've spread out like a lot of blind pups. There are many faiths, but there is only one Spirit. It's in you and in me and in him. Then let each believe in the Spirit that's in him, and so they will all be one. Let each one be unto himself and all will be one."

The old man spoke in a loud voice glancing around continually with the evident endeavor to have as many listeners as possible.

"Have you been following this for a long time?" asked Nekhliudov.

"I? A long time. Twenty three years am I persecuted."

"How persecuted?"

^{*)} Various Russian sects. Skoptzy are eunuchs, Bezpopovtzy deny priesthood.—Translator's note.



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"Just as they persecuted Christ, so they persecute me. They grab me and take me to courts, to priests, to scribes, to pharisees and lead me from one to another. They even had me in a madhouse. But they cannot do a thing to me, because I am free.

"'What is your name?' they say. They think that I will take on some name. But I don't take any. I have given up everything, I have neither name, nor place, nor surname. I am by myself.

"'What is my name? Man.' 'How old?' 'I don't count time', says I, and I can't count, for I always was and always will be. 'Who is your father, who is your mother?' 'I have no father nor mother', says I, 'excepting God and earth. God is my father, earth is my mother. 'And don't you recognize the Tsar?' 'Why should I not recognize him? He is the Tsar to himself, and I am a Tsar to myself.' 'What's the use of talking with you?' 'I don't ask you to talk with me', says I and so they torment me."

"And where are you bound for now?" asked Nekhliudov.

"Where God may lead me. I work, and if there is no work, I beg," concluded the old man seeing that the ferry reached the other shore and glanced around in triumph at his audience.

The ferry had reached the other landing. Nekhliu-dov took out his purse and offered the old man some money.

"I don't take that. I take only bread," he said.

"Pardon me."

"Nothing to pardon. You haven't harmed me. And I cannot be harmed," said the old man and once more slung over his shoulder his bag which he had meanwhile taken off.



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The stage three-span was dragged ashore and the horses were harnessed once more.

"Why waste words with such like, sir?" said the driver to Nekhliudov after he had tipped the powerful ferryman and climbed to his seat. "A mere shiftless vagabond."

At the top of the hill the driver turned back and inquired.

"What hotel, sir?"

"Which is the best?"

"Nothing better than 'Siberia', and 'Duke's' is not bad either."

"Go where you like."

The driver sat up again sideways on his box and increased the pace. The city was just like all other Russian cities: the same two-story houses with green roofs, the same cathedral and shops, and big stores in the main streets and even the same policemen, only the houses were all of wood and the streets were not paved. Reaching one of the liveliest streets the driver stopped his three-span in front of a hotel entrance. But not a room was to be had, and they had to go to another hotel. Here he obtained a vacant room, and for the first time in two months Nekhliudov found himself once more in the wonted surroundings of comparative cleanliness and comfort. Barren of luxuries as was the room which he had secured, he found it a great relief after the stage stations, inns and transport stops. He was mainly concerned to rid himself of the vermin from which he could not free himself while visiting prisons. After unpacking he hurried to a steambath and then having resumed a cityfied appearance,—with a starched shirt, creased trousers, a cutaway and an overcoat,—he started

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on his way to the chief of the province. The hotel porter had fetched him a driver with a well-nourished portly Kirghiz mare and a jerky hansom, and he was taken to a large handsome building before which were stationed sentries and policemen. There was a garden in front of the house and in the rear, where among the leafless bare-limbed birches and poplars darkly and densely greened the needles of pines, firs and spruce.

The general was unwell and was not receiving that day. Nekhliudov nevertheless requested the flunkey to hand him his card and the servant returned with a favorable answer.

"I'm ordered to ask you in."

The antechamber, the flunkey, the orderly, the reception room with the glossy parquet floor—all this was reminiscent of St. Petersburg, only it was much dirtier, though more majestic. Nekhliudov was led into the study.

The general, a flabby man with a potato nose, prominent bumps on his forehead and on his bare skull, and with bags under his eyes, appeared to be a man of sanguine temperament. He was dressed in a Tartar silken dressing gown, and sat with a cigarette in his hand, drinking tea out of a glass in a silver glass-holder.

"How do you do, sir? Excuse me for receiving you in a dressing gown; it's better than not to receive you at all, though," he said wrapping his robe about his fat neck which showed several creases in the rear. "I am not very well, and I don't go out. What brings you into our neck of the woods?"

"I am accompanying a party of prisoners among whom is a person who is close to me," said Nekhliudov, "and now I am here to ask a favor of your Excellency,



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partly in connection with that person and partly with something else."

The general puffed on his cigarette, sipped some tea, and crushing the cigarette against a malachite ash tray listened with a serious mien to Nekhliudov, never taking his glistening narrow eyes off Nekhliudov's tace. He only interrupted him once to ask if he did not care to smoke.

The general belonged to the type of enlightened military men and once still believed it possible to reconcile liberalism and humaneness with his profession. But being by nature a clever and a kindly man, he soon realized the impossibility of such a reconciliation, and in order to escape that inner contradiction in which he forever found himself, he began to yield more and more to a habit which is so prevalent among military menhe began to indulge in the excessive use of liquor, and in due time became such a slave to this habit that after thirty-five years of military service he was now what the physicians call an alcoholic. He was saturated with liquor through and through. It was enough for him to drink any kind of a liquid and he felt intoxicated. The drinking of liquor was for him such a necessity that he could not live without it, and daily, towards evening, he arrived at a state of intoxication, but he had become so accustomed to that state that he did not stagger or say anything more than ordinarily stupid. But if he did say stupid things, thanks to his prominent and overshadowing position any absurd statement which he might make was accepted as words of wisdom. It was only in the morning, just when Nekhliudov caught him, that he bore a semblance to a rational human being and could understand what was told him and

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was able more or less successfully to illustrate the proverb of which he was so fond: drunk and smart is quite an art. The higher authorities knew that he was a drunkard, but since he was better educated than most, though his education had come to a standstill the moment love of drink had entered his life, he was bold, alert and presentable and managed to maintain himself with tact even while drunk, with the result that he was appointed and kept in the prominent and responsible position which he now occupied.

Nekhliudov told him that the person in whom he was interested was a woman who had been innocently condemned and that a petition for her release had been submitted to the Emperor.

"Just so. And what now?" said the general.

"I have a promise from St. Petersburg that news of this woman's fate would be sent me not later than this present month, reaching me probably in this city."

With his gaze still riveted upon Nekhliudov the general stretched his stubby fingers to the table, rang a bell and continued to listen in silence, while puffing at his cigarette; only from time to time he noisily cleared his throat.

"So I should like to ask you to detain this woman here until I receive an answer to this petition."

An orderly, dressed in a soldier's uniform, entered the room.

"Find out if Anna Vasilyevna is up," said the general to the orderly. "What else?" the general turned to Nekhliudov.

"My second request refers to a political prisoner who is marching with this same party," said Nekhliudov.



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"Is that so?" said the general nodding his head significantly.

"He is seriously ill, in fact he is a dying man. And it is likely that he will be left behind and put up at the hospital. One of the political women prisoners desires to stay back with him."

"Is she related to him?"

"No. But she is ready to marry him if this will make it possible for her to stay back with him."

The general was watching him intently with his flashing eyes and listened in silence, evidently seeking to confuse his visitor with his gaze; and he never stopped smoking.

When Nekhliudov was through he reached for a book and thumbed it rapidly in turning over the pages, until he found the regulations relating to matrimony which he read through carefully.

"What is her sentence?" he asked taking his eyes off the book.

"Hard labor."

"Well, the condition of the convict will not improve by his marrying her."

"But..."

"I beg your pardon. If a free man married her, she would have to serve her punishment anyway. The question is now, which of the two has the severer sentence, he or she."

"They are both sentenced to hard labor."

"Well, then they are quits," said the general with a laugh. "He and she are in the same fix. He may be left behind because of illness," he continued, "and naturally whatever is possible will be done to alleviate his lot; but even if she married him, she could not remain here."

"Her Excellency is having her coffee," reported the



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orderly. The general nodded his head and continued:

"Still, I'll think it over. What are their names? Just put them down."

Nekhliudov jotted down the names.

"This, too, I must refuse," said the general in response to Nekhliudov's request for an interview with the invalid. "Of course, I do not suspect you of anything," he said, "but you have interested yourself in him and in others, and you have money. And here everything is full of graft. I am told: 'abolish graft.' How am I to abolish it if they all are grafters? And the lower the rank, the more prone to graft. How can I watch everything five thousand versts away? He is a little king in his bailiwick as I am in mine," he laughed. "You must have had interviews with politicals and have given money to guards, gaining admission that way," he said with a smile. "Am I right?"

"Yes, that's true."

"I can well understand that you cannot act otherwise. You want to see a political prisoner. And you feel sorry for him. And the warder on guard will accept a bribe because he has a bare pittance of a salary and a family to support and he cannot refuse a bribe. And in your place I should act just as you or he. But in my place I cannot permit myself to deviate in the least from the strict letter of the law because I am human and I might be carried away by sympathy. And I am an executive, certain duties have been entrusted to me, and I must justify this trust reposed in me.

"And now this question being settled, tell me what is going on in the metropolis?" And the general began to ask questions and to talk, evidently combining the desire of getting the latest news with a longing to exhibit his own importance and humaneness.



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XXIII.

"Yes, and now you can tell me where you are stopping. Duke's Hotel? Now that's not much of a place. But you come and take dinner with me," said the general dismissing Nekhliudov. "We dine at five. Do you speak English?"

"Yes, I do."

"That's fine. We have an English traveler visiting here. He is studying the exile and prison system in Siberia. He will dine with us, and you come too. We dine at five and my wife insists on promptness. And I will give you a definite answer about the woman and also about the invalid. Perhaps it will be possible to leave someone behind with him."

Having made his farewell bow, Nekhliudov in a particularly elevated and energetic mood drove to the post office.

The post office was a room with a low vaulted ceiling. Back of the counter sat the officials who delivered letters to the public throng. One official with head bent to one side never ceased thumping his stamp down on the envelopes which he was smartly feeding with one hand.

Nekhliudov did not have to wait long, and as soon as they heard his name they handed him a rather voluminous mass of correspondence. This included money orders, several letters and books and the latest issue of "Vestnik Evropy" (Messenger of Europe). Having received his mail, Nekhliudov stepped to a wooden bench on which was seated a soldier with a book in his hand, evidently waiting for something, and he sat down by his side, in order to glance over his correspondence. Among



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His Majesty

the letters was a registered one, in a beautiful envelope with a clean impression of bright red sealing wax. He opened the envelope, and seeing that the letter was from Selenin and contained some sort of an official enclosure he felt the blood rush to his face, while his heart stopped beating. It was a decision in Katyusha's case. What was the decision? Surely not a denial? Nekhliudov hurriedly scanned the letter which was written in a small, undecipherable, artificial but firm hand, and he breathed a sigh of joy. The decision was favorable.

"Dear friend," wrote Selenin. "Our last talk together left a very deep impression upon me. You were right regarding Maslova. I reviewed her case carefully and saw that an outrageous injustice had been perpetrated upon her. It could be remedied only by the Petitions' Commission, to whom you applied. I was able to help the case along in the Commission and am sending you a copy of the pardon to the address which Countess Ekaterina Ivanovna has given me. The original has been sent to the place where she was confined during trial and will doubtless be forwarded immediately to the Siberian Administrative Bureau. I hasten to notify you of this pleasant news and cordially shake your hand. Yours, etc. Selenin."

The document enclosed read as follows:

"His Imperial Majesty's Bureau of Petitions to the Throne.

Case Number——. Division Number——.

Date——.

By order of the Chief of His Imperial Majesty's Bureau of Petitions to the Throne, Ekaterina Maslova, commoner, is hereby notified that upon report most humbly submitted to His Majesty, His Imperial Majesty, graciously granting Maslova's prayer, has deigned to

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command the commutation of her sentence of hard labor imprisonment to settlement in less remote regions of Siberia."

The news was joyful and important. All that Nekhliudov had been hoping for Katyusha and for himself had been attained. True enough, this change in her position meant new complications in his relations to her. While she remained a hard labor convict, the marriage which he offered her was fictitious and could have a meaning only in the sense of slightly allevating her lot. Now there was nothing to prevent their living together. But Nekhliudov was not making any preparations for that. Besides, what about her relations with Simonson? What was the meaning of her words last night? if she decided to throw in her lot with Simonson, was that good or bad? Try as he might, he could not make head or tail of these thoughts and he stopped speculating about the matter. "All this will be cleared up later," he thought, "the important thing now is to get to see her as quickly as possible, in order to give her the glad news and to have her set free."

He thought that the copy which he had in his hands sufficed for that purpose. And leaving the post office he directed his cabman to drive to the prison.

Although the general that morning had not given him permission to visit the prison, Nekhliudov knew by experience that favors difficult to obtain from superior officers may be at times easily secured from underlings, and he resolved to make an attempt to penetrate into the prison in order to communicate the glad news to Katyusha, and if possible to have her released, and at the same time to find out about Kryltzov's health and to report to him and to Maria Pavlovna what the general had said to him in the morning.



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The superintendent of the prison was a very tall, portly and majestic individual with mustache and side whiskers that curved towards the corners of his mouth. He received Nekhliudov with much asperity and bluntly informed him that he could not under any circumstances allow outsiders to have interviews with prisoners without a permit from the higher authorities. In reply to Nekhliudov's remark that he had been allowed to see them in the two capitals, the superintendent replied:

"That's very possible, only I don't permit such things." And his tone intimated something like this: "You gentlemen from the capital have an idea that you can come down here and surprise or bamboozle us; but we here in Eastern Siberia know what's what, and we'll show you a thing of two instead."

The copy of the document from His Majesty's private Bureau had as little effect upon the superintendent. He resolutely refused to permit Nekhliudov to pass within the walls of the prison. In response to Nekhliudov's naive suggestion that Maslova might be freed upon the presentation of this copy, the superintendent smiled contemptuously and declared that no one could be released without a direct order from his immediate superiors. All that he would promise was to inform Maslova that a pardon had been granted and that he would not detain her an hour after receiving the proper instructions from his superior.

He refused to give him any information about Kryltzov's health, stating that he could not commit himself even to say that he had such a prisoner. And so having accomplished nothing, Nekhliudov returned to his cab, and drove back to the hotel.

The severity of the superintendent, however, was principally due to the fact that his prison had twice the

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quantity of inmates which it normally could house, and was overcrowded, with the result that an epidemic of typhus was raging there at the time. The cabman on the way to the hotel informed Nekhliudov:

"They're losing a lot of people in that prison. There is some sort of a plague there. They bury a score of dead every day."

XXIV.

In spite of the poor luck which he met with in the prison Nekhliudov maintained the same cheerful energetic and active mood as he drove over to the governor's office in order to learn whether Maslova's pardon had been received there. The document had not yet arrived, and Nekhliudov returning to his hotel decided to lose no time in notifying Selenin and his lawyer accordingly. Having finished these letters he glanced at the watch. It was time to keep his dinner appointment with the governor.

On the way there the thought occurred to him how Katyusha would receive her pardon. Where would she be allowed to settle? How would he live with her? And what about Simonson? What was her attitude to Simonson? He recalled the change which had taken place in her, and this brought back the memory of her past.

"I must forget, blot it out," he mused and again hastily repelled all thoughts of her. "We'll see when the time comes," he said to himself and began to consider what he would have to say to the general.

The dinner at the general's was attended with all the luxury—so familiar to Nekhliudov—of wealthy people and important officials; after the prolonged deprivation not only from luxuries but even from most

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primitive comforts the function was particularly agreeable to him.

The hostess was a St. Petersburg grande-dame of the old school, a former lady of honor at the court of Nicholas I, and spoke French like a native, but a very stilted Russian. She held herself very erect and in moving her hands kept her elbows close to her body. wards her husband she was respectful in a calm and somewhat chastened way, but exceedingly gracious towards her guests, though with several shades of distinction according to the individual. She received Nekhliudov as one of her own kind, with that peculiar refined and almost imperceptible adulation which once more gave Nekhliudov an opportunity to realize his own fulness of merits, and this caused a feeling of gratifying contentment. She let him gather that she had knowledge of the somewhat eccentric but honorable action which had brought him to Siberia and that she considered him an exceptional person. This refined flattery and the exquisitely luxurious surroundings of the general's household led Nekhliudov to yield himself fully to the enjoyment of the stylish environment, of the tasty food and of the ease and pleasure of association with well brought up people of his own familiar sphere, as though the things amid which he had recently passed his life had been nothing but a nightmare from which he had just awakened to a pleasant reality.

Besides the general's immediate household—comprising his daughter and her husband and his aide-decamp—the dinner was attended by the Englishman, a Siberian gold miner, and a visiting governor of a distant Siberian city. All these people proved very agreeable to Nekhliudov.

The Englishman, a sturdy red-cheeked man who

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spoke a very poor French, but expressed himself in English with remarkable clearness and emphatic eloquence, had seen much of the world and related very interesting stories of America, India, Japan and Siberia.

The young gold miner was the son of a peasant; he wore a dress-suit that was tailored in London and diamond-studded cuff-links; he maintained a largelibrary, had donated huge sums to benevolence and expressed views of pronouncing European liberal tendency; he also was very agreeable and interesting to Nekhliudov, who found in him an entirely novel and gratifying type representing the ingrafting of European culture on healthy peasant stock.

The visiting governor was that very same ex-chief of a department who had furnished the topic for salacious gossip during Nekhliudov's presence in St. Petersburg. He was a flabby looking gentleman with thin curling hair, soft, white, well-kept, ring-covered hands and a pleasant smile. The host esteemed him highly because in a land of bribe-takers he was a man who refused to accept bribes. The hostess was a great lover of music and an excellent pianist and appreciated him because he, too, was a fine musician and could satisfactorily accompany her on the piano. Nekhliudov's mood was now so extremely benevolent that even this man failed to appear disagreeable that evening.

The aide-de-camp, a debonair and lively young officer with a blue-shaven chin, offered him his services in any possible matter and pleased him by his friendliness.

But the most agreeable impression was produced upon Nekhliudov by the attractive young couple, the general's daughter and her husband. The daughter was a plain and homely young woman who was altogether engrossed in her two babies; her husband whom she had

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married for love after a prolonged altercation with her parents, was a liberal and a candidate of the Moscow University, a modest and intelligent young man, now in government service and much interested in statistics, particularly those affecting the native tribesmen whom he loved and studied and tried to preserve from extermination.

In whole company was not only cordial and friendly to Nekhliudov but also much interested in him as a newcomer and an interesting personality. The general had come into the dining room in a military uniform with a white cross around his neck and saluted Nekhliudov like an old acquaintance. He immediately invited his guests to partake of buffet hors-d'oeuvres with vodka. The general asked Nekhliudov what he had been doing with himself since morning and Nekhliudov told him that he had been to the post office where he received the notification of the pardon issued to the person for whom he had interceded in the morning, and added a renewed request to be permitted to visit the prison.

The general, evidently annoyed to have business discussed at the dinner table, frowned, but did not say a word.

"Will you have some vodka?" he asked the Englishman who had joined the group about the buffet. The Englishman drank some liquor and related that he had visited the cathedral and the factory and that he desired to see the great distributing prison.

"Excellent," said the general turning to Nekhliudov. "You can go together. Give them a permit," he said to the aide-de-camp.

"When would you like to go?" Nekhliudov asked the Englishman.



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"I prefer to visit the prison at night," said the Englishman. "They're all at home, no preparations are made for visitors, and you see things as they reallly are."

"Ah, I see, he wants to see them in all their charm. Let him see them. I've written enough about them, and they won't listen. Let them find out through the foreign press," said the general proceeding to the dining table where the hostess pointed the guests to their seats.

Nekhliudov sat between the hostess and the Englishman. Facing him sat the general's daughter and the exdepartment chief.

During the meal the conversation was conducted fragmentarily and touched upon India, of which country the Englishman chatted interestingly, upon the Tonkin expedition which the general severely condemned, and upon the prevalence of rascality and bribery in Siberia. All of these topics interested Nekhliudov very slightly.

But after dinner, in the drawing room over the coffee, he became engaged in a conversation with the Englishman and the hostess about Gladstone, and it seemed to Nekhliudov that he had spoken very well, saying many clever things which had been noted by his hearers.

And after this fine dinner with wines, sipping coffee in a soft armchair, in the midst of a friendly and well brought up company, he felt each moment more and more at home. And when the hostess, at the Englishman's request, seated herself at the piano with the exchief of the department, and commenced to play Bethoven's Fifth Symphony which they had well rehearsed together, Nekhliudov was overcome with a long forgotten sensation of complete self-contentment as though he had just learned for the first time what a fine person he was.

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The piano was magnificent, and the execution of the symphony was really good. At least so it had seemed to Nekhliudov who knew the symphony well and loved it. Listening to the beautiful andante he felt a tingling sensation in his nose from downright delight with himself and all his own virtues.

Thanking the hostess for a rare treat, Nekhliudov was about to say good-bye and to make his departure, when the host's daughter approached him with an air of resolution and blushingly stuttered:

"You inquired about my babies; would you like to see them?"

"She imagines that the whole world is interested in seeing her babies," said the mother smiling at her daughter's charming lack of tact

"On the contrary," said Nekhliudov, touched by this exhibition of happy mother love that was running over the brim. "Please show them to me."

"There she's taking the Prince to see her kids!" laughed the general from the card table where he sat with his son-in-law, the gold miner and the aide-decamp. "Go, go, and pay your homage."

In the meanwhile the young woman, agitated by the thought that her children would soon be subjected to a critical scrutiny, walked briskly ahead of Nekhliudov showing him the way through the inner rooms. In the third room, which was a lofty chamber with light colored hangings and was lighted by a small lamp with a dark shade, stood two little beds and between them sat the nurse, with a typically Siberian good-natured face and prominent cheek bones. The nurse rose and bowed.

The mother leaned over the first bed where a twoyear-old girl was sleeping, with mouth wide open and the waving long hair scattered about the pillow.

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"That's Katya," said the mother arranging the knitted coverlet with blue stripes from below which sleepily peered the sole of a little white foot. "Isn't she sweet? Why, she's only two years old."

"Charming!"

"And this is Vasyuk (Basil), as his grandpa calls him. He's a different type entirely, a true Siberian. Isn't he?"

"A wonderful boy," said Nekhliudov regarding the fat youngster who was peacefully sleeping lying on his little belly.

"Isn't he?" said the mother with a meaning smile. Nekhliudov remembered the chains, the shaven heads, the floggings, the vice, the dying Kryltzov, Katyusha and all her past and he felt envious; he was yearning for a share of that exquisite and cleanly happiness, such as he now observed.

After praising the children several times and thereby at least partially satisfying the mother who was drinking in these praises with avidity, he followed her into the drawing room where the Englishman was already waiting for him in order to proceed together with him to the prison, as they had arranged. Saying goodbye to the hosts and their family, Nekhliudov in company with the Englishman came out on the porch of the general's house.

The weather meanwhile had changed. The snow was coming down in heavy flakes and had already spread a white blanket over the road and the roof and the trees of the garden and the driveway and the top of the cab and the back of the horse. The Englishman had his own carriage, and Nekhliudov ordered the Englishman's driver to proceed to the prison; seating himself alone in his own hansom, with the painful feel-

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ing of a disagreeable duty ahead, he drove off behind him in the hansom which rolled quietly though with difficulty over the snow-covered ruts.

XXV.

The gloomy prison building with the sentry and a lamp post at the gate, in spite of the film of pure white which now covered the driveway, the roof and the walls, produced a still more forbidding impression than in the morning, now that all the windows in front were lighted.

The majestic superintendent came once more to the gate and by the light of the lamp-post read the permit presented to him by Nekhliudov and the Englishman; he shrugged his powerful shoulders in perplexity, but obeying the order invited the visitors to follow him. He led them first through the yard and then through a door on the right up a stairway into the office. He invited them to sit down and asked them how he might be of service to them. Learning of Nekhliudov's desire to see Maslova, he sent a warder after her and prepared himself to answer the questions which the Englishman commenced immediately to propound to him through the medium of Nekhliudov.

"For how many inmates is the prison intended?" asked the Englishman. "How many prisoners have you? How many men, how many women, how many children? How many hard labor convicts, how many exiles, how many voluntarily following their relatives into exile? How many sick?"

Nekhliudov was translating the Englishman's and the superintendent's words without trying to understand them, being entirely unexpectedly to himself embarrassed at the thought of the impending meeting. While



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in the midst of a sentence which he was interpreting for the Englishman he heard the sound of footsteps, the door of the office opened, as it had many times in the past in other places, a warder came in followed by Katyusha in a prison robe, with head covered up, and as he caught sight of her, he experienced a feeling of anguish.

"I want to live, I want a family, I want children, I want to live like other human beings," flashed through his mind as she was entering the room with swift tread and without raising her head.

He jumped to his feet and took a few steps towards her, and her face seemed to him stern and disagreeable. It looked again as on that occasion when she had heaped bitter reproaches upon him. Her cheeks flushed and paled alternately, her fingers convulsively twisted the folds of her blouse, while she now glanced up at him, now lowered her eyes.

"You know that a pardon has been issued?" asked Nekhliudov.

"Yes, a warder told me."

"So that as soon as the document arrives you can leave and settle where you like. We'll think that point over.."

She hastened to interrupt him.

"What have I to think over? Where Vladimir Ivanovitch will be, there shall I be also with him."

In spite of all her agitation she raised her eyes to face Nekhliudov and pronounced these words distinctly as though having rehearsed in advance what she should say to him.

"Is that so?" said Nekhliudov.

"Why, Dmitri Ivanovitch, if he wants me to live with him," she paused in affright and corrected herself. "If he wants to have me with him, what more can I wish? I ought to consider that a great good fortune. What else should I wish for?"

shamed, but

"One of two things is true: either she loves Simonson and never even cared for that sacrifice which I fancied I was making, or she still loves me and for my own good refuses me, burning her ships behind her forever and linking her lot with Simonson's," thought Nekhliudov and he felt ashamed and realized that his cheeks turned red.

"If you love him..." he said.

"Love.. Why talk of love? I left that long ago. And Vladimir Ivanovitch, he is a different sort of a man entirely."

"Yes, yes, of course," commenced Nekhliudov. "He is a remarkable man, and I think...."

She again interrupted him as though fearing lest he might say something too much or lest she have no chance to say all that she meant to say.

"No, you, Dmitri Ivanovitch, better forgive me if I don't do it all the way you want me to do," she said looking into his eyes with her squinting and mysterious glance.

"That's the way it turns out. You, too, must live."

She was saying to him the very thing he had just been saying to himself. But now he was not thinking of that, his thoughts and feelings were entirely different. He was not only ashamed, but he was lamenting all that which he was losing in losing her.

"I had not expected that," he said.

"Why should you live and suffer? You have suffered enough."

"I have not suffered, I have felt happy, and I wished to serve you, if I only could.."



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"We," she said "we," and she glanced at Nekhliu-dov, "do not need anything. And you have done enough for me as it is. If it had not been for you..." she wanted to say something, but her voice broke.

"It is not for you to thank me," said Nekhliudov.

"Why strike up accounts? God will make up our accounts," she said and her black eyes glistened with tears.

"What a good woman you are!" he said.

"I—good?" she said through her tears, and a pitiful smile illuminated her face.

"Are you ready?" meanwhile inquired the Englishman.

"Directly," answered Nekhliudov and asked her about Kryltzov.

She had recovered from her agitation and told him calmly what she knew: Kryltzov had grown very. weak during the trip and had been immediately transferred to the hospital. Maria Pavlovna was very much worried and begged to be admitted to the hospital as a nurse, but her request was denied.

"Then am I to go?" she said, seeing that the Englishman was waiting.

"I will not say good-bye, for I'll see you again," said Nekhliudov giving her his hand.

"Forgive," she said with a barely audible voice. Their eyes met and in that queer squinting glance, in the pitiful glance with which she uttered "forgive" instead of "farewell" Nekhliudov comprehended that of the two suppositions regarding the motive of her decision the second was right: she loved him and feared that by tying up her lot with his she would ruin his life, but going away with Simonson, she was setting him free, and now she felt happy to have accomplished her



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purpose, and at the same time she was suffering in parting from him.

She pressed his hand, turned around quickly and went out.

Nekhliudov looked around for the Englishman, ready to accompany him, but the Englishman was making notes in his memorandum book. Nekhliudov without interrupting him sat down on a wooden bench near the wall and suddenly felt terribly weary. He was worn out not with the sleepless night, not with the hardships of the trip, not with agitation, but he felt that he was utterly weary of life itself. He leaned back on the bench where he had sat down, shut his eyes and instantly lost himself in heavy deathlike sleep.

"Well, are you ready to go through the wards?" said the superintendent.

Nekhliudov came to and was surprised to find himself where he was. The Englishman had concluded his memoranda and expressed the desire to see the wards. Nekhliudov followed him, tired and apathetic.

XXVI.

Passing the hallway and the nauseatingly malodorous corridor where to their surprise they caught two prisoners performing their bodily functions right on the floor, the superintendent, the Englishman and Nekhliudov, accompanied by the warders, entered the first ward which contained hard labor convicts. In this ward the bunks were all in the center of the room and the prisoners had all retired. There were about seventy of them. They were lying head to head and side to side. As the visitors entered, all the inmates leaped to their feet, rattling their chains, and stood near the bunks glistening



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with their freshly tonsured skulls. Only two remained lying. One was a young man with a very red face, evidently in the throes of a fever, the other an old man who never ceased groaning.

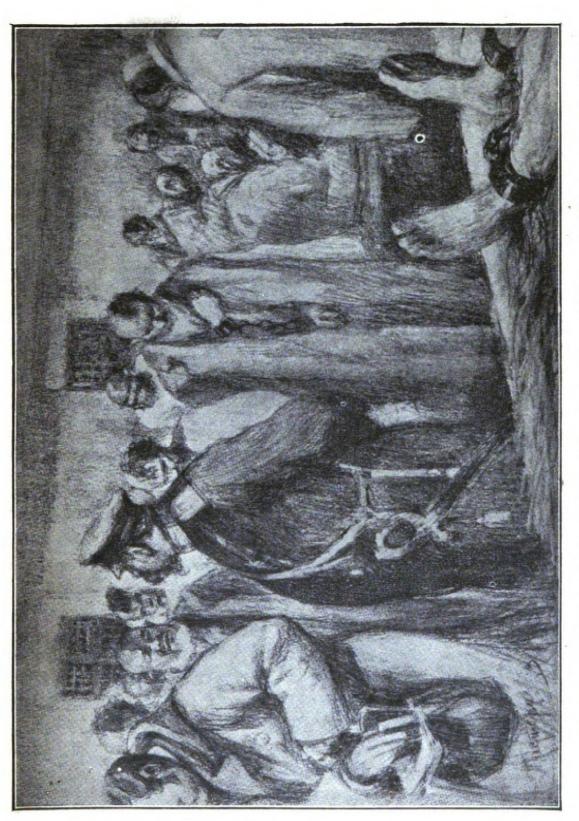
The Englishman inquired how long the young man

The Englishman inquired how long the young man had been sick. The superintendent replied that he had been taken sick that morning, while the old man had been ailing with his stomach for a long time, but that he had no place to put him, as the hospital was overcrowded. The Englishman shook his head disapprovingly, and saying that he would like to have a few words with the prisoners asked Nekhliudov to interpret for him. It appeared that in addition to the one avowed purpose of his journey—the study of the exile and prison system in Siberia—the Englishman had another aim in view, namely, the preaching of salvation through faith and redemption.

"Tell them that Christ pitied them and loved them," he said, "and died for them. If they believe in Him they will be saved." While he was talking, the prisoners were standing silently at attention, with their hands glued to the seams of their trousers. "In this book, tell them," he said, "everything is explained. Are there any among you who can read?" It turned out that about a score of them could read.

The Englishman withdrew from his handbag several bound copies of the New Testament, and muscular arms with strong black-rimmed nails snapped for them, pushing one another aside in eagerness. He distributed two copies in this ward and passed into the next ward.

In the next ward the scene was the same: The same oppressive air and stench; just as in the front ward an image suspended between the windows, and to the left from the door a vat; here, too, the prisoners lay



Here, too, the Englishman distributed two copies of New Testament. Page 285.

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crowded body to body, and here again they leaped to their feet and stretched themselves out full height, and here, too, three persons failed to rise to their feet. Two of these sat up and one continued in his lying posture, not even taking the trouble to look at the visitors. They were sick. And here again the Englishman made the same address and likewise distributed two copies of the New Testament.

There were four patients in the next ward. To the Englishman's question why they did not put all the sick together in one ward, the superintendent replied that the sick were opposed to that themselves, that they were not afflicted with contagious diseases, and that a hospital assistant was looking after them and attended to their wants.

"He hasn't showed up here for two weeks," said a voice.

The superintendent paid no attention to this, but led the visitors into the next ward. The doors were opened again, again everybody stood up in silence and again the Englishman distributed his testaments; and the same thing occurred in the fifth, and in the sixth ward, and in the wards to the right, and in the wards to the left, on both sides.

From the hard labor convicts they passed to ordinary exiles. From the exiles to those deported by communities. Everywhere the same scene. Everywhere were exhibited like a pack of wild beasts the same human beings, freezing, starving, idle, tainted with disease, degraded and kept in captivity.

Having distributed a stated number of testaments, the Englishman distributed no more and even made no further addresses. The painful spectacle, and particularly the tainted air, had evidently produced a depressing ef-

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fect even upon his energy, and he walked from ward to ward and merely said "All right" whenever the superintendent reported the character of the prisoners in each ward.

Nekhliudov walked along as though in a dream, having no strength to give up and leave, his soul numb with a feeling of utter exhaustion and hopelessness.

XXVII.

In one of the wards of the exiles Nekhliudev to his surprise came across that same strange old fellow whom he had met earlier in the day on the ferry. This shaggy and wrinkled old vagrant was dressed in a shirt of ashen grey that was torn on the shoulder and in trousers of the same kind; he was sitting barefoot on the floor near the bunks and looked upon the newcomers with a glance of stern inquiry. His worn out body peeped through the rents of his filthy shirt and looked pitifully feeble, but his face was even more concentrated and serious and keen than on the ferry. On seeing the officials all the prisoners had jumped to their feet and stretched themselves to full height, just as they had done in the other wards; but the old fellow continued in his sitting posture. His eyes were flashing lightning, his brows frowned wrathfully.

"Get up!" shouted the superintendent.

The old man did not stir and merely smiled contemptuously: "Thy servants stand before thee, but I am not thy servant. There is a seal upon thee," the old man said pointing to the superintendent's forehead.

"What's that?" threateningly exclaimed the superintendent as he advanced upon the old man.

"I know this man," Nekhliudov hastened to say to



the superintendent. "Why was he taken?"

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"The police picked him up for having no means of identification. We ask them not to send these vagrants to us, but they insist on doing it," said the superintendent looking angrily askance at the old man.

"And art thou also of the army of the Antichrist?" the old man asked of Nekhliudov.

"No, I am only a visitor," said Nekhliudov.

"Then hast thou come to marvel how Antichrist tortures peor. There, look. He has gathered the people, shut them up in a cage, a whole army. It is meet that the people eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, but he has shut them up like beasts and feeds them like swine so as to turn them into brutes altogether."

"What is he saying?" asked the Englishman.

Nekhliudov explained that the old man criticised the superintendent for keeping people in bondage.

"Ask him then how to act with the people who do not observe the law?" said the Englishman.

Nekhliudov interpreted the question.

The old man laughed a queer laugh showing his teeth.

"The law!" he said contemptuously. "First he has robbed everybody, taking all the land, all the wealth away from the people, subjecting them all unto himself; he has ground into dust all them that dare to stand up against him, and then he writes a law not to rob, not to slay. He should have written that law in the first place."

Nekhliudov interpreted his words. The Englishman smiled.

"Nevertheless, how would he treat thieves and murderers? Ask him." ly askance

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Nekhliudov interpreted the question again. The old man frowned sternly.

"Tell him to take the seal of the Antichrist off his forehead and then he will have neither thieves nor murderers. Tell him that."

"He is crazy," said the Englishman when Nekhliudov had interpreted the old man's words, and shrugging his shoulders he left the ward.

"And do thou work, but leave them alone. Everyone is unto himself. God knows whom to punish and whom to pardon, but we don't," said the old man. "Be a master unto thyself, and then there will be no need of masters. Go, go!" he added with a wrathful frown looking with flashing eyes upon Nekhliudov who lingered in the ward. "Hast thou seen thy fill how the servants of Antichrist feed people to the vermin? Go, go!"

When Nekhliudov emerged into the corridor, the superintendent and the Englishman were standing near the open door of an empty cell, and the visitor was inquiring as to the reason for its vacancy. The superintendent said that it was the mortuary.

"Oh," exclaimed the Englishman when Nekhliudov translated the explanation, and expressed the desire to step in.

The mortuary was an ordinary small ward. A lamp attached to the wall threw a dim light upon a pile of bags and wood fuel in one corner and upon four dead bodies that were lying on bunks on the right. The first corpse, in a coarse shirt and leggings was that of a large-sized man with a small pointed beard, and with one side of the head shaven clean. The body had already turned stiff. The livid hands had apparently been folded across the chest but later parted; the bare feet had also parted and were pointing their soles in different

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directions. Next to him lay an old woman dressed in a white blouse and a white shirt, also barefoot; the uncovered head exposed a thin short braid of hair; the little yellow face was wrinkled and sharp. Back of the old woman lay the corpse of a man with a touch of lavender in his clothing. This color brought a sharp memory to Nekhliudov's mind.

He came closer and began to scrutinize the corpse. A small sharp beard pointing upwards; a strong and handsome nose; a prominent white forehead with thin curling hair. He was beginning to distinguish features that were familiar, but he could not believe his eyes. Only yesterday he had seen that face agitated, resentful and suffering. Now it was calm, immobile and terribly beautiful. Yes, indeed, it was Kryltzov, or at least that trace which his material existence had left behind. "Why had he suffered? Why had he lived? Has he found out now?" mused Nekhliudov, and it seemed to him that there was no answer and that nothing existed but death, and he felt sick unto death. Without saying good-bye to the Englishman, Nekhliudov begged a warder to take him out into the yard, and feeling the need of being alone, in order to think over his experiences of the evening, he returned to the hotel.

XXVIIÌ.

Nekhliudov did not retire, but paced up and down in the room for a long time. His affair with Katyusha was over. He was of no use to her, and this thought saddened and shamed him. But it was not this thought which now filled him with anguish. His other task was not only far from being terminated, but oppressed him more heavily than ever and insistently called upon him



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to exert himself. All that terrible evil which he had witnessed and learned to know during this time, and particularly that very evening in the awful prison, all that evil which had just borne away to ruin that charming man Kryltzov, was reigning and triumphant, and there seemed to be no chance not only of conquering it but even of thinking that it could be conquered. There arose before his fancy a gallery of those hundreds and thousands of humiliated men, who were cast into prisons to breathe foul air, put into captivity by careless generals, prosecutors and superintendents; he remembered that queer old man with the unfettered soul, who denounced the officials and who was considered insane, and among the corpses that beautiful waxen dead face of Kryltzov who had died in impotent wrath. And the old question whether he, Nekhliudov was mad or those people who considered themselves rational and did all these things arose before him with renewed vigor and demanded an answer.

Having wearied of walking and thinking, he sat down on the sofa before the lamp and mechanically picked up the copy of the New Testament which the Englishman had left him as a souvenir, and which he had thrown on the table with the rest of the contents of his pocket. "They say here is the solution of everything," he thought and opening the volume he began to read where the book opened. It was the eighteenth chapter of Matthew.

- 1. At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? he read.
- 2. And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them.
 - 3. And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be con-

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verted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

- 4. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.
- "Yes, that's true," he thought remembering how he had experienced peace and joy of life only as he humbled himself.
- 5. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.
- 6. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.

"And why does it say 'whoso shall receive' and receive where? and what does it mean 'in My name'? he asked himself, feeling that these words meant nothing to him. "And why a 'millstone' and the 'depths of the sea'? No that's not quite right, there's something wrong, something unclear," he thought, remembering how frequently in the past he had tried to read the Gospel and how the obscurity of such passages had always repelled him. And he also read the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth verses and regarding offences and how they were bound to come into the world, regarding the punishment by Gehenna fire into which people would be cast and about some angel children that see the face of the Heavenly Father. "What a pity that this is all so topsy-turvy," he thought, "for I feel as though there is something in it somewhere."

- 11. For the Son of man is come to seek and save that which is lost," he continued to read.
- 12. How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the nine-

ty and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?

13. And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.

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- 14. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.
- "Yes, that's true. It is not the will of the Father that they should perish, and yet they perish in their hundreds and thousands. And there is no way of saving them," he thought.
- 21. Then came Peter to him, and said, he continued reading. Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?
- 22. Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.
- 23. Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.
- 24. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.
- 25. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.
- 26. The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me; and I will pay thee all.
- 27. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.
- 28. But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellowservants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.
 - 29. And his fellowservant fell down at his feet, and be-

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sought him, saying, Have patience with me; and I will pay thee all.

- 30. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.
- 31. So when his fellowservants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.
- 32. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:
- 33. Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?

"Can it be that this is all?" Nekhliudov suddenly cried out aloud on reading these words. And the inner voice of his whole being cried out in response: "Yes, this is all."

And there occurred with Nekhliudov the same thing which frequently happens with people who live a spiritual life. It happened that the thought which at first had appeared as a whim, a paradox, even a joke, more and more frequently finding a confirmation in life itself, suddenly presented itself to him as the plainest and most indubitable truth. And so the thought became clear to him that the only indubitable means of salvation from that evil from which men suffer consists only in the recognition by the people that they are always guilty before God and that they are therefore incompetent either to punish or to correct other people. It became clear to him now that all the dreadful evil which he had witnessed in the jails and the prisons, and the calm selfassurance of those who were the creators of that evil, had its source in the desire of these people to correct evil. Vicious people tried to correct other vicious people

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and believed that they could accomplish this by mechanical means. But the only result was that needy and covetous men had made a profession of this illusory work of punishing and correcting people, and having themselves become thoroughly depraved they never ceased depraving also those whom they tormented. Now it became clear to him whence came all this horror and what was to be done in order to destroy it. The answer which he had been unable to find was the same answer that Christ gave to Peter: it consisted in forgiving all at all times, forgiving them times without number, because none are guiltless themselves and therefore none are able to punish or correct.

"It cannot be as simple as all that," said Nekhliudov to himself, and yet he saw that, queer as it had seemed to him at first, who had been trained to believe the contrary, this was the indubitable and not only the theoretical but also the practical solution of the question. The constant argument: "What's to be done with the evildoers, are they to be left utterly unpunished?" did not embarrass him any more. This argument would have had force if it could be proved that punishment lessened crime or corrected the criminal. But entirely the opposite was demonstrated, and it was clear that it is not within the power of any man to correct others, and the only rational thing that you can do is to stop doing that which is not only utterly useless but also immoral and cruel. For many centuries you have been executing and punishing persons whom you call criminals. Have they been abolished? No, they have not been abolished, but their number has been increased not only by the number of criminals who are depraved by punishment, but by those criminals who

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acting as judges, prosecutors, investigating magistrates and jailers judge and punish people.

Nekhliudov saw now that society and order in general still exist not because of the presence of these legalized criminals who judge and punish other people, but because in spite of this corruption people still pity and love one another.

Hoping to find a confirmation of this thought in the same Gospel Nekhliudov commenced to read it from the beginning.

Having read the Sermon on the Mount which had always touched him, for the first time in his life that night he found in this sermon instead of a series of abstract and beautiful thoughts setting down for the most part exaggerated and practically impossible requirements, plain, clear and practically feasible commandments which, if obeyed (which it was very possible to do) established to his surprise a perfectly new order of human society under which not only of its own accord disappeared all that violence that had always aroused his resentment, but that greatest good which is accessible to man was attained—the kingdom of God upon earth.

There were five such commandments.

FIRST COMMANDMENT. (Matthew V 21-26) Man must not only refrain from killing, but must not even be angry with his brother, must not consider any person of no avail—"Raca," and if he quarrels with any one, he must first make peace before bringing gifts to God, that is before praying.

SECOND COMMANDMENT. (Matthew V 27-32) Man must not only refrain from adultery, but must avoid glorying in the beauty of a woman, and once having had



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connection with a woman, must never be unfaithful to her.

THIRD COMMANDMENT. (Matthew V 33-37)

Man must make no promise under oath.

FOURTH COMMANDMENT. (Matthew V 38-42) Man must not only refrain from rendering eye for eye, but must hold the other cheek if struck on the cheek, must forgive injuries, and bear them humbly, and must not refuse anything that people demand of him.

FIFTH COMMANDMENT. (Matthew V 43-48) Man must not only refrain from hating his enemies or waging war upon them, but must love them, aid them, serve them.

Nekhliudov fixed his gaze upon the light of the burning lamp and his heart stood still. He remembered all the monstrosity of modern life, he vividly pictured to himself what this life might be like if the people were brought up in accordance with these commandments, and a joy such as he had not experienced for a long time thrilled his heart, as though after a long period of suffering and anguish he had suddenly found peace and liberty.

He did not sleep the whole night, and as happens to many who read the Gospel for the first time, in reading he grasped the full meaning of words which had been read so many times before and which had left no impression upon him.

As a sponge sucks in water, he absorbed all the needful important and joyful things which were revealed to him in that book.

And all that he read appeared to him familiar, seemingly confirming and bringing into consciousness what he had known before, but had merely failed to comprehend properly or to believe. Now he comprehended and believed. Not content with comprehending and believing

have been py, just as

that by obeying these commandments men could reach the highest accessible good, he comprehended and believed that the only thing left for every man to do was to obey these commandments, that therein lay the only rational meaning of life, that every deviation therefrom was an error which immediately led to punishment. This was the issue of the whole teaching, and it was expressed with particular clearness and force in the parable of the vineyard. The workers in the vineyard had conceived the idea that the vineyard in which they had been sent to work for the master was their own property; that everything in the vineyard had been made for them; that their business in the vineyard was only to enjoy life in it, forgetting the master and slaying those who reminded them of the master and of their duties towards him.

"It's exactly what we are doing now," thought Nekhliudov, "living in the absurd assurance that we are the masters of our own lives. But this is a manifest absurdity. If we have been sent here, it must have been by somebody's will and for some purpose. Yet we have made up our minds that we live for our own pleasure, and it is clear that we must be unhappy, just as the workman is unhappy who does not fulfill the will of his master. But the will of the master is expressed in these commandments. If the people but obey these commandments, the kingdom of God will be established upon earth, and the people will attain the highest good which is accessible to them.

"Seek ye the kingdom of God and its righteousness and the rest will be added unto you. But we are seeking the rest, and it is obvious that we cannot find it.

"So this is the business of my life. One business is



RESURRECTION

hardly finished, when another commences."

From that night on there began for Nekhliudov an entirely new life, not so much because he had entered upon a chain of novel circumstances of life, as because everything that happened to him after that night received an entirely new significance for him as compared with the past.

How this new period of his life will terminate, the future alone will show.

Moscow, December 12, 1899.

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