YOUTH

A Novel 1855-57

by Leo Tolstoy

Translated from the Original Russian and edited by Leo Wiener
Assittant Professor of Slavic Languages at Harvard University

I.

WHAT I REGARD AS THE BEGINNING OF MY YOUTH

I have said that my friendship with Dmitri had opened up to me a new view of life, its aims and relations. The essence of this view consisted in the conviction that man's destiny was a striving for moral perfection, and that this perfection was easy, possible, and eternal. But till then I merely enjoyed the discovery of new ideas which resulted from this conviction, and the formation of brilliant plans for an active, moral future, while my life proceeded in the same petty, tangled, and indolent order.

So far the virtuous ideas, which my adored friend Dmitri, whom I sometimes called to myself in a whisper " Charming Mitya," and I used to discuss in our chats, pleased only my reason, and not my feeling. But a time came when these ideas burst upon my reason with such a fresh power of moral discovery that I became frightened at the thought of how much time I had spent in vain, and I wished immediately, that very second, to apply all those ideas to life, with the firm intention of never being false to them.

This time I regard as the beginning of my youth.

I was then finishing my sixteenth year. Teachers still

came to the house, St. Jérôme looked after my studies, and I was preparing myself reluctantly, and against my will, for the university. Outside of studies, my occupations consisted in solitary, disconnected dreams and reflections, in practising gymnastics in order to become the first strong man in the world, in loitering without any definite aim or thought about all the rooms, but especially in the corridor of the maids' side, and in observing myself in the looking-glass, from which, however, I always went away with a heavy feeling of melancholy and disgust. I was not only convinced that my looks were homely, but I could not even console myself with the usual consolations in such circumstances. I could not say that I had an expressive, intelligent, or noble countenance. There was nothing expressive, — nothing but the commonest, coarsest, and ugliest of features; my small, gray eyes were, especially when I looked in the mirror, rather dull than intelligent. There was even less of manliness in me ; though I was not at all undersized, and very strong for my years, all the features of my face were soft,

flabby, and undefined. There was not even anything noble in them ; on the contrary, my face was like that of a common peasant, and such also were my large feet and hands, – and all that seemed then a disgraceful thing to me.

II.

SPRING

The year I entered the university, Easter was late in April, so that the examinations were to be the first week after Easter, and during Passion Week I was to prepare myself for the sacrament, and get ready in general.

After a wet snow, which Karl Ivanovich used to call " the son has come to fetch the father," the weather had been for three days calm, warm, and clear. Not a speck of snow was to be seen in the streets, and the pasty mud had given way to a moist, glistening pavement and rapid rivulets. The last drops on the roofs were drying up in the sun ; in the gardens the buds were swelling on the trees ; in the courtyard there was a dry path to the stable, past a frozen heap of dung; and near the porch mossy grass sprouted between the stones. It was that peculiar period of spring which most powerfully affects a human soul : a bright, illuminating, but not warm sun, rivulets and thawed spots, an aromatic freshness in the air, and a gently azure sky with long, transparent clouds. I do not know why, but it seems to me that in a large city the effect of this first period of the new-born spring is more perceptible and powerful, – one sees less, but surmises more.

I was standing near the window, through which the morning sun was casting athwart the double panes its dusty rays upon the floor of my noisome class-room, and was solving some long algebraical equation on the blackboard. In one hand I held a torn, coverless algebra of Franker, in the other a small piece of chalk, with which I had soiled both my hands, my face, and the elbows of my half-dress coat. Nikolay, in an apron and rolled-up sleeves, was breaking off the putty and unbending the nails of the window that opened on the garden. His occupation and the noise which he made distracted my attention. Besides, I was in a very bad and dissatisfied mood. Everything somehow went against me ; I had made a mistake in the beginning of the calculation, so that I had to start again ; I twice dropped the chalk ; I felt that my face and hands were all soiled ; the sponge got lost somewhere ; the noise which Nikolay produced made me dreadfully nervous. I wanted to get angry and to grumble ; I threw down the chalk and the algebra, and began to walk up and down the room. I recalled that we had to go to confession that very day, and that I had to abstain from everything bad. Suddenly a meek spirit came over me, and I walked up to Nikoléy.

" Let me help you, Nikolay," I said, endeavouring to give my voice a meek expression. The thought that I was doing right in suppressing

my anger and in helping him increased my meek mood still more.

The putty was knocked off, the nails unbent ; but although Nikolay jerked at the crosspiece with all his might, the frame did not move.

“If the frame will come out at once, when I pull with him,” I thought, " I shall take it to be a sin to work any more to-day.” The frame moved to one side and came out.

" Where shall I take it to ?" I asked.

" Permit me, I will do it myself,” answered Nikolay, evidently surprised, and rather dissatisfied with my zeal. “ I must not get them mixed up, for I have them there by numbers, in the lumber-room.”

" I will look out,” I said, lifting the frame.

It seemed to me that if the lumber-room were two versts away, and the frame twice as heavy, I should have been very well satisfied. I wanted to exert myself while obliging Nikolay. When I returned to the room, the small bricks and the salt pyramids (1) were already lying on the sill, and Nikolay, with a wing duster, was sweeping the sand and the drowsy flies through the open window. The fresh, fragrant air penetrated the room and filled it. Through the window was heard the din of the city and the chirping of the sparrows in the garden.

All objects were brilliantly illuminated, the room looked merrier, a light spring breeze agitated the leaves of my algebra and the hair on Nikolay’s head. I went up to the window, sat upon it, bent down to the garden, and fell to musing.

A novel, exceedingly powerful and pleasant sensation suddenly penetrated into my soul. The damp earth, through which here and there burst bright-green blades of grass, with their yellow stalks ; the rills glistening in the sun, along which meandered pieces of earth and chips ; the blushing twigs of the lilac bushes with their swelling buds swaying under the very window ; the busy chirping of the birds that swarmed in the bushes; the black fence wet with the thawing snow ; but, above all, that aromatic moist air and joyous sun spoke to me distinctly and clearly of something new and beautiful, which, though I am not able to tell it as it appeared to me, I shall attempt to tell as I conceived it. Everything spoke to me of beauty, happiness, and virtue ; it told me that all that was easy and possible for me, that one thing could not be without the other, and even that beauty, happiness, and virtue were one and the same. “ How was it I did not understand it before ? As bad as I was in the past, so good and happy shall I become in the future ! " I said to myself. " I must at once, this very minute, become another man, and live another life.” In spite of this, I sat for a long time on the window, dreaming and doing nothing.

(1) Placed on the sand between the double windows.

Have you ever happened to fall asleep on a gloomy, rainy summer day, and, awaking at sundown, to open your eyes; through the broadening quadrilateral of the window, beneath the canvas awning, that, blown up by the wind, strikes its rod against the window-sill, to observe the shady, lilac side of the avenue of lindens, wet from rain, and the damp garden path, illuminated by the slanting rays of the sun ; suddenly to hear the merry life of the birds in the garden ; to see the insects that, translucent in the sun, hover in the opening of the window ; to smell the fragrance of the air after the rain ; to think " How ashamed I am to have slept through such an evening ; " and hurriedly to jump up, in order to run into the garden to enjoy life ? If such a thing has happened to you, you have a picture of that powerful feeling which I experienced at that time.

III.

DREAMS

" To-day I shall confess and cleanse myself of all my sins," I thought, " and I never again — " (here I thought of all the sins that most tormented me). " I shall go every Sunday to church, and afterward shall read the Gospel for a whole hour; and, from every twenty-five-rouble bill, which I shall receive every month as soon as I enter the university, I shall certainly give two and a half roubles (a tithe) to the poor, without letting anybody know it ; and not to mere beggars shall I give it, but I shall hunt up some destitute people, an orphan or an old woman, of whom nobody knows.

"I shall have a separate room (no doubt St. Jérôme's), and I shall fix it up myself and keep it in wonderful order ; I shall not permit a servant to do anything for me. For is he not just such a man as I am? For the same reason I shall walk every day to the university (and if they give me a vehicle, I shall sell it, and use the money for the poor), and promptly execute everything " (what that " everything " was I should not have been able at that time to tell, but I vividly understood and felt that " everything " of a sensible, moral, and blameless life).

" I shall take down the lectures, and even prepare my subjects in advance, so that I shall be first in the first year, and shall write a dissertation. In the second year I shall know everything in advance, and they will be able to promote me at once to the third year, so that at eight-een years of age I shall graduate as a Candidate with two golden medals ; then I shall get my master's and my doctor's degree, and I shall be the first learned man in Russia, I may even become the greatest scholar in Europe.

" Well, and then ?" I asked myself ; but I happened to think that these dreams were proud, consequently, a sin which I should have to

tell that very evening to the priest, and I returned to the beginning of my reflections.

" To prepare my lectures, I shall walk to the Sparrow Hills. There I shall choose a spot under some tree, where I can read them over. Sometimes I shall take a lunch along with me, some cheese, or pasties from Pedotti, or something of the kind. I shall rest awhile, after which I shall read a good book, or draw a landscape, or play an instrument (I must by all means learn to play the flute). Then, she, too, will walk out to the Sparrow Hills, and she will some day walk up to me, and ask who I am. I shall glance sadly at her, and say that I am the son of a clergyman, and that I am happy only when I am here alone, all sole alone. She will give me her hand, will say something, and sit down by my side. Thus, we shall go there every day and be friends, and I shall kiss her — no, that is not good, on the contrary, from to-day I shall never again look at women. I shall never, never go to the maids' room, not even near it ; three years later I shall be of age, and shall certainly marry.

" I shall take exercise as much as possible, and practise gymnastics every day, so that when I am twenty-five years old, I shall be stronger than Rappeau. The first day I shall hold twenty pounds in my outstretched arm, the next day twenty-one pounds, the third twenty-two, and so on, until at last one hundred and sixty pounds in each hand, so that I shall be stronger than anybody among the servants ; and if anybody dares to insult me, or to refer disrespectfully to her, I shall take him just by his chest, shall raise him with my hand some five feet from the ground, and hold him awhile, to make him feel my strength, and then let him go ; however, that is not good ; no, it will not do any harm, I sha'n't do anything to him : I shall only prove to him that I — "

Let no one accuse me that the dreams of my youth were just as childish as the dreams of my childhood and boyhood. I am convinced that if it is my lot to live to an old age, and if my story overtakes my old age, I, as a man of seventy years, shall dream just such impossible, childish dreams, as in the past. I shall dream of some charming Mary who will fall in love with me, the toothless old man, as she fell in love with Mazeppa ; of my weak-minded son suddenly becoming minister by some strange accident ; or of my suddenly losing millions. I am convinced that there is not a human being or an age that is free from this benign, consoling ability to dream. But, except for the common feature of their impossibility and their fairy-like nature, the dreams of every man and every age have their distinguishing characteristics. At that period, which I regard as the extreme limit of boyhood and beginning of youth, at the basis of my dreams were four sentiments: the love for her, an imaginary woman, of whom I dreamt ever in the same way, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any minute. This she was partly Sonichka, partly Masha, Vasili's wife, while washing linen in the trough, and partly a woman with pearls on her white neck, whom I had seen long ago in the theatre, in a box near us. My second sentiment was the love of love. I wanted everybody to know and love me. I wanted to say my name " Nikolay Irténev," and have every one struck by this

information, and surround me and thank me for something. The third sentiment was a hope for some unusual, vain happiness,— such a strong and firm hope that it passed into insanity. I was so convinced that very soon I should, by some extraordinary occurrence, become the richest and most distinguished man in the world, that I continually lived in an agitated expectancy of some fairy happiness. I was waiting for it to begin, when I should obtain all that a man may wish, and I was always in a hurry, lest it should begin where I was not. My fourth and chief sentiment was my self-disgust and repentance, but a repentance which so closely welded with the hope of happiness, that there was nothing sad in it. It seemed to me so easy and natural to tear myself away from all my past, to transform and forget everything which was before, and to begin life with all its relations entirely anew, in order that the past should not oppress nor bind me. I even found pleasure in my disgust with the past, and tried to see it blacker than it was. The blacker the circle of my memories of the past, the brighter and cleaner stood out from it the bright and clean point of the present, and streamed the rainbow colours of the future. This voice of repentance and passionate desire for perfection was the main new sensation of my soul at that epoch of my development, and it was this which laid a new foundation for my views of myself, of people, and of the whole world.

Beneficent, consoling voice, which since then has so often arisen suddenly and boldly against all lies in those sad moments, when the soul in silence submitted to the power of deceit and debauch in life, which has angrily accused the past, has indicated the bright point of the present, causing one to love it, and has promised happiness and well-being in the future, — beneficent, consoling voice ! will you ever cease to be heard ?

IV.

OUR FAMILY CIRCLE

Papa was rarely at home during this spring. But when it did happen, he was exceedingly merry, strummed his favourite airs on the piano, smiled gaily at us, and joked us all, especially Mimi ; he would say, for example, that the Tsarévich of Georgia had seen Mimi while she was out driving, and had fallen so in love with her that he had O'

petitioned the Synod for a divorce; that I was to be appointed secretary to the ambassador at Vienna, — and he announced these items of news to us with a serious countenance ; he frightened Kdtenka with spiders, of which she was afraid ; he was very kind to our friends Dubkdv and Nekhlyudov, and continually told us and our guests his plans for the next year. Although these plans changed nearly every day, and contradicted each other, they were so attractive that we listened to them with pleasure, and Lyubochka looked at papa’s mouth without winking, lest she should lose a

single word. Now the plan was for him to leave us at the university in Moscow, and go himself with Lyubochka to Italy for two years ; now, to buy an estate in the Crimea, on its southern shore, and to go there every summer ; now, to settle with the whole family in St. Petersburg, and so on. Besides the unusual merriment, another change had of late taken place in papa, at which I marvelled very much. He had had made for himself a fashionable suit, — an olive-coloured dress coat, fashionable pantaloons with foot-straps, and a long wadded overcoat, which was very becoming to him, and frequently he was scented with perfume, when he drove out to make calls, but especially at the house of a lady, of whom Mimi never spoke but with sighs and with a face upon which one almost could read the words : " Poor orphans ! Unlucky passion ! It is well that she is no more.” I found out from Nikolay, for papa would not tell us anything about his gaming, that he had been particularly lucky at cards that winter; he had won an immense sum, which he had deposited in the bank, and in the spring he did not want to play again. No doubt because he was afraid of the temptation, he wanted to leave for the country as soon as possible, He had even decided not to wait for my entering the university, but to leave immediately after Easter with the girls for Petrdv-skoe, whither Volodya and I were to go later.

Volodya was all that winter, until spring, inseparable from Dubkdv, but his relation with Dmitri was beginning to cool off. Their chief entertainments, so far as 1 could conclude from the conversations which I heard, consisted in drinking champagne, driving in sleighs by the windows of a lady, with whom they were both, I think, in love, and in dancing vis-à-vis, not at children’s, but at real balls. This latter circumstance separated us very much, though we loved each other. We felt too great a difference between a boy who had teachers coming to him, and a man who danced at the balls of grown people, ever to make up our minds to tell each other our secrets.

Katenka was quite a young lady, and read a lot of novels, and the thought that she would marry soon did not seem a joke any longer; yet, though Volodya himself was a young man, they did not become very intimate, and, it seemed, even despised each other. In general, whenever Katenka was alone at home, nothing interested her but novels, and she suffered ennui ; but when there were outside gentlemen present, she became very lively and agreeable, and used her eyes in such a way, that I was unable to make out what she meant. Later I learned from a conversation of hers that the only permissible coquetry for a maiden was that of the eyes, and so I was able to explain to myself those strange, unnatural gestures with the eyes, which did not seem to surprise others.

Lyubochka was beginning to wear a very long dress, so that her crooked legs could not be seen, but she was the same cry-baby she had been before. Now she was dreaming of marrying, not a hussar, but a singer or musician, and for this purpose she applied herself zealously to music.

St. Jérôme, who knew that he would stay in our house only until the

end of my examinations, had found a place at the house of some count, and ever since had looked down contemptuously on our people. He was rarely at home, began to smoke cigarettes, which then was a sign of dandyism, and continually whistled some jolly airs through a visiting-card.

Mimi grew sadder from day to day, and did not expect anything good from any of us, ever since we had grown up.

When I came to dinner I found only Mimi, Katenka, Lyubochka, and St. Jérôme in the dining-room. Papa was not at home, and Volodya was preparing for his examination with his companions in his room, and had ordered his dinner to be sent up to him. Of late, Mimi generally occupied the place of honour at the table, but none of us respected her, and so the dinner lost much of its charm. The dinner no longer was, as with mamma and grandmother, a ceremony which at a certain hour united the whole family, and divided the day into halves. We allowed ourselves to be late, to arrive only at the second course, to drink wine in tumblers (an example set by St. Jérôme), to lean back in the chair, to rise before the end of the dinner, and similar liberties. It was quite different at Petrovskoe, when at two o'clock all sat in the sitting-room washed and dressed for dinner, chatting merrily until the appointed hour. Precisely at the moment when the clock in the officiating-room growled, in order to strike two, Foka softly walked in, with a dignified and somewhat austere face, holding his napkin over his arm. " Dinner is served ! " he announced in a loud, drawling voice, and everybody went to the dining-room with a happy and satisfied countenance, the older people in front, the younger ones behind, rustling their starched petticoats and creaking with their boots and shoes,— and conversing in an undertone, they all seated themselves at their proper places. How different, too, it was in Moscow, when all, speaking softly, stood before the table which was set in the parlour, waiting for grandmother, to whom Gavrilo had gone to announce that the meal was served ! Suddenly the door opened, there was heard the rustle of a dress and the shuttling of feet, and grandmother, in a cap with some extraordinary lilac ribbon, sailed in sideways, smiling or looking gloomy, according to the condition of her health. Gavrilo rushed to her armchair, the chairs were moved, and feeling a chill pass down my back, — a foreboding of a good appetite, — I would take up the damp, starched napkin and munch a crust of bread, and, rubbing my hands under the table in impatient and pleasant anticipation, would look at the steaming plates of soup, which the majordomo poured out according to rank, age, and grandmother's considerate attention.

Now I no longer experienced any pleasure or agitation, when I came to dinner.

The gossip of Mimi, St. Jérôme, and the girls about the terrible boots of the teacher of Russian, about trimmings on the dresses of the Princesses Kornakov and so forth, — their gossip, which formerly used to inspire me with genuine loathing that I did not try to conceal, especially before Lyubochka and Katenka, did not ruttie my new, virtuous temper. I was exceedingly meek ; I smiled and

respectfully listened to them, respectfully asked them to pass me the kvas, and agreed with St. Jérôme, who corrected a phrase of mine which I had used at dinner, remarking that it was more elegant to say je puis than je peux. I must, however, confess that I was a little disappointed because nobody paid any attention to my meekness and virtue. Lyubochka showed me after dinner a piece of paper on which she had marked down all her sins ; I found that it was all very well, but that it was better still to write down one's sins in one's soul, and that her way was not " just the right thing."

" Why is it not the right thing ? " asked Lyubochka.

" Well, this is good, too ; but you will not understand me." And I went up-stairs, saying to St. Jérôme that I went to study, but, in reality, to write out, in the hour and a half that were left before the confession, a schedule of all my duties and occupations for my whole life, to put down on paper the aim of my life and the rules from which I was never to depart in all my actions.

V.

THE RULES

I took a sheet of paper, and first intended to consider the schedule of my obligations and occupations for the next year. I had to line the paper, but as I could not find the ruler, I used the Latin lexicon for it. After drawing the pen along the lexicon and removing the latter, I discovered that I had made a long puddle of ink on the paper, instead of a line, and that, since the lexicon was not long enough, the line had bent downward along its soft edge. I took another sheet and, moving the lexicon carefully, managed to get it ruled after a fashion.

I divided my duties into three categories : into duties to myself, to my neighbours, and to God. Then I began to write down the first, but there turned up so many of them, and so many kinds and subdivisions of them, that I had to write first " Rules of Life," and not until then to consider the schedule. I took six sheets of paper, sewed them into a book, and wrote above, " Rules of Life." These words were written so crookedly and unevenly, that 1 long considered whether I had not better rewrite them, and felt annoyed, as I looked at the torn schedule and the monstrous heading. " Why is everything so beautiful and clear in my soul, and yet so horrible on paper, and in life in general, when I want to apply to it something I am thinking of ? "

" The father confessor has come. Please come downstairs to hear the rules ! " Nikolay announced.

I concealed the book in the table, looked in the mirror, brushed my hair upwards, which, in my opinion, gave me a pensive appearance, and went down into the sofa-room, where a table was placed with the

image and the burning wax candles upon it. Papa entered the room through another door at the same time with me. The priest, a gray-haired monk, blessed papa with the stern mien of an old man. Papa kissed his small, broad, dry hand. I did the same.

“ Call Voldemar ! " said papa. " Where is he ? But no, he is preparing for the sacrament at the university.”

“ He is busy with the prince,” said Katenka, and looked at Lyubochka. Lyubochka suddenly blushed and, frowning as though she were in pain, left the room. I followed her. She stopped in the sitting-room, and wrote something down on the paper with her pencil.

" What, have you committed a new sin ?” I asked.

" No, nothing, just nothing,” she answered, blushing.

Just then was heard Dmitri’s voice in the antechamber, bidding Volodya good-bye.

" Well, everything is a temptation for you,” said Katenka, entering the room and turning to Lyubochka.

I could not make out what was the matter with Lyubochka : she was confused, so that tears appeared in her eyes, and her agitation, reaching its highest limit, passed into annoyance with herself and with Katenka, who evidently was teasing her.

" One can see you are a foreigner ” (nothing could be more offensive to Kätenka than being called a foreigner, and Lyubochka used the word intentionally) ; “ before this mystery,” she continued in a solemn voice, " you disturb me on purpose — you ought to understand — it is not a trifling matter.”

" Do you know, Nikolenka, what she wrote down ? " said Katenka, who was offended by the name of foreigner. " She wrote — ”

“I did not expect you to be as mean as that,” said Lyubochka, blubbering, as she left us. “ At such moments you on purpose, all my life, lead me into sin. I do not bother you with my sentiments and sufferings.”

VI.

THE CONFESSION

With these and similar distracting reflections I returned to the sofa-room, when all had gathered there, and the priest rose, ready to read the prayer before the confession. But when, amidst a general silence, was heard the clear, stern voice of the monk saying the prayer, and especially when he pronounced the words to us, " Lay open all your transgressions without shame, concealment, or

justification, and your soul shall be cleansed before God, but if you conceal anything, you shall incur a great sin," the feeling of devout tremor, which I had experienced in the morning at the thought of the impending mystery, returned to me. I even found pleasure in the consciousness of this state, and I tried to retain it, by arresting all the thoughts which came to my mind, and by endeavouring to fear something.

Papa went first to confession. He remained very long in grandmother's room, and all that time we were silent in the sofa-room, or in a whisper talked about who would come next. Then, the voice of the monk saying the prayer was once more heard in the door, and papa's steps. The door creaked, and he came out, coughing, as was his habit, jerking his shoulder, and not looking at any of us.

" Now, you go, Lyuba, but be sure and say everything. You are a great sinner, you know," merrily spoke papa, pinching her cheek.

Lyubochka grew pale and blushed, took her note out of her apron and hid it again, and, lowering her head and somehow shortening her neck, as if expecting a blow from above, passed through the door. She did not stay there long, but when she issued thence, her shoulders were convulsed with sobs.

Finally, after pretty Katenka had returned through the door smiling, my turn arrived. I went into the dimly lighted room with the same dull fear and the same desire consciously to increase that fear. The priest stood before the reading-desk, and slowly turned his face to me.

I passed not more than five minutes in grandmother's room, and I came out of it happy and, as I was then convinced, completely purified, morally regenerated, and a new man. Although I was unpleasantly affected by the old circumstance of life, by the old rooms, the old furniture, my old figure (I wished that all the external things might have changed as much as I thought I had changed internally), in spite of it all, I remained in this blissful frame of mind up to the time when I went to bed.

I was falling asleep, going over in my imagination all the sins from which I had been cleansed, when suddenly T recalled a shameful sin which I had concealed at the confession. The words of the prayer before the confession came to my mind and continually dinned in my ears. My peace was gone at once. " But if you conceal anything, you shall incur a great sin," resounded in my ears without interruption, and I saw myself as such a terrible sinner, that there was no adequate punishment for me. I long tossed from side to side, reflecting on my situation and awaiting the divine punishment at any time, and even sudden death, — a thought which induced an indescribable terror in me. All at once a happy thought came to me : the next morning, soon after daybreak, I would walk or drive to the priest in the monastery, to confess once more, and I quieted down.

VII.

DRIVE TO THE MONASTERY

I awoke several times during the night, fearing to sleep through the morning, and at six o’clock I was already on my feet. Day was just dawning. I put on my clothes and my boots, which lay rumpled and unbrushed near my bed, because Nikolay had not had time to take them away, and without praying or washing, I for the first time in my life went out by myself into the street.

On the opposite side, the misty, chilly dawn gleamed behind the green roof of a large house. A fairly strong vernal morning frost fettered the mud and rills, stung my feet, and pinched my face and hands. In our lane there was no cabman with whom I could drive there and back at once as I had hoped. Only some wagons were slowly going down the Arbat, and two stone-masons passed, chatting, on the sidewalk. After I had walked some thousand paces, I began to come across men and women who were going to market with their baskets, and water-carts which were driving to get their barrels filled ; a cake-seller walked out on the cross-road ; a bakery opened its door ; and at the Arbat gates I fell in with a cabman, an old man, who was asleep and nodding in his faded, grayish blue and patched-up vehicle. He was evidently still half asleep when he asked twenty kopeks for driving me to the monastery and back, but he suddenly came to his senses, and when I was about to take my seat, he whipped up his horses with the ends of his reins, and drove away from me. " I have to feed the horse ! I can’t take you, sir!” he mumbled.

I stopped him after much persuasion, by offering him forty kopeks. He pulled up his horse, cautiously examined me, and said : " Take your seat, sir ! " I must say I was a little afraid he would take me to some blind alley, to rob me. Getting hold of the collar of his badly torn cloak, thus ruthlessly laying bare the wrinkled neck over his stooping shoulders, I climbed on the blue, saddle-formed, shaky seat, and we rattled along the Vozdvi-zhenka. On the way down I noticed that the back of the vehicle was patched with a piece of greenish material, the same that his cloak was made of ; this circumstance for some reason quieted me, and I no longer was afraid that he would take me to a blind alley, to rob me.

The sun had risen quite high, and brilliantly illuminated the cupolas of the churches, when we drove up to the monastery. In the shade there was still some frost, but all along the road flowed rapid, turbid rills, and the horse splashed in the thawing mud. After passing through the monastery enclosure, I asked the first person whom I met where to find the father confessor.

" There is his cell,” said the monk, stopping for a minute and pointing to a small house with a porch.

" I thank you very much," I said.

What could the monks have thought of me, as they gazed at me, upon issuing, one after another, from the church ? I was neither a man, nor a child ; my face was not washed, my hair not combed, my clothes were covered with feathers, my boots were unblacked and muddy. To what category of men did the monks mentally refer me as they gazed at me ? They certainly surveyed me attentively. I continued to walk in the direction which the young monk had pointed out to me.

An old man in black garments, with thick gray eyebrows, met me on the narrow path that led to the cells and asked me what I wanted.

There was a minute when I wanted to say " Nothing," run back to the cab, and drive home, but, in spite of his threatening eyebrows, the old man's countenance inspired confidence. I said that I wanted to see the father confessor, giving his name.

" Come, young gentleman, I will take you there ! " he said, turning back, and evidently guessing my predicament. "The father is at morning mass, but he will be here soon."

He opened the door, and through a clean hall and antechamber led me over a neat canvas strip to the cell.

" You wait here," he said, with a kind-hearted, soothing expression, and went out.

The room in which I found myself was very small and was kept exceedingly clean. The furniture consisted of a small table covered with oilcloth, standing between two tiny double windows, upon which stood two pots of geraniums, of a small stand with images and a lamp hanging before them, of one armchair and two straight chairs. In the corner hung a clock, with a flower design on its face and brass weights on a chain ; on the partition, which was connected with the ceiling by whitewashed wooden crosspieces (behind winch, no doubt, was a bed), two cowls hung upon nails.

The windows faced a white wall which was within six feet of them. Between them and the wall was a small lilac bush. No sound reached the room from without, so that in that silence the even, pleasant click of the pendulum appeared as a loud noise. The moment I was left alone in that quiet corner, all my former thoughts and reminiscences leaped out of my head as if they had never been there, and I was all merged in inexpressibly pleasant contemplation. That faded nankeen hood with threadbare lining, those well-thumbed black leather bindings of

the books with their brass clasps, those turbidly green flowers with their carefully watered earth and washed leaves, but particularly that monotonous, broken sound of the pendulum, spoke to me distinctly of a new, heretofore unfamiliar life, of a life of seclusion, prayer, and quiet, peaceful happiness.

“ Mouths pass, years pass,” I thought, “ and he is always alone, always calm, always feels that his conscience is clean before God and that his prayer will be heard by him.” I sat about half an hour in my chair, trying not to move and not to breathe audibly, in order not to disturb the harmony of the sounds that told me so much. And the pendulum continued ticking, louder toward the right, softer toward the left.

VIII.

MY SECOND CONFESSION

The steps of the priest broke my meditation.

" Good morning,” he said, smoothing his gray hair with his hand. " What do you wish ? "

I asked him to bless me, and with especial pleasure kissed his small yellow hand.

When I explained to him my request, he said nothing, but walked up to the images and began the confession.

When the confession was finished, and I, overcoming my shame, told him all that was upon my soul, he placed his hands upon my head, and pronounced with his melodious, quiet voice : “ The blessing of the heavenly Father be over you, my son, and may He for ever preserve your faith, meekness, and humility. Amen.”

I was very happy. Tears of bliss welled up in my throat, I kissed the fold of his kerseymere cowl, and raised my head. The monk’s countenance was serene.

I felt I was enjoying the sensation of contrition, and fearing lest it should be dispersed, I hastily bade the confessor good-bye, and, without looking on either side, in order not to be distracted, left the enclosure and again seated myself in the jogging, patched-up vehicle. But the jolting of the carriage and the motley aspect of the objects that flashed by my eyes soon dispelled that feeling, and I was thinking now of how the father confessor must be reflecting that he had never, in all his life, met, nor ever should meet, such a beautiful soul in a young

man such as I was, and even that there could not be the like of me. I was convinced of this ; and this conviction induced in me a feeling of that kind of happiness which demands that it shall be imparted to somebody.

I was dying to talk to somebody ; and as there was no one near at hand but the cabman, I turned to him.

« Say, was I gone long ?" I asked.

“ Well, rather long, and it is time to feed the horses, for I am a night cabman," answered the old driver, who, with the sun, had become comparatively livelier than he had been before.

" It seemed to me that I was gone but a minute,” I said. " Do you know why I went to the monastery ? " I added, seating myself in the lower part of the vehicle, which was nearer to the old man.

" What business is that of ours ? Wherever our passengers tell us to go, there we go," he answered.

" Still, what do you think, why ? "

“ Well, I suppose you went to buy a lot to bury somebody in," he said.

"No, my friend. Do you know why I went there?”

“ How can I know, sir ? " he repeated.

The cabman’s voice seemed so kindly that I decided, for his edification, to tell him the cause of my visit, and also the feeling which I was experiencing.

“ If you wish, I will tell you. You see – "

And I told him everything, and described all my beautiful feelings to him. I even now blush at the thought of it.

" Indeed, sir,” the cabman said, incredulously.

He remained silent for quite awhile and sat immovable, now and then fixing the fold of his cloak, which kept disarranging itself, between his striped legs that leaped about in their huge boots on the foothold of the vehicle. I concluded that he, too, was of the same opinion in regard to me as the priest ; that is, that there was not in the whole world another young man so beautiful. He suddenly turned round to me.

“ Well, sir, yours is a gentlemanly affair! "

" What ? " I asked.

“Your affair, I say, is a gentleman’s affair!” he repeated, mumbling with his toothless lips.

“ No, he did not understand me,” I thought, and I did not say anything to him until we reached the house.

Not the feeling of contrition and piety itself, but satisfaction at having experienced it lasted during my whole ride, in spite of all the crowd that moved about the streets in the bright sunshine ; but the moment I reached home, that feeling vanished completely. I did

not have the forty kopeks to pay the driver. Majordomo Gavrilo, to whom I was already in debt, would not loan me any more. When the driver saw me twice running across the yard in order to get the money, he guessed what I was about, climbed down from his vehicle and, in spite of his apparent kindliness, began to cry aloud, with the evident desire of stinging me, that there were certain cheats who did not pay for their rides.

Everybody at home was still asleep, so that I could not borrow the money from any one but the servants. Finally, Vasili, who liked me and remembered the service which I had done him, paid the driver, having first exacted my most solemn word of honour, which, however, as I saw by his face, he did not believe in the least. Thus the feeling went off as in smoke. When I dressed myself for church, in order to go with the others to receive the sacrament, and discovered that my clothes had not been mended and I could not put them on, I committed a lot of sins. Putting on another suit, I went to the sacrament in a strange condition of hastiness of thought and with a complete suspicion of my beautiful intentions.

IX.

HOW I PREPARED FOR THE EXAMINATIONS

On Thursday of Easter Week, papa, sister, and Mimi, with Katenka, went away to the country, so that in grandmother’s large house only Volodya, St. Jérôme, and I were left. My frame of mind on the day of the confession and of my visit to the monastery had completely disappeared, and had left behind it only a dim, though pleasant, memory, which was more and more drowned by new impressions of a free life.

The note-book with the title “ Rules of Life " was put away with the other exercise books. Although the idea that it was possible to compose rules for all circumstances of life, and always to be guided by them, pleased me and seemed to me very simple and at the same time great, — and I had intended by all means to apply the rules to life, — I somehow forgot that it had to be done right away, and kept postponing it to some future time. I was pleased to find that every idea which came to my mind fitted precisely into one of the subdivisions of my rules and duties: into the rules in regard to my neighbour, or to myself, or to God. " I shall then write it down in that category, together with the mass of other ideas that will occur to me about the same subject,” I said to myself. I often ask myself now : when was I better and juster, then, when I believed in the all-power of the human mind, or now, when, having lost the ability to develop, I doubt the power and meaning of the human mind ? and I am unable to give myself a positive answer.

The consciousness of freedom and that vernal feeling of expectancy, of which I have spoken before, agitated me so much that I was absolutely unable to control myself, and I prepared but badly for my

examinations. In the morning, while I was working in the class-room and was conscious that I had to work hard, because next day was the examination in a subject of which I had not read two whole questions as yet, suddenly some vernal fragrance would reach me through the window and it would seem that I had to recall something, and my hands would automatically drop the book, my feet begin automatically to move and pace to and fro, and I would feel as though somebody had touched a spring, and the whole machine had been put in motion, and all kinds of blissful thoughts would begin to course through my head so lightly, naturally, and swiftly, that I could perceive only their flashing. And thus an hour or two would pass unobserved.

Or I would be reading some book and concentrating my attention upon what I was reading, when I would hear feminine steps and the rustle of a dress in the corridor, — and everything would leap out of my head, and I could no longer sit in one place, although I knew full well that nobody had crossed the corridor but Gäsha, grandmother's old maid. " But, suppose it should suddenly be she ? " it would occur to me. " Suppose it is beginning now, and I should lose my chance ? " and I would rush out into the corridor, and convince myself that it was really Gäsha. Yet it would be some time after that before I could control my head. The spring was touched, and again there was a terrible pandemonium.

Or, again, I would be sitting in the evening by a tallow candle in my room. Suddenly I would tear myself away from my book for a moment, to snuff the candle or settle myself in the chair, and I would see that it was dark in all the doors and corners, and hear that it was quiet in the whole house, — and, of course, I could not help stopping and listening to that silence, and looking at that darkness of the door that opened into a dark room, and for a long time remaining in an immovable position, or walking through all the empty rooms of the house. Frequently, too, I used to sit through the evenings unnoticed in the parlour, listening to the sound of the " nightingale " which Gâsha, sitting all alone in the parlour by a tallow dip, was playing on the piano with two fingers. And in the moonlight I could not help rising from my bed, and, leaning over the window-sill into the garden, I would gaze at the illuminated roof of Shaposhnikov's house, and at the stately bell-tower of our parish, and the evening shadows of the fence and the shrubbery, which lay across the garden path ; I could not help staying there so long that I later could not wake before ten o'clock.

So if it had not been for the teachers that came to me, and for St. Jérôme, who now and then unwillingly fired my ambition, and, mainly, for the fact that I was anxious to appear as a fine fellow in the eyes of my friend Nekh-lyudov, that is, to pass excellent examinations, which, according to him, was a very important matter, — if it had not been for all that, — spring and freedom would have made me forget everything I ever knew, and I should never have been able to pass my examinations.

X.

MY HISTORY EXAMINATION

On April 16th I entered for the first time the university hall under the guidance of St. Jérôme. We drove there in our sufficiently foppish phaeton. I had on a dress coat, for the first time in my life, and all my clothes, even ray linen and stockings, were new and of the best. When the doorkeeper took off my overcoat down-stairs, and I stood before him in all the splendour of my dress, I felt a little ashamed at being so strikingly magnificent. Yet the moment I entered the bright parqueted hall, filled with people, and noticed the hundreds of young men in Gymnasium uniforms and dress coats, some of whom looked at me with indifference, and noticed at the farther end the solemn professors, who freely moved about between the tables, or sat in large armchairs, I at once felt disappointed in my hope of directing universal attention to myself, and the expression of my face, upon which at home and even in the antechamber had been written compassion for making against my will such a noble and distinguished appearance, was exchanged for an expression of the greatest timidity and even some despair. I even fell into the other extreme, and was very happy when I discovered on a near-by bench a carelessly and uncleanly dressed, gray-haired, though not yet old, man, who was sitting on the last bench, apart from the others. I immediately sat down near him, and began to watch the candidates, and to draw my conclusions.

All kinds of people were there, but, according to the opinion which I then held, they could be distributed into three classes.

There were some who, like myself, had appeared at the examination with their tutors or parents, among their number the younger Ivin, with the familiar Frost, and Ilinka Grap, with his old father. All these had downy chins, wore fine linen, and sat quietly, without opening the books and notes which they had brought with them, and with perceptible timidity looked at the professors and the examination tables. To the second class of candidates belonged young men in Gymnasium uniforms, many of whom already shaved. They were mostly acquainted with each other, spoke loud, called the professors by their names and patronymics, prepared their questions, passed their note - books to each other, climbed across the benches, and brought from the antechamber pastry and sandwiches, which they devoured right there in the hall, by lowering their heads to the level of the benches. Lastly, the candidates of the third class, of whom, however, there were not many, were those who were quite old and wore dress coats, though more frequently simple coats, and were apparently without linen. They carried themselves very seriously, sat apart from the others, and had a sombre aspect. The one who had consoled me by being dressed worse than I belonged to that class. He leaned on both his arms, passing his fingers through his dishevelled gray hair, read a book, and only for a moment gazed at me with not very benevolent, beaming eyes ; he frowned gloomily and stretched out his shiny elbow in my direction, so that I should not sit down too close to him. The Gymnasiasts, on the contrary, were too

affable, and I was a little afraid of them. One of them put a book into my hands and said : " Give it to him ; " another passed by me and said, “ Please let me by ; ” a third leaned against me as against a bench, while climbing over. All that seemed coarse and disagreeable to me ; I considered myself a great deal higher than these Gymnasiasts, and thought they ought not to have permitted themselves such familiarity with me.

At last, names were called. The Gymnasiasts stepped boldly forward, generally answered their questions well, and returned in a happy frame of mind ; our kind were much more timid and answered, as I thought, not so well. Of the older ones, some answered superbly, others badly. When Seménov was called, my neighbour with the gray hair and brilliant eyes pushed me roughly and, stepping over my legs, went to the table. As could be seen by the faces of the professors, he answered excellently and boldly. When he returned to his seat, he did not bother about finding out what mark he had received, but quietly took up his note-books and went out. I had shuddered several times at the sound of the voice which called out the names, but my turn had not yet come in the alphabetical order, though names beginning with I were now called. “Ikonin and Ténev” somebody suddenly cried in the professorial corner. A chill ran down my back and hair.

“ Whom did they call ? Who is Bartenev ? " they said all about me.

" Ikonin, go, you are called. But who is Barténev, Mordénev ? I do not know, I must confess,” said a tall, red-cheeked Gymnasiast who was standing behind me.

" You,” said St. Jérôme.

“My name is Irténev,” I said to the red-cheeked Gymnasiast. “ Did they call Irténev ? "

“ Why, yes ! Why don’t you go ? I declare, what a dandy ! ” he added under his breath, but so that I could hear bis words, as I left the bench. Ahead of me was walking Ikonin, a tall young man some twenty-five years of age, who belonged to the third class of the ancients. He was dressed in a tight olive-coloured dress coat, blue satin necktie, to which ran down from behind his long, blond hair, carefully combed à la muzhik. I had noticed his face, while he was still in his seat. He was not bad-looking, and was talkative ; and I was particularly struck by the strange red hair of his beard at the neck, and still more by his strange habit, of continually unbuttoning his vest, and scratching his chest under his shirt.

Three professors were sitting at the table, to which Ikonin and I went up; not one of them returned our greeting. A young professor shuffled the tickets like a deck of cards; another professor, with a decoration on his dress coat, looked at a Gymnasiast who was speaking rapidly about Charlemagne, adding “finally” to every word; and a third one, an old man in spectacles, bent down his head, looked at us over his glasses, and pointed to the tickets. I felt

that his look was directed simultaneously to Ikonin and to me, and that something in us displeased him (maybe, Ikdnin’s red hair), because he looked at us simultaneously another time and made an impatient gesture with his head, for us to hurry and take our tickets. I was angry and felt insulted, first, because no one had answered our greeting, secondly, because I was evidently classed with Ikonin as the same kind of candidate, as though one should be prejudiced against me for Ikdnin’s red hair. I took my ticket without any timidity, and was getting ready to answer ; but the professor pointed with his eyes to Ikonin. I read my ticket : I was familiar with the question, and, waiting patiently for my turn, I watched what was going on in front of me. Ikonin was not in the least frightened, and moved forward boldly, somehow with his whole side, to take his ticket, shook his hair, and courageously read what was written down on his ticket. He opened his mouth, as I thought, to answer, when the professor with the decoration, who had just dismissed the Gymnasiast, looked at him. Ikonin seemed to remember something, and stopped. A universal silence lasted for about two minutes.

“ Well,” said the professor in the spectacles.

Ikonin opened his mouth and again stopped.

" You are not the only person here ; so, will you answer, or not ? " said the young professor, but Ikonin did not even look at him. He gazed fixedly at the ticket, and did not pronounce a word. The professor in the spectacles looked at him through his glasses and over his glasses, and without his glasses, for he had in the meantime taken them down, carefully cleaned them, and put them on again. Ikonin did not pronounce a word. Suddenly a smile flashed on his face, he shook his hair, again moving his whole side at once, turned to the table, put down the ticket, glanced at all the professors in succession, then at me, turned about, and with a bold step, waving his arms, returned to the bench. The professors looked at each other.

“ He is a good one ! " said the young professor. “ A pay student ! "

I moved up to the table, but the professors continued to speak in a whisper to each other, as if they did not even suspect my presence. I was then firmly convinced that all three professors were particularly interested to know whether I should pass my examination, and whether I should pass well, and that they only pretended, to show off their dignity, that it was a matter of indifference to them, and they did not notice me.

When the professor in the spectacles turned to me indifferently and invited me to answer the question, I looked at his eyes and felt a little ashamed for him for bis duplicity before me, and at first faltered in my answer ; but it soon went easier and easier, and as the question was in Russian history, which I knew excellently, I made a brilliant showing, and, in my desire to let the professors know that I was not Ikonin, and that I should not be mixed up with

him, went so far as to offer to take another ticket. But the professor shook his head, and said : " That

will do, sir ' " and put down a mark in bis book. When I returned to the benches, I immediately learned from the Gymnasiasts, who had found it out, God knows how, that I had received a five mark.

XI.

MY MATHEMATICS EXAMINATION

At the following examinations I had a number of new acquaintances, in addition to Grap, whom I considered unworthy of my friendship, and Ivin, who was rather shy of me. Some of them greeted me. Ikonin was glad to see me, and informed me that he would be reexamined in history, and that the professor of history had a grudge against him from last year’s examination, at which he had made him fail. Seménov, who was entering the same faculty as I, the mathematical, kept away from all the others until the end of his examinations, sat silently by himself, leaning on his arms, and passing his fingers through his gray hair, and answered his examinations excellently. He was second. A Gymnasiast of the First Gymnasium was first. He was a tall, lean fellow of dark complexion, very pale, his cheek tied up with a black necktie, and his brow covered with pimples. His hands were lean and red, with extremely long fingers, and nails so bitten that the ends of his fingers seemed to be tied with threads. All that I thought beautiful and as it should be with a “ First Gymnasiast.” He spoke to every one like anybody else, and I became acquainted with him, but I judged from his carriage, the movement of his bps and black eyes, that there was something extraordinary, something "magnetic," in them.

I came earlier than usual to my mathematical examination. I knew ray subject well, but there were two

questions in algebra which I had concealed from my teacher, and which were entirely unknown to me. Those were, as far as I remember now, the theory of associations, and Newton’s binomial. I sat down on the back bench, and looked over the two unfamiliar questions ; but not being accustomed to work in a noisy room, and not having sufficient time, a fact of which I was conscious, I was not able to concentrate my mind on my reading.

“ Here he is, come here, Nekhlyudov ! " I heard behind me Volodya’s familiar voice.

I turned round and saw my brother and Dubkdv, who were walking up to me between the benches with their coats unbuttoned, and swinging their arms. One could immediately see that they were students of the second year, who were at home in the university. The mere aspect of

the unbuttoned coats expressed contempt for us fellows, the candidates, and they inspired us, in turn, with envy and respect. I was very much flattered by the thought that all persons about me could see that I was acquainted with two students of the second year, and I swiftly rose to meet them.

Volodya could not keep from expressing his feeling of superiority.

" Oh, you miserable fellow ! " he said. " Have you not been examined yet ? "

« No."

“ What are you reading ? Are you not prepared ?”

" Not quite in two questions. I do not understand this."

“What? This?” said Volodya, and began to explain Newton’s binomial to me, but so rapidly and indistinctly that, reading suspicion of his knowledge in my eyes, he looked at Dmitri, and, reading the same in his eyes, no doubt, he blushed, but continued to talk that which I did not understand.

“No, wait, Volddya! Let me go it over with him, if there is time,” said Dmitri, looking at the professors’ corner, and seating himself by my side.

I noticed at once that my friend was in that contented, meek frame of mind which always came over him when he was satisfied with himself, and which I especially admired in him. As he knew mathematics well, and spoke distinctly, he explained the question so clearly, that I remember it even now. No sooner had he finished than St. Jérôme called out in a loud whisper, “A vous, Nicolas !" and I followed Ikonin out of the bench, without having had time to touch the other unfamiliar question. I walked up to the table, where two professors were seated, and a Gymnasiast was standing at the blackboard. The Gymnasiast was writing out a formula with much energy, noisily breaking the chalk against the board, and continued to write, although the professor had told him long ago, “ That will do,” and had ordered us to draw tickets. " What if I should get the theory of associations ! ” I thought, drawing with trembling fingers a ticket from a soft mass of bits of paper. Ikonin, with the same bold gesture as at the previous examination, swaying with his whole side took the topmost ticket, without much choosing, looked at it, and frowned angrily.

" I get nothing but these little devils ! ” he grumbled.

I looked at mine. O terror! it was the theory of associations !

" What have you ? ” asked Ikonin.

I showed him.

" I know that," he said.

" Let us exchange."

"No, it does not make any difference. I do not feel like it," Ikonin had barely whispered when the professor called us to the board.

" Well, all is lost ! " I thought. " Instead of a brilliant examination, which I had intended to pass, I shall cover myself with shame for ever, worse than Ikonin." But suddenly Ikonin turned to me, under the eyes of the professor, pulled the ticket out of my hands, and gave me his. I looked at the ticket. It was Newton's binomial.

The professor was not a very old man, and had a pleasant, intelligent expression, which was produced mainly by the large protruding lower part of his forehead.

" What is that ? You are exchanging tickets, gentlemen ? " he said.

" No, he just let me look at his, Mr. Professor," Ikdnin had the presence of mind to say, and again " Mr. Professor " was the last word which he pronounced in that place ; and again, as he passed by me, he glanced at the professors and at me, smiled and shrugged his shoulders, with an expression which said :

" It's all right, my friend ! " (I later learned that it was the third year Ikonin had been coming to the entrance examinations.)

I answered my question excellently, for I had just had it explained to me, — the professor even said that I had passed it better than could be expected, and gave me a five mark.

XII.

THE LATIN EXAMINATION

Everything went well up to the time of the Latin examination. The bundled-up Gymnasiast was first, Se-ménov second, I third. I even began to grow proud and seriously to think that, in spite of my youth, I was somebody.

Even at the first examination all told with trembling of the Latin professor, who was a beast and took delight in the ruin of young men, particularly pay students, and who, it was asserted, never spoke but in Latin or Greek. St. Jérôme, who had been my teacher of Latin, encouraged me, and I myself thought I was prepared not worse than the others, since I had translated Cicero and a few odes of Horace without a dictionary, and knew Zumpt by heart. We heard all the morning of nothing but the ruin of those who were examined before me ; to one the professor gave zero, to another one, a third canditate he called names and wanted to put out, and so on. Only

Seménov and the " First " Gymnasiast walked out calmly as before, and returned, having received five each. I had a presentiment of my misfortune, when Ikonin and I were called to the small table at which the terrible professor was seated all by himself. The terrible professor was a small, lean, sallow man, with long, greasy hair, and a very pensive countenance. He handed to Ikdnin a volume of Cicero's speeches, and told him to translate. To my great astonishment, Ikonin not only read, but even translated a few lines with the aid of the professor, who helped him out. As I felt my superiority before so weak a rival, I could not help smiling, even somewhat contemptuously, when it came to the analysis, and Ikonin, as formerly, was merged in inextricable silence. I had intended to win the professor's favour with that intelligent, slightly derisive smile, but it turned out quite differently.

" You, no doubt, know it better, since you smile," said the professor to me in bad Russian. "We shall see. Now, you tell it."

Later I learned that the professor of Latin favoured Ikonin, and that Ikonin was even living at his house. I immediately answered the question on syntax which had been put to Ikonin, but the professor assumed a sad expression and turned away from me.

" Very well, sir, your turn will come, and we shall see what you know," he said, without looking at me, and began to explain to Ikdnin the question he had asked him.

" That will do," he added, and I saw him mark Ikonin four in the book of marks. " Well," I thought, " he is not at all so severe as they said." After Ikonin had gone, he for a full five minutes, which appeared to me like five hours, arranged the books and tickets, cleared his nose, straightened out the chairs, threw himself into one, stared at the hall, around him, and everywhere, only not at me. All that feigning did not seem sufficient to him, so he opened a book and pretended he was reading it, as if I did not exist for him at all. I moved up and coughed.

" Oh, yes ! You ! Well, translate something," he said, handing me a book ; " or no, you had better take this." He turned the pages of Horace, and opened it at a passage which, I was sure, nobody could ever translate.

" I did not prepare this," I said.

" Oh, you want to answer only what you have learned by rote ! Very well ! No, you translate this ! "

I managed to make some sense out of it, but the professor shook his head at every questioning glance of mine, and, sighing, answered only " No." At last, he closed the book ; he did it so swiftly and nervously that he caught his finger between the leaves ; he angrily pulled it out, gave me a ticket in grammar, and, leaning back in his chair, was most ominously silent. I started to answer, but the expression of his face fettered my tongue, and everything I said

sounded wrong to me.

“ Not that, not at all that,” he suddenly burst out in his horrible pronunciation, rapidly changing his position, leaning on the table and playing with his gold ring, which fitted badly on the lean finger of his left hand. " Gentlemen, it will not do to be prepared in such a manner for a higher institution of learning: you are thinking only of wearing a uniform with a blue collar, and you snap up the tops of things, and imagine that you can be students ; no, gentlemen, you must begin your subjects in a thorough manner,” and so forth in the same strain.

All during his speech, which was pronounced in very faulty language, I looked with dull attention at his drooping eyes. At first I was tormented by the disappointment that I should not be third, then by the fear that I should not pass my examination at all ; finally there was added to this the feeling of injustice, offended self-esteem, and undeserved humiliation ; in addition, a contempt for the professor for not meeting my conception of a man comme il faut, which I discovered when I saw his short, strong, and round nails, still more fanned these feelings and made them venomous. Looking at me, and noticing my quivering lips and eyes filled with tears, he evidently explained my agitation as a request that he should give me a better mark, and, as though taking pity on me, he said (in the presence of another professor, who had just stepped up) :

" Very well, I shall give you a pass mark " (which meant two), "• though you do not deserve it, but I do so out of consideration for your youth, and in the hope that you will not be so frivolous in the university.”

The last sentence, which was said in the presence of a strange professor, who looked at me as if to say, " Yes, you see, young man ? ” completely undid me. There was a minute when my eyes were clouded: the terrible professor, with his table, appeared to me to be sitting a long distance off, and the wild idea passed through my mind with terrible, one-sided clearness : “ Suppose — what would happen ? " But, for some reason, I did not do it ; on the contrary, I bowed very respectfully, though unconsciously, to both the professors, and, smiling softly, the same smile, I thought, Ikonin had smiled, went away from the table.

•That injustice affected me so powerfully that, if I had been free to do as I chose, I should not have gone to the other examinations. I lost every ambition (I no longer could hope to be third), and I passed all the following examinations without the least preparation or anxiety. I received as an average four with a fraction, but that no longer interested me. I decided, and proved it to my full satisfaction, that it was very stupid, and even mauvais genre to try to be first, but that one ought to endeavour not to have one’s standing either too good or too bad, just like Volodya. I made up my mind to stick to this plan in the university, though in this I departed for the first time from the opinion of my friend.

I now thought only of my uniform, the cocked hat, my own vehicle, my own room, and, above all, my personal freedom.

XIII.

I AM A GROWN-UP MAN

However, these thoughts had their charm, too.

When I returned on the 8th of May from my last examination, in religion, I found at home an apprentice from Rozanov, who had before brought a basted uniform and a coat of smooth black cloth with a sheen, and had marked the lapels with chalk ; he now brought the completed suit, with shining gold buttons, wrapped in papers.

I put on the suit and found it beautiful, in spite of St. Jérôme's assurance that the back of the coat wrinkled. I went down-stairs with a self-satisfied smile, which involuntarily spread over my whole countenance, and went to Volodya's room, feeling, though pretending not to notice, the glances of the servants, which were eagerly directed toward me from the antechamber and the corridor. Gavrilo, the majordomo, caught up with me in the parlour, congratulated me on my entering the university, presented to me, by papa's order, four twenty-five rouble bills, and said that, also by papa's order, from that day on coachman Kuzma, a vehicle, and the bay, Beauty, were at my entire disposal. I was so rejoiced at this almost unexpected happiness that I was unable to feign indifference before Gavrilo, and, after a moment of confusion and hesitation, I said the first thing that occurred to me, — I think it was, " Beauty is an excellent trotter."

I glanced at the heads that stuck through the doors of the antechamber and the corridor, and, not being able to hold myself in any longer, raced through the parlour in my new overcoat with the shining gold buttons. As I entered Volodya's room, I heard behind me the voices of Dubkov and Nekhlyudov, who had come to congratulate me and to propose that we drive out for dinner and drink champagne in honour of my entering the university. Dmitri said to me that, though he did not like to drink champagne, he would drive out with us to-day, in order to drink " brotherhood " with me. Dubkdv said that I somehow resembled a colonel ; Volodya did not congratulate me, and very drily said that two days later we could go into the country. Although he was glad of my success, it looked as if he were a little annoyed at my being now just such a grown person as he. St. Jérôme, who also came to see us, said in high-flown terms that his duty was now ended, but that he had done all he could, and that the next day he should move to the count's house. In answer to all they told me, I felt that an involuntary, sweet, happy, stupidly self-satisfied smile was blooming forth on my face, and 1 noticed that that smile communicated itself to all who spoke with me.

And thus I had no longer a tutor, I possessed my own vehicle, my

name was printed in the list of the students, I wore a sword with a sword-knot, — sentinels might present arms to me — I was a young man, and, I am sure, I was happy.

We decided to dine at Yar's at five o'clock ; but as Volédya had driven out to Dubkov's house, and Dmitri, as usual, had disappeared, saying that he had some business before dinner, I was able to pass two hours as I chose. I walked about the rooms for some time, and looked in all the mirrors, now with my coat buttoned, now unbuttoned, now buttoned with the upper button only, and always it looked beautiful to me. Then, though I had scruples about evincing too much joy, I could not restrain myself, and went to the stable and carriage shed to look at Beauty, Kuzma, and the vehicle ; then I returned and began to walk through the rooms, looking in the mirrors and counting the money in my pocket, and all the time smiling blissfully. But not an hour passed before I felt lonely and sorry that nobody saw me in such a magnificent state, and I needed motion and activity. So I ordered the vehicle out, and decided that I had better go to Blacksmith Bridge, to make some purchases.

I recalled that Volodya, upon entering the university, had bought lithographs of horses by Victor Adam, and tobacco, and a pipe, and it seemed to me necessary to do likewise.

While the eyes of all were turned on me from every side, and the sun brilliantly shone upon my buttons, upon the cockade of my hat, and upon my sword, I arrived at Blacksmith Bridge, and stopped at the picture shop of Dazziaro. I looked all around me, and walked in. I did not want to buy Adam's horses, lest I should be accused of aping Volodya, but, being abashed, and wishing to choose as quickly as possible, in order to save the obliging clerk trouble, I took a water-colour painting of a female head which was standing in the window, and paid twenty roubles for it. Yet, though I paid twenty roubles, I felt ashamed at having troubled two beautifully dressed clerks with such a trifle, and, at the same time, I thought they did not pay me the proper respect. As I was desirous of letting them know who I was, I turned my attention to a silver thing that lay under a glass, and upon learning that it was a pencil-case, costing eighteen roubles, I asked to have it wrapped up, and paid for it. Having found out that good pipe-stems and tobacco could be purchased in the adjoining tobacco-shop, I politely bowed to the two clerks and walked out into the street, with the picture under my arm. In the neighbouring shop, on the sign of which was painted a negro smoking a cigar, I bought, also from a desire not to imitate anybody, not Zhukév's, but Turkish tobacco, a Turkish pipe, and two linden and briar pipe-stems. As I left the shop and walked to the vehicle, I saw Seménov, who was dressed in citizen's clothes and, with drooping head, was walking rapidly along the sidewalk. I felt annoyed because he did not recognize me. I called out quite loud, " Drive up ! " and, seating myself in the vehicle, caught up with him.

" Good day," I said.

" My regards," he answered, and continued to walk.

" I see you are not in your uniform ! ” I said to him.

Seménov stopped, blinked, and showed his teeth, as though it pained him to look into the sun, but, in reality, to show his indifference to my vehicle and uniform, gazed at me in silence, and walked on.

From Blacksmith Bridge I drove to a confectioner’s on the Tver Boulevard, and though I tried to feign that it was the newspapers that interested me there, I could not keep myself from eating one pastry after another. Although I felt ashamed before the gentleman who kept on looking at me from behind his paper, I devoured in rapid succession some eight cakes of every kind which was to be found in the shop.

When I arrived at home I felt some heartburn ; but I paid no attention to it, and began to examine my purchases. I was so disgusted with my picture that I not only did not put it in a frame, but concealed it behind the bureau, where Volodya could not see it. Nor did I like a pencil-case at home ; so I put it in the table, consoling myself, however, with the thought that it was of silver, a fine piece of work, and very useful for a student. But I decided at once to put to use the smoking paraphernalia, and to test them.

I opened the quarter-pound package, carefully filled the Turkish pipe with the brown, finely cut Turkish tobacco, placed upon it a burning piece of tinder, and, taking the stem between the middle and ring fingers, — a position of the hand which I particularly admired, — began to puff.

The odour of the tobacco was very pleasant, but there was a bitter taste in my mouth, and the smoke choked me. I took courage, for quite awhile puffed ahead, and tried to make smoke rings, and to breathe in the smoke. The room was soon filled with bluish clouds, the pipe began to snarl, the hot tobacco bubbled, and I felt a bitterness in my mouth and a slight whirling in my head. I wanted to stop, and just to take a look at myself in the mirror, but, to my astonishment, my legs tottered ; the room went round in a circle, and when I looked into the mirror, to which I had dragged myself with difficulty, I noticed that my face was as pale as a sheet. No sooner did I seat myself on the sofa, than I felt such nausea and weakness that I concluded the pipe was poisonous to me, and that I was sure to die. I was frightened in earnest, and was about to call for help and send for the doctor.

This fear did not last. I soon saw what the matter was, and for a long time lay, weak and with a terrible headache, upon the sofa, looking with dull attention at the trade-mark of Bostanzhéglo which was represented on the quarter-pound package, at the pipe which was lying upon the floor, at the tobacco lumps, and at what was left of the pastry, and I thought in disappointment and sadness :
“ Evidently I am not yet a grown-up man, if I am not able to smoke like others, and it is not fated that I should hold, like others, my pipe between my middle and ring fingers, and puff, and pass the

smoke through my blond moustache.”

Dmitri, who came for me after four o’clock, found me in that unfortunate condition. But after drinking a glass of water, I was almost entirely well, and ready to go with him.

" What good do you find in smoking ? " he said, looking at the traces of smoking. “ This is nothing but foolishness and useless waste of money. I have taken a vow never to smoke. However, come ! We have to call for Dubkov yet.”

XIV.

WHAT DUBROV’S AND VOLODYA’S OCCUPATIONS WERE

The moment Dmitri entered my room, I saw by his face, by his gait, and by his peculiar gesture, which he made every time he was out of sorts, and which consisted in winking and jerking his head awry, as if to rearrange his necktie, that he was in his cold and stubborn frame of mind, which came over him when he was dissatisfied with himself, and which always had a chilling effect upon my attachment for him. Of late I had begun to observe and judge the character of my friend, but our friendship did not suffer from it in the least: it was still so young and strong that from whatever side I looked at Dmitri I could not help but consider him perfection. There were two different men in him, and they both seemed beautiful to me. One, whom I loved passionately, was good, kind, meek, merry, and conscious of these amiable qualities. When he was in that mood, his whole exterior, the sound of his voice, and all his movements seemed to say, “ I am meek and virtuous, and I take pleasure in being meek and virtuous, and you may see it all.” The other, whom I had just begun to discover, and before whose majesty I bowed, was a cold man, severe to himself and to others, proud, fanatically religious, and pedantically virtuous. At that particular moment he was that second man.

With a frankness, which constituted a necessary condition of our relation, I told him, when we seated ourselves in the vehicle, that I was pained and sad to see him in such a heavy and disagreeable frame of mind on a day which was so happy for me.

" No doubt something has annoyed you. Why do you not tell me?” I asked him.

“ Nikdlenka ! " he answered in a leisurely manner, nervously jerking his head and winking, “if I promised you that I should not conceal anything from you, you have no cause for suspecting my secretiveness. A person cannot always be in the same mood, and if anything has annoyed me, I am not able to account for it ! "

" What a wonderfully frank and honest character his is," I thought, and did not continue the conversation.

We reached Dubkdv’s in silence. Dubkov’s apartments were unusually fine, or at least seemed so to me. There were everywhere rugs, pictures, curtains, gay wall-paper, wicker chairs, large armchairs; on the wall hung rifles, pistols, tobacco pouches, and card-paper animal heads. At the sight of that cabinet, I saw at once whom Volddya was imitating in fixing up his room. We found Dubkov and Volodya at cards. A stranger (a man evidently not of much importance, to judge by his modest position) sat at the table and attentively watched the game. Dubkov had on a silk dressing-gown and soft shoes. Volodya, without his coat, was sitting opposite him, on the sofa, and, to judge by his flushed face and the dissatisfied and cursory glance which he cast upon us, while tearing himself away from his cards for a second, was absorbed in the game. When he saw me, he blushed even more.

" Well, it is your deal,” he said to Dubkov. I understood that he was ill at ease, because I had found out that he played at cards. But there was no consternation in his look, — it simply said : " Yes, I play, and you are surprised because you are young. This is not only not bad, but quite the thing at our years.”

I felt it and understood it at once.

Dubkov, however, did not deal the cards, but rose, pressed our hands, gave us chairs, and offered us pipes, which we refused.

“ So here he is, our diplomatist, the cause of our celebration,” said Dubkov. " Upon my word, he looks very much like a colonel."

“ Hm ! ” I muttered, again feeling a stupidly self-satisfied smile spreading on my face.

I respected Dubkov as only a sixteen-year-old boy can respect a twenty-seven-year-old adjutant, whom all the big people called an exceedingly fine young man, who danced well and spoke French, and who, at heart despising my youth, endeavoured to conceal this feeling.

In spite of all my respect for him, it was, God knows why, during the whole time of our acquaintance, a hard and awkward matter for me to look into his eyes. I noticed later that there were three kinds of people, into whose eyes I found it hard to look straight : those who were considerably worse than I ; those who were considerably better than I; and those to whom I did not dare to tell a thing which both of us knew. It may be, Dubkov was better than I, or it may be, he was worse, but this much was certain, he lied a great deal, without acknowledging the fact, and I had noticed this weakness in him, but, naturally, did not have the courage to tell him so.

“ Let us play another score,” said Volodya, jerking his shoulder like papa, and shuffling the cards.

“ Why do you insist ? " said Dubkov. “ We could finish it later. However, let us have it ! "

While they played I watched their hands. Volodya had a beautiful large hand, and the division of the thumb and the curvature of the other fingers, as he held the cards, so resembled papa’s, that I thought for a moment Volodya was purposely holding his hands that way, in order to resemble a man ; but when I observed his face, it was evident that he was thinking of nothing but the game. Dubkov’s hands, on the contrary, were small, fleshy, bent inwardly, very agile, and with soft fingers, — just the kind of hands upon which rings are worn, and which belong to people who like to work with them, and love to have beautiful things.

Volodya must have lost, for the gentleman, who was looking into his cards, remarked that Vladimir Petrovich had terribly bad luck, and Dubkov reached for his portfolio, wrote something down in it, and, showing it to Volodya, said : “ Right ? "

" Yes,” said Volodya, looking with feigned indifference at the note-book, " now let us go ! "

Volodya took Dubkov with him, and Dmitri took me in his phaeton.

" What were they playing ?” I asked Dmitri.

" Piquet. A stupid game, but, as for that, all games are stupid.”

“Do they play for large stakes ? "

“ No, not large, but it is bad all the same.”

“ And do you not play ? "

“No, I have vowed not to play ; and Dubkov is bound to win from anybody.”

“But that is not nice of him,” I said. “Volodya, no doubt, plays worse than he.”

“ Of course, it is not nice ; but there is nothing bad about it. Dubkov likes to play and knows how to play, but he is an excellent man for all that.”

" I did not mean to say — ” I said.

“ There is no reason for having a bad opinion of him, for he is really a fine man. I love him very much, and shall always love him, in spite of his weakness.”

It appeared to me, for some reason, that the fact that Dmitri so warmly defended Dubkov proved that he no longer loved and respected him, but did not acknowledge this from stubbornness, in order that no one might accuse him of inconstancy. He was one of those men who

love their friends all their lives, not so much because their friends please them continually, as because they consider it dishonourable to give up a man, after they have taken a liking for him, even if it be by mistake.

XV.

I AM CONGRATULATED

Dubkov and Volodya knew all the people at Yar's by their names, and all, from the doorkeeper to the proprietor, treated them with great respect. We were shown at once to a separate room, and we had a wonderful dinner, which Dubkov selected from a French menu. A bottle of iced champagne, upon which I tried to look with entire indifference, was already prepared. The dinner passed very agreeably and merrily, although Dubkov, as was his habit, told a lot of strange incidents, which he claimed were true, — among them, how his grandmother once killed, with a blunderbuss, three brigands who had attacked her (which made me blush and, lowering my eyes, turn away from him), and although Volodya evidently trembled every time I began to say something (which was quite unnecessary, for, so far as I remember, I did not say anything out of the way). When the champagne was brought, all congratulated me, and, crossing hands, I drank " brotherhood " with Dubkov and Dmitri, and we kissed each other. As I did not know to whom the bottle of champagne belonged (I later learned that it was the whole company's), and as I wanted to treat my friends with my own money, which I kept on fingering in my pocket, I softly fetched out a ten-rouble bill and, calling up a waiter, gave it to him, and ordered him in a whisper, but so that they all could hear, for they were looking at me in silence, to bring us another half-bottle of champagne. Volodya blushed, jerked his shoulder, and looked frightened at me and at everybody, so that I felt I had made a mistake, but the half-bottle was brought, and we drank it with much enjoyment.

We continued to have a jolly time. Dubkdv lied without cessation ; Volodya, too, told funny stories, — he told them better than I had ever expected him to ; and we all laughed a great deal. The character of their fun, that is, Volodya's and Dubkov's, consisted in the imitation and exaggeration of certain anecdotes : " Have you been abroad ?" asked one, and the other would answer: "No, I have not, but my brother plays the fiddle." To every question they answered each other in that way, and even without being questioned, they tried to connect the most incompatible things, and spoke that nonsense with most serious faces, — and the result was very funny. I began to see through their jokes, and wanted myself to say something funny, but all looked embarrassed and tried not to gaze at me while I was speaking, and the joke fell flat. Dubkov said: "You are off, brother diplomatist;" but I was so happy from the champagne I had drunk, and from being in the company of big people, that this remark barely touched me. Only Dmitri, who had been drinking as much as any of us, remained in his severe, solemn mood, which to a certain

extent subdued the general merriment.

" Now, listen, gentlemen ! " said Dubkov. " After dinner we must take the diplomat into our hands. How about driving to ‘ aunty ' ? We will fix him there ! ”

“You know Nekhlyudov will not go with us,” said Volodya.

“ Intolerable saint ! You intolerable saint ! ” said Dubkov, turning to him. “ Come along ; you will see ‘ aunty ' is a nice lady.”

“ Not only will I not go, but I will not let him either,” answered Dmitri, blushing.

" Whom ? The diplomat ? You want to, diplomat ? Not ? Really, he all brightened up when we mentioned ' aunty.’ "

" I will not exactly forbid his going,” continued Dmitri, rising from his seat, and beginning to pace the room, without looking at me, " but I advise him not to, and I do not want him to go. He is not a child now, and if he wishes to go there, he can do so without you. And you, Dubkov, must be ashamed of your bad act, so you want others to do likewise.”

“ What wrong is there,” said Dubkov, winking at Volodya, “in inviting you all to ‘aunty’s’ for a cup of tea ? Well, if you do not like to go with us, Volodya and I will go alone. Volddya, do you want to ?”

“ Hm, hm,” Volddya said in affirmation, “let us drive down there, and then we will return to my room to continue the piquet.”

“ Well, will you go with them ? ” said Dmitri, walking up to me.

“ No,” I answered, moving up on the sofa, so as to give him a seat near me, which he took. “ I do not want to, anyway, and if you advise me not to, I certainly will not go.”

“ No,” I added later, “ T told an untruth when I said I did not want to go with them; but I am glad lam not going.”

“ That is right,” he said, “ live your own life, and do not dance to somebody else’s fiddle. That is best.”

This short discussion did not in the least curtail our pleasure, but even increased it. Dmitri suddenly fell into my favourite meek mood. The consciousness of a good act, as I often observed later, always produced that effect upon him. He was satisfied with himself for having saved me. He grew very jolly, asked for another bottle of champagne (which was against his rules), called in a strange gentleman, whom he began to fill with wine, sang “ Gaudeamus igitur,” asked all to sing the refrain, and proposed to us that we go out driving to Sokolniki, to which suggestion Dubkov replied that this was too sentimental.

" Let us have a good time," said Dmitri, smiling. " In honour of his entering the university I will, upon my word, drink myself drunk for the first time in my life." This merriment was rather odd in Dmitri. He resembled a tutor or a good father, who is satisfied with his children, and wants to give them pleasure, and at the same time prove to them that one can enjoy himself decently and honestly ; still, this sudden merriment acted contagiously upon me and upon the others, the more so since each of us had already consumed a half-bottle of champagne.

In this happy frame of mine I went into the large room, to light the cigarette which Dubkdv had offered me.

When I rose from my seat, I noticed that my head was a little dizzy, and that my legs walked and my hands remained in a natural position only as long as I thought of them with concentration. Otherwise, my legs had a sideways leaning, and my arms cut capers. I directed all my attention to these limbs, ordered my arms to be lifted to button my coat, to smooth my hair (doing which my elbows flew up dreadfully), and commanded my legs to walk to the door, which they executed, but they stopped either too hard, or too gently, especially my left leg, which rose on tiptoe. A voice called out to me : " Where are you going ? They will bring a candle ! " I guessed that the voice belonged to Volodya, and I experienced a certain pleasure at the thought that I had guessed it, but I only smiled in reply, and went on.

XVI.

THE QUARREL

In the large room a short, thickset gentleman in citizen's clothes, with a red moustache, was sitting at a small table and eating. By his side sat a tall, darkhaired man without a moustache. They were speaking in French. Their gaze disconcerted me, but I decided, nevertheless, to light my cigarette at the candle which was standing in front of them. Looking about me, so as not to meet their glances, I walked up to the table, and began to light my cigarette. When the cigarette burned, I held out no longer, but cast a look on the gentleman who was dining. His gray eyes were directed fixedly and threateningly at me. I was about to turn away, when the red moustache came in motion, and he uttered in French : " I object to smoking, sir, when I am at dinner."

I muttered something unintelligible.

"Yes; I object," continued severely the gentleman with the moustache, casting a cursory glance upon the gentleman without the moustache, as if inviting him to watch his belabouring me. " And I do not like, sir, people who are so impolite as to smoke right before my face, — I do not like them."

I immediately made out that the gentleman was badgering me, but it appeared to me at first that I was very much to blame.

“ I did not think it would incommode you,” I said.

“ Oh, you did not think you were a boor, but I did ! " cried the gentleman.

" What right have you to yell ?” I said, feeling that he was insulting me, and growing angry myself.

“ This right, that I will not permit any one to fail in his respect to me; and I will always teach such fine fellows as you a lesson. What is your name, sir, and where do you live ? ”

I was furious, my lips quivered, and my breath choked me. I felt myself guilty, no doubt, for having drunk too much champagne, and I did not rudely insult the gentleman, but, on the contrary, my Ups in the most humble fashion gave him my name and address.

“ My name is Kolpikdv, dear sir, and you had better be more civil next time. You will hear from me” (vous aurez de mes nouvelles), he concluded, speaking all the time in French.

I answered only, “Very glad,” trying to give my voice as much firmness as possible, turned about, and went to our room with my cigarette, which had in the meantime gone out.

I did not say a word of what had happened, either to my brother, or to my friend, particularly since they were warmly discussing something, but seated myself, all alone, in a corner, and began to ruminate over the strange incident. “ You are a boor, sir " (un mal élevé’ monsieur) resounded in my ears, ever more provoking me. My intoxication was all passed. When I reflected how I had acted in that affair, I was suddenly struck by the terrible idea that I had acted as a coward. What right did he have to attack me ? Why did he not say simply that it incommoded him ? It is he who is guilty. Why, when he told me that I was a boor, did I not tell him : “ A boor, sir, is he who permits himself any rudeness,” or why did I not yell at him : “ Shut up ! " That would have been excellent. Why did I not call him out to a duel ? No, I did not do any of these things, but swallowed the insult like any mean coward. « You are a boor, sir ! " dinned provokingly in my ears. " No, it cannot be left so," I thought, with the firm determination of going again to that gentleman and telling him something terrible, and even knocking him down with the candlestick, if the opportunity offered itself. I considered this latter intention with great pleasure, and entered the large room, not, however, without a great deal of fear. Fortunately, Mr. Kolpikov was gone ; there was no one there but a waiter who was cleaning up the table. I wanted to communicate to the waiter what had happened, and to explain to him that I was not to blame for it, but I reconsidered the matter, and returned to our room in the gloomiest frame of mind.

“ What is the matter with our diplomat ? " said Dub-kdv. " He is, no doubt, deciding the fate of Europe ! "

" Oh, leave me alone ! " I said, turning away morosely. After that I paced the room and reflected about Dubkdv, who, I concluded, was not at all a good man. “ What sense is there in those eternal jokes, and in calling me ‘ diplomat ? ' There is no fun in it. All he cares for is to win from Volodya at cards, and to call on some ‘aunty.’ And there is nothing agreeable about him. Everything he says is a be, or a mean remark, and he is always ready to ridicule a person. I think he is simply a stupid fellow, and a bad man.” I passed some five minutes in these reflections, my hostile feeling for Dubkov increasing all the time. Dubkov, however, paid no attention to me, which provoked me still more. I was even angry with Volodya and Dmitri, because they were conversing with him.

“ Do you know what, gentlemen ? We ought to pour water over the diplomat,” suddenly said Dubkov, glancing at me with a smile which to me appeared derisive and even treacherous, “ for he is no good ; upon my word, he is no good ! ”

“ Water ought to be poured over you ! You are no good yourself,” I answered, smiling maliciously and forgetting that we were speaking “ thou ” to each other.

This answer evidently surprised Dubkov, but he turned away with indifference, and continued his conversation with Volodya and Dmitri.

I tried to take part in their discussion, but felt that I could not feign, and again betook myself to my corner, where 1 remained till our departure.

When we had paid our bills and were putting on our overcoats, Dubkov turned to Dmitri : " Well, where will Orestes and Pylades go ? I suppose home, to talk about love. Very well, but we will call on dear ‘aunty,’ — that is better than your sour friendship.”

“ How dare you speak so, and make fun of us ? ” I suddenly called out, walking up close to him, and waving my arms. “ How dare you make fun of feelings which you do not understand ? I shall not permit you to do that. Shut up!” I called out, and grew myself silent, not knowing what to say further, and breathless with emotion. Dubkov was surprised at first, then wanted to smile and take it as a joke, but finally, to my great amazement, he was frightened and lowered his eyes.

“ I am not making fun of you or your feelings. I was just talking,” he said, evasively.

" That’s it !” I cried, but at the same time I felt ashamed of myself and sorry for Dubkov, whose red, disconcerted countenance expressed genuine suffering.

“ What is the matter with you ? ” spoke Volodya and Dmitri at once. “ Nobody intended to insult you.”

“ No, he wanted to offend me.”

“ I declare, your brother is a terrible gentleman,” said Dubkov, just as he was walking out of the door, so that he could not hear what I would say.

It may be, I should have run after him, to tell him a lot of rude things, but just then the waiter who had been present during my affair with Kolpikdv, handed me my overcoat, and I at once quieted down, simulating, before Dmitri, only just enough anger not to make my sudden calm appear too strange. Next day I met Dubkdv in Volodya’s room. We did not mention the affair, but spoke " you " to each other, and it became even harder for us to look into each other’s eyes.

The memory of my quarrel with Kolpikdv, who gave me de ses nouvelles neither on the following day, nor later, was for many years terribly vivid and oppressive to me. I shuddered and shrieked for five years to come every time I thought' of the unavenged insult, but consoled myself whenever I recalled with self-satisfaction how bravely I had conducted myself in my affair with Dubkdv. It was not until much later that I began to look in an entirely different way upon this matter, and with comical pleasure to recall my quarrel with Kolpikdv, and to regret the undeserved insult which I had offered the good fellow Dubkdv.

When, that very evening, I told Dmitri of the episode with Kolpikov, whose appearance I described to him in detail, he was greatly surprised.

“ Yes, it is the same man ! " he said. " Think of it ! this Kolpikov is a well-known scoundrel and gambler, but, above all, a coward, who was kicked out of the army by his friends, for having received a box on his ears and refusing to fight for it. Where did he get that boldness from ? " he added, looking at me with a kindly smile. " He did not call you anything else but ' boor ' ? "

" No," I answered, blushing.

" It is not good, but it is no great misfortune ! " Dmitri consoled me.

Not until much later in my life, when I was able to reflect upon this matter calmly, did I make the very plausible suggestion that Kolpikov had at last felt, after many years, that it was safe to attack me, and so he avenged upon me, in the presence of his friend without the moustaches, the box on his ears which he had once received, just as I had avenged his “boor” on innocent Dubkdv.

XVII.

I AM GETTING READY TO MAKE CALLS

When T awoke the next morning, my first thought was of the incident with Kolpikdv. I growled again and ran up and down my room, but there was nothing to be done ; besides, it was the last day I was to pass in Moscow, and, according to papa's order, I had to make the calls which he had written out for me on a piece of paper. Papa's care of us consisted not so much in morality and education as in the worldly relations. On the paper was written, in his broken, rapid handwriting: " 1, on Prince Ivan Ivénovich, by all means; 2, on the Ivins, by all means ; 3, on Prince Mikhâylo ; 4, on Princess Nekhlyu-dov and Princess Valäkhin, if you have time." And, of course, on the curator, the rector, and the professors.

Dmitri dissuaded me from making the last visits, saying that it was not only unnecessary, but even improper; but on the rest I had to call by all means on that day. The first two visits, after which was written " by all means," frightened me more especially. Prince Iván Ivanovich was general-in-chief, old, rich, and unmarried ; consequently I, a sixteen-year-old student, should have to meet him personally, which, I surmised, could not be flattering for me. The Ivins also were rich, and their father was some kind of an important general in the civil service, who had called upon us, during grandmother's lifetime, but once. After grandmother's death, I noticed that the youngest Ivin kept aloof from us, and put on airs. The eldest Ivin, so I heard, had finished his course of jurisprudence, and was serving somewhere in St. Petersburg ; the second, Sergyéy, whom I had worshipped once, was also in St. Petersburg, a big, fat cadet in the Corps of the Pages.

In my youth I not only did not like any relations with people who considered themselves higher than I, but such relations were unbearably painful to me, on account of my continuous fear of insult, and of my exertion of all my mental powers, in order to prove to them my independence. But, since I was not going to fulfil papa's order in regard to the last point, I had to extenuate my guilt by calling on the others. I walked to and fro in my room, examining my clothes, which were laid out on chairs, and my sword and hat, and was getting ready to go, when old Grap arrived with Ilinka to congratulate me. Father Grap was a Russified German, unbearably repulsive, fawning, and very often intoxicated. He used to call only when he wanted to ask for something, and papa sometimes took him to his cabinet, but he never was invited to dinner with us. His humility and beggary were so welded with a certain external kindliness and attachment for our house, that all accounted his apparent loyalty to us as a great credit to him, but I could not make myself like the man, and whenever he spoke I felt ashamed for him.

I was very much dissatisfied with the arrival of these guests, and did not attempt to conceal my dissatisfaction. I had grown, like the

rest, to look at Ilmka from on high, and he had accustomed himself to consider us right in doing so, which made it rather unpleasant for me, when I saw him just such a student as myself. It seemed to me that he, too, had some scruples in my presence on account of this equality. I greeted him coldly and did not ask either him or his father to be seated, feeling rather awkward about inviting them to do what they might do without my invitation, and ordered up the carriage. Ilinka was a good, scrupulously honest, and very clever young man, but he was what is called a cranky fellow ; he used to be continually overcome, and apparently without any cause, by some extreme moods: he either grew lackadaisical, or sarcastic, or peevish, for the merest trifle ; even now, he was in the last frame of mind. He said nothing, maliciously looked at me and at his father, and only, when addressed, smiled his submissive, forced smile, under which he was in the habit of concealing all his feelings, but especially the feeling of shame for his father, which he could not help experiencing before us.

“ Yes, sir, Nikolay Petrovich,” said the old man to me, following me all over the room while I was dressing, and reverentially fingering a silver snuff-box which grandmother had presented to him. “ The moment I found out from my son that you had passed your examinations so excellently,— everybody knows what a mind you have, — I at once hastened to congratulate you, my friend. I used to carry you on my shoulders, you know, and God knows that I love you all like my own family, and Ilinka asked me to take him to you. He, too, is used to you.”

Ilinka sat all that time silent at the window, ostensibly examining my cocked hat, and just audibly muttering something to himself.

" Well, I wanted to ask you, Nikolay Petrovich,” continued the old man, “whether my Ilinka passed good examinations. He told me he would be with you, so do not abandon him. Look after him, and advise him.”

“ Yes, he passed excellently,” I answered, looking at Ilinka, who felt my glance resting upon him, and blushed, and ceased to move his lips.

" And may one pass the day with you ? ” said the old man, with a timid smile, as though he was afraid of me, and keeping so close to me, wherever I moved, that the odour of liquor and tobacco, with which he was saturated, did not leave me for a second. I was angry, because he placed me in such a false position in regard to his son, and because he distracted my attention from an exceedingly important occupation, that of dressing; but, in particular, that odour of brandy so pursued me that I was all put out, and I told him coldly that I could not be with Ilinka, as I should not be at home all day.

“ Father, you wanted to go to sister,” said Ilinka, smiling, and not looking at me, " and I have some business, too.”

I felt even more annoyed and ashamed, and, to soften my refusal,

hastened to add that I should not be at home, because I had to be at the house of Prince Ivan Ivänovich, of Princess Kornakov, of Ivin, the one who occupied such a distinguished place, and that I should, no doubt, dine with Princess Nekhlyudov. I thought that they would not have any cause for annoyance, if they knew on what distinguished people I was going to call. When they got ready to go, I invited Ilinka to come to see me some other time; but Ilinka only muttered something and smiled with a forced expression. I could see that he would never again set foot in my room.

I soon after drove out to make my calls. Volodya, whom I had asked early in the morning to go with me, in order that I might not feel so awkward, had refused, under the pretext that it would be too sentimental an affair for two brothers to travel together in one small vehicle.

XVIII.

THE VALÄKHINS

And so I drove out myself. The first visit, in order of location, was at the house of the Valäkhins, on Sivtsov Vrazhdk. I had not seen Sdnichka for three years, and my love for her had, naturally, passed away long ago, but in my soul was left a vivid and touching memory of my childish love. During those three years I had sometimes thought of her so clearly and with such strength of feeling, that I had shed tears and felt myself again in love, but such a mood lasted only a few minutes, and did not soon return.

I knew that Sonichka had been abroad with her mother, where they remained two years or more, and where, so I was told, they had had an accident in a stagecoach, during which Sonichka’s face was all cut up by the broken glass of the coach, whereby she had lost her good looks. On my way to their house I vividly recalled Sonichka of old, and wondered how I should find her now. On account of her two years’ sojourn abroad, I somehow imagined her to have grown exceedingly tall, with a beautiful figure, serious and majestic, but unusually attractive. My imagination refused to represent her with a face disfigured by scars ; on the contrary, having heard somewhere of a passionate lover who had remained true to the object of his love, in spite of her disfiguring pockmarks, I endeavoured to think that I was in love with Sdnichka, in order to have the merit of remaining true to her, in spite of her scars. In truth, I was not in love when I approached the house of the Valäkhins, but, all my former memories of love having been agitated, I was well prepared to fall in love, and I desired it, especiall), since I felt ashamed of being the only one among all my friends, who was not in love.

The Valäkhins lived in a small, neat frame house, with an entrance from the courtyard. Upon ringing the bell, which was at that time a great rarity in Moscow, the door was opened by a tiny, neatly dressed boy. He either did not know, or did not wish to tell me,

whether the family was at home, and, leaving me in the dark antechamber, ran away into a still darker corridor.

I was left quite awhile alone in that dark room, from which, in addition to the entrance and the corridor, there was another closed door, and I partly marvelled at the gloomy character of the house, and partly supposed that it was the proper thing with people who had been abroad. About five minutes later, the door into the parlour was opened from within by the same boy, and he led me to a tidy, but not richly furnished, sitting-room, into which Sonichka entered right after me.

She was seventeen years old. She was very small of stature and very thin, and the colour of her face was sallow and unhealthy. No scars were to be noticed on her face, but the exquisite bulging eyes, and the bright, kindly, happy smile were the same that I had known and loved in my childhood. I had not expected her to be like this, and so was not able at once to pour out upon her all the feeling which I had prepared on my way up. She gave me her hand, frankly shook mine in the English fashion, which was then quite as rare a thing as the bell, and made me sit down near her upon the sofa.

" Oh, how glad I am to see you, dear Nicolas," she said, looking straight into my face with such a sincere expression on her countenance that I heard in the words

"dear Nicolas" a friendly, and not a condescending tone. To my astonishment, she was, after her journey abroad, even simpler, lovelier, and more familiar in her address than before. 1 noticed two small scars near the nose and upon an eyebrow, but her wonderful eyes and smile tallied with my recollections, and sparkled as of old.

"How you have changed!" she said. "You are a big man now ! And I, how do you find me?"

" Ah, 1 should not have recognized you," J answered, though I was all the time thinking that I should have known her. I again felt myself in that careless, happy frame of mind in which, five years before, l had danced the " gr. d father" with her at grandmother's ball.

"Well. ve I grown much homelier?" she asked me, shaking her little head.

" No, not at all ! You have grown a little taller, are older," 1 hastened to answer, "but, on the contra"y — I even —

"Oh, well, it makes no difference. And do you remember our dances and games, and St. Jérôme, and Madame] >orat ?" (I did not remember any Madame Dorat ; she was evidently carried away by the pleasure of childish reminiscences, and mixed them up.) "Oh, it was such a glorious time!" she continued, and the same smile, no, a smile even better than the one I had retained in my memory, and the same eyes

sparkled before me. While she was speaking T had time to consider the situation in which I found myself, and I concluded that just then I was in love. The moment ! had decided this, my happy and careless mood left me, a mist covered all that was before me,- even her eyes and smile; 1 was ashamed of somethi' > blushed, and lost my ability to speak.

" These are different s^ranov ow," she continued, sighing and lightly raising her 1 " Everything is worse now, and we are worse, is it°uc^ a Nicolas ? "

I could not answer, and looked at her in silence.

" Where are now all those Ivins and Kornakovs of those days ? Do you remember them ? " she continued, with some curiosity gazing at my blushing and frightened face. " It was a glorious time ! "

And still I could not answer.

I was for a time brought out of my state of oppression by the arrival of Madame Valakhin. I rose and bowed, and regained my ability to speak ; on the other hand, a strange change took place in Sonichka with the appearance of her mother. AU her merriment and familiarity suddenly disappeared, even her smile was different, and, except for her stature, she became the young lady from abroad, that I had imagined I should find. It seemed that the change had no cause, because her mother smiled just as pleasantly, and in all her movements expressed the same meekness as of old. Madame Valakhin seated herself in an armchair, and pointed out to me a place near her. She said something to her daughter in English, and Sonichka went out, which gave me still further relief.

Madame Valakhin asked me about my family, about my brother and father, then told me of her bereavement, — the loss of her husband, — and finally, feeling that there was nothing left to talk about, looked at me in silence, as much as to say : " If you will get up, and bow, and leave, you will be doing very well, my dear ! " but a strange thing happened. Sonichka had returned to the room with some handiwork, and had seated herself in the other corner, so that I felt her glances upon me. While Madame Valakhin was telling me about the loss of her husband, I once more recalled that I was in love, and I thought that the mother must have guessed it, and was again overcome by a fit of bashfulness, which was so strong that I felt mvself unable to move a limb in a natural manner. I knew that in order to rise and leave, I should have to think of

how to place my leg, what to do with my head, and what with my hand, — in short, I felt almost the same sensation as the evening before, when I had drunk half a bottle of champagne. I felt that I should not be able to manage it all, and consequently should not be able to rise, and I really could not rise. Madame Valäkhin must have wondered when she saw my face as red as a lobster, and my complete immobility, but I decided that it was safer to stay in that stupid pose than to risk getting up and going in an awkward manner.

And thus I sat for quite awhile, hoping that some unforeseen accident would help me out of this predicament. This accident presented itself in the shape of an insignificant young man, who entered the room with the manner of a familiar acquaintance, and politely bowed to me. Madame Valäkhin rose, excusing herself on the ground that she had to speak to her business manager, and looked at me with a perplexed expression, which said, " If you wish to stay here all the time, I shall not drive you away.” Exerting a terrible effort over myself, I rose, but was not able to bow, and, starting to leave, accompanied by looks of sympathy from mother and daughter, caught my foot in a chair which was not at all in my way. I did so because all my attention was directed to not catching my foot in the carpet over which I was walking. In the open air, where I tossed about and moaned so loud that Kuzmä several times asked me what I wished, this feeling disappeared, and I began calmly to reflect over my love for Sdnichka, and over her relations to her mother, which seemed strange to me. When I later told father that Madame Valäkhin and her daughter were not on good terms, he said :

“ Yes, she torments the poor girl with her dreadful stinginess, and that is strange,” he added, with a feeling which was stronger than what he could have for a mere relative, " for she used to be such a dear, charming woman.

I cannot understand what made her change so. Did you not see in her house some kind of a secretary ? What business has a Russian lady to keep a secretary?” he said, angrily walking away from me.

“ Yes, I did,” I answered.

" Is he, at least, good-looking ? ”

“ No, not at all.”

" Incomprehensible,” said papa, angrily jerking his shoulder, and coughing.

" So 1 am in love,” I thought, riding in my vehicle.

XIX.

THE KORNAKOVS

The second visit in my round of calls was at the house of the Komäkovs. They were living in the second floor of a large house in the Arbät. The staircase was exceedingly fine and neat, but not magnificent. A canvas stair-carpet was held in place by shining brass rods, but there were no flowers, and no mirrors. The parlour, through which I passed over a brilliantly polished floor into the sitting-room, was furnished just as severely, coldly, and neatly ; everything shone and was solid, if not entirely new; but neither

pictures, nor curtains, nor any other ornaments were to be seen. There were several princesses in the sitting-room. They all sat so correctly and so stolidly that it was quite apparent they sat differently when there were no guests.

« Mamma will be here soon," said the oldest of them, seating herself near me. This princess entertained me for fifteen minutes, speaking so freely and cleverly that the conversation did not lag for a second ; but it was too obvious she was entertaining, and so I did not like her. She told me, among other things, that her brother Stepän, whom they called Etienne, and who had entered the School of Cadets two years ago, had been promoted to the rank of officer. When she spoke of her brother, especially of his having entered a regiment of hussars against his mother's will, she looked frightened, and all the younger princesses, who sat in silence, also looked frightened ; when she spoke of grandmother's death, she looked sad, and all the younger princesses looked likewise ; when she recalled how I struck St. Jérôme, and was led out of the room, she laughed and showed her bad teeth, and all the princesses laughed and showed their bad teeth.

Their mother entered, — the same little, wizened woman with the same wandering eyes and the same habit of looking at others while speaking to you. She took my hand, and raised her own to my lips for me to kiss, which I should not have done otherwise, as I did not consider it necessary.

" How glad I am to see you ! " she spoke with her usual volubility, glancing at her daughters. " Oh, how he resembles his mamma ! Don't you think so, Lise ? "

Lise said that it was so, although I am quite sure that there was not the faintest resemblance to my mother.

" So there you are, a big man ! You know, my Etienne, he is your cousin twice removed — no, not twice removed, — how is it, Lise ? My mother was Varvara Dmitrievna, the daughter of Dmitri Nikolaevich, and your grandmother was Natalya Nikolaevna."

" That makes it three times removed," said the eldest princess.

" Oh, you are getting everything mixed," her mother cried to her, angrily ; " not at all thrice removed, but issus de germains, — that's what you are with Etienne. He is an officer now, do you know ? Only it is not good for him to have his freedom so soon. You young people ought to be kept in strong hands, like this ! You are not angry with your old aunt for telling you the truth ? I kept Etienne with severity, and I find that it is the right way."

" Yes, that is how we are related," she continued. " Prince Ivan Ivanovich is my uncle, and was your mother's uncle. Consequently your mamma and I were first cousins — no, twice removed, yes, that's it. Well, tell me : have you, my friend, called on Prince Ivdn ? "

I said I had not, but that I should that very day.

" Oh, how can you ? " she cried. “ You ought to have made your first visit to him. You know that Prince Ivän is just like a father to you. He has no children, consequently you and my children are his only heirs. You must honour him according to his years and position in the world, and everything. I know, you young people in these years no longer count your family ties, and do not like old men ; but you hear what your old aunt is telling you, because she loves you, and she loved your mamma, and also loved and respected your grandmother very much. Do go there by all means, by all means go there!”

I told her I would by all means, and as the visit had, in my opinion, lasted long enough, I rose and wanted to leave, but she held me back.

“ No, wait a minute. Where is your father, Lise ? Call him in. He will be so happy to see you,” she continued, turning to me. About two minutes later Prince Mikhäylo entered. He was a thickset gentleman, very untidily dressed, badly shaven, and with such an indifferent expression on his face that it looked stupid. He was not at all glad to see me, at least he did not say so ; but the princess, whom he evidently feared very much, said to him :

“Am I not right? Vdidemar” (she had obviously forgotten my name) " resembles his mamma ! ” and she winked in such a way that the prince, guessing what she was after, walked up to me, and, with an impassive and even dissatisfied expression on his face, offered me his unshaven cheek for a kiss.

" You are not yet dressed, and you have to drive out,” said the princess immediately after, in a tone which, no doubt, was her usual one in relation to the people of the house. " You want to provoke them again, to make them angry.”

" Directly, directly, my dear,” said Prince Mikhaylo, going out. I bowed and left.

I heard for the first time that we were heirs of Prince Ivdn Ivanovich, and that gave me an unpleasant sensation.

XX.

THE IVINS

The impending obligatory visit weighed even more heavily on my mind. But before calling on the prince, my way lay past the Ivins. They were living in Tver Street, in an immense, beautiful house. I walked, not without fear, up the parade entrance, where a porter stood with a staff.

I asked him whether they were at home.

" Whom do you wish ? The general’s son is at home,” said the porter to me.

" And the general himself ?” I asked, courageously.

" I shall have to announce you. What shall I say ? " said the porter and rang the bell. A lackey’s feet in halfboots appeared on the staircase. I was so intimidated, without knowing why, that I told the lackey not to announce me to the general, that I should go first to see the general’s son. As I walked up this large staircase, it seemed to me that I had become dreadfully small, not in the transferred, but in the real, sense of the word. I had experienced the same feeling as my vehicle drove up to the great entrance : it appeared to me that the vehicle, the horse, and the coachman had all become small. The general’s son was lying on a divan, with an open book before him, and asleep, when I entered the room. His tutor, Frost, who was still staying in their house, walked in behind me with his smart gait, and woke up his charge. Ivin did not express any especial pleasure at seeing me,

and I noticed that he looked at my eyebrows while speaking to me. Although he was very civil, it seemed to me that he was entertaining me, like the princess, that he did not feel himself particularly attracted to me, and that he had no need of my acquaintance, since he certainly had a different, his own, circle of friends. All this I concluded from the fact that he gazed at my eyebrows. In short, his relations with me were, however much it hurt me to acknowledge it, very nearly the same as mine with Ilfnka. I was becoming irritated, caught every glance of Ivin’s on the wing, and when his eyes met those of Frost, I translated it by the question : " Why did he call on us any-way?” ,

Having conversed with me awhile, Ivin said that his parents were at home, and asked me whether I should not like to go down with him to see them.

“ I shall be dressed at once,” he added, as he left the room, though he was well dressed as it was, — in a new coat and white vest. A few minutes later he came out in his uniform, all buttoned up, and we walked down together. The gala rooms through which we passed were exceedingly large, high, and, I think, luxuriously appointed, for there was something of marble, of gold, of muslinwrapped objects, of mirrors. Madame Ivin entered through another door into a small room behind the sitting-room, at the same time with us. She received me in a friendly and familiar manner, seated me near her, and sympathetically asked me about our whole family.

Madame Ivin, whom I had seen in passing two or three times before, and whom I now watched attentively, pleased me very much. She was tall, thin, very white, and seemed to be continually sad and emaciated. Her smile was sad, but exceedingly kind, her eyes large, tired, and slightly squinting, which gave her a still sadder and

more attractive aspect. She sat, not bending over, but somehow flagging all her body, and all her movements were droop-

ing. She spoke indolently, but the sound of her voice and her enunciation, with the indistinct .utterance of r and 1, were agreeable. She did not entertain me. My answers relative to my family obviously afforded her a melancholy interest, as though, hearing me, she sadly recalled better times. Her son had gone out somewhere ; she silently looked at me for about two minutes, and suddenly burst into tears. I was sitting in front of her and could not think what to say or do. She continued to weep, without looking at me. At first I was sorry for her, then I thought : " Had I not better console her, and how is it to be done ? " and finally I was angry, because she had placed me in such an uncomfortable situation. “Is it possible I have so piteous an appearance ? " I thought, " or is she doing it on purpose, to find out what I will do under the circumstances ? "

" It would be improper for me to leave now, as though I were running away from her tears,” I continued to think. I moved in my chair, at least to remind her of my presence.

" Ob, how foolish I am!” she said, looking at me, and trying to smile. " There are days when I weep without any cause.”

She was looking for the handkerchief near her on the sofa, and suddenly burst into more intense weeping.

" 0 Lord, how ridiculous it is that I should cry all the time. I loved your mother so, we were so friendly — were — and — ”

She found her handkerchief, covered her face with it and continued to weep. I was again in an awkward predicament, and it lasted quite awhile. I was both annoyed, and very sorry for her. Her tears seemed to be sincere, and I thought that she was not weeping so much for my mother, as because she was not happy now, but had been much happier in those days. I do not know how it would all have ended if young Ivin had not come in and said that father Ivin wanted to see her. She rose, and was about to leave, when Ivin himself entered. He was a short, strongly built, gray-haired old gentleman, with thick black eyebrows, entirely gray, closely cropped hair, and a very austere and firm expression of the mouth.

1 rose and bowed to him, but Ivin, who had three decorations on his green dress coat, not only did not answer my salutation, but hardly looked at me, so that I suddenly felt that I was not a man, but some worthless thing, — a chair or window or, if a man, then such as does not in any way differ from a chair or window.

" My dear, you have not written yet to the countess,” he said to his wife in French, with a passionless, though firm expression.

" Good-bye, M. Irteneff,” Madame Ivin said to me, suddenly nodding her head haughtily and, like her son, looking at my eyebrows. I

bowed once more to her and to her husband, and again my salutation had an effect as if a window had been opened or closed. Student Ivin, however, took me to the door and told me on the way that he should attend the St. Petersburg University after that, because his father had received a place there, mentioning some very important office.

" Well, whatever papa may say," I muttered to myself, seating myself in the vehicle, " my foot shall never cross their threshold again. That blubberet cries, looking at me as though I were some ill-omened person, and Ivin is a swine that does not greet one. I'll give it to him ! " I did not have the least idea how I was going to give it to him, though the remark seemed appropriate enough.

I had later to listen often to father's persuasive advice that I ought to cultivate that acquaintance, saying that I could not expect a man in his position to occupy himself with such a boy as I was ; but I stood my ground for a long time.

XXL

PRINCE IVAN IVANOVICH

" Now, the last visit in Nikitskaya Street," I said to Kuzmà, and we drove to the house of Prince Ivan Ivdn-ovich.

After passing through several ordeals of visiting, 1 generally gained self-confidence, and so even now drove up to the prince's with a sufficiently calm spirit, when I suddenly recalled the words of Madame Korndkov that I was an heir; in addition, I noticed two carriages at the entrance, and my former shyness came over me.

It seemed to me that the old porter, who opened the door for me, and the lackey, who took off my overcoat, and the three ladies and two gentlemen, whom I found in the sitting-room, and especially Prince Ivan Ivdnovich himself, who sat on a sofa in citizen's clothes, — it seemed to me that all these were looking at me as an heir, and consequently with malevolence. The prince was very gracious to me, kissed me, that is, he applied for a second his soft, dry, and cold lips to my cheek, inquired about my occupations and plans, joked with me, asked me whether I still was writing verses such as I had written for grandmother's name-day, and invited me to dine with him that very day. But the more he was gracious, the more it apj»eared to me that he wanted to treat me kindly only to avoid showing how displeased he was with the idea that I was his heir. He had a habit, caused by the false teeth of which his mouth was full, of raising his upper lip every time he said something, and drawing it into his nostrils, and as he was doing so now, 1 imagined he said to himself : " Boy, boy, I know without you that you are an heir," and so forth.

When we were small we used to call Prince Ivan Ivdnovich

grandfather; but now, in my capacity of heir, my tongue refused to roll out “grandfather,” and to say “Your Highness,” as one of the gentlemen present said, seemed humiliating to me, so that I tried during my whole conversation not to address him directly. But more than anything I was put out by the old princess, who was also an heir of the prince, and who was living in his house. During the whole dinner, when I sat by the side of the princess, I surmised that she did not speak to me because she hated me for being just such an heir as she, and that the prince paid no attention to our side of the table, because we, the princess and I, were heirs and, consequently, equally detestable to him.

“ Yes, you will not believe me how uncomfortable I was,” I said that very evening to Dmitri, trying to brag of my feeling of disgust at the thought that I was an heir (I considered it a fine feeling), " how uncomfortable I was the two hours I passed with the prince. He is a fine fellow, and was very gracious to me,” I said, trying, in reality, to impress my friend with the fact that I was not saying all that because I felt myself humbled by the prince, " but,” I continued, " the thought that I might be looked upon like the princess who is living at his house and fawning before him, is a terrible thought. He is a beautiful old man, and exceedingly good and gentle to everybody, yet it was painful to see how he maltreated the princess. That abominable money spoils all relations ! ”

“ Do you know, I think it would be best to speak frankly to the prince,” I said, “ and tell him that I respect him as a man, but that I do not think of his inheritance, and ask him not to leave me anything, and that only under such conditions would I visit him.”

Dmitri did not laugh when I told him this, but, on the contrary, fell to musing and, after a few moments’ silence, said to me:

« Do you know, you are wrong. Either you have no business to surmise that they are thinking of you in the same way as of that princess of yours, or, if you do surmise it, you must go farther and surmise that you know what they might think of you, but that these thoughts are so far from you that you despise them and will do nothing on their basis. You must surmise that they are surmising that you are surmising it — but, in short,” he added, feeling that he was getting snarled up in his consideration, " it will be best not to surmise it at all.”

My friend was quite right. Much, much later I convinced myself from the experiences of my life that it was harmful to think, and still more harmful to express much that looks very noble but ought to be for ever concealed from all in the heart of every man, and that noble words rarely harmonize with noble deeds. I am convinced that when a good intention has been uttered, it is hard, and more often impossible, to carry out that good intention. But how is one to abstain from uttering the noble, self-satisfied impulses of youth ? Only much later one thinks of them and regrets them as a flower which one impatiently plucked before it was unfolded and then saw withered and crushed upon the ground.

Though I had just told Dmitri, my friend, that money spoiled all relations, I discovered the next morning, before our departure into the country, that I had squandered all my money on all kinds of pictures and Turkish pipes, and so borrowed of him for the journey twenty roubles, which he had offered me, and which I did not pay back to him for a long time.

XXII.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK WITH MY FRIEND

This talk of ours took place in the phaeton on the road to Kuntsovo. Dmitri dissuaded me from calling upon his mother in the morning, but came for me after dinner, in order to take me for the whole evening, even overnight, to the summer residence, where his family was staying. Only after we left the city behind us, and the muddy and motley streets and unbearable deafening noise of the pavement gave way to the broad view of the fields and the soft rumbling of the wheels on the dusty road, and the fragrant vernal air and broad expanse surrounded me on all sides, — only then I recovered from the manifold new impressions and from the consciousness of freedom which had completely entangled me in the last two days. Dmitri was communicative and meek, did not rearrange his necktie with his head, nor wink and blink nervously. I was satisfied with those noble sentiments which I had expressed to him, and supposed that for these he condoned my shameful affair with Kolpikdv, and no longer despised me for it. We chatted in a friendly manner about many confidential affairs which one does not communicate under all circumstances. Dmitri told me about his family, whom I did not know yet, about his mother, aunt, and sister, and about the one whom Volddya and Dubkdv regarded as his passion and called " red-haired.” He spoke of his mother with a certain cold and solemn praise, as if to anticipate any retort upon that subject ; his aunt he mentioned with

339 enthusiasm, but not without some degree of condescension ; of his sister he spoke very little and as if ashamed to say anything about her ; but of the " red-haired " girl, whose real name was Lyubdv Sergyéevna, and who was an old maid that, standing in some family relation to the Nekhlyudovs, was living at their house, he spoke with animation.

“ Yes, she is a remarkable girl,” he said, blushing shamefacedly, but looking more boldly into my eyes. “ She is not a young girl, I might even say she is old, and not at all good-looking, but what stupidity and nonsense to love beauty ! I can’t understand it, it is so stupid,” he said, as though he had just discovered this latest and extraordinary truth, " but such a soul, such a heart and principles — I am sure, you will not find a girl like her in our day.”

I do not know where Dmitri had got his habit of saying that

everything good was rare in our day. He was fond of repeating this expression, and it somehow fitted him well.

“ Only I am afraid,” he continued, calmly, after he had in his mind completely demolished all people who were so stupid as to love beauty, “ I am afraid that you will not understand or appreciate her soon: she is modest, and even retiring, and does not like to show her beautiful and remarkable qualities. Now, mother, who, you will see, is a beautiful and clever woman, has known Lyubdv for some years, but is not able and does not want to understand her. Even yesterday — I will tell you why I was out of sorts when you asked me about it. Two days ago Lyubdv Sergyéevna wanted me to take her to Ivan Yakovlevich,— you have, no doubt, heard of Iván Yakovlevich, who is supposed to be insane, but in reality is a remarkable man. Lyubdv Sergyéevna is extremely religious, I must tell you, and understands Iván Yäkovlevich thoroughly. She frequently goes to see him, to converse with him and to give him money for the poor, which she has earned herself.

She is a wonderful woman, you will see. Well, so I drove with her to Ivan Yakovlevich, and I am very grateful to her for having seen this remarkable man. Mother refuses to understand this, and sees nothing but superstition in it. Yesterday this was the cause of my first quarrel with my mother, and it was pretty serious,” he concluded, convulsively jerking his neck, as though in recollection of the feeling which he had experienced during that quarrel.

«< Well, how do you think about it ? That is, when you consider what will come of it — or have you talked with her of what will be, and how your love and friendship will end ? ” I asked, wishing to abstract him from his unpleasant memory.

" You ask whether I am thinking of marrying her ? ” he asked me, blushing again, but turning boldly around and looking into my face.

“Well, really,” I thought, calming myself, “that’s all right, we are grown-up men, — two friends travelling in a phaeton and discussing our future lives. Any outsider would be pleased to hear and see us.”

“Why not?” he continued, after my affirmative answer. “My aim, like that of every sensible man, is to be as happy and as good as possible ; and if she will only consent when I am entirely independent, I shall be happier and better with her than with the greatest beauty in the world.”

While conversing, we did not notice that we had approached Kuntsovo, and that the sky was clouded, and it was getting ready to rain. The sun stood low on our right, over the old trees of the Kuntsovo garden, and half of the brilliant red disk was shrouded by a gray, weakly transparent cloud ; from the other half burst forth in sprays the parcelled fiery beams and with striking clearness illuminated the old trees of the garden, that stood immovable and cast their thick green tops against the brightly luminous spot of the azure sky. The splendour and light of this part of the heavens was in

sharp contrast to a heavy lilac cloud which hung in front of us over a young birch grove that was visible on the horizon.

A little more to the right could be seen, beyond bushes and trees, the variegated roofs of the cottages, some of which reflected the bright sunbeams, while others assumed the gloomy aspect of the other side of the heavens. At the left, and below us, lay the blue expanse of a motionless pond, surrounded by pale-green willows that were darkly reflected on its dull, seemingly convex surface. Beyond the pond, a blackish fallow field stretched along the incline of a hill, and the straight line of a bright green balk, which cut through it, went away into the distance and was lost in the leaden, threatening horizon. On both sides of the soft road, over which the phaeton swayed in even measure, stood out the green, succulent, tufty rye, which here and there was beginning to form its stalks. The air was perfectly calm, and redolent with freshness; the verdure of the trees and leaves and rye was motionless and pure and bright. It seemed as though every blade were living its separate, full and happy life. Near the road I noticed a black footpath, which meandered between the dark-green rye that had risen to one-fourth of its full stature, and this footpath for some reason vividly reminded me of the country, and, through the reminiscence of the country, by some strange association of ideas, brought before me with intense vividness Sdnichka and the fact that I was in love with her.

In spite of all my friendship for Dmitri and the pleasure which his frankness caused me, I did not want to know anything more about his feelings and intentions in regard to Lyubov Sergyéevna, but was very anxious to tell him about all my love for Sdnichka, which seemed to me to be a love of a much higher sort. But I could not make up my mind to tell him straight out how good I thought it would be when, having married Sdnichka, I should be living in the country, how I should have little children who would crawl on the ground and would call me papa, and how happy I should be when he would come with his wife, Lyubov Sergyéevna, to see me, in their travelling clothes. Instead of all that I said, pointing to the sun, “Dmitri, see how magnificent

Dmitri did not say anything to me, being obviously dissatisfied because to his confession, which had, no doubt, cost him an effort, I had answered by directing his attention to Nature, to which he was generally indifferent. Nature affected him quite differently from me : it affected him not so much by its beauty as by its intrinsic interest. He loved it more with his mind than with his feelings.

“ I am very happy,” 1 said to him soon after, without paying any attention to his preoccupation with his own thoughts and to his complete indifference to what I might be telling him. “ I have told you, you will remember, of a young lady with whom I was in love when I was a child : I saw her to-day,” I continued, enthusiastically, " and now I am in love with her in earnest — "

And I told him, in spite of the continued expression of indifference upon his face, about my love and about all my plans for future

conjugal happiness. And a strange thing happened : the moment I told him in detail of the whole power of my feeling, I began to feel that this feeling was diminishing.

A light rain overtook us after we had entered the birch avenue which led to the summer residence, but we did not get wet. I knew that it was raining because a few drops fell upon my nose and hand, and because something was pattering on the young viscid leaves of the birches which suspended their motionless curly branches and received these pure transparent drops with evident enjoyment that expressed itself in the strong odour with which they filled the avenue. We jumped out of the vehicle, in order to run through the garden to the house. At the

very entrance to the house we ran against four ladies who were coming from the other direction with rapid steps, two of them carrying some handiwork, one of them with a book, and another with a lapdog. Dmitri introduced me on the spot to his mother, his sister, his aunt, and Lyubdv Sergyéevna. They stopped for a second, but the rain began to fall in earnest.

" Let us go to the gallery ; there you will introduce him once more," said the one whom I had taken for Dmitri's mother, and we ascended the staircase together with the ladies.

XXIII.

THE NEKHLYÛDOVS

In the first moment I was impressed more particularly by Lyubov Sergyéevna, who, with her lapdog in her hands, walked up the staircase behind the rest, in thick, hand-knit shoes, and who, stopping two or three times, carefully examined me, and every time after that kissed her dog. She was very ill-looking ; red-haired, thin, short, and somewhat misshapen. What made her homely face still more homely was her odd hair-dressing, with a parting on one side (the kind of hair-dressing bald-headed women use). However much I tried to please my friend, I could not find one single beautiful feature in her. Her brown eyes, though they expressed kindliness, were too small and dim, and decidedly homely ; even her hands, that characteristic feature, though not large and not badly shaped, were red and rough.

When I walked up to the terrace after them, all the ladies but Varenka, Dmitri's sister, who only looked attentively at me with her large dark gray eyes, said a few words to me, before taking up their work, while Varenka began to read aloud her book, which she held on her knees, marking the place with her finger.

Princess Märya Ivanovna was a tall, stately woman of about forty years. One might have given her more, if one were to judge by the locks of half-gray hair that frankly stood out from under her cap.

But by her fresh, exceedingly tender face, with hardly a wrinkle, and

especially by the lively, merry sparkle of her eyes, she seemed to be much younger. Her eyes were brown and wide open, her lips were rather thin and somewhat severe, her nose fairly regular and slightly to the left, her hands were without rings, large, almost masculine, with beautiful elongated fingers. She wore a dark blue high-cut dress that fitted tightly over her stately, youthful waist, which was evidently her pride. She sat remarkably upright, and was sewing a dress. When I entered the gallery, she took my hand, drew me to her, as if desiring to examine me at close range, and said to me, as she looked at me with the same cold, open glance which Dmitri had, that she had known me for a long time from her son's description. She invited me to stay a whole day with her, in order that she might get better acquainted with me.

" Do anything you may think of, without any regard to us, just as we shall not be inconvenienced by you, — walk around, read, listen, or sleep, if that gives you most pleasure," she added.

Sofya Ivdnovna was an old maid and a younger sister of the princess, but she looked older. She had that superabundant corpulence which one finds only in short, fat old maids who wear corsets. She looked as though all her vitality had sprouted upward with so much force that it threatened to choke her any minute. Her short fat hands could not unite below the down curve of the band of her waist, and she was not able even to see the tightly laced band itself.

Though Princess Marya Ivanovna was black-haired and dark-eyed, and Sofya Ivdnovna blonde and with large, vivacious, and at the same time calm, blue eyes (a rare thing indeed), there was a great family resemblance between the sisters: there were the same expression, the same nose, the same lips ; only Sofya Ivdnovna's nose and lips were a little thicker and turned to the right when she smiled, while with the princess they turned to the left. Sdfya Ivanovna, to judge by her garments and hair-dressing, endeavoured to appear young, and would not have shown her gray locks, if she had had any. Her glance and her treatment of me at first appeared very haughty and flurried me, while with the princess, on the contrary, I felt completely at ease. It may be, her stoutness and a certain resemblance to the picture of Catherine the Great, by which I was struck, gave her in my eyes that haughty mien ; but I was thoroughly frightened when she looked fixedly at me and said, " The friends of our friends are our friends." I calmed down and suddenly changed my opinion of her completely as soon as she grew silent ; after saying these words, she opened her mouth and drew a deep sigh. No doubt her corpulence had induced in her the habit of drawing a deep sigh after every few words, by opening her mouth a little and slightly rolling her large blue eyes. In this habit was somehow expressed such a gentle kindliness that after that sigh I lost my fear of her, and began to like her. Her eyes were charming, her voice melodious and pleasant, and even those very circular lines of her body at that time of my youth did not seem devoid of beauty.

Lyubdv Sergyéevna, as the friend of my friend, would soon say, I thought, something very friendly and familiar to me, and she, indeed, looked at me for quite awhile in silence, as if undecided whether that which she was going to say to me would not be too familiar ; but she interrupted the silence only to ask me in what Faculty I was. Then she again looked for a long time sharply at me, obviously wavering as to whether she had better speak that intimate word or not, and I, noticing that hesitation in her, begged her by the expression on my face to tell it to me, but she only said, " Nowadays, they say, they do not pay much attention to the sciences in the university," and called up her lap-dog Su zette.

Lyubov Sergyéevna spoke all that evening mostly in such phrases, which had nothing to do with the matter in hand, and did not fit each other; but I had such confidence in Dmitri, and he kept on looking all the evening with such anxiety, now at me, and now at her, with an expression which meant, " Well, what do you say ? " that, as is often the case, I was very far from formulating my thought in regard to her, though at heart I was convinced that there was nothing remarkable in Lyubdv Sergyéevna.

Finally, the last person of that family, Varenka, was a plump girl sixteen years of age. Nothing but her dark gray eyes, which united merriment and quiet attention, and in expression very much resembled the eyes of her aunt, and a long blond braid, and an extremely tender and beautiful hand, was attractive in her.

" M. Nicolas, it must be tiresome to you to begin listening in the middle," said Sofya Ivdnovna with her kindly sigh, turning the piece of the dress which she was sewing.

The reading just then stopped, because Dmitri had left the room.

" Or have you read ' Hob Roy ' before ? "

At that time I considered it my duty, because of my student uniform if for no other reason, to answer the simplest question of persons with whom I was little acquainted, in a clever and original manner, and regarded it as shameful to give short, clear answers, such as, " yes," " no," and so forth. Looking at my new fashionable pantaloons and the bright buttons of my coat, I answered that I had not read " Rob Roy," but that I liked very much to hear it read, because I preferred to read books from the middle rather than from the beginning.

"It is twice as interesting. You can guess what was before, and what will follow after," I added, smiling contentedly.

The princess laughed, as it seemed to me, unnaturally, but I learned later that she had no other laugh.

" It must be the truth," she said. " Well, shall you stay here long, Nicolas ? You will not be offended at our not calling you Monsieur.

When do you leave ? ”

“ I do not know ; maybe to-morrow, and maybe we shall stay quite awhile yet,” I answered for some reason, although I was quite sure we should leave the next day.

" I wish you would stay, both for your sake and for Dmitri’s,” the princess remarked, looking somewhere into the distance. " At your years friendship is a glorious thing.”

I felt that all were looking at me and waiting to hear what I should say, though Varenka pretended to be examining the work of her aunt ; I felt that I was, so to speak, being examined, and that I had to show myself from my most advantageous side.

" Yes, for me,” 1 said, “ Dmitri’s friendship is useful, but I cannot be useful to him : he is a thousand times better than I.”

Dmitri was not there to hear me, or I should have been afraid of his feeling the insincerity of my words.

The princess again laughed her unnatural laugh, which was natural to her.

“ Well, hearing him,” she said, " c’est vous qui êtes un petit monstre de perfection.”

“ Monstre de perfection, — that is excellent, I must remember it,” I thought.

“ However, not to mention you, he himself is a good example of that,” she continued, lowering her voice (which was particularly pleasing to me) and pointing with her eyes to Lyubov Sergyéevna. “ He has discovered in poor aunty” (thus they called Lyubov Sergyéevna), “whom I have known these twenty years with her Suzette, perfections which I had never suspected — Varya, tell them to bring me a glass of water,” she added, again gazing into the distance, probably considering that it was yet too early, or that I ought not to be initiated at all in their

family relations, " or no, he had better go. lie is doing nothing, but you continue to read. Go, my dear, right through the door and, having walked fifteen paces, stop and say in a loud voice, ‘ Peter, bring Mérya Ivänovna a glass of ice-water ! ' " she said to me, and again laughed her unnatural laugh.

" She, no doubt, wants to say something about me," I thought, leaving the room. " No doubt, she wants to say that she has noticed that I am a very clever young man." I had not yet walked the fifteen paces when stout Sofya Ivänovna, all out of breath, but walking with rapid and light steps, caught up with me.

" Merci, mon cher," she said, " I am going there myself, so I shall order it.”

XXIV.

LOVE

S6fya Ivanovna, as I found out later, was one of those rare unmarried women who are born for family happiness, but to whom fate has denied that happiness, and who, on account of this denial, suddenly decide to pour out on a few chosen people all that treasure of love which has so long been stored up, and has grown and strengthened in their heart for husband and children. And that treasure is in old maids of this description so inexhaustible that, though there may be many chosen ones, there is still left much love, which they pour out on all their neighbours, good and bad people, with whom they happen to come in contact in their lives.

There are three kinds of love :

1. Fair love,

2. Self-sacrificing love, and

3. Active love.

I am not speaking of the love of a young man for a young woman, and vice versa, — I am afraid of these tendernesses. I have been so unhappy in my life that I never have seen in this kind of love one spark of truth, but only a He in which sentimentality, conjugal relations, money, and the desire to tie or untie one’s hands so entangled the sentiment itself that it was impossible to make out anything. I am speaking of the love for man, which, according to the greater or smaller power of the soul, is concentrated on one, on a few, or is poured

creases the deserts of sacrifice ; they are generally constant, for it would be hard for them to lose the deserts of the sacrifices which they have made for their beloved object ; they are always ready to die, in order to prove to him or her, all their attachment, but despise the petty, commonplace proofs of love, which do not demand any special impulse of self-sacrifice. It is a matter of indifference to them whether you have eaten or slept restfully, whether you are happy or well, and they will do nothing to afford you these comforts, if these are in their power ; but they are ever ready, if the opportunity offers itself, to face bullets, throw themselves into the water, or into the fire, and to go into consumption from love. Besides this, people who are inclined to a self-sacrificing love are always haughty in their love, exacting,

jealous, suspicious, and, oddly enough, wish dangers to the objects of their love, in order to save them from misfortune and to console them, and even vices, in order to mend them.

You are living alone in the country with your wife, who loves you with self-devotion. You are well and calm, and you have some occupation which you enjoy,— your loving wife is so weak that she cannot busy herself with her house affairs, which are transferred into the hands of servants, nor with her children, who are in the hands of nurses, nor with any other business, which she likes, because she loves nothing but you. She is obviously ill, but, not wishing to grieve you, she does not tell you so ; she obviously suffers ennui, but she is prepared to feel all her life ennui for your sake; she is obviously worrying her life away because you so assiduously busy yourself with your affairs (whatever they may be, the hunt, books, the estate, service), and she sees that these occupations will be your undoing, — still she is silent, and suffers. But you are ill, and your loving wife forgets her own illness and does not leave your bed, in spite of your entreaties not to worry needlessly ; and you

feel every second her sympathetic glance upon you, which seems to say, " Well, I told you so, but I shall not leave you." In the morning you are feeling a little better, and you go into another room. The room is not heated ; the soup, which alone you are allowed to eat, has not been ordered from the cook ; the medicine has not been sent for ; but your loving wife, emaciated from her nocturnal vigils, is looking with the same expression of sympathy at you, walking on tiptoe, and in a whisper giving her unusual and indistinct orders to the servants. You want to read, — your loving wife tells you, with a sigh, that she knows you will not obey her and will be angry with her, but she is used to it, — that you had better not read; you want to walk up and down the room, — you had better not do that either; you want to talk to your friend who has come to see you, — you had better not. In the night you have a fever again, you want to forget yourself, but your loving wife, thin and wan, now and then sighing, is sitting opposite you in an armchair, in the dim light of a night-lamp, and with her faintest motion and her faintest voice provokes in you a feeling of anger and impatience. You have a servant with whom you have been living for twenty years, to whom you have become accustomed, who serves you with pleasure and with efficiency, because he has had a good sleep during the day and receives good wages, but she does not let him serve you. She does everything herself with her feeble, unaccustomed fingers, which you cannot help following with repressed anger, when these white fingers try in vain to uncork a bottle, snuff a candle, spill medicine, or cautiously touch you. If you are an impatient and irascible man, and ask her to leave you, you will, with your unstrung, ailing ears, hear her behind the door, submissively sighing, and weeping, and whispering some nonsense to your valet. Finally, if you have not died, your loving wife, who has not slept for twenty nights during your illness (which she keeps repeating to you), becomes ill, and feeble, and suffering, and is even less fit for any occupation, and, while you are in a normal state, expresses

her love of self-devotion only by an humble ennui, which involuntarily is communicated to you and all your neighbours.

The third kind, the active love, consists in striving to satisfy all wants, all wishes, caprices, and even vices of a beloved object. People who love in this manner, love for a lifetime, because the more they love, the more they find out their beloved object, and the easier it is for them to love, that is, to satisfy all the wishes of the loved one. Their love is seldom expressed in words, and if it is expressed, it is done, not in a self-satisfied and beautiful, but in a timid and shamefaced manner, because they are always afraid that they do not love sufficiently. These people love even the vices of their beloved being, because these vices make it possible for them to satisfy new wishes. They seek reciprocation, gladly deceiving themselves, believe in it, and are happy when they obtain it ; but they continue to love even in adverse circumstances, and not only wish their beloved object happiness, but continually strive by all means, moral and material, great and small, to afford it to them.

It was this active love for her nephew, her niece, her sister, Lyubov Sergyéevna, and even me, because Dmitri loved me, which shone in the eyes, and in every movement of Sofya Ivanovna.

It was not until much later that I fully appreciated Sofya Ivanovna, but even then the question occurred to me: Why has Dmitri, who endeavoured to understand love in an entirely different way from other young men, and who always had before his eyes dear, loving Sofya Ivanovna, suddenly become passionately enamoured of incomprehensible Lyubov Sergyéevna, and why does he merely admit good qualities in his aunt ? Evidently the

proverb, " A man is not a prophet in his own country," is just. One of two things is true : either there is really more of bad than good in every man, or a man is more susceptible of bad than of good. Lyubov Sergyéevna he had known but for a short time, and the love of his aunt he bad experienced ever since his birth.

XXV.

I AM BECOMING ACQUAINTED

When I returned to the gallery, they were not speaking of me, as I had surmised ; Varenka was not reading, but, having put aside her book, was warmly discussing something with Dmitri, who was walking to and fro, rearranging his necktie with his neck, and blinking. The subject of their discussion was ostensibly Ivan Yakovlevich and superstition ; but the discussion was too heated for the implied meaning to be anything else than one nearer to the whole family. The princess and Lyubov Sergyéevna sat silent, listening to every word, apparently desiring to take part in the discussion, but restraining themselves and letting Vdrenka speak for the one, and Dmitri for the other. When I entered, Varenka looked at me with an expression of

such indifference that it was evident she was much in earnest about the discussion, and did not care whether I heard what she was saying, or not. The same expression was on the face of the princess, who was apparently on Varenka's side. Dmitri began to discuss more heatedly in my presence, and Lyubov Sergyéevna seemed to be frightened at my appearance and said, without turning to any one in particular : " Old people say rightly, ' si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.' "

But this proverb did not stop the dispute, and only made me think that the side of Lyubov and of my friend was in the wrong. Although I felt awkward at being present at a small family discussion, it was pleasant to see the real relations of this household, which were brought out by the discussion, and to feel that my presence did not keep them from expressing their views.

How often it happens that you see a family for years under one and the same false shroud of decency, and that the real relations of its members remain a mystery for you ! I have even noticed that the more impenetrable, and, therefore, more beautiful, that shroud is, the coarser are the actual, hidden relations. But let sometime, quite unexpectedly, a seemingly insignificant question about some blonde or some visit, or the husband's horses, arise in this family circle, — and the quarrel becomes without any apparent cause ever more embittered, things grow too crowded under the shroud for settlement, and suddenly, to the terror of the persons quarrelling themselves, and to the amazement of those present, all the real coarse relations come to the surface, the shroud, which no longer conceals anything, flaunts between the contending parties and only reminds you of how long you have been deceived. Frequently it is not so painful to strike the head against a crossbeam as to touch lightly a sore place. There is just such a painful sore place in nearly every family. In the family of the Nekhlyudovs it was Dmitri's odd love for Lyubov Sergyéevna, which provoked in his sister and mother, if not a feeling of jealousy, at least an offended family feeling. For this reason the discussion about Ivan Yakovlevich and superstition had such a serious meaning for all.

" You always try to see in that which everybody ridicules and everybody despises," spoke Varenka in her melodious voice, pronouncing even" letter distinctly, " yes, you always try to find something unusually good in it."

" In the first place, only the most frivolous person can speak of despising such a remarkable man as Iván Yakovlevich," answered Dmitri, convulsively jerking his head in a direction away from his sister, "and, in the second place, you, on the contrary, try on purpose not to see the good which is standing before your eyes."

Turning to us, Sofya Ivanovna looked several times now at her nephew, now at her niece, and now at me, and two or three times she opened her mouth and drew a deep sigh, as though saying something mentally.

" Varya, please hurry up and read," she said, handing her the book and gently patting her hand, " 1 am anxious to learn whether he found her." (As far as I remember there was nothing in the novel about anybody finding anybody.) " And you, Mitya, had better wrap up your cheek, my dear, for it is blowing here, and you will get a toothache again," she said to her nephew, in spite of the dissatisfied glance which he cast upon her, presumably for having broken the logical thread of his proofs. The reading was continued.

This small quarrel did not in the least affect the family peace and the sensible harmony of that feminine circle.

That circle, to which Princess Marya Ivdnovna obviously gave direction and character, had for me the entirely new and attractive character of a certain logicalness and, at the same time, simplicity and refinement. This character was expressed for me in the beauty, cleanliness, and solidity of things, — the bell, the binding of the book, the chair, the table, — and in the erect, corseted attitude of the princess, and in the display of the locks of gray hair, and in the habit of calling me at the first meeting Nicolas and he, in their occupations, in the reading and sewing, and in the extraordinary whiteness of their feminine hands. (They all had a common family feature in their hands, consisting in the flesh colour of the outer side of their palms, which, by a sharp, straight line, was separated from the extraordinary whiteness of the back of the hand.) But, above all this, character was expressed in the way all three spoke excellent Russian and French, distinctly enunciating every letter, and with pedantic exactness finishing every word and sentence ; all this, and especially the fact that they treated me in their company simply and seriously, like a grown man, telling me their own opinions and listening to mine, — I was so little used to it that, in spite of my shining buttons and blue facings, I was all the time afraid that they would tell me, " Do you really think we are speaking to you in earnest ? Go to your lessons," — all this had the effect of relieving me entirely of timidity. I rose from my chair, changed seats, and boldly spoke to everybody, except Vdrenka, with whom, it seemed to me, it was not proper, but somehow prohibited, to speak the first time.

During the reading, while I listened to her pleasant, ringing voice, and looked, now at her, and now upon the sand path of the flower-garden, on which round, darkling drops of rain were formed ; and upon the linden-trees, on the leaves of which continued to patter rare drops of rain from the pale, bluishy translucent rim of the cloud which was just passing over us, and then again upon her ; and upon the last blood-red rays of the setting sun, which illuminated the thick old birches wet with the rain, and again upon Varenka, — I reflected that she was not at all ill-looking, as I had thought in the beginning.

" What a pity I am already in love," I thought, " and that Vdrenka is not Sdnichka ! How good it would be suddenly to become a member of this family : I should have at once a mother, an aunt, and a wife." All the time I was thinking this, I kept looking at Varenka

while she was reading, and I imagined I was magnetizing her, and that she would have to look at me. Varenka raised her head from the book, looked at me and, meeting my glance, turned away.

" I see the rain has not stopped," she said.

And, suddenly, I experienced a strange feeling : I recalled that precisely what was happening then was a repetition of something that had happened with me before ; that just such a rain had pattered then, and the sun went down behind the birches, and 1 looked at her, and she read, and I magnetized her, and she looked around, and 1 recalled that it had happened before.

" Is it possible it is she ? Is it really beginning ? " But I quickly decided that it was not she, and that it was not beginning yet. " In the first place, she is not goodlooking," I thought, " and she is just a young lady, with whom I became acquainted in the commonest manner, but she will be uncommon, and her I shall meet in some uncommon place ; and then, I like this family so much because I have not seen anything as yet," I reflected, " and there are, no doubt, always such, and I shall meet many of them in my life."

XXVI.

I SHOW MYSELF FROM MY MOST ADVANTAGEOUS SIDE

At tea the reading stopped, and the ladies engaged in a conversation about persons and affairs unknown to me. This they did, as I thought, in order to make me feel, in spite of the gracious reception, the difference which existed between them and me, on account of the disparity of years and social standing. When the conversation became general, so that I could take part in it, I redeemed my previous silence by trying to display my extraordinary mind and originality, which, as I thought, I owed it to my uniform to do. When the conversation turned to summer residences, I at once told them that Prince Ivan Ivänovich had a summer residence near Moscow ; that people had come from London and Paris to look at it; that it was surrounded by a fence which had cost three hundred and eighty thousand ; and that Iván Ivanovich was a very near relative of mine ; and that I had dined with him to-day, and he had invited me by all means to come and stay with him the whole summer in his country house, but that I had refused because I knew that residence well, having been there several times ; and that all those fences and bridges did not interest me in the least, because I could not bear luxury, particularly in the country ; and that I liked the country to be entirely countrylike. Having told this terrible, complicated lie, I became confused, and blushed, so that every one must have noticed that I was lying. Värenka, who was just then passing a cup of tea to me, and Sofya Ivdnovna, who was looking at me all the time 1 spoke, turned their faces aside and conversed about something else with an expression which 1 later met frequently in good people, when a very young man began to tell obvious lies,

and which meant : “ We know that he is lying, and why is the poor fellow doing so ? "

1 said that Prince Iván Ivánovich had a summer residence, because 1 could not find a better excuse for mentioning my relationship with Prince Ivan Ivanovich, and my having dined with him that day. But why did I tell about the fence that cost three hundred and eighty thousand, and say that I had frequently been there, when I had not been there once, nor ever could have been, for Prince Ivan Ivanovich lived only in Moscow and in Naples, which was quite well known to the Nekhlyu-dovs, — why did I tell all that ? lam absolutely unable to account for it. Neither in my childhood, nor in my boyhood, nor later in my riper years, have I ever noticed in myself the vice of lying : on the contrary, I was more inclined to be unduly truthful and frank ; but in that first period of my youth I was frequently attacked by the strange desire to tell the most desperate lies, without any apparent cause whatsoever. I say " desperate lies,” because I lied in matters in which it was very easy to catch me. It seems to me that the chief cause of this strange tendency lay in the vain desire to show myself as a different man from what I was, united with the hope, unrealizable in life, of lying without being detected.

As the rain had passed, and the weather during the evening glow was calm and clear, the princess proposed after tea that we take a stroll through the lower garden and inspect her favourite spot. Following my rule always to be original, and thinking that such clever people as the princess and I ought to stand above banal civility, I answered that I could not bear strolling around without any aim, and if I did go out for pleasure I preferred to go all alone. I did not stop to consider that what I said was mere rudeness; it appeared to me at that time, that as there was nothing more disgraceful than trite compliments, so there was nothing more agreeable and original than a certain impolite frankness. However satisfied I was with my answer, I nevertheless went out with all the company.

The favourite spot of the princess was quite a distance below, in the very depth of the garden, on a small bridge which was thrown over a narrow strip of swamp. The view was very limited, but melancholy and graceful. We are so accustomed to mistake art for nature, that frequently the phenomena of nature which we have never met in art appear unnatural to us, as though nature were factitious, and, vice versa, those phenomena which have been too frequently repeated in art appear hackneyed, while some views which are too much permeated by one idea and sentiment, such as we meet in reality, seem artificial. The view from the favourite spot of the princess was of that kind. It was formed by a small shrub-fringed pond, just behind which rose a steep hill, all overgrown with immense, old trees and bushes, which frequently intermingled their variegated verdure, and by an ancient birch at the foot of the hill, which, overhanging the pond and extending its thick roots in its moist bank, leaned with its top against a tall, stately aspen and stretched its curly branches above the smooth surface of the pond,

which reflected all those pendent branches and the surrounding verdure.

" How charming! " said the princess, shaking her head and speaking to nobody in particular.

" Tes, charming, but it seems to me it awfully resembles painted scenery," said I, trying to prove that I held my own opinion in everything.

The princess continued to enjoy the view, as though she had not heard my remark, and turning to her sister and to Lyubdv Sergyéevna, pointed out the part which she particularly liked, — a crooked overhanging branch and its reflection. Sofya Iv/inovna said that it was beautiful, and that her sister passed several hours at a time there ; but it was evident she said all that to please the princess. I have noticed that persons who are gifted with the ability to love rarely are impressed by beauties of nature. Lyu-bdv Sergyéevna was also enthusiastic ; she asked, among other things, “ What keeps up the birch-tree ? Will it stand a long time yet?” and continually glanced at her Suzette, which wagged its shaggy tail, and with its crooked little legs ran up and down the bridge, with an anxious expression, as though it were out of doors for the first time in its life. Dmitri entered into a very logical discussion with his mother, trying to prove that no view could be beautiful whose horizon was limited. Varenka did not say anything. When I looked round at her she, standing in profile, was leaning against the balustrade of the bridge, and gazing into the distance. Something obviously attracted and interested her very much, for she was apparently lost in contemplation and thought neither of herself, nor of being observed. In the expression of her large eyes was so much concentrated attention and calm, clear thought, and in her attitude so much unconstraint and, in spite of her low stature, even majesty, that I seemed to be struck again by the recollection of her, and 1 again asked myself whether it was not beginning. And again I answered myself that I was in love with Sonichka, and that Vàrenka was merely a young lady, the sister of my friend. But she pleased me at that moment, and in consequence, I was seized by an undefinable desire to do or tell her some little unpleasantness.

“ Do you know what, Dmitri ?” I said to my friend, walking up closer to Varenka, so that she might hear what I was saying, " I find that even without the mosquitoes there would not be anything beautiful here, but now,” I

added, slapping my forehead and really killing a mosquito, " it is no good at all.”

" You do not seem to love Nature,” said Vdrenka to me, without turning her head.

" I find that it is a barren, useless occupation,” I answered, quite satisfied at having said an unpleasant thing to her, and an original one at that. Varenka barely raised her brows for a moment, with an

expression of pity, and just as calmly continued to gaze ahead of her.

I was vexed at her, and yet, the gray, faded railing of the bridge against which she leaned, the reflection of the pendent branch of the overhanging birch in the dusky pond, striving to unite with the drooping branches above, the swampy odour, the feeling of a crushed mosquito on my forehead, and her attentive gaze and majestic attitude frequently afterward appeared suddenly in my imagination.

XXVII.

DMITRI

When we returned home after the stroll, Värenka did not wish to sing, as she was wont to do of an evening, and I was so conceited as to attribute the cause of it to myself, imagining that it was due to what I had told her on the bridge. The Nekhlyudovs did not eat supper, and dispersed early, and on that day, when, as Sofya Ivanovna had predicted, Dmitri's teeth really began to ache, we went up to his room earlier than usual. As I supposed that I had accomplished all that my blue collar and my buttons demanded, and that all were pleased with me, I was in a very agreeable and self-satisfied frame of mind ; Dmitri, on the contrary, was taciturn and gloomy, on account of the quarrel and the toothache. He sat down at the table, took out his note-books, — a diary and a copybook where he was in the habit of writing down every evening his future and past occupations, — and, continually frowning and touching his cheek with his hand, was busy writing for a long time.

" Oh, leave me alone ! " he cried at the chambermaid who was sent by Sofya Ivanovna to ask him how his toothache was, and whether he did not want a hot compress. After telling me that my bed would soon be made up, and that he would be back shortly, he went to Lyubov Sergyéevna.

“ What a pity Varenka is not pretty and, in general,

not Sdnichka,” I meditated, when I was left alone in the room. “How nice it would be after leaving the university to come here and propose to her. I would say : < Princess, I am not young any more ; I cannot love passionately, but I will love you for ever, like a dear sister.’ ‘ I already respect you,’ I would say to her mother, ‘ and you, Sofya Ivänovna, believe me, I esteem highly.’ ‘ So tell me straight out : will you be my wife ? ’ " Yes.’ And she will give me her hand, and I shall press it, and shall say : ‘ My love is not in words, but deeds.’ How would it be,” it occurred to me, " if Dmitri suddenly fell in love with Lyubochka, — for Lyubochka is already in love with him, — and wanted to marry her ? Then one of us would not be allowed to marry. That would be well: Here is what I would do. I would notice it at once, and so I would come to Dmitri, without saying anything to anybody else, and would say to him : ‘ My

friend, it would be in vain for us to conceal it from each other. You know that my love for your sister will end only with my life ; but I know all ; you have deprived me of my best hope ; you have made me unhappy. Do you know how Xikoldy Irténev requites the unhappiness of all his life ? Here is my sister,' and I would give him the hand of Lyubochka. He would say : ' No, not for anything in the world ! ' and I would say : ' Prince Nekhlyudov, you are trying in vain to be more magnanimous than Nikolay Irténev! There is not in the whole world a more magnanimous man than he.' And I would bow, and leave. Dmitri and Lyubochka would run out after me, in tears, and implore me to accept their sacrifice. And I might consent, and even be very happy, if only I were in love with Varenka — " These dreams were so pleasant that I was dying to communicate them to my friend, but, in spite of our vow of mutual frankness, I felt, for some reason or other, that there was no physical possibility of telling it.

Dmitri returned from Lyubov Sergyéevna with some drops on his teeth, which she had given him. He was suffering more than before and, consequently, was more gloomy still. My bed had not yet been made, and a boy, Dmitri's servant, came to ask him where I was to sleep.

"Go to the devil!" called out Dmitri, stamping his foot. " Vdska ! Vaska ! Yaska! " he cried, the moment the boy had left, raising his voice more and more. " Vaska, make my bed on the floor ! "

" No, 1 had better lie on the floor," I said.

" Well, all right, make the bed anywhere," Dmitri continued in the same angry voice. " Väska, why are you not making the bed ? "

But Vaska evidently did not understand what he was asked to do, and stood motionless.

" Well, what is the matter with you ? Make the bed ! Make the bed ! Vaska ! Vaska ! " Dmitri cried, suddenly bursting into a fury.

But Vaska did not understand him, being all perplexed, and did not budge.

"Have you sworn to kill — to drive me mad?" And Dmitri jumped from his chair, ran up to the boy, and with all his might struck his fist against the head of Vdska, who ran headlong out of the room. Stopping at the door, Dmitri turned round to me, and the expression of madness and cruelty which had been on his face but a second ago, gave way to such a meek, shamefaced, and loving, childish expression that I was sorry for him, and, however much I wanted to turn away from him, I was unable to do so. He did not say anything to me, but silently paced the room for a long time, now and then casting a glance at me, with the same expression of entreaty, then took out his note-book, wrote something in it, took off his coat, carefully put it away, walked into the corner where the image was hanging, crossed his large white hands over his breast, and began to pray. He prayed so long that Vàska had time to bring the mattress and make a

bed on the floor, as I directed him in a whisper. I undressed myself and lay down on the bed on the floor, but Dmitri was still praying. As I looked at Dmitri's slightly stooping shoulders and at the soles of his shoes, which stood out before me in all humility, every time he was making low obeisances, I loved Dmitri even more than before, and I considered whether or not I had better tell him what I had been dreaming about our sisters. When Dmitri finished his prayer, he lay down on the bed and, leaning on his arm, for a long time looked silently at me, with a kind and shamefaced expression. It was a hard thing for him to do so, but he seemingly was punishing himself. I smiled, looking at him. He smiled, too.

" Why do you not tell me," he said, " that I have acted contemptibly ? That is what you have been thinking about."

" Yes," I answered (although I had been thinking of something else, it seemed to me that I had really been thinking of it), "yes, it was very bad. I had never expected such a thing from thee," I said, experiencing that moment a special pleasure in speaking " thou " to him. " Well, how are thy teeth ?" I added.

" That is all over. Ah, Nikolenka, my friend ! " said Dmitri, so gently that I thought there were tears in his eyes, " I know and feel how bad I am, and God sees how I wish and ask Him to make me better ; but what am I to do if I have such an unfortunate, despicable character ? What am I to do ? I try to restrain and to reform myself, but that cannot be done at once, nor alone. It is necessary that some one should support and aid me. Now, Lyubdv Sergyéevna understands me and has helped me much. I know, by my diary, that I have greatly improved in the course of the year. Ah, Nikolenka, my darling ! " he continued, after this confession, with unusual tenderness, and in a calmer voice, " how much the influence of a woman like her means ! 0 Lord, how good it will be when I am independent, with such a companion as she ! I am a diiferent man, in her presence."

Thereupon Dmitri began to evolve all his plans of marriage, country life, and uninterrupted labour over himself.

" I shall be living in the country, you will come to see me, and, maybe, you will be married to Sdnichka," he said. " Our children will play together. All this seems ridiculous and foolish, and yet it may happen."

" Why not ? It is very likely," I said, smiling and thinking all the while that it would be better still if I married his sister.

" Do you know what I will tell you ? " he said to me, after a short silence. " You only imagine that you are in love with Sdnichka, but, as I see, that is all nonsense, and you do not know yet what the real feeling is like."

I did not retort, because I almost agreed with him. We were silent for a moment.

" You have noticed that I was out of sorts to-day and had a bad quarrel with Värya. I felt ashamed later on, particularly because it happened in your presence. Although she does not think the right way about many matters, she is an excellent girl, and very good, as you will find her to be upon closer acquaintance."

His transition in the conversation from the subject of my not being in love to the praise of his sister gave me great joy and caused me to blush ; still, I did not say anything to him about bis sister, and we went on to speak of something else.

Thus we chatted to the second cockcrow, and the pale dawn peeped through the window when Dmitri went over to his bed and extinguished the candle.

" Well, now to sleep," he said.

" Yes," I answered, " only one word more."

« Well ? "

" Is it nice to live in the world ? " said I.

" It is nice to live in the world," he answered, in such a voice that it seemed I could see in the darkness the expression of his mirthful, gentle eyes and childlike smile.

XXVIII.

IN THE COUNTRY

The next day Volddya and I left for the country on post-horses. On the road I passed in review all the different Moscow reminiscences, and also thought of 86-nichka Valakhin, but not before evening, when we had five stations behind us. "Now, this is strange," I thought; " I am in love, and have entirely forgotten it. I must think of her." And I began to think of her, as one thinks while travelling, not connectedly, but vividly ; and the upshot of my deliberations was that when I arrived in the country, I considered it necessary for two days to appear melancholy and pensive before the home people, and in particular before Katenka, whom I regarded as a great connoisseur in matters of this kind, and to whom I hinted a bit about the condition my heart was in. Yet in spite of all my attempts at feigning before myself and others, in spite of all the intentional adoption of all the signs which I had observed in others who were in love, I recalled only for two days, and that not continuously, but more especially in the evenings, that I was in love, and finally, as soon as I entered into the new rut of country life and occupations, I completely forgot my love for Sonichka.

We arrived at Petrovskoe in the night, and I was so fast asleep that

I saw neither the house, nor the birch avenue, nor any of the family, who had all gone to their rooms, and were long asleep. Stooping old Foka, bare-foot, in some kind of a woman's wadded jacket, with a candle in his hand, unlatched the door for us. When he saw us, he shook with joy, kissed us repeatedly on the shoulder, hastily removed his felt bed, and began to dress himself. I passed the front hall and the staircase while still half asleep, but in the antechamber the doorlock, the latch, the warped floor, the clothes-chest, the old candlestick stained as ever by tallow drops, the shadows from the crooked, cold, just lighted wick of the tallow dip, the ever dusty, unremoved double windows, beyond which, I remembered, grew a rowan-tree, — all these were so familiar, so full of memories, so in agreement with each other, as if united by one thought, — that I suddenly felt the caresses of the dear old house upon me. The question involuntarily presented itself to me : How could the house and I so long have been without each other ? and, hastening somewhere, I ran to see whether all the rooms were still the same. Everything was the same, only everything was smaller and lower, and I had grown taller, heavier, and coarser, but such as I was, the house joyfully received me in its embrace, and with every deal, every ■window, every step of the staircase, every sound, awakened in me a host of images, feelings, and incidents of an irretrievable, happy past. We came to the sleeping-room of our childhood : all the childish terrors again nestled in the dusk of the corners and doors ; we passed the drawing-room — the same quiet, tender love of our mother was shed over all the objects which stood there ; we passed the parlour — the noisy, careless, childish mirth, it seemed, had stopped in this room, and was only waiting to be revived. In the sofa-room, whither Fdka took us, and where he made beds for us, everything, — the mirror, the screen, the old wooden image, every unevenness of the wall with its white wall-paper, — everything told of suffering and of death, and of that which will never be again.

We lay down, and Fdka left us, wishing us a good night.

“ Is it in this room mamma died ? " said Volddya.

1 did not answer him, but pretended to be asleep. If 1 had said anything I should have burst into tears. When I awoke the next morning, I found papa, undressed, in slippers and dressing-gown, with a cigar in his mouth, sitting on Volodya's bed, and speaking and laughing with him. He jumped up from the bed with a merry shrug of his shoulders, walked up to me and, slapping my back with his large hand, placed his cheek before me and pressed it to my lips.

" Well, that is good, glad of it, diplomat,” he said with his particular, mirthful kindness, gazing at me ■with his small shining eyes. “ Volddya says that you have passed a good examination, like a fine fellow, — that is good. Whenever you make up your mind not to fool away your time, you are a nice chap, too. I am glad, my dear. Now we shall have a good time here, and in the winter we shall, perhaps, settle in St. Petersburg. What a pity the hunting season is past, or I should have given you the pleasure of that sport ; well,

can you hunt with a gun, Voldemar ? There is a lot of game, and I may go out with you some day. In the winter, God willing, we shall settle in St. Petersburg, and you will meet people and form ties, — you are now my big lads. I just told Voldemar, you are now on the road, my work is done, you may go yourselves, and if you wish to take my advice, I shall give it to you. I am no longer your nurse, but your friend ; at least, I want to be your friend and companion and adviser, wherever I can, and nothing else. How is that according to your philosophy, Kokh, eh ? Good or bad ? Eh ? "

I, naturally, told him that it was good, and really found it so. Papa had that day an especially attractive, mirthful, and happy expression ; these new relations with me, as with an equal, a companion, made me love him even more.

" Well, tell me, did you call on all your relatives ? At the Ivins ? Did you see the old man ? What did he say to you ? " he continued to ask. " Were you at the home of Prince Iväп Ivanovich ? "

We conversed so long without getting dressed that the sun was beginning to pass away from the windows of the sofa-room, and Yakov (who was just as old, and just in the same way twirled his fingers behind his back) came into our room and announced to papa that the carriage was ready.

" Whither are you going ?" I asked papa.

“ Oh, I forgot," said papa, with a jerk of annoyance, and coughing. " I have promised to call on the Epifanovs to-day. You remember Miss Epifanov, la belle Flamande ? She used to visit your mamma. They are excellent people." Papa left the room, jerking his shoulder, as I thought, bashfully.

Lyubochka had come up several times to the door, during our chat, and asked, " May I come in ? " but papa every time called out to her through the door, " By no means, for we are not yet dressed."

“ What of it ? I have seen you often in your dressing-gown."

" You cannot see your brothers without their ‘ inexpressibles,’ " he cried to her. " Xow, they will both knock at the door for you, — will that do you ? Knock. It is even indecent for them to speak to you, while they are in such négligée."

" Oh, how intolerable you are ! At least come as soon as possible to the drawing-room, for Mimi wants to see you," Lyubochka cried through the door.

As soon as papa left us, 1 hurriedly dressed myself in the student coat, and went to the drawing-room. Volddya, on the contrary, was in no haste, and stayed awhile upstairs, talking to Yakov about the places where snipes and woodcocks were abundant. As I have said before, he was afraid of nothing as much as of what he called " tendernesses," with brother, papa, or sister, and, avoiding every

expression of sentiment, fell into the other extreme, — coldness, which frequently gave painful offence to people who did not understand its causes. In the antechamber I stumbled on papa, who with short, rapid steps was hastening to take his seat in the carriage. lie was dressed in his new, fashionable Moscow coat, and was scented with perfume. When he saw me, he merrily nodded to me, as if to say, “You see, it is fine!" and again I was struck by the happy expression on his face, which I had noticed in the morning.

The drawing-room was the same bright, high room, with the yellow English grand piano and large open windows, through which looked merrily the green trees and the reddish brown paths of the garden. After kissing Mimi and Lyubochka, 1 walked up to Katenka, but it suddenly occurred to me that it was no longer proper to kiss her, and I stopped, in silence, and blushing. Katenka was not in the least confused, gave me her white little hand, and congratulated me on having entered the university. When Volodya came to the drawing-room, the same thing happened to him, at his meeting with Katenka. Indeed, it was hard to decide, after we had grown up together, and seen each other every day, how we were to meet now, after our first separation. Katenka blushed more than we. Volodya was not in the least abashed, but bowed to her lightly, and went over to Lyubochka, with whom he spoke but little, and not at all seriously, and then they went out for a stroll.

XXIX.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE GIRLS

VolÔdya held very strange views about the girls. He could be interested by such questions as whether they had had enough to eat, whether they had slept well, whether they were decently dressed, whether they did not make mistakes in speaking French, for which he would have to be ashamed lie fore strangers, — but he did not admit the thought that they could think or feel anything human, and still less did he admit the possibility of discussing anything with them. Whenever they had occasion to turn to him with some serious question (which, however, they tried to avoid), when they asked his opinion about some novel, or about his occupations at the university, he made faces at them and walked away in silence, or answered them in a contorted French sentence, " Comme c’i tri joli,” and so forth, or, looking serious and purposely stupid, he told them a word that had no meaning whatsoever, and no reference to the question, and suddenly pronounced, with dull eyes, such words as " roll " or " gone,” or “ cabbage,” or something of the kind. If I repeated to him what Lyubochka and Katenka had said to me, he invariably answered :

“ H’m, so you still discuss with them ? No, you, I see, are no good yet.”

One would have to hear and see him in order to appreciate the deep, invariable contempt which was expressed in that phrase. Volodya had

now been a grown man for t wo years, and fell continually in love with all the pretty women whom he met ; but, although he every day met Katenka, who had been wearing long dresses for two years, and was all the time getting prettier, the possibility of falling in love with her had never occurred to him. Whether it originated in the fact that the prosaic reminiscences of childhood, the ruler, the sheet, the caprices, were still too fresh in his memory, or in the disgust which very young people feel for everything domestic, or in the universal human weakness, when meeting upon the first path something good and beautiful, to pass by it, saying to oneself : " Oh, I shall meet many more of this kind in my life," — Volodya continued to look upon Katenka as not a woman.

Volddya suffered much ennui during that summer. This ennui was caused by the contempt in which he held us, and which he did not attempt to conceal. The constant expression of his face said, " Pshaw, what ennui, and nobody to talk to ! " He would go out in the morning with his gun to hunt, or he would stay undressed until dinner in his room, reading a book. If papa was not at home, he even came to dinner with his book, continuing to read it, and not exchanging a word with any of us, which made us all feel guilty before him. In the evening he lay down with his feet on a sofa in the drawing-room, slept leaning on his arm, or with a most serious countenance told some most terrible, often quite improper, nonsense, which made Mimi furious and brought out red spots on her face, but caused us to die with laughter ; but he never condescended to speak seriously with any one of our family, except with papa and occasionally with me. I quite involuntarily imitated my brother's view in regard to the girls, although I was not at all so afraid of tendernesses as he, and my contempt for the girls was far from being as strong and deep. From sheer ennui I tried that summer several times to get on a closer footing with Lyubochka and Katenka and to converse with them, but I found in them every time such an inability to think logically, and such ignorance of the simplest, commonest things, as what money was, what people studied at the university, what war was, and so on, and such an indifference to the explanations of these things, that my attempts only confirmed roe in my unfavourable opinion of them.

I remember how one evening Lyubochka repeated for the hundredth time some dreadfully tiresome passage on the piano, while Volodya lay dozing on the sofa in the drawing-room, and now and then, with a certain malicious irony, not speaking to anybody in particular, mumbled : " She does bang ! — Musician ! — Bitkhoven ! " (he pronounced this word with especial irony), "let her go — once more — that's it," and so on. Katenka and I remained at the tea-table, and, I do not remember how, Katenka led upto her favourite subject — love. I was in a mood to philosophize, and began superciliously to define love as a desire to obtain in another what one did not possess in himself, and so forth. Katenka answered me that, on the contrary, it was not love when a girl thought of marrying a rich man, and that possessions were, in her opinion, a very unimportant matter, and that genuine love was only that which could last through separation (I knew at once she referred to her love for Dubkov).

Volodya, who, no doubt, had heard our conversation, suddenly raised himself on his elbow and interrogatively called out, “Katenka — the Russians?”

“His eternal nonsense!” said Katenka.

“ Into the pepperbox ? ” continued Volodya, accentuating every vowel. I could not help thinking that Volddya was quite right.

Independently of the common, more or less developed, faculties of the human mind, of sentiment, and artistic feeling, there exists a private faculty, more or less developed in various circles of society, and especially in families, which I call " understanding.” The essence of this faculty consists in a conventional feeling of measure, and in a conventional one-sided view of things. Two people of the same circle, or of the same family, who possess this faculty, permit the expression of sentiment to a certain point, after which they both see nothing but empty phrases ; they see at exactly the same moment where praise ends and irony begins, where enthusiasm ends and hypocrisy begins, which to people with different understanding may appear quite otherwise. People with the same understanding are impressed by every object, more especially by its ridiculous, or beautiful, or nasty side. To facilitate this equal understanding among the members of the same circle or family, there establishes itself a conventional language, conventional expressions, and even words, which define those shades of meaning that do not exist for others. In our family, this understanding was highly developed between papa and us brothers. Dubkdv also fell in with our circle and “ understood,” but Dmitri, who otherwise was much more clever than he, was dull in this. With no one did I carry this faculty to such perfection as with Volddya, with whom 1 had been brought up under identical conditions. Papa was falling behind us, and much which was to us as clear as two times two is four, was incomprehensible to him. For example, between Volodya and me were established, God knows why, the following words with their corresponding meanings : “ raisins ” meant a vain desire to show that I have money ; “ pinecone ” (whereat it was necessary to put the fingers together and distinctly to pronounce the consonants) signified something fresh, healthy, elegant, but not foppish ; a noun used in the plural signified an unjust prejudice in favour of that object, and so forth. However, the meaning depended more on the expression of the face, and on the subject under discussion, so that no matter what new word one used to express a new shade, the other immediately understood it by the mere reference. The girls did not have our understanding, and that was the cliief cause of our moral disunion, and of the contempt which we felt for them.

It may be they had their own " understanding,” but it so differed from ours, that where we saw only twaddle, they saw feeling, and our irony appeared as truth to them. At that time I did not understand that they were not to blame for it, and that this absence of understanding did not prevent their being good and clever girls, and I had contempt for them. Then, having made a hobby of frankness, and applying this idea to myself in the extreme, I accused the quiet and

trustful nature of Lyubochka of secretiveness and hypocrisy because she did not see any necessity for unearthing and displaying all her thoughts and feelings. For example, Lyubochka's making the sign of the cross over papa in the evening, her weeping and that of Katenka in the chapel, whenever they went to serve mass for mother, Katenka's sighing and rolling her eyes, when she played on the piano, — all that appeared to me as the merest hypocrisy, and I asked myself : " When did they learn to feign like grown people, and why are they not ashamed ? "

XXX

MY OCCUPATIONS

In spite of it all, I became that summer much more friendly with our young ladies, through my newly manifested passion for music. In the spring a young neighbour introduced himself at our house. The moment he entered the drawing-room he began to gaze at the piano and imperceptibly to move his chair up to it, while speaking with Mimi and Katenka. After having said something about the weather and the pleasures of country life, he skilfully led up the conversation to a piano tuner, to music, and to the piano, and finally announced to us that he played, and, indeed, soon played for us three waltzes, while Lyubochka, Mimi, and Katenka stood at the piano and looked at him. This young man never called at our house again, but I took a great liking to his playing, his attitude at the piano, his head-shake, and especially his manner of taking octaves with his left hand, by rapidly stretching his little finger and thumb to an octave span, then slowly bringing them together, and again swiftly stretching them. This graceful gesture, his careless attitude, his head-shake, and the attention which the ladies showed to his talent gave me the idea of playing the piano. In consequence of this idea and because I convinced myself that I had talent and a passion for music, I began studying it. In this respect I acted like millions of people, of the masculine, but particularly of the feminine sex, who study without a good teacher, without a real calling, and without the least conception what this art can offer them, and how they are to go about it in order that it should offer them something. For me, music, or rather piano playing, was a means to charm the girls with my sentiments. With the aid of Kätenka, I learned the notes, and limbered up my fat fingers ; however, I used more than two months to accomplish this, and was so studious that even at dinner I practised with my refractory ring-finger on my knee, and in my bed on my pillow. I soon began to play "pieces," and played them, of course, with feeling, avec âme, as Kdtenka herself admitted, but not in time.

The choice of pieces was the usual one, waltzes, galops, romances, arranged arias, and so forth, all by those charming composers, of which every man with a little healthy taste will select a small pile from a mass of beautiful things in a music store, saying, " These things one ought never to play, because nothing more insipid and

stupid has ever been put down on music paper," and which, no doubt, for this very reason, you may find on the piano of every Russian young lady. It is true we had also " Sonate Pathétique " and the Cis-mol sonatas of Beethoven, for ever maimed and torn by the young ladies, which Lyubochka played in memory of mother, and a few other good things which her Moscow teacher had given her; but there were also compositions by that teacher, insipid marches and galops, which Lyubochka played also.

Kdtenka and I did not like serious things, and preferred to everything " Le Fou " and " The Nightingale," which Katenka played so that the fingers could not be seen, and I began to play quite loud and smoothly. I appropriated to myself the gesture of the young man, and frequently regretted that there were no strangers to see me play. Soon Liszt and Kalkbrenner proved to be above my strength, and I saw no chance of catching up with Kdtenka. For this reason, having concluded that classical music is easier, and also for the sake of originality, I suddenly decided that I liked the German classical music, became enthusiastic whenever Lyubochka played "Sonate Pathétique," although, to tell the truth, that sonata had long been palling upon me, and began myself to play Beethoven and to pronounce his name in the German fashion. Through all that tangle and hypocrisy I had, as 1 remember, something like talent, because music frequently affected me powerfully to tears, and the things that I liked 1 managed to pick out on the piano without notes, so that if somebody had taught me then to look upon music as an aim, as an independent enjoyment, and not as a means with which to charm girls by the rapidity and expressiveness of my playing, I might have in reality become a decent musician.

The reading of French novels, of which Volodya had brought many with him, was my other occupation during that summer. It was then that all kinds of " Monte Cristos " and " Secrets " began to appear, and I pored over the books of Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Kock. All the most unnatural persons and incidents were as true to me as reality, and I not only did not dare to suspect the author of lying, but the author himself did not exist for me; from the printed page rose before me the living, real people and incidents. If I nowhere had met people that resembled those of whom I read, I did not for a moment doubt that 1 should some day.

I experienced in myself all the passions described, and perceived a similarity between me and all the characters, both the heroes and the villains of every novel, just as a susceptible man finds in himself the symptoms of every possible disease, when he reads a medical work. I liked in these novels the cunning ideas, the fiery passions, the magic incidents, the perfect characters, — if good, absolutely good, if bad, absolutely bad, — just as in my first youth I imagined people to be; I was also very much pleased because it was all in French, and because the noble words which the noble heroes spoke, I could learn by heart and quote on the occasion of some noble deed. How many different French phrases I thought out by the aid of these novels, to be used to Kolpikov, if I ever met him, and to her, when I should at last see her and confess my love to her ! I

was preparing to tell them something from which they would be overcome the moment they heard me.

On the basis of the novels, I even formed new ideals of moral qualities which I strove to attain. I wished above everything in all my acts and affairs to be " noble " (I use the French word, because it has a different significance from the Russian, which the Germans have comprehended, by adopting the word " nobel " and not mixing it up with the conception of “ ehrlich ”), then to be passionate, and finally, to be as comme il faut as possible, for which, however, I had a leaning even before. I tried in my looks and habits to resemble the heroes who had any of these qualities. I remember, in one of the hundred books which I had read that summer, there was one exceedingly passionate hero with thick eyebrows, and I was so anxious to resemble him in appearance (I felt myself morally to be his equal) that when I looked at my eyebrows in the mirror, I decided to cut them a little that they might grow out thicker ; but when I began to cut them, I accidently cut too much in one spot, and it was necessary to even them up ; to my terror I noticed in the mirror that I had lost my eyebrows altogether, and, consequently, was very ill-looking. But hoping that my brows would soon grow out thick as in a passionate man, I consoled myself, and was only disconcerted as to what to say to my people when they should see me without eyebrows. I got some powder from Volddya, rubbed it into my eyebrows and burnt it. Although the powder did not flash up, I sufficiently resembled one who is burnt, and no one discovered my cunning; and really, when 1 had entirely forgotten about the passionate man, my eyebrows grew much thicker.

XXXI.

COMME IL FAUT

In the course of this narrative I have frequently hinted at the conception which corresponds to this French title, and now I feel myself constrained to devote a whole chapter to the conception that was one of the most disastrous and false ideas with which I was inoculated by education and society.

The human race may be divided into a variety of classes, — into rich and poor, good and bad, soldiers and citizens, wise and foolish, and so on ; but every man invariably has a favourite chief classification of his own, in which he unconsciously places every new person. My chief and favourite classification at the time of which I am writing was into people comme il faut and comme il ne faut pas. The second division was subdivided into people more particularly not comme il faut, and into the common people. I respected people comme il faut, and considered them worthy of being on an equality of relations with me ; I pretended a contempt for the second, but in reality hated them, cherishing against them an offended feeling of personality ; the third did not exist for me, — I disregarded them entirely. My comme il faut consisted, first and

foremost, in the use of an excellent French, more especially in the pronunciation. A man who pronounced French badly immediately provoked a feeling of hatred in me. “ Why do you attempt to speak as we do, if you do not know how?” I asked him mentally, with a venomous smile. The second condition for comme il faut consisted in long, manicured, and clean nails. The third was the ability to curtsey, dance, and converse. The fourth, and this was very important, was an indifference to everything, and a constant expression of a certain elegant, supercilious ennui. In addition to these, I had common signs, by which I decided to what category a man belonged, even without speaking with him. My chief sign, outside of the room, gloves, handwriting, and carriage, were the feet. The relation of a man’s boots to his pantaloons at once decided in my eyes his standing. Boots without heels, with sharp tips, and narrow borders of the pantaloons without straps, — that was a common man ; boots with narrow round tips, and with heels, and pantaloons with narrow borders and straps, tightly fitting the legs, or broad, with straps standing out like canopies over the tips, — that was a man mauvais genre, and so forth.

It is strange that this conception of comme il faut should have become such a part of me, for I myself did not possess the least fitness for it. And, maybe, it took such strong possession of me, for the very reason that it cost me such effort to acquire this comme il faut. It is terrible to think how much invaluable time of my seventeenth year I wasted on the acquisition of this quality. It seemed to me that all those whom I imitated, Volodya, Dubkov, and the larger part of my acquaintances, learned it with ease. I looked at them with envy, and quietly worked at my French, at the art of bowing without looking at the person to whom I bowed, at the art of conversing and dancing, at evolving in myself an indifference to everything and ennui, at my nails, cutting my flesh to the quick with scissors, — and I still felt that there was much labour left before I should reach the goal. My room, my writing-desk, my carriage, — all that I was unable to arrange in such a way as to be comme il faut, although, in spite of my disinclination for practical work, I laboured very hard over it. With others everything seemed to go right, without the least effort, as though it could not be otherwise.

I remember how once, after a prolonged and vain effort over my nails, I asked Dubkdv, whose nails were remarkably beautiful, how long they had been in that shape, and how he had managed it. Dubkdv answered me : " As far back as I can remember myself, I have done nothing to make them so, and I cannot understand how a decent fellow can have any other nails.” This answer grieved me very much. I did not know at that time that one of the chief conditions of comme il faut was secrecy in regard to the labours by which this comme il faut is acquired.

Comme il faut was for me not only an important merit, a beautiful quality, a perfection, which I wished to obtain, but it was a necessary condition of life, without which there could be no happiness, no glory, nothing good in the world. I should not have

respected a famous artist, a savant, a benefactor of the human race, if he were not comme il faut. A man comme il faut stood beyond comparison higher than they ; he left it to them to paint, compose music, write books, and do good, he even praised them for it, — why not praise the good wherever it may be found ? — but he could not place himself on the same level with them, for he was comme il faut, and they were not, — and that was enough. It seems to me that if I had had a brother, mother, or father who were not comme il faut, I should have said that it was a misfortune, and that there could be nothing in common between me and them.

But not the loss of the golden time, which was employed on the assiduous task of preserving all the difficult conditions of the comme il faut, that excluded every serious application, nor the hatred and contempt for nine-tenths of the human race, nor the absence of any interest in all the beauty that existed outside that circle of comme il faut, was the greatest evil which this conception caused me. The greatest evil consisted in the conviction that comme il faut was an independent position in society, that a man did not have to try to be an official, or a carriagemaker, or a soldier, or a learned man, if he was comme il faut ; that, having reached that position, he had already fulfilled his purpose, and even stood higher than most people.

At a certain period of his youth, every man, after many blunders and transports, generally faces the necessity of taking an active part in social life, chooses some department of labour, and devotes himself to it ; but this seldom happens with the man who is comme il faut. I know many, very many old, proud, self-confident people, sharp in their judgments, who to the question which may be given in the next world, " Who are you ? And what have you been doing there ? " would not be able to answer otherwise than : "Je fus un homme très comme il faut!'

This fate awaited me.

XXXII.

YOUTH

In spite of the jumble of ideas which took place in my head, I was in those years young, innocent, and free, and, therefore, almost happy.

At times I rose early, and this happened quite often. I slept in the open on the terrace, and the bright, slanting rays of the morning sun woke me. I dressed myself in a hurry, took a towel under my arms, and a French novel, and went to take a bath in the river, in the shade of a birch forest, which was but half a verst from the house. There I lay down in the grass in the shade and read, now and then tearing my eyes away from the book, in order to glance at the surface of the river which was violet in the shade, and began to

ripple in the morning breeze, at the field of yellowing rye on the opposite bank, at the bright red light of the morning rays, painting ever lower the white trunks of the birches which, hiding one behind the other, passed away from me into the distance of the thick forest, and I enjoyed the consciousness of just such a fresh, young power of life as Nature was breathing all around me. When there were early gray cloudlets in the sky, and I felt chilled after my bath, I frequently walked across fields and through woods, regardless of roads, and with enjoyment wet my feet through my boots in the fresh dew. At that time I had vivid dreams about the heroes of my latest novel, and I imagined myself now a general, now a minister, now an extraordinary strong man, now a passionate person, and with a certain thrill continually locked about me, in the hope of suddenly meeting her in the clearing or behind a tree.

When, in these walks, I came across peasants working, I, in spite of the fact that the common people did not exist for me, experienced an unconscious strong trepidation, and tried not to be seen by them. When it grew warmer, and the ladies had not yet come out for tea, I walked into the orchard or garden to eat the fruits and vegetables which were ripe. This occupation afforded me one of my greatest pleasures. 1 would go to the apple orchard, and there lose myself in the midst of a high tangle of raspberry bushes. Above my head was the bright, hot sky, and around me the pale green, prickly verdure of the raspberry bushes, intermingled with rank weeds. The dark green nettles, with their thin flowering tops, towered upwards in serried ranks ; the claw-shaped burdocks, with their unnaturally violet prickly Howers, grew rankly above the raspberry bushes and higher than my head, and here and there, together with the nettles, reached up to the spreading, pale green branches of the old apple-trees, where, far above, the round, green apples, shining like ivory balls, were ripening against the hot sun. Below, a young raspberry bush, almost dried up and without leaves, winding, tended toward the sun ; the green, needle-shaped grass and the young sage, bursting through the last year’s dew-drenched leaves, grew luxuriantly in the eternal shade, as if they did not know that the sun was playing brightly on the leaves of the apple-tree.

In this thicket it was always damp, and there was an odour of dense, permanent shade, of cobwebs, of rotting apples that lay black on the damp earth, of raspberries, and, at times, also of chermes which I accidentally swallowed with a raspberry and washed down by quickly eating another berry. In moving ahead I frightened some sparrows that always live in such thickets, and heard their hasty twittering and the strokes of their tiny, swift wings against the branches, and the buzzing of a honey bee in one spot, and, somewhere on the path, the steps of the gardener, Akim the fool, and his eternal mumbling. I thought, “No, neither he, nor any one else in the world, will find me here,” — and with both hands I picked right and left the juicy berries from the white conical pedicels, and with avidity swallowed one after another. My legs, even above my knees, were wet through and through; my head was filled with some terrible nonsense (I mentally repeated, a thousand times in succession : “ A-a-and twe-e-enty a-a-and se-e-even ”) ; my arms and legs were stung through my

wet clothes by the nettles ; my head was burnt by the direct rays of the sun that penetrated through the thicket ; I had long satisfied my hunger, and still I remained in the thicket, looking around, listening, meditating, and mechanically picking and swallowing some choice berry.

At about eleven o'clock I generally went to the drawing-room, usually after tea, when the ladies were sitting at their work. Near the first window, shaded from the sun by its unbleached canvas blind, through the rents of which the glaring sun cast such shining fiery circles on everything it struck that it was painful to look at them, stood an embroidery-frame, over the white linen of which leisurely walked some flies. Mimi sat at the frame, continually shrugging her head in anger, and moving from place to place, to escape the sun which, suddenly bursting through, cast a fiery strip now here, now there, upon her hand or face. Through the other three windows fell bright, perfect parallelograms, encased in the shadow of the window-frames ; on the unpainted floor of the room, Milka, true to her old habit, lay on one of these parallelograms and, pricking her ears, watched the flies that walked over it. Katenka was knitting or reading, while seated on the sofa, and impatiently warded off the flies with her white hands, which appeared translucent in the sun, or, frowning, shook her head in order to drive out a fly that had lost itself in her thick golden hair. Lyubochka paced the room, with her hands behind her back, waiting for us all to go to the garden, or played on the piano a piece, every note of which had long been familiar to me. 1 seated myself somewhere, listening to her music or to the reading, and waited for a chance to sit down at the piano myself.

After'dinner I sometimes honoured the girls with my presence in their horseback rides (to walk 1 regarded as incompatible with my years and position in the world). Our outings — when 1 took them to unusual places and ravines — were very pleasant. At times accidents happened to us, when I showed myself a brave fellow, and the ladies praised my riding and my daring, and considered me their protector. In the evening we drank tea in the shady veranda, and, if there were no guests, I took a walk with papa to inspect the estate, and then lay down in my old place, the large armchair, and, listening to Katenka's or Lyubochka's music, read a book and at the same time mused as of old.

At times, when I was left alone in the drawing-room, while Lyubochka was playing some ancient piece of music, I involuntarily put down my book, and gazed through the open door of the balcony, at the curly pendent branches of the tall birches, upon which the evening shadows were falling, and at the clear sky, on which, upon looking fixedly at it, there seemed to appear and disappear a dusty, yellowish spot ; and I listened to the music in the parlour, the creak of the gate, the voices of the peasant women, and the returning herds in the village, — and I suddenly thought of Natélya SKvishna, and mamma, and Karl Ivanovich, and for a moment felt sad. But my soul was at that time so full of life and hopes, that this reminiscence only touched me with its pinion, and flew off again.

After supper, and, at times, after an evening stroll with some one through the garden, — I was afraid to walk by myself through the dark avenues, — I went to sleep alone on the floor of the veranda, which afforded me great pleasure, in spite of the millions of mosquitoes that devoured me. When there was a full moon, I frequently passed the whole night sitting on my mattress, gazing at the light and shadows, listening to the silence and to the sounds, dreaming about all kinds of subjects, especially about the poetical, voluptuous happiness that then seemed to me to be the greatest happiness of life, and repining because until then it had been my fate only to imagine it. When all the people went to their rooms, and the lights of the drawing-room were transferred to the upper chambers, where the feminine voices and the noise of opening and closing windows could be heard, I used to repair to the veranda, and walk to and fro there, eagerly listening to all the sounds of the house falling asleep. As long as there was the least, causeless hope for even an imperfect happiness of the kind I was dreaming of, 1 was not able calmly to construe the imaginary happiness.

At every sound of bare feet, of coughing, sighing, slamming a window, rustle of dresses, I jumped up from my bed, stealthily listened and watched, and for no apparent cause became agitated. But now the lights went out in the upper windows ; the sounds of steps and talking were exchanged for the sound of snoring ; the watchman began to strike the board in the night fashion ; the garden grew both brighter and more gloomy, when the streaks of red light disappeared from the windows ; the last light passed from the buffet-room to the antechamber, throwing a bright streak over the dewy garden, and I saw through the window the stooping figure of Fdka, who, in his jacket, and with a candle in his hand, was going to his bed.

I often found a great, agitating pleasure in stealing over the damp grass in the black shadow of the house to the window of the antechamber, in order to listen breathlessly to the snoring of the boy, to the moans of Foka, who did not suspect that anybody was listening to him, and to the sound of his feeble voice, as he was saying his prayers. At last his candle, too, was blown out ; the window was slammed to ; I was left all alone, and timidly looking about me, hoping to see a white woman somewhere in the flower-garden or near my bed, I ran at full speed up to the veranda. Then 1 lay down on my bed, facing the garden, and, protecting myself as much as possible against mosquitoes and bats, looked into the garden, listened to the sounds of the night, and dreamt of love and happiness.

Then, everything came to have a new meaning for me : the sight of the ancient birches, which, on one side glistened in the moonlit sky with their curly branches, and, on the other, gloomily shrouded the bushes and the road with their dark shadows ; and the quiet, rich sheen of the pond, evenly growing, like sound ; and the moonlit glitter of the dewdrops on the flowers in front of the veranda, casting their graceful shadows across the gray flower box : and the

sound of the quail beyond the pond ; and the voice of a man on the highway ; and the quiet, scarcely audible creaking of two old birches grating against each other ; and the buzzing of a mosquito above my ear, under the coverlet ; and the fall of an apple, caught in the brandies, upon the dry leaves; and the leaping of the frogs that now and then came up to the steps of the terrace, and mysteriously glistened in the moon with their greenish backs, — all that had a new, strange meaning for me, — a meaning of some extraordinary beauty and unfinished happiness. And then she appeared with her dark black braid, and swelling bosom, always sad and beautiful, with bared arms, with voluptuous embraces. She loved me, and I sacrified all my life for one minute of her love. And the moon rose higher and higher, and stood brighter and brighter in the heavens, the rich sheen of the pond, evenly growing, like sound, became more and more distinct, the shadows became blacker and blacker, and the light ever more transparent ; and as I looked at all that and listened, something told me that she, with her bared arms and passionate embraces, was very far from being all the happiness in the world, that the love for her was very far from being all the bliss; and the more 1 looked at the full moon up on high, the higher did true beauty and goodness appear to me, and purer and nearer to Him, the source of all that is beautiful and good, and tears of an unsatisfied, but stirring joy stood in my eyes.

And I was all alone, and it seemed to me that mysterious, majestic Nature, the attractive bright disk of the moon, which had for some reason stopped in one high, undefined place of the pale blue sky, and yet stood everywhere and, as it were, filled all the immeasurable space, and I, insignificant worm, defiled already by all petty, wretched human passions, but with all the immeasurable, mighty power of love, — it seemed to me in those minutes that Nature, and the moon, and I were one and the same.

XXXIII.

NEIGHBOURS

I was very much surprised when, on the day of our arrival, papa called our neighbours, the Epifdnovs, excellent people, and still more so when I heard that he called upon them. The Epifénovs and we had for a long time been at law for a certain tract of land. When I was a child I used to hear papa getting angry on account of this litigation, scolding the Epifénovs, and calling in different people, in order to defend himself against them, as I thought. I heard Ydkov calling them our enemies and “black people,” and I remember mamma’s asking that even the name of these people should not be mentioned in her house and in her presence.

From these data I formed in my childhood such a firm and clear idea that the Epifanovs were our enemies, who were ready to cut the throats not only of papa, but also of his son, if he ever fell into

their hands, and that they were in the literal sense " black people," that when I saw, the year mother died, Avdotya Vasflevna Epifanov, la belle Flamande, taking care of mother, I could not bring myself to believe that she belonged to a family of black people. Still, I retained a very low opinion of that family. Although we frequently saw each other during that summer, I continued to be strangely prejudiced against them. In reality, these were the Epifanovs : their family consisted of a mother, a fifty-year-old widow, who was a well preserved and happy old woman, her beautiful daughter, Avdötya Vasflevna, and her stuttering son, Peter Vasilevich, an unmarried ex-lieutenant, a mau of very serious character.

Anna Dmitrievna Epifdnov had lived separated from her husband for the last twenty years of his life, staying now in St. Petersburg, where she had some relatives, but mostly in her village of Mytishchi, which was about three versts from us. They used to tell such terrible things about her manner of life that Messalina was an innocent child in comparison with her. It was for this that mother had asked that her name should not be mentioned in her house ; but, without being at all ironical, one could not believe even one-tenth of this most malicious of all gossips, the gossip of country neighbours.

When I became acquainted with Anna Dmitrievna, there was nothing resembling that which was still told of her, though there lived in her house an office clerk, Mityusha, a serf, who during dinner stood, pomaded and spruce, in a coat made in the Circassian fashion, behind Anna Dmitrievna's chair, and she frequently invited her guests in French to admire his beautiful eyes and mouth. It seems that Anna Dmitrievna had entirely changed her mode of life when, ten years before, she had ordered her dutiful son Petrusha to leave the service and come home. Anna Dmitrievna's estate was small, — in all about one hundred souls, —and during her gay life there were great expenses, so that ten years before, her mortgaged and remortgaged property was forfeited and to be sold at auction without fail. Under these extreme circumstances Anna Dmitrievna supposed that the receivership, the invoice of the property, the arrival of the officers, and similar annoyances were due not so much to the failure in paying the interest as to the fact that she was a woman ; so she wrote to her son that he should come and save his mother in this predicament. Although everything in his service went so well that he soon expected to earn his own bread, he threw up everything, asked for his discharge, and, like a dutiful son who regarded it as his first duty to comfort his own mother (as he very frankly wrote to her), came down to the estate.

Peter Vasilevich was, in spite of his homely face, gawkiness, and stuttering, a man of exceedingly firm character and unusually practical mind. By petty loans, investments, prayers, and promises he managed to keep the estate. Having become a landed proprietor, Peter Vasilevich donned his father's wadded coat, which had been kept in the storeroom, did away with the carriages and horses, taught the guests not to visit Mytishchi, and fixed the ditches,

increased the ploughed area, diminished the land of the peasants, cut down the timber with his own men and sold it advantageously, and improved affairs. Peter Vasilevich vowed, and he kept his word, not to wear anything but his father's wadded coat, and a sail-cloth ulster which he had made for himself, nor to travel otherwise than in a cart with peasant horses, until all the debts should be paid. He endeavoured to extend this stoical manner of life to his whole family, so far as his servile respect for his mother, which he considered his duty, permitted him to. In the drawing-room he stutter-ingly worshipped his mother, fulfilled all her wishes, and scolded the servants if they did not do what she had commanded ; but in his cabinet and in the office he was very exacting, if a duck had been taken to the table without his permission, or a peasant had been sent by order of Anna Dmitrievna to ask about a neighbour's health, or peasant girls were told to go to the woods to pick berries, when they ought to have been in the garden, weeding.

Four years later all the debts were paid, and Peter Vasilevich, who had gone to St. Petersburg, returned from there in a new suit and in a tarantas. In spite of this flourishing state of affairs, he kept the same stoical inclinations, of which he seemed gloomily to boast before his own people and before strangers, and he used to say, stammering, " He who is anxious to see me will be glad to see me in a sheepskin, and will eat my cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge. I eat them," he added. In every word and movement of his was expressed pride, which was based on the conviction that he had sacrificed himself for his mother and had saved the estate, and a contempt for others if they had not done something similar.

The mother and the daughter were of entirely different character, and in many things dissimilar to each other. The mother was one of the most agreeable women in society, always equally kindly and gay. Everything pleasing and joyful gave her genuine happiness. Even the faculty of enjoying the sight of merrymaking young people, a characteristic which is met with only in the case of the kindliest old people, was highly developed in her. Her daughter, Avddtya Vasilevna, was, on the contrary, of a serious turn of mind, or rather of that indifferently absent-minded and groundlessly haughty character which is so common in unmarried beauties. When she tried to be mirthful, her merriment was of a peculiar sort : it looked as though she made fun of herself, or of the person to whom she was speaking, or of the whole world, which she certainly did not mean to do. I often wondered, and asked myself what it was she intended to say when she used such phrases as: "Yes, I am awfully beautiful ; why, of course, everybody loves me," and so forth.

Anna Dmitrievna was always active : she had a passion for arranging her house and garden, for flowers, canaries, and pretty trifles. Her rooms and garden were small and simple, but everything was fixed so precisely and neatly, and so bore that common character of facile mirth which is expressed in a pretty waltz or polka, that the word " toy," which was frequently used by her guests to praise things, exactly fitted Anna Dmitrievna's garden and rooms. Anna Dmitrievna herself was a toy, – small, thin, with a fresh colour in her face,

with pretty little hands, always happy and becomingly dressed. Only the dark violet veins which stood out too much in relief upon her small hands destroyed this ensemble.

Avdotya Vasilevna, on the contrary, hardly ever did anything, and not only did not care to busy herself with any trifles or flowers, but even cared very little about herself, and always ran away to get dressed when guests arrived. But when she came back in her fine clothes she was uncommonly beautiful, with the exception of a cold and monotonous expression of the eyes and the smile which is to be found in all very beautiful persons. Her severely regular and comely face and her stately figure seemed to be saying all the time, " If you please, you may look at me ! "

Yet, in spite of the lively character of the mother and the indifferent, absent-minded appearance of the daughter, something told you that the first one had never before, nor even then, loved anything, except that which was pretty and jolly, and that Avdotya Vasilevna was one of those natures who, when they once fall in love, sacrifice all their life to him whom they love.

XXXIV.

FATHER’S MARRIAGE

Father was forty-eight years old when he married for the second time. His wife was Avddtya Vasflevna Epifanov.

Having arrived at the estate in the spring, all alone with the girls, papa, I imagine, was in that agitated, happy, and communicative frame of mind which generally comes over gamblers who stop playing after some great winnings. He felt that he had much unexpended happiness left, which he could make use of for successes in life in general, if he no longer wished to utilize it in cards. Besides, it was spring, he unexpectedly had a large sum of money, he was alone, and suffered ennui. When he talked to Yakov about affairs and recalled the endless litigation with the Epifanovs, and fair Avddtya Vasflevna, whom he had not seen for a long time, I imagine his having said to Yäkov : " Do you know, Yakov Kharlämpych, rather than bother much longer about this litigation, I have a mind to let them have that accursed piece of land. Well, what do you think of it ? "

I imagine how Ydkov’s fingers twitched negatively behind his back at such a question, and how he proved that “ all the same, our cause is just, Peter Aleksandrovich.”

But papa ordered his carriage out, donned his fashionable olive wadded coat, combed what was left of his hair, sprinkled some perfume on his handkerchief, and in the happiest frame of mind, produced by his conviction that he was acting like a great gentleman, but especially by the hope that he would see a beautiful

woman, drove over to his neighbour's.

All 1 know is that papa did not upon his first visit find Peter Vasilevich at home, for he was in the field, but passed an hour with the ladies. I imagine how profuse lie was in civilities, how he charmed them, tapping his soft boot, lisping, and casting tender glances. I imagine, too, how the gay old woman suddenly took a liking for him, and how her fair, cold daughter suddenly became enlivened.

When a servant-girl came running out of breath to announce that old Irténev himself was calling at the house, I imagine how Peter Vasilevich answered, angrily, " What of it, if he is ? " and how he in consequence thereof went home as slowly as possible ; how, upon arriving in his cabinet, he purposely put on the dirtiest overcoat and sent word to the cook not to dare add anything to the dinner, even if the ladies did command him to.

Later I frequently saw papa with Epifanov, therefore I can vividly represent to myself that first meeting. I imagine how, in spite of papa's proposition to settle the litigation by arbitration, Peter Vasilevich was sullen and angry, because he had sacrificed his career for his mother, while papa had done nothing of the kind ; how nothing surprised him ; and how papa, disregarding his sullenness, was playful and merry, and treated him like a wonderful joker, which partly offended Peter Vasilevich, and partly made him surrender in spite of himself. Papa, with his tendency to turn everything into a joke, called Peter Vasilevich colonel, and although Epifanov once in my presence remarked, stuttering worse than ever and blushing from annoyance, that he was not a colonel, but a lieutenant, papa called him colonel again five minutes later.

Lyubochka told me that, before our arrival in the country, they had met the Epifanovs daily, and had very pleasant times with them. Papa, with his customary cleverness in arranging things originally, entertainingly, and at the same time simply and elegantly, gave now hunting parties, now angling parties, now firework displays, at which the Epifanovs were present. " And it would have been even more enjoyable if it were not for that intolerable Peter Vasilevich, who was sullen, and stuttered, and spoiled everything," said Lyubochka.

Since our arrival, the Epifdnovs had called but twice, and once we went to see them. After St. Peter's Day, father's name-day, when they and a large number of guests called, our relations with the Epifdnovs for some reason or other were completely stopped, and only papa continued to visit them.

This is what I noticed in the short time in which I saw papa together with Dunichka, as her mother called her. Papa was continually in that happy frame of mind by which I was struck on the day of our arrival. He was so merry, young, full of life, and happy, that the beams of that happiness extended to all those who surrounded him and involuntarily communicated the same disposition to them. He never stirred a step from Avdotya Vasflevna when she was

in the room, continually paid her such sweet compliments that I was ashamed for him, or, looking at her in silence, jerked his shoulder in an impassioned and self-satisfied manner, and coughed, or, smiling, at times spoke to her in a whisper; and he did all this with an expression which said, " I am just jesting," which was characteristic of him in the most serious affairs.

Avdotya Vasflevna seemed to have appropriated from papa the expression of happiness which almost uninterruptedly shone in her large blue eyes, except in those moments when she was seized by fits of bashfulness, so that I, who knew that feeling well, felt sorry and pained for her. At such moments she apparently was afraid of every glance and motion, thinking that everybody looked at her, thought of her alone, and found everything about her wrong. She looked timidly at every one, the colour of her checks kept changing, and she began to speak loudly and boldly, mostly silly things, and she felt that papa and everybody heard them, and blushed even more. But papa did not notice her insipidities under these circumstances, and continued to watch her with the same impassioned, mirthful ecstasy, coughing now and then. I noticed that, although Avdotya Vasflevna was taken by fits of bashfulness without any cause whatsoever, these sometimes followed soon after papa's mentioning some young and beautiful woman. Her frequent changes from pensiveness to that kind of strange, uneasy merriment of which I spoke before, the repetition of papa's favourite words and turns of speech, the continuation with others of conversations which were begun with papa, — all that would have explained to me papa's relations with Avdotya Vasflevna, if the dramatis jfcrsona had been another than papa, and I a little older; but at that time I did not suspect anything, even when papa was very much put out by a letter which he had received from Peter Vasilevich, and stopped calling upon them until the end of August.

Toward the end of August he again started to visit his neighbours, and on the day preceding our (Volodya's and mine) departure for Moscow, he announced to us that he was about to marry Avdotya Vasflevna Epifanov.

XXXV.

HOW WE RECEIVED THE NEWS

On the day preceding that official announcement, everybody in the house knew and judged variously of this affair. Mimi did not leave her room all day, and wept. Katenka sat with her and came out only to dinner, with an offended expression on her face, which she obviously had adopted from her mother; Lyubochka, on the contrary, was very merry, and said at dinner that she knew an excellent secret, but that she would not tell it to anybody.

" There is nothing excellent in your secret," replied Volddya, who did not share her pleasure. " If you were able to think seriously

about matters, you would understand that this is, on the contrary, very bad.”

Lyubochka looked fixedly at him in amazement, and grew silent.

After dinner Volodya wanted to take my hand, but, becoming frightened, no doubt, lest it should be considered a tenderness, only touched my elbow, and beckoned to me to come to the parlour.

“ Do you know the secret of which Lyubochka was speaking? " he said to me when he was sure we were alone.

We rarely spoke without witnesses, or at all seriously about anything, so that when this happened we both felt ill at ease, and, as Volodya used to say, little imps began to jump up and down in our eyes ; but this time he, in answer to the confusion which was expressed in my face, continued to look fixedly and seriously at me, with an expression which said : " There is nothing to get confused about ; we are brothers after all, and ought to consult together about an important family matter.” I understood him, and he continued:

" Papa is about to marry Miss Epifanov, you know ?”

I nodded, because I had already heard about it.

" It is very unfortunate,” continued Volodya.

« Why ? "

“ Why ? ” he answered, annoyed. " It is a great pleasure to have such a stammerer of an uncle as the colonel, and all that family. And she herself just now seems kind and all that, but who knows what she will be later? To us, I must say, it does not make much difference, but Lyubochka must soon make her début in society. With such a belle-mere it is not especially pleasant; she even speaks poor French, and what manners can she teach her ? A poissarde, and nothing else ; I admit she is kind, but a poissarde all the same,” concluded Volddya, evidently very much satisfied with the appellation “poissarde.”

However strange it was to hear Volodya judging papa’s choice so deliberately, I thought he was right.

“But why does papa marry ?” I asked.

" That is a mysterious story, God knows. I only know that Peter Vasilevich advised him to marry and insisted upon it, and that papa did not want to, and then he took a fancy, — a kind of chivalry ; it is a mysterious story. I have just begun to understand father,” continued Volodya (it stung me to the quick to hear him say “father” instead of “ papa ”). " He is a fine man, good and kind, but so frivolous and changeable — it is remarkable ! He cannot look in cold blood at a woman. You know yourself, there is not a woman he knows

with whom he is not in love. You know, Mimi too.”

“ You don’t say ? "

“ I tell you I lately found out he was in love with Mimi when she was young, and he wrote her verses, and there was something between them.” And Volddya laughed.

" Impossible ! " I said in wonderment.

“ But the main thing,” continued Volddya, again seriously, and suddenly speaking in French, " all our relatives will be just delighted with this marriage ! And, no doubt, she will have children.”

I was so impressed by Volddya’s common sense and foresight, that I did not know what to reply.

Just then Lyubochka stepped up to us.

" So you know ? " she asked, with a happy face.

« Yes,” said Volddya, " only I wonder, Lyubochka, — you are not a baby in swaddling-clothes : what joy can it be for you that papa is to marry a slut ? "

Lyubochka suddenly looked serious, and fell to thinking.

“ Volodya, why slut ? How dare you speak thus of Avdotya Vasllevna? If papa marries her, she cannot be a slut.”

" Well, not a slut ; I was just saying that, still — "

" Don’t say ' still,’ ” Lyubochka interrupted him, excitedly. " I did not say that the young lady with whom you were in love was a slut. How can you speak thus of papa and of an excellent woman ? Though you are the eldest brother, you must not talk this way to me.”

“ But why may one not discuss — ”

" You dare not discuss,” Lyubochka again interrupted him. “You dare not discuss such a father as ours. Mimi may, but not you, our elder brother.”

" No, you do not understand anything yet,” said Volddya, contemptuously. “ Well, is it good that a Dunichka Epifänov should take the place of your deceased mamma ? ”

Lyubochka grew silent for a moment, and suddenly tears appeared in her eyes.

“ 1 knew that you were haughty, but I did not think you would be quite so bad,” she said, and went away from us.

« Into the roll," said Volodya, with a serio-comic face and dull eyes. “Go and discuss with them," he continued, as if in self-reproach for having forgotten himself so far as to condescend to talk to Lyubochka.

The next day the weather was bad, and neither papa nor the ladies were down to tea, when I walked into the drawing-room. In the night there had been a cold autumn drizzle; over the sky scudded the remainders of the cloud which had been exhausted in the night, and the sun, which stood quite high in the heavens, glimmered faintly through it. It was windy, damp, and chilly. The door into the garden was open ; on the floor of the terrace, black with the dampness, were drying up some puddles of the night rain. The open door, driven by the wind, tugged at the iron hook ; the paths were damp and dirty ; the old birches with their bared white boughs, the shrubs and the grass, the nettles, the currant bushes, and the elders, with the pale sides of the leaves turned outwards, swayed in one spot and seemed to be anxious to tear themselves away from their roots ; from the linden avenue came flying round yellow leaves, whirling and racing against each other, and, when they grew wet, lodging in the moist path and in the moist, dark green aftermath of the meadow.

My thoughts were busy with the coming marriage of my father, considering it from the same point of view as Volodya. The future of my sister, of ourselves, and of father did not present itself encouragingly to me. I was provoked at the thought that a strange, but especially, a " young” woman, who had no such rights, would suddenly in many respects take the place of — whom ? — a mere “young” woman would take the place of my deceased mother ! I was aggrieved, and father seemed ever more blameworthy. Just then I heard his and Volddya's voice in the officiating-room. I did not wish to see father at that moment, and walked away from the door; but Lyubochka came after me, and told me that father wanted to see me.

He was standing in the drawing-room, leaning with his hand on the piano, and impatiently and at the same time solemnly looked in my direction. On his face was no longer that expression of youth and happiness which I had observed heretofore in him. He looked sad. Volddya walked up and down the room, with his pipe in his hand. I went up to father and saluted him.

" Well, my friends," he said, with firmness, raising his head, and speaking in that very rapid tone with which one tells obviously unpleasant things that are past deliberation, “you know, I think, that I am about to marry Avddtya Vasflevna." He was silent for a moment. " I did not wish to marry again after your mamma, but" — he stopped for a minute — " but — it is evidently my fate. Dunichka is a good and dear girl, and not very young ; I hope you will love her, children, for she already loves you with all her heart, she is so good. It is time for you," he said, turning to me and Volddya, and speaking rapidly that we might not interrupt him, " it is time for you to depart, but I shall stay here until New Year’s, and then

shall come to Moscow," – he again hesitated, – " with my wife and with Lyubochka." It was painful for me to see father feeling ill at ease and guilty before us ; I walked up to him, but Volddya continued to smoke and, lowering his head, paced the room.

" So here is, my friends, what your old father has concocted," concluded papa, blushing, coughing, and giving his hand to me and to Volddya. There were tears in his eyes, when-he said that, and the hand which he stretched out to Volddya, who was at that time at the other end of the room, trembled a little, I noticed. I was painfully impressed by the sight of that trembling hand, and the odd thought came to me, which affected me even more, that papa had served in the year 12, and had, no doubt, been a brave officer. I held his large venous hand, and kissed it. He pressed mine firmly, and suddenly, sobbing through his tears, took Lyubochka's black head into both his hands and began to kiss her eyes. Volddya pretended that he had dropped his pipe and, bending down, softly wiped his eyes with his clenched hand and, wishing to remain unnoticed, left the room.

XXXVI.

THE UNIVERSITY

The wedding was to come off in two weeks; but lectures at the university were to begin soon, and Volddya and I left for Moscow in the beginning of September. The Nekhlyudovs had also come back from the country. Dmitri, with whom I had promised at parting to correspond, and with whom, of course, I bad not exchanged one letter, immediately came to see me, and we decided that he should take me on the morrow to the university to introduce me to my lectures.

It was a bright, sunny day.

The moment I entered the auditorium, I felt that my personality disappeared in the mass of young, happy faces which billowed through the door and in the corridors, in the bright sunlight that penetrated through the large windows. The consciousness of belonging to that great society was an agreeable feeling. Among these many faces I found but few acquaintances, and with these my acquaintance was limited to a shake of the head and the words, " Good morning, Irténev ! " All about me, hands were pressed, and the crowd surged, and words of friendship, smiles, civilities, and jokes were showered on all sides. I felt the common bond that united all that young society, and sorrowfully observed that that bond had slighted me. But this was only a momentary impression. In consequence of this impres-

sion, and of the mortification generated by it, I soon found, on the contrary, that it was very good indeed I did not belong to that society, that I ought to have a circle of my own, of decent people, and seated myself on the third bench, where sat Count B----, Baron

Z----,

Prince It-----, fvin and other gentlemen of that class, of

whom I knew only Ivin and Count B----. These gentle

men, however, looked at me in such a manner that I felt I did not quite belong to their society. I began to observe everything that took place round me. Seménov, with his gray, dishevelled hair and white teeth, and in his unbuttoned coat, sat not far from me, leaning on his elbows, and chewing at a pen. The Gymnasiast, who had passed the examinations as first, sat on the first bench, his cheek still tied up with a black necktie, and played with the silver watch-key on his velvet vest. Ikonin, who had managed to get into the university, sat on a desk in his blue striped pantaloons that covered his whole boot, and laughed and cried that he was on Parnassus. Ilinka, who, to my astonishment, bowed to me not only coldly but contemptuously, as if to remind me that we were all equals here, sat in front of me and, placing his lean legs carelessly on the bench (this, I thought, he did on my account), conversed with another student, and now and then glanced at me. Ivin's company near me spoke French. These gentlemen seemed uncommonly stupid to me. Every word which I caught from their conversation seemed to me not only insipid, but even incorrect, simply not French (" Ce riest pas français," I said mentally to myself), but the attitudes, speeches, and acts of Seménov, Ilinka, and others appeared to me ignoble, indecent, not comme il faut.

I belonged to no circle, and grew angry, because I felt myself lonely and incapable of making friends. A student in front of me was biting his nails which were full of red slivers, and that so disgusted me that I changed

my seat some distance away from him. On that first day, I remember, I felt quite sad.

When the professor entered, and everybody .stirred and grew silent, I remember how I extended my satirical glance to him, and how the professor began his lecture with an introductory sentence in which I could see no sense whatsoever. I wanted the lecture to be so clever from the beginning to the end that it should be impossible to throw anything out, or add another word to it. Being disappointed in this, I immediately set out to make eighteen profiles, connected into a circle in the shape of a flower, beneath the title " First Lecture " of the beautifully bound note-book which I had brought with me; I only occasionally pretended to be writing, so that the professor, who I was sure was very much interested in me, might think that I was taking down notes. Having decided at this lecture that it was not necessary, and even was stupid, to write out all the professor said, I observed this rule to the end of my course.

At the next lectures I did not feel my loneliness so much, for I had become acquainted with a number of students whose hands I pressed and with whom I talked ; but for some reason or other no close

relations were established between my companions and me, and I was frequently given to melancholy and feigning. I could not be on a friendly footing with Ivin’s company and the aristocrats, as everybody called them, because, as I now remember, I was savage and rude with them, and bowed to them only after they had saluted me, and they evidently had little need of my acquaintance. With the majority, however, this originated from an entirely different cause. The moment I felt that a fellow student was taking kindly to me, I gave him to understand that I dined with Prince Ivdn Ivänovich, and that I had a vehicle of my own. I said all that in order to show myself from my most advantageous side, and that my companion should like me better still ; but nearly every time, as soon as I had informed my companion of my relationship with Prince Ivan Ivänovich and of my vehicle, he suddenly, to my amazement, became haughty and cold to me.

We had a stipendiary student, 0perov, a modest, extremely talented, and industrious young man, who always gave his stiff hand like a board, without bending his fingers, and making no motion with it, so that his jesting fellow students gave him their hands in the same manner, and called that kind of a hand-shake the " board handshake.” 1 nearly always sat down by his side, and frequently conversed with him. I liked 0perov more especially for his free opinions about the professors. He very clearly and distinctly defined the merits and faults of each professor’s instruction, and at times even made fun of them, all of which being uttered with his soft voice issuing from his tiny mouth affected me very strangely and powerfully. In spite of this, he continued to take down all the lectures without exception, writing them out carefully in a fine hand. We were becoming friendly, and decided to prepare our lectures together, and his small, gray, near-sighted eyes were beginning to turn to me with an expression of pleasure, whenever I came to take my seat near him. But I found it necessary, in talking with him, to let him know that my mother, dying, had asked father not to send us to a public school, and that all the stipendiary students might be very wise men, but not the people for me — not the right class of people. " Ce ne sont pas des gens comme il faut” I said, stammering and feeling that I was blushing. Öperov said nothing to me, but at the next lectures did not salute me first, did not give me his " board,” did not converse, and when I took my seat, bent his head sidewise, a finger’s length away from his note-books, and pretended to be looking into them. I wondered at Operov’s causeless coolness. As a jeune homme de bonne maison I considered it improper to seek the favour of a stipendiary student Öperov, and left him alone, though, I confess, his coolness mortified me. Once I arrived before him, and as it happened to be a lecture of a favourite professor, which was attended by students who were not in the habit of coming to their lectures regularly,z all the places were occupied ; so I seated myself in Öperov’s seat, put my note-books on his desk, and walked out. When I returned to the lectureroom, I noticed that my books had been removed to a back desk, and that Öperov was in my seat. I remarked to him that I had placed my books there.

" I don’t know,” he answered, with sudden irritation and without

looking at me.

“ I am telling you that I placed my books there,” I said, purposely in anger, thinking that I might frighten him with my boldness. " Everybody saw it,” I added, looking round at the students, but though many gazed curiously at me, not one of them said anything.

" There are no reserved seats here, and he who comes first takes one,” said Öperov, angrily straightening himself in his seat and for a moment looking at me with a provoked countenance.

" That means that you are a boor,” I said.

I thought that Operov mumbled something, and I think it was, " And you are a silly boy ! " but I did not hear it at all. And what use would it have been for me to have heard it ? Just to call each other names, like manants ? (I was very fond of that word " manant,” and it served me as an answer and solution to many puzzling relations.) 1 might have said something else to him, but just then the door slammed, and the professor in his blue uniform, shufiling his feet, rapidly walked up to his platform.

And yet, before the examinations, when I needed some note-books, Öperov, mindful of his promise, offered me his, and invited me to study with him.

XXXVII.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

At that time I was much occupied with affairs of the heart. I was three times in love. Once I became passionately enamoured of a very stout lady who used to ride in Freitag’s Manege ; every Tuesday and Friday, when she frequented it, I went there to get a glimpse of her, but I was every time so afraid that she would see me, and, therefore, stood so far away from her and ran away so fast when she was about to pass by me, and so rudely turned aside when she looked in my direction, that I never got a good look at her face, and never found out whether she was really pretty or not.

Dubkov, who knew the lady, having discovered me once in the Manege, where I stood concealed behind the lackeys and the furs which they held, and having learned from Dmitri of my infatuation, so frightened me with his proposition to introduce me to that Amazon, that I rushed headlong out of the place, and at the mere thought that he told her about me, never again dared enter the Manege, not even behind the lackeys, for fear of meeting her.

Whenever I was in love with strange, particularly married, women, I was seized by fits of bashfulness a thousand times stronger than what I experienced before Sdnichka. I feared nothing so much in the world as that the object of my love should find out about my love

and even of my existence. It appeared to me that if she should learn of the feeling which I had for her, it would be such an insult to her that she could never forgive me. And indeed, if that Amazon had-known in detail how I watched her from behind the lackeys, and imagined raping her and taking her to the country, and how I was going to live with her there, and what I was going to do with her, she no doubt would have been justly insulted. I could not form a clear conception of her knowing me without knowing at once all my thoughts of her, and therefore I could not imagine there was nothing disgraceful in an acquaintance with her.

Another time I fell in love with Sdnichka, upon seeing her with my sister. My second love for her had passed long ago, but I became enamoured of her for the third time, when Lyubochka gave me a copy-book of verses, copied by Sdnichka, in which Lermontov's " Demon " was in many gloomy passages of love underlined with red ink, and marked with little flowers. I recalled that Volddya had the year before kissed the purse of his ladylove, and so I tried to do the same, and really, when I was one evening all alone in my room and, looking at a little flower, began to meditate and put it to my lips, I experienced a certain pleasurable and tearful sensation, and was again in love, or supposed 1 was, for a few days.

Finally, for the third time that winter I was enamoured of a young lady with whom Volddya was in love, and who visited us. In that young lady, as I now remember, there was absolutely nothing beautiful, particularly of that kind of beauty which I admired. She was the daughter of a well-known, clever, and learned lady of Moscow, and was small, haggard, with long English locks, and a translucent profile. Everybody said that she was even more clever and learned than her mother, but I was entirely unable to judge of that, because I felt such a servile terror at the thought of her cleverness and learning that I dared but once to speak to her, with indescribable trepidation. But the ecstasy of Volddya, who was never incommoded by the presence of others in giving vent to that ecstasy, was communicated to me with such force that I fell passionately in love with the lady. I did not tell Volddya of my love, being convinced that it would not please him very much to hear that “ two brothers were in love with the same maiden.” The chief pleasure I derived from this infatuation consisted in the thought that our love was so pure that, in spite of the fact that its object was one and the same charming creature, we remained friends and ever ready to make sacrifices for each other, if the opportunity offered itself. However, Volddya did not quite share my opinion of the ever ready sacrifice, for he was so passionately in love that he wanted to box the ears of, and call out to a duel a certain real diplomat who, it was said, was about to marry her. But it pleased me very much to be able to sacrifice my feeling, perhaps, because it did not cost me much labour, having but once held with her a bombastic discourse about the value of classical music,— and my love, however much I tried to sustain it, was dispersed the following day.

XXXVIII.

SOCIETY

The social pleasures which I had dreamt of taking up, upon entering the university, in emulation of my elder brother, completely disenchanted me that winter. Vold-dya danced a great deal, and papa also drove out to balls with his young wife, but I was considered either too young, or unfit for such enjoyments, and nobody introduced me in those houses where balls were given. In spite of my vow of frankness with Dmitri, I told nobody, not even him, how anxious I was to attend balls, and how it mortified and angered me that they forgot me and apparently regarded me as a kind of a philosopher, so that in consequence thereof, I tried to appear like one.

That winter there was a reception at the house of Princess Kornäkov. She personally invited us all, including me, and I went for the first time to a ball. Volodya came into my room before we were to start, and wanted to see me dressed. This act of his greatly surprised and puzzled me. It seemed to me that the desire always to be well dressed was blameworthy, and had to be concealed ; but he, on the contrary, regarded this desire as so natural and necessary that he said quite openly that he was afraid I should disgrace myself. He ordered me to put on lacquered boots, was horrified when I wanted to put on chamois-leather gloves, fixed my watch in a particular manner, and took me to Blacksmith Bridge to a hairdresser. They curled my hair. Volodya stood off and looked at me from a distance.

« Now it is all right, but can’t you really smooth down those tufts of his ? " he said, turning to the hair-dresser.

But no matter how much Monsieur Charles smeared my tufts with a sticky essence, they rose again when I put on my hat, and my whole curled head looked worse to me than before. My only salvation lay in an affectation of carelessness. Only under such conditions did my exterior look like something.

Volodya, it seems, was of the same opinion, for he asked me to undo the curls, and when I did so and the effect still was bad, he no longer looked at me, and all the way to the Kornakovs was incommunicative and melancholy.

Volodya and I entered the house of the Kornakovs boldly ; but when the princess invited me to dance, and I, who had come with this one aim in view, told her that 1 did not dance, I lost my courage and, remaining all alone among strange people, fell into my unconquerable, ever increasing bashfulness. I stood silently all the evening in one place.

During a waltz one of the young princesses walked up to me and asked me, with the official civility of her family, why I did not dance. 1 remember how I was put out by the question, and how, entirely

against my will, a self-satisfied smile covered my face, and I began to tell her in French, with high-flown turns and introductory phrases, such dreadful nonsense that even now, after tens of years, I have to blush when I think of it. It must be that the music so affected me, by exciting my nerves, and drowning, as I supposed, the less intelligible parts of my speech. I said something or other about high life, about the emptiness of men and women, and finally was so completely lost in a maze of words, that I had to stop in the middle of a sentence which it was utterly impossible to finish.

Even the thoroughbred worldly princess was put out of countenance, and reproachfully looked at me. I smiled. At this critical moment Volddya, seeing that I was speaking excitedly, and, no doubt, wishing to know how I explained away my refusal to dance, walked up to us with Dubkdv. When he saw my smiling countenance and the frightened expression of the princess, and heard the awful bosh with which I ended my discourse, he blushed and turned away. The princess rose and walked off. I was smiling, but suffered so terribly from the consciousness of my stupidity that I was ready to go through the floor, and felt the necessity of stirring about and saying something, in order to change my situation in some manner. I went up to Dubkov and asked him whether he had danced many dances with her. I pretended to be playful and merry, but in reality I implored aid of that very Dubkov whom I had told to shut up at the dinner at Yar's. Dubkov looked as though he had not heard me and turned away in another direction. I moved up to Volddya, and said to him, with an expenditure of all my strength, endeavouring to give a playful tone to my voice, " Well, Volddya, are you tired ?" But Volddya looked at me as much as to say, " You do not speak to me that way when we are alone," and silently walked away from me, apparently afraid that I might stick to him.

"My Lord, even my brother abandons me!" I thought.

I somehow did not have sufficient strength to leave. I stood sullen, in one spot, all during the evening, and only when all had congregated in the antechamber, ready to depart, and a lackey caught my overcoat on the edge of my hat, so that it rose, I laughed painfully through tears and, without addressing anybody in particular, said, " Comme c'est gracieux ! "

XXXIX.

A CAROUSAL

Although, under Dmitri's influence, I did not yet abandon myself to the common student enjoyments which are called "carousals," I had occasion to be present at such an entertainment that winter, but I carried away from it a rather unpleasant sensation. It happened like this.

In the beginning of the year Baron Z----, a tall, blond

young man, with a very solemn expression on his face, invited us all, at a lecture, to his house for a sociable evening. When I say all of us, I mean all the fellow students of our course who were more or less comme il faut, and among whom, of course, were neither Grap, nor Semdnov, nor Öperov, nor any of those insignificant gentlemen. Volodya smiled contemptuously when he heard that I was going to a carousal of the first year students, but I expected an unusual and intense pleasure from this entirely unfamiliar pastime, and punctually at the appointed time, at eight o'clock, I was at the house of Baron Z----.

Baron Z----, in an unbuttoned coat and white waist

coat, received his guests in the lighted parlour and drawing-room of the small house in which his parents lived, who, on the occasion of the celebration, had granted him the use of the reception-rooms. In the corridor could be seen the heads and dresses of curious maids, and in the buffet-room flashed by the dress of a lady whom I took for the baroness. There were some twenty guests, all of them students except Mr. Frost, who had come with Ivin, and one tall, red-faced private gentleman who had charge of the celebration, and who was introduced to all as a relative of the baron, and a former student of the university of Dorpat. The extremely bright illumination and the usual, conventional outfit of the reception-rooms at first acted so chillingly upon that youthful company that all kept close to the wall, except a few bolder fellows and the Dorpat student, who, having unbuttoned his waistcoat, seemed to be at the same time in every room, and in every corner of every room, and filled the whole room with his sonorous, agreeable, and continuous tenor voice. The other students were mostly silent, or modestly discussed their professors, the sciences, examinations, in general, serious matters. Everybody without exception watched the door of the buffet-room, and, though trying to conceal it, bore an expression which said, " Well, it is time to begin." I myself felt that it was time to begin, and waited for the beginning with impatient joy-

After tea, which the lackeys served to the guests, the Dorpat student asked Frost, in Russian:

" Dost thou know how to make the punch, Frost ? "

"0 ja!" answered Frost, moving his calves, but the Dorpat student again said to him in Russian :

" Then take it into thine hands " (they spoke " thou " to each other, as schoolmates of the Dorpat University), and Frost, taking a few long steps with his bent muscular legs, began to pass from the drawing-room to the buffet-room and back again, and soon there appeared on the table a large bowl with a ten-pound head of sugar in it, held in place by three crossed student swords. Baron Z----in

the meantime walked up to all the guests who had gathered in the

drawing-room and were looking at the bowl, and with an unchangeable solemn face repeated nearly the same thing : " Gentlemen, let us drink in student fashion the round bowl, ‘ Bruderschaft! for there is no comradeship in our course. Why don’t you unbutton your coats, or take them off entirely, just as he has done ? " And, indeed, the Dorpat student, having taken off his coat and rolled up his white shirt-sleeves above his elbows, and firmly planted his legs, was already burning the rum in the bowl.

" Gentlemen, put out the lights ! " suddenly cried the Dorpat student as loud and sonorously as if we all were crying together. But we looked in silence at the bowl and at the white shirt of the Dorpat student, and all felt that the solemn moment had arrived.

“Löschen Sic die Lichter aus, Frost!” again cried the Dorpat student, this time in German, probably because he was quite excited. Frost and the rest of us began to blow out the lights. The room grew dark, and only the white shirt-sleeves and hands that supported the head of sugar with the swords were lighted up by the bluish flame. The loud tenor of the Dorpat student was no longer the only one, for they were talking and laughing in all the corners of the room. Many took off their coats (especially those who had fine linen, and very white shirts), and I did the same, and knew that now it was beginning. Although there was nothing merry as yet, I was quite convinced that it would be nice as soon as we should drink a glass of the brewing drink.

The drink was prepared. The Dorpat student poured out the punch in glasses, spilling a great deal on the table, and called out : " Now, gentlemen, come on ' ” When we all had well-filled sticky glasses in our hands, the Dorpat student and Frost sang a German song, in which the exclamation " Juchhe ! ” was frequently repeated. We sang with them as best we could, clinked our glasses, praised the punch, and, crossing hands with each other, or in simple fashion, began to drink the sweet, strong liquid.

There was nothing more to wait for, — the carousal was in full swing.

I emptied a whole glass ; they filled another for me ; the blood beat strongly in my temples ; the light looked blood-red to me ; ever)'bod y around me laughed and cried, and yet it not only seemed not jolly to me, but I was even convinced that all of us suffered ennui, and that we merely found it necessary to pretend that it all was very jolly. The Dorpat student was probably the only one who did not feign : he grew ever more bloodshot and ubiquitous, filled everybody’s empty glasses, and spilled more and more on the table, which finally grew all sticky and sweet.

I do not remember everything that happened, or in what order, but I recall that I was that evening awfully fond of that Dorpat student and of Frost, learned by heart the German song, and kissed their sweet lips; I also recollect that on that same evening I hated the Dorpat student, and wanted to bang him with a chair, but restrained

myself ; I recollect that, in addition to the feeling of disobedience of all my limbs, which I had experienced at the dinner at Yar's, my head ached and whirled in such a terrible manner that I was dreadfully afraid I should die right off; I also recollect that we all seated ourselves for some reason on the floor, waved our hands, imitating the motion of oars, and sang " Down our mother Volga," and that I thought all the time that it was not necessary to do all this ; I recollect also that, lying on the floor, my legs caught in somebody's, and I fought with him in gipsy fashion and sprained his neck, whereat I thought that it would not have happened if he had not been drunk ; I recollect also that we had supper, and drank something else, that I went outside to cool off, that my head felt cold, and that, at parting, I noticed that it was dreadfully dark, that the foot-rest of the vehicle had in the meanwhile become crooked and sleek, and that it

was not possible to hold on to Kuzma, because he was very weak and flaunted like a rag; but, above all, I recollect that during that evening 1 never stopped feeling that I acted very foolishly, pretending that it was jolly, that I liked to drink much, and that I never thought of being drunk, and 1 also felt that the rest were acting just as foolishly when they pretended the same. I thought that each one in particular was just as dissatisfied as I, but that he supposed that he alone experienced that unpleasant sensation, and, consequently, regarded it as his duty to pretend to be merry, in order not to impair the general merriment ; besides, though it may seem strange, I considered it my duty to pretend, for the reason alone, if for no other, that into that bowl had been poured three bottles of champagne, at ten roubles, and ten bottles of rum, at four roubles, which made in all seventy roubles, not counting the supper. I was so convinced of it, that next day I was exceedingly surprised during the lecture, when my companions, who had been present at the entertainment of Baron Z----, not only were not ashamed of what

they had done there, but told of it in such a manner that the other students might hear it. They said that the carousal was fine, that the Dorpat boys were great at it, and that the twenty students had drunk forty bottles of rum, and that many of them were left for dead under the table. I could not understand why they should tell, and moreover lie, about themselves.

XL.

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLYÛDOVS

That winter I frequently saw not only Dmitri, who was in the habit of visiting us, but also his whole family, with whom I was getting better acquainted.

The Nekhlyudovs, mother, aunt, and daughter, passed all their evenings at home, and the princess was fond of having young people

come to see them in the evening, that is, men who, she said, were able to pass a whole evening without cards or dancing. There must have been a dearth of such men, because I rarely saw any guests there, though I called nearly every day. I grew accustomed to the members of that family, and to their various dispositions, formed a clear conception of their mutual relations, got used to the rooms and furniture, and, when there were no guests, felt perfectly at ease, except when I was left alone with Varenka. It always seemed to me that she was not a very pretty girl, and that she was exceedingly anxious that I should fall in love with her. But this embarrassment, too, soon began to pass away. She was so unconstrained in her manner, whether she talked to me, to her brother, or to Lyubdv Sergyéevna, that I acquired the habit of looking at her simply as at a person to whom it was neither disgraceful nor dangerous to express the pleasure which her company afforded. During all the time of my acquaintance with her, she appeared on certain days very homely, while on others I thought she was not so ill-looking, but it never occurred to me to ask myself whether I was in love with her, or not. I had occasion to speak to her directly, but more often I conversed with her by addressing Lyubdv Sergyéevna or Dmitri, and this latter method gave me especial pleasure. It was a great pleasure for me to speak in her presence, to listen to her singing, and in general to know that she was in the room while I was there. I was now rarely worried by the thought what my relations to Vdrenka would be in the future, and by the dreams of self-sacrifice for my friend if he should fall in love with my sister. And if such thoughts and dreams did come to me, I felt myself sufficiently contented in the present, and unconsciously warded off the thoughts of the future.

In spite of this closer acquaintance, I continued to regard it as my invariable duty to conceal my real sentiments and inclinations from all the family of the Nekhlyudovs, and especially from Varenka, and endeavoured to pass for an entirely different young man from what I really was, and even to appear like one who could not have any existence in reality. I tried to appear impassioned, went into ecstasies, sighed, and made passionate gestures, whenever I wanted to express my great pleasure, and at the same time attempted to appear indifferent to every extraordinary occurrence which I had witnessed, or of which they told me ; tried to appear a malicious jester for whom there was nothing holy, and at the same time a shrewd observer ; tried to appear logical in all my acts, precise and punctual in the affairs of life, and at the same time contemptuous of everything of a material nature. I may say I was a much better man in reality than that odd creature which I endeavoured to represent, but even such as I pretended to be, the Nekhlyudovs were fond of me and, to my good fortune, had, I think, no faith in my pretensions. Only Lyubov Sergyéevna, who considered me as a great egotist, blasphemer, and cynic, I think, did not like me, and frequently quarrelled with me, grew angry, and tried to vanquish me with her fragmentary, inco-berent phrases. But Dmitri remained in the same strange, more than friendly relations with her, and said that nobody understood her, and that she was doing him a great deal of good. His friendship for her continued to grieve the family as before.

Once Vérenka, who was discussing with me that incomprehensible relation, explained it thus :

" Dmitri is egotistical. He is too proud, and, in spite of his good mind, is very fond of praise and admiration, and likes always to be first, while aunty, in the innocence of her soul, worships him, and has not enough tact to conceal that admiration for him, so that in reality she flatters him, only not feignedly, but sincerely."

This reflection impressed itself upon my memory, and when I later analyzed it, I could not help thinking that Vdrenka was a very clever girl, and, in consequence, with pleasure raised her in my opinion. As the result of the discovery of mind and other moral qualities in her, I frequently advanced her thus, with pleasure, but with a certain austere moderation, and never rose to ecstasy, which is the extreme point of this advancement. Thus, when Sofya Ivänovna, who never stopped talking about her niece, told me that Vdrenka, four years ago, while in the country, had without permission given away all her clothes and shoes to the village children, so that it was necessary to gather them up again, I did not at once accept the fact as worthy of advancing her in my opinion, but mentally made fun of her for such an impractical view of things.

When there were guests at the Nekhlyudovs, among them sometimes Volddya and Dubkdv, I retreated, with self-satisfaction and with a certain calm consciousness of being a friend of the family, to the background, did not take part in the conversation, and only listened to what was said. And everything that others said seemed to me so incomprehensibly stupid that I wondered mentally how such a clever and logical woman as the princess, and all her logical family, could listen to all those stupid things, and reply to them. If it had occurred to me then to compare with what the others said that which I said when I was alone, I, no doubt, should not have been surprised. Still less should I have been surprised if I had come to believe that our own family — Avddtya Vasilevna, Lyubochka, and Katenka — were just such women as the rest, by no means lower than others, and if I had recalled what it was Dubkdv, Katenka, and Avdotya Vasilevna talked about for whole evenings, smiling merrily, and how, nearly every time, Dubkov, stickling for something, read with feeling the verses, " Au banquet de la vie, infortune convive," or extracts from the " Demon," and, in general, with what pleasure they uttered all kinds of nonsense for hours at a time.

Of course, when guests were present, Varenka paid less attention to me than when we were alone, and, besides, there was no reading, and no music, which I liked to hear so much. When she spoke to the guests she lost her chief charm for me,— her calm thoughtfulness and simplicity. I remember how strangely I was impressed by the conversation about the theatre and the weather, which she held with my brother Volddya. I knew that Volodya more than anything avoided and abhorred banality, and that Varenka also was in the habit of making fun of the quasi-entertaining conversations about the weather, and so forth ; then why did they, upon meeting, eternally

utter the most unbearable commonplaces, and as if ashamed of each other ? After every conversation of this kind I was silently provoked with Varenka, and the following day made fun of the guests, and after that I found even more pleasure in being alone in the family circle of the Nekhlyudovs.

However it may be, I began to derive more enjoyment from being with Dmitri in the drawing-room of his mother than from being all alone with him.

XLL

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH NEKHLYÛDOV

At this period my friendship with Dmitri was suspended hy a hair. I had begun long ago to pass judgment on him, in order to discover his faults ; but in our first youth we love only passionately, and, therefore, we love only perfect men. But the moment the mist of passion begins to scatter, or the bright beams of reason begin involuntarily to burst through it, and we see the object of our passion in its real aspect, with its good and bad qualities, the bad qualities, like something unexpected, appear magnified and dazzle our eyes ; the feeling of novelty and of hope that perfection in another man is possible encourages us not only to cool off toward, but even to turn away from, the former object of our passion ; and we cast it off without regret, and rush forward to seek a new perfection. If the same thing did not happen in my relation to Dmitri, I owed it to his stubborn, pedantic, mental, rather than spiritual, attachment, which I should have felt ashamed to betray. In addition, we were united by our strange rule of frankness. When we parted from each other we were afraid to leave all the outrageous moral secrets of our confidences in the power of the other. However, our rule of frankness was evidently not always observed, and frequently embarrassed us, and produced strange relations between us.

Nearly every time when I called that winter on Dmitri, I found his classmate, Bezobyédov, with whom he studied.

Bezobyédov was a small, pockmarked, lean young man, with tiny, freckled hands, and very long, unkempt hair, always ragged, dirty, uncultured, and even a poor student. Dmitri’s relations with him were as inscrutable to me as those with Lyubdv Sergyëevna. The only cause for his selecting him from among all his classmates and being friendly with him was that a worse-looking student could not be found in the whole university. Dmitri, no doubt, found a special delight in being friendly with him, in order to spite everybody. In all his relations with that student was expressed the haughty feeling, “ It is all the same to me who you are, and I do not care for what others say ; I like him, consequently he is all right.”

I marvelled how he could constrain himself so much, and how

unfortunate Bezobyédov was able to endure his awkward situation. I was very much displeased with that friendship.

I once called on Dmitri in the evening, in order to spend the time with him in bis mother's drawing-room, to chat, and to listen to Värenka's singing and reading. Bezobyédov was up-stairs. Dmitri answered me in an abrupt voice that he could not go down, because, as I could see, he had a guest.

" What pleasure is there in it, anyway ? " he added.

" Let us sit here, and have a chat."

Although I was not at all delighted by the idea of staying two hours with Bezobyédov, I could not make up my mind to go down by myself into the drawing-room, and, inwardly provoked by my friend's odd ties, sat down in a rocking-chair, and began to rock. I was very angry with Dmitri and Bezobyédov for depriving me of the pleasure of being down-stairs ; I waited, hoping that Bezobyédov would soon leave, and was irritated at him and Dmitri, and listened in silence to their conversation.

" A very agreeable guest ! Stay with him ! " I thought, when a lackey brought tea, and Dmitri had to ask Bezo byédov five times to take a glass, because his timid guest regarded it as his duty to decline the first and second glass, saying, " Drink yourself ! " Dmitri had evidently to force himself to entertain his guest with a conversation, into which he vainly tried to drag me. I kept sullen silence.

" What's to be done ? I have such a countenance that no one would dare imagine I am suffering ennui." I mentally turned to Dmitri, evenly rocking in my chair, in silence. I began, with a certain pleasure, to fan in myself an ever increasing feeling of quiet hatred for my friend. " What a fool," I thought of him ; " he might have passed an agreeable evening with his charming relatives,

— no, he must stay here with that beast, and now the time is passing, and it will be too late to go to the drawing-room," and I glanced at my friend past the edge of my chair. His hand, his attitude, his neck, and especially the back of his cranium and his knees seemed to me so disgusting and provoking, that I should have experienced a certain pleasure if at that moment I had said something very rude to him.

Finally Bezobyédov rose, but Dmitri would not let his agreeable guest depart at once : he proposed to him to stay overnight, but, fortunately, Bezobyédov declined, and went away.

Having taken him to the door, Dmitri returned and, softly smiling a self-satisfied smile and rubbing his hands,

— no doubt, because he had sustained his character and because he

was at last free from ennui, — began to pace the room, looking at me from time to time. He appeared still more disgusting to me. " How dare he walk and smile ? ” I thought.

— What makes you so sullen ? ” he said, suddenly, stopping opposite me.

" I am not at all sullen,” I answered, as people always answer under these circumstances, “ I am only annoyed because you dissemble, before me, before Bezobyédov, and before yourself.”

" What nonsense ' I never dissemble before anybody.”

“ I am not forgetful of our rule of frankness, — I am telling you the truth. I am convinced,” I said, " that this Bezobyédov is as unbearable to you as to me, for he is stupid, and God knows what, but you only put on airs before him.”

“No ! And, in the first place, Bezobyédov is a fine fellow — ”

" But I say, yes. And I tell you that your friendship with Lyubov Sergyéevna is also based on the fact that she regards you as a god.”

" But I tell you, no.”

" And I say, yes, because I know it from my own experience,” 1 answered him, with the ardour of restrained annoyance, and trying to disarm him with my frankness. “ I have told you so before, and I repeat it now, that it always seems to me that I love those people who tell me agreeable things, but when I examine myself closely, I find that there is no real attachment.”

“ No,” continued Dmitri, correcting his necktie with an angry jerk of his neck, “ when I love, neither praises nor chiding are able to change my feeling.”

" It is not so. I have told you that when papa called me a good-for-nothing, I for some time hated him and wished his death ; even thus you — ”

" Speak for yourself. I am sorry if you are such — ”

" On the contrary,” I cried, jumping up from my chair, and with desperate boldness looking into his eyes, " what you say is wrong ; did you not tell me about brother ? — I do not understand you in this, because it would be dishonest, — did you not tell me ? — and I will tell you, since I now understand you — ”

In my attempt to sting him more painfully than he had stung me, I began to prove to him that he loved nobody, and to reproach him for

everything for which I thought T had a right to blame him. I was very much satisfied at having told him all, and forgot that the only possible purpose of this reproach was to make him confess the faults of which I accused him, and that this aim could not be reached at that particular moment when he was excited. I never told him these things when he was calm and might have confessed his shortcomings.

Our discussion was growing into a quarrel, when Dmitri suddenly became silent, and went into another room. I followed him, continuing to speak, but he did not answer me. I knew that in the column of his vices was also irritability, and that he was now trying to overcome it. I cursed all his rules.

This, then, is what our rule to tell each other everything we felt, and never to tell a third person about it, had led us to ! In our transports of frankness we frequently made most disgraceful confessions to each other, and, to our shame, interpreted suppositions and dreams as desires and sensations, just as had happened in this particular case. These confessions not only did not strengthen the bond which united us, but dried up that very feeling, and disunited us; and now his egotism suddenly prevented him from making the simplest kind of confession, and in the heat of the discussion we made use of the very weapons which we had given one another, and which struck us painfully.

XLIL

OUR STEPMOTHER

Although papa bad intended to come to Moscow with his wife after New Year’s, he arrived in October, when hunting with dogs was still in full swing. Papa said that he had changed his mind because his case was to be taken up in the Senate ; but Mimi told us that Avdotya Vasi-levna suffered such ennui in the country, and so often spoke of Moscow, and pretended to be ill, that papa decided to fulfil her wish. " Because she never loved him, and only tired everybody talking of her love, when she really only wished to marry a rich man,” added Mimi, drawing a pensive sigh, as if to say : " Certain people would have acted quite differently, if he had only known how to appreciate them.”

Certain people were unjust to Avdotya Vasflevna ; her love for papa, a passionate, loyal love of self-sacrifice, was visible in every word, look, and motion of hers. But this love did not in the least interfere, aside from her desire not to be separated from the husband she worshipped, with her wanting an extraordinary bonnet from Madame Annote, a hat with an unusual, blue ostrich feather, and a dress of blue Venetian velvet, which would artistically display her stately bosom and arms, that no one but her husband and maids had seen heretofore. Katenka was naturally on the side of her mother, while between us and our stepmother strange, jocular relations were established from the very first day of her arrival.

The moment she stepped out of the carriage, Volddya, with a solemn face and dim eyes, scuffing and curtseying, walked up to her hand, and said, as if introducing some one :

" I have the honour of welcoming my dear mother, and kissing her hand."

“Oh, dear son!” said Avddtya Vasilevna, smiling her beautiful, monotonous smile.

" And do not forget your second son," I said, also walking up to her hand, and involuntarily assuming Volbdya’s expression and voice.

If our stepmother and we had been sure of mutual attachment, this expression might have signified a disregard of demonstrative tokens of love ; if we had been before hostilely inclined toward each other, it might have signified irony, or contempt of dissembling, or a desire to conceal from father our real relations, and many other sentiments and thoughts; but in the present case, this expression, which exactly fitted Avdötya Vasflevna’s disposition, meant absolutely nothing, and only concealed an absence of all relations. I have often noticed since, in other families, just such jocular, false relations, whenever their members have a presentiment that the true relations would not be in place ; precisely these relations subsisted between us and Avddtya Vasilevna. We hardly ever came out of them; we were always dissemblingly polite to her, spoke French, scuffed, and called her “ Chère rnaman” to which she always replied with jokes of the same character, and with her beautiful, monotonous smile. Blubbering Lyubochka alone, with her bandy legs and silly conversations, took a liking to our stepmother, and very naively, and at times awkwardly, endeavoured to bring us all together ; and thus Lyubochka was the only person in the whole world for whom Avdbtya Vasflevna had a drop of attachment outside of her passionate love for papa. Avdôtya Vasilevna showed for her an ecstatic admiration and timid respect, which amazed us very much.

In the beginning Avddtya Vasilevna was fond of calling herself stepmother and hinting how badly and unjustly children and home people always looked upon a stepmother, and how difficult her position was in consequence. Although she well knew the disagreeableness of this position, she did nothing to avoid it, — by fondling one, giving some gift to another, and keeping her temper, — which would have been a very easy thing for her to do, because she was not exacting by nature, and was very good at heart. She not only did not do so, but, on the contrary, foreseeing her disagreeable state, she prepared for defence without being attacked ; and, suspecting that all the people of the house wanted to be in every way rude and insulting to her, she saw a purpose in everything, and regarded it as most dignified to suffer iu silence ; and, of course, by not inviting love with her inaction, invited only enmity. Besides, she was so entirely devoid of the faculty of " understanding," of which I have spoken before, and which was highly developed in our house, and her habits were so different from those

which had taken deep root with us, that this alone went against her.

In our punctual and neat home she lived as though she had just arrived, rose and retired now late, now early, and came to dinner and supper irregularly. When there were no guests she walked about half-dressed, and was not ashamed to appear before us and the servants in her petticoat, with a shawl about her, leaving her arms bare. At first I liked this simplicity, but very soon I lost, on account of this very simplicity, the last respect which I had for her. Stranger still for us was the fact that there were two women in her, according as there were guests or not : before guests, she was a young, healthy, and cold beauty, superbly dressed, not stupid, not clever, but mirthful ; without guests, she was an oldish, haggard, repining woman, slatternly, and suffering ennui, though loving. Frequently, when I saw how she, smiling and flushed from the wintry cold, happy in the consciousness of her beauty, returned from visits, and, taking off her hat, walked up to the mirror to examine herself in it ; or how she, rustling her superb low-cut ball-dress, ashamed and at the same time proud before her servants, walked to her carriage ; or how she, at home, when we had some little evening parties, dressed in a high-necked silk dress, with fine laces about her delicate neck, showered on all sides her monotonous, but beautiful smile, I thought, what would those say who admired her if they saw her as I did, when she stayed at home in the evening, waiting till after twelve o’clock for her husband’s return from the club, and in some capote, with unkempt hair, walked like a shadow through the dimly lighted rooms ? She would walk up to the piano, and play, frowning with her effort, the only waltz which she knew ; or take up a novel and, having read a few sentences in the middle, throw it away again ; or, in order not to wake the people, walk up to the buffet and take out from it a cucumber and some cold veal, and eat it, standing at the window of the buffet ; or again, tired and gloomy, aimlessly walk from one room to another.

Nothing disunited us so much as the absence of understanding, which found its expression more particularly in a characteristic manner of condescending attention, whenever we spoke about things unintelligible to her. She was not to be blamed for acquiring an unconscious habit of slightly smiling with her lips only, and nodding, whenever she was told things that little interested her (nothing interested her but herself and her husband); but this smile and nod, frequently repeated, were unbearably detestable. Iler merriment, too, as though mocking herself, us, and the whole world, was also awkward and did not communicate itself to others; and her sentimentality was truly nauseating. The main thing was that she did not blush to tell everybody continually of her love for papa. Though she did not tell an untruth when she asserted that all her life consisted in her love for her husband, and though she proved it by her whole life, this unabashed, uninterrupted repetition about her love was, according to our ideas, detestable, and we were even more ashamed for her when she told it to strangers, than when she made mistakes in speaking French.

She loved her husband more than anything else in the world, and her

husband loved her, especially in the beginning, when he saw that she pleased others as well. The only aim of her life was to get the love of her husband ; but she seemed purposely to be doing everything which might displease him, with the aim in view of showing him all the power of her love and her readiness for self-sacrifice.

She was fond of fine dresses, and father liked to see her a belle in society, so as to provoke praises and admiration ; she sacrificed her passion for fine garments for father, and more and more accustomed herself to stay at home in a gray blouse. Papa, who regarded freedom and equality as necessary conditions in family relations, had hoped that his favourite Lyubochka and his good young wife would become intimate and friendly ; but Avdotya Vasilevna sacrificed herself, and thought it necessary to show an improper respect to the real hostess of the house, as she called Lyubochka, which painfully offended papa. He played a great deal that winter, finally lost much, and, anxious, as ever, not to mix up his gambling with his domestic affairs, concealed all his gaming from his home people. Ayddtya Vasilevna sacrificed herself, and though frequently ill, and even pregnant at the end of winter, considered it her duty, in her gray blouse, with unkempt hair, though it were four or five o’clock in the

morning, to totter along in order to meet papa, when he, frequently tired, having sustained losses, shamefaced, after an eighth fine, returned from his club. She asked him abstractedly whether he had been lucky at the game, and she listened with condescending attention, smiling and nodding, to what he told her about his doings in the club, and to his hundredth entreaty not to wait for him. And although my father’s gains and losses, on which, such was his game, his wealth depended, did not in the least interest her, she continued to be the first to meet him, every time when he returned from his club. In truth, she was urged on to these meetings not only by her passion for selfsacrifice, but by a secret jealousy, from which she suffered to an extraordinary degree. Nobody in the world could have convinced her that papa was returning so late from his club, and not from an amour. She tried to read in papa’s face his amatory secrets, and not making out anything, she sighed, with a certain pleasurableness of grief, and gave herself over to the contemplation of her misfortune.

On account of these, and many other, continuous sacrifices, in papa’s relations with his wife, there became noticeable, in the last months of that winter, when he lost a great deal, and therefore was generally out of sorts, an intermediate feeling of quiet hatred, — that reserved detestation of the object of attachment, which expresses itself in an unconscious tendency to offer all kinds of petty, moral annoyances to that object.

XLIIL

NEW COMPANIONS

The winter passed unnoticed and it began to thaw, and in the university the schedule of examinations was already nailed to the wall, when I suddenly recalled that I had to pass examinations in eighteen subjects which I had taken, but of which I had neither heard, nor noted down, nor prepared a single one. It is strange such a plain question as how to pass my examinations had never occurred to me. I lived all that winter in such a mist, which was occasioned by my enjoyment of being a grown man and comme il faut, that when such a question as the. examinations did occur to me, I compared myself with my companions, and thought, " They will go to the examinations, and most of them are not yet comme il faut, consequently I have an advantage over them, and certainly shall pass my examinations." I attended my lectures only because I got used to doing so, and because papa told me to go. And then, I had many acquaintances, and I often had a jolly time at the university. I loved that noise, that conversation, that laughter of the lecture-rooms ; loved during the lectures, while occupying a back seat, at the even sound of the professor's voice, to dream of something, and to observe my companions ; loved sometimes to run down to Matern to take a drink of brandy and a bite of something, and, though I knew the professors might afterward get after me for it, timidly to open the creaking door, and enter the lecture-room ; loved to take part in some practical joke, when the different courses pressed against each other in the corridor. All that was very jolly.

When everybody began to attend lectures more regularly, and the professor of physics finished his course and bade us good-bye until the examinations, and the students collected their note-books and started to study in groups, I, too, thought I ought to prepare myself. Operov, with whom I continued to exchange greetings, but with whom I was otherwise on a very distant footing, offered me, as I mentioned before, his note-books, and even proposed that I should come with other students to prepare the examinations together with him. I thanked him and consented, hoping by honouring him thus to wipe out our old misunderstanding, but insisted that all the students should come to my house, because I had pleasant quarters.

I was told that we should prepare, by turns, now at one house, now at another, wherever it was most convenient as to distance. The first time we met at the house of Zukhin. It was a small room with a partition, in a large house on Trubndy Boulevard. I was late that first day, and arrived when they had begun to read. The small room was filled with smoke from the strongest kind of tobacco, which Zukhin smoked. On the table stood a decanter with brandy, a wine-glass, bread, salt, and a leg of mutton.

Zukhin did not get up, but invited me to have a drink, and take off my coat.

" I suppose you are not used to such a reception," he added.

They all had on dirty chintz shirts and fronts. Trying not to express my contempt for them, I took off my coat, and lay down on

the sofa, in an unconventional fashion. Zukhin was reading, occasionally consulting his notebooks; others stopped him and asked him questions which he answered briefly, cleverly, and precisely. I listened, and asked him a question, since there was much which I did not understand, not knowing what preceded.

" My friend, there is no use listening if you do not know this," said Zukhin. " I will give you the notebooks, you study it up for to-morrow ; there will otherwise be no use explaining to you." I felt ashamed of my ignorance, and, at the same time being conscious of the justice of Zukhin's remarks, I quit listening, and busied myself with observing my new companions. According to my classification into people comme il faut, and people not comme il faut, they obviously belonged to the second division, and, consequently, aroused in me not only the feeling of contempt, but also a certain personal hatred which I experienced toward them, because, not being comme il faut, they seemed to regard me merely as their equal, and even to treat me in a condescending, though kindly manner. This feeling was provoked in me by their feet, their dirty hands with their bitten nails, by 0perov's long nail on his little finger, by their rose-coloured shirts, their fronts, their swearing, which they jestingly directed at each other, the dirty room, Zukhin's habit of frequently clearing his nose by pressing his finger against one nostril, and especially by their manner of pronouncing, using, and accentuating certain words. For example, they used the word " insensate " for " foolish," " precisely " for " just," " superb " for " all right," and so forth, which seemed to me bookish and detestably improper. I was still more provoked to hatred by their accentuation of some Russian, and especially foreign, words.

In spite of their repulsive exterior, which at that time I was unable to overlook, I felt that there was something good in these people, and, envying the jolly comradery which united them, was drawn to these students, and wished to become better acquainted with them, however hard it was for me to do so. I already knew gentle, honest Operov; now, I took a special liking for quick, extremely clever Zukhin, who evidently was a leader in this circle. He was a small, thick-set man of dark complexion, with a somewhat swollen and always shining, but exceedingly intelligent, lively, and independent countenance. This expression he owed mainly to a low, but arched forehead over deep-set black eyes, bristly short hair, and a thick black beard, which always looked unshaven. He did not seem to be thinking about himself (which always pleased me in people), and it was evident that his brain was never idle. He had one of those expressive faces which suddenly change in your opinion a few hours after you have seen them for the first time. This happened, in my opinion, with Zukhin's face toward the end of that evening. Suddenly new wrinkles appeared in his face, his eyes retreated farther, his smile became different, and his whole countenance was so changed that it was hard to recognize him.

When the reading was over, Zukhin, the other students, and I drank a glass of brandy, and the decanter was almost empty. Zukhin asked who

had a quarter, so that he could send the old woman, who waited on him, for some more brandy. I offered him my money, but Zukhin turned to Öperov, as though he had not heard me, and Öperov took out his beaded purse, and gave him the required coin.

" Look out and don't drink too much," said Öperov, who did not drink himself.

" Don't be afraid," answered Zukhin, sucking the marrow out of the bone of mutton (I remember how I thought that it was his eating so much marrow that made him so clever). " Don't be afraid," continued Zukhin, smiling slightly, and his smile was usually such that you had to notice it, and thank him for it. " Though I may drink a bit, it will not harm me ; now, my friend, we shall see who will beat whom, he me, or I him. It is all fixed, my friend," he added, boastingly snapping his fingers against his brow. " Now, I am afraid Seménov will flunk ; he has been drinking hard."

So it happened : that very Seménov with the gray hair, who had so much pleased me at the first examination because he looked worse than I, and who, after having passed his entrance examinations second on the list, had in the first month of his student life regularly attended his lectures, toward the end did not appear at all at the university, having gone on a spree long before reviewing time.

" Where is he ? " somebody asked.

" I have lost sight of him," continued Zukhin. " Last time we smashed ' Lisbon ' together. It was a superb affair. Then, they say, there was something or other — He has a great head ! There is a lot of fire in that man ! A lot of brain ! It mil be a pity if he goes to the dogs. And he will, no doubt. He is not the kind of a lad, with his impulses, to hold out at the university."

After a short chat, they went away, having first agreed to meet the following days at Zukhin's, as his room was centrally located. When they went out, I felt embarrassed because they all walked, and I had a vehicle, so I timidly proposed to Öperov to take him home. Zukhin had followed us out, and, having borrowed a rouble of Öperov, went away somewhere to pass the whole night. On our way, Operov told me a great deal about Zukhin's character and manner of life. When I returned home I could not fall asleep for a long time, as I pondered about these my new acquaintances. I long wavered between respect for them, to which their knowledge, their simplicity, honesty, and poetry of youth, and careless bravery led me, and revulsion, produced by their indecent exterior. In spite of my best wishes, it was at that time literally impossible for me to get on a close footing with them. Our conceptions were quite different. There was an abyss of shades which for me constituted the whole charm and meaning of life, but which was quite incomprehensible to them, and vice versa. But the chief cause which made it impossible for us to get nearer to each other lay in the twenty-rouble cloth of my coat, my vehicle, and fine linen shirts. This cause was particularly

important for me ; it seemed to me that I involuntarily offended them with the signs of my wealth. I felt guilty before them, and, now humbling myself, now feeling provoked for my undeserved humility, and again passing to self-confidence, was entirely unable to enter into equal, sincere relations with them. The coarse and depraved side of Zukhin's character was at this time drowned for me in that powerful poetry of daring, of which I felt he was possessed, so that it did not affect me unpleasantly.

I went nearly every evening for two weeks to Zukhin's to study. I studied very little, however, because, as I have already remarked, I was too far behind my classmates. I did not have enough strength of character to study by myself in order to catch up with them, and thus only pretended I was listening and understanding what they were reading. I thought my companions guessed I was feigning, and I frequently noticed that they left out passages which they knew, and never asked me about them.

With every day I more and more excused the irregularities of that circle, entering more into its life, and finding more poetry in it. The word of honour, which I had given to Dmitri that I would never go out carousing with them, kept me back in my desire to share their pleasures.

Once I tried to boast to them of my knowledge of literature, particularly French, and led up the conversation to it. To my astonishment I found that, although they pronounced the foreign titles in Russian, they had read a great deal more than I, and that they knew and appreciated the English, and even Spanish, authors, and Le Sage, whose names even I had never heard. Pushkin and Zhukdvski were literature to them, and not, as to me, books in yellow bindings, which I had read and learned when a child. They despised Dumas, Sue, and Féval alike, and they all, especially Zukhin, judged literature much better and clearer than I, a fact which I could not help acknowledging.

Nor did I have any advantage over them in the knowledge of music. To my still greater astonishment, Operov played the violin, another student who came there played the cello and the piano, and both played in the university orchestra, knew music well, and appreciated what was good. In short, everything of which I wanted to boast before them, except ray pronunciation of French and German, they knew better than I, and were not in the least proud of it. I might have bragged of my knowledge of the world, but I was not possessed of it like Volddya. Then, what was that height from which I looked down upon them ? My acquaintance with Prince Ivan Ivdnovich ? My pronunciation of French ? My linen shirt ? My nails ? But were not all these mere trifles ? It sometimes occurred to me dimly, under the influence of the feeling of envy which I had in that company and of the good-hearted merriment which I observed. They all spoke " thou " to each other. The simplicity of their address frequently reached coarseness, but even under that coarse exterior could be noticed a constant fear of offending one another. " Rascal," " pig," which they employed as words of endearment, were irksome to me, and

gave me cause for making fun of them inwardly ; but these words did not offend them, and did not prevent their being on a very friendly and intimate footing. In their relations with each other they were as careful and refined as only very poor and very young people can be. The main thing was, I felt a broad, daring sweep in Zukhin's character, and in his exploits in " Lisbon." I imagined that these carousals were something quite different from that hypocrisy with the burnt rum and champagne, in which I had taken part at the house of Baron Z----.

XLIV.

ZÛKHIN AND SEMENOV

I DO not know to what condition of life Zukhin belonged, but I know that he had been a Gymnasiast at 8----, was

without any means, and, it seems, was not of the gentry. He was then about eighteen years of age, though he looked much older. He was uncommonly clever, but especially quick-witted : it was easier for him at once to grasp a whole, complicated subject, to foresee all its details and deductions, than consciously to judge the laws by which these deductions were arrived at. He knew he was clever, was proud of it, and, on account of this pride, was equally simple in his relations with everybody, and kind-hearted. He had, no doubt, experienced much in life. His impassioned, receptive nature had had time to receive the impress of love, friendship, affairs, and money matters. Though in a small way, and only in the lower strata of society, there was not a thing for which, if he had experienced it, he did not have something like contempt, or indifference and inattention, which originated in the great facility with which everything came to him. He seemed to take up with ardour everything new, only in order to scorn it the moment he had attained his end, — and his apt nature always attained its ends, and the right to scorn them.

The same was true of his sciences : though he did not study much, nor take down notes, he knew mathematics excellently, and it was not an idle boast when he said he would beat his professor. He considered many of the lectures the merest nonsense, but with the unconscious practical temporizing which was inherent in his nature, he easily fell in with the professors, and they liked him. He was brusque in his relations with the authorities, but the authorities respected him. He had no regard nor love for the sciences, and even had contempt for those who seriously strove to acquire what came to him so easily. The sciences, as he understood them, did not occupy one-tenth of his faculties ; life as a student did not offer him anything to which he could devote himself entirely ; and his impassioned, active nature, as he himself said, demanded life, and he gave himself up to carousing, according to his means, with ardour and with the desire to wear himself out completely. Just before the examinations, Ôpcrov's prediction came true. He disappeared for two

weeks, and we had to study at the house of another student. But at the first examination he appeared in the hall, pale, emaciated, with trembling hands, and was brilliantly promoted to the second course.

In the beginning of the year there were some eight men in the band of carousers, of which Zukhin was the leader. Among their number were at first Ikonin and Seménov, but Ikdnin withdrew from the company, being unable to stand all the reckless orgies to which they abandoned themselves in the beginning of the year, and Seménov withdrew, because it was not enough for him. In the beginning everybody in our course looked with terror at them, and told each other their exploits.

The chief heroes of these exploits were Zukhin, and toward the end of the year, Seménov. Seménov finally was looked upon with a certain terror, and when he made his appearance at a lecture, which was rather rarely, the whole lecture-room was agitated.

Seménov ended his carousing activities immediately before the examinations in a most energetic and original manner, and I was a witness to it, thanks to my acquaint-

an ce with Zukhin. It happened like this. One evening, when we had just come together at Zukhin's, and Öperov, having placed near himself one candle in a candlestick and another in a bottle, had lowered his head and begun to read in his thin voice his finely written note-books of physics, the landlady entered the room and announced to Zukhin that somebody had brought a note for him —

XLV.

I FLUNKED

At last came the first examination, in differential and integral calculus, while I was still living in a strange mist, and was not clearly conscious of what was awaiting me. In the evenings, when I returned from my visits to Zukhin's company, I was haunted by the thought that I ought to modify my convictions, that there was something wrong in them ; but in the morning, in the sunshine, I again became comme il faut, was satisfied with it, and did not desire any changes.

I was in such a frame of mind when I arrived at my first examination. I sat down on the bench where princes, counts, and barons sat, began to converse with them in French, and, however strange it may seem, it did not even occur to me that very soon I should have to answer questions in a subject I knew nothing about. I looked calmly at all who went up to be examined, and even permitted myself to make fun of some of them.

" Well, Grap," I said to Ilmka, when he returned from the table, " are you scared ? "

“We shall see how you will do,” said Ilmka, who had revolted against my influence, ever since he had entered the university, did not smile when I spoke to him, and was ill disposed toward me.

I smiled contemptuously at Ilmka’s answer, although the doubt which he had expressed frightened me for a moment. But a mist again shrouded that feeling, and I

continued to be absent-minded and indifferent, so that I promised Baron Z----to go and lunch with him at

Matern’s as soon as I should be examined, as though that were the merest trifle for me. When I was called out together with Ikdnin, I straightened out the skirts of my uniform, and in the coldest blood walked up to the examination table.

A light chill of terror ran down my back only when the young professor, the same that had examined me at the entrance examination, looked straight at me, and I touched the paper on which the tickets were written. Ikdnin, who picked up a ticket with the same swagger as he had done at the previous examinations, answered a thing or two, though badly ; but I did what he had done at his first examinations — even worse, fori took a second ticket, and did not answer even that. The professor looked pitifully at me, and in a quiet, but firm voice said :

“ You will not pass to the second course, Mr. Irténev. You had better not try the other examinations. The department has to be cleaned up. And you, too, Mr. Ikdnin,” he added.

Ikonin asked permission to be reexamined, as a special favour, but the professor answered him that he would not be able to do in two days what he had not done in the course of a year, and that he would pass under no conditions. Ikdnin begged him again, piteously and humbly, but the professor declined again.

" You may go, gentlemen,” he said, in the same loud, but firm voice.

Not until then did I decide to leave the table, and I felt ashamed because I had with my silent presence, as it were, taken part in Ikdnin’s humiliating prayers. I do not remember how I crossed the hall past the students, what I answered to their questions, how I walked out into the vestibule, and how I reached home! I was aggrieved and humiliated,— I was truly wretched.

For three days I did not leave my room, saw nobody, sought, as in my childhood, consolation in tears, and wept much. I looked for pistols with which to shoot myself, if I should make up my mind to do so. I thought Ilinka Grap would spit in my face upon meeting me, and that he would be right in doing so ; that Öperov rejoiced at my misfortune and told everybody of it ; that Kolpikdv was quite right when he insulted me at Yar’s ; that my stupid speeches with Princess Korndkov could have had no other results, and so forth. All the

oppressive moments of my life, so tormenting to my egoism, passed, one after another, through my mind ; I tried to accuse some one in particular of my misfortune ; thought that somebody had done it on purpose ; concocted a whole intrigue against myself ; murmured against the professors, against my classmates, against Volodya, against Dmitri, and against papa for having sent me to the university ; murmured against Providence for having permitted me to live to such a disgrace. Finally, feeling that I was completely undone in the eyes of all those who knew me, I asked father to let me become a hussar, or go to the Caucasus. Papa was dissatisfied with me, but, seeing my terrible grief, consoled me, saying that, however bad it was, it might be mended by my going over into another department. Volodya, too, who did not see anything terrible in my misfortune, said that in another department I should at least not have to be ashamed before my new classmates.

Our ladies did not understand at all, and did not wish, or were not able, to understand what an examination was, what it meant to be promoted, and were sorry for me only because they saw my grief. Dmitri came to see me every day, and was all the time very kind and considerate of me, but I thought that for that very reason he had cooled off to me. It always pained and mortified me when he came up-stairs and silently seated himself near me, with

something of the expression with which a physician sits down on the bed of a dangerously sick man. Sofya Ivanovna and Vdrenka sent me through him some books which I had desired to have, and wanted me to come to see them ; but in this very attention I saw a haughty, offensive condescension for a man who had fallen very low. Three or four days later I calmed down a little, but did not leave the house until the day of our departure to the country, and continued to walk aimlessly from one room to another, all the time brooding over my sorrow, and trying to evade all the people of the house.

I thought and thought, and finally, late one evening, when I was down-stairs all alone, and listening to Avdd-tya Vasilevna’s waltz, I suddenly jumped up, ran up-stairs, fetched the note-book on which was written " Rules of Life,” opened it, and was overcome by repentance and moral impulse. I burst out into tears, but no longer tears of repentance. Having regained my composure, I determined again to write down the rules of life, and I was convinced that I would never again do anything wrong, would never pass an idle moment, and never be false to my rules.

I shall tell in the next, happier half of my youth, whether this moral impulse lasted long, in what it consisted, and what new principles it furnished for my moral development.