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ANNA KARENINA

BY LEO TOLSTOY

VOL. II

ANNA KARENINA

A NOVEL

BY

LEO TOLSTOY

TRANSLATED BY

LOUISE AND AYLMER MAUDE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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LEO TOLSTOY

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LIST OF CHARACTERS MENTIONED IN PARTS
V, VI, VII AND VIII, AND NOT APPEARING
IN THE PREVIOUS PARTS

*With stress-accent*s marked to show which syllable
should be emphasized.

- Katavásov, Theodore Vasílyevich, *a professor.*
 Chíríkov, *best-man at Lévin's wedding*
 Dunyásha, *Kitty's maid.*
 Sinyávin, Count, }
 Chárskaya, Princess, } *Guests at Lévin's wedding.*
 Mary Vasílyevna, }
 Golénishev, *a friend of Vrónsky.*
 Mikháylov ('Sásha'), *a Russian painter.*
 Mikháylova, *his wife.*
 Chársky, Prince, *an admirer of Kitty's.*
 Countess Mary Borisovna, }
 Princess Vatkóvskaya, } *Ladies at Court.*
 Sítníkov, *a tutor to Serézha.*
 Vasíly Lukích, *a tutor to Serézha.*
 Peter Ignátyeh, *chief director of Serézha's education.*
 Nádenka, *Lydia Ivánovna's niece.*
 Vára, *Vrónsky's sister-in-law.*
 Mary Efímovna, *nurse at Karénin's.*
 Princess Barbara Oblónskaya, *Anna's aunt.*
 Kartásov, }
 Kartásova, } *People at the Opera.*
 Princess Sorókina, *a friend of Vrónsky's mother.*
 Vásenka Veslóvsky, *a second cousin of the Shcherbátskys.*
 Váska, *a peasant boy.*
 Mary Vlásevna, *a midwife.*
 Philip, *Lévin's coachman.*
 Karl Fédorich, *Vrónsky's steward.*
 Vasíly Seménich, *a doctor on Vrónsky's estate.*
 Snetkóv, Michael Stepánich, *an old Marshal of the Nobility.*
 Nevédovsky, *the new Marshal of the Nobility.*
 Hlyústov, *a district Marshal.*

Flérov, *a member of the Nobility.*

Métrov, Peter Ivánovich, *a professor.*

Bol, Peter Petróvich, *an acquaintance of Lévin's.*

Makhótin, *a fellow-official of Lvov's.*

Gágin, *a visitor at the Club.*

Vorkúyev, Iván Petróvich, *a publisher.*

Peter Dmítrich, *a doctor.*

Michael, } *servants at Vrónsky's.*

Peter, }

Landau, Count Bezzúbov, *a Frenchman.*

Dmítiry (' Mitya '), *Lévin's son.*

Mikháylich, *a bee-keeper.*

Iván, *Lévin's coachman.*

LIST OF RUSSIAN WORDS USED IN THIS VERSION
OF ANNA KARENINA

Zémstvo, nearly equivalent to County Council.

Samovár, a 'self-boiler'; an urn in customary use in Russia for heating water.

Kvas, a non-alcoholic drink.

Izvozhchiks, the public conveyances which correspond to our cabs, and also the men who drive them.

Tarantás, a large four-wheeled vehicle with leather top. It rests on long wooden bars instead of springs, and is specially adapted for use where roads are bad.

Great Morskáya, one of the best streets in Petrograd.

Róuble, at the time of this story (1874-76) about 2s. 9d.

Kópek, about a farthing; the one-hundredth part of a rouble.

Desyatína, about 2½ acres.

Sázhen = 7 feet. Firewood is usually sold by the square sázhen. The logs are laid on one another to a height of one sázhen, the depth being 21 inches, which is the length of each log.

Verst = $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile.

Arshín = 28 inches.

Chétvert = about 5¼ bushels.

ANNA KARENINA

'Vengeance is mine ; I will repay.'

PART V

CHAPTER I

THE Princess Shcherbatskaya at first considered it out of the question to have the wedding before Advent, to which there remained but five weeks, but could not help agreeing with Levin that to put it off until after the Fast might involve waiting too long, for Prince Shcherbatsky's old aunt was very ill and likely to die soon, and then the family would be in mourning and the wedding would have to be considerably deferred. Consequently, having decided to divide her daughter's trousseau into two parts, a lesser and a larger, the Princess eventually consented to have the wedding before Advent. She decided that she would have the smaller part of the trousseau got ready at once, and would send on the larger part later ; and she was very cross with Levin because he could not give her a serious answer to her question whether he agreed with this arrangement or not. This plan would be all the more convenient because the young couple intended immediately after the wedding to go to the country, where the larger part of the trousseau would not be required.

Levin continued in the same condition of delirium as before, imagining that he and his joy were the chief or only purpose of all existence, and that he need not now think or bother about anything, as other people would see to everything for him. He had not even any plans or aims for the future, but left these to others to decide, quite sure that everything would turn out splendidly. His brother Sergius Ivanich, Oblonsky, and the Princess directed his actions. He quite agreed to every proposal. His brother borrowed money for him, the Princess advised

him to return to the country after the wedding, and Oblonsky suggested going abroad. He agreed to everything. 'Do whatever you like, whatever pleases you! I am happy, and my happiness cannot be made or marred by anything you do,' he thought. When he told Kitty of Oblonsky's advice that they should go abroad, he was quite surprised at her opposition to it and to find that she had definite ideas of her own about their future life. She knew that in the country Levin had work of which he was fond. As he saw, she not only did not understand that work but did not wish to understand it. This, however, did not prevent her considering it very important, and besides, she knew their home would be in the country, and she wanted to go—not abroad, where they were not going to live—but to where her home would be. This decided expression of her wish surprised Levin, but, as it was quite immaterial to him, he at once begged Oblonsky to go to the house in the country, just as if it were Oblonsky's duty to go, and arrange everything there according to his own good taste.

'I say,' Oblonsky asked Levin one day after his return from the country, where he had made all preparations for the young couple, 'have you got a certificate to show that you have received communion?'

'No. Why?'

'They won't marry you without it.'

'Oh dear!' exclaimed Levin. 'I think it is nine years since I went to communion! I haven't thought about it.'

'You are a good one!' remarked Oblonsky, laughing. 'And you call *me* a Nihilist! But it won't do, you know; you must confess and receive the sacrament.'

'When? There are only four days left.'

But Oblonsky arranged that too. Levin began to prepare himself. To him, as an agnostic who yet respected the religious beliefs of others, it was always very trying to be present at, or to take part in, any religious ceremony. In his present state of mind, softened and sensitive to everything, to be obliged to pretend was not only trying but appeared impossible. Now, in his state of triumph at the flowering time of his life, he was to be obliged to lie or blaspheme! He felt unable to do either. But question Oblonsky as he would, as to whether he could

not obtain a certificate without going to communion, Oblonsky declared that he must go through with it.

'Besides, what does it amount to—two days! And the priest is such a nice old man. He will draw that tooth for you so that you will scarcely feel it.'

Standing in church during the first service he attended, Levin tried to revive the memories of his youth and the strong religious feeling with which at the age of sixteen or seventeen he had been imbued. But he immediately became convinced that it was out of his power to do so. He then tried to regard it all as a meaningless, empty custom, like making a round of calls, but felt equally unable to do that. In matters of religion Levin, like most of his contemporaries, had very indefinite views. He could not believe in it, and yet was not firmly convinced that it was all false. Therefore, unable either to believe in the importance of what he was doing or to look upon it with indifference as an empty form, he, while preparing for confession, felt awkward and ashamed at doing something incomprehensible and therefore—as an inner voice told him—necessarily false and wrong.

During the service he would sometimes listen to the prayers, trying to see in them a meaning which would not clash with his opinions, or, finding that he could not understand and had to disapprove of them, he would try not to listen but to occupy his mind with observation of what was going on or with recollections which passed with extraordinary clearness through his brain as he stood idly in the church. He stood through the mass and vespers and evensong, and the next day, having got up earlier than usual, he went to church before breakfast to hear morning prayers and to confess.

No one else was in the church except a soldier-beggar, two old women, and the clergy.

The young deacon, the two halves of his long back clearly distinguishable through his thin under-cassock, met him, and going at once to a small table beside the wall, began reading the prayers. While he was reading, and especially during the frequent and rapid repetitions of 'Lord, have mercy upon us!'—which sounded like '*Lordvmercypons!*'—Levin felt as if his mind were closed and sealed up, and that, if he did make it stir now, nothing

but confusion would result ; therefore as he stood behind the deacon he continued his own train of thought, without listening or trying to comprehend what was being read. 'How wonderfully expressive her hand is !' he thought, recalling how they had sat at the corner table the day before. As was nearly always the case just then, they had nothing to say to each other, and she had put her hand on the table and kept opening and closing it until she herself began to laugh at its motions. He remembered how he had kissed the hand and afterwards examined the converging lines on the rosy palm. Again '*Lordumercypons !*' thought he, crossing himself, bowing, and watching the movements of the bowing deacon's flexible back. 'Then she took my hand and examined the lines and said, "You have a splendid hand !"' and he glanced at the deacon's stumpy hand and at his own. 'Well, it will soon be over now,' he thought. 'No—I believe it is all going to begin again,' and he listened to the prayer. 'Yes, it is coming to an end. There he is, bowing down to the ground. That always happens just before the end.' Having stealthily received a three-rouble note into his hand under its velvet cuff, the deacon said he would put down Levin's name, and went briskly into the chancel, his new boots clattering over the paved floor of the empty church. A minute later he put his head out and beckoned to Levin. The sealed-up thoughts began stirring in Levin's head, but he hastened to drive them away. 'It will get settled somehow,' he thought, and went to the ambo. On going up the steps and turning to the right he saw the priest. The latter, an old man with a thin grizzled beard and kind, weary eyes, stood beside the lectern turning over the leaves of a missal. Bowing slightly to Levin he began at once in his stereotyped tone to read the prayers. At the end he bowed to the ground and turned to Levin.

'Christ, though unseen, is here present to receive your confession,' he said, pointing to a crucifix. 'Do you believe in the teachings of the Holy Apostolic Church ?' continued the priest, turning his eyes away and folding his hands beneath his stole.

'I have doubted, and still doubt, everything,' replied Levin in a voice unpleasant to himself, and stopped.

The priest paused a few seconds to see whether Levin

would say anything more, and then closing his eyes said rapidly, with a strong provincial accent :

‘Doubts are natural to human weakness, but we must pray that our merciful Lord will strengthen us. What are your particular sins ?’ he continued without the slightest pause, as if anxious not to waste time.

‘My chief sin is doubt. I doubt everything and am in doubt nearly all the time.’

‘Doubt is natural to human weakness,’ repeated the priest. ‘What do you doubt in particular ?’

‘Everything. Sometimes I even doubt the existence of God,’ said Levin involuntarily, and was horrified at the impropriety of his words. But they seemed to have no effect on the priest.

‘What doubt can there be of the existence of God ?’ he asked with a faint smile.

Levin was silent.

‘What doubt can you have of the Creator when you see His creation ?’ continued the priest in his rapid, stereotyped voice. ‘Who has adorned the vault of Heaven with luminaries ? Who has decked the earth with beauty ? How could it all be, without a Creator ?’ he asked, with an inquiring glance at Levin.

Levin felt that it would not be proper to enter into a philosophic discussion with a priest, and therefore merely replied to the direct questions, ‘I don’t know.’

‘You don’t know ? Then how can you doubt that God created everything ?’ said the priest in puzzled amazement.

‘I don’t understand it at all,’ said Levin, blushing, and feeling that his words were silly and that they could not but be silly.

‘Pray to God and entreat Him ! Even the holy Fathers doubted and prayed God to strengthen their faith. The devil is very powerful and we must resist him. Pray to God,’ he repeated hurriedly.

The priest paused awhile as if in thought.

‘I hear you are about to enter into holy matrimony with the daughter of my parishioner and spiritual son, Prince Shcherbatsky ?’ he added with a smile. ‘A splendid young woman !’

‘Yes,’ answered Levin, with a blush for the priest. ‘Why need he ask me that at confession ?’ he thought.

And as if in answer to the thought, the priest said :

‘ You are about to enter into matrimony and God may give you children, is it not so ? Then what sort of education can you give your little ones if you do not conquer in yourself the temptations of the devil, who is leading you into unbelief ? ’ he asked in mild rebuke. ‘ If you love your offspring, then you, as a kind father, will desire not only riches, luxury, and honours for your child, but will desire his salvation, his spiritual advancement by the light of truth. Is that not so ? And when your innocent little one asks, “ Papa, who has created everything that pleases me in this world—earth, water, sun, flowers, grass ? ” what will you say ? Will you really say to him, “ I don’t know ” ? You cannot help knowing, since God in His great mercy has revealed it to you. Or your child may ask you, “ What awaits me beyond the tomb ? ” What will you tell him if you yourself know nothing ? How will you answer him ? Will you leave him to the temptations of the world and the devil ? That is wrong ! ’ The priest ceased and, with his head on one side, regarded Levin with mild kindly eyes.

This time Levin did not reply, not because he did not wish to enter upon a discussion with a priest, but because no one had ever yet put such questions to him ; and also because, before his little one could begin asking such questions, there would be plenty of time to consider what the answers should be.

‘ You are entering upon a time of life, ’ the priest went on, ‘ when you must choose your path and keep to it, so pray that God in His goodness may help you and have mercy on you ! ’ he concluded. ‘ May the Lord our God Jesus Christ, in the goodness and bounty of His love for mankind, pardon thee . . . ’ ; and having pronounced the absolution, the priest blessed him and let him go.

When he got home that day Levin felt relieved at having done with an unpleasant episode in such a way that he had not been obliged to tell lies. Besides, he was left with a vague feeling that what the nice kind old man had said to him was not as stupid as it had seemed at first, and that there was something in it that ought to be elucidated. ‘ Of course, not now, ’ thought he, ‘ but later on. ’ He felt more than ever before that there was

a kind of vagueness in his soul, a want of clearness, and that with regard to religion he was in the same position that he saw so distinctly and disliked in others, and for which he found fault with his friend Sviyazhsky.

He spent that evening with his betrothed at the Oblonskys' and was in particularly high spirits. Explaining to Oblonsky the state of elation he was in, he said he felt as pleased as a dog that was being taught to jump through a hoop, and which, having accomplished what was demanded of it, barks and wags its tail and jumps for joy upon the tables and window-sills.

CHAPTER II

ON his wedding-day Levin, according to custom—the Princess and Dolly insisted on his strictly conforming to custom—did not see his bride, and dined at his hotel with three bachelors who happened to drop in. Sergius Ivanich, Katavasov, an old fellow-student at the university and now a professor of Natural Science, whom Levin had chanced to meet in the street and induced to come, and Chirikov, his best man, a Moscow magistrate, and a bear-hunting comrade of Levin's. The dinner was a very merry one. Sergius Ivanich was in the best of spirits and was tickled by Katavasov's originality. Katavasov, feeling that his originality was observed and appreciated, showed it off. Chirikov gaily and good-naturedly backed up every one else.

'There now!' said Katavasov with a drawl, a habit he had fallen into when lecturing. 'What a talented fellow our friend Constantine Dmitrich used to be! I am speaking of one who is not with us, because he is no more. In those days he loved science. When he left the university he had human interests; but now half his talents are bent on self-deception, and the other half toward justification of that deception.'

'I have never come across a more decided foe of marriage than yourself,' remarked Sergius Ivanich.

'No. I am no foe of marriage, but I believe in division of labour! Persons who can do nothing else must make men, and the others must help them to culture and

happiness. That is how I look at it. There are hosts of aspirants who aim at mixing those two professions, but I am not one of them !’

‘How delighted I shall be when I hear of your falling in love !’ said Levin. ‘Pray invite me to your wedding !’

‘I am in love already.’

‘Yes, with a mollusc ! Do you know,’ said Levin, turning to his brother, ‘Katavasov is writing a work on nutriment and . . .’

‘Oh, don’t confuse matters ! What does it matter what I write about ? The fact is, I really do love molluscs.’

‘But they would not prevent you loving a wife !’

‘They would not, but the wife would.’

‘Why ?’

‘Oh, you’ll soon find out ! Now you like farming, sport. . . . Well, you just wait and see !’

‘You know, Arkhip came to-day to say that in Prudnoye there are lots of elk and two bears,’ said Chirikov.

‘Well, you’ll have to get them without me.’

‘There you are !’ said Sergius Ivanich. ‘Good-bye to bear-hunting in future ! Your wife won’t allow it.’

Levin smiled. The idea that his wife would not allow it seemed so agreeable that he was prepared to forgo the pleasure of ever setting eyes on a bear again.

‘All the same, it’s a pity that those two bears will be killed without you. Do you remember that time in Hapilovka ? What fine sport we had !’ said Chirikov.

Levin did not wish to deprive him of the illusion that somewhere there could be something good without her, therefore he said nothing.

‘This custom of taking leave of celibacy is not without its reason,’ said Sergius Ivanich. ‘However happy you may be, you can’t help regretting your freedom.’

‘Now confess that you feel like the bridegroom in Gogol’s play who jumped out of the window ?’ teased Chirikov.

‘Of course he feels so, but won’t own up,’ said Katavasov, and burst out laughing.

‘Well, the window is open . . . Let us be off to Tver. One is a she-bear. We can go straight for the lair. Yes, let’s catch the five o’clock train ! And leave them to do as they please here,’ said Chirikov, smiling.

'I am ready to swear I can't find in my soul a trace of regret for my freedom,' said Levin, with a smile.

'Ah, but your soul is in such chaos at the present moment that you are unable to find anything there! Wait till you've settled down a bit, then you'll find it,' said Katavasov.

'No, I should even now have some consciousness that despite my feelings' (he did not wish in Katavasov's presence to use the word *love*) 'and my happiness I was yet sorry to lose my freedom. But quite on the contrary, it is precisely of this loss of freedom that I am glad!'

'Very bad! A hopeless case!' said Katavasov. 'Well, let us drink to his recovery, or let us wish that at least a hundredth part of his dreams come true. Even that will be such joy as was never seen on earth!'

Soon after dinner the visitors left to get ready for the wedding.

When he was alone, Levin, thinking over the remarks of the three bachelors, once more asked himself whether there was in his soul any of that regret for his freedom that they had been speaking about. The question made him smile. 'Freedom? What is the good of freedom? Happiness consists only in loving and desiring: in wishing her wishes and in thinking her thoughts, which means having no freedom whatever; that is happiness!'

'But do I know her thoughts, wishes, or feelings?' a voice suddenly whispered. The smile faded from his face and he pondered. And all at once a strange sensation came over him. He was possessed by fear and doubt, doubt of everything.

'Supposing she does not love me? Supposing she is only marrying me just to get married? Supposing she does not herself know what she is doing?' he asked himself. 'She might bethink herself and only when she is already married find out that she does not and never could love me. . . .' And strange and most evil thoughts about her came into his mind. He became jealous of Vronsky just as he had been the year before, as if it had been but yesterday that he saw her with him. He suspected that she had not told him the whole truth. Suddenly he jumped up. 'No, this won't do!' he said to himself despairingly. 'I will go to her and tell her for the last time that we are now free, and that perhaps

we had better keep so! Anything would be better than continual shame, misery, infidelity!’ With his heart full of despair and bitterness toward every one, toward himself and her, he left the hotel and went to her.

He found her in one of the back rooms. She was sitting on a trunk and making some arrangements with one of the maids, sorting a pile of differently coloured dresses that hung over the backs of chairs or lay on the floor.

‘Oh!’ she cried when she saw him, and her face lit up with joy. ‘Why have you . . . ? Well, I . . . this is a surprise! And I am sorting my old dresses to give them away. . . .’

‘Ah, that is very nice,’ he said gloomily, with a glance at the maid.

‘You may go, Dunyasha. I will call you,’ said Kitty. ‘What is the matter with you?’ she asked as soon as the maid was gone. She had noticed his strange expression, at once excited and gloomy, and was seized with alarm.

‘Kitty, I am in torture! I cannot bear it alone,’ he cried in a despairing tone, standing before her and looking imploringly into her eyes. Already in her loving, truthful face he could read that what he was going to tell her would lead to nothing, yet he felt that he still wanted to hear her disavowal.

‘I have come to say that there is still time . . . All this business can still be put a stop to!’

‘What? I don’t understand in the least. What is the matter with you?’

‘What I have said a thousand times and cannot help thinking—that I am not worthy of you! It cannot be that you have agreed to marry me. Think it over . . . you have made a mistake. Think it well over! You cannot love me? . . . I . . . you’d better tell me . . .’ he went on without looking at her. ‘I shall be unhappy, of course. Let them all say what they like: anything is better than the misfortune . . . Anyway, it would be better now while there is still time!’

‘I don’t understand,’ she said, thoroughly frightened. ‘Do you mean you refuse . . . Why stop . . .?’

‘Yes, if you don’t love me.’

‘Are you mad?’ she exclaimed, flushing with vexation; but his face was so piteous that she suppressed her

vexation, and throwing the dresses on a chair sat down closer to him. 'What are you thinking about? Tell me everything.'

'I think you cannot love me. What could you love me for?'

'O God, what can I do? . . .' she cried, and began to weep.

'Oh, what have I done!' he exclaimed, and kneeling before her he began kissing her hands. When the Princess came in five minutes later she found them quite reconciled. Kitty had not only assured him that she loved him, but had even given him, in answer to his question, the reasons why. She told him she loved him because she completely understood him, because she knew that it was necessary for him to love, and that all that he loved was good. This seemed quite clear to him. When the Princess entered they were sitting side by side on the trunk, sorting the dresses and disputing because Kitty wanted to give Dunyasha the brown dress she had worn when Levin proposed to her, while he insisted that that dress should not be given to anyone and that she should give Dunyasha a blue one instead.

'How is it you don't understand? She is dark and it won't suit her. . . . I have considered it all.'

When the Princess heard why he had come, she grew angry half in fun and half in earnest, and told him to go home and dress and not to delay Kitty, whose hair had to be done by the hairdresser, due to arrive immediately.

'She has scarcely eaten anything all these days and has grown quite plain; and here you come and upset her with your nonsense!' said she. 'Be off, be off, my dear!'

Guilty and ashamed, but comforted, Levin returned to his hotel. His brother, Dolly, and Oblonsky, all in evening dress, were waiting to bless him with the icon. Dolly had to return home to fetch her son, who, his hair oiled and curled, was to drive in the bride's carriage and hold an icon. Then a carriage had to be sent to fetch the groomsman, and another was to take Sergius Ivanich and return again. Altogether there were many complicated arrangements to consider. One thing was certain: there was no time to be lost, for it was already half-past six.

The Blessing was not a success. Oblonsky, standing in a comically-solemn attitude beside his wife, took the icon and told Levin to bow to the ground; then he blessed him, smiling a kindly amused smile, and kissed him three times. Dolly did the same, then she hurried away and again became confused about the arrangements for the carriages.

'Then this is what we must do: you go and fetch him in our carriage, and Sergius Ivanich, if he will be so kind, will go first and will send the carriage back.'

'Of course, I shall be very pleased!'

'And we will follow immediately with him. . . . Have your trunks been sent off?' inquired Oblonsky.

'Yes, they have,' replied Levin, and told Kuzma to get his things out that he might dress.

CHAPTER III

A CROWD of people, mostly women, had assembled outside the church, which was brightly lit up for the wedding. Those who had arrived too late to get into the middle of the throng pressed round the windows, pushing and disputing and trying to peer in between the bars.

More than twenty carriages had already been ranged along the street by the mounted police. A police-officer, unmindful of the frost, stood at the entrance looking brilliant in his blue uniform. More carriages kept driving up, and now ladies with flowers in their hair got out, holding up their trains; or men appeared who doffed their military caps or black hats as they entered the church. Inside the building the candles in both chandeliers were already lit, as well as all the candles in front of the icons. The golden glitter on the crimson background of the iconostasis, the gilt ornaments of the icons, the silver of the chandeliers and candlesticks, the flagstones of the floor, the mats, the banners above the choir, the steps of the ambo, the ancient books black with age, the cassocks and surplices, were all inundated with light. On the right of the well-heated church a staid though animated conversation was going on amidst

the swallow-tail coats, white ties, uniforms, brocades, velvets and satins, hair, flowers, bare shoulders and arms and long gloves—the sound of which re-echoed strangely from the high dome above. Every time the door creaked every one turned round, expecting to see the bride and bridegroom enter. But the door had opened more than ten times and each time it turned out to be a guest who had been detained and now joined the crowd on the right, or a spectator who had managed to deceive or soften the heart of the police officer and who joined the throng of strangers on the left; and both relatives and spectators had passed through every phase of anticipation.

At first they expected the bride and bridegroom to enter at any moment, and attached no importance to the delay. Then they turned more and more often toward the door, wondering whether anything had happened. At length the delay became awkward, and the friends and relatives tried to look as if they were not thinking about the bride and bridegroom but were absorbed in their conversations.

The archdeacon, as if to draw attention to the value of his time, coughed impatiently, making the windows vibrate. From the choir, growing weary of waiting, came the sound of voices being tried and the blowing of noses. The priest continually sent a chanter or deacon to see whether the bridegroom had arrived, and he himself, in his purple surplice with the embroidered girdle, went with increasing frequency to the side door in expectation of the bridegroom. At last one of the ladies looked at her watch and said, 'Well, this is strange!' and then all the guests became restless and expressed their surprise and dissatisfaction aloud. The best man went to find out what had occurred.

All this while Kitty, long since ready in her white dress, long veil, and crown of orange blossoms, stood with an old lady who was to accompany her and her sister, the Princess Lvova, at a window of the ballroom at the Sheherbatskys', for the last half hour vainly expecting her best man to come and announce that the bridegroom had reached the church.

Levin meanwhile, in trousers but without coat or waistcoat, was pacing up and down his room, perpetually putting his head out at the door and glancing up the

corridor. But in the corridor there was nobody, and in despair he returned and addressed Oblonsky, who was quietly smoking.

‘Was ever a man in such a terribly idiotic position?’ he demanded.

‘Yes, it is stupid,’ Oblonsky concurred with a soothing smile. ‘But don’t worry, it will be here in a minute.’

‘Oh, how can I help it?’ said Levin with suppressed fury. ‘And these idiotic open waistcoats—it’s impossible!’ He glanced at his crumpled shirt-front. ‘And suppose the things have already gone to the station!’ he exclaimed in despair.

‘Then you’ll have to wear mine.’

‘I ought to have done that long ago.’

‘It is better not to look ridiculous. Wait! It will all “shape itself”!’

The fact of the matter was that when Levin told his old servant Kuzma to get his things ready, Kuzma had duly brought his dress coat, waistcoat and what else he considered necessary.

‘But the shirt?’ Levin exclaimed.

‘You’ve got it on,’ Kuzma replied with a quiet smile.

He had not thought of leaving out a clean shirt, and having been told to pack everything and send it to the Shcherbatskys’, whence they were to start that evening, he had done so and had left out only the dress suit. The shirt Levin had been wearing since the morning was crumpled and quite unfit to wear with the fashionable low-cut waistcoat. It was too far to send to the Shcherbatskys’, so they sent out to buy one; but as it was Sunday all the shops had closed early. They sent for one of Oblonsky’s, but it was much too wide and too short. They were obliged to send to the Shcherbatskys’ after all, and the things had to be unpacked. Meantime in the church every one was waiting for the bridegroom; while he was pacing up and down like a caged beast, looking despairingly along the corridor, remembering all he had said to Kitty and wondering what she must be thinking now.

At last the guilty Kuzma, quite out of breath, rushed in with the shirt.

‘Only just in time—they were hoisting the trunk into the cart,’ he gasped.

Three minutes later Levin, not looking at the clock to avoid upsetting himself still more, ran as fast as he could down the corridor.

'That won't help matters,' remarked Oblonsky, smiling, and following without haste. 'It will all "shape itself," all "shape itself" . . . I assure you!'

CHAPTER IV

'HERE they are! There he is! Which one? Is it the younger one? And look at her, poor dear! More dead than alive!' people in the crowd were saying as Levin met his bride at the door and entered the church with her.

Oblonsky told his wife the reason of the delay, and the guests smiled and whispered to one another. Levin saw no one and nothing; he did not take his eyes off his bride.

Every one said she had grown plainer during the last few days, and in her bridal dress was nothing like so pretty as usual; but Levin thought otherwise. He looked at her hair dressed high beneath the long veil and white flowers, at the high frill that covered her long neck at the sides and showed it in front in a particularly maidenly way, and at her strikingly slender waist. He thought she was prettier than ever: not that those flowers, the veil, or the dress ordered from Paris enhanced her beauty in any way, but because, despite all the carefully planned richness of her attire, the look on her sweet face and lips was still that look of innocent truthfulness.

'I thought you meant to run away,' she said, smiling at him.

'It was such a stupid thing that happened! I am ashamed to tell it,' he said with a blush, and was obliged to turn round to the approaching Sergius Ivanich.

'Nice story that, about your shirt!' said Sergius Ivanich with a smile and shake of the head.

'Yes, yes!' answered Levin, unable to understand what was being said.

'Now then, Kostya!' said Oblonsky, feigning consternation. 'You've got to decide an important point,

and you're in exactly the right frame of mind to appreciate its importance. I have been asked whether you will have new candles or used ones to hold? The difference is ten roubles,' he added, puckering his lips into a smile. 'I have settled it, but perhaps you will not be satisfied.'

Though he knew it was a joke, Levin could not smile.

'Well then, is it to be fresh candles or used ones? That is the question!'

'Yes, yes! Fresh ones.'

'Well, I'm very glad that question is settled,' said Oblonsky with a smile. 'How stupid people do become under these circumstances!' he went on, turning to Chirikov, when Levin with an absent-minded glance at him moved off toward his bride.

'Kitty, mind you step first upon the mat!' said Countess Nordston, coming up to them. 'You are a fine fellow!' she added, addressing Levin.

'Aren't you frightened?' asked Kitty's old aunt Mary Dmitrievna.

'Are you cold? You look pale. Wait a moment, put your head down,' said Kitty's sister, Princess Lvova, and raising her plump, beautiful arms she adjusted the flowers on Kitty's head.

Dolly advanced and was about to say something, but could not speak and began crying and laughing in an unnatural manner. Kitty gazed at everybody with a look as absent-minded as Levin's.

Meanwhile the clergy put on their vestments and the priest and deacon came forward to the lectern that stood near the entrance doors. The priest turned to Levin and said something that Levin did not hear.

'Take the bride's hand and lead her,' said the best man.

For a long time Levin could not be made to understand what he had to do, and they were a long while trying to set him right. Just as they were going to give it up because he would either use the wrong hand or else take her by the wrong one, he at last comprehended that he with his right hand, without changing his position, must take her by her right hand. When at last he had taken her hand properly, the priest went a few steps in front of them and halted at the lectern. The crowd of friends and relatives, their voices buzzing and the ladies' trains rustling, moved after them. Some one stooped down to

arrange the bride's veil. The church became so quiet that the drops of wax were heard falling from the candles.

The old priest, with his sacerdotal headgear and his locks of grey hair, glistening like silver, combed back behind his ears, drew his small old hands out from beneath his vestments of heavy silver cloth with a large gold cross on the back, and began turning over some pages on the lectern.

Oblonsky stepped up cautiously, whispered something to him, made a sign to Levin, and stepped back again.

The priest lit two wax candles decorated with flowers, and holding them askew in his left hand so that the wax kept slowly dripping, turned to the young couple. It was the same priest who had heard Levin's confession. He looked wearily and sadly at the bride and bridegroom, sighed, and disengaging his right hand from the vestments, held it up in blessing over the bridegroom, and then over the bride; only in his manner when he placed his fingers on Kitty's bowed head there was a shade of tenderness. Then he gave them the candles, took the censer, and slowly stepped away from them.

'Is it really true?' thought Levin, and glanced round at his bride. He could see her profile slightly from above, and by the just perceptible movements of her lips and eyelashes he knew she was aware of his look. She did not turn, but her high frilled collar moved, rising to her pink little ear. He saw that a sigh had been suppressed within her breast and that the little hand in its long glove holding the candle trembled. All the worry about his shirt, his lateness, the conversation of their relatives, their displeasure and his ridiculous mishap, suddenly vanished from his mind and he felt happy though scared.

The handsome, tall senior deacon in a silver cloth alb, his curled hair parted down the middle, came briskly forward lifting his stole with a practised movement of two fingers, and stopped opposite the priest.

'Bless us, Lord!' slowly succeeding one another, and vibrantly resonant, came the solemn tones.

'Blessed be our God, now and hereafter, for ever and ever!' replied the old priest meekly, in a sing-song voice, continuing to turn something over on the lectern. Then, harmoniously filling the whole church from

windows to vaulted roof, a full chord sung by the invisible choir rose, swelled, hung for a moment, and softly died away.

There were prayers as usual for the world above, for salvation, for the Synod, for the Emperor, and also for the servants of God that day wedded, Constantine and Catherine.

'Let us pray to the Lord that He may send them perfect love, peace, and help!' the whole church seemed to breathe with the senior deacon's voice.

Levin listened to the words and was struck by them. 'How did they find out that it is help, exactly help that I need?' he wondered, remembering his late fears and doubts. 'What do I know? What can I do in this awful matter without help? Help is exactly what I need now!'

When the deacon had finished the prayer for the Imperial family, the priest holding a book turned to the bride and bridegroom.

'Eternal God who joinest them that are separate,' he read in his mild sing-song voice, 'and hast ordained for them an indissoluble union in love; Thou who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca and hast kept Thy promise to their heirs, bless these Thy servants, Constantine and Catherine, and lead them on the path of righteousness! Most merciful God, Lover of man, we praise Thee! Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now and hereafter and for ever and ever!'

'Amen!' from the invisible choir, again floated through the air.

'"Joined them that were separate"—what a depth of meaning is in those words, and how well they fit in with what I am feeling at this moment!' thought Levin.

Does she feel the same?'

Looking round he met her eyes. From the expression in them he concluded that she understood them as he did; but this was not so. She understood hardly anything of the service and was not even listening to the words of the ceremony. She could neither listen nor understand, so deep was the one feeling that filled her soul and became ever stronger and stronger. It was a feeling of joy at the fruition of what had been for the last month and a half going on in her soul, of that which

for those six weeks had gladdened and tortured her. On the day when, in the ballroom of the house in Arbat Street, she in her brown dress had gone up to him and silently plighted herself to him, on that day and in that hour a complete rupture seemed to have taken place within her soul between her former life and this other new and entirely unknown life—although in fact the old life still went on. Those six weeks had been the most blissful and at the same time the most trying of her life. The whole of her life, all her desires and hopes, were concentrated on this one man, still incomprehensible to her, to whom she was bound by a feeling—even more incomprehensible than the man himself— which now attracted and now repelled her. Meantime she went on living under the conditions of her old life and was horrified at herself: at her utter and unconquerable indifference to all her past, the things, habits, and people who had loved and still loved her, to her mother who was hurt by her indifference, to her dear, affectionate father whom she had previously loved more than anyone else on earth. At one moment she was horrified at this indifference, and the next moment rejoiced at that which caused her indifference. She could not think of or desire anything but life with this man; but, as that life had not yet begun, she could not even clearly picture it to herself. There was only anticipation, fear, and joy at something new and unknown; and now at any moment the anticipation and uncertainty, and the remorse at repudiating her former life, would all come to an end and something new would begin. This new life could not help being terrible in consequence of its incertitude, but terrible or not it was already an accomplished fact within her soul six weeks ago, and was now only being sanctified.

Again turning to the reading-desk the priest with some difficulty picked up Kitty's little ring, and asking Levin for his hand put the ring on the tip of his finger. 'The servant of God, Constantine, is betrothed to the servant of God, Catherine,' and having put a big ring on Kitty's slender, rosy finger, pathetic in its weakness, the priest repeated the same words.

Several times the couple tried to guess what was expected of them, and blundered each time, the priest prompting them in whispers. When what was necessary

had at length been complied with, he made the sign of the cross over them with the rings and again gave the larger one to Kitty and the little one to Levin, and again they blundered and passed the rings twice backwards and forwards without doing what was necessary.

Dolly, Chirikov, and Oblonsky came forward to help them. The result was some confusion, whispering, and smiles, but the expression of solemn emotion on the young couple's faces did not change; on the contrary, while they fumbled with their hands they looked even more solemn and serious than before, and the smile with which Oblonsky whispered to them to put on their rings involuntarily died on his lips. He felt that any kind of smile would hurt their feelings.

'Thou hast from the beginning created them male and female,' read the priest when they had exchanged rings. 'Through Thee the wife is knit to the husband for a helpmeet and to procreate the human race. Therefore, O God our Lord, who sentest down Thy truth upon Thy heritage, and gavest Thy promises to our fathers from generation to generation of Thy chosen people, look down upon thy servant Constantine and Thy servant Catherine and strengthen them in their union with faith and concord in truth and love. . . .'

Levin felt more and more that his ideas of marriage and his dreams of how he would arrange his life had been but childishness, and that this was something he had never understood and was now still further from understanding, although it was happening to him; and in his breast a tremor rose higher and higher, and the unruly tears came to his eyes.

CHAPTER V

ALL Moscow, including both relatives and friends, had congregated in the church. During the marriage ceremony, in the brilliantly illuminated building, among the crowd of elegantly dressed women and girls and men in evening dress with white ties, or in uniform, conversation in the low tones required by propriety never flagged. It was usually started by the men, for the women were

absorbed in watching every detail of the service, which always fascinates them.

In the circle nearest the bride were her two sisters, Dolly the elder and the calm and beautiful Princess Lvova, who had come from abroad.

'Why is Marie in lilac? It's almost as unsuitable at a wedding as black,' remarked Mrs. Korsunskaya.

'With her complexion it's her only salvation,' replied Princess Drubetskaya. 'I wonder they are having the wedding in the evening, like tradespeople.'

'It is more showy. I was married in the evening too,' answered Mrs. Korsunskaya, and sighed as she remembered how sweet she had looked that day, how funnily enamoured her husband then was, and how different things were now.

'They say that one who has been best man more than ten times never marries, and I wanted to be one for the tenth time to make myself safe, but was too late,' Count Sinyavin was saying to the pretty young Princess Char-skaya, who had designs on him.

She answered only with a smile. She was looking at Kitty and thinking of the time when she would be standing there beside Count Sinyavin, just as Kitty now stood, and how she would then remind him of his joke.

Young Sheherbatsky told the old Maid of Honour Nikolayeva that he intended to put the crown on Kitty's chignon, to make her happy.¹

'One ought not to wear a chignon,' replied the Maid of Honour, who had long ago made up her mind that if the old widower for whom she was angling ever married her, their wedding should be of the simplest.

Koznyshev was talking to Dolly, jokingly assuring her that the custom of going away after the wedding was spreading because newly-married couples always felt rather uncomfortable.

'Your brother has a right to feel proud. She is wonderfully sweet. You must be feeling envious.'

'I am past all that, Darya Alexandrovna,' he answered, and his face became unexpectedly sad and serious.

¹ The best man and the groomsman hold heavy metal crowns above the heads of bride and bridegroom at a certain part of the service, and it is considered specially lucky if the crowns are actually put on.

Oblonsky was telling his sister-in-law the pun he had made about 'dissolving marriages.'

'I must put her wreath straight,' she replied, without listening.

'What a pity she has grown so much plainer!' remarked Countess Nordston to the Princess Lvova. 'All the same he is not worth her little finger. Don't you agree?'

'No, I like him very much, and not just because he will be my brother-in-law,' answered the Princess. 'How well he behaves! And it is so difficult to behave well under these circumstances, and not be ridiculous—and he is not ridiculous or stiff, and is evidently touched.'

'I suppose you quite expected this?'

'Almost. She always liked him.'

'Well, let us see which of them will step first on the mat!¹ I have given Kitty my advice.'

'It does not matter,' replied Princess Lvova. 'We are all submissive wives, it is in our nature.'

'Well, I stepped on the mat before Vasily! And you, Dolly?'

Dolly, who was standing near, heard, but did not reply. Her eyes were moist and she could not have spoken without bursting into tears. She rejoiced at the sight of Kitty and Levin, but going back to the past she thought of her own wedding, kept glancing at the beaming Oblonsky, and, forgetting the present, recollected nothing but her own young and innocent love. She remembered not herself only, but all the women with whom she was intimate or acquainted: thought of them as they had been at that most solemn moment of their lives when, like Kitty, they had stood beneath the nuptial crown with love, hope and fear in their hearts, renouncing the past and entering upon the mystic future. Among the brides that came to her mind was her dear Anna, about whose impending divorce she had heard a while ago. She too had once stood with veiled head, pure and crowned with orange blossom. 'And now? How strange!' she murmured.

All the details of the ceremony were followed not only by the two sisters, the friends and relatives, but also by women onlookers who were quite strangers, and who—

¹ During part of the service the couple stand upon a small mat. The one who first steps upon it is supposed to become the predominant partner

breathless with excitement and afraid of missing anything, even a single movement or expression of the bride's or bridegroom's face, and annoyed by the indifference of the men - did not answer and indeed often did not hear the latter when they jested or made irrelevant remarks.

'Why is her face so tear-stained? Is she being married against her will?'

'Against her will, indeed, to such a fine fellow! Is he a Prince?'

'And is that her sister in white satin? . . . Now hear how the deacon will roar, "Wives, obey your husbands"!''

'Is it the Chudovsky Choir?'

'No, the Synod's.'

'I asked the footman. It seems he will take her to his estate straight off.'

'He's dreadfully rich, they say. That's why they have given her to him.'

'Oh no, they are a very nice couple.'

'There now, Mary Vasilyevna! You were maintaining that crinolines were being worn fuller at the back! Just look at that one in the puce dress—an ambassador's wife, they say. See how it's draped: this way, and back again.'

'What a darling the bride is, like a lamb decked for the slaughter! But whatever you may say, one does feel sorry for a girl.'

So chattered the crowd of women who had managed to get inside the church.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN the first part of the ceremony was over, a verger spread out a piece of pink silk cloth in front of the lectern. The choir began singing a psalm to some elaborate and complicated melody in which the bass and tenor continually repeated each other; and the priest, turning round, motioned the couple to the piece of pink silk. Often as they had heard the saying that the one who stepped first on the mat would be head of the household, neither Levin nor Kitty could think of that as they took those few steps, nor did they hear the loud

remarks and disputes of those who maintained that he was first, and of others who said that they did it both together.

After the usual questions of whether they wished to be married and whether they had promised themselves to others, and their answers, which sounded strange to themselves, the second part of the service began. Kitty listened to the words of the prayer, trying to comprehend their meaning but unable to do so. Triumph and radiant joy filled her heart more and more as the ceremony proceeded, and made it impossible for her to be attentive.

They prayed: 'That they may live in chastity for the good of the fruits of the womb, and find joy in their sons and daughters.' It was declared that God had created woman from Adam's rib, and that 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh'; and that 'This is a great mystery.' They prayed that God should make them fruitful and bless them as he blessed Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph, Moses and Zipporah, and that they should see their children's children. 'It is all very beautiful,' thought Kitty as she heard these words, 'and could not be different.' And a smile of joy, which involuntarily communicated itself to all who regarded her, shone on her radiant face.

'Put it quite on!' came the words of advice when the priest had put crowns on their heads and Shcherbatsky, his hand in its three-buttoned glove trembling, held the crown high above Kitty's head.

'Put it on,' she whispered, smiling.

Levin glanced round at her, was struck by the joyous radiance of her face, and was involuntarily infected by her feeling. He felt bright and joyous as she did.

With light hearts they heard the Epistle read and the roll of the senior deacon's voice in the last verse, for which the outsiders present had been waiting impatiently. With light hearts they drank the warm wine and water from the shallow cup, and their spirits rose still higher when the priest, throwing back his vestments, took their hands in his and led them round the lectern while a bass voice sang, *Rejoice, O Isaiah!* Young Shcherbatsky and Chirikov, who were supporting the crowns and getting

entangled in the bride's train, smiled too and were pleased without knowing why, when they chanced to lag behind or jostle the young couple if the priest happened to stop. The spark of joy that was glowing in Kitty's heart seemed to have spread to every one in the church. Levin fancied that the priest and deacon wanted to smile just as he did.

Having lifted the crowns from their heads, the priest read the last prayer and congratulated the married couple. Levin glanced at Kitty and thought he had never seen her like that before, so enchanting with the new light of happiness irradiating her face. He wished to speak to her, but did not know whether it was all over yet. The priest helped him out of the difficulty, saying softly, with a smile on his kindly mouth, 'Kiss your wife; and you, kiss your husband!' He took the candles from their hands.

Levin kissed her carefully on her smiling lips, offered his arm, and with a feeling of strange closeness led her out of the church. He could not believe it was all true, and only realized it when their surprised and timid glances met and he felt that they were already one.

After supper that same night the young couple left for the country.

CHAPTER VII

VRONSKY and Anna had already been travelling together in Europe for three months. They had visited Venice, Rome, and Naples, and had only just reached a small Italian town where they meant to make a longer stay.

A handsome head-waiter, his thick hair greased with pomatum and parted from the nape upward, dressed in a swallow-tail coat, with a wide lawn shirt-front and a bundle of charms dangling on his rotund stomach, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes screwed up contemptuously, was answering a bystander's questions in a severe tone. Hearing steps ascending the stairs at the other side of the entrance, the waiter turned and recognized the Russian Count who occupied the best rooms in the hotel. He respectfully took his hands out of his pockets, bowed,

and said that the courier had been, and that the business of renting the palazzo was settled. The steward was ready to sign the contract.

‘Ah, I am very glad,’ said Vronsky. ‘And is the lady in?’

‘The lady has been for a walk, but has now returned,’ replied the waiter.

Vronsky took off his soft, broad-brimmed hat and wiped his perspiring forehead and his hair, which he had allowed to grow half-way down his ears and wore brushed back so as to hide his bald patch. After an absent-minded glance at the man who was still standing there watching him, he was about to go in.

‘This gentleman is a Russian and was asking about you,’ said the head-waiter.

With a mixture of vexation at the impossibility of evading his acquaintances anywhere and of desire to find something to distract the monotony of his life, Vronsky looked round again at the man, who had first moved away and then halted; and at the same moment the eyes of both brightened.

‘Golenishchev!’

‘Vronsky!’

It was really Golenishchev, his fellow-student in the Corps des Pages. In the Corps Golenishchev had been a Liberal, had left the Corps a civilian, and had never served. On leaving the Corps the two friends had separated and had met but once since then.

On that occasion Vronsky found that Golenishchev had chosen some high-flown Liberal activity and therefore felt he must despise Vronsky’s profession and activities. Consequently Vronsky had then treated him with the cold, proud aloofness of which he was master, which meant: ‘You may like or dislike my way of life. It is a matter of absolute indifference to me, but if you wish to know me you must respect me.’ And Golenishchev had remained contemptuously indifferent to Vronsky’s attitude, so that that meeting ought to have separated them still further. Yet now they brightened up and exclaimed with pleasure at recognizing one another. Vronsky would never have thought he could be so pleased to see Golenishchev, but probably he was himself unaware how bored he was. He forgot the unpleasant impression

left by their last encounter, and with an open and joyful countenance held out his hand to his old schoolfellow. A similar expression of pleasure replaced the former anxious look on Golenishchev's face.

'How pleased I am to see you!' said Vronsky, a friendly smile disclosing his fine white teeth.

'I heard the name of Vronsky but I did not know which Vronsky. I am very, very pleased.'

'Come in! Well, and what are you doing?'

'Oh, I have been here over a year. I am working.'

'Ah!' said Vronsky in an interested tone. 'Well, come in.'

And according to the usual way with Russians, instead of saying what he wanted to hide from the servants in Russian, he began speaking French.

'You know Madame Karenina? We are travelling together. I am now going to her,' he said in French, attentively watching Golenishchev's expression.

'Ah? I did not know,' Golenishchev replied in a tone of indifference, though he was quite aware of it. 'Been here long?' he added.

'I? . . . Three days,' answered Vronsky, still attentively scrutinizing his friend's face. 'Yes, he is a decent fellow and looks at the matter in the right way,' said Vronsky to himself, understanding the meaning of the other's look and the change of subject. 'I can introduce him to Anna, as he sees the matter rightly.'

During the three months he had spent abroad with Anna, Vronsky when coming across new people had always asked himself how the new person would be likely to regard his relations with Anna, and in most cases he had found that the men he met understood it in the 'right' way. But had he, and those who understood the matter in the 'right' way, been asked what this understanding amounted to, they would have been much puzzled how to reply.

At bottom, those who in Vronsky's opinion understood it the 'right' way did not understand it in any special way, but behaved in general as well-bred persons do with regard to all the complicated and unanswerable problems which surround life on every side: they conducted themselves properly, avoiding insinuations and inconvenient questions. They pretended to understand

completely the significance and meaning of the situation, to countenance and even approve of it, but to consider it out of place and unnecessary to explain all this.

Vronsky at once guessed that Golenishchev was one of that sort, and was therefore doubly pleased to have met him ; and Golenishchev behaved to Anna, when he had been introduced, as well as Vronsky could have wished. Evidently he avoided, without the least effort, everything in conversation that might have sounded awkward.

He had never met Anna before and was struck by her beauty, and still more by the simplicity with which she accepted her position. She blushed when Vronsky showed Golenishchev in, and the childlike flush that suffused her open and handsome face pleased him exceedingly. But what pleased him most was that at once, and apparently intentionally to prevent any possibility of misapprehension in the stranger's mind, she called Vronsky simply Alexis, and said that they were about to move into a house of their own, called a palazzo, which they had just taken. This straightforward and simple attitude toward her own position pleased Golenishchev. Noticing Anna's good-natured, bright, and energetic manner, he thought that, knowing both Karenin and Vronsky as he did, he quite understood her. He thought he understood what she herself was quite unable to understand : how, though she was the cause of her husband's unhappiness and had abandoned him and her son, and lost her own good name, she could feel energetic, cheerful and happy.

'It is mentioned in the guide-book,' said Golenishchev, referring to the palazzo Vronsky was taking. 'There is a fine Tintoretto there . . . one of his later period.'

'I say, the weather is glorious : let us go and have another look at it,' said Vronsky to Anna.

'I should like to very much. I'll just go and put on my hat. You say it's hot ?' she asked, stopping at the door and looking inquiringly at Vronsky, while a bright flush again suffused her face.

From her look Vronsky understood that she did not yet know what attitude he wished to adopt toward Golenishchev, and was afraid she might not have behaved suitably.

He answered with a long and tender look. 'No, not very hot,' he said.

She thought she had understood him completely and above all that he was satisfied with her. She gave him a smile and went out with rapid steps.

The two friends looked at each other, and in both faces appeared an embarrassed expression, as if Golenishchev—who obviously admired her—tried but failed to hit on the right thing to say about her; and as if Vronsky both feared and wished that he should succeed.

'Well, and so you have settled down here?' said Vronsky in order to begin a conversation. 'You are still busy at the same thing?' he went on, recollecting that he had heard the other was writing something.

'Yes, I am writing the second part of *Two Principles*,' said Golenishchev, flushing with pleasure at the question. 'To be quite exact, I mean, I am not yet writing, but am collecting the materials. The book will be much fuller and will deal with almost all the questions. We in Russia are slow to realize that we are the inheritors of Byzantium,' and he began a long and heated explanation.

At first Vronsky felt uncomfortable because he did not know even the first part of *Two Principles*, which the author mentioned as if it were well known. But later on, when Golenishchev began expounding his view, and Vronsky was able to follow him, even though he was ignorant of *Two Principles* he listened with interest, for the man talked well. Yet Vronsky was surprised at, and sorry to see, the irritable excitement with which Golenishchev spoke on the subject that interested him. The longer he talked the more his eyes flashed, the more hastily he retorted on imaginary opponents, and the more agitated and offended became his face. Remembering him as a thin, active, good-natured, and noble boy, always at the head of his class, Vronsky could not understand the cause of the agitation, nor approve of it. What most displeased him was that Golenishchev, a man belonging to good Society, should put himself on the same level with certain scribblers who irritated him and made him angry. Was it worth while? He did not like this, but nevertheless he felt that Golenishchev was not happy and he was sorry for him. Signs of distress, of insanity almost, were apparent in his mobile and rather good-

natured face when, without even observing that Anna had re-entered the room, he continued expressing his views with haste and warmth.

When Anna returned with her hat and mantle on, and stood beside him toying with her sunshade with quick motions of her beautiful hand, Vronsky with a feeling of relief turned from Golenishchev's eyes which were fixed on him plaintively. With renewed love he glanced at his charming companion, so full of vitality and joy. With an effort Golenishchev recollected himself, but he was at first dejected and morose. Anna, however, who at that time was amiably disposed to every one, soon revived him by her simple and cheerful behaviour. After trying several topics of conversation she led him on to the subject of art, about which he talked very well, and listened to him with attention. They walked to the house they had taken and looked over it.

'I am very pleased about one thing,' said Anna to Golenishchev when they had returned to the hotel. 'Alexis will have a nice studio. You must certainly have that room, Alexis,' she added, having understood that Golenishchev was to be on an intimate footing with them and that there was no need to pretend in his presence.

'Do you paint?' inquired Golenishchev, turning quickly to Vronsky.

'Yes, I went in for it long ago, and now have begun a little,' answered Vronsky with a blush.

'He is very talented,' said Anna with a pleased smile. 'Of course I am no judge, but people who do know say so.'

CHAPTER VIII

DURING this, the first period of her freedom and rapid recovery, Anna was unpardonably happy and full of the joy of life. The memory of her husband's grief did not poison her happiness. On the one hand this memory was too terrible to dwell upon, and on the other hand her husband's misfortune had meant for her too great a joy for repentance to be possible. The recollection of all that had happened to her since her illness; her recon-

ciliation with her husband, the rupture, the news of Vronsky's wound, his reappearance in her husband's house, the preparations for divorce, the parting from her home and son—all now seemed a delirious dream from which she had wakened abroad and alone with Vronsky. The memory of the evil done to her husband aroused in her a feeling akin to repulsion, such as a man might feel who when in danger of drowning had shaken off another who clung to him. That other was drowned ; of course it was wrong, but it had been the only way of escape and it was better not to recall such terrible details.

One comforting reflection about her conduct had come to her in the first moment of the rupture, and when she now remembered the past she also recalled that reflection. 'I was the inevitable cause of unhappiness to him,' she thought, 'but I don't wish to profit by his calamity. I too am suffering and must suffer: I am losing what I most cherished—my good name and my son. I have done wrong, and therefore do not ask for happiness and do not want a divorce. I must go on suffering from the degradation and by the separation from my son.' But sincerely as Anna desired to suffer, she was not suffering. She was not conscious of degradation. With the tact they both possessed, and by avoiding Russian ladies abroad, the two never placed themselves in a false position and always met people who pretended to understand their mutual relations much better than they themselves understood them. The parting from her son, whom she loved, did not trouble her at first either. The little girl, his child, was so sweet, and Anna had grown so attached to her since she was the only child left to her, that she rarely thought of her son.

The desire to live, enhanced by her recovery, was so powerful, and the conditions of her life were so novel and pleasant, that Anna felt unpardonably happy. The better she knew Vronsky the more she loved him. She loved him both for his own sake and for his love of her. To possess him entirely was a continual joy to her. His nearness was always pleasant. All the traits of character, with which she became better and better acquainted, seemed inexpressibly delightful. His appearance, altered by civilian dress, was as attractive to her as to a girl in love. In all he said, thought, or

did, she saw something peculiarly noble and exalted. She herself was frightened at the rapture with which he inspired her; she sought, but could not find, anything in him that was not beautiful. She dared not let him see her consciousness of her own inferiority. To her it seemed that if he knew of it he would the sooner cease to love her, and there was nothing she now feared more—though she had no reason to do so—than the loss of his love. But she could not help being grateful to him for his treatment of her, and showing him how much she valued it. He, who in her opinion had such a decided vocation for statesmanship, in which he ought to have played a conspicuous part, had sacrificed his ambitions for her and never showed the least regret. He was even more lovingly respectful to her than before, and the thought that she must never be allowed to feel the awkwardness of her situation never left his mind for a moment. He, so virile a man, not only never contradicted her, but where she was concerned seemed to have no will of his own and to be only occupied in anticipating her every wish. She could not help appreciating this, although his strained attentiveness, the atmosphere of solicitude with which he surrounded her, became burdensome at times.

Vronsky meanwhile, in spite of the complete fulfilment of what he had so long desired, was not completely happy. He soon felt that the realization of his longing gave him only one grain of the mountain of bliss he had anticipated. That realization showed him the eternal error men make by imagining that happiness consists in the gratification of their wishes. When first he united his life with hers and donned civilian clothes, he felt the delight of freedom in general, such as he had not before known, and also the freedom of love—he was contented then, but not for long. Soon he felt rising in his soul a desire for desires—boredom. Involuntarily he began to snatch at every passing caprice, mistaking it for a desire and a purpose. Sixteen hours daily had to be filled somehow, living abroad as they did completely at liberty, quite cut off from the round of social life that had filled his time in Petersburg. The pleasures of a bachelor's life, enjoyed by him on his previous travels abroad, were not to be thought of now, for one attempt of that kind had

produced in Anna an unexpected fit of depression quite disproportionate to the offence of a late supper with some acquaintances. Intercourse with local Society or with the Russians was, in consequence of the indefiniteness of their relation, likewise impossible. Sight-seeing, apart from the fact that he had already seen everything, had for him—a Russian and an intelligent man—none of that inexplicable importance the English manage to attach to it.

As a hungry animal seizes every object it meets, hoping to find food in it, so Vronsky unconsciously seized now on politics, now on new books, now on pictures.

As in his youth he had shown aptitude for art, and not knowing how to spend his money had begun to collect engravings, he now settled down to painting and began to work at it, putting into it the surplus stock of desire which demanded satisfaction.

He had a talent for understanding art and for imitating it with accuracy and good taste, and he imagined that he possessed the real power an artist needs. After wavering for some time between various kinds of art—religious, historical, genre or realistic—he began to paint. He understood all the different kinds and was able to draw inspiration from all, but he could not imagine that it is possible to be quite ignorant of the different kinds of art and to be inspired directly by what is in one's own soul, regardless of whether what one paints belongs to any particular school. As he did not know this, and was not inspired directly by life but indirectly by life already embodied in art, he found inspiration very readily and easily, and equally readily and easily produced paintings very similar to the school of art he wished to imitate.

He liked the graceful and effective French School of painting best, and in that style began painting a portrait of Anna dressed as an Italian, and he, as well as every one else who saw it, considered the portrait a great success.

CHAPTER IX

THE neglected old palazzo with its high stucco ceilings, its wall frescoes and mosaic floors, with heavy yellow damask hangings at the big windows, vases standing on brackets and mantelshelves, carved doors, and sombre halls filled with pictures,—that palazzo, when they had moved into it, by its very appearance kept alive in Vronsky the pleasant delusion that he was not so much a Russian landowner and equerry without a post as an enlightened connoisseur and art patron, and withal a modest artist himself, who had renounced the world, his connections and ambitions, for the sake of the woman he loved.

The rôle Vronsky had chosen, with their removal to the palazzo, was quite successful; and having through Golenishchev made the acquaintance of several interesting persons, he felt tranquil for a time. He painted studies from nature under the direction of an Italian professor, and studied Italian life in the Middle Ages. Mediæval Italian life had at that time become so fascinating to him that he even began to wear his hat and throw his cloak across his shoulder in a mediæval manner which was very becoming to him.

‘Here we live and know nothing,’ said Vronsky one morning to Golenishchev, who had come to see him. ‘Have you seen Mikhaylov’s picture?’ and he passed his visitor a Russian newspaper that had just arrived, and pointed to an article on a Russian artist who was living in that town, and had just finished a picture long talked of and bought before completion. The article reproached the Government and the Academy for leaving a remarkable artist without encouragement or help.

‘I have,’ answered Golenishchev. ‘Of course he is not without talent, but his tendency is quite a false one. He has that Ivanov-Strauss-Renan attitude toward Christ and religious art.’

‘What is the subject of his picture?’ asked Anna.

‘Christ, before Pilate. Christ is pictured as a Jew with all the realism of the New School.’

Led on by this question about the subject of the picture to one of his favourite topics, he began to explain.

‘I can’t understand how one can make so gross an error! In the art of the old masters Christ was given a definite embodiment: therefore, if they want to depict not God but a revolutionary or a sage, let them choose some historic character—Socrates, Franklin, Charlotte Corday—but certainly not Christ! They choose the one person who must not be chosen as a subject for art, and then . . .’

‘And is it true that this Mikhaylov is so poor?’ inquired Vronsky, thinking that he, as a Russian Mæcenas, ought to help this artist regardless of whether his picture was good or bad.

‘Hardly. He is a wonderful portrait-painter. Have you seen his portrait of Vasilehukova? But it seems he does not want to paint any more portraits, so it is possible he may be in want. I say that . . .’

‘Couldn’t one ask him to paint Anna Arkadyevna’s portrait?’ said Vronsky.

‘Why mine?’ said Anna. ‘After the one you painted I want no other. Better have one of Annie’ (as she called her little girl). ‘There she is!’ she added, looking from the window at the beautiful Italian nurse who had taken the baby into the garden, and then immediately glancing round at Vronsky. The beautiful nurse, whose head Vronsky was painting for his picture, was the only and secret sorrow of Anna’s life. Vronsky painted her, admired her beauty and her ‘mediævalness,’ and Anna dared not confess to herself that she was afraid of being jealous of the nurse; so she treated the woman with special kindness and spoiled her and her little son.

Vronsky too looked out of the window and into Anna’s eyes, and at once turned to Golenishchev saying:

‘Do you know this Mikhaylov?’

‘I have met him. But he is a crank and quite uneducated. You know, he is one of those heathenish new folk one so often meets nowadays; you know! One of those freethinkers who have been brought up from the beginning in disbelief, negation, and materialism. Formerly,’ Golenishchev went on, either not noticing or not wishing to notice that both Anna and Vronsky wanted to speak, ‘formerly a freethinker was a man brought up with ideas of religion, law, and morality, who himself, through struggle and pain, had attained freedom

of thought ; but now a new type of born freethinkers has appeared. These grow up without so much as hearing that there used to be laws of morality and religion, and that there was once authority in these things ; they grow up simply with the idea of negation—that is, as heathens. He is one of these. He is the son of a head footman, I think, and has had no education. When he entered the Academy and won a reputation for himself he, not being stupid, wanted to get some education. So he resorted to what seemed to him to be the wellspring of education—the magazines. You see, formerly a man who wished to get an education—a Frenchman, let us say—would have commenced studying all the classics, theologians, dramatists, historians, and philosophers, and with what mental labour he would have been confronted ! But among us at the present day he tumbled straight into the literature of negation and rapidly assimilated the essence of the negative teaching, and there he was ! And that is not all. Twenty years ago he would have found in that kind of literature signs of the struggle with authority and of an outlook centuries old, and from that struggle would have deduced that something else had existed ; but as it is, he stumbles on a kind of literature that does not even deign to dispute the old point of view, saying straight off, “There is nothing but evolution, selection, the struggle for existence, and nothing more” ! In my article I . . .’

‘Do you know what we’ll do ?’ cried Anna, who for some time had been furtively exchanging looks with Vronsky and knew that the latter was not at all interested in the education of the artist but was only concerned to help him by giving him a commission for a portrait. ‘Do you know what we’ll do ?’ she resolutely interrupted Golenishchev, who was in the full flow of his speech. ‘Let us go and see him.’

Golenishchev pulled himself up and unwillingly agreed, but as the artist lived in a distant part of the town they decided to hire a carriage.

An hour later Anna, seated beside Golenishchev with Vronsky facing them, drove to a new ugly house in a distant quarter of the town. Having learnt from the house-porter’s wife who came out to meet them that Mikhaylov allowed visitors into his studio, but was at

that moment at his lodgings a few steps away, they sent her with their cards to beg permission to see his pictures.

CHAPTER X

MIKHAYLOV, the artist, was at work as usual when Vronsky's and Golenishchev's cards were brought him. Every morning he worked in the studio at his big picture.

On returning home he had been angry with his wife because she had not managed to pacify the landlady, who clamoured for the rent.

'Have I not told you scores of times not to enter upon discussions? At best you are only a fool, and when you begin arguing in Italian you become a treble fool!' he said at the end of a long dispute.

'Then you shouldn't get into arrears! It's not my fault! If I had any money . . .'

'Shut up, for heaven's sake!' cried Mikhaylov with tears in his voice, stopping his ears with his hands as he went into his workroom behind a partition and locked the door behind him.

'What a dufler!' he muttered to himself as he seated himself at the table, and having opened a portfolio he at once set to work with particular ardour at an unfinished drawing.

He never worked with such ardour or so successfully as when things were going badly with him, and especially after a quarrel with his wife. 'Oh dear! If only I could escape somewhere!' he thought as he worked. He was sketching the figure of a man in a fit of anger. He had sketched him before, but had been dissatisfied with the result. 'No, the other one was better. . . . Where is it?' He went back to his wife, and frowning, without looking at her, asked his eldest little girl where the paper was that he had given them. The paper with the drawing that he had thrown away was found, but it was dirty now and spotted with candle grease. Nevertheless, he took it, put it on his table, and, stepping backward and screwing up his eyes, began examining it. Suddenly he smiled and flung up his arms joyfully.

'That's it! That's it!' he said, and taking up his pencil he began drawing rapidly. A grease spot had given the figure a new pose.

He copied that new pose, and, suddenly remembering the energetic pose and prominent chin of a shopman from whom he had bought cigars, he gave the figure that man's face and chin. He laughed with joy, for the inanimate, unnatural figure had become alive, and was just the thing. The figure was alive, clear, and well-defined. It was possible to correct the drawing to accord with the requirements of the pose; it was possible and even necessary to place the feet further apart, to alter the position of the left arm, and to throw back the hair. But while making these corrections he did not alter the pose but only removed what interfered with its character. He removed, if one may say so, the coverings which partially obscured the figure, every fresh stroke making its energy and power more apparent and more as it had been suddenly revealed to him by the effects of the grease spot. He was carefully finishing the drawing when the cards were brought to him.

'Directly! Directly!'

He went out to his wife. 'Come, Sasha, don't be angry,' he said, smiling timidly and tenderly. 'You were wrong and so was I. I'll settle it all!'

Having made it up with his wife he put on an olive-green overcoat with a velvet collar, and a hat, and went to the studio. His successful drawing was already forgotten. Now he was pleased and excited by the visit to his studio of these grand Russians who had come in a carriage.

About his picture—the one at present on the easel—he had at the bottom of his heart a firm opinion: that no one had ever painted anything like it. He did not consider his picture better than all Raphael's, but he knew that what he wanted to express in that picture had never yet been expressed by anyone. Of that he was firmly convinced, and had long been so—ever since he had begun painting it; yet the opinion of others, whoever they might be, seemed to him of great importance, and disturbed him to the depths of his soul. Every remark, even the most trivial, which showed that those who judged it saw even but a small part of what he himself saw in it, moved

him deeply. He always attributed to those judges a better understanding than his own, and always expected to hear from them something he had himself not noticed in his work, often fancying that in their criticisms he had really found that something.

With rapid steps he approached the door of his studio, and in spite of his excitement was struck by the soft light on Anna's figure as she stood in the shadow of the porch listening to something Golenishchev was vehemently saying, and at the same time evidently wishing to look at the approaching artist. He was himself unconscious that as he approached them he seized and absorbed this impression, just as he had retained the tobacconist's chin and hidden it away where he could find it when it was wanted. The visitors, already disenchanted by Golenishchev's account of the artist, were still further disillusioned by his appearance. Of medium height, thick-set and with a loose gait, Mikhaylov in his brown hat, olive-green overcoat and narrow trousers (at a time when wide ones had long since come into fashion), and especially his commonplace broad face, expressing a combination of timidity and a desire to be dignified, created an unpleasant impression.

'Come in, please!' he said, trying to put on an air of indifference, as he entered the hall and took a key from his pocket to unlock the door.

CHAPTER XI

ON entering his studio the artist again cast a glance at his visitors and took note of Vronsky's face, especially his jaw. Although his artistic perceptions never slept, and although he was growing more and more excited as the moment approached when his picture was to be criticized, he quickly and shrewdly, from imperceptible data, formed his opinion of these three persons. Of Golenishchev he thought, 'That one is a Russian who lives here.' Mikhaylov did not remember his name or where he had seen him or what they had talked about; he remembered only his face, as he remembered every face he had ever seen; but he also remembered that it was one of the

faces he had mentally put aside with the enormous class of falsely important faces, faces lacking expression. A mass of hair and a very open forehead gave a superficial significance to that face, which had an insignificant, childish, restless expression concentrated in the narrow bridge of the nose. Vronsky and Anna, according to Mikhaylov's conception, were in all probability distinguished wealthy Russians, who like all these wealthy Russians comprehended nothing of art but pretended to be amateurs and critics. 'Probably they've seen all the antiquities, and are now going the round of the modern painters, the German quack and the stupid English pre-Raphaelite, and to complete the series have come to see me too,' he thought. Well, he knew the dilettantes' way of examining the studios of modern artists (the cleverer they were the worse they were) with the one purpose of being able to say afterwards that art had deteriorated and that the more modern art one sees the more evident it becomes that the old masters were inimitable. He expected all this, saw it in their faces, in the careless indifference with which they talked among themselves, looked at the lay figures and busts, and unconcernedly walked about while waiting for him to uncover his picture. But in spite of all this, as he turned over his studies, pulled up the blinds, and withdrew the sheet from his picture, he felt very excited— all the more so because, though he regarded distinguished and wealthy Russians as mostly beasts and fools, Vronsky and especially Anna pleased him.

'There!' he said, stepping aside with his loose gait, and pointing to the picture. 'This is *Pilate's Admonition*—Matthew, chapter xxvii,' he went on, conscious that his lips were beginning to tremble with excitement; and he stepped behind the visitors.

During the few moments that they were silently gazing at it, Mikhaylov also regarded it with the indifferent eye of a stranger. In those few moments he believed in advance that the highest and justest of criticisms was going to be pronounced by these very visitors whom he had so despised a moment before. He forgot all that he had thought of his picture during the three years that he had worked at it, forgot all its merits, which he had not doubted, and saw it from the fresh point of

view of an indifferent stranger, and he saw nothing good in it. He saw in the foreground Pilate's vexed face and Christ's calm one, and behind them the faces of Pilate's servants and of John, watching what was taking place. Each of those faces that with so much searching, so many faults and corrections, he had evolved with its own character, each representing so much pain and pleasure, and all of them so often placed and replaced to obtain harmony; all the shades of colour and tone elaborated with such effort—all this, regarded as a whole from those others' point of view, now seemed trivialities a thousand times repeated. The face that was most dear to him, that of Christ, the centre of the picture, which had so enraptured him when he first discovered it, now, regarded from the others' standpoint, seemed quite worthless. He saw a well-painted—and not even that, for he detected a multitude of errors—repetition of those innumerable Christs: Titian's, Raphael's, Rubens's, with the same warriors and the same Pilates. It was trivial, poor, old, and even badly painted, weak and lacking harmony. They would be in the right when they began to say falsely-polite things in the presence of the artist, and to pity and laugh at him behind his back.

The silence grew too unbearable, though it had not lasted more than a minute. To break it and to appear calm, he made an effort and addressed Golenishchev.

'I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you?' he said, glancing uneasily now at Anna and now at Vronsky, in order not to lose any detail of their expressions.

'Of course! We first met at Rossi's. Don't you remember that evening when the Italian lady recited—the new Rachel?' began Golenishchev glibly, turning away from the picture to the artist without the slightest regret. Noticing, however, that Mikhaylov was waiting to hear his criticism of the picture, he said:

'Your picture has progressed very much since I last saw it, and now, as then, I am specially struck by the figure of Pilate. One can so well understand that man, a kind, first-rate fellow, but an official to his very backbone, who does not know what he is doing. But it seems to me . . .'

The whole of Mikhaylov's mobile face suddenly lighted up. His eyes brightened. He wanted to speak but was too agitated, and pretended to cough instead. Little as he valued Golenishchev's capacity to understand art, unimportant as was his remark about the truth of Pilate's official expression while what was important remained unmentioned, and offensive as this trivial (it might have seemed to him) remark before anything had been said about what was most important, Mikhaylov was delighted with it. His opinion of that figure was the same. The fact that this opinion was but one of a million of other opinions which— as Mikhaylov well knew—would all have been just did not for him detract from the importance of Golenishchev's remark. He took a liking for Golenishchev because of that remark, and his depression changed suddenly into delight. In an instant his whole picture became alive before his eyes, with the inexpressible complexity of everything that lives. He wished to say that it was just so that he understood Pilate, but his trembling lips would not obey him and he was unable to speak. Vronsky and Anna were talking in the hushed voice in which— partly not to offend the artist, and partly not to utter aloud a stupid remark such as is so easily made when speaking about art— people generally talk at picture exhibitions. Mikhaylov thought that on them too the picture had created an impression, and went up to them.

'How wonderful Christ's expression is!' said Anna. That expression pleased her more than all else she saw, and she felt that it was the centre of the picture, and that therefore praise of it would be agreeable to the artist. 'One sees he is sorry for Pilate.'

This too was one of a million just remarks which might have been made with reference to his picture and the figure of Christ. She said he was sorry for Pilate. In Christ's expression there should be pity because there was love in it, a peace not of this world, a readiness for death, and a knowledge of the vanity of words. Of course there was an official expression in Pilate's face and pity in Christ's, for the former was the embodiment of carnal and the latter of spiritual life. All this and much more floated through Mikhaylov's mind; and again his face shone with ecstasy.

‘Yes, and how well that figure is done, and what an atmosphere there is! One could walk round it,’ said Golenishchev, showing evidently by this remark that he did not approve of the content and idea of the figure.

‘Yes, it is wonderfully masterly! How those figures in the background stand out! That is technique,’ said Vronsky, addressing Golenishchev and alluding to a conversation they had had about Vronsky’s despair of attaining technical mastery.

‘Yes, yes, wonderful!’ chimed in Golenishchev and Anna. In spite of his elation, this remark about technique grated painfully on Mikhaylov’s heart, and, glancing angrily at Vronsky, he suddenly frowned. He often heard the word *technique* mentioned, and did not at all understand what was meant by it. He knew it meant a mechanical capacity to paint and draw, quite independent of the subject-matter. He had often noticed—as now when his picture was being praised—that technique was contrasted with inner quality, as if it were possible to paint well something that was bad. He knew that much attention and care were needed not to injure one’s work when removing the wrappings that obscure the idea, and that all wrappings must be removed, but as to the art of painting, the technique, it did not exist. If the things he saw had been revealed to a little child, or to his cook, they would have been able to remove the outer shell from their idea. And the most experienced and technical painter could never paint anything by means of mechanical skill alone, if the outline of the subject-matter did not first reveal itself to his mind. Moreover, he saw that if technique were spoken of, then he could not be praised for it. In all he painted and ever had painted he saw defects that were an eyesore to him, the results of carelessness in removing the shell of the idea, which he could not now remedy without spoiling the work as a whole. And in almost all the figures and faces he saw traces of wrappings that had not been entirely removed and that spoil the picture.

‘One thing might be said, if you will allow me to make the remark,’ began Golenishchev.

‘Oh, I shall be very pleased: pray do!’ said Mikhaylov with a feigned smile.

'It is, that you have made Him a man-God, and not a God-man. However, I know that you wished to do so.'

'I could not paint a Christ whom I had not in my soul,' Mikhaylov rejoined gloomily.

'Yes, but in that case, if I may say what I think . . . Your picture is so good that a remark of mine cannot do it any harm, besides which it's only my personal opinion . . . yours is different, the idea itself is different. But let us take Ivanov, for example. I consider that if Christ is to be brought down to the level of an historic figure, it would be better to choose another historic theme, a fresh one as yet untouched.'

'But if this is the highest theme open to art?'

'Other themes can be found if one looks for them. But the fact is, art won't stand discussion and argument. Yet Ivanov's picture suggests both to a believer and an unbeliever the question: Is this a God or not a God? And the unity of impression is destroyed.'

'Why so? To me it seems that for educated people such questions can no longer exist,' said Mikhaylov.

Golenishchev did not agree with this, and keeping to his first contention that unity of impression is indispensable in art, he confuted Mikhaylov.

The artist was perturbed, but could find nothing to say in defence of his opinion.

CHAPTER XII

ANNA and Vronsky had long been exchanging glances, regretting their friend's clever loquacity, and at last Vronsky without waiting for his host crossed the room to look at another and smaller picture.

'Oh, how charming! How charming! Wonderful! Charming!' he and Anna began both at once.

'What is it they like so much?' wondered Mikhaylov. He had forgotten all about that picture, painted three years before. He had forgotten all the sufferings and raptures he had gone through on account of that work, when it alone had occupied him unremittingly day and night for three months. He had forgotten it, as he

forgot all his finished pictures. He did not even like looking at it, and had only brought it out because he was expecting an Englishman who wished to buy it.

'That's nothing—only an old study,' he said.

'How good!' remarked Golenishchev, evidently sincerely impressed by the charm of the picture.

It represented two boys angling in the shade of a willow. The elder had just thrown the line and, quite absorbed in his occupation, was carefully drawing the float from behind a bush; the younger one lay in the grass, leaning on his elbows with his fair tousled head in his hands, and with dreamy blue eyes gazing at the water. What was he thinking about?

Their delight in his picture aroused in Mikhaylov his former excitement, but he feared and disliked their idle interest in his past work, and therefore, though their praises gave him pleasure, he tried to draw his visitors' attention to a third picture.

But Vronsky inquired whether this picture was for sale. To Mikhaylov, in his excitement over their visit, this mention of money matters was very disagreeable.

'It is put out for sale,' he replied, frowning darkly.

When the visitors had left, Mikhaylov sat down before his picture of Pilate and Christ and mentally reviewed all that had been said, and even what was not said but only hinted by the visitors. Strange to say, what had had weight with him while they were there and he looked at things from their point of view suddenly lost all significance now. He looked at his picture with his artistic perception fully alert, and reached that assurance of the perfection, and consequent importance, of his picture which he needed to attain the intensity of effort—excluding all other interests—without which he could not work.

The foreshortening of Christ's foot was, however, not right. He took his palette and commenced working. While correcting the foot he kept glancing at the figure of John in the background, which the visitors had not even remarked, but which he knew to be the height of perfection. When he had completed the foot he was about to do something to that figure, but felt that he was too agitated. He could work neither when he was too indifferent nor when he was too highly roused

and saw everything too distinctly. There was only one stage between calmness and inspiration, at which work was possible, and to-day he was too excited. He was about to cover his picture, but paused, and holding up the sheet stood a long time with a rapturous smile gazing at the figure of John. At length, tearing himself away from it regretfully, he let the sheet fall over the picture and went home, tired but happy.

Vronsky, Anna, and Golenishchev were particularly animated and high-spirited on their way back. They talked about Mikhaylov and his pictures. The word *talent*, which they understood to mean an innate and almost physical capacity, independent of mind and heart, and which was their term for everything an artist lives through, occurred very often in their conversation, since they required it as a name for something which they did not at all understand, but about which they wanted to talk. They said that it was impossible to deny his talent, but that his talent could not develop because of his lack of education--the common misfortune of our Russian artists. But the picture of the boys had gripped their memories and they kept coming back to it.

'How charming! How well he has hit it off, and how simply! He does not even understand how good it is. Yes, we must not miss the opportunity of purchasing it,' Vronsky declared.

CHAPTER XIII

MIKHAYLOV sold Vronsky the picture and consented to paint Anna's portrait. On the appointed day he came and began working.

After the fifth sitting the portrait struck every one not only by its likeness but also by its beauty. It was strange that Mikhaylov had been able to discover that special beauty. 'One needed to know and love her as I love her, to find just that sweetest spiritual expression of hers,' thought Vronsky, though he himself had only learnt to know that 'sweetest spiritual expression' through the portrait. But the expression was

so true that it seemed both to him and to others that they had always known it.

‘How long have I been struggling without accomplishing anything?’ he said, referring to the portrait he was painting; ‘and he just looked, and painted this! That is where technique comes in.’

‘That will come in good time,’ said Golenishchev, consolingly. In his opinion Vronsky had talent, and especially the education that gives a lofty outlook on art. Golenishchev’s conviction that Vronsky possessed talent was supported by the fact that he required Vronsky’s sympathy and praise for his articles and ideas, and felt that praise and encouragement should be mutual.

In another man’s house, and particularly in Vronsky’s palazzo, Mikhaylov was quite a different man from what he was in his studio. He was unpleasantly deferential, as if fearful of intimacy with persons whom he did not respect. He addressed Vronsky as ‘Your Excellency,’ and never stayed to dinner, though Anna and Vronsky both invited him, and he never came except for a sitting. Anna was even kinder to him than to others, and was grateful for her portrait. Vronsky was more than polite to him, and was evidently interested in the artist’s opinion of his (Vronsky’s) picture. Golenishchev never missed an opportunity to instil into Mikhaylov a true understanding of art. But the latter remained equally cold toward them all. Anna felt by his look that he liked looking at her, but he avoided conversation with her. When Vronsky talked about his art Mikhaylov remained stubbornly silent, and as stubbornly silent when they showed him Vronsky’s picture; and he was evidently oppressed by Golenishchev’s discourses, to which he made no rejoinder.

Altogether, his reserved, disagreeable, and apparently hostile attitude when they came to know him better much displeased them, and they were glad when the sittings were over, the beautiful portrait was theirs, and his visits ceased.

Golenishchev was the first to express the thought that was in all their minds, namely, that Mikhaylov was simply jealous of Vronsky.

‘We won’t say “jealous” because he has talent, but

he is vexed that a man of the Court, a rich man, and a Count into the bargain (men like him hate all that), should, without any particular difficulty, do as well or even better than he, who has devoted his whole life to the work. Especially, there is the education which he lacks.'

Vronsky took Mikhaylov's part, but in the depth of his heart he believed what Golenishchev said, for he considered that a man of that other and lower world must envy him.

Anna's portrait, the same subject painted from nature by both of them, should have shown him the difference between Mikhaylov and himself; but Vronsky did not see it. He merely left off painting Anna, deciding that it would be superfluous now. He went on, however, with his mediæval picture. And he, as well as Golenishchev, and especially Anna, thought it very good because it resembled famous pictures much more than Mikhaylov's did.

Meanwhile Mikhaylov, though Anna's portrait had much engrossed him, was even better pleased than they when the sittings were over and he was no longer obliged to listen to Golenishchev's disquisitions on art and was able to forget Vronsky's paintings. He knew it was not possible to forbid Vronsky to trifle with art, knew that he and all the dilettanti had a perfect right to paint what they liked—but to him it was unpleasant. One cannot forbid a man's making a big wax doll and kissing it. But if the man came and sat down with his doll in front of a lover, and began to caress it as the lover caresses his beloved, it would displease the lover. It was this kind of unpleasantness that Mikhaylov experienced when he saw Vronsky's pictures: he was amused, vexed, sorry, and hurt.

Vronsky's interest in art and the Middle Ages did not last long. He had sufficient taste for art to be unable to finish his picture. He ceased painting it because he was dimly conscious that its defects, little noticeable at first, would become striking if he went on. The same thing happened to him as to Golenishchev, who, feeling that he had nothing to express, continually deceived himself by saying that his thought had not yet ripened and that he was bringing it to maturity and prepar-

ing materials. But Golenishchev was embittered and tormented by it, while Vronsky could not deceive and torment himself, and above all could not become embittered. With characteristic firmness he left off painting, without any explanations or excuses.

But without that occupation his life and Anna's—who was surprised at his disenchantment—appeared very dull in the Italian town. All of a sudden the palazzo became so obviously old and dirty, so disagreeably familiar were the stains on the curtains, the cracks in the floor, the cracked stuccoes of the cornices, and so wearisome became Golenishchev, the Italian professor, and the German traveller, who were also always the same, that a change was necessary. So they decided to return to Russia and live in the country. In Petersburg Vronsky planned to separate his property from his brother's, and Anna to see her son. The summer they intended to spend on Vronsky's large family estate.

CHAPTER XIV

LEVIN had been married three months. He was happy, but in quite a different way from what he had expected. At every step he met disillusionments in his old fancies and new and unexpected enchantments. He was happy, but having embarked on family life he saw at every step that it was not at all what he had anticipated. At every step he took he felt as a man would feel who, after admiring the smooth happy motion of a little boat upon the water, had himself got into the boat. He found that besides sitting quietly without rocking he had to keep a lookout, not for a moment forget where he was going, or that there was water under his feet, and that he had to row, although it hurt his unaccustomed hands; in short, that it only looked easy, but to do it, though very delightful, was very difficult.

As a bachelor seeing the married life of others—their petty cares, their disputes, their jealousies—he used mentally to smile contemptuously. In his future married life he was sure he would have nothing of this kind, and even the external forms of his married life

would be quite unlike other people's. And now, behold! his life with his wife had not shaped itself differently, but was all made up of those petty trifles which he had formerly so despised, but which now, against his will, assumed an unusual and incontestable importance. Levin saw that the arrangement of all those trifles was not at all so easy as he had formerly supposed. Though he had imagined his ideas about family life to be most exact, he, like all men, had involuntarily pictured it to himself as merely the enjoyment of love -which nothing should be allowed to hinder and from which one should not be distracted by petty cares. He should, he thought, do his work, and rest from it in the joys of love. She should be loved--and that was all. But, like all men, he forgot that she too must work; and was surprised how she, the poetic, charming Kitty, could, during the very first weeks and even in the first days of married life, think, remember, and fuss about table-cloths, furniture, spare-room mattresses, a tray, the cook, the dinner, and so forth. During their engagement he had been struck by the definiteness with which she declined a trip abroad and decided to go to the country, as if she knew of something that was necessary, and could think of something besides their love. He had been pained by it then, and now was repeatedly pained by her petty cares. But he saw that this was necessary to her, and, loving her, though he could not understand what it was all about, and laughed at her worries, he could not help admiring them. He laughed at the way she placed the furniture that had been brought from Moscow, and rearranged his and her own rooms, hung up curtains, decided about rooms for future visitors and for Dolly, arranged the room for her new maid, gave orders about dinner to the old cook, and entered into discussions with Agatha Mikhaylovna, taking the commissariat into her own hands. He saw the old cook smile admiringly and listen to her inexperienced and impossible orders; saw that Agatha Mikhaylovna shook her head thoughtfully and kindly at her young mistress's arrangements in the storeroom; saw that Kitty was peculiarly charming when she came, half laughing and half crying, to report that her maid, Masha, was used to considering her merely as a young lady in her mother's

house, and that therefore no one would obey her. It struck him as very charming, but strange, and he thought it would have been better without all that.

He did not realize the feeling of change that she was experiencing after her life at home. There she had sometimes wished for cabbage with kvas, or sweets, and could not have them; but now she might order whatever she pleased, and could if she liked buy heaps of sweets, spend any amount of money, and order all the puddings she pleased.

She looked forward joyfully to Dolly's coming with the children, especially because she meant to give each of them their favourite puddings, and because Dolly would appreciate her new arrangements. Without herself knowing why or wherefore, the management of the house attracted her irresistibly. Instinctively feeling the approach of spring, and knowing that there would be wet weather, she built her nest as she could, hastening to build it while yet learning how to do it.

Kitty's absorption in these trifles, quite contrary to Levin's early ideal of lofty happiness, was one of his disappointments; yet that sweet absorption, the meaning of which he could not understand but which he could not help liking, was also one of his new enchantments. Another disenchantment and new enchantment was afforded by their quarrels. Levin had never thought it possible that between him and his wife there could ever be any but tender, respectful, and loving relations; and yet from the very beginning they had quarrelled: she had said he did not love her, but only loved himself, and began to cry and wave her arms. This first quarrel arose because Levin had ridden over to see his new farm and returned half an hour late, having attempted a short cut home and lost his way. He rode home thinking only of her, of her love and of his happiness, and the nearer he came the warmer grew his tenderness for her. He ran into the room with the same feelings as, and even stronger ones than, those with which he had gone to the Sheerbatskys' house to propose—and to his astonishment was met with such a dismal look as he had never seen on her face before. He tried to kiss her but she pushed him away.

‘What’s the matter?’

‘You seem merry . . .’ she began, wishing to say something calmly stinging.

But directly she opened her mouth, words of reproach, senseless jealousy, and everything else that had been torturing her during the half-hour she had sat motionless waiting at the window, burst from her. Then it was that he first clearly understood what he did not realize when leading her out of church after the wedding: that she was not only very close to him but that he could not now tell where she ended and he began. He understood this by a tormenting sensation of cleavage which he experienced at that moment. For an instant he was offended, but immediately knew he could not be offended with her because she was himself. For a moment he felt like a man who, receiving a blow from behind, angrily and revengefully turns round to find his assailant and realizes that he has accidentally knocked himself, that there is no one to be angry with and that he must endure and try to still the pain.

Never again did he feel this so strongly as this first time, and for a long time he could not recover his balance. His natural feelings prompted him to justify himself and prove that she was in the wrong; but to prove her in the wrong would mean irritating her still more, and widening the breach which was the cause of all the trouble. One impulse, an habitual one, drew him to shift the blame from himself and lay it upon her; but another, and more powerful one, drew him to smooth over the breach as quickly as possible and not allow it to widen. To remain under so unjust an accusation was painful, but to justify himself and hurt her would be still worse. Like a man half-asleep and oppressed with pain, he wanted to tear off the aching part and cast it from him, but found on waking that the aching part was—himself. All he could do was to try to soothe the ache and endure it, and this he did.

They made it up. Having realized that she was in the wrong, though she did not acknowledge it, she became more tender to him, and they enjoyed a new and doubled happiness in their love. But this did not prevent such collisions recurring quite frequently, and on very unexpected and trivial provocation. These collisions

were often caused by each not realizing what was important to the other, and also by the fact that in those early days they were often in low spirits. When one of them was in good spirits and the other was not, peace was not broken; but if both chanced to be out of sorts, collisions resulted from causes so trifling as to be incomprehensible. Often afterwards they could not remember what they had quarrelled about. However, when both were in good spirits their happiness was doubled--and yet the early days of their married life were very trying.

All that time they were conscious of peculiar strain, as if the chain that bound them were being pulled first one way and then the other. Altogether, the honeymoon--the first month of their marriage, from which Levin had expected so much--was not delightful, but remained in both their recollections as the most oppressive and humiliating time of their lives. They both tried in after life to efface from their memories all the ugly shameful circumstances of this unhealthy time, during which they were rarely in a normal state and rarely themselves. Only in the third month of their married life, after returning from Moscow where they had spent a month, did their life begin to run more smoothly.

CHAPTER XV

THEY had just returned from Moscow and were glad of the solitude. He was in his study and sat at the table writing. She, in the dark lilac dress she had worn during the first days of her marriage and which was specially memorable and dear to him, sat with her embroidery on that same old leather-covered sofa which had stood in the study through his father's and grandfather's times. As he sat thinking and writing he was all the while blissfully conscious of her presence. He had not abandoned his work on the estate, or on the book in which the foundations of a new farming system were to be explained; but as those thoughts and that work formerly appeared to him trivial and insignificant in comparison with the gloom that overshadowed all exist-

ence, so now they appeared trivial and insignificant in comparison with his future prospects all bathed in the bright sunshine of happiness.

He went on with his work with a feeling that the centre of gravity of his attention had shifted, and that he consequently saw the matter differently and with greater clearness. Formerly this work had been his salvation from life. He used to feel that without it life would be too dismal, and now he needed it in order that his life should not be too monotonously bright.

Having set to work again on his manuscript and read over what he had written, he was glad to find that the work seemed worth doing. Many of his former thoughts now appeared superfluous and extreme, but many omissions became clear to him when he went over the matter afresh. He was writing a fresh chapter on why agriculture was not profitable in Russia. He argued that Russia's poverty was caused not only by a wrong distribution of landed property and a false policy, but that of late years those evils had been fostered by a foreign civilization artificially grafted upon Russia, especially as to ways of communication—viz., the railways, which had conduced to a centralization in the cities, a growth of luxury, and consequently to a development of factories at the expense of agriculture, and, attendant upon this, to credit operations and speculation. It seemed to him that when the growth of a nation's wealth is normal these things follow only after a considerable amount of labour has been devoted to agriculture, and after the latter has been placed in its rightful—or at any rate in a definite—position: that a nation's wealth ought to grow proportionately at the same rate in all its branches, and especially in such a way that the other branches should not outdistance agriculture; that means of communication should conform to the agricultural conditions, and that with our wrong methods of using the land, the railways—brought about not by economic but by political necessity—had come prematurely, and instead of promoting agriculture as had been expected, had interfered with it and hindered it by stimulating the development of manufactures and credit. Therefore, as the one-sided and premature development of a single organ in

an animal would injure its general development, so credit, railways, and the forced growth of manufactures—though undoubtedly necessary in Europe, where the time is ripe for them—had in Russia only harmed the general development of wealth by thrusting aside the most important current question, namely, the organization of agriculture.

While he was writing his thoughts, she was thinking about his unnatural attention to young Prince Charsky, who had been very tactlessly paying court to her on the day before their departure from Moscow. 'Why, he's jealous!' she thought. 'Oh dear! How sweet and silly he is, jealous of me! If he only knew that all the rest of them are no more than Peter the cook to me!' and she glanced with a feeling of proprietorship, strange to herself, at the nape of his red neck. 'Though it's a pity to interrupt him at his work (but he'll have time enough) I must see his face. Will he feel that I am looking at him! I want him to turn . . . I want it! Well!' and she opened her eyes wider, trying thereby to increase the force of her look.

'Yes, they divert all the sap, they produce a false glamour,' he muttered, pausing, and feeling that she was looking at him he turned round smiling.

'Well?' he asked with a smile, and rose.

'He has turned!' she thought. 'Nothing, I only wanted to make you turn round,' said she, gazing at him and trying to discover whether he was vexed at the interruption.

'I say, how delightful it is for us to be alone together! For me, I mean . . .' he said, coming toward her with a beaming smile of happiness.

'It is delightful for me too! I shan't go anywhere, especially not to Moscow.'

'And what were you thinking about?'

'I? . . . I was thinking. . . . No, no! Go and write, don't let me distract you,' she said, puckering her lips. 'And I must cut out these little holes, you see!'

Taking up her scissors she began cutting.

'Come, tell me what it was,' he said, sitting down beside her and watching the circular movement of her tiny scissors.

‘Oh, what was I thinking about? About Moscow, and about the nape of your neck.’

‘Why should such happiness come just to me? It’s not natural. It is too beautiful!’ he said, kissing her hand.

‘To me the more beautiful it is the more natural it seems.’

‘Your hair comes to a point behind,’ he said, carefully turning her head round.

‘A point? Yes, you see! There! But enough! We are engaged on serious matters!’

But their serious matters did not get on, and they jumped apart guiltily when Kuzma came to say that tea was served.

‘And have they returned from town?’ Levin inquired of Kuzma.

‘They’ve just come and are unpacking.’

‘Be quick and come,’ she said as she left the study, ‘or else I shall read all the letters without you. And after that let’s have a duet.’

Left alone, having put away his papers in the new portfolio she had bought, he washed his hands at the new washstand with the new and elegant utensils that had also appeared through her agency. He smiled at his thought and shook his head disapprovingly at it. A feeling resembling repentance tormented him. There was something contemptible, effeminate, Capuan, as he called it, in his present life. ‘It is not right to live so,’ he thought. ‘Soon it will be three months since I did anything worth mentioning. This is almost the first day that I have really set to work seriously, and what has come of it? Scarcely had I begun when I stopped. Even my usual duties—all almost abandoned! The farm work—why, I hardly even go and see about that! Sometimes I am sorry to part from her, sometimes I can see she is dull. And I used to think that up to the time of my marriage life would go on just so-so, anyhow, and not count for much; but that after marriage real life was going to begin. And now that is nearly three months ago, and I have never spent my days more idly or uselessly! No, this can’t go on. I must make a beginning. Of course it is not her fault; there is nothing to reproach her with. I ought to have been firmer and upheld my independence as a man.

This way I shall get into bad habits and teach them to her too. . . Of course it is not her fault,' he said to himself.

But it is difficult for a dissatisfied man not to reproach some one else, namely, the person most closely connected with the subject of his dissatisfaction. And Levin dimly felt that though she was not herself in fault—she never could be in fault—it was the fault of her bringing up, which was too superficial and frivolous. 'That fool Charsky! I know she wanted to stop him but did not know how,' he thought. 'Yes, except for the interest she takes in the housekeeping,—that interest she certainly has,—her clothes, and her embroidery, she has no real interests. She takes no interest in our work, in the farm, in the peasants, or in music, though she is quite good at that, or in books. She does nothing and is quite content.' In his heart he blamed her, but he did not understand that she was preparing herself for a period of activity which was inevitably coming, when at one and the same time she would be her husband's wife, the mistress of the house, and a bearer, nurturer, and educator of her children. He did not understand that, but she knew it instinctively; and while getting ready for her gigantic task she did not reproach herself for the moments of careless and happy love that she now enjoyed while building her nest for the future.

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN Levin came upstairs his wife was sitting beside the new silver samovar with a new tea-service before her, reading a letter from Dolly, with whom she kept up a regular and active correspondence. She had made old Agatha Mikhaylovna sit at a little table with a cup of tea she had poured out for her.

'You see, your lady has made me sit with her,' said Agatha Mikhaylovna, glancing with a friendly smile at Kitty.

In these words of Agatha Mikhaylovna's Levin read the conclusion of the drama which had lately been enacted between Agatha Mikhaylovna and Kitty. He perceived

that despite Agatha Mikhaylovna's grief at the advent of the new mistress who had taken the reins of management into her own hands, Kitty had conquered and had made the old woman love her.

'There! I've read your letter,' said Kitty, handing him a badly-written letter. 'It is from that woman, I think—your brother's . . . No, I have not read it. . . . These are from home, and from Dolly. Fancy! Dolly took Grisha and Tanya to a children's party at the Sarmatskys! Tanya went as a marquise.'

But Levin did not listen. He blushed as he took Mary Nikolavna's letter. This was the second letter he had received from the woman who had been his brother's mistress. In the first she wrote that his brother had sent her away for no fault of hers, adding with touching naïveté that, though she was again in want she did not ask or desire anything, but wrote because she was crushed by the thought that Nicholas Dmitrich would perish without her, his health being so bad. She begged Levin to keep watch over his brother. This time she wrote differently: she had found Nicholas Dmitrich, had joined him in Moscow, and had gone with him to a provincial town where he had obtained a post in the Civil Service. But he had quarrelled with his chief, and they had started again for Moscow, when he fell so ill on the way that it was hardly likely he would ever get up again. She wrote: 'He keeps on thinking of you; besides, there is no money left.'

'Read it. . . . Dolly writes about you,' Kitty began with a smile, but paused suddenly, noticing the changed expression on her husband's face. 'What's the matter? What is it?'

'She writes that my brother Nicholas is on his death-bed. I am going.'

Kitty's look changed at once. Thoughts of Tanya as a marquise and of Dolly had quite vanished.

'When are you going?' she asked.

'To-morrow.'

'I shall go too, may I?'

'Kitty! What do you mean?' he said reproachfully.

'What, indeed?' she replied, offended that he seemed opposed to and vexed at her offer. 'Why should I not go? I shan't be in your way. I . . .'

'I am going because my brother is dying,' said Levin, 'but why should you . . . ?'

'Why? For the same reason as you.'

'At such an important time, she thinks only of how dull it will be for her alone here,' he thought; and this motive in connection with something so important vexed him.

'It is impossible,' he replied sternly.

Agatha Mikhaylovna, seeing that a quarrel was imminent, softly put down her cup and went out. Kitty did not even notice her. The tone in which her husband had said these words hurt her, especially as he evidently disbelieved what she had said.

'And I say that if you go I shall go with you. I will certainly go!' she said hastily and angrily. 'Why is it impossible? Why do you say it is impossible?'

'Because it means going goodness knows where, and by what roads! to what inns! You would be in my way,' said Levin, endeavouring to keep cool.

'Not at all! I shan't want anything, and where you can go I can.'

'Well, if only because that woman is there, with whom you cannot associate . . .'

'I don't know and don't want to know anything about who and what is there. I know that my husband's brother is dying, that my husband is going to him, and that I am going with my husband in order . . .'

'Kitty, don't be angry! But just think, this matter is so important—it hurts me to think that you are mixing up with it your weakness, your dislike of remaining alone. Well, if you feel dull alone—well, go to Moscow!'

'There, you see! You *always* attribute bad and vile motives to me,' she began, with tears of anger and resentment. 'I am all right, not weak, nor anything. . . . I feel that it's my duty to be with my husband when he is in trouble, but you wish to hurt me on purpose, you purposely don't want to understand me!'

'No, this is awful . . . being a sort of slave!' exclaimed Levin, unable to restrain his annoyance any longer, but immediately conscious that he had dealt a blow to himself.

'Then why did you marry? You might have been

free! Why, since you are repenting?' she said, and jumped up and ran into the drawing-room.

When he came in after her, she was sobbing. He began speaking, trying to find words not so much to dissuade as to pacify her. But she did not listen and did not agree to anything he said. He stooped and took her resisting hand; he kissed her hand, her hair, and again her hand, but she remained silent. But when he took her face in his hands and said 'Kitty!' she suddenly recovered, cried a little, and then they made it up.

It was settled that they would start together the next day. Levin told his wife he believed she only wanted to go that she might be of use, and agreed that Mary Nikolavna's presence at his brother's would not make it at all improper; but he was going, dissatisfied in the depths of his heart with both himself and her. He was dissatisfied with her because she could not face letting him go when it was necessary (and how strange it was to think that he, who such a short time ago dared not believe in the happiness of her loving him, now felt unhappy because she loved him too much!), and dissatisfied with himself because he had not maintained his authority. Still less could he with conviction agree that the woman who was with his brother did not matter, and he thought with terror of all the encounters that might take place. The single fact that his wife, his Kitty, would be in the same room with a girl off the streets made him shudder with repulsion and horror.

CHAPTER XVII

THE hotel in the provincial town where Nicholas Levin was lying ill was one of those provincial hotels arranged after new and improved models, with the best intentions of cleanliness, comfort and even elegance, but which, owing to the people who use them, very soon degenerate into mere dirty pothouses with pretensions to modern improvements, these very pretensions making them worse than the old-fashioned inns which were simply dirty. This hotel had already reached this

stage: everything—the soldier in a dirty uniform smoking a cigarette at the front door, acting as a hall-porter, the dismal and unpleasant ornamental cast-iron staircase, the free and easy waiter in a dirty dress coat, the general room with a dusty bouquet of wax flowers decorating the table, the dust and slovenliness everywhere, mingled with a kind of modern, self-satisfied railway-induced state of bustle. All this caused a feeling of depression in the Levins after their fresh home life; especially as the air of artificiality about this hotel was quite irreconcilable with what was awaiting them.

As usual, after the inquiry as to what priced rooms they desired, it turned out that there was not a single good room vacant: one good room was occupied by a railway inspector, another by a lawyer from Moscow, a third by the Princess Astafyeva from the country. There was just one dirty room to be had, but they were promised that an adjoining one would be free by the evening. Vexed with his wife because his expectations were being realized—namely, that, at the moment of arrival when his heart was seized with agitation at the thought of his brother's condition, he was obliged to consider her instead of running to him at once—Levin led her to the room.

'Go, go!' she said with a timid, guilty look at him. He went out silently, and at the very door came upon Mary Nikolavna, who had heard of his arrival but had not dared to enter. She was just the same as he had seen her in Moscow—the same stuff dress without collar or cuffs, and the same kindly, dull, pock-marked face, only somewhat stouter.

'Well? How is he? What is it?'

'Very bad! Does not get up. He was expecting you all the time. He . . . you . . . are with your wife?'

For a moment he did not understand the cause of her confusion, but she immediately explained it.

'I will go . . . I will go to the kitchen,' she brought out. 'He will be pleased. He heard, and he knows and remembers her abroad.'

Levin understood that she referred to his wife, and did not know what to say.

'Come along, come!' he said.

But he had hardly moved when the door opened

and Kitty looked out. Levin blushed with shame and vexation at his wife for having placed herself and him in this awkward position; but Mary Nikolavna blushed still more. She shrank together, flushed till tears filled her eyes, and seizing the ends of her shawl began twisting them in her red fingers, not knowing what to say or do.

At the first glance Levin saw an expression of eager curiosity in the look with which Kitty gazed at this incomprehensible and terrible woman, but it lasted only an instant.

'Well, how is he? How is he?' she said, addressing first her husband and then the woman.

'Dear me, we can't talk in the corridor!' said Levin, looking crossly at a man who was just passing along with jerky steps, ostensibly on business of his own.

'Well, then, come in,' said Kitty to Mary Nikolavna, who had regained her self-control; 'or better still, you go on and send for me,' she continued, noticing her husband's frightened look, and then returned to their room. Levin went to his brother.

He had not expected what he saw and felt when he reached his brother's side. He had expected to find him in that state of self-deception which, he had heard, was frequent in consumptive cases and which had so struck him at the time of his brother's visit to him in the autumn. He had expected to find the physical signs of approaching death more definite: greater weakness, greater emaciation, but still the same sort of condition generally. He had expected to feel the same sorrow at the loss of a loved brother and the same horror of death he had then experienced, but to a greater degree, and had prepared himself for all this; but what he found was quite different.

In the dirty little room with a painted dado spotted with spittle, behind the thin partition-wall of which could be heard the sound of voices, in stuffy, smelly, foul air, on a bed drawn away from the wall, lay a body covered with a blanket. One arm of that body lay outside the blanket, and the enormous hand, like a rake, seemed to be attached in some incomprehensible way to a long thin spindle that was quite straight from the end to the middle. The head lay on its side on the

pillow. Levin could see the moist thin hair on the temples and the drawn transparent-looking forehead.

'Impossible that this terrible body can be my brother Nicholas,' he thought. But he drew nearer, saw the face, and doubt was no longer possible. In spite of the dreadful change on the face, Levin had only to glance at those living eyes raised toward him, to notice the slight movement of the mouth beneath the clammy moustache, in order to understand the dreadful truth that this dead body was his living brother.

The glittering eyes glanced severely and reproachfully at the brother who was entering, and this glance immediately established living relations between living people. Levin at once felt the reproach in the look fixed on him, and a sense of repentance because of his own happiness.

When Constantine took him by the hand, Nicholas smiled. The smile was very faint, hardly perceptible, and in spite of it the stern expression of the eyes did not change.

'You did not expect to find me like this?' he said, speaking with difficulty.

'Yes . . . no . . . ' said Levin, confusing his words. 'How is it you did not let me know sooner, I mean at the time of my marriage? I inquired for you everywhere.'

He was impelled to speak in order not to remain silent, but did not know what to say, especially as his brother made no reply but only gazed fixedly at him, evidently trying to fathom the meaning of every word. Levin told his brother that his wife had come with him. Nicholas seemed pleased at this, but said he was afraid the condition he was in might frighten her. A silence followed. Suddenly Nicholas moved and began to talk. From his expression Levin expected him to say something specially significant and important, but Nicholas only talked about his health. He found fault with the doctor, and regretted that he could not have a celebrated Moscow doctor; so Levin understood that he was still hoping.

Taking advantage of the first moment of silence, Levin got up, wishing to free himself if only for a few minutes from his painful sensations, and said he would fetch his wife.

'All right, and I will have the place cleaned up a bit. It is dirty here, and it smells, I should think. Masha! Tidy up,' said the invalid with an effort. 'And when you have finished, go away,' he added, with a questioning look at his brother.

Levin did not reply. He went out and stopped in the corridor. He had said he would bring his wife, but now, analysing the impressions he was experiencing, he made up his mind that he would on the contrary try to dissuade her from entering the sick-room. 'Why should she too be tortured as I am?' he reflected.

'Well, how is he?' Kitty asked with a frightened look.

'Oh, it's awful! Awful! Why did you come?' said Levin.

Kitty was silent a moment, looking timidly and pitifully at her husband; then she approached and took hold of his elbow with both hands.

'Kostya, take me to him! It will be easier for us to bear it together! Just take me there and then go away,' she began. 'Try and realize that for me to see you and not to see him is much more painful. There I can perhaps be of use to him and you. Please let me!' she entreated as if her happiness depended on it.

He was obliged to yield, and having recovered, and quite forgotten Mary Nikolavna, he returned with Kitty to his brother.

Stepping lightly and glancing repeatedly at her husband, showing him a brave face full of sympathy, she entered the sick-room, and, turning without haste, noiselessly closed the door. With noiseless steps she advanced toward the bedside, went round so that he need not turn his head, and at once grasping his enormous skeleton hand with her fresh young one, pressed it, and with that sympathetic, quiet animation which gives no offence and is natural only to women, she began to talk to him.

'It was in Soden we met, but we were not acquainted,' she said. 'You little thought I should one day be your sister?'

'You would not have known me again?' he asked, with a smile that had lit up his face at her entrance.

'Oh yes, I should! What a good thing it is that

you did send us word! Not a day passed without Kostya's thinking and being anxious about you.'

The sick man's animation did not last long. She had not finished speaking before that stern reproachful look of jealousy, felt by the dying for the living, settled on his face.

'I'm afraid you are not quite comfortable here,' she said, turning away from his penetrating glance and looking round the room. 'We shall have to ask the landlord for another room, and see that we are nearer to each other,' she said to her husband.

CHAPTER XVIII

LEVIN could not look at his brother calmly and could not be either natural or tranquil in his presence. When he entered the sick-room his eyes and his attention became clouded without his being conscious of it, and he did not see or distinguish the various details of his brother's condition. He smelt the terribly foul air, saw the dirt and disorder, the agonizing posture of the body, and heard the groans; but he felt there was no help for it. It never entered his head to consider all these details and imagine how that body was lying under the blanket, how the emaciated, doubled-up shins, loins, and back were placed, and whether it would not be possible to place them more comfortably or do something, if not to make him comfortable, at least to make his condition a little more tolerable. A cold shudder crept down his back when he began to think of those details. He was convinced beyond doubt that nothing could be done to prolong that life or to alleviate those sufferings, and the sick man was conscious of his brother's conviction that there was no help for him, and this irritated him. This made Levin's position still harder. To be in the sick-room was torture to Levin, but to be absent from it was still worse. He went out continually on all sorts of pretexts, coming back and going out again, incapable of remaining alone. But Kitty felt and acted quite differently. When she saw the invalid she pitied him, and that pity produced in her

woman's soul not the horror and repulsion which it evoked in her husband but a need for action, for finding out all the particulars of his condition, and a desire to help him. Those very details, the thought of which alone filled her husband with horror, at once arrested her attention. She sent for the doctor, sent to the chemist's, made the maid she had brought with her help Mary Nikolavna sweep, dust, and wash; and herself washed and scrubbed some articles and spread something under the blanket. At her command things were brought in and taken out of the sick-room. She herself went several times to their own room and, without paying any attention to the people she met, brought back with her sheets, pillow-cases, towels, and shirts.

The waiter, who was serving a meal to some engineers in the drawing-room, came up several times at her summons with a cross look on his face, but could not help fulfilling her orders; she gave them with such kindly insistence that it was impossible to disobey her. Levin disapproved of all this, not believing that any good could come of it to the invalid. Above all he was afraid that his brother might get angry about it. But the sick man, though apparently indifferent to it all, was not angry but only ashamed, and on the whole appeared rather interested in what she was doing for him. When Levin opened the door, on his return from the doctor's whither Kitty had sent him, he saw the invalid at the moment when at Kitty's command Mary Nikolavna and the waiter were putting a clean shirt on him. The long white skeleton back with the enormous shoulder-blades and protruding ribs and vertebræ was bare, and Mary Nikolavna with the waiter's help somehow got one of the shirt-sleeves twisted and could not guide the long limp arm into it. Kitty, having hurriedly shut the door behind Levin, was not looking that way; but the invalid moaned and she came toward him.

'Be quick!' she said.

'Don't come here,' muttered the sick man angrily. 'I can myself . . .'

'What do you say?' asked Mary Nikolavna. But Kitty had heard, and understood that he felt embarrassed and uncomfortable at being stripped in her presence.

‘I’m not looking,’ she said, helping the arm in. ‘Mary Nikolavna, you go round to the other side and put it right,’ she added.

‘There is a little bottle in my handbag,’ she went on, turning to her husband. ‘You know, in the side pocket! Please go and get it, and meanwhile everything will be put straight here.’

When Levin returned with the bottle he found the invalid arranged in bed and everything around him quite altered. Instead of the foul smell there was an odour of vinegar and of scent, which Kitty—pouting her lips and puffing out her rosy cheeks—was blowing through a little glass tube. There was no trace of dust left about; there was a mat beside the bed; on the table medicine bottles and a bottle of water were neatly placed, also a pile of folded linen which would be required later, and Kitty’s embroidery. On another table by the bedside were a glass of some refreshing drink and some powders. The invalid himself, washed and with his hair brushed, lay between clean sheets in a clean shirt, its white collar round his abnormally thin neck, gazing with a new look of hope at Kitty and not taking his eyes off her.

The doctor whom Levin had fetched, and whom he had found at a club, was not the one who had hitherto attended Nicholas, with whom the patient was dissatisfied. The new doctor took out a stethoscope and sounded him, shook his head, prescribed some medicine and gave extremely precise instructions about giving the medicine and about diet. He ordered raw or very lightly boiled eggs, and seltzer water with new milk at a certain temperature. When the doctor had gone the patient said something to his brother of which Levin caught only the last words: ‘your Kate’; but by the look he gave her Levin saw that his brother was praising her. He asked ‘Kate,’ as he called her, to come nearer.

‘I feel much better,’ he said. ‘Had I been with you I should have recovered long ago. How pleasant!’

He took her hand and drew it toward his lips, but as if fearful that this might be disagreeable to her he changed his mind, let her hand drop, and merely stroked it. Kitty took his hand in both of hers and pressed it.

‘Now turn me over on the left side and go to bed,’ he murmured.

No one heard what he said, but Kitty understood him. She understood because her mind incessantly watched for his needs.

‘On the other side,’ she said to her husband, ‘he always sleeps on that side. Turn him over. It is unpleasant to call the servants, and I cannot do it. Can you?’ she said, addressing Mary Nikolavna.

‘I am afraid to,’ answered Mary Nikolavna.

Dreadful as it seemed to Levin to put his arms round that terrible body, to grasp those parts under the blanket which he did not wish to remember, yet submitting to his wife, with that determined expression which she knew, he thrust his arms under the blanket, and despite his great strength was struck by the strange heaviness of those emaciated limbs. While he was turning him, with the enormous lean arm about his neck, Kitty quickly and unostentatiously turned and beat the pillow, and arranged the invalid’s head and the hair that again clung to the temples. The patient retained his brother’s hand in his. Levin felt that he wished to do something with his hand and was pulling at it, and yielded with a sinking heart. Yes, his brother drew the hand to his lips and kissed it. Levin, trembling, choking with sobs and unable to utter a word, left the room.

CHAPTER XIX

‘THOU hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes,’ thought Levin while talking with his wife that night.

He thought of the Gospel text not because he considered himself wise—he did not—but because he could not help knowing that he was more intelligent than his wife and Agatha Mikhaylovna; he could not help knowing that when he thought about death he thought with all the powers of his soul. He knew too that many great and virile minds, whose thoughts on that subject he had read, had pondered it, and yet did not know a hundredth part of what his wife and Agatha Mikhaylovna knew on the

subject. Different as were those two women, Agatha Mikhaylovna and Kitty—or 'Kate' as Nicholas called her, and as Levin was also fond of calling her now—in that respect they were exactly alike. Both knew with certainty what Life was and what Death was, and though they would have been quite unable not only to answer but even to understand the questions which confronted Levin, neither doubted the importance of those phenomena, and they both had exactly the same outlook upon them—an outlook shared not only by them but by millions of others. The proof that they knew surely what death was, lay in the fact that they knew without a minute's hesitation how to behave with the dying and did not fear them. But Levin and others, though they were able to say a great deal about death, evidently did not know anything, for they feared it and had no notion what to do when people were dying. Had Levin now been alone with his brother Nicholas, he would have looked at him with horror, and would have waited about in still greater horror not knowing what to do next.

More than that, he did not know what to say, how to look, or how to step. To talk of indifferent things seemed an affront, and he could not do it; to talk of death and dismal things was likewise impossible, and it was equally impossible to keep silent. 'I fear that if I look at him he will think I am watching. If I don't look, he will imagine I am thinking of something else. If I walk on tiptoe he will be displeased, and yet I am ashamed to tread on the whole of my foot.' But Kitty evidently did not think and had no time to think of herself. She, prompted by some inner conviction, thought of him, and everything came out right. She talked to him about herself and about her wedding, smiled, sympathized, caressed him, mentioned cases of recovery, and it was all successful, so she evidently knew what she was about. The proof that her and Agatha Mikhaylovna's behaviour was not instinctive, animal, and unreasoning lay in the fact that they both demanded for the dying man something of greater importance than mere physical care, something that had nothing in common with physical conditions. Agatha Mikhaylovna, speaking of the old man who had died, had said: 'Well, God be thanked! He received Communion and

Extreme Unction; God grant everybody to die so!' Just in the same way Kitty, besides all her cares about linen, bedsores, and cooling drinks, had managed on the very first day to persuade the invalid of the necessity of receiving Communion and Extreme Unction.

When Levin returned to their two rooms for the night he sat with hanging head not knowing what to do. Not only could he not think of supper, of getting ready for the night, of considering what they were to do; he could not even talk to his wife: he was ashamed to. Kitty, on the contrary, was more active than usual and even more animated. She ordered supper to be brought, unpacked their things herself, helped to make the beds, and did not forget to sprinkle insect powder on them. She was in that highly-wrought state when the reasoning powers act with great rapidity: the state a man is in before a battle or a struggle, in danger, and at the decisive moments of life—those moments when a man shows once for all what he is worth, that his past was not lived in vain but was a preparation for these moments.

All she did was well done, and before midnight everything was sorted, clean, and neat, so that their apartments showed a resemblance to her own rooms at home: beds made, combs, brushes and looking-glasses laid out, and covers spread.

It seemed to Levin that it would be inexcusable to eat, sleep, or even to talk, and he felt that his every movement was improper. She, however, sorted combs and brushes, and did it all in such a way that there was nothing offensive about it.

However, they could not eat anything, nor sleep for a long time, and even did not go to bed till very late.

'I am very glad I have persuaded him to receive Extreme Unction to-morrow,' she said as she sat in her dressing-jacket before her folding-glass and combed her soft fragrant hair with a small comb. 'I have never been present, but Mama told me that there are prayers for the restoration of health . . .'

'Do you really think he can recover?' he asked, looking at the back of her round little head, at the narrow parting which closed every time she drew the comb forward.

'I asked the doctor. He says he can't live more than

three days. But how can they know? Still, I am very glad I persuaded him,' she said, turning her eyes toward her husband from behind her hair. 'Everything is possible,' she added with the peculiar and rather cunning expression which always appeared on her face when she spoke of religious matters.

Since their talk about religion during their engagement neither he nor she had ever started a conversation on that subject; but she continued to observe the rites, went to church, and prayed, always with the same quiet conviction that it was necessary to do so. In spite of his assurances to the contrary she was persuaded that he was a Christian, like, and even better than, herself, and that all he said about it was one of his funny male whims, like his sayings about her embroidery: that good people darn holes, while she cut holes on purpose . . . and so on.

'Yes, you see that woman Mary Nikolavna could not arrange all that,' said Levin. 'I . . . I must confess I am very, very glad you came. You are purity itself, and . . .' He took her hand and did not kiss it (to do so with death so near seemed to him unbecoming), but only pressed it, looking guiltily into her brightening eyes.

'It would have been so painful for you alone,' she said, and raising her arms high so that they hid her cheeks, now flushed with pleasure, she twisted her braided hair and pinned it up at the back of her head.

'No,' she continued, 'she did not know how to . . . Luckily I learnt a good deal in Soden.'

'Can there have been such sick people there?'

'Oh, worse.'

'It is so terrible to me that I cannot help seeing him as he was when young. . . . You would not believe what a charming lad he was, and I did not understand him then.'

'I quite believe it, quite. I feel that we *should have been* friends, he and I . . .' she said, and, frightened at her own words, she glanced at her husband, and tears filled her eyes.

'Yes, *would have been*,' he said sadly. 'He is really one of those of whom it is said, they are not for this world.'

'However, we have hard days before us—let us go to bed,' said Kitty with a glance at her tiny watch.

CHAPTER XX

DEATH

NEXT day the patient received Communion and Extreme Unction. During the ceremony he prayed fervently. In his large eyes, fixed upon an icon which had been placed on a little table covered with a coloured cloth, was a look of such passionate entreaty and hope that Levin was frightened at seeing it. He knew that this passionate entreaty and hope would only make the parting from the life he so loved more difficult. Levin knew his brother and the direction of his thoughts, knew that he had become a sceptic not because it was easier for him to live without faith, but because step by step modern scientific explanations of the phenomena of the universe had driven out his faith; he knew therefore that this return to the old faith was not legitimate, not a similar result of thought, but was only a temporary, selfish and irrational hope of recovery. Levin knew too that Kitty had strengthened that hope by tales of extraordinary recoveries of which she had heard. Knowing all this, Levin suffered much as he saw that look full of entreaty and hope, that emaciated hand lifted with effort, in making the sign of the cross, to touch the drawn skin of the forehead, the protruding shoulder-blades and the hollow hoarse chest which could no longer contain that life for which the invalid was praying. During the sacrament Levin did that which, agnostic though he was, he had done a thousand times before. He said, addressing himself to God, 'If Thou dost exist, heal this man (such things have often happened), and Thou wilt save both him and me!'

After receiving Extreme Unction the invalid suddenly felt better. He did not cough once for a whole hour, smiled, kissed Kitty's hand, thanking her with tears in his eyes, and said he felt well, had no pain, but had an appetite and felt stronger. He even sat up when they

brought him some soup, and asked for a cutlet too. Hopeless as his case was, obvious as it was that he could not recover, Levin and Kitty were for that hour both in the same state of excitement, happy yet timid and fearful of being mistaken.

'Better?—Yes, much better.—Wonderful!—It is not at all wonderful.—Still, he's better!' they said in whispers, smiling at one another. But this illusion did not last long. The invalid fell quietly asleep, but awoke half an hour later with a fit of coughing, and immediately every hope fled from those around him and from himself. The reality of his sufferings destroyed it, leaving no trace nor even any recollection of the former hopes, in Levin, Kitty, or the patient himself.

Not referring to what he had believed half an hour previously, as though he were ashamed to remember it, Nicholas told them to give him a bottle of iodine covered with perforated paper for inhaling. Levin handed it to him, and at once the look of passionate hope with which the invalid had received Extreme Unction was fixed on his brother, demanding from him a confirmation of the doctor's words to the effect that inhaling iodine worked miracles.

'Kitty is not here?' he asked hoarsely, glancing round when Levin had reluctantly confirmed the doctor's statement.

'No? Then I can tell you . . . It's for her sake I went through that comedy—she is such a dear! But you and I cannot deceive ourselves like that! Now, in this I do believe,' he said, clutching the bottle with his bony hand and beginning to inhale from it.

Between seven and eight o'clock that evening Levin and his wife were drinking tea in their room when Mary Nikolavna rushed in breathless.

'He is dying!' she whispered. 'I'm afraid he'll die immediately.'

Both ran to his room. He was sitting up with his long back bent, leaning his elbows on the bed and hanging his head.

'What do you feel?' asked Levin in a whisper, after a pause.

'I feel I am departing,' uttered Nicholas with an effort, but very distinctly, as if he were pressing the

words out of his body. He did not lift his head but only turned up his eyes, failing to reach his brother's face. 'Kate, go away,' he added.

Levin jumped up and in a commanding whisper told her to leave the room.

'Departing!' Nicholas repeated.

'Why do you think that?' asked Levin, in order to say something.

'Because I am departing,' he repeated, as if that word pleased him. 'It's the end.'

Mary Nikolavna approached.

'You had better lie down, you would feel easier,' she said.

'I'll soon be lying,' he said softly. 'Dead!' he added cynically and angrily. 'Well, lay me down if you like.'

Levin laid his brother on his back, sat down beside him, and holding his breath gazed at his face. The dying man lay with closed eyes, but at intervals the muscles of his forehead worked as if he were thinking deeply and intently. Levin involuntarily meditated upon what was taking place within his brother at that moment, but, in spite of all the efforts of his mind to follow, he saw by the expression of that calm stern face and the play of the muscle above one eyebrow that something was becoming clear to the dying man which for Levin remained as dark as ever.

'Yes, yes! That's so!' Slowly pausing between the words, the dying man murmured, 'Wait a bit.' He was silent again. 'That's so!' he drawled in a tone of relief, as if he had found a solution. 'Oh God!' he muttered with a heavy sigh.

Mary Nikolavna felt his feet. 'Growing cold,' she whispered.

For a long, a very long, time as it seemed to Levin the invalid lay motionless, but he still lived and at long intervals sighed. Levin was already wearied by the mental strain. He felt that despite all his mental efforts he could not understand what was 'so' and was already lagging far behind his dying brother. He was no longer able to reflect on the actual problem of death, and could not hinder thoughts about what he would soon have to do: to close his brother's eyes, dress him, order a coffin. And strange to say he felt quite cold, and ex-

perienced neither joy nor grief nor a sense of loss, still less of pity, for his brother. If he had any feeling left for him it was more like envy of that knowledge which the dying man now possessed and which he might not share.

For a long time he sat leaning over Nicholas, waiting for the end. But the end did not come. The door opened and Kitty appeared. Levin rose to stop her, but at that moment he heard the dying man move.

'Don't go,' said Nicholas, and stretched out his hand. Levin gave him his hand, signing angrily with the other to his wife.

With his brother's hand in his, Levin sat half an hour, then an hour, and yet another hour. He now no longer thought about death at all. He was wondering what Kitty was doing, who lived in the next room, and whether the doctor had a house of his own. He wished to eat and sleep. Carefully disengaging his hand he felt his brother's feet. They were cold, but he was still breathing. Levin tried to go out on tiptoe, but the invalid moved again and said, 'Don't go. . . .'

Day began to dawn, but the sick man's condition remained the same. Levin gently disengaged his hand, and without looking at his brother went to his own room and fell asleep. When he woke, instead of the news he expected, that his brother was dead, he heard that his former condition had returned. He again sat up, coughed, ate and talked, no longer of death, expressed hopes of recovery, and was even more irritable and depressed than before. No one, neither his brother nor Kitty, could comfort him. He was angry with every one, said disagreeable things, blamed everybody for his sufferings, and demanded that they should fetch a celebrated doctor from Moscow. To all questions of how he felt, he gave the same answer, with an angry and reproachful look: 'I am suffering terribly, intolerably!'

The sick man suffered more and more, especially from bedsores which would no longer heal, and he grew more and more irritable with those about him, particularly because they did not bring the doctor from Moscow. Kitty tried to help him and comfort him in every possible way, but it was all in vain, and Levin saw that she herself

was worn out physically and mentally, though she would not admit it. That consciousness of death which had been evoked in them all by his farewell to life on the night he had sent for his brother was destroyed. Every one knew he would soon and inevitably die, that he was already half dead. Every one wished that he would die quickly, and they all, concealing that feeling, brought him bottles of medicine, went to fetch medicines and doctors, and deceived him and themselves and one another. It was all a lie: a repulsive, insulting, blasphemous lie; and as a result of his character, and because he loved the dying man more than the others did, Levin felt that lie most painfully.

Levin, who had long wished to reconcile his brothers, even if only at the moment of death, had written to Sergius Ivanich, and having received his answer read it to Nicholas. Sergius Ivanich wrote that he could not come personally, but, in touching words, asked his brother's pardon. The invalid made no comment.

'What am I to write to him?' asked Levin. 'I hope you are not angry with him?'

'No, not at all,' answered Nicholas, vexed at the question. 'Tell him to send me a doctor.'

Another three days of torture went by. The sick man was still in the same condition. Every one who saw him now desired his death: the waiters in the hotel, the proprietor, all the other visitors there, the doctor, Mary Nikolavna, Levin, and Kitty. Only the invalid himself did not show that desire, but on the contrary was angry because the doctor had not been fetched, and he continued taking medicine and talking of life. Only at rare moments, when opium made him forget his incessant sufferings for a moment, did he sometimes when half asleep express what was stronger in his soul than in any of the others: 'Oh, if only it were over!' or 'When will this end!'

His sufferings, regularly increasing, did their work of preparing him for death. There was no position that did not cause him pain; no moments of forgetfulness; no part of his body that did not hurt and torment him. Even the memories, impressions, and thoughts, within his body now aroused in him the same sort of

repulsion as the body itself. The sight of other persons, their words, his own recollections, gave him nothing but pain. Those about him felt this, and unconsciously did not permit themselves either to move freely, talk, or express their own wishes in his presence. His life was quite swallowed up in a consciousness of suffering and a desire to be released from it.

It was clear the change was taking place within him which would bring him to regard death as a fulfilment of his desires, as happiness. Formerly every separate desire caused by suffering or privation, such as hunger or thirst, was relieved by some bodily action which brought enjoyment; but now privation and suffering were not followed by relief, but the attempt to obtain relief occasioned fresh suffering. Therefore all his desires were merged into one: a desire to be released from all this pain and from its source—his body. He had no words to express his desire for this liberation, and therefore did not speak of it; but went on from habit demanding satisfaction of those wishes that could be fulfilled. 'Turn me on the other side,' he said, and immediately afterwards asked to be put back as he had been. 'Give me some beef tea . . . take it away. . . . Tell me something! Why don't you speak?' Then as soon as they began to talk he shut his eyes and expressed weariness, indifference, and disgust.

On the tenth day after their arrival in that town Kitty fell ill. She had a headache, was sick, and could not leave her bed all the morning.

The doctor explained her illness as the result of fatigue and agitation, and ordered mental tranquillity.

After dinner, however, Kitty got up and went as usual to the sick man, taking her embroidery. Nicholas looked at her sternly when she entered, and smiled contemptuously when she said she had been ill. That day he continually blew his nose and moaned piteously.

'How do you feel?' she asked him.

'Worse,' he answered with an effort. 'It hurts!'

'Where does it hurt?'

'Everywhere.'

'To-day it will end, you'll see,' said Mary Nikolavna in a whisper, but so that the invalid, whose senses were very acute, was, as Levin saw, sure to hear her. Levin

said 'Hush!' and turned to look at his brother. Nicholas had heard, but the words had no effect on him; his look remained reproachful and strained.

'Why do you think so?' Levin asked, when she had followed him into the corridor.

'He has begun to clutch at himself,' replied Mary Nikolavna.

'Clutch? How?'

'Like this,' she said, pulling at the folds of her stuff dress. And Levin noticed that all day long the sick man really kept catching at himself as if wishing to pull something off.

Mary Nikolavna's prophecy was fulfilled. Toward night the patient could no longer raise his hands, and only gazed straight before him without changing the attentive concentrated expression of his eyes. Even when his brother or Kitty bent over him so that he could see them, he did not look at them. Kitty sent for the priest to read the prayers for the dying. While the priest read, the dying man showed no sign of life: his eyes were closed. Levin, Kitty, and Mary Nikolavna stood by the bedside. The prayers were not yet ended when the dying man stretched himself, sighed and opened his eyes. Having finished the prayer, the priest touched the cold forehead with his cross which he then wrapped in his stole, and after standing in silence another two minutes, touched the enormous bloodless hand, which was growing cold.

'He has passed away,' said the priest and turned to go; but suddenly the clammy moustache of the dying man moved and from the depth of his chest through the stillness came his voice, sharp and distinct:

'Not quite! . . . Soon.'

A moment later his face brightened, a smile appeared under the moustache, and the women who had gathered round him began zealously to lay out the body.

The sight of his brother and the proximity of death renewed in Levin's soul that feeling of horror at the inscrutability, nearness, and inevitability of death which had seized him on that autumn evening when his brother had arrived in the country. That feeling was now stronger even than before; he felt even less able than before to understand the meaning of death,

and its inevitability appeared yet more terrible to him ; but now, thanks to his wife's presence, that feeling did not drive him to despair ; in spite of death, he felt the necessity of living and loving. He felt that love had saved him from despair, and that that love under the menace of despair grew still stronger and purer.

Scarcely had the unexplained mystery of death been enacted before his eyes when another mystery just as inexplicable presented itself, calling to love and life.

The doctor confirmed their supposition about Kitty. Her illness was pregnancy.

CHAPTER XXI

FROM the moment that Karenin understood from his conversations with Betsy and Oblonsky that all that was asked of him was that he should leave his wife in peace and not trouble her with his presence and that his wife herself wished this, he felt so lost that he could decide nothing for himself, did not know what he now wanted, and having placed himself in the hands of those who with so much pleasure busied themselves with his affairs, he consented to everything. Only after Anna had left his house, and the English governess sent to ask him whether she was to dine with him or alone, did he for the first time clearly understand his position, and he was horror-struck at it.

What was most painful in his situation was his inability to reconcile his past life with the present state of things. It was not the past when he lived happily with his wife that perplexed him, the transition from that past to the consciousness of his wife's infidelity he had already painfully passed through ; that had been trying, but it was comprehensible. Had his wife then, after confessing her infidelity, left him, he would have been grieved and unhappy, but he would not have felt himself to be in such an unintelligible impasse as now. He could not at all reconcile his recent forgiveness, his emotion and love for his sick wife and for another man's baby, with the present position : with the fact that, as if in reward for all that, he was now left

alone, disgraced, ridiculed, not wanted by anyone and despised by all.

The first two days after his wife's departure Karenin received petitioners, and his private secretary, attended Committee Meetings, and went to the dining-room to dinner as usual. Without rendering account to himself why he did it, during those two days he tried with all his might to appear calm and even indifferent. When answering questions as to what should be done with Anna's rooms and belongings, he made the greatest efforts to seem like a man by whom what had taken place had not been unforeseen, and who did not consider it extraordinary. In this he succeeded: no one could have observed in him any signs of despair. But on the third day, when Korney brought him a bill from a firm of milliners which Anna had forgotten to pay, and informed him that the shopman had come in person, he had him brought in.

'Excuse me, your Excellency, for taking the liberty of troubling you! But if you wish us to address ourselves to her Excellency, please be so good as to let us have her address!'

Karenin appeared to be considering, when suddenly he turned round and sat down at the table. Dropping his head on his hands he sat thus for a long time, tried several times to speak, but stopped short.

Comprehending his master's emotion, Korney asked the assistant to come again another time. Karenin, left alone, realized that he could not any longer maintain an appearance of firmness and calm. He ordered the carriage that was waiting, to be unharnessed, said that he would receive no one, and did not appear at dinner.

He felt that he could not bear the general pressure of contempt and harshness which he had clearly seen in the faces of that shop-assistant and of Korney, and of every one without exception whom he had met during those two days. He felt that he could not divert from himself people's hatred, because that hatred was caused not by his badness (had it been so he might have tried to be better) but by his disgraceful and repulsive misery. He knew that for that reason—because his heart was rent in pieces—they would be pitiless toward

him. He felt that people would destroy him, as dogs kill a tortured dog that is whining with pain. He knew that the only way of escape from men was to hide his wounds from them. He had unconsciously tried to do so for two days, and now felt himself unable to continue the unequal struggle.

His despair was heightened by the consciousness that he was quite alone in his sorrow. Not only was there not a soul in Petersburg to whom he could express what he felt, who would pity him, not as a high official, not as a member of a society, but simply as a suffering human being—but nowhere at all had he any such friend.

Karenin had been left an orphan. There were two of them: he had a brother. They could not remember their father, and their mother died when Alexis Alexandrovich was ten years old. They had small means. Their uncle, Karenin, a high official and at one time a favourite with the late Emperor, brought them up.

Having taken a medal on finishing, both at school and at the university, Karenin, by his uncle's help, started at once on a conspicuous path in the Civil Service, and from that time devoted himself entirely to official ambition. Neither at school nor at the university, nor afterwards, in the Service, did he enter into friendly relations with anyone. His brother was nearest to his heart, but he served under the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and always lived abroad, where he died soon after Alexis Alexandrovich's marriage.

At the time when he was Governor of a Province, Anna's aunt, a rich provincial lady, introduced him, who though not a young man was a young Governor, to her niece, and contrived to put him in such a position that he was obliged either to propose or leave the town. Karenin hesitated long. At that time there were as many reasons for the step as against it, but there was no such decisive reason as to make him neglect his rule of refraining when in doubt. But Anna's aunt intimated to him, through an acquaintance, that he had already compromised the girl, and that he was in honour bound to propose to her. He proposed, and devoted to his

betrothed and to his wife all the feeling of which he was capable.

His attachment to Anna excluded from his soul any need he had felt for affectionate relations with other persons; and now, among all his acquaintances, he had no intimate friend. He was connected with many people, but had friendly relations with none. He knew many persons whom he could invite to dinner, could ask to take part in anything he was interested in or to use their influence for some petitioner, and with whom he could frankly discuss the actions of other men and of the Government; but his relations with these persons were confined to a sphere strictly limited by custom and habit from which it was impossible to escape. There was a fellow-student at the university with whom he had subsequently become friendly, and to whom he might have spoken of his grief; but that fellow-student was now curator in a distant educational district. Of the Petersburg people the most intimate and most likely were the doctor, and Michael Vasilich Slyudin, his private secretary.

Slyudin was an unaffected, intelligent, kindly and moral man, who, Karenin felt, had a personal liking for himself; but their five years' official activity together had built a barrier in the way of any intimate talk between them.

Once Karenin, having finished signing documents, remained silent a long time, glancing now and then at Michael Vasilich, and tried several times but was unable to begin speaking. He had prepared a phrase: 'You have heard of my misfortune?' but it ended by his saying merely the usual, 'Then you will get this ready for me?' and letting him go.

The other person, the doctor, was also well-inclined toward Karenin, but they had long ago come to a tacit understanding that they were both overwhelmed with work and had no time to spare.

Of his women friends, including the principal one among them, the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, Karenin did not think at all. All women, as such, appeared to him dreadful and repulsive.

CHAPTER XXII

KARENIN had forgotten the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, but she had not forgotten him. At that most painful time of lonely despair she came to his house and entered his study unannounced. She found him in the posture in which he had long sat, resting his head on his hands.

'*J'ai forcé la consigne !*'¹ she said as she entered with hurried steps, breathing heavily from her rapid movement and from excitement. 'I have heard everything. Alexis Alexandrovich, my dear friend!' she continued, firmly clasping his hand in both hers and gazing with her beautiful dreamy eyes into his.

Karenin rose frowning, and disengaging his hand moved a chair toward her.

'If you please, Countess!—I do not receive because I am ill,' he said, and his lips trembled.

'My dear friend!' repeated the Countess with her eyes fixed on him; and suddenly the inner corners of her eyebrows rose, forming a triangle on her forehead, and her plain yellow face grew still plainer; but Karenin felt that she was sorry for him and ready to cry. He was moved, and seizing her plump hand began kissing it.

'My dear friend!' she repeated in a voice broken by emotion, 'you must not give way to sorrow. Your sorrow is great, but you will find consolation.'

'I am broken, I am stricken! I am no longer a man!' said Karenin, releasing her hand but continuing to gaze into her tearful eyes. 'My position is terrible because I cannot find support anywhere, cannot find it even in myself.'

'You will find support; do not seek it in me, though I want you to believe in my friendship,' she replied with a sigh. 'Love is the only support, that love which He has bequeathed us! His yoke is easy,' she went on with that ecstatic look he knew so well. 'He will support you and help you!'

Though it was evident that she was touched by her own lofty sentiments, and though her words proceeded from that new, ecstatic, mystic influence which had

¹ 'I've forced my way in.'

lately spread through Petersburg and which Karenin had considered superfluous, it was pleasant to him to hear them now.

‘I am weak—I am done for! I did not foresee it, and don’t understand it now!’

‘My dear friend!’ Lydia Ivanovna said once more.

‘It is not the loss of what no longer exists, it is not that,’ continued Karenin. ‘I don’t regret that, but I cannot help feeling ashamed before others of the position I am in. That is wrong, but I can’t help it, I can’t.’

‘It is not you who have performed that great act of forgiveness which fills me and everybody else with rapture, but He that dwells within your heart,’ said the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, turning up her eyes ecstatically, ‘and therefore you must not be ashamed of your action.’

Karenin frowned, and bending his hands backward began cracking his fingers.

‘One must know all the details,’ he said in a high-pitched voice. ‘Human strength has its limits, Countess, and I have reached the limits of mine. All day long I have had to take domestic decisions resulting from’ (he emphasized the word ‘resulting’) ‘my new solitary position. The servants, the governess, the bills . . . These petty flames have burnt me, and I was unable to bear it. At dinner . . . yesterday, I very nearly left the table. I could not bear the way my son looked at me. He did not ask me the meaning of it all, but he wanted to ask, and I could not endure his look. He was afraid of looking at me. But this is not all. . . .’

Karenin was going to mention the bill that had been brought him, but his voice shook and he paused. He could not think of that bill, made out on blue paper, for a bonnet and ribbons, without pitying himself.

‘I understand, dear friend,’ said the Countess Lydia Ivanovna. ‘I understand it all. Not in me will you find help and consolation, though I have come to help you if I can. If I could take all those trivial humiliating cares off your shoulders? . . . I see that a woman’s word, a woman’s direction, is wanted. Will you entrust it to me?’

Karenin silently and gratefully pressed her hand.

‘We will look after Serezha together. I am not good

in practical matters, still I will undertake it—I will be your housekeeper. Do not thank me. I am not doing it of myself. . . .’

‘I cannot help thanking you.’

‘But, my dear friend, do not give way to that feeling you were speaking about--of being ashamed of that which is the utmost height of Christianity! “He that humbleth himself shall be exalted,” and you must not thank me! You must thank Him, and ask Him for help. In Him alone you will find peace, comfort, salvation, and love!’ And raising her eyes to Heaven she began to pray, as Karenin understood from her silence.

Karenin listened to her now, and those very expressions, which formerly had seemed to him if not disagreeable at least superfluous, now seemed natural and comforting. He did not like that new ecstatic influence. He was a believer, interested in religion chiefly from a political point of view, and this new teaching which allowed itself some novel interpretation, just because it paved the way for disputes and analyses, was repugnant to him on principle. He had formerly regarded the new teaching with coldness and even hostility, and had never discussed it with the Countess Lydia Ivanovna (who was carried away by it), but had carefully and silently evaded her challenges. Now for the first time he listened to her words with pleasure and without mental rejoinder.

‘I am very, very grateful to you, both for your actions and your words,’ said he when she had finished praying.

The Countess Lydia Ivanovna once more pressed both the hands of her friend.

‘Now I am going to act,’ she said, smiling and wiping the traces of tears from her face. ‘I am going to see Serezha. Only in extreme cases will I apply to you,’ and she rose and went out.

The Countess went to Serezha’s part of the house and there, watering the frightened boy’s cheeks with her tears, told him that his father was a saint and that his mother was dead.

The Countess kept her word. She really took upon herself the care of arranging and managing Karenin’s household, but she had not exaggerated when she said she was not good at practical matters. None of her

directions could be carried out without alteration, and the alterations were made by Karenin's valet, Korney, who now imperceptibly directed the whole household. Quietly and tactfully, while helping his master dress, he would inform him of anything that was necessary. But nevertheless Lydia Ivanovna's help was in the highest degree effective, for it gave Karenin the moral support of the consciousness of her affection and respect, and especially of the fact that she had nearly converted him to Christianity (as it consoled her to believe); that is to say, she had changed him from an apathetic, indolent believer into a fervent and firm adherent of that new interpretation of the Christian teaching which had lately spread in Petersburg. For Karenin it was easy to accept that interpretation. Like Lydia Ivanovna and others who shared these views, Karenin was quite devoid of that deep imaginative faculty of the soul by which ideas aroused by the imagination become so vivid that they must be brought into conformity with other ideas and with reality. He saw nothing impossible or incongruous in the notion that death which exists for the unbeliever did not exist for him, and that as he possessed complete faith—of the measure of which he himself was the judge—there was no longer any sin in his soul, and he already experienced complete salvation here on earth.

It is true that the frivolity and falseness of this view of his faith were vaguely felt by Karenin. He knew that when, without thinking that his forgiveness was the act of a Higher Power, he had surrendered to his faith, he had experienced more joy than when, as now, he was perpetually thinking that Christ lived in his soul, and that while signing documents he was fulfilling His will. But it was absolutely necessary for Karenin to think thus; it was so necessary for him in his humiliation to possess at least this imaginary exaltation, from the height of which he, the despised of all, was able to despise others, that he clung to this mock salvation as if it were the real thing.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE Countess Lydia Ivanovna when quite a young and ecstatic girl was married to a rich, aristocratic, very good-natured, and most jovial profligate. About two months after their marriage her husband left her, and only answered her ecstatic assurances of tenderness with ridicule and even with animosity—which those who knew the Count's good-nature, and who saw no fault in the ecstatic Lydia, were quite unable to explain. Since then, though not divorced, they lived apart; and when the husband did meet his wife he always treated her with an unchanging venomous irony which seemed inexplicable.

The Countess Lydia had long ago ceased to be in love with her husband, but since then had never ceased to be in love with somebody else. She was in love with several persons at once, both men and women; she had been in love with almost every one who was specially notable. She was in love with all the new Princes and Princesses who became connected with the Imperial family, she was in love with a Metropolitan, a Suffragan, and a priest. She had been in love with a journalist, three Slavs, Komisarov,¹ one of the Ministers, a doctor, an English missionary, and now with Karenin. All these passions, ever waxing or waning, did not interfere with her carrying on very widespread and complicated relations with the Court and Society. But from the time she took Karenin under her special protection after his misfortune—from the time she exerted herself in his house, labouring for his welfare—she felt that all her other passions were unreal, and that she now truly loved only Karenin. The feeling she now had for him seemed to her stronger than any of her former sentiments. Analysing that feeling, and comparing it with her previous loves, she saw clearly that she would not have been in love with Komisarov had he not saved the Tsar's life, nor with Ristich-Kudzhitsky but for the Slavonic question; but that she loved Karenin for himself, for his lofty, misunderstood soul, for the high-

¹ A man who saved the life of Alexander II. by knocking the pistol from the hand of a would-be assassin.

pitched tone of his voice with the long-drawn inflections which she thought charming, for his weary eyes, for his character, and for his soft hands with their swollen veins. She was not only glad to meet him, but searched his face for signs of the impression she created on him. She wished to please him not merely by words, but by her whole self. For his sake she now paid more attention to her dress than ever before. She caught herself meditating on what might have been had she not married and had he been free. She blushed with excitement when he entered the room, and could not repress a smile of delight when he said something agreeable to her.

For some days the Countess Lydia Ivanovna had been greatly excited. She had heard that Anna and Vronsky were in Petersburg. It was necessary to save Karenin from meeting her, necessary even to save him from the painful knowledge that that dreadful woman was in the same town with him, and that he might come across her at any moment.

Lydia Ivanovna found out through acquaintances what 'those disgusting people,' as she called Anna and Vronsky, intended to do, and tried so to direct her friend's steps during those days that he should not meet them. A young adjutant, a comrade of Vronsky's, through whom she had her information, who hoped through her influence to obtain a concession, told her that they had finished their affairs and were leaving Petersburg next day. Lydia Ivanovna was beginning to breathe freely again, when next morning she received a note and with horror recognized the handwriting. It was Anna Karenina's. The envelope was as thick as parchment; there was a large monogram on the narrow yellow sheet, and the letter had a delicious perfume.

'Who brought it?'

'A commissionaire from the hotel.'

It was some time before the Countess Lydia Ivanovna could sit down to read the letter. Her agitation brought on a fit of asthma, to which she was subject. When she grew calmer, she read the following, written in French:

'MADAME LA COMTESSE!—The Christian feelings which fill your heart encourage me to what I feel to

be the unpardonable boldness of writing to you. I am unhappy at being parted from my son. I entreat you to permit me to see him once before my departure. Forgive me for reminding you of myself. I address myself to you, instead of to Alexis Alexandrovich, only because I do not wish to give pain to that high-minded man by reminding him of myself. Knowing your friendship for him, I feel that you will understand me. Will you send Serezha to me, or shall I come to the house at an appointed time, or will you let me know when and where I can meet him away from home? I do not anticipate a refusal, knowing the magnanimity of the person on whom the decision depends. You cannot imagine the yearning I have to see him, and therefore cannot imagine the gratitude which your help will awaken in me.—ANNA.'

Everything in that letter irritated the Countess Lydia Ivanovna: its matter, the hint contained in the word 'magnanimity,' and especially what seemed to her its free and easy tone.

'Say there will be no answer,' said the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, and at once opened her blotter and wrote to Karenin that she hoped to meet him about one o'clock at the Palace, at the Birthday Reception.

'I must talk over an important and sad matter with you, and we can arrange where. Best of all at my house, where I will have your special tea ready. It is necessary. He sends a cross, but He also sends strength to bear it,' she added, to prepare him somewhat.

The Countess Lydia Ivanovna generally wrote two or three notes a day to Karenin. She liked that way of communicating with him, which had an elegance and secrecy absent in their personal interviews.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE congratulations at the Palace were over. Meeting as they were going out, acquaintances chatted about the latest news, the newly awarded honours, and the changes among the highest officials.

'How would it do to appoint Countess Mary Borisovna, Minister of War? and Princess Vatkovskaya, (Chief of the Staff?)' said a grey-haired old man in a gold-embroidered uniform to a tall and beautiful Maid of Honour, in answer to her question about the promotions.

'And me, aide-de-camp,' replied the Maid of Honour with a smile.

'Your post is already assigned to you: in the Ecclesiastical department with Karenin as your assistant.'

'How do you do, Prince?' added the old man, shaking hands with some one who had just come up.

'What were you saying about Karenin?' inquired the Prince.

'He and Putyatov have received the Order of Alexander Nevsky.'

'I thought he had it already.'

'No. Just look at him,' said the old man, pointing with his gold-trimmed hat to Karenin who, in Court uniform, with a new red ribbon round his shoulder, stood in the doorway with an important member of the State Council. 'As happy and contented as a brass farthing,' he added, pausing to shake hands with an athletic, handsome chamberlain.

'No, he has aged,' said the chamberlain.

'From hard work. He is always writing projects now. He will not release that unfortunate fellow until he has expounded everything, point by point.'

'Aged indeed! *Il fait des passions!*¹ I think that now the Countess Lydia Ivanovna is jealous of his wife.'

'Oh, come! Please don't say anything bad about the Countess.'

'But is it bad that she is in love with Karenin?'

'And is it true that his wife is here?'

'Of course not here in the Palace, but she is in Petersburg. I met her and Alexis Vronsky walking arm in arm on the Morskaya.'

'*C'est un homme qui n'a pas*² . . .' began the chamberlain, but stopped short to make way for and to bow to a member of the Imperial family who passed by.

In this way they chattered unceasingly about Karenin, blaming him and laughing at him, while he, barring the

¹ He has love affairs!

² That's a man who has not . . .

way to the member of the State Council whom he had buttonholed, and not pausing for a moment for fear he might slip away, expounded point by point some financial project of his.

Almost at the same time that his wife had left Karenin, the most painful thing that can befall an official—the cessation of his ascent in the Service—had befallen him. That cessation was an accomplished fact, clearly visible to every one, though Karenin himself had not yet realized that his career was at an end. Whether it was his conflict with Stremov or the misfortune with his wife, or simply that he had reached his predestined limit—at any rate it had that year become obvious to every one that his career was over. He still held an important post, was member of many Commissions and Committees, but he was finished, and from him nothing further was to be looked for. Whatever he might say, whatever he might propose, he was listened to as if all he was proposing had long been known and was what no one wanted. But Karenin was not sensible of this: on the contrary, being now outside Government work, he saw more clearly than ever the defects and mistakes made by others, and considered it his duty to point out how those mistakes might be rectified. Soon after the parting with his wife he began writing a pamphlet on the new legal procedure—the first of an innumerable series of unwanted pamphlets on every administrative department which it was his fate to write.

But Karenin, far from noticing the hopelessness of his position in officialdom and being troubled by it, was more satisfied with his work than ever.

‘He that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife . . . but he that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord and how to please the Lord,’ says the Apostle Paul; and Karenin, who was now guided in all his actions by the Scriptures, often recalled that text. He thought that since he had been without a wife he had served the Lord by means of these very projects more than before.

The evident impatience of the Member of the Council did not trouble Karenin, who left off expounding his

project only when the Councillor, profiting by a royal personage's passing, slipped away.

Left alone, Karenin bowed his head, collecting his thoughts, and then turned absent-mindedly toward the door where he hoped to meet the Countess Lydia Ivanovna. 'How strong and healthy they all are physically,' he thought, glancing at the powerfully-built chamberlain with his well-brushed and perfumed whiskers, and at the red neck of a Prince in a tightly-fitting uniform, whom he had to pass on his way. 'It is truly said that everything in the world is sin,' he thought, again glancing out of the corners of his eyes at the chamberlain's calves.

Moving his feet deliberately, Karenin, with his usual air of weariness and dignity, bowed to those gentlemen who were talking about him, and his eyes searched through the doorway for the Countess.

'Ah, Alexis Alexandrovich!' cried the old man with a malevolent gleam in his eyes as Karenin passed him bowing coldly. 'I have not yet congratulated you,' he went on, pointing to Karenin's newly-awarded ribbon.

'Thank you,' replied Karenin. 'What a *beautiful* day it is,' he added, laying, as was his wont, peculiar stress on the word 'beautiful.'

He knew that they were laughing at him, but he no longer looked for anything except hostility from them; he was already accustomed to it.

Having caught sight, just as she entered, of the Countess Lydia Ivanovna's yellow shoulders emerging from her corset, and of her beautiful dreamy eyes summoning him, Karenin smiled, revealing his white impeccable teeth, and went up to her.

Lydia Ivanovna's dress had cost her a great deal of trouble, as was the case with all her attire of late. Her purpose in dressing was now quite the reverse of what she had had in view thirty years ago. Then she had wished to adorn herself somehow, the more the better; now, on the contrary, she was obliged to be adorned so unsuitably to her age and figure, that she was only concerned that the incongruity between these adornments and her own appearance should not be too dreadful. As far as Karenin was concerned she attained her object,

and to him she seemed attractive. In his eyes she was the only islet, not of kindly feeling only but of affection, in the ocean of hostility and ridicule which surrounded him.

As he now ran the gauntlet of those mocking eyes he was drawn toward her enamoured look as naturally as a plant is drawn toward the sun.

'I congratulate you,' she said, indicating the ribbon by a look.

Repressing a smile of pleasure, he shrugged his shoulders and closed his eyes, as if to say that it could not give him pleasure. The Countess Lydia Ivanovna knew very well that it was one of his greatest pleasures, though he would never confess it.

'How is our angel?' asked she, meaning Serezha.

'I can't say I am quite satisfied with him,' replied Karenin, raising his eyebrows and opening his eyes. 'And Sitnikov too is dissatisfied with him.' Sitnikov was the tutor to whom Serezha's secular education was entrusted. 'As I told you, he shows a certain coldness toward those most important questions which should stir the soul of every man and child,' he went on, speaking on the only subject which interested him outside the Service—the education of his son.

When with Lydia Ivanovna's help he had returned to life and activity, he had felt it his duty to take his son's education in hand. Never having occupied himself with educational matters before, he devoted some time to studying the matter theoretically. After reading several books on anthropology, pedagogics, and didactics, he formed a plan of education, and having engaged the best Petersburg educationalist for supervision, he set to work. And this undertaking occupied him continually.

'Yes, but his heart! I see in him his father's heart, and with such a heart a child can't be bad!' said Lydia Ivanovna, enthusiastically.

'Perhaps. Well, as far as I am concerned I do my duty, which is all I can do.'

'Will you come and see me?' said the Countess after a pause. 'We must talk over something painful to you. I would have given anything to save you from certain memories, but other people think differently. I had a letter from her. She is here in Petersburg.'

Karenin started at the reference to his wife, but immediately his face assumed a death-like immobility which showed utter helplessness in the matter.

‘I expected it,’ he said.

The Countess Lydia Ivanovna looked at him ecstatically, and her eyes filled with tears of rapturous admiration at the loftiness of his soul.

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN Karenin entered the Countess Lydia Ivanovna’s snug little boudoir, which was full of old china and had its walls covered with portraits, the hostess was not yet there.

She was changing her dress.

Upon a round table covered with a cloth stood a Chinese tea service and a silver kettle over a spirit lamp. Karenin glanced absent-mindedly at the numberless familiar portraits decorating the boudoir, and sitting down by the table opened a New Testament that was on it. The rustle of the Countess’s silk dress roused him.

‘Well, now we can sit down quietly,’ said she with an agitated smile, as she squeezed herself in between the table and sofa, ‘and have a chat over our tea.’

After a few words of preparation the Countess, breathing heavily and blushing, handed him the letter she had received.

When he had read the letter Karenin was silent for a long time.

‘I don’t consider that I have a right to refuse,’ he said timidly, raising his eyes.

‘My dear friend, you see no evil in anyone!’

‘On the contrary, I see that everything is evil. But is it right . . .’

His face expressed uncertainty and a desire for advice, support, and guidance in a matter he did not understand.

‘No,’ she interrupted him, ‘there are limits to everything! I understand immorality,’ she said, not quite sincerely, for she never could have understood that which leads women to immorality, ‘but I do not under-

stand cruelty . . . and to whom? To you! How can she stay in the town you are in? But it's quite true, "Live and learn"! And I am learning to understand your loftiness and her baseness.'

'But who will throw the stone?' said he, evidently pleased with his rôle. 'I have quite forgiven her, and therefore cannot refuse her what her love for her son demands.'

'But is it love, dear friend? Is it sincere? Granted that you have forgiven her, and do forgive her; but have we the right to act thus toward the soul of that angel? He thinks she is dead. He prays for her and asks God to forgive her her sins, and it is better so. But this . . . what will he think?'

'I had not thought of that,' said Karenin, evidently agreeing with her.

The Countess covered her face with her hands and remained silent. She was praying.

'If you ask my advice,' she said, when her prayer was ended and she uncovered her face, 'I do not advise you to do it! Do I not see how you are suffering, how this has reopened all your wounds! Of course as usual you are not thinking of yourself. But what can it lead to? Renewed pain for yourself, and pain for the child! If there is anything human left in her, she herself should not desire it. No, I advise you unhesitatingly not to allow it, and with your permission I will write to her.'

Karenin agreed, and the Countess Lydia Ivanovna wrote in French as follows:

'MADAME!—To remind your son of you might lead to his asking questions which it would be impossible to answer without implanting in his soul a spirit of condemnation for what should be holy to him, and therefore I beg you to take your husband's refusal in the spirit of Christian love. I pray the Almighty to be merciful to you.—COUNTESS LYDIA.'

This letter achieved the secret purpose which the Countess Lydia Ivanovna hid even from herself. It wounded Anna to the depths of her soul.

Karenin too, on returning home from Lydia Ivanovna's, could not give his attention to his usual occupations

nor find that spiritual peace of a believer who has found salvation, which he had felt before.

The memory of his wife who was so guilty toward him, and toward whom he was so saintly, as the Countess Lydia Ivanovna had justly told him, should not have upset him ; but he was not at ease : he could not understand the book he was reading, could not drive away tormenting memories of his relations with her, and of the mistakes which, as it now appeared to him, he had committed in regard to her. The memory of the manner in which, when returning from the races, he had received her confession of unfaithfulness (especially the fact that he had demanded of her only external propriety and had not challenged Vronsky) tormented him like remorse. The memory of the letter he had written to her also tormented him ; above all his forgiveness, which no one wanted, and his care for another man's child, burned his heart with shame and regret.

He now felt a similar sense of shame and remorse when thinking of his whole past with her, and recalling the awkward words in which, after much hesitation, he had proposed to her.

'But wherein am I to blame?' he asked himself, and as usual that question suggested another: Did those others--those Vronskys and Oblonskys and those fat-calved chamberlains--feel differently, love differently, marry differently? And there rose before his mind's eye a whole row of those vigorous, strong, self-assured men, who had always involuntarily attracted his curiosity and attention. He drove these thoughts from him, and tried to convince himself that he was not living for the present temporal life but for eternal life, and that his soul was full of peace and love. But the fact that in this temporary insignificant life he had committed, as it seemed to him, some trivial errors, tormented him as much as if the eternal salvation in which he believed did not exist. But this temptation did not last long, and soon that tranquil elevation, thanks to which he could forget the things he did not wish to remember, was re-established in his soul

CHAPTER XXVI

'WELL, Kapitonich?' said Serezha, as on the day before his birthday he returned rosy and bright from a walk, and gave his overcoat to the tall old hall-porter, who looked smilingly down from his height at the little fellow. 'Well, has the bandaged official been to-day? Has Papa seen him?'

'He has seen him. As soon as the secretary left, I announced him,' answered the hall-porter with a wink. 'Let me take it off for you.'

'Serezha!' said his tutor, a Slav, stopping in the doorway that led to the inner rooms, 'take it off yourself.' But Serezha, though he heard his tutor's weak voice, paid no heed to it. He stood holding on by the porter's shoulder-strap and looking into his face.

'Well, and has Papa done what he wanted?'

The hall-porter nodded affirmatively.

The bandaged official, who had called seven times to petition Karenin about something, interested both Serezha and the hall-porter. Serezha had met him in the hall, and had heard him piteously begging the porter to announce him to Karenin, and saying that he and his children were face to face with death.

Since then, having again met the official in the hall, Serezha had become interested in him.

'And was he very glad?' he asked.

'How could he help being glad? He nearly jumped for joy as he went away.'

'And has anything been brought?' inquired Serezha, after a pause.

'Well, sir,' said the porter, shaking his head and whispering, 'there is something from the Countess.'

Serezha knew at once that the hall-porter was speaking of a birthday present for him from the Countess Lydia Ivanovna.

'You don't say so? Where is it?'

'Korney has taken it in to your Papa. I should think it's a fine thing.'

'What size? About so big?'

'Not quite, but a fine thing.'

'A book?'

'No, just a thing. Go, go! Vasily Lukich is calling you,' said the hall-porter, hearing the approaching step of the tutor, and gently disengaging the little hand in the half-drawn-off glove which held him by his shoulder-strap, as he nodded and winked toward the tutor.

'Vasily Lukich, one moment!' said Serezha with that bright and affectionate smile which always overcame the conscientious Vasily Lukich.

Serezha was in too high spirits, too happy not to share with his friend the hall-porter another family joy about which he had heard from Lydia Ivanovna's niece, whom he met walking in the Summer Gardens. This joy appeared to him particularly important because it coincided with the satisfaction of the official, and his own happiness that a present had been brought. To Serezha it seemed that this day was one on which everybody ought to be happy and gay.

'Do you know, Papa has received the Order of Alexander Nevsky?'

'Of course I do! People have already been calling to congratulate him.'

'Well, and is he pleased?'

'How can he help being pleased at the Tsar's favour? It shows he's deserved it,' replied the hall-porter sternly and seriously.

Serezha grew thoughtful as he peered into the hall-porter's face, which he had studied in minute detail—especially the chin which hung beneath the grey whiskers and which no one saw but Serezha, who always looked up at him.

'And your daughter, has she been here lately?'

The hall-porter's daughter was a ballet-dancer.

'How can she come on week-days? They have to learn too, and so must you, sir! Go along!'

On entering the schoolroom, instead of sitting down to his lessons, Serezha told his tutor of his guess that the parcel that had been brought must be a railway train.

'What do you think?' he asked.

But Vasily Lukich only thought that Serezha must prepare his grammar lesson, as his teacher was coming at two.

'Oh, but just tell me, Vasily Lukich!' said Serezha,

suddenly, after sitting down at the table with a book in his hand. 'What is higher than the Alexander Nevsky? You know Papa has received the Order of Alexander Nevsky?'

Vasily Lukich replied that the Order of Vladimir was higher.

'And higher still?'

'The highest is the St. Andrew.'

'And higher still?'

'I don't know.'

'Even you don't know!' And Serezha, leaning his elbows on the table, began to reflect.

His reflections were most complex and varied. He imagined his father suddenly receiving the Orders of Vladimir and Saint Andrew, and how much kinder in consequence he would be to-day at lesson-time, and how he himself when he grew up would receive all the Orders, and that they would invent one higher than the Saint Andrew. As soon as it was invented he would gain it. A yet higher one would be invented, and he would immediately get that one too.

In these reflections time passed until the teacher arrived. The lesson on the attributes of Time, Place, and Manner of Action had not been learnt. The teacher was not only dissatisfied but also saddened. His sadness touched Serezha. He did not feel guilty for not having learned his lesson, for try as he would he positively could not do it. While the teacher was explaining, he believed him and seemed to understand, but as soon as he was left alone he positively could not remember or understand how so short and simple a word as *suddenly* could be an *attribute of the manner of action*; but all the same he was sorry he had grieved his teacher.

He chose a moment when the teacher was looking silently into the book:

'Michael Ivanovich, when is your birthday?' he suddenly asked.

'You would do better to think of your work. Birthdays do not signify anything to reasonable beings. It is just a day like any other, on which we must work.'

Serezha looked attentively at his teacher, at his thin little beard and his spectacles which had slipped down the bridge of his nose, and became so engrossed in thought

that he no longer heard what his teacher was explaining. He was aware that the teacher himself did not believe what he was saying; he felt that by the tone in which the words were uttered. 'But why have they all agreed to speak in the same way about the dullest and most useless things? Why does he repulse me? Why does he not love me?' he asked himself sadly, and could find no answer.

CHAPTER XXVII

AFTER the teacher's lesson Serezha had a lesson from his father. Before his father came Serezha sat at the table playing with a pocket-knife and thinking. Among his favourite occupations was keeping a look out for his mother when he went out walking. He did not believe in death in general, and especially not in *her* death, despite what Lydia Ivanovna had told him and his father had confirmed, and therefore even after he had been told she was dead, he went on looking for her when on his walks. He imagined that every well-developed and graceful woman with dark hair was his mother. At the sight of any such woman a feeling of such tenderness awoke in his heart that he grew breathless and tears came to his eyes. He expected that at any moment she would approach and lift her veil. Then he would see her whole face, she would smile, embrace him, and he would smell her peculiar scent, feel the tenderness of her touch, and cry with joy as he had done one evening when he lay at her feet and she tickled him, while he shook with laughter and bit her white hand with the rings on the fingers. Later on, when he accidentally heard from his nurse that she was not dead, and his father and Lydia Ivanovna explained that to him she was dead because she was bad (which he could not at all believe, for he loved her), he continued to look out for and wait for her. There had been a lady with a purple veil in the Summer Garden to-day whom he had watched with a sinking heart as she came toward him along the path. The lady did not come up to them and disappeared somewhere. To-day Serezha was more

than ever conscious of a flow of love for his mother in his heart, and now as he sat lost in thought, waiting for his father, he notched the whole edge of the table with his knife, looking before him with shining eyes and thinking about her.

Vasily Lukich roused him. 'Your Papa is coming!'

Serezha jumped up, approached his father, kissed his hand, and looked at him attentively, trying to find some sign of his joy at receiving the Order of Alexander Nevsky.

'Have you had a nice walk?' asked Karenin, as he sat down in his arm-chair, drew toward him an Old Testament and opened it. Although Karenin had more than once told Serezha that every Christian ought to be well acquainted with Bible history, he often in Old Testament history had to consult the book, and Serezha noticed this.

'Yes, Papa, it was very amusing,' answered Serezha, sitting down sideways on his chair and beginning to rock it, which was forbidden. 'I met Nadenka' (Nadenka was Lydia Ivanovna's niece, who was being educated at her aunt's house). 'She told me you had received another Order, a new one. Are you glad, Papa?'

'First of all, don't rock your chair,' said Karenin. 'Secondly, it's not the reward but the work that is precious. I wish you understood that. You see, if you take pains and learn in order to get a reward, the work will seem hard; but when you work' (Karenin said this remembering how he had sustained himself that morning by a sense of duty in the dull task of signing a hundred and eighteen papers)—'if you love your work, you will find your reward in that.'

Serezha's eyes, that had been shining with affection and joy, grew dull and drooped under his father's gaze. It was the same long-familiar tone in which his father always addressed him, and to which Serezha had already learnt to adapt himself. His father always talked to him, Serezha felt, as if he were some imaginary boy out of a book, quite unlike Serezha; and with his father he always tried to pretend to be that boy out of a book.

'You understand me, I hope,' said the father.

'Yes, Papa,' answered the boy, pretending to be that imaginary boy.

The lesson consisted in learning by heart some verses from the Gospels and repeating the beginning of the Old Testament. Serezha knew the Gospel verses pretty well, but whilst saying them he became so absorbed in the contemplation of a bone in his father's forehead, which turned very sharply above the temple, that he became confused and put the end of one verse where the same word occurred after the beginning of another. It was evident to Karenin that the boy did not understand what he was saying, and this irritated him.

He frowned and began an explanation that Serezha had heard many times already, and could never remember because he understood it too clearly; just as he could not remember that the word *suddenly* was an *attribute of the manner of action*. Serezha looked at his father with scared eyes, and could only think of whether his father would make him repeat what he had just said, as he sometimes did. This thought frightened him so much that he no longer understood anything at all. However, his father did not make him repeat it, but went on to the lesson from the Old Testament. Serezha related the events themselves quite well, but when he had to answer questions as to what some of the events symbolized, he knew nothing about it, though he had been punished before for not knowing this lesson. The part, however, about which he could not say anything at all but only floundered, cut the table, and rocked his chair, was that about the antediluvian patriarchs. He did not know any of them except Enoch, who was taken up to Heaven alive. Previously he had remembered the others' names, but now he had quite forgotten them, chiefly because Enoch was his favourite in the whole Old Testament, and attached to Enoch's being taken up to Heaven there was a long string of thought in his head, which now occupied his mind while he looked fixedly at his father's watch-chain and at a half-unfastened button of his waistcoat.

He did not in the least believe in death, which was so often mentioned to him. He did not believe that people he loved could die, nor above all that he himself would die. That seemed to him quite impossible and

incomprehensible. But he was told that everybody would die; he had even asked people whom he trusted and they all confirmed it; his nurse too said so, though reluctantly. But Enoch had not died, so not everybody died, 'and why should not anybody deserve the same in God's sight, and be taken up to Heaven alive?' thought Serezha. Bad people, that is to say those he did not like, might die; but the good ones might all be like Enoch.

'Well, who were the patriarchs?'

'Enoch, Enos . . .'

'But you have already mentioned them. This is bad, Serezha, very bad! If you do not take pains to know what is most necessary for a Christian, then what can interest you? I am displeased with you, and Peter Ignatyeh'—this was the chief educationalist—'is also displeased with you. . . . I shall have to punish you.'

His father and the educationalist were both displeased with Serezha, and he really learnt badly. Yet it could not at all be said that he was an incapable boy. On the contrary he was far more capable than the boys whom the educationalist set before him as models. His father from his point of view considered that the boy did not try to learn what he was being taught. As a matter of fact, he could not learn it. He could not, because there were more urgent demands on his soul than those put forward by his father and the educationalist. The two kinds of demands were opposed, and he was in direct conflict with his instructors. He was nine years old and quite a child, but he knew his soul, it was dear to him, and he guarded it as the eyelid guards the eye, and never let anyone enter his heart without the key of love. His instructors complained that he would not learn, yet his soul was overflowing with longing for knowledge. So he learnt, from Kapitovich, from his nurse, from Nadenka, and from Vasily Lukich, but not from his teachers. The water which his fathers and the educationalists expected would turn their mill-wheels had long since leaked out and was working somewhere else.

His father punished Serezha by not letting him go to see Lydia Ivanovna's niece Nadenka, but this punishment turned out luckily for Serezha. Vasily Lukich

was in good spirits and showed him how to make windmills. He spent all the evening working, and dreaming how a windmill could be made on which one could ride, either by seizing one of the sails or by tying oneself to it and spinning round. He did not think about his mother all the evening; but when in bed he suddenly remembered her, and prayed in his own words that to-morrow, on his birthday, she should stop hiding herself and should come to him.

‘Vasily Lukich! Do you know for what I have been praying extra?’

‘To learn better?’

‘No.’

‘For toys?’

‘No. You will never guess! It’s lovely, but a secret! When it comes true, I will tell you. You have not guessed.’

‘No, I can’t guess. You’d better tell me,’ said Vasily Lukich, smiling, which he rarely did. ‘Well, lie down, and I’ll put out the candle.’

‘But I can see better without a candle what I have been praying for! There, I nearly told you the secret!’ said Serezha with a merry laugh.

When the candle had been taken away he heard and felt his mother. She stood above him and caressed him with a loving look. But then windmills appeared, and a knife, and all became confused, and he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHEN Vronsky and Anna reached Petersburg they put up at one of the best hotels: Vronsky separately on the first floor, and Anna with the baby, the nurse, and a maid, upstairs in a large suite consisting of four rooms.

On the day they arrived Vronsky went to see his brother. There he met his mother, who had come from Moscow on business. His mother and his sister-in-law received him just as usual, asked him about his trip abroad and spoke of mutual acquaintances, but did not say a single word about his union with Anna. His brother, however, having come to see him next morning,

asked about her, and Alexis Vronsky told him frankly that he regarded his union with her as a marriage, that he hoped to arrange a divorce for her, and would then marry her, and that meanwhile he considered her his wife, just like any other wife, and he asked his brother to say so to their mother and to his own wife.

‘If the world does not approve of it, I don’t care,’ said Vronsky, ‘but if my relatives wish to treat me as a relation, they must adopt a similar attitude toward my wife.’

The elder brother, who had always respected his younger brother’s opinions, was not sure whether he was right or wrong, until the world had decided the point; but for his own part he had nothing against it and went up with Alexis to see Anna.

In his brother’s presence Vronsky spoke to Anna merely as to a close acquaintance, as he always did in the presence of a third party; but it was assumed that his brother knew of their relations, and they spoke of Anna’s going to Vronsky’s estate.

Despite all his experience of the world, Vronsky, in the new position in which he found himself, was making a terrible mistake. He might have been expected to understand that Society was closed to him and Anna; but some sort of vague notion got into his head that though it used to be so in olden times, yet now, when there was so much progress (without noticing it, he had become an advocate of every kind of progress), public opinion had changed and it was possible that they would be received in Society. ‘Of course they will not receive her at Court, but intimate friends can and should see things the right way,’ he thought.

It is possible to sit for some hours with one’s legs doubled up without changing one’s position if one knows there is nothing to prevent one’s doing so, but if a man knows that he must sit with his legs doubled up he will get cramp, and his legs will begin to jerk and strain in the direction in which he would like to stretch them. This was what Vronsky experienced with regard to Society. Though in the depths of his soul he knew that Society was closed to them, he tried whether it would not change and whether it would not receive them. But he very soon noticed that though the great

world was open to him personally, it was closed to Anna. As in the game of cat and mouse, the arms that were raised to allow him to get inside the circle were at once lowered to prevent Anna from entering.

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

'At last!' she exclaimed joyfully when they met. 'And Anna? I am so glad! Where are you staying? I can imagine how dreadful our Petersburg must appear to you after your delightful journey; I can picture to myself your honeymoon in Rome. And the divorce? Is it all arranged?'

He noticed that Betsy's delight cooled down when she learnt that Anna had not yet been divorced.

'They will throw stones at me, I know,' she said, 'but I shall come and see Anna. Yes, I will certainly come. You are not staying here long?'

And really she came to see Anna that same day; but her manner was very different from what it had formerly been. She was evidently proud of her boldness and wished Anna to appreciate the fidelity of her friendship. She did not stay more than ten minutes, chattering Society gossip, and as she was leaving said:

'You have not told me when you will be divorced? Of course I have kicked over the traces, but others, straight-laced people, will give you the cold shoulder until you get married. And it is so simple nowadays! *Ça se fait*.¹ So you are leaving on Friday? I am sorry we shan't see one another again!'

From Betsy's tone Vronsky might have realized what he had to expect from Society, but he made another attempt with his relations. Of his mother he had no hopes. He knew that his mother, who had been so delighted with Anna when she first made her acquaintance, was now merciless toward her for having caused the ruin of her son's career. But he placed great hopes on Varya, his brother's wife. She, he thought, would cast no stones, but would simply and resolutely go and see Anna and receive her at her own house.

The day after his arrival Vronsky called on her, and having found her alone, expressed his wish.

¹ It is a thing that is done.

'You know how fond I am of you, Alexis,' she replied when she had heard him out, 'and how ready I am to do anything for you; but I have kept silent because I knew I could be of no use to you and Anna Arkadyevna.' She pronounced the formal 'Anna Arkadyevna' with peculiar precision. 'Please don't think I am condemning you. Not at all! Perhaps in her place I should have done the same. I do not and cannot enter into details,' she added, looking timidly into his gloomy face. 'But we must call things by their real names. You wish me to go and see her and to receive her, and so rehabilitate her in Society; but please understand that I *cannot* do it! I have daughters growing up, and I must move in Society, for my husband's sake. Suppose I go to see Anna Arkadyevna; she will understand that I cannot ask her to my house, or must do it in such a way that she does not meet those who see things differently. That would offend her. I am not able to raise her . . .'

'But I don't consider that she has fallen lower than hundreds of people whom you do receive!' said Vronsky still more gloomily, and rose in silence, having understood that his sister-in-law's determination was final.

'Alexis, don't be angry with me! Please understand that it is not my fault,' said Varya, looking at him with a timid smile.

'I am not angry with you,' he said just as gloomily, 'but I am doubly pained. I am pained too because this breaks our friendship. No, not breaks it, but weakens it. You understand that for me too there can be no other course!'

With those words he left her.

Vronsky understood that it was vain to make any further attempts and that they would have to spend those few days in Petersburg as in a strange town, avoiding contact with their former world in order not to lay themselves open to unpleasantnesses and insults which were so painful to him. One of the most disagreeable features of his position in Petersburg was that Karenin seemed to be everywhere and his name in every mouth. It was impossible to start any conversation without its turning upon Karenin, impossible to go anywhere without meeting him. So at least it seemed to Vronsky, as a man with a sore finger feels that he is continually

knocking that finger against everything as if on purpose.

The stay in Petersburg seemed to him still more trying because he noticed all the time in Anna a new and to him incomprehensible mood. At one moment she appeared to be in love with him, and at the next would turn cold, irritable, and impenetrable. Something tormented her and she hid it from him, appearing not to notice the insults that were poisoning his life, and which should have been still more painful to her with her acuteness of perception.

CHAPTER XXIX

ONE of Anna's reasons for returning to Russia was to see her son. From the day she left Italy the thought of that meeting did not cease to agitate her. The nearer they came to Petersburg the greater its joy and importance appeared. She did not ask herself how she should contrive it. It seemed to her natural and simple that she should see her son when she was in the same town with him. But on reaching Petersburg her present social position presented itself clearly to her, and she realized that it would be difficult to arrange the meeting.

She had been in Petersburg two days. The thought of her son did not leave her for an instant, but she had not yet seen him. She felt she had not the right to go straight to the house where she might encounter Karenin. Possibly they might even not admit her.

It was painful to her even to think of writing to and coming into contact with her husband : she could be calm only when she did not think of him. To meet her son when he was out for a walk, after finding out when and where he went, was not enough : she had been preparing herself so for that meeting, had so much to say to him, and so much wanted to embrace and kiss him ! Serezha's old nurse might have helped and advised her, but she was no longer in Karenin's household. In this uncertainty, and in searching for the old nurse, two days had gone by.

Having heard about Karenin's intimate friendship

with the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, Anna on the third day resolved to write her a letter, which cost her much effort, and in which she intentionally mentioned that permission to see her son must depend on her husband's magnanimity. She knew that if that letter were shown to him he, continuing his magnanimous rôle, would not refuse her request.

The commissioner who delivered her letter brought back the most cruel and unexpected reply: that there would be no answer! Never had she felt so humiliated as when, having called in the commissioner, she heard from him the full account of how he had waited and had then been told that there would be no answer. Anna felt herself humiliated and wounded, but she saw that the Countess Lydia Ivanovna was right from her own point of view. Her grief was the more poignant because she had to bear it alone. She could not share it with Vronsky and did not wish to. She knew that, though he was the chief cause of her misery, the question of her seeing her son would seem to him quite unimportant. She knew he would never be able to appreciate the depth of her anguish, and that his coldness if the matter were mentioned would make her hate him. And she feared that, more than anything else in the world, and therefore hid from him everything concerning her son.

Having spent all that day at the hotel considering how she might see her son, she resolved to write to her husband. She had already composed the letter when she received Lydia Ivanovna's reply. The Countess's silence had made her feel humble, but the letter and what she read between its lines so irritated her, its malevolence seemed so revolting when compared with her passionate and legitimate love for her son, that she became indignant with others and ceased to blame herself.

'That coldness, that pretence of feeling!' she said to herself. 'They want to wound me and torture the child, and shall I submit to them? Not on any account! She is worse than I. Anyhow, I don't lie!' And there and then she resolved that next day, Serezha's birthday, she would go straight to her husband's house, and would bribe the servants or deceive them, but would at any cost see her son and destroy that monstrous

falschood with which they surrounded the unfortunate child.

She drove to a toyshop, purchased a lot of toys, and devised a plan of action. She would go early in the morning, at about eight, when Karenin would certainly not be up. She would have ready in her hand some money to give to the hall-porter and the footman, in order that they should let her in. Without raising her veil she would say she had been sent by Serezha's godfather to wish him many happy returns of the day and that she was to put the toys by his bedside. The only thing she did not prepare was what she would say to her son. Much as she thought about that she could not prepare the words.

Next morning Anna went alone, and at eight o'clock got out of the hired carriage and rang the bell at the front door of the house which used to be her home.

'Go and see what it is. It's some lady,' said Kapitonich, who was not yet dressed, and in overcoat and goloshes peeped from the window at the veiled lady standing close to the door. His assistant, a lad whom Anna did not know, had hardly opened the door when she entered, and taking a three-rouble note from her muff hastily thrust it into his hand.

'Serezha . . . Sergey Alexeyich!' she said, and walked on. After examining the note the porter's assistant stopped her at the inner glass door.

'Whom do you want?' he asked.

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

Noticing the stranger's confusion, Kapitonich himself came out, admitted her, and inquired what she wanted.

'I come from Prince Skorodumov to see Sergey Alexeyich,' said she.

'He is not up yet,' said the hall-porter, carefully scrutinizing her face.

Anna had not foreseen at all that the totally unaltered appearance of the hall of the house where she had lived for nine years would so deeply affect her. One memory after another, both joyful and painful, rose in her mind, and for a moment she forgot why she had come.

'Would you like to wait?' said Kapitonich, helping her off with her cloak.

Having done so he glanced again at her face and, recognizing her, silently bowed low.

'Come in, Your Excellency,' he said.

She wished to speak, but her voice refused to utter a sound; with a look of guilty entreaty at the old man she went with light steps up the stairs. Bending forward and catching the steps with his goloshes, Kapitonich ran after her, trying to overtake her.

'The tutor may be there and not yet dressed. I will announce you.'

Anna continued to ascend the familiar steps without understanding what the old man was saying.

'This way, please! To the left! Please excuse its not being quite clean. He has been moved to the old sitting-room now,' said the hall-porter, panting. 'Allow me! Please wait a little, Your Excellency. I'll just look in,' he said, having overtaken her. He opened a big door and vanished behind it. Anna paused and waited. 'He's only just woke up,' said the porter when he came out again.

Just as he spoke Anna heard the sounds of a child yawning; she recognized her son by the sound of the yawn and pictured him vividly before her.

'Let me in, let me in!' she cried, and entered at the big door. To the right of the door stood a bed on which sat the boy, his nightshirt unbuttoned, bending his little body backward, stretching himself and finishing his yawn. At the moment when his lips were closing they extended into a blissful sleepy smile, and with that smile he again fell slowly and sweetly backwards.

'Serezha!' she whispered, drawing nearer with inaudible steps.

During the time they had been parted and under the influence of that gush of love which she had felt for him of late she had always imagined him as a little fellow of four, the age when she had loved him best. Now he was not even as she had left him; he was still further removed from the four-year-old child; he had grown still more and had got thinner. What did it mean? How thin his face was! How short his hair! How long his arms! How changed since she had left him! But still it was he: the slope of the head was his, the lips were his, the soft neck and the broad shoulders.

‘Serezhka!’ she repeated, just above the child’s ear.

He raised himself again on his elbow, moved his tousled head from side to side as if seeking for something, and opened his eyes. Silently and questioningly he gazed for a few moments at his mother, who stood motionless before him; then suddenly smiling blissfully, he closed his heavy eyelids and fell once more, not backwards, but forwards into her arms.

‘Serezhka, my dear little boy!’ she uttered, catching her breath and embracing his plump little body.

‘Mama!’ he muttered, wriggling about in her arms so as to touch them with different parts of his body.

Sleepily smiling with closed eyes, he moved his plump hands from the back of his bed to her shoulders, leaning against her and enveloping her in that sweet scent of sleepiness and warmth which only children possess, and began rubbing himself against her neck and shoulder.

‘I knew!’ he said, opening his eyes. ‘To-day is my birthday. I knew you would come! I’ll get up directly . . .’

While saying this he was again falling asleep.

Anna watched him with greedy eyes. She noticed how he had grown and changed during her absence. She recognized and yet did not quite recognize his bare legs, now so big, which he had freed from the blanket, and his cheeks, now grown thinner, and the short locks of hair at the back of his head, where she had so often kissed him. She touched it all, and could not speak: tears were choking her.

‘What are you crying about, Mama?’ he asked, now quite awake. ‘Mama, what are you crying about?’ he exclaimed in a fretful voice.

‘I won’t cry . . . I am crying for joy! It is so long since I saw you. I won’t, I won’t,’ she said, swallowing her tears and turning away. ‘But it’s time for you to get dressed,’ she said after a pause when she had recovered; and without releasing his hands she sat down by his bed on a chair on which his clothes were lying ready.

‘How do you dress without me? How do you . . .’ She tried to speak simply and cheerfully, but could not, and turned away again.

‘I don’t wash with cold water. Papa says I mustn’t.

You have not seen Vasily Lukich? He will come presently. And you are sitting on my clothes!’

And Serezha burst out laughing. She looked at him and smiled.

‘Mama! Dearest, darling!’ he shouted, again throwing himself upon her, and embracing her, as if he only now, having seen her smile, clearly realized what had happened.

‘You don’t want that,’ he said, taking off her bonnet; and on seeing her without it, he began kissing her again as though he had only just seen her.

‘Well, and what did you think about me? You did not think I was dead?’

‘I never believed it!’

‘You didn’t believe it, my darling?’

‘I knew! I knew!’ he cried, repeating his favourite phrase, and seizing her hand, which was caressing his hair, he pressed her palm to his mouth, covering it with kisses.

CHAPTER XXX

MEANWHILE Vasily Lukich, who had not at first understood who the lady was, having realized from what he heard that she was the mother who had left her husband and whom he, having come to the house only after she had left it, had never seen, hesitated whether to go in or not, or whether to tell Karenin. Having at last concluded that his duty was to get Serezha up at the appointed time, and that therefore he need not consider who was sitting there—the boy’s mother or anyone else—but that he must do his duty, he dressed, went up to the door, and opened it.

But the caresses of the mother and son, the sound of their voices and what they were saying, made him change his mind.

He shook his head, sighed, and closed the door again. ‘I will wait another ten minutes,’ he said to himself, coughing and wiping away his tears.

Meanwhile among the servants there was great commotion. They all knew that the mistress had come, that Kapitonich had admitted her, and that she was

now in the nursery. But the master always went to the nursery before nine, and they all understood that a meeting between him and his wife was inconceivable and must be prevented. Korney, the valet, went down into the hall-porter's room to inquire who had let her in, and hearing that it was Kapitonich who had done so, he reprimanded the old man. The hall-porter remained obstinately silent; but when the valet said he 'ought to get the sack,' Kapitonich rushed at Korney and, flourishing his hands about before Korney's face, began to speak out:

'Yes, I daresay you would not have let her in! I've been in service here ten years, and have had nothing but kindness: you had better go up and tell her, "You be off, please!" You're an artful one, you are! You'd better look after yourself and how to fleece the master of fur coats!'

'Soldier!' said Korney, contemptuously, and turned to the nurse who had just entered. 'Now, judge for yourself, Mary Efimovna,' he said to her. 'He's let her in without telling anybody; and Alexis Alexandrovich will be ready in a minute and will go to the nursery.'

'Dear! Dear! What a business!' said the nurse. 'You must detain him somehow, Korney Vasilich—the master, I mean! And I'll run and get her out of the way. What a business!'

When the nurse entered, Serezha was just telling his mother how he and Nadenka fell down together when ice-hilling, and turned three somersaults. She was listening to the sound of his voice, saw his face and the play of his features, felt his hands, but did not understand what he was saying. She must go away, must leave him—that was all she thought and felt. She heard Vasily Lukich's step as he came to the door and coughed, and then the steps of the nurse as she entered; but she sat as if turned to stone, powerless to speak or rise.

'Madam, dear!' the nurse began, coming up to Anna and kissing her hands and shoulders. 'What joy God has sent our little one on his birthday! And you have not changed at all.'

'Oh, nurse dear, I did not know you were in the house,' said Anna, rousing herself for a moment.

‘I don’t live here; I live with my daughter, and have only come to wish him many happy returns, Anna Arkadyevna, dear!’

Suddenly the nurse burst into tears and again began to kiss Anna’s hand.

Serezha, with bright eyes and beaming smile, holding his mother with one hand and his nurse with the other, jumped with his plump bare feet on to the carpet. The tenderness of his beloved nurse for his mother sent him into raptures.

‘Mama! She often comes to see me, and when she comes . . .’ he began, but stopped, noticing that his nurse was whispering something in his mother’s ear, and that a look of fear and of something like shame, that did not at all suit her face, appeared there.

She came up to him and said, ‘My darling!’

She could not say *good-bye*, but the expression of her face said it and he understood. ‘Darling, darling Kutik!’ she said, calling him by the pet name she used when he was quite little, ‘you won’t forget me? You . . .’ but she could say no more.

How many things she thought of later that she might have said! But now she did not know what to say and could not speak. But Serezha understood all she wanted to tell him. He understood that she was unhappy and that she loved him. He had even understood what the nurse had said in a whisper. He had caught the words ‘always before nine o’clock,’ and he understood that they referred to his father and that his mother and father must not meet. This he had grasped, but he could not make out why that look of fear and shame appeared on her face. . . . She could not have done wrong, and yet seemed afraid and ashamed of something. He wanted to ask a question which would clear up his doubts, but dared not; he saw that she suffered and he was sorry for her. He pressed against her in silence, and then whispered:

‘Don’t go—he is not coming yet!’

His mother moved him away from her, to see whether he really believed what he was saying; and in the frightened look on his face she saw not only that he was speaking about his father, but that he was, as it were, asking her what he ought to think of him.

‘Serezha, my darling!’ she said, ‘love him! He is better and kinder than I am, and I am to blame toward him. When you are grown up you will be able to judge.’

‘There is nobody better than you! . . .’ he cried out in desperation through his tears, and seizing her by her shoulders he hugged her with all his might, his arms trembling with the effort.

‘Darling little one!’ said Anna, and began to cry in the same weak and childlike way as he.

At that moment the door opened and Vasily Lukich entered.

Steps were heard approaching the other door, and the nurse said in a frightened whisper, ‘Coming! . . .’ and handed Anna her bonnet.

Serezha sank down on his bed and began to sob, hiding his face in his hands. Anna moved the hands away, kissed him again on his wet face, and went rapidly out. Karenin was advancing toward her. When he saw her, he stopped and bowed his head.

Despite what she had just said,—that he was better and kinder than she was—after casting at him a rapid glance which took in his whole figure to the minutest detail, she was seized by a feeling of loathing and anger toward him and of jealousy for her son. She swiftly let down her veil and with quickened steps almost ran out of the room.

She had not had time even to unwrap the toys she had chosen with so much love and sadness the day before, and she took them back with her.

CHAPTER XXXI

GREATLY as Anna had desired to see her son, and long as she had thought of and prepared herself for the interview, she had not at all expected that it would affect her so powerfully. On returning to her lonely suite in the hotel she could not for a long time understand why she was there. ‘Yes, it is all ended and I am alone again,’ she said to herself; and without taking off her bonnet she sat down in an easy-chair by the fireplace.

With her eyes fixed on a bronze clock, standing on a table between the windows, she began pondering.

The French maid, whom she had brought from abroad, came and asked whether she would not dress. She looked at her in astonishment and replied, 'Later.' A waiter offered her coffee. 'Later,' she said.

The Italian nurse, having smartened up the baby girl, came in and held her out to Anna. The plump, well-nourished baby, as usual when she saw her mother, turned her little hands—so fat that they looked as if the wrists had threads tied tightly round them—palms downward and, smiling with her toothless mouth, began waving them as a fish moves its fins, making the starched folds of her embroidered frock rustle. It was impossible not to smile, not to kiss the little thing; impossible not to hold out a finger to her, which she caught, screaming and wriggling the whole surface of her little body; impossible not to approach one's lips to her mouth and let her draw them in, her way of kissing. And Anna did all these things. She took her in her arms, dandled her, and kissed her fresh cheek and bare elbows; but, at the sight of this child, she realized still more clearly that what she felt for her could not even be called love in comparison with her feeling for Serezha. Everything about this baby was sweet, but for some reason she did not grip the heart. Upon the first child, though by an unloved man, all Anna's unsatisfied capacity for loving was lavished; but the girl was born under most trying conditions and had not received a hundredth part of the care given to the first child. Besides, everything about the baby was still prospective, while Serezha was already an individual and a beloved one; thoughts and feelings were already struggling in his mind; he understood and loved and judged her, she thought, recalling his words and looks. And from him she was for ever sundered, not only physically but spiritually, and there was no remedy for it.

She returned the baby to its nurse, sent them away, and opened a locket with Serezha's portrait as a baby about the same age as the little girl. Rising, she removed her bonnet and took from the table an album in which were photographs of her son at different ages. She wanted to compare these likenesses and began drawing

them out of the album. She took them all out but one, the last and best of the photographs. He was there in a white shirt, astride a chair, his brows frowning while his mouth smiled. This was his most characteristic and best expression. She caught hold of a corner of this photo several times with her deft little hand, the slender white fingers of which moved with special strenuousness that day, but each time they slipped and she could not get the picture out. There was no knife on the table, and she drew out the photo next to it (one, taken in Rome, of Vronsky with long hair and wearing a round hat), and with it pushed out her son's photo. 'Yes, there he is!' she said with a glance at Vronsky's likeness, and suddenly remembered that he was the cause of her present grief. She had not called him to mind all that morning; but now, having caught sight of that manly, noble face, so familiar and dear to her, she felt an unexpected flow of love toward him.

'But where is he? How can he leave me alone in my anguish?' she suddenly thought with a sense of reproach, forgetting that she herself had hidden from him all that concerned her son. She sent to ask him to come up to her at once. She awaited him, thinking with a sinking heart of the words in which she would tell him everything and of the expressions of his love which would comfort her. The servant returned with the reply that he had a visitor, but would come up at once, and wished to know whether he might bring with him Prince Yashvin, who had just arrived in Petersburg. 'So he won't come alone,' she thought, 'he won't come so that I can tell him everything, but will bring Yashvin. . . .' And suddenly a strange idea crossed her mind: what if he had ceased to love her?

Going over in her mind the events of the last few days, she thought she perceived in everything a confirmation of that dreadful thought: in the fact that he had not dined at home the day before, and that he had insisted on having separate apartments while in Petersburg, and that even now he was not coming alone, perhaps to avoid a *tête-à-tête* with her.

'But he must tell me. I must know it! If I know it, then I know what I shall do,' she told herself, power-

less to imagine the position she would find herself in when she was convinced of his indifference. She imagined that he had ceased to love her, and she was almost in despair: which roused in her a feeling of peculiar excitement. She rang for her maid, and going into the dressing-room paid more attention to her toilet than she had done all these days, as if, having ceased to love her, his love might be recalled by her wearing the dress and having her hair done in the style most becoming to her.

She heard the bell before she was ready. When she entered the drawing-room not his eyes but Yashvin's met hers. Vronsky was examining her son's photos, which she had forgotten on the table, and did not hurry to look at her.

'We are acquainted,' she said, placing her little hand in the enormous hand of the embarrassed Yashvin, whose confusion did not seem to accord with his huge figure and rough face. 'We have been acquainted since last year's races. . . . Let me have them,' she added, with a rapid movement taking from Vronsky the photos he was looking at, and glancing at him impressively with glistening eyes. 'Were the races good this year? I saw the races on the Corso in Rome instead! But of course you don't care for life abroad,' she went on with a pleasant smile. 'I know you and know all your tastes, though we have met so seldom.'

'I am very sorry to hear it, for my tastes are mostly bad,' said Yashvin, biting the left side of his moustache.

After a short talk, noticing that Vronsky looked at the clock, Yashvin asked her whether she would be staying long in Petersburg, and straightening his immense body picked up his cap.

'Not long, I think,' she replied with embarrassment, glancing at Vronsky.

'Then we shall not meet again?' said Yashvin, rising; and then turning to Vronsky he asked, 'Where are you dining?'

'Come and dine with me,' said Anna resolutely, as if vexed with herself for her embarrassment, yet blushing as she always did when she revealed her position to a fresh person. 'The dinners here are not good, but at any rate you will see one another. Of all his regimental friends Alexis liked you best.'

'I shall be very pleased,' said Yashvin, with a smile which showed Vronsky that he liked Anna very much.

Yashvin bowed and went out. Vronsky remained behind.

'You are going too?' she asked.

'I am late as it is,' he answered. 'Go on! I shall catch you up in a minute!' he shouted to Yashvin.

She took his hand and looked fixedly at him, trying to think of something to say to prevent his leaving her.

'Wait—I have something to tell you,' she said, and raising his short hand she pressed it to her neck. 'Was it wrong of me to ask him to dinner?'

'You have done very well,' he replied, showing his compact row of teeth in a calm smile, and kissing her hand.

'Alexis, you have not changed toward me?' she asked, squeezing his hand in both hers. 'Alexis, I am in torment here! When are we going?'

'Soon, very soon! You would hardly believe how trying our life here is to me too,' he said, drawing away his hand.

'Well, then go! Go!' she said in an offended tone, and quickly left him.

CHAPTER XXXII

WHEN Vronsky returned Anna had not yet come home. He was told that, soon after he left, a lady came to see her and they went away together. Her departure without mentioning where she was going, her prolonged absence, and the fact that she had been away somewhere in the morning without telling him about it, added to her strangely excited look that morning, and the animosity with which in Yashvin's presence she had almost snatched her son's photographs out of his hands, made Vronsky reflect. He decided that it was necessary to have an explanation with her, and he waited for her in the drawing-room. But Anna did not return alone; she brought with her her old maiden aunt, Princess Oblonskaya. She it was who had been to see

Anna that morning, and they had been shopping together. Anna seemed not to notice the worried look of inquiry on Vronsky's face, but chattered gaily about what she had been buying. He saw that something unusual was taking place within her: her eyes glittered with an expression of strained attention when her look rested on him, and in her speech and motions there was that nervous quickness and grace which, during the first period of their intimacy, had so captivated him, but which now troubled and alarmed him.

The table was laid for four. They were all assembled and about to enter the little dining-room, when Tushkevich arrived with a message for Anna from the Princess Betsy. The Princess asked to be excused for not coming to say good-bye; she was not well, but asked Anna to come and see her between half-past six and nine. Vronsky glanced at Anna when that definite time was mentioned, which showed that care had been taken to prevent her meeting anyone there; but Anna did not seem to observe it.

'I'm sorry that between half-past six and nine is just the time when I cannot come,' she replied with a faint smile.

'The Princess will be very sorry.'

'And I too.'

'I expect you are going to hear Patti?' asked Tuskevich.

'Patti? That's an idea! I would go if I could get a box.'

'I could get you one,' said Tushkevich.

'I should be very, very grateful if you would!' replied Anna. 'But won't you stay and dine with us?'

Vronsky slightly shrugged his shoulders. He could not in the least understand what Anna was after. Why had she brought the old Princess, why had she asked Tushkevich to stay to dinner, and, strangest of all, why was she sending him to get her a box for the opera? Was it conceivable that, in her position, she was going to the opera when Patti was to sing, and when all the subscribers, her Society acquaintances, would be present? He looked seriously at her, but she answered him with the same provocative glance of high spirits or despera-

tion, the meaning of which he could not make out. At dinner Anna was aggressively merry, seeming to flirt with both Tushkevich and Yashvin. After dinner Tushkevich went to get a box and Yashvin to have a smoke. Vronsky went with Yashvin down to his own rooms, but after sitting with him a while, ran upstairs again. Anna was already dressed in a light silk dress cut low in front and trimmed with velvet—a dress she had had made in Paris; and on her head she wore some rich, white lace, which outlined her face and set off her brilliant beauty to great advantage.

‘You are really going to the theatre?’ said he, trying not to look at her.

‘Why do you ask in such a frightened way?’ she said, again offended because he did not look at her. ‘Why should I not go?’

She appeared not to grasp the meaning of her words.

‘Of course there is no reason whatever,’ he replied with a frown.

‘That’s just what I say,’ she answered, purposely ignoring the sarcasm of his tone and calmly pulling up her long perfumed glove.

‘Anna! For heaven’s sake, what has come to you?’ he said, trying to recall her to her senses, as her husband once used to do.

‘I don’t understand your question.’

‘You know it is out of the question for you to go.’

‘Why? I am not going alone! The Princess Barbara has gone to dress, and is coming with me.’

He shrugged his shoulders with a bewildered and despairing look.

‘But don’t you know . . . ?’ he began.

‘I don’t want to know!’ she almost screamed. ‘I don’t! Do I repent of what I have done? No! No! No! If it had to begin again from the beginning I should do just the same. For us, for you and me, only one thing is important: whether we love each other. No other considerations exist. Why do we live here, separated and not seeing one another? Why can’t I go? I love you, and it’s all the same to me,’ she said, changing from French into Russian, while her eyes as she looked at him glittered with a light he could not

understand, 'so long as you have not changed toward me! Why don't you look at me?'

He looked at her. He saw all the beauty of her face and of her dress, which suited her as her dresses always did. But now it was just this beauty and elegance that irritated him.

'My feelings cannot change, you know that; but I beg you not to go! I entreat you!' he said, again speaking French with tender entreaty in his voice but with a cold look in his eyes.

She did not hear his words, but saw the coldness of his look, and replied irritably:

'And I beg you will explain why I should not go.'

'Because it might cause you . . . ' He became confused.

'I don't understand you at all! Yashvin *n'est pas compromettant*,¹ and Princess Barbara is no worse than other people. Ah, here she is!'

CHAPTER XXXIII

VRONSKY for the first time felt vexed and almost angry with Anna for her unwillingness to realize her position. This feeling was strengthened by the fact that he could not tell her the reason of his vexation. Had he told her frankly what he thought he could have said:

'To appear dressed as you are at the theatre, accompanied by the Princess, whom everybody knows, means not only to acknowledge your position as a fallen woman, but to throw down a challenge to Society—which means, to renounce it for ever.'

But he could not say this to her. 'But how can she fail to understand it? And what is happening to her?' he asked himself. He felt that his regard for her had diminished and his consciousness of her beauty increased simultaneously.

He went down frowning to his rooms, and taking a seat beside Yashvin, who sat with his long legs stretched out on a chair drinking brandy and seltzer, ordered the same for himself.

¹ Yashvin's society is not compromising.

'You were talking about Lankovsky's Powerful. He is a good horse, and I advise you to buy him,' said Yashvin, glancing at his comrade's gloomy countenance. 'It's true he has a goose rump, but his legs and head leave nothing to be desired.'

'I think I'll take him,' replied Vronsky.

This conversation about horses interested him, but he never forgot Anna, and involuntarily listened to the steps in the corridor and glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece.

'Anna Arkadyevna sent me to say that she has gone to the theatre,' said a servant.

Yashvin emptied another glass of brandy into the sparkling water, drank it, and then rose, buttoning his coat.

'Well, let us go,' he said, smiling slightly under cover of his big moustache, and showing by that smile that he understood the cause of Vronsky's depression, but did not attach importance to it.

'I'm not going,' said Vronsky dismally.

'Well, I have got to, I promised. Then *au revoir!* But why not come to the stalls? Take Krasinsky's place,' Yashvin added as he went out.

'No, I have something to do.'

'With a wife one has trouble, but with one who is not a wife it's worse,' thought Yashvin as he left the hotel.

Left alone, Vronsky got up and began pacing the room.

'What is on to-day? The fourth *abonnement*. . . . Alexander will be there with his wife, and probably Mother also. That's to say, all Petersburg will be there. . . . Now she has gone in, taken off her cloak and come forward into the light. Tushkevich, Yashvin, the Princess Barbara . . .' he pictured them to himself. 'And what of me? Am I afraid, or have I put her under Tushkevich's protection? Whichever way one looks at it, it's a stupid position. . . . Why does she put me in such a position?' he said with a wave of his arm.

As he made this gesture he struck the little table on which the seltzer and a decanter of brandy were standing and almost knocked it over. In trying to save it from

falling he overturned it, and in his vexation kicked it and rang the bell.

‘If you wish to remain in my service,’ he said to the valet when the latter came in, ‘remember your duties. There must be none of this sort of thing. You must clear it away.’

The valet, conscious that he was not to blame, was about to defend himself, but, glancing at his master, saw by his face that there was nothing for it but to keep silence; so, stooping quickly, he knelt on the carpet and began sorting out the whole and broken glasses and bottles.

‘That’s not your business! Send a waiter to clear it up, and get out my dress suit!’

Vronsky entered the theatre at half-past eight. The performance was in full swing. The attendant, an old man, helped him off with his overcoat, recognized him, and, addressing him as ‘Your Excellency,’ suggested that he need not take a ticket for his coat, but should merely call for ‘Theodore’ when he wanted it. There was nobody in the brightly illuminated corridor except the attendant and two footmen, who, with their masters’ coats over their arms, stood listening outside a door. Through a door slightly ajar came the sounds of a muffled staccato accompaniment by the orchestra and of a female voice rendering a musical phrase with precision. The door opened to let an attendant slip through, and the nearly completed phrase struck Vronsky’s ears distinctly. The door was closed immediately and he did not hear the end of the phrase nor the trill after it, but knew from the thunder of applause behind the door that the trill was finished. When he entered the auditorium, brilliantly illuminated by chandeliers and bronze gas brackets, the noise still continued. On the stage the singer, in a glitter of bare shoulders and diamonds, was bowing low and smiling as she picked up with the help of the tenor—who held her hand—bouquets that had been clumsily flung across the footlights; she went up to a gentleman, with hair shiny with pomatum and parted in the middle, who was stretching his long arms across the footlights to hand her something—and the

whole audience in the stalls and in the boxes stirred, leaned forward, shouted and applauded. The conductor from his raised seat helped to pass the bouquets, and rearranged his white tie. Vronsky went to the middle of the floor, then stopped and looked around him. To-day he paid less attention than ever to the familiar surroundings: the stage, the noise, and all that well-known, uninteresting, motley herd of audience in the packed theatre.

In the boxes sat the same kind of ladies with the same kind of officers behind them as usual; the same kind of people, heaven only knew who; the same gaily-dressed women, uniforms, frock coats; the same dirty crowd in the gallery; and in the whole of that throng, in the boxes and front seats, some forty *real* men and women. To these oases Vronsky at once turned his attention and immediately got into touch with them.

The act had just finished when he came in, so before going to his brother's box he went up to the front row and paused beside Serpukhovskoy, who was standing with his knee bent, tapping the wall of the orchestra with his heel. He had noticed Vronsky afar off and welcomed him with a smile.

Vronsky had not yet seen Anna, he intentionally avoided looking her way; but from the direction in which people were looking he knew where she was. He glanced around unobtrusively, but did not look at her: prepared for the worst, he looked for Karenin. Luckily for him, Karenin was not in the theatre that evening.

'How little of the military man is left in you!' remarked Serpukhovskoy. 'You might be a diplomatist, an artist, or anything of that kind.'

'Yes, as soon as I returned home I put on a black coat,' Vronsky replied with a smile, slowly taking out his opera-glasses.

'Now in that, I confess, I envy you! I, when I come back from abroad and put this on again, regret my freedom,' he said, touching his shoulder-knot.

Serpukhovskoy had long ago ceased to trouble himself about Vronsky's career, but was as fond of him as ever and was particularly amiable to him now.

‘ A pity you were late for the first act ! ’

Vronsky, listening with one ear, levelled his glasses first at the lower tier and then at the boxes in the dress circle, taking them all in review. Next to a lady wearing a turban, and a bald old man who blinked angrily just as Vronsky’s moving glass reached him, he suddenly saw Anna’s proud head, strikingly beautiful, and smiling in its frame of lace. She was in the fifth box in the lower tier, some twenty paces from him. She sat in the front of the box and, slightly turning back, was saying something to Yashvin. The poise of her head on her fine broad shoulders, and the gleam of restrained excitement in her eyes and her whole face, reminded him precisely of how he had seen her at the ball in Moscow. But her beauty affected him very differently now. There was no longer anything mysterious in his feelings for her, and therefore though her beauty attracted him even more strongly, it also offended him. She was not looking his way, but he felt that she had already seen him.

When Vronsky directed his glasses that way again he noticed that the Princess Barbara was very red, and that she was laughing unnaturally and looking round incessantly at the next box, while Anna, tapping with her closed fan the red-velvet edge of the box, was gazing fixedly somewhere else, not seeing, and evidently not wishing to see, what was taking place in the next box. Yashvin’s face wore the expression it had when he was losing at cards. He was frowning and drawing the left side of his moustache further and further into his mouth, looking askance at the adjoining box.

In that box to the left were the Kartasovs. Vronsky knew them and knew that Anna had been acquainted with them. The wife, a thin little woman, was standing up in her box with her back to Anna, putting on an opera-cloak which her husband was holding for her. Her face looked pale and angry and she was speaking excitedly. Kartasov, a stout bald-headed man, kept glancing round at Anna while trying to pacify his wife. When the wife left the box the husband loitered behind, trying to catch Anna’s eye and evidently wishing to bow to her. But Anna, with obvious intention, took no notice of him and, turning round, was saying some-

thing to Yashvin, whose cropped head was bent toward her. Kartasov went out without bowing and the box remained empty.

Vronsky could not make out what had taken place between the Kartasovs and Anna, but he saw that it was something humiliating for Anna. He realized that from what he had seen, and especially from Anna's face, who, he knew, was summoning her utmost strength to sustain the rôle she had undertaken. She fully succeeded in playing that rôle—of external tranquillity. Those who did not know her and her set, and heard none of the expressions of pity, indignation, or surprise uttered by the women because she had allowed herself to appear in public and to show herself so ostentatiously in her lace headdress and in all her beauty, admired the composure and loveliness of the woman, and did not suspect that she felt as though pilloried.

Knowing that something had happened, but not knowing just what, Vronsky felt painfully agitated, and, hoping to find out something, set out for his brother's box. Intentionally leaving the auditorium at the opposite side to where Anna was, he encountered the Commander of his old regiment, who stood talking to two acquaintances. Vronsky heard them mention the name of Karenin, and noticed how the Commander hastened to call him loudly by name, with a significant glance at the others.

'Ah, Vronsky! When are you coming to see us at the regiment? We can't let you go away without a feast. You are one of our very own!' said the Commander.

'I shall not have time . . . I'm very sorry! Some other time,' said Vronsky, and ran up the stairs to his brother's box.

In the box was Vronsky's mother, the old Countess, with her iron-grey curls. Varya and the Princess Sorokina he met in the corridor outside.

Having conducted the Princess Sorokina back to Vronsky's mother, Varya held out her hand to her brother-in-law and at once began to talk of the matter that interested him. He had rarely seen her so excited.

'I consider it mean and disgusting, and Madame

Kartasova had no right to do it! Madame Karenina . . .’ she began.

‘But what is it? I don’t know.’

‘Haven’t you heard?’

‘You know I shall be the last to hear of it!’

‘Is there a creature more venomous than that Kartasova?’

‘But what has she done?’

‘My husband told me. . . . She insulted Madame Karenina. Her husband began conversing with her from his box, and Kartasova flew at him! It seems she said something insulting out loud, and then went out.’

‘Count, your *maman* wants you,’ said the Princess Sorokina, looking out of the box door.

‘I have been expecting you all the time,’ said his mother with a sarcastic smile. ‘I never see anything of you.’

Her son saw that she could not repress a smile of satisfaction.

‘Good evening, *maman*! I was coming to you,’ he replied coldly.

‘Why don’t you go *faire la cour* à ¹ Madame Karenine?’ she added, when the Princess Sorokina had stepped aside. ‘*Elle fait sensation. On oublie la Patti pour elle!*’ ²

‘*Maman!* I asked you not to speak to me about that subject,’ he answered frowning.

‘I am saying what every one says.’

Vronsky did not reply, and after a few words addressed to the Princess Sorokina he left the box. In the doorway he met his brother.

‘Ah, Alexis!’ said his brother. ‘What a shame! That woman is a fool, that’s all. . . . I was just going to see her! Let’s go together.’

Vronsky did not listen to him. He hurried downstairs feeling that he must do something, he knew not what. He was disturbed both by vexation with Anna for placing herself and him in this false position, and by pity for her sufferings. He descended to the stalls and went straight to Anna’s box, in front of which stood Stremov talking to her.

¹ Pay court.

² She is making a sensation. They are forgetting Patti because of her.

‘There are no more tenors. *Le moule en est brisé!*’¹

Vronsky bowed to her and stopped to shake hands with Stremov.

‘I think you got here late and missed the finest *aria*,’ said Anna to him, with a mocking glance as it seemed to him.

‘I am a poor judge,’ he replied, looking severely at her.

‘Like Prince Yashvin, who considers that Patti sings too loud,’ she returned with a smile.

‘Thank you!’ she said, taking with her small gloved hand a programme Vronsky had picked up for her; and suddenly at that instant her beautiful face quivered. She rose and went to the back of the box.

Noticing that during the next act her box remained empty, Vronsky left the theatre amid cries of ‘hush’ from the audience, which had become quiet to listen to a *cavatina*. He went to his hotel.

Anna had already returned. When Vronsky entered she was still dressed as she had been at the theatre. She was sitting in the first arm-chair by the wall, fixedly gazing before her. She glanced at him and immediately resumed her former posture.

‘Anna!’ he said.

‘It’s all your fault! Your fault!’ she exclaimed with tears of despair and spite in her voice, and rose.

‘But I asked, I entreated you not to go!—I knew it would be unpleasant for you!’

‘Unpleasant!’ she cried. ‘It was awful! However long I may live I shall never forget it! She said it was a disgrace to sit near me.’

‘The words of a silly woman,’ he said. ‘But why risk it? Why provoke . . .’

‘I hate your calmness! You should not have driven me to it. If you loved me . . .’

‘Anna! Is it a question of my love? . . .’

‘Yes! If you loved me as I love you, if you suffered the anguish I do . . .’ she replied with a frightened glance at him.

He was sorry for her and yet vexed with her. He assured her of his love, because he saw that that alone

¹ The mould for them is smashed.

could pacify her now, and did not reproach her with words, though he reproached her in his heart.

And those assurances of love, which to him appeared so trivial that he felt ashamed to utter them, she drank in, and gradually became calm. Next day, fully reconciled, they left for the country.

PART VI

CHAPTER I

DOLLY and her children were spending the summer with her sister Kitty at Pokrovsk. The house on her own estate was quite dilapidated, so Levin and his wife persuaded her to spend the summer with them. Oblonsky quite approved of this arrangement. He said he greatly regretted that his duties prevented his spending the summer with his family in the country, which would have given him the greatest pleasure; and he remained in Moscow, visiting the country occasionally for a day or two at a time. Beside the Oblonskys with all their children and their governess, the Levins had other visitors—the old Princess, who considered it her duty to watch over her inexperienced daughter *in that condition*; and also Varenka, Kitty's friend from abroad, who was keeping her promise to visit her friend now that she was married. All these were relations and friends of Kitty's, and, though Levin liked them, he regretted his own—the Levin—world and order of things, which was being submerged by this influx of 'the Shcherbatsky element,' as he put it to himself. Only one of his relatives, Sergius Ivanich, visited him that summer—and he was a man of the Koznyshev type and not a Levin, so that the Levin spirit was quite overwhelmed.

In the Levin house, so long empty, there were now so many people that nearly every room was occupied, and the old Princess was obliged almost daily to count those present before sitting down to a meal. If there chanced to be thirteen, she would make a grandchild sit at the side-table. And Kitty, who conducted her household with great assiduity, had no little trouble to procure all the chickens, turkeys, and ducks, of which, with the visitors' and the children's summer appetites, very many were required.

The whole family was assembled at dinner. Dolly's children, their governess, and Varenka were planning where they should hunt for mushrooms; Koznyshev, who by his intellect and learning commanded a respect almost amounting to veneration from all the visitors, surprised every one by joining in the conversation about mushrooms.

'You must take me too! I am very fond of looking for mushrooms,' he said with a glance at Varenka. 'I consider it a very good occupation.'

'Why, certainly! We shall be very pleased,' replied Varenka with a blush. Kitty and Dolly exchanged significant looks. The intellectual and learned Koznyshev's offer to go and gather mushrooms with Varenka confirmed a suspicion that had greatly occupied Kitty's mind of late. She hastened to say something to her mother so that her glance should pass unnoticed.

After dinner Koznyshev sat down by the drawing-room window, continuing his conversation with his brother over a cup of coffee and glancing now and then at the door through which the children, who were preparing to set out on the mushroom hunt, would enter. Levin sat down on the window-sill beside his brother.

Kitty stood near her husband, evidently waiting for the end of the conversation—which did not interest her—before speaking to him.

'In many ways you have changed since your marriage, and for the better,' said Koznyshev, smiling at Kitty and apparently not much interested in his conversation with his brother; 'but you have remained true to your passion for defending the most paradoxical views.'

'Kate, it is not good for you to be standing,' said her husband, with a meaning look, moving a chair toward her.

'Ah, well! there's no time now,' added Koznyshev as the children came running in.

In advance of them all, at a sideways gallop, came Tanya in tightly pulled-up stockings, running toward Koznyshev, flourishing a basket and his hat. Having boldly approached him, her beautiful eyes beaming (eyes so like her father's), she gave him his hat and made a movement as if to put it on him, her shy and gentle smile softening the boldness of the action.

'Varenka is waiting,' she said, carefully placing his hat on his head when she saw from his smile that she had permission to do so.

Varenka, who was wearing a yellow print dress and a white kerchief on her head, stood in the doorway.

'I'm coming, Mlle Varenka,' said Koznyshev, drinking up his coffee and pocketing his handkerchief and cigar-case.

'What a darling my Varenka is, eh?' Kitty said to her husband as soon as Koznyshev had risen. She said it so that the latter could hear, with an evident desire that he should do so. 'And how handsome, how nobly handsome! . . . Varenka!' she exclaimed. 'You will be in the wood by the mill? We will drive there.'

'You quite forget your condition, Kitty,' said the old Princess, hurrying in. 'You should not shout so.'

Varenka, hearing Kitty's voice and her mother reprimanding her, came up with her light step. The quickness of Varenka's movements, the colour suffusing her animated face, all showed that something unusual was taking place within her. Kitty knew what that unusual thing was, and watched her attentively. She had now called Varenka only to give her a silent blessing for the important event which, according to Kitty, was to happen in the woods that day after dinner.

'Varenka, I shall be very happy if a certain thing comes to pass,' she whispered, kissing her.

'And are you coming with us?' Varenka, quite confused, asked Levin, pretending not to have heard what had been said to her.

'I will come, but only as far as the threshing-floor. I shall stay there.'

'Oh, why should you?' said Kitty.

'I must look at the new waggons, and count them,' said Levin. 'And where will you be?'

'On the balcony.'

CHAPTER II

ALL the women of the household were assembled on the balcony. They always liked to sit there after dinner, but to-day they had special business there. Besides the sewing of little shirts and the knitting of swaddling bands, on which they were all engaged, to-day jam was being made there in a way new to Agatha Mikhaylovna: without the addition of water to the fruit. Kitty was introducing this new way, which had been employed in her old home; but Agatha Mikhaylovna, to whom this work had formerly been entrusted, and who considered that nothing that used to be done in the Levin house could be wrong, had, despite her directions, put water to the strawberry and the wild strawberry jam, declaring it to be indispensable. She had been detected doing this, and now the raspberry jam was being made in every one's presence, as Agatha Mikhaylovna had to be convinced that without water the jam could turn out well.

Agatha Mikhaylovna, with a flushed face and aggrieved expression, her hair ruffled and her thin arms bared to the elbow, was shaking the preserving pan over the brazier with a circular movement, looking dismally at the raspberries and hoping with all her heart that they would harden and not get cooked through. The old Princess, conscious that against her, as chief adviser in the matter of jam boiling, Agatha Mikhaylovna's wrath should be directed, tried to look as if she were thinking of other things and was not interested in the raspberries. She talked of other matters, but watched the brazier out of the corner of her eye.

'I always buy dress materials for the maids myself, at the sales,' the Princess said, continuing the conversation. 'Is it not time to take the scum off, my dear?' she added, turning to Agatha Mikhaylovna. 'It is not at all necessary for you to do it yourself, besides it's hot,' she said, stopping Kitty.

'I will do it,' said Dolly, and she got up and began carefully sliding the spoon over the surface of the bubbling syrup, and now and then, to remove what had stuck to the spoon, she tapped it against a plate already covered

with the yellowish pink scum, with blood-red streaks of syrup showing beneath it. 'How they'll lick it up at tea-time!' she thought of the children, remembering how she herself, when a child, used to marvel that the grown-ups did not eat the scum—the nicest part.

'Steve says it's better to give them money,' Dolly remarked, returning to the interesting topic of what presents it was best to give to the servants, 'but . . .'

'How can one give them money!' said the Princess and Kitty with one voice. 'They value presents so!'

'Well, I for instance got our Matrena Semenovna not exactly poplin, but something of that kind, last year,' said the Princess.

'Yes, I remember she wore it on your Name day.'

'The pattern is charming—so simple and refined. I would have had one made like it myself if she hadn't had it. It is something like Varenka's, and so pretty and cheap.'

'Well, I think it is ready now,' said Dolly, dripping syrup from the spoon. 'When it begins to string, it is ready. Boil it up a little longer, Agatha Mikhaylovna.'

'Oh, these flies!' cried Agatha Mikhaylovna crossly. 'It will come out just the same.'

'Oh, how sweet he is—don't frighten him!' exclaimed Kitty unexpectedly, looking at a sparrow that had settled on the railing, turned a raspberry stalk over, and was pecking at it.

'Yes, but keep away from the brazier,' said her mother.

'*A propos de Varenka*,' said Kitty in French, which they had been talking all the time so that Agatha Mikhaylovna should not understand them. 'Do you know, Mama, I am somehow expecting it to be settled to-day! You understand what I mean. How nice it would be!'

'Dear me! What a skilful matchmaker!' teased Dolly. 'How carefully and adroitly she brings them together!'

'Come, Mama Tell me what you think about it?'

'What am I to think? He,' *he* meant Koznyshev, 'could have made the best match in Russia any time; now he is no longer so young, but all the same I am

sure many would marry him even now. . . . She is very good-natured, but he might . . . ?

'Oh, but, Mama, try and understand why nothing better could be imagined either for him or for her. First of all, she is simply charming!' expostulated Kitty, crooking one finger.

'He certainly likes her very much,' Dolly chimed in.

'Secondly, his position in the world is such that neither property nor the social position of his wife matters to him at all. He only needs a good, sweet, quiet wife.'

'Yes, one certainly can trust her,' again chimed in Dolly.

'Thirdly, she must love him; and that too is . . . In a word, it would be splendid! I expect when they come back from the wood it will all be settled. I shall see it at once by their eyes. I should be so glad! What do you think, Dolly?'

'But don't get excited; there is no need at all for you to get excited,' admonished her mother.

'But I am not excited, Mama! I think he will propose to-day.'

'Ah, how strange it is when and how a man proposes. . . . There is a sort of barrier, and suddenly down it goes,' said Dolly with a dreamy smile, recalling her past with Oblonsky.

'Mama, how did Papa propose to you?' Kitty suddenly inquired.

'There was nothing special about it—it was quite simple,' answered the Princess, but her face brightened at the memory.

'No, but how . . . ? You really loved him before you were allowed to talk to one another?'

Kitty felt a particular charm in being able now to talk with her mother as an equal about those chief events in a woman's life.

'Of course he loved me; he used to visit us in the country.'

'But how was it decided, Mama?'

'I suppose you think you discovered something new? It was just the same—it was decided by the eyes, by smiles . . .'

'How well you put it, Mama! By the eyes and by smiles, that's just it!' chimed in Dolly.

‘But what were the words he said?’

‘What words did Constantine say to you?’

‘He wrote with chalk. It was wonderful. . . . How long ago it seems!’ she replied.

And the three women meditated silently on the same subject. Kitty was the first to break the silence. She recalled the whole of the winter preceding her marriage, and her infatuation with Vronsky.

‘There’s one thing . . . that old love-affair of Varenka’s,’ she said, following the natural sequence of her thoughts. ‘I wished to tell Koznyshev somehow, to prepare him. Men, all of them, are terribly jealous of our pasts.’

‘Not all,’ said Dolly. ‘You judge by your own husband. He is still tormented by the memory of Vronsky. Eh? Am I not right?’

‘You are,’ answered Kitty, her eyes smiling dreamily.

‘But I do not know,’ interposed the Princess, defending her maternal watchfulness over her daughter, ‘what there is in your past to trouble him! That Vronsky courted you? Such things happen to every girl.’

‘Oh, but we are not talking about that,’ said Kitty, blushing.

‘No, excuse me!’ her mother continued. ‘And then you yourself would not let me talk it over with Vronsky. Don’t you remember?’

‘Oh Mama!’ said Kitty, looking pained.

‘Nowadays one can’t hold you girls in. . . . Your relations with him could not have gone beyond what was proper, else I should have spoken to him myself! However, my love, it won’t do for you to get agitated. Please remember that and keep calm.’

‘I am quite calm, Mama.’

‘How happily it turned out for Kitty that Anna came,’ said Dolly, ‘and how unhappily for her! The exact reverse,’ she added, struck by her thought. ‘Then Anna was so happy and Kitty considered herself miserable. Now it’s the exact reverse! I often think of her.’

‘She’s not worth thinking about! A horrid, disgusting woman without a heart,’ said their mother, unable to forget that Kitty had not married Vronsky but Levin.

‘What is the use of talking about that?’ expostulated

Kitty with vexation. 'I don't think about it, and don't want to,' she said, listening to her husband coming up the balcony steps. 'I don't want to think about it.'

'About what don't you want to think?' he asked as he came up.

No one answered and he did not repeat the question.

'I am sorry I have intruded into your women's domain,' he said, glancing round at them all with a dissatisfied air, and realizing that they had been talking of something they would not have talked of in his presence.

For an instant he felt that he shared Agatha Mikhaylovna's dissatisfaction that the jam was boiled without water, and with the alien Sheherbatsky influence in general. He smiled, however, and went up to Kitty.

'Well?' he asked, looking at her with the expression with which every one addressed her nowadays.

'Quite all right,' replied Kitty with a smile. 'And your affairs?'

'The waggons'll hold three times as much as peasant carts. Shall we go and fetch the children? I have ordered the trap.'

'What? Are you going to take Kitty in the trap?' said her mother reproachfully.

'Only at a walking pace, Princess.'

Levin never called the Princess *Maman*, as sons-in-law usually do, and this displeased the Princess. But though he liked and respected her very much, Levin could not address her so without violating his feeling for his dead mother.

'Come with us, Mama,' said Kitty.

'I don't wish to see such unreasonable doings.'

'Well, then I'll go on foot! Walking is good for me,' and Kitty rose, went to her husband and took his arm.

'It's good for you in moderation,' said the Princess.

'Well, Agatha Mikhaylovna, is the jam done?' asked Levin, smiling at her and wishing to cheer her up. 'Has it turned out well the new way?'

'I suppose so. We'd have thought it overdone.'

'It's better so, Agatha Mikhaylovna: it won't ferment, and we have no ice left in the cellar and nowhere to keep it cool,' said Kitty, immediately seeing her

husband's intention and addressing the old woman in the same spirit. 'On the other hand, your pickling is such that Mama says she never tasted anything like it!' she added, smiling and putting the old woman's kerchief straight.

Agatha Mikhaylovna looked crossly at Kitty.

'You need not comfort me, ma'am! I just look at you and *him*, and then I feel happy,' she said, and that disrespectful way of speaking of her master as *him* seemed touching to Kitty.

'Come with us and get mushrooms! You will show us the right places.'

Agatha Mikhaylovna smiled and shook her head, as much as to say: 'Though I should like to be cross with you, I can't do it.'

'Please follow my advice,' said the old Princess, 'cover the jam with paper soaked in rum, and then it will not get mouldy, even without ice.'

CHAPTER III

KITTY was particularly glad of the opportunity of being alone with her husband, for she had noticed the shadow of pain that flitted over his face, which so vividly reflected all his emotions, when he came on the balcony. asked what they were talking about and received no reply.

When they started on their walk in advance of the others and had passed out of sight of the house on to the hard, dusty road, strewn with rye-cars and grain, she leaned more heavily on his arm and pressed it. He had already forgotten that momentarily unpleasant impression, and being alone with her experienced, now that the thought of her pregnancy never left him, a feeling still novel and joyful to him of pleasure, entirely free from sensuality, at the nearness of a beloved woman. They had nothing to say to one another, but he wanted to hear the sound of her voice, which like her look had been changed by pregnancy. In her voice as in her look there was now a certain softness and seriousness, as of a person continually intent on one beloved task.

'You're sure you won't be tired? Lean more on me,' he said.

'No. I am so glad of a chance to be alone with you; and I own that, nice as it is to have them all, I regret our winter evenings alone together.'

'They were pleasant, but this is still better. . . . Both are better,' he said, pressing her hand.

'Do you know what we were talking about when you came in?'

'About the jam?'

'Yes, about jam, and then . . . about how people propose.'

'Ah!' said Levin, listening more to the sound of her voice than to her words, thinking all the while about the road, which now led through the wood, and avoiding places where she might take a false step.

'And about Sergius and Varenka. Did you notice? . . . I want it so much,' she went on. 'What do you think about it?' and she looked into his face.

'I don't know what to think,' Levin replied with a smile. 'Sergius seems very strange to me in that regard. I told you . . .'

'Yes—that he was in love with that girl who died. . . .'

'It happened when I was still a child; I only knew of it from what I was told. I remember him at that time. He was wonderfully charming. But since then I have observed him with women: he is amiable, and some of them please him, but I feel that for him they are simply human beings, not women.'

'Yes, but now with Varenka? . . . There seems to be something . . .'

'Perhaps there is. . . . But one must know him. He is a peculiar, a wonderful man. He lives only a spiritual life. He is a man of too pure and lofty a nature.'

'What! Would that lower him?'

'No, but he is so used to living a purely spiritual life that he cannot reconcile himself to realities, and, after all, Varenka is a reality!'

Levin had by this time become accustomed to express his thoughts boldly, without troubling to put them into precise phraseology; he knew that at such loving moments

as the present his wife would understand what he meant from a mere hint, and she did understand him.

‘Yes, but in her there is not so much of that reality as there is in me; I know he would never have loved me. She is all spirit.’

‘Oh no! He is very fond of you, and it is always such a pleasure to me when my people are fond of you.’

‘Yes, he is kind to me, but . . .’

‘But it’s not like poor Nicholas. . . . You would have loved one another,’ said Levin, finishing her sentence for her. ‘Why not speak of him?’ he added. ‘Sometimes I blame myself for not doing so; it will end by my forgetting him. Oh, what a dreadful, what a charming man he was! . . . Yes, what were we talking about?’ he concluded after a pause.

‘You think he can’t fall in love, then?’ said Kitty, putting his thoughts into her own words.

‘Not exactly that he can’t fall in love,’ Levin answered with a smile, ‘but he has none of that weakness which is necessary . . . I always envied him, and even now, when I am so happy, I still envy him.’

‘You envy him because he can’t fall in love?’

‘I envy him because he is better than I am,’ replied he, smiling. ‘He does not live for himself. His whole life is subordinated to duty. And so he can be calm and contented.’

‘And you?’ said Kitty with a mocking smile of loving amusement.

She could not have expressed the sequence of thoughts that made her smile; but the last deduction was that her husband, in extolling his brother and depreciating himself, was not quite sincere. But she knew that this insincerity was the outcome of his affection for his brother, of a sense of shame at his own excessive happiness, and especially of that desire to improve which never left him; she loved this in him, and therefore smiled.

‘And you? What are you dissatisfied with?’ she said with the same smile.

Her disbelief in his dissatisfaction with himself was pleasant, and unconsciously he challenged her to give reasons for her disbelief.

‘I am happy, but dissatisfied with myself . . .’ he answered.

‘How can you be dissatisfied if you are happy?’

‘I mean . . . How shall I put it? . . . In my heart I wish for nothing more, except that you shouldn’t stumble. Oh dear! How can you jump so!’ he said, interrupting the conversation to rebuke her for making too quick a movement while stepping over a branch that lay across the path. ‘But when I examine myself and compare myself with others, especially with my brother, I feel how bad I am.’

‘In what way?’ asked she, still smiling. ‘Don’t you do anything for others? What about your small holdings, your farming, and your book?’

‘No. I feel it now more than ever - and it is your fault,’ he answered, pressing her arm, ‘that it’s not the right thing. I do it, but it is superficial. If I could love all that work as I love you . . . but of late I have been doing it like a task set me. . . .’

‘Well then, what do you say to Papa?’ asked Kitty. ‘Is he bad too, because he does nothing for the common good?’

‘He? Oh no! But one must have your father’s simplicity, clearness, and kindness, and have I got all that? I don’t act and I worry. It’s you who have done it. Before you were there, and *that*,’ he said with a glance at her figure, which she understood, ‘I put all my strength into my work; but now I can’t and I feel ashamed. I do it just like a task that has been set me. I pretend . . .’

‘Then would you now like to change places with Sergius Ivanich?’ asked Kitty. ‘Would you prefer to do that public work, and love that given task as he does, and nothing more?’

‘Of course not!’ replied Levin. ‘However, I am so happy that I don’t understand anything. . . . So you think he will propose to-day?’ he added after a pause.

‘I do, and I don’t. But I want him to, awfully! Wait, we’ll see.’ She stooped and picked an ox-eye daisy by the roadside. ‘There, begin! He will propose, he won’t . . .’ and she handed him the flower.

‘He will, he won’t,’ said Levin, pulling off the veined white petals.

‘No, no!’ exclaimed she, watching his fingers excitedly.

as she seized his hand to stop him. 'You've pulled off two at once.'

'Well then, we won't count this tiny one,' said he, picking off a short ill-formed petal. 'And here's the trap overtaking us.'

'Aren't you tired, Kitty?' the Princess called out.

'Not at all.'

'If so you'd better get in, if the horses are quiet and go at a walking pace.'

But it was not worth while to drive as they had nearly reached the place, and so they all went on foot.

CHAPTER IV

VARENKA with the white kerchief over her black hair, surrounded by the children and good-naturedly and cheerfully busy with them, and evidently excited by the possibility of an offer of marriage from a man she liked, looked very attractive. Koznyshev walked by her side and did not cease admiring her. Looking at her he remembered all the charming things he had heard her say, and all he knew of her that was good, and he grew more and more conscious that what he felt for her was something rare, something he had felt but once before, a long, long time ago, when he was very young. His sense of pleasure at her nearness went on increasing until it reached a point where, when placing in her basket an enormous wood mushroom with a thin stem and up-curling top, he looked into her eyes and, noting the flush of joyful and frightened agitation that suffused her face, he himself became embarrassed and gave her a smile that said too much.

'If it is so, I must think it over and come to a decision, and not let myself be carried away like a boy by the impulse of the moment,' he told himself.

'Now I will go and gather mushrooms quite on my own account, or else my harvest will not be noticeable,' said he, and went away from the skirts of the wood, where they were walking about on the short silky grass under sparsely growing old birches, and penetrated deeper into the wood, where among the white birch trunks grew grey-stemmed aspens and dark hazel bushes.

When he had gone some forty paces he stepped behind a spindle bush with pink and red earring-shaped blossoms, and paused, knowing that he could no longer be seen. Around him everything was quiet. Only the hum of flies, like that of a swarm of bees, sounded continually high up in the birch trees beneath which he stood, and occasionally the children's voices reached him. Suddenly, from the skirts of the wood not far off, he heard Varenka's contralto voice calling to Grisha, and a smile of pleasure lit up his face. Conscious of that smile, Koznyshev shook his head disapprovingly at his own state and taking out a cigar began to light it. He was long unable to strike a match against the bark of a birch. The delicate white outer bark adhered to the phosphorus, and the light went out. At last one match did burn up, and the scented smoke of the cigar, like a broad swaying sheet definitely outlined, moved forwards and upwards over the bush under the overhanging branches of the birch-tree. Watching the sheet of smoke, he went on slowly, meditating on his condition of mind.

'Why not?' he thought. 'If it were just a sudden impulse or passion—if I only felt this attraction, this mutual attraction (it is mutual), but felt that it was contrary to the whole tenor of my life, and that by giving way to it I should be false to my vocation and duty . . . But it is nothing of the kind. The one thing I can find against it is that when I lost Marie I told myself that I would remain true to her memory. That is the only thing I can say against my feeling . . . That is important,' thought Koznyshev, conscious nevertheless that this consideration could not have any importance for him personally, although in the eyes of others it might spoil his poetic rôle. 'But, apart from that, however much I searched I could find nothing to say against my feeling. If I had chosen by reason alone, I could find nothing better!'

He recalled the women and girls he had known, but try as he would he could not recall one who united in herself to such a degree all, literally all, the qualities which he, thinking the matter over in cold blood, would desire in a wife. She had all the charm and freshness of youth but was no longer a child, and if she loved him, loved **him** consciously as a woman ought to love. That

was one favourable consideration. The second one was: she was not only far from worldly, but evidently felt a repulsion from the world, yet she knew the world and had all the ways of a woman of good Society, without which a life-companion would be unthinkable for him. The third was: she was religious, not irresponsibly religious and kind-hearted like a child—like Kitty for instance— but her life was based on religious convictions. Even down to small details Koznyshev found in her all that he desired in a wife: she was poor and solitary, so that she would not bring into her husband's house a crowd of relations and their influence, as he saw Kitty doing. She would be indebted to her husband for everything, which was a thing he had always desired in his future family life. And this girl, uniting all these qualities, loved him. He was modest, but could not help being aware of this. And he loved her. One of the opposite arguments was his age. But he came of a long-lived race, he had not a single grey hair, no one thought he was forty, and he remembered that Varenka had said it was only in Russia that men of fifty considered themselves old, and that in France a man of fifty considered himself *dans la force de l'âge*,¹ while one of forty was *un jeune homme*.² And what was the use of counting by years, when he felt as young at heart as he had been twenty years ago? Was it not youth that he was experiencing now, when coming out again on the other side of the wood he saw, in the bright slanting sunbeams, the graceful form of Varenka in her yellow dress and with a basket on her arm, stepping lightly past the trunk of an old birch, and when the impression of Varenka merged into one with the view that had so struck him with its beauty: the view of the field of ripening oats bathed in the slanting sunbeams and the old forest beyond, flecked with yellow, fading away into the bluish distance. His heart leapt with joy. His feelings carried him away. He felt that the matter was decided. Varenka, who had bent to pick a mushroom, rose buoyantly and glanced round. Throwing away his cigar Koznyshev went toward her with resolute steps.

¹ In the prime of life.

² A young man.

CHAPTER V

'MILE VARENKA! When very young I formed my ideal of the woman I should love and whom I should be happy to call my wife. I have lived many years, and now in you for the first time I have met what I was in search of. I love you, and offer you my hand.'

This was what Koznyshev said to himself when he was already within ten steps of Varenka. Kneeling and with outstretched arms defending some mushrooms from Grisha, she was calling little Masha.

'Come along, little ones! There are a lot here,' she cried in her delightful mellow voice.

On seeing Koznyshev approaching she did not move; yet everything told him that she felt his approach and was glad of it.

'Well, have you found anything?' she asked from beneath her white kerchief, turning her handsome face toward him, with a gentle smile.

'Not one,' said Koznyshev. 'And you?'

She did not reply, being busy with the children who surrounded her.

'There's another, near the branch,' she said, pointing to a small mushroom cut across its firm pinkish crown by a dry blade of grass from beneath which it had sprung up. Varenka rose when Masha had picked the mushroom, breaking it into two white pieces. 'It reminds me of my childhood,' she added, moving away from the children with Koznyshev.

They went a few paces in silence. Varenka saw that he wanted to speak, and guessing the subject she grew faint with joy and fear. They had gone far enough not to be overheard, but he still had not begun. It would have been better for Varenka to remain silent. It would have been easier after a silence to say what they wished to say than after talking about mushrooms; yet against her will, and as if by accident, she said:

'So you have not found anything? But of course deep in the wood there are always fewer.'

Koznyshev sighed and did not speak. He was vexed that she had spoken about mushrooms. He wished to bring her back to her first remark about her childhood;

but without wishing to, after a pause, he replied to her last words :

‘I have only heard that the white boleti grow chiefly on the outskirts, but I can’t even tell which are the white ones.’

A few more minutes passed; they had gone still further from the children and were quite alone. Varenka’s heart beat so that she seemed to hear it, and she felt herself growing red and then pale and red again.

To be the wife of a man like Koznyshev after her difficult life with Madame Stahl seemed to her the height of bliss. Besides, she was almost sure she loved him, and now in a moment it must be decided. She was frightened: frightened of what he might or might not say.

‘He must make his declaration now or never’; Koznyshev also felt this. Everything—Varenka’s look, her blush, her downcast eyes—betrayed painful expectation. He saw it and was sorry for her. He even felt that to say nothing now would be to offend her. His mind went rapidly over all the arguments in favour of his decision. He repeated to himself the words with which he had intended to propose; but instead of those words some unexpected thought caused him to say :

‘What difference is there between the white boleti and the birch-tree variety?’

Varenka’s lips trembled with emotion when she replied :

‘There is hardly any difference in the tops, but only in the stems.’

And as soon as those words were spoken, both he and she understood that all was over, and that what ought to have been said would not be said, and their excitement, having reached its climax, began to subside.

‘The stem of the birch-tree boletus reminds one of a dark man’s beard two days old,’ remarked Koznyshev calmly.

‘Yes, that’s true,’ answered Varenka with a smile, and involuntarily the direction of their stroll changed. They began to return to the children. Varenka felt pained and ashamed, but at the same time she experienced a sense of relief.

Koznyshev when he got home and went again over

all his reasons, came to the conclusion that at first he had judged wrongly. He could not be unfaithful to Marie's memory.

'Gently, gently, children!' shouted Levin almost angrily, stepping in front of his wife to shield her, when the crowd of children came rushing at them with shrieks of delight.

Behind the children Koznyshev and Varenka came out of the wood. Kitty had no need to question Varenka: from the calm and rather shamefaced look on both faces she knew that her plan had not been realized.

'Well?' inquired her husband on their way home.

'Won't bite,' answered Kitty with a smile and manner of speaking like her father, which Levin often observed in her with pleasure.

'Won't bite? How do you mean?'

'Like this,' she said, taking her husband's hand, raising it to her mouth, and slightly touching it with her closed lips. 'As one kisses the bishop's hand.'

'Who won't bite?' said he, laughing.

'Neither! And it should have been like this . . .'

'Mind, here are some peasants coming . . .'

'They didn't see!'

CHAPTER VI

DURING the children's tea the grown-ups sat on the balcony and talked as if nothing had happened, though they all, especially Koznyshev and Varenka, knew very well that something had happened which though negative was highly important. They both experienced what is felt by a pupil who has failed in an examination and has to remain in the same class or be finally expelled from the school. Every one talked with peculiar animation about extraneous topics. Levin and Kitty felt particularly happy and in love with one another that evening. Their happiness in their love involved an unpleasant reflection on those who desired, but had failed, to secure the same happiness, and made them feel ashamed.

'Take my word for it, Alexander won't come,' said the old Princess.

They were expecting Oblonsky by the evening train, and the old Prince had written that he would perhaps accompany him.

‘And I know why,’ continued the Princess. ‘He says young married folk should be left to themselves for a while.’

‘Yes, Papa has really abandoned us,’ said Kitty. ‘We have not seen him . . . And are we young married folk ? . . . Why, we are such old ones now !’

‘Only if he doesn’t come I too shall say good-bye to you children,’ said the Princess with a sorrowful sigh.

‘Oh, what an idea, mama !’ rejoined both her daughters.

‘Just consider him ! Why, at present . . .’

And suddenly the old Princess’s voice unexpectedly quavered. Her daughters said no more and glanced at one another. ‘Mama always finds something sad,’ this glance seemed to say. They did not know that pleasant as it was for her to stay with her daughter and necessary as she felt herself to be there, she suffered keenly, both on her own and on her husband’s account, since they gave their last and favourite daughter in marriage and the family nest was left empty.

‘What is it, Agatha Mikhaylovna ?’ Kitty asked suddenly when the old woman stopped in front of her with a look of mystery and importance.

‘How about supper ?’

‘Oh, that’s just right,’ said Dolly. ‘You go and give your orders, and I will hear Grisha his lesson. He hasn’t done anything to-day.’

‘That’s a rebuke for me ! No, Dolly ! I will go,’ said Levin, jumping up.

Grisha, who had entered a High School, had some home-work to prepare during the summer holidays. While still in Moscow Dolly had begun learning Latin with him, and on coming to the Levins made it a rule to go over with him, at least once a day, the most difficult lessons—Latin and arithmetic. Levin offered to replace her, but having once heard Levin giving the lesson and noticing that he was not doing it the same way as the master who had coached the boy in Moscow, she—though embarrassed and anxious not to offend Levin—told him resolutely that the text-book must be

followed in the master's way and that she would rather give the lessons herself. Levin was vexed with Oblonsky for carelessly leaving it to the boy's mother to look after his lessons which she did not understand, instead of doing it himself, and he was vexed with the masters also for teaching the children so badly; but he promised his sister-in-law to give the lessons in the way she wished. So he went on teaching Grisha not in his own way but according to the book, and therefore did it half-heartedly and often missed a lesson. So it had happened that day.

'No, I will go, Dolly! You stay here,' he said. 'We shall do it all properly by the book. Only when Steve comes we shall go shooting and then I shall miss the lessons.'

And Levin went off to find Grisha.

Varenka spoke in the same way to Kitty. Even in the Levins' well-ordered household she found ways to be of use.

'I will see about supper,' she said, 'and you stay here'; and she rose to accompany Agatha Mikhaylovna.

'Yes, do. I expect they could not get any chickens, but there are our own . . . ' answered Kitty.

'Agatha Mikhaylovna and I will arrange it,' and Varenka went out with the old woman.

'What a nice girl!' said the Princess.

'Not *nice*, Mama, but so charming that there is no one else like her!'

'So you are expecting Stephen Arkadyevich to-night?' asked Koznyshev, evidently disinclined to join in a conversation about Varenka. 'It would be hard to find two brothers-in-law more unlike,' he went on with his subtle smile; 'the one always on the move, living always in Society like a fish in water; the other, our Constantine here, lively, quick, sensitive to everything, but as soon as he appears in Society either shutting up altogether or floundering about absurdly like a fish on dry land!'

'Yes, he is very thoughtless,' said the Princess to Koznyshev. 'I was just going to ask you to tell him that it is impossible for her'—she indicated Kitty—'to remain here, and that she must certainly come to Moscow. He says, "Get a doctor to come out here" . . .'

'Mama, he will do all that's necessary and will agree to everything,' interpolated Kitty, annoyed with her mother for asking Koznyshev's opinion on such a matter.

In the midst of their conversation they heard the snorting of horses and the scraping of wheels on the gravel of the avenue.

Dolly had not had time to rise to go to meet her husband, before Levin had jumped out of the window of the room below, where he had been teaching Grisha, and had lifted the boy out too.

'It's Steve!' shouted Levin from under the balcony. 'We have finished, Dolly, don't worry!' he added, running like a boy to meet the carriage.

'*Is, ea, id; ejus, ejus, ejus,*' shouted Grisha, hopping down the avenue.

'And some one with him. It must be Papa!' shouted Levin, who had stopped at the bend of the avenue. 'Kitty, don't come down those steep steps, go round!'

But Levin was mistaken in supposing that one of the men in the *calèche* was the old Prince. When he came nearer he saw, sitting beside Oblonsky, a stout handsome young man wearing a Scotch bonnet with long ribbons streaming behind. It was Vasenka Veslovsky, a second cousin of the Shcherbatskys, a brilliant Petersburg-Moscow young man. 'A most splendid fellow and a passionate sportsman,' as Oblonsky said when he introduced him.

Not at all dismayed by the disappointment he caused by appearing instead of the old Prince, Veslovsky gaily greeted Levin, reminding him that they had met before, and lifting Grisha he caught him up into the vehicle over the pointer Oblonsky had brought with him.

Levin did not get in, but followed the *calèche*. He was rather vexed that the old Prince, whom he liked more and more the better he knew him, had not come, and vexed because this Vasenka Veslovsky, a quite superfluous stranger, had come. Veslovsky seemed to him still more alien and superfluous when they arrived at the porch—at which the whole animated group of grown-ups and children had gathered—and he saw Vasenka Veslovsky kissing Kitty's hand with a particularly tender and gallant air.

'We, your wife and I, are cousins and old acquaintances,' said Vasenka Veslovsky, once again giving Levin's hand a very, very hard squeeze.

'Well, is there any game?' asked Oblonsky of Levin, scarcely giving himself time to say a word of greeting to everybody. 'He and I have the cruellest intentions. . . . Why, mama! They have not been in Moscow since then. . . . Here, Tanya! That's for you! . . . Please get it out of the *calèche*, behind there . . . ' he was saying to those about him. 'How much refreshed you are looking, Dolly, dear!' he went on, kissing his wife's hand again and holding it in his own while he patted it with the other hand.

Levin, who but a few moments before had been in the brightest of spirits, was now looking dismally at every one, dissatisfied with everything.

'Whom was he kissing yesterday with those same lips?' he thought as he looked at Oblonsky caressing his wife. He looked at Dolly, and was not pleased with her either.

'Of course she does not believe in his love. Then why is she so pleased? Disgusting!' thought he.

He looked at the Princess, who a few moments before had seemed so nice, and did not like the way she welcomed that beribboned Vasenka, as if to her own house.

Even Koznyshév, who had also come out of the porch, displeased Levin by the feigned friendliness with which he greeted Oblonsky, whom, as Levin knew, he neither liked nor respected.

And Varenka too seemed disgusting because of the manner in which she with her *saint nitouche*¹ air made that gentleman's acquaintance, while all her thought was how to get married.

But most repugnant of all was Kitty, for the way she fell in with the gay tone of that gentleman, who appeared to consider his arrival in the country a regular festival for everybody, and particularly objectionable was the smile with which she responded to his smiles.

Talking noisily, they all went into the house, but as soon as all were seated Levin turned and left the room.

Kitty noticed that something was wrong with her husband. She tried to seize an opportune moment to

¹ Holy unapproachable.

speaking to him alone; but he hurried away from her, saying that he must go to the office. It was long since the farm work had seemed so important to him as it did that evening. 'For them it is always a holiday,' he thought, 'yet here we have work that is no holiday task, which cannot be put off, and without which life is impossible.'

CHAPTER VII

LEVIN did not return until they called him to supper. On the stairs stood Kitty and Agatha Mikhaylovna, deliberating what wines to serve.

'But why all this fuss? Serve the same as usual.'

'No; Steve does not drink it. . . . Kostya! Wait a moment—what's the matter with you?' said Kitty, hurrying after him, but, without waiting for her, he went away pitilessly with big strides to the dining-room, where he immediately joined in the general animated conversation which was kept going by Vasenka Veslovsky and Oblonsky.

'Well then, shall we go shooting to-morrow?' Oblonsky inquired.

'Yes! Do let's go!' cried Veslovsky, changing from one chair to another and sitting sideways with one of his fat legs doubled under him.

'I shall be very pleased! Let's go. And have you had any shooting this year?' Levin asked, gazing intently at this leg but with that pretended politeness of his which Kitty knew so well, and which suited him so ill. 'I don't know whether we shall get any snipe, but there are plenty of woodcock, only one must go early. Will it tire you? Aren't you tired, Steve?'

'I! Tired? I've never been tired yet. Let's not go to bed at all! Let's go for a walk.'

'Yes, really! Don't let us go to bed! Delightful!' chimed in Veslovsky.

'Oh, we are quite convinced that you can do without sleep and deprive others of theirs,' said Dolly with that scarcely perceptible irony with which she now generally addressed her husband. 'I think it's already time . . . I'm going: I don't take supper.'

'Oh no, stay here, Dolly dear!' said Oblonsky, stepping across to her side of the long supper-table. 'I have much more to tell you.'

'I don't expect you have any news.'

'Do you know, Veslovsky has been to see Anna? And he is going there again. You know it's only some seventy versts off. I shall certainly go over. Veslovsky, come here!'

Vasenska came over to the ladies, and took a seat beside Kitty.

'Oh, do tell me! You have been to see her? How is she?' asked Dolly.

Levin remained at the other end of the table, and while not ceasing to talk with the Princess and Varenka, saw that Oblonsky, Dolly, Kitty, and Veslovsky were carrying on an animated and mysterious conversation. Moreover, he saw his wife had an expression of serious feeling as she gazed attentively at Vasenska's handsome face while he was vivaciously narrating something.

'It's very nice at their place,' Vasenska was saying, talking of Vronsky and Anna. 'Of course I do not take it upon myself to judge, but in their house one feels oneself to be in a family.'

'What do they mean to do?'

'I believe they mean to go to Moscow for the winter.'

'How nice it would be for us to meet there! When are you going, Stephen Arkadyevich?' asked Vasenska.

'I shall spend July with them.'

'And will you go?' Oblonsky asked his wife.

'I have long wanted to go and certainly shall go,' replied Dolly. 'I know her, and am sorry for her. She is a splendid woman. I shall go alone when you are away, and won't inconvenience anyone. It will even be better without you.'

'That's all right,' replied he; 'and you, Kitty?'

'I? Why should I go?' said Kitty, flushing deeply and glancing round at her husband.

'Are you acquainted with Anna Arkadyevna?' Veslovsky asked her. 'She is very attractive.'

'Yes,' said Kitty, with a still deeper blush, and she rose and went to her husband.

'So you are off shooting to-morrow?' she asked.

Levin's jealousy during those few minutes had gone

far, especially after the blush that had suffused her face when speaking to Veslovsky. Now as he listened to her question he interpreted it in his own way. Strange as it seemed to him when he remembered it later, it now appeared clear to him that she asked whether he was going shooting, only because she wanted to know whether he would give that pleasure to Vasenka Veslovsky, with whom he fancied she was already in love.

‘Yes, I am going,’ he answered in an unnatural voice that was disagreeable to himself.

‘No—wait a day, because Dolly has seen nothing of her husband. You could go the day after to-morrow,’ said she.

Levin now interpreted her words thus: ‘Do not part me from *him*. Your going does not matter to me, but do let me enjoy the society of this charming young man!’

‘Oh, if you wish it we will stay at home to-morrow,’ replied Levin with particular amiability.

Meanwhile Vasenka, without the least suspicion of the sufferings his presence was causing, rose from the table after Kitty and followed her, smiling pleasantly.

Levin saw that smile. He grew pale and for a moment could hardly breathe. ‘How dare he look like that at my wife!’ he thought, boiling with rage.

‘To-morrow then? Please let’s go!’ said Vasenka, sitting down and once more doubling his leg under him, as his habit was.

Levin’s jealousy rose still higher. Already he fancied himself a deceived husband, necessary to his wife and her lover only to provide them with the comforts of life and with pleasures. . . . But nevertheless he asked Vasenka in an amiable and hospitable manner about his shooting, his gun, his boots—and agreed to go shooting next day.

Happily for Levin the old Princess put a stop to his sufferings by herself getting up and advising Kitty to go to bed. But he did not escape a fresh pang. Taking leave of his hostess, Vasenka again wanted to kiss her hand; but Kitty, blushing, drew away her hand, and said with naïve rudeness, for which she was afterwards reprimanded by her mother:

‘That’s not customary in our house.’

In Levin’s eyes Kitty was to blame for having laid herself open to such behaviour, and still more to blame for so awkwardly showing that it displeased her.

‘What’s the good of going to sleep, eh?’ said Oblonsky, who after the few glasses he had drunk at supper was in his pleasantest and most poetic mood. ‘Look, Kitty!’ he went on, pointing to the moon rising behind the lime-trees. ‘How lovely! Veslovsky, now’s the time for a serenade! Do you know he has a fine voice? We have been rehearsing on the way. He has brought some beautiful songs—two new ones. He ought to sing them with Mlle Varenka.’

After the rest had separated for the night Oblonsky long walked in the avenue with Veslovsky, and their voices could be heard practising a new song.

Levin sat listening to them and frowning, in an easy-chair in his wife’s bedroom, meeting her inquiries as to what was the matter with stubborn silence. But when at length she asked with a timid smile: ‘Aren’t you displeased about something connected with Veslovsky?’ he gave vent to his feelings and told her everything. He himself was offended by what he was saying, and this still further irritated him.

He stood before her, his eyes glittering terribly under his frowning brows, and pressed his powerful arms to his breast, as if trying with all his might to restrain himself. The expression of his face would have been hard and even cruel, but for a look of suffering which touched her. His jaw trembled and his voice faltered.

‘Understand that I am not jealous: that is a vile word! I cannot be jealous nor believe that . . . I cannot say what I feel, but it is dreadful. . . . I am not jealous, but I am offended and humiliated that anyone dares imagine—dares look at you with such eyes . . .’

‘What eyes?’ said Kitty, trying to remember as honestly as she could all the words and gestures of the evening and all their shades of meaning.

In the depth of her soul she was conscious that there had been something just at the moment when Veslovsky had followed her to the other end of the table, but she

dared not own this even to herself, much less make up her mind to tell him and so increase his pain.

‘And what attraction can there be about me as I am . . .’

‘Ah!’ he exclaimed, seizing his head in his hands. ‘You had better not say anything! . . . So, if you were attractive . . .’

‘Oh no, Kostya! Wait—listen!’ she implored with a look of pained commiseration. ‘What can you be thinking of, since men do not exist for me? They don’t! They don’t! . . . Well then, would you like me not to see anybody?’

For the first moment his jealousy had offended her: she was annoyed that the least relaxation, even the most innocent, was forbidden her; but now she would gladly have sacrificed not merely trifles like that, but anything, to free him from the torments he was suffering.

‘Try and understand the horror and absurdity of my position,’ he continued in a despairing whisper. ‘He is in my house, and strictly speaking he has done nothing improper except by his free and easy manner and doubling up his legs! He considers it to be in the best form, and therefore I have to be polite to him!’

‘Come, Kostya, you are exaggerating!’ remonstrated Kitty, at the bottom of her heart pleased by the force of love for her which was now expressing itself in his jealousy.

‘The worst of it all is that you— are as you always are, and now when you are my holy of holies and we are so happy—so specially happy—suddenly this good-for-nothing comes along . . . No, not good-for-nothing. . . . Why am I abusing him? He does not concern me. But our happiness, mine and yours . . . why . . .?’

‘Do you know, I see how it happened . . .’ Kitty began.

‘How? How?’

‘I noticed your look while we were talking at supper.’

‘Yes, yes!’ said he in a frightened tone.

She told him what they had been talking about, and while she spoke she was breathless with excitement. Levin paused, and then after scrutinizing her pale,

frightened features, suddenly clapped his hands to his head.

‘Kate, I have been tormenting you! My darling, forgive me! It was madness! Kate, it is all my fault. How could I torture myself like that about such nonsense?’

‘Oh no! I am sorry for you.’

‘For me? Me? Because I am a madman! But why should I make you wretched? It is dreadful to think that a mere stranger can destroy our bliss!’

‘Of course, and that is what offends me . . .’

‘Well then, I will keep him here all the summer on purpose. I will lavish attentions on him,’ said Levin, kissing her hands. ‘You’ll see! To-morrow . . . Oh, but we are going out to-morrow.’

CHAPTER VIII

NEXT day, before the ladies were up, the vehicles—a cart and a small trap—stood at the porch waiting for the sportsmen; and Laska, having long ago made out that they were going shooting, after yelping and jumping about to her heart’s content, was sitting in the cart beside the coachman, regarding the doorway whence the sportsmen had not yet emerged, with excitement and with disapproval of the delay. The first to appear was Vasenka Veslovsky in new boots reaching half-way up his fat thighs, his green blouse girdled with a new cartridge-belt smelling of leather, and on his head the Scotch bonnet with the ribbons. He carried a new English gun without a sling. Laska jumped down to him and greeted him by leaping about. In her own way she asked him how soon the others would come out, but, receiving no reply, she returned to her post of expectancy and again sat motionless with her head turned sideways and one ear pricked up. At length the door opened noisily and out bounded, spinning round and round in the air, Krak, Oblonsky’s yellow spotted pointer, followed by Oblonsky himself with a gun in his hand and a cigar in his mouth.

‘Quiet, quiet, Krak!’ he said affectionately to the

dog, which was throwing its paws up against his stomach and chest and getting them entangled in his game-bag. Oblonsky was wearing raw hide shoes, bands of linen wound round his feet instead of socks, a pair of tattered trousers and a short coat. On his head were the ruins of some sort of hat; but his gun was of a new type, as neat as a toy, and his game-bag and cartridge-belt, though much worn, were of the best quality.

Vasenska had been ignorant that the stylishness of a real sportsman consists in being dressed in rags but having one's shooting implements of the very best quality. He realized it now that he saw Oblonsky in his rags, yet shining with his elegant, well-nurtured, cheerful and gentlemanly figure, and resolved to follow his example next time.

'Well, and where is our host?' he inquired.

'He has a young wife,' answered Oblonsky, with a smile.

'Yes, and such a charming one.'

'He was ready dressed. I expect he has run back to her.'

Oblonsky was right in this surmise. Levin had run back to ask his wife once more whether she had forgiven him his foolishness of the previous day, and also to entreat her 'for heaven's sake' to take care of herself; and especially to keep further away from the children who at any moment might collide with her. Then he had to obtain a repeated assurance that she was not angry with him for going away for two days, and also to beg her to be sure next day to send a man on horse-back with a note—only a word or two—that he might know that all was well with her.

It was always painful for Kitty to part from her husband for two days; but seeing his animated figure, which seemed particularly large and powerful in high shooting-boots and white blouse, and the radiant exhilaration of the sportsman in him, incomprehensible to her, she forgot her own pain in his gladness and parted from him cheerfully.

'Sorry, gentlemen!' he said, running out on to the porch. 'Is the lunch put in? Why is the roan on the right? Well, never mind! Laska, be quiet! Go and lie down!'

'Let them out with the flock,' he said, turning to the herdsman who was waiting for orders about some young sheep. 'Sorry! There's another rascal coming.'

Levin jumped down from the cart where he had already seated himself, to meet the carpenter who was approaching with a sazhen measure in his hand.

'There, you see! You did not come to the office last night, and now you are detaining me. Well, what is it?'

'Won't you have one more turning made? Three more steps will be enough, then we'll get it exact. It will be much more comfortable.'

'You should have obeyed me,' said Levin with vexation. 'I told you to set up the string-boards first, and then to make the grooves. You can't alter it now. Do as I tell you and make a new one.'

The facts of the matter were that in the new wing that was being built the carpenter had spoilt the staircase, having made it without calculating the elevation, so that when it was put in position all the steps sloped. Now he wanted to use that staircase, adding three steps to it.

'It will be much better so.'

'But where will it reach to with three additional steps?'

'Excuse me, sir!' said the carpenter, smiling contemptuously. 'It will reach to the exact spot. It will just stretch from the bottom, you see,' he went on with a persuasive gesture, 'and go up and up till it gets there.'

'Why, but three steps will add to its length as well. . . . Where will it get to?'

'It will go up from the bottom, I mean, and reach to the top,' the carpenter repeated obstinately and persuasively.

'It will reach up to the wall and half-way to the ceiling!'

'Oh no, excuse me! You see it will start from the bottom and go up and up and just reach.'

Levin pulled out his ramrod and drew the staircase in the dust.

'There! You see?'

'As you please,' said the carpenter, his eyes suddenly

brightening; evidently he had at last understood. 'It seems we'll have to make another.'

'Well then, do as I told you,' Levin shouted as he climbed into the cart. 'Drive on! Hold the dogs, Philip!'

Having left the cares of home and estate behind him, Levin experienced such a strong sense of the joy of life and anticipation, that he felt disinclined to talk. Besides, he experienced that feeling of concentrated excitement which every sportsman knows when approaching the scene of action. If his mind was occupied with anything now, it was only with questions, whether they would find anything in the Kolpensky marsh, how Laska would compare with Krak, and how he would shoot to-day. 'If only I don't disgrace myself before that stranger! If only Oblonsky's shooting does not beat mine!' was his thought.

Oblonsky shared these feelings and was likewise not talkative. Vasenka Veslovsky alone chattered incessantly and merrily. Now, as he listened to him, Levin felt ashamed of his injustice toward him the day before. Vasenka was really a good sort, simple, kind-hearted, and very jolly. Had Levin come across him when still a bachelor, they would have become intimate. Levin did not quite like his holiday outlook on life and a sort of free and easy stylishness about him. He seemed to lay claim to a lofty and unquestionable importance because he had long nails, a Scotch bonnet, and everything else in keeping; but one could forgive him this for the sake of his good-nature and breeding. He attracted Levin by his good education, his splendid accent in French and English, and by the fact that he belonged to Levin's own class.

Vasenka greatly admired the Don Steppe horse attached on the left.¹ He went into raptures over it. 'How delightful it must be to gallop across the Steppes on a Steppe horse, eh? Don't you think so?' he said. He seemed to picture a gallop on a Steppe horse as something wild and poetical; nothing came of it, but his naïveté, in connection with his good looks, sweet smile, and graceful movements, was very attractive. Whether it

¹ One (and often two) of the three horses is loosely harnessed and runs at the side.

was that Veslovsky's nature was congenial to him, or that, to expiate his sin of yesterday, he tried to see only what was good in him, Levin liked Veslovsky's company.

When they had gone about three versts, Veslovsky suddenly missed his cigars and pocket-book, and did not know whether he had lost them or left them on his table. He had three hundred and seventy roubles in the pocket-book, and therefore the matter could not be ignored.

'Do you know, Levin, I will gallop home on this Don side-horse! That will be grand, eh?' he said, preparing to get out.

'No, why?' replied Levin, conjecturing that Veslovsky must weigh not less than fifteen stone. 'I will send the coachman.'

So the coachman rode back on the side-horse and Levin drove the other two himself.

CHAPTER IX

'WELL, where are we going? Tell us all about it,' said Oblonsky.

'The plan is this. We are now going as far as Gvozdevo. On this side of Gvozdevo there is a good marsh for snipe, and beyond it are splendid snipe marshes, and there are some double-snipe there too. It's too hot now, but we shall get there toward evening (it's twenty versts), and will shoot there in the evening; we'll spend the night there, and then to-morrow we shall go to the big marshes.'

'And is there nothing by the way?'

'There is, but it would delay us; and besides, it's hot! There are two nice little places, but we should hardly find anything there.'

Levin himself felt inclined to stop at those little places, but, as they were near home, they were always within his reach and they were small, so that there was not room enough for three persons to shoot there. So he stretched a point and said they would hardly find anything there. When they came to a small marsh he wished to drive

past it, but Oblonsky, with the practised eye of a sportsman, noticed the marshy place from the road.

'Oughtn't we to go there?' he asked, pointing to the marsh.

'Levin, do let us! How delightful!' begged Vasenka Veslovsky, and Levin could not but agree.

Scarcely had they stopped before the dogs flew toward the marsh, racing one another.

'Krak! . . . Laska!'

The dogs returned.

'There is not room for three: I'll wait here,' said Levin, hoping they would find nothing but the peewits, which the dogs had raised, and which, swaying as they flew, cried plaintively above the marsh.

'No! Come along, Levin, let's go together,' said Veslovsky.

'Really, there's not room! Back, Laska! . . . Laska! . . . You don't want two dogs?'

Levin remained with the trap and looked enviously at the sportsmen. They went over the whole marsh, but there was nothing there except waterfowl and some peewits, one of which Veslovsky killed.

'There, you see I was not grudging you the marsh!' said Levin. 'It only meant losing time.'

'No, it was enjoyable all the same. You saw?' said Vasenka Veslovsky, climbing awkwardly into the cart with his gun and the peewit. 'How well I got this one! Didn't I? Well, shall we soon get to the real place?'

Suddenly the horses started, Levin knocked his head against the barrel of some one's gun, and there was a report. Actually the report came first, but to Levin it seemed the other way about. What had happened was, that Vasenka Veslovsky when uncocking his gun had pulled one trigger while uncocking the other side. The charge went into the ground without hurting anyone. Oblonsky shook his head and laughed reproachfully at Veslovsky. But Levin had no heart to admonish him: for one thing because any reproach from him would appear to be provoked by the danger he had escaped and by the bump which had risen on his head; and also because Veslovsky was at first so naïvely grieved, and then laughed so good-naturedly and contagiously

at their general perturbation, that Levin could not help joining in the laugh.

When they reached the second marsh, which was of considerable size and would take a good deal of time Levin tried to dissuade them from getting out. But again Veslovsky persuaded him, and again, the marsh being a narrow one, Levin as a hospitable host remained with the vehicles.

Krak immediately went toward the hummocks. Vasenka Veslovsky was the first to follow the dog. Before Oblonsky had time to approach, a snipe rose. Veslovsky missed it, and it flew over to an unnown meadow. The bird was left to Veslovsky. Krak found it again and pointed. Veslovsky killed the bird and went back to the vehicles.

'Now you go, and I will remain with the horses,' he said.

A sportsman's jealousy was beginning to torment Levin. He handed the reins to Veslovsky and went into the marsh.

Laska, who had long been whining plaintively, as if complaining of the injustice, rushed straight forward to a likely spot covered with hummocks and known to Levin, where Krak had not yet been.

'Why don't you stop her?' shouted Oblonsky.

'She won't disturb them,' answered Levin, pleased with his dog and hurrying after her.

Laska became more and more intent on her pursuit, the nearer she got to the hummocks. A small marsh bird only diverted her attention for an instant. She described a circle in front of the hummocks, and began another, but suddenly shuddered and stopped dead.

'Come along, Steve!' Levin shouted, feeling his heart beat more rapidly, and suddenly, as if some bar had been withdrawn from his strained sense of hearing, he lost the faculty of measuring distance, and was struck by sounds which reached him clearly but without any order. He heard Oblonsky's steps and took them for the distant tramp of horses; he heard the crumbling of a bit of hummock on which he stepped and which broke off, pulling out the grass by the roots, and he took it for the noise of a snipe on the wing; behind

him he heard too a sound of splashing for which he could not account.

Picking his way, he approached the dog.

‘Seize it!’

It was not a double-snipe but a snipe that rose before the dog. Levin raised his gun, but just as he was taking aim the splashing sounded louder and nearer, mingled with Veslovsky’s voice shouting strangely and loudly. Levin knew he was aiming behind the snipe, but fired, nevertheless.

After making sure he had missed, he turned and saw that the trap and horses were no longer on the road but in the marsh.

Veslovsky, wishing to watch the shooting, had driven into the marsh, where the horses had stuck fast.

‘What the devil brings him here?’ muttered Levin to himself, turning back to the vehicle. ‘Why did you leave the road?’ he asked drily, and calling the coachman, set to work to get the horses out.

Levin was vexed that he had been put off his shot, and that his horses had been led into the bog, and especially that neither Oblonsky nor Veslovsky (neither of whom knew anything about harness) helped him and the coachman to unharness the horses and get them out of the bog. Without a word of reply to Vasenka, who was assuring him that it was quite dry there, Levin worked silently with the coachman to disengage the horses. But when heated with the work, and seeing Veslovsky pulling at the splashboard so strenuously and zealously that he actually wrenched it off, Levin reproached himself with being influenced by his sentiments of the previous day and with treating Veslovsky too coldly, and he tried to efface his unfriendliness by particular courtesy. When everything was in order and the vehicles had been brought back to the road, Levin gave orders for lunch to be served.

‘*Bon appétit! Bonne conscience! Ce poulet va tomber jusqu’au fond de mes bottes,*’¹ remarked Vasenka, who had brightened up again, repeating a French saying while he finished a second chicken. ‘Now our misfortunes are ended and all will be well. But for my

¹ A good appetite! a good conscience! This chicken will go down to the bottom of my boots.

sin I must sit on the box. Don't you think so, eh? No, no! I am Automedon—wait and see how I will drive you!' he said, keeping hold of the reins, in reply to Levin who wanted him to let the coachman drive. 'No, I must expiate my sin, and besides, it's delightful on the box,' and he was off.

Levin was rather afraid Veslovsky would tire out the horses, especially the roan on the left, whom he did not know how to hold in; but he could not resist Veslovsky's high spirits, the songs he sang all the way while sitting on the box, the stories he told, and his representation of the English way of driving four-in-hand; and after lunch they were all in the best of spirits when they reached the Gvozdevo marsh.

CHAPTER X

VESLOVSKY drove so fast that they arrived at the marsh too soon, while it was still hot.

When they got to the real marsh, the object of their journey, Levin involuntarily wished to rid himself of Vasenka and go about unhindered. Oblonsky evidently wanted the same thing, and on his face Levin noticed the preoccupation, which every true sportsman feels before the shooting begins, and also a little good-natured cunning, characteristic of him.

'Well, what shall we do . . . ? It's a splendid marsh, and I see there are hawks too,' said Oblonsky, pointing at two large birds circling above the sedges. 'Where there are hawks, there is sure to be game.'

'Well then, gentlemen,' said Levin with a somewhat gloomy expression, pulling up his boots and examining his percussion caps, 'you see that sedge?' He pointed to a dark-green little island in an enormous half-mown wet meadow stretching along the right bank of the river. 'The marsh begins here, just in front of us: you can see, where it is greener? From there it goes to the right, where those horses are; there are hummocks, and double-snipe; and it goes round that sedge to the alder grove and down to the mill. Look! Just there, by that little bay. That's the best place. I once shot

seventeen grouse there. . . . We will separate, going different ways with the two dogs, and will meet again by the mill.'

'Well then, who goes to the left and who to the right?' asked Oblonsky. 'The space on the right is broader, so you two go there together, and I will keep to the left,' he added with affected indifference.

'Good! We'll make the best bag,' chimed in Vasenka.

Levin could not avoid agreeing, and they separated.

They had hardly entered the marsh when both dogs began searching together and started off toward a rusty-looking spot in the marsh. Levin knew Laska's method of search—careful and dubious; he knew it, and expected to see a flight of snipe.

'Veslovsky, walk beside me—beside me!' he whispered with bated breath to his comrade, who was splashing in the water behind him, and the direction of whose gun, after the accidental shot by the Kolpensky marsh, involuntarily interested Levin.

'No, I don't want to hamper you. Don't trouble about me.'

But Levin recollected Kitty's parting words: 'Mind, and don't shoot one another!' Nearer and nearer came the dogs, keeping out of each other's way and each following its scent. The expectation of finding snipe was so strong that the smacking sound of his heel as he drew it out of the rusty mud sounded to Levin like the cry of a bird, and he grasped the butt end of his gun firmly.

'Bang! Bang!' he heard just above his ear. Vasenka had fired into a flight of ducks that were circling above the marsh far out of range and were at that moment flying straight toward the sportsmen. Levin had barely time to turn, before he heard the cry of a snipe, then another, and a third, and about eight more rose one after the other.

Oblonsky got one just as it was preparing to begin its zigzag flight, and the bird fell like a small lump into the bog. Oblonsky quietly aimed at another which was flying low toward the sedges, and at the moment of the report that one too fell, and it could be seen jumping up among the cut sedges, fluttering with one white-edged uninjured wing.

Levin was not so lucky: he fired at the first snipe too near, and missed; he followed it with his gun when it had already risen, but at that instant another rose just at his feet and diverted his attention, and he missed again.

While they were reloading another bird rose, and Veslovsky, who had finished reloading, fired two charges of small shot over the water. Oblonsky picked up his two snipe and looked with sparkling eyes at Levin.

'Well, now let's part,' he said, and limping with his left foot, and holding his gun ready, he whistled to his dog and went off in one direction. Levin and Veslovsky went in the other.

Levin, if his first shots were unsuccessful, always became excited and annoyed, and shot badly all the rest of the day. So it was this time. There were a great many snipe. They kept rising before the dogs and at the very feet of the sportsmen, and Levin might have recovered himself; but the oftener he fired the more he disgraced himself before Veslovsky, who was puffing away merrily, in and out of range, never killing anything, but not in the least abashed thereby. Levin hurried, grew impatient, and became more and more flurried, until at last he fired almost without hope of killing anything. Even Laska seemed to feel this. Her search became more and more indolent, and she looked round at the sportsmen as if in perplexity and with reproach. Shot followed shot. Powder smoke enveloped the sportsmen, but in the large roomy net of the game-bag were only three light little birds, and even of these one had been shot by Veslovsky, and another belonged to them both. Meanwhile from the opposite side of the marsh came not frequent but, as it seemed to Levin, significant reports from Oblonsky's gun, followed almost every time by a cry to the dog, 'Kraak! Kraak! Fetch it!'

That excited Levin still more. The snipe unceasingly circled above the sedges. The cry near the ground and sound in the air came incessantly from every side. The snipe that had risen previously and had been flying about descended in front of the sportsmen. Not two but dozens of hawks now soared above the marsh.

Having traversed more than half the marsh, Levin

and Veslovsky came to a spot where the peasants' meadow land was divided into long strips, the ends abutting on the sedge and separated by narrow lines where the grass had been trodden down or cut. Half of those strips were already mown.

Though there was little hope of finding as many birds in the unmown strips as on the mown part, Levin, having promised Oblonsky to meet him, went with his companion farther on over the mown and unmown strips.

'Hullo, you sportsmen!' shouted one of several peasants who were sitting beside a cart from which the horses had been taken out. 'Come and have something with us! A drink of vodka!'

Levin turned round.

'Come along! Never mind!' shouted a merry, bearded, red-faced peasant, showing a row of white teeth and holding aloft a greenish vodka bottle that glittered in the sunshine.

'*Qu'est ce qu'ils disent?*'¹ asked Veslovsky.

'They are calling us to drink vodka. I expect they have been dividing the meadow. I should go and have a drink,' said Levin, not quite disinterestedly, hoping that the vodka would tempt Veslovsky and lure him away.

'Why are they offering it?'

'Oh, they are only making merry. Really, you should go to them. It will interest you.'

'*Allons! C'est curieux!*'²

'Go along! Go, you'll find the way to the mill!' cried Levin, and on looking round was pleased to see Veslovsky making his way out of the marsh toward the peasants, stooping and stumbling with his weary feet and holding his gun at arm's length.

'You come too!' shouted a peasant to Levin. 'Come! Have a bite of pie!'

Levin badly wanted a drink of vodka and a bit of bread. He felt faint and could hardly drag his staggering legs out of the bog, and for an instant he was in doubt. But the dog pointed. His weariness vanished, at once he went easily through the marsh toward the dog. Just at his feet rose a snipe; he fired and killed it. The dog continued pointing. 'Fetch it!' Another bird rose

¹ What are they saying?

² Come! it is interesting.

before the dog. Levin fired, but that day he had no luck: he missed, and when he went to look for the bird he had killed, he could not find it. He tramped all over the sedge, but Laska was incredulous of his having killed anything, and when he sent her to look for it, she only made a pretence and did not really search.

Even without Vasenka, whom he had blamed for his ill-luck, things went no better. Here, too, were plenty of birds, but Levin missed one after another.

The slanting rays of the sun were still hot; his clothes were wet through with perspiration and stuck to his body; his left boot, full of water, was heavy and made a smacking sound; down his face, grimy with powder, ran drops of sweat; a bitter taste was in his mouth, the smell of powder and rust was in his nose, and the perpetual cry of the snipe was in his ears; he could not touch the barrels of his gun, they were so hot; his heart thumped with short, quick beats; his hands trembled with excitement and his tired feet stumbled as he dragged them over the hummocks and through the bog; but still he went on and shot. At last, after a disgraceful miss, he threw his gun and hat on the ground.

'No! I must pull myself together,' he thought, picked up his gun and hat, called Laska to heel, and got out of the marsh. When he reached a dry place he sat down on a hummock, took off his boot and emptied it, then went back to the marsh, drank a little of the rusty water, wetted the heated barrels and bathed his face and hands. Feeling refreshed, he returned to the spot where a snipe had settled, firmly resolved not to get flurried.

He tried to keep calm, but the same thing happened again. His finger pulled the trigger before he had taken aim. Things went from bad to worse.

He had only five birds in his bag when he came out of the marsh by the alder grove where he was to meet Oblonsky.

Before he saw him, he saw his dog. Krak, quite black with smelly marsh slime, sprang out from beneath the upturned root of an alder with the air of a conqueror and sniffed at Laska. Behind Krak, in the shade of the alders, appeared Oblonsky's stately figure.

He came toward Levin red and perspiring, with his shirt unbuttoned, still limping as before.

‘Well? You have been firing a good deal!’ he said with a merry smile.

‘And you?’ asked Levin. But there was no need to ask, for he already saw the full bag.

‘Oh, not bad!’

He had fourteen birds.

‘A famous marsh! I expect Veslovsky was in your way. One dog for two people is inconvenient,’ said Oblonsky, to soften his triumph.

CHAPTER XI

WHEN Levin and Oblonsky reached the peasant’s hut where Levin used to put up, Veslovsky was there before them. He sat in the middle of the room, holding with both hands to a bench, from which a soldier—a brother of the mistress of the house—was tugging him by his slime-covered boots, and he was laughing with his infectiously merry laugh.

‘I have only just got here. *Ils ont été charmants!*¹ Fancy! They fed me and gave me drink. What bread—wonderful! *Delicieux!* And the vodka . . . I never tasted better! And they positively would not take any money, and kept on saying, “No offence!” or something of that sort.’

‘Why should they take money? They were entertaining you, you see! Do they keep vodka for sale?’ said the soldier who had at last succeeded in dragging off one wet boot together with a blackened stocking.

Despite the dirtiness of the hut, soiled by the sportsmen’s boots, the dirty dogs that were licking themselves there, and despite the smell of bog and of powder and the absence of knives and forks, the sportsmen drank tea and ate supper with a relish known only when one is out shooting. Washed and clean they betook themselves to a hay-barn that had been swept out and where the coachman had made up beds for the gentlemen.

¹ They were charming.

Though it was already dusk, none of the sportsmen wanted to sleep.

After fluctuating between recollections and stories of the shooting, of dogs, and of other shooting parties, the talk reached a theme that interested all three. *A propos* of Vasenka's repeated expressions of delight at the charm of the arrangements for the night, of the scent of hay, and of a broken cart (which he thought was broken, because its fore wheels had been removed), of the good-nature of the peasants who had treated him to vodka, and of the dogs which lay each at its master's feet, Oblonsky told them about the delights of a shooting party with Malthus at which he had been last summer. Malthus was a well-known railway magnate. Oblonsky spoke of the marshes which Malthus had leased in the Province of Tver, of how they were preserved, of the vehicles—dog-carts—in which the sportsmen were driven thither, and of the marquee that was set up for lunch beside the marsh.

'I don't understand you,' said Levin, rising on his heap of hay. 'How is it that those people don't disgust you? I understand that lunch with good claret is very nice, but is it possible that that very luxury does not disgust you? All those people, like the holders of our drink-monopolies formerly, get their money in ways that earn contempt—they disregard that contempt—and afterwards, by means of what they have dishonestly earned, they buy off that contempt.'

'Perfectly true!' chimed in Vasenka Veslovsky. 'Perfectly true! Of course Oblonsky does it out of *bonhomie*,¹ and then others say, "Well, if Oblonsky goes there . . ."'

'Not at all!' Levin could hear that Oblonsky said this with a smile; 'I simply don't consider him more dishonest than any of the rich merchants or noblemen. They have all alike made money by work and intelligence.'

'Yes, but what work? Is it work to get a concession and resell it?'

'Of course it is work! Work in this sense, that if it were not for him and others like him, there would be no railways.'

¹ Good-nature.

‘But it is not work such as that of a peasant or a savant.’

‘Granted! But it is work in the sense that his activity yields results: railways. But then you consider railways useless!’

‘That’s quite another question. I am prepared to admit that they are useful. But every acquisition out of proportion to the toil contributed is dishonourable.’

‘But who is to decide the proportion?’

‘What is dishonourable is the acquisition by wrong means: by cunning,’ said Levin, conscious that he could not clearly define the boundary between honesty and dishonesty; ‘such as the profits made by banks—the acquisition of enormous wealth without work, just as in the days of the drink-monopolists,—only the form has changed. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*¹ Hardly were the monopolies stopped before railways and banks appeared: other means of acquiring wealth without work.’

‘Well, all you say may be quite correct and ingenious. . . . Down, Krak!’ exclaimed Oblonsky to the dog that was scratching itself and turning round in the hay. He was obviously convinced of the truth of his own view and was therefore calm and deliberate. ‘But you have not defined the boundary between honest and dishonest work. I receive a bigger salary than my head clerk, though he knows the work better than I do; is that dishonest?’

‘I don’t know!’

‘Well then, I’ll tell you. That you receive for your work on the estate a profit, let’s say of five thousand roubles, while our peasant host, work as he may, cannot get more than fifty, is just as dishonest as my receiving more than my head-clerk, or Malthus getting more than a railway mechanic. In fact I notice a quite unjustifiable hostility on the part of the public toward these men, and it seems to me that it is envy . . .’

‘Oh, no! That’s not fair,’ said Veslovsky. ‘It can’t be envy, and there is something not clean in their business.’

‘No, allow me!’ Levin broke in. ‘You say it is unjust for me to receive five thousand while the

¹ The king is dead, long live the king!

peasant gets only fifty roubles: that's true. It is an injustice and I feel it, but . . .'

'Yes, indeed. Why do we eat and drink, go shooting and do no work, while he is always, always working?' said Vasenka Veslovsky, evidently for the first time in his life thinking of this, and therefore speaking quite genuinely.

'Yes, you feel it, but you won't give him your estate,' said Oblonsky, purposely provoking Levin.

A covert hostility had sprung up between the two brothers-in-law of late, as if being married to two sisters had evoked a sense of rivalry as to which of them would make the best of his life, and now this hostility found expression in the personal tone the discussion was assuming.

'I don't give it away because nobody demands that of me, and if I wanted to I could not do it,' replied Levin; 'besides, there is no one to give it to.'

'Give it to this peasant; he won't refuse.'

'Yes, but how should I set about it? Should I go with him and execute a conveyance?'

'I don't know; but if you are convinced that you have no right . . .'

'I'm not at all convinced. On the contrary, I feel that I have no right to give it away, that I have duties toward the land and toward my family.'

'No, allow me—if you consider such inequality unjust, why don't you act accordingly?'

'But I do act so, only in a negative sense, in the sense that I will not seek to increase the inequality that exists between my position and theirs.'

'Pardon me! That is a paradox.'

'Yes, that is a sophistical explanation,' put in Veslovsky. 'Oh, our host!' he said, addressing a peasant who had opened the creaking barn doors and was entering. 'So you are not asleep yet?'

'No, how can I sleep? I thought you gentlemen were asleep, but then I heard you chatting. I want to get a crook here. She won't bite?' he asked, cautiously stepping with bare feet.

'And where are you going to sleep?'

'We are going to pasture the horses to-night.'

'Oh, what a night!' cried Veslovsky, gazing at the

corner of the hut and the carts, visible in the faint after-glow through the now open barn-doors as in a frame. "Just listen! It's women's voices singing, and not at all badly. Who is that singing, mine host?"

'Why, the maid-servants close by.'

'Come, let's go for a walk! We shan't sleep, you know. Oblonsky, come along!'

'If only one could . . . go without getting up!' said Oblonsky, stretching himself. 'It's delightful to lie still.'

'Well, then I'll go alone,' said Veslovsky, rising quickly and putting on his boots. 'Good-bye, gentlemen! If it's jolly I will call you. You have treated me to game, and I won't forget you!'

'Isn't he a fine fellow?' said Oblonsky when Veslovsky had gone out and the peasant had shut the doors after him.

'Yes, fine,' answered Levin, continuing to think of the question they had been discussing. It seemed to him that he had expressed his thoughts and feelings as clearly as he could, yet both the others—sincere and not stupid men—had agreed that he was comforting himself with sophistry. This perturbed him.

'That's what it is, my friend! One of two things: either you confess that the existing order of Society is just, and then uphold your rights; or else own that you are enjoying unfair privileges, as I do, and take them with pleasure.'

'No! If it were unjust, you could not use such advantages with pleasure; at any rate I could not. The chief thing for me is, not to feel guilty.'

'I say, hadn't we really better go?' put in Oblonsky, evidently weary of the mental strain. 'We can't go to sleep, you know. Come on, let's go!'

Levin did not reply. The words he had used when he said he was acting justly in a negative sense occupied his mind. 'Is it possible that one can act justly only in a negative sense?' he asked himself.

'Hasn't the fresh hay a strong scent!' remarked Oblonsky, sitting up. 'Nothing will make me sleep. Vasenka is up to something out there. Don't you hear the laughter and his voice? Shan't we go too? Let's!'

‘No, I am not going,’ answered Levin.

‘Maybe you are stopping here on principle?’ said Oblonsky, smiling, as he searched in the dark for his cap.

‘No, not on principle, but why should I go?’

‘D’you know, you will bring trouble on yourself,’ said Oblonsky, having found his cap and getting up.

‘Why?’

‘Don’t I see how you have placed yourself with your wife? I heard you discussing as a question of first-rate importance, whether you should go away shooting for two days or not! That’s all very well for an idyll, but it can’t last a lifetime. A man should be independent—he has his own masculine interests. A man must be manly,’ said Oblonsky, opening the door.

‘Is that to say, he should court the maid-servants?’ asked Levin.

‘Why not, if it’s amusing? (*Ça ne tire pas à conséquence!*)¹ My wife won’t be the worse for it, and I shall have a spree. The important part is to guard the sanctity of the home! Nothing of that kind at home; but you needn’t tie your hands.’

‘Perhaps!’ said Levin drily, and turned on his side. ‘To-morrow one should start early, and I shall wake no one but shall start at daybreak.’

‘*Messieurs! Venez vite!*’² came the voice of Veslovsky, who had come back. ‘*Charmante!* It’s my discovery. *Charmante!* A perfect Gretchen, and I have already made her acquaintance. Really, very pretty!’ he said in such an approving way, as if she had been made pretty specially for him, and he was satisfied with the maker.

Levin pretended to be asleep, but Oblonsky, having put on his slippers and lit a cigar, left the barn, and their voices soon died away.

Levin could not fall asleep for a long time. He heard his horses chewing hay; then how the master and his eldest son got ready and rode away for the night to pasture their horses; then how the soldier settled down to sleep on the other side of the barn with his nephew, their host’s little son; he heard the boy in his treble

¹ It’s of no consequence.

² Gentlemen, come quickly.

voice imparting to his uncle his impressions of the dogs, which seemed to him terrible and enormous; then how the boy asked what those dogs were going to catch, and he heard how the soldier replied in a hoarse and sleepy voice that the sportsmen would go next day to the marshes and fire guns, adding, to stop the questioning: 'Sleep, Vaska, sleep, or else look out!' Soon the soldier himself began to snore, and all was still, except for the neighing of the horses and the cry of snipe. 'Can it be only done in a negative sense?' Levin repeated to himself. 'Well, what then? It's not my fault.' And he began to think of the coming day.

'To-morrow I will start early in the morning, and make up my mind not to get excited. There are quantities of snipe and double-snipe too. And when I come back, there will be a note from Kitty. Well, perhaps Steve is right! I am not manly with her, I have grown effeminate. . . . Well, what's to be done! Again, the negative answer.'

Through his sleep he heard laughter and Veslovsky's and Oblonsky's merry talk. He opened his eyes for an instant: they were standing chatting in the open doorway, brightly lit up by the moon which had now risen. Oblonsky was saying something about the freshness of a girl, comparing her to a fresh kernel just taken from its shell; and Veslovsky was laughing his merry infectious laugh, and repeating something that had probably been told him by a peasant: 'You'd better strive for a wife of your own!'

'Gentlemen! To-morrow at dawn!' Levin mumbled drowsily, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII

WAKING at early dawn Levin tried to rouse his companions. Vasenka, lying prone with one stockinged leg outstretched, was sleeping so soundly that it was impossible to get any answer out of him. Oblonsky, half asleep, refused to budge so early. Even Laska, sleeping curled into a ring on a corner of the hay heap,

got up reluctantly, and lazily stretched and adjusted first one hind leg and then the other. Having put on his boots, taken his gun, and carefully opened the creaking barn doors, Levin went out into the street. The coachmen were asleep beside the vehicles, the horses were drowsing. Only one of them was lazily eating oats, scattering them over the edge of the trough. The outside world was still grey.

‘Why have you risen so early, my dear?’ said his aged hostess, who came out of her hut, addressing him cordially as a good old acquaintance.

‘Why, I am off shooting, Granny! Can I get to the marsh this way?’

‘Straight along at the back of the huts, past our threshing floors, my dear; and then through the hemp-field. There’s a path.’

Carefully stepping with her bare sunburnt feet the old woman showed him the way and lifted for him one of the bars enclosing the threshing-floor.

‘Go straight on, and you’ll step right into the marsh. Our lads took the horses that way last night.’

Laska ran ahead gaily along the footpath, and Levin followed at a brisk pace, continually glancing at the sky. He did not wish the sun to rise before he reached the marsh. But the sun did not tarry. The moon, which was still giving light when first he went out, now shone only like quicksilver; the streak of dawn, previously so noticeable, now had to be looked for; what had been vague spots on the distant field were now clearly visible. They were shocks of rye. Still invisible in the absence of the sun, the dew on the tall scented hemp, from which the male plants had already been weeded out, wetted Levin’s legs and his blouse to above his belt. In the translucent stillness of the morning the slightest sounds were audible. A bee flew past his ear, whistling like a bullet. He looked close and saw another and a third. They all came from behind the wattle fence of an apiary, and flying across the hemp-field disappeared in the direction of the marsh. The path led him straight to the marsh, which was recognizable by the mist rising from it, thicker at one spot and thinner at another, so that the sedge and willow bushes looked like islets swaying in the mist. At the

edge of the marsh the peasant boys and men who had pastured their horses in the night lay, covered with their coats, having fallen asleep at daybreak. Not far from them, three hobbled horses were moving about. One of them clattered its shackles. Laska walked beside her master, seeking permission to run forward and looking around. When he had passed the sleeping peasants and reached the first wet place, Levin examined his percussion caps and allowed Laska to go. One of the horses, a well-fed three-year-old chestnut, on seeing the dog, started, lifted his tail, and snorted. The other horses, also alarmed, splashed through the water with their hobbled feet, making a sound of slapping as they drew their hoofs out of the thick clayey mud, and began floundering their way out of the marsh. Laska paused with a mocking look at the horses and a questioning one at Levin. He stroked her, and whistled as a sign that she might now set off.

Joyful and preoccupied, Laska started running across the bog, which swayed beneath her feet.

On entering the marsh Laska at once perceived, mingled with the various familiar smells of roots, marsh, grass, and rust, and with the unfamiliar smell of horse dung, the scent of the birds—those strong-smelling birds that excited her most—spreading all over the place. Here and there among the marsh mosses and docks, that smell was very strong; but it was impossible to decide in which direction it grew stronger or weaker. To find this out it was necessary to go further away in the direction of the wind. Hardly aware of her legs under her, Laska ran at a strained gallop, which she could cut short at a bound should occasion arise, to the right, away from the morning breeze which blew from the east, and then turned to windward. After inhaling the air with distended nostrils she knew at once that not their scent only but they themselves were there, before her, not one only but many of them. She slackened speed. They were there, but she could not yet determine exactly where. To decide this she began working round in a circle, when her master's voice disturbed her. 'Laska! Here!' he said, pointing to the other side. She stood still, as if asking him whether it would not be better to continue as she had begun; but he repeated

his command in a stern voice, pointing to a group of hummocks covered with water where there could not be anything. She obeyed, pretending to search in order to please him, went over the whole place and then returned to the first spot and immediately scented them once more. Now that he was not hindering her, she knew what to do, and without looking where she was stepping, stumbling over hummocks and getting into the water, but surmounting the obstacles with her flexible strong legs, she began the circle which was to make everything clear. *Their* scent came to her more and more pungently, more and more distinctly, and all at once it became quite clear to her that one of them was here behind a hummock, five steps in front. She stopped and her whole body grew rigid. The shortness of her legs prevented her seeing anything before her, but from the scent she could tell that it was not five paces off. She stood, more and more conscious of its presence and enjoying the anticipation. Her rigid tail was outstretched, only its very tip twitching. Her mouth was slightly open and her ears erect. One of her ears had turned back while she ran, she breathed heavily but cautiously, and yet more cautiously looked toward her master, turning her eyes rather than her head. He, with his familiar face but ever terrible eyes, came stumbling over the hummocks, but unusually slowly, she thought. So it seemed to her, though in reality he was running.

Noticing Laska's peculiar manner of searching, as lowering her body almost to the ground she appeared to be dragging her broad hind paws, he knew that she was pointing at snipe, and while running up to her he prayed inwardly for success, especially with the first bird. Having come close up to her he looked beyond, and from his height saw with his eyes what she had found with her nose. In the space between the hummocks, at a distance of about a sazhen, he could see a snipe. It sat with turned head, listening. Then, just spreading its wings slightly and folding them again, it vanished round a corner with an awkward backward jerk.

'Seize it! Seize it!' shouted Levin, pushing Laska from behind.

‘But I can’t go,’ thought she. ‘Where should I go to? From here I scent them, but if I go forward, I shall not know what I am doing, nor where they are, nor who they are.’ But now he pushed her with his knee, saying in an excited whisper, ‘Seize it, Laska! Seize it!’

‘Well, if he wishes it, I will, but I can no longer answer for anything,’ thought Laska, and rushed forward at full tilt between the hummocks. She now scented nothing more, but only saw and heard without understanding anything.

With lusty cries and a sound of the beating of concave wings so peculiar to the double-snipe, a bird rose; and, following the report of the gun, it fell heavily on its white breast ten paces from the first spot into the wet bog. Another rose behind Levin without waiting to be disturbed by the dog. By the time Levin had turned toward it, it had already gone far: but his shot reached it. After flying some twenty feet, the second snipe rose at an acute angle, and then, turning round and round like a ball, fell heavily on a dry spot.

‘Now, things will go right,’ thought Levin, putting the warm fat snipe into his bag. ‘Eh, Laska dear, will things go right?’

When, having reloaded, Levin went on again, the sun, though still invisible because of the clouds, had already risen. The moon had lost all her brilliancy and gleamed like a little cloud in the sky. Not a single star was any longer visible. The marsh grass that had glittered like silver in the dew was now golden. The rusty patches were like amber. The bluish grasses had turned yellowish green. Marsh birds were busy in the dew-bespangled bushes that cast long shadows beside the brook. A hawk had woken up and was sitting on a haycock, turning its head from side to side and looking discontentedly at the marsh. Crows were flying to the fields, and a barefooted boy was already driving the horses toward an old man, who had got up from beneath his coat and sat scratching himself. The powder-smoke spread like milk over the green grass.

A boy ran up to Levin.

‘Uncle, there were ducks here yesterday!’ he shouted, following Levin from afar.

And Levin felt increased pleasure in killing three snipe one after another within sight of this little boy, who expressed his approval.

CHAPTER XIII

THE sportsman's saying, that if you don't miss your first beast or first bird your day will be successful was justified.

Tired, hungry, and happy, Levin returned to his lodging toward ten o'clock, having tramped some thirty versts and bringing nineteen red-fleshed birds, besides a duck tied to his girdle, as there was no room for it in his bag. His comrades had wakened long before, and had had time to get hungry and have their breakfast.

'Wait a bit—wait a bit! I know there are nineteen,' said Levin, for a second time counting his snipe and double-snipe, which no longer had the important appearance they bore when on the wing, but were twisted, dried up, smeared with congealed blood, and had heads bent to one side.

The tale was correct, and Oblonsky's envy gratified Levin. He was also pleased that on his return he found a messenger had already arrived from Kitty with a note.

'I am quite well and happy. If you were uneasy about me, you may be quite at ease now. I have a new bodyguard—Mary Vlasyevna,' this was the midwife, a new and important personage in the Levins' family life. 'She has come to see me and finds me perfectly well, and we have got her to stay till your return. All are cheerful and well, so don't hurry and even stay another day if your sport is good.'

These two joys, his successful shooting and the news from his wife, were so great that two small unpleasantnesses which occurred after the shooting were easy to disregard. One was that the chestnut side-horse, having evidently been overworked the previous day, was off its feed and seemed dull. The coachman said it had been strained.

'It was overdriven yesterday, Constantine Dmitrich,' he said. 'Why, it was driven hard for ten versts!'

The other unpleasantness, which for a moment upset his good-humour, but about which he afterwards laughed heartily, was that of all the provisions that Kitty had provided so lavishly that it had appeared impossible to eat them up in a week, nothing was left! Returning tired and hungry from his sport, Levin so vividly anticipated the pies that on approaching his lodging he seemed to smell and taste them—just as Laska scented game—and he immediately ordered Philip to serve them. It turned out that there were no pies, nor even any chicken left!

'He *has* an appetite!' said Oblonsky, laughing and pointing to Vasenka Veslovsky. 'I don't suffer from lack of appetite, but he's quite surprising . . .'

'Well, it can't be helped!' said Levin, looking morosely at Veslovsky. 'Well then, bring me some beef, Philip!'

'The beef has been eaten, and the bone was given to the dogs,' answered Philip.

Levin was so annoyed that he said crossly: 'Something might have been left for me!' and he felt inclined to cry. 'Well then, draw the birds and stuff them with nettles,' said he in a trembling voice to Philip, trying not to look at Veslovsky; 'and ask at least for some milk for me.'

Later on, when he had satisfied his hunger with the milk, he felt ashamed of having shown annoyance to a stranger, and he began laughing at his hungry irritation.

In the evening they again went out shooting, when Veslovsky also killed some birds, and late at night they set off home.

The drive back was as merry as the drive out had been. Veslovsky now sang, now recalled with relish his adventures with the peasants who entertained him with vodka and said 'No offence!'; and now his night exploits with hazel nuts, the maid-servant, and the peasant who asked him whether he was married, and learning that he was not said: 'Don't hanker after other men's wives, but above all things strive to get one of your own!' These words particularly amused Veslovsky.

'Altogether I am awfully pleased with our outing. . . . And you, Levin?'

'I am very pleased with it too,' said Levin sincerely. He was glad not only to feel no hostility such as he had felt at home toward Vasenka Veslovsky, but on the contrary to feel quite friendly toward him.

CHAPTER XIV

NEXT morning at ten o'clock Levin, having made the round of his farm, knocked at the door of Vasenka's room.

'*Entrez!*' shouted Veslovsky. 'Excuse me—I have only just finished my ablutions,' he said smiling, as he stood before Levin in his underclothes.

'Please don't mind me,' and Levin sat down by the window. 'Have you slept well?'

'Like the dead! What a day it is for shooting!'

'What do you drink, tea or coffee?'

'Neither. Nothing before lunch. I am really quite ashamed. I expect the ladies are already up? It would be fine to go for a walk now. You must show me your horses.'

When they had walked round the garden, visited the stables, and even done some gymnastics together on the parallel bars, Levin returned to the house with his guest and entered the drawing-room with him.

'We had fine sport, and so many new impressions!' said Veslovsky, approaching Kitty, who sat at the samovar. 'What a pity ladies are deprived of that pleasure.'

'Well, what of it? He must say something to the mistress of the house,' Levin told himself. He again thought he noticed something in the smile and conquering air with which the visitor addressed Kitty. . . .

The Princess, who sat at the other end of the table with Mary Vlasyevna and Oblonsky, called Levin and began a conversation about moving to Moscow for Kitty's confinement and taking a house there. Just as all the preparations for the wedding had been disagreeable to him, since they detracted by their insig-

nificance from the majesty of what was taking place, so now the preparations for the coming birth, the time of which they were reckoning on their fingers, appeared to him yet more offensive. He always tried not to hear those conversations about the best way of swaddling the future infant, tried to turn away and not see those mysterious endless knitted binders and three-cornered pieces of linen, to which Dolly attached special importance,—and all the rest. The birth of a son (he was certain it would be a son) which they promised him, but in which he still could not believe, so extraordinary did it seem, appeared to him on the one hand such an immense and therefore impossible happiness, and on the other such a mysterious event, that this pretended knowledge of what was going to happen and consequent preparations as for something ordinary, something produced by human beings, seemed to him an indignity and a degradation.

But the Princess did not understand his feelings and attributed his unwillingness to think and speak about it to thoughtlessness and indifference, and therefore gave him no peace. She was now commissioning Oblonsky to see about a house, and called Levin to her.

‘I don’t know at all, Princess. Do as you think best,’ he said.

‘You must decide when you will move.’

‘I really don’t know. I know that millions of children are born without Moscow and without doctors; then why . . .’

‘Well, if that’s . . .’

‘Oh no! Just as Kitty likes.’

‘But one can’t talk to Kitty about it! Why, do you want me to frighten her? You know, only this spring Nataly Golitsin died because she had a bad doctor.’

‘I will do whatever you tell me to,’ he replied morosely.

The Princess began telling him, but he did not listen to her. Though this talk with the Princess upset him, it was not that but what he saw by the samovar which made him morose.

‘No, this is impossible,’ he thought, glancing occasionally at Vasenka, who was leaning toward Kitty

and saying something, with his handsome smile, and at Kitty, blushing and agitated.

There was something impure in Vasenka's attitude, his look and his smile. Levin even saw something impure in Kitty's pose and smile; and again the light faded from his eyes. Again, as on the previous occasion, he suddenly, without the least interval, felt thrown from the height of happiness, peace, and dignity into an abyss of despair, malevolence, and degradation. Again everyone and everything became revolting to him.

'Well then, Princess, let it be just as you think best,' he said, turning away.

"'Heavy is the Autocrat's crown!'"¹ said Oblonsky banteringly, evidently alluding not only to the Princess's conversation, but also to the cause of Levin's agitation, which he had observed. 'How late you are to-day, Dolly!'

They all rose to greet Dolly. Vasenka only rose for a moment, and with the absence of politeness to women which is characteristic of modern young men, barely bowed and again continued his conversation, laughing at something.

'Masha has worn me out. She slept badly and is terribly capricious this morning,' said Dolly.

The conversation with Kitty begun by Vasenka again dealt with Anna and with the question whether love can rise above social conditions. This conversation was unpleasant to Kitty and upset her, both by the subject itself and by the tone in which it was carried on, but especially because she already knew the effect it would have on her husband. But she was too simple and innocent to know how to stop it, or even how to conceal the superficial pleasure which this young man's evident attentions caused her. She wished to put an end to the conversation, but did not know how. Whatever she did, she knew, would be noticed by her husband and would all be construed into something wrong. And really when she asked Dolly what was the matter with Masha, and Vasenka—waiting for this uninteresting conversation to finish—gazed indifferently at Dolly, her question seemed to Levin a piece of unnatural and disgusting cunning.

¹ A quotation from Pushkin's *Boris Godunov*.

‘Well, shall we go to pick mushrooms to-day?’ said Dolly.

‘Yes, please, and I will go too,’ said Kitty, and blushed. She had been going, out of politeness, to ask Vasenka whether he would go with them, but refrained. ‘Where are you going, Kostya?’ she asked her husband with a guilty look as he passed by with resolute steps. This guilty look confirmed all his suspicions.

‘The mechanic arrived during my absence and I have not yet seen him,’ he answered, without looking at her.

He went downstairs, but had not had time to leave his study before he heard his wife’s familiar footsteps following him with imprudent rapidity.

‘What is it?’ he asked drily. ‘We are busy.’

‘Excuse me,’ she said addressing the German mechanic, ‘I have a few words to say to my husband.’

The German was about to go out, but Levin said to him:

‘Don’t trouble!’

‘The train is at three?’ asked the German, ‘I must not miss it.’

Levin did not answer him but went out with his wife.

‘Well, what have you to say to me?’ he asked in French.

He did not look her in the face and did not notice that she (in her condition) stood with her whole face twitching, and had a pitiful, crushed appearance.

‘I . . . I want to tell you that it’s impossible to live like this - it’s torture!’ she muttered.

‘The servants are there, in the pantry,’ he said angrily; ‘don’t make a scene.’

‘Well then, come here!’

They were in a passage, and Kitty wished to enter the next room; but the English governess was there, giving Tanya a lesson.

‘Well, come into the garden!’

In the garden they came upon a man weeding a path, and without any longer considering that the man saw her tear-stained eyes and his excited face, or that they looked like people running away from some calamity, they went on with rapid feet, feeling that they must speak out and convince each other, must be alone

together, and thereby both escape from the torment both were experiencing.

‘One can’t live like this! It is torture! I suffer and you suffer. Why?’ she asked, when they had at last reached a secluded seat at the corner of the lime-tree avenue.

‘Only tell me this: was there something improper, impure, degradingly horrid in his tone?’ he said, standing in front of her in the same attitude as on that night, with fists pressing his chest.

‘There was,’ she said in a trembling voice. ‘But, Kostya, do you really not see that I am not to blame? From the time I came down I wanted to adopt a tone . . . but these people . . . Why did he come? How happy we were!’ she said, choking with sobs that shook the whole of her expanded body.

The gardener saw with surprise that, though nothing had been pursuing them and there had been nothing to run away from, and they could not have found anything very blissful on that seat, they passed him on their way back to the house with quieted and beaming faces.

CHAPTER XV

AFTER seeing his wife upstairs, Levin went to Dolly’s part of the house. She too was in great trouble that day. She was walking up and down the room and speaking angrily to a little girl who stood howling in a corner:

‘You’ll stand in that corner all day, and will have your dinner alone, and you will not see a single doll, and I won’t have a new frock made for you!’ she was saying, unable to think of any more punishments for the child.

‘Oh, she is a horrid child!’ she cried, addressing Levin. ‘Where do these vile tendencies in her come from?’

‘But what has she done?’ asked Levin rather indifferently. He wanted to consult her about his own affairs, and was annoyed at having come at an inopportune moment.

‘She and Grisha went away among the raspberry

canes and there . . . I can't even tell what she did. One regrets Miss Elliot a thousand times—this one does not look after the children; she's only a machine. . . . *Figurez vous que la petite . . .*¹

Dolly told Masha's crime.

'That proves nothing; it is not a bad tendency, but just mischievousness,' Levin comforted her.

'But you are upset about something? Why have you come?' asked Dolly. 'What's happening there?'

And by the tone of her question Levin knew that it would be easy for him to tell her what he meant to say.

'I was not there, but have been in the garden alone with Kitty. We have quarrelled for the second time since . . . Steve's arrival.'

Dolly gazed at him with wise, comprehending eyes.

'Well, tell me, hand on heart—was there . . . not on Kitty's side, but on that gentleman's . . . a tone which might be unpleasant . . . not unpleasant but terrible and offensive to a husband?'

'That is to say . . . how am I to put it? . . . Stop! Stop in the corner!' she said turning to Masha, who noticing a scarcely perceptible smile on her mother's face was turning round. 'The world would say he has behaved as all young men behave. *Il fait la cour à une jeune et jolie femme*,² and a Society husband should be merely flattered by it.'

'Yes, yes,' answered Levin gloomily, 'but you noticed it?'

'Not I only, but Steve too. He told me frankly after tea: "*Je crois que Veslovsky fait un petit brin de cour à Kitty!*"'³

'Well, all right, now I am tranquil. I will turn him out,' said Levin.

'What do you mean? Have you gone mad?' exclaimed Dolly, terrified. 'What do you mean, Kostya? Consider!' she went on, laughing. 'You can go to Fanny now,' she said to Masha. 'No, if you like I will tell Steve and he will take him away. One can say you are expecting visitors. Certainly, he does not suit your household . . .'

¹ Fancy! the child . . .

² He pays court to a young and pretty woman.

³ I believe Veslovsky is courting Kitty a wee bit;

‘No, no ; I’ll do it myself.’

‘But you will quarrel ?’

‘Not at all ! It will be a pleasure for me, a real pleasure,’ said Levin with sparkling eyes. ‘Come, forgive her, Dolly ! She won’t do it again,’ he pleaded, referring to the small culprit, who had not gone to Fanny, but stood hesitatingly before her mother, looking up from under her brows, expecting and trying to catch her eye.

Dolly looked at her. The little girl burst into sobs and buried her face in her mother’s lap, and Dolly placed her thin tender hand on the child’s head.

‘What is there in common between us and him ?’ thought Levin, as he went in search of Veslovsky.

Passing through the hall he ordered the *caliche* to be harnessed to drive to the station.

‘One of the springs broke yesterday,’ replied the footman.

‘Well, then, the *tarantas*, but make haste ! Where is the visitor ?’

‘He has gone to his room.’

Levin found Vasenka, who had unpacked his portmanteau and spread out his new songs, trying on a pair of leggings and preparing for a ride.

Whether there was something unusual in Levin’s face, or whether Vasenka himself felt that ‘*le petit brin de cour*’ which he had started was out of place in this family, he was embarrassed (as far as is permissible to a man in Society) by Levin’s entry.

‘You wear leggings for riding ?’

‘Yes, it’s much cleaner,’ said Vasenka, placing his fat foot on a chair, fastening the bottom hook, and smiling good-naturedly.

He was certainly a good-natured fellow, and Levin felt sorry for him and ashamed of himself as a host, when he noticed the shyness of Vasenka’s look. On the table lay a piece of stick which when doing gymnastics that morning they had broken, trying to raise the warped parallel bars. Levin took the broken stick and began pulling off the splintered bits at the end, not knowing how to begin.

‘I wished . . .’ He stopped, but suddenly remembering Kitty and all that had happened, he said, looking

Veslovsky firmly in the eyes: 'I have ordered the horses to be harnessed for you.'

'What do you mean?' Vasenka began with surprise. 'To drive where?'

'For you, to the station,' answered Levin gloomily, pulling off splinters.

'Why, are you going away, or has anything happened?'

'It happens that I am expecting visitors,' replied Levin more rapidly, breaking off the splintered bits of the stick with his strong fingers. 'Or no, I am not expecting visitors and nothing has happened, yet I request you to leave. You may explain my impoliteness as you please.'

Vasenka drew himself up.

'I ask *you* for an explanation,' he said with dignity, having at last understood.

'I can't give you an explanation,' said Levin softly and slowly, trying to control the trembling of his jaw, 'and it is better for you not to ask.'

As the splinters were now all broken off, Levin grasped the thick ends in his fingers and split the stick, carefully catching a piece as it fell.

Probably the sight of those strained arms, those muscles he had felt that morning when doing gymnastics, and the gleaming eyes, low voice and trembling jaws, convinced Vasenka more than the words. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled contemptuously, and bowed.

'Can I not see Oblonsky?'

The shrug and smile did not irritate Levin. 'What else is there for him to do?' he thought.

'I will send him to you at once.'

'What is this nonsense?' said Oblonsky, when he had heard from his friend that he was being driven out of the house, and had found Levin in the garden, where he was walking while awaiting the departure of his visitor. '*Mais c'est ridicule!* What fly has stung you? *Mais c'est du dernier ridicule!*¹ Why, do you imagine that if a young man . . . ?'

But the place where the fly had stung Levin was evidently still sore, for he again grew pale when Oblonsky wished to refer to his reason, and hastily interrupted him.

¹ But it's ridiculous. . . . But it's the height of absurdity.

‘Please don’t explain my reasons! I can’t do otherwise! I feel ashamed before you and before him. But I don’t think it will grieve him much to go away, and his presence is unpleasant to me and to my wife.’

‘But he feels insulted! *Et puis, c’est ridicule!*’¹

‘And I feel insulted and tortured! And I have done nothing wrong and don’t deserve to suffer.’

‘Well, I never expected this of you! *On peut être jaloux, mais à ce point c’est du dernier ridicule!*’²

Levin turned away from him quickly and went far down one of the avenues, where he continued walking up and down alone. Soon he heard the rattle of the *tarantas*, and through the trees saw Vasenka, seated on hay (unluckily the *tarantas* had no seat), with the Scotch bonnet on his head, jolting over the ruts as he was driven down the other avenue.

‘What does that mean?’ wondered Levin when the footman ran out of the house and stopped the vehicle. It was on account of the mechanic, whom Levin had quite forgotten. He bowed and said something to Veslovsky, then climbed into the *tarantas*, and they drove away together.

Oblonsky and the Princess were indignant at Levin’s conduct. He himself felt not only that he was in the highest degree ridiculous, but quite guilty and disgraced; but recalling what he and his wife had suffered, and asking himself how he would act another time, he answered that he would do just the same again.

In spite of all this, by the end of the day every one, except the Princess, who could not forgive Levin’s conduct, became unusually animated and merry, like children after a punishment or adults after an oppressive official reception; so that in the Princess’s absence they talked about Vasenka’s expulsion as of an historic event. Dolly, who had inherited her father’s gift of putting things humorously, made Varenka collapse with laughter when she related for the third or fourth time, with ever fresh humorous additions, how she was just putting on some new ribbons in the visitor’s honour, and was about to go into the drawing-room, when suddenly

¹ And besides, it’s absurd!

² One may be jealous, but to such a point it is the height of absurdity!

she heard the clatter of the old cart. 'And who was inside the cart? Who but Vasenka, with his Scotch bonnet and his songs and his leggings, sitting on the hay!'

'At least you might have let him have the brougham! . . . And then I hear: "Stop!" "Well," think I, "they've relented." I look again and they had popped a fat German in with him and were driving them both off . . .! And so my ribbons were all in vain. . . .'

CHAPTER XVI

DOLLY carried out her intention of going to see Anna. She was very sorry to grieve her sister and to do anything that was unpleasant to Levin: she felt that they were right in not wishing to have anything to do with Vronsky, but felt it her duty to visit Anna and show her that the altered circumstances could not change her own feelings toward her.

Not to depend on the Levins for that journey, Dolly sent to the village to hire horses; but Levin hearing of it came and reproached her.

'Why do you think your going would be unpleasant to me? Even if it were unpleasant it would be still more unpleasant for me if you did not use my horses,' he said. 'You never told me definitely that you were going. And that you should hire horses in the village is, in the first place, unpleasant to me, and besides that, they will undertake the job but won't get you there. I have horses, and if you don't wish to grieve me, you will take them.'

Dolly had to agree, and on the appointed day Levin had four horses ready for his sister-in-law, as well as a relay—having made it up of farm and riding horses—not at all a handsome team, but one able to get her to her destination in a day. As horses were also required for the Princess, who was leaving, and for the midwife, it was inconvenient to Levin; but he could not be so inhospitable as to allow Dolly to hire horses while staying with him. Besides, he knew that the twenty roubles she would have had to pay for the journey were of im-

portance to her, and he felt her distressing financial embarrassments as if they had been his own.

Acting on Levin's advice, Dolly started before day-break. The road was good, the *caliche* comfortable, the horses ran merrily, and on the box beside the coachman instead of a footman sat an office clerk whom Levin sent with her for safety. Dolly dozed, and only woke up when approaching the inn where the horses were to be changed.

After drinking tea at the prosperous peasant's house where Levin had stopped when on his way to Sviyazhsky's, and conversing with the women about their children and with the old man about Count Vronsky, of whom he spoke very highly, Dolly continued her journey at ten o'clock. At home her care of the children never gave her leisure to think, but now, during this four hours' drive, all the thoughts she had repressed crowded suddenly into her mind, and she reviewed her whole life from all sides as she had never done before. Her thoughts seemed strange to her. At first she thought of the children, about whom, though the Princess and especially Kitty (she had greater faith in Kitty) had promised to look after them, she still felt anxious. 'If only Masha does not get into mischief again, or a horse does not kick Grisha, and if only Lily's digestion does not get more upset.' But then questions of the present began to be replaced by those of the immediate future. She began thinking that she would have to move into another house in Moscow for the winter, have the drawing-room furniture re-covered, and a new winter coat made for the eldest girl. Then came problems of a more remote future: how she should start her children in the world. 'With the girls it will be comparatively easy,' she thought, 'but how about the boys?'

'At present I am teaching Grisha, but that is only because I am free now and not having a baby. Of course Steve is not to be counted on, but with the help of kind people I shall start them somehow. . . . But in case of another child . . .' And it occurred to her how inaccurate it is to say that woman's curse is the bringing forth of children. 'Travail, that's nothing—but pregnancy is torture,' she thought, with her last pregnancy and the death of her infant in mind. And

she recalled a talk she had had with a young woman at the halting-place. In answer to the question whether she had any children, the good-looking young peasant wife had cheerfully replied :

‘ I had one girl, but God released me. I buried her in Lent.’

‘ And are you very sorry ? ’ asked Dolly.

‘ What’s there to be sorry about ? The old man has plenty of grandchildren as it is. They’re nothing but worry. You can’t work or anything. They’re nothing but a tie . . . ’

This answer had seemed horrible to Dolly, despite the good-natured sweetness of the young woman’s looks, but now she could not help recalling it. In those cynical words there was some truth.

‘ Altogether,’ she thought, looking back at the whole of her life during those fifteen years of wedlock, ‘ pregnancy, sickness, dullness of mind, indifference to everything, and above all disfigurement. Even Kitty—young, pretty Kitty—how much plainer she has become ! And I when I am pregnant become hideous, I know. Travail, suffering, monstrous suffering, and that final moment . . . then nursing, sleepless nights, and that awful pain ! ’

Dolly shuddered at the mere thought of the pain she had endured from sore nipples, from which she had suffered with almost every baby. ‘ Then the children’s illnesses, that continued anxiety ; then their education, nasty tendencies,’ (she recalled little Masha’s delinquency among the raspberry canes), ‘ lessons, Latin. . . . It is all so incomprehensible and difficult. And above all, the death of these children . . . ’ And once more the cruel memory rose that always weighed on her mother-heart : the death of her last baby, a boy who died of croup ; his funeral, the general indifference shown to the little pink coffin, and her own heartrending, lonely grief at the sight of that pale little forehead with the curly locks on the temples, and of the open, surprised little mouth visible in the coffin at the instant before they covered it with the pink lid ornamented with a gold lace cross.

‘ And what is it all for ? What will come of it all ? I myself, without having a moment’s peace, now pregnant,

now nursing, always cross and grumbling, tormenting myself and others, repulsive to my husband—I shall live my life, and produce unfortunate, badly brought-up and beggared children. Even now, if we had not spent this summer with Kostya and Kitty, I don't know how we should have managed. Of course Kostya and Kitty are so considerate that we don't feel it; but it can't go on so. They will have children of their own and won't be able to help us; as it is, they are put to inconvenience. Is Papa, who has kept scarcely anything for himself, to help us? . . . So I can't even give the children a start myself, unless it's with other people's help and with humiliation. Well, supposing the best: that none of the other children die, and that I somehow succeed in bringing them up; at the very best they will only escape being ne'er-do-wells. That is all I can hope for. And for this, so much suffering and trouble. . . . My whole life ruined!' Again she remembered what the young woman had said. Again the recollection was repulsive to her, but she could not help admitting that there was a measure of crude truth in the words.

'Is it much further, Michael?' she asked the clerk, to dispel the thoughts that frightened her.

'They say it's seven versts from this village.'

The *caliche* was descending the village street to a small bridge. A crowd of merry peasant women, with ready-twisted sheaf-binders hanging from their shoulders, were crossing the bridge, chattering loudly and merrily. The women stopped on the bridge, inquisitively scrutinizing the *caliche*. All the faces turned toward her seemed to Dolly to be healthy and bright, mocking her with their joy in life. 'Everybody lives, everybody enjoys living,' Dolly continued her reflections when, after passing the peasant women and having reached the top of the incline, they were going at a trot, the old *caliche* comfortably swaying on its soft springs, 'and I, released as from a prison, from the world that is killing me with its worries, have only now collected my thoughts for a moment. Everybody lives: these women, and my sister Nataly, and Varenka, and Anna to whom I am going,—only not I!

'And they are all down on Anna! What for? Am

I better than she? I at least have a husband whom I love. Not as I wished to love, but still I do love him; but Anna did not love hers. In what is she to blame? She wishes to live. God has implanted that need in our souls. It is quite possible I might have done the same. I don't even now know whether I did well to listen to her at that terrible time when she came to me in Moscow. I ought then to have left my husband and begun life anew. I might have loved and been loved, the real way. And is it better now? I don't respect him. I need him,' she thought of her husband, 'and I put up with him. Is that any better? I was still attractive then, still had my good looks,' she went on, feeling that she wanted to see herself in a glass. She had a small travelling looking-glass in her bag, and felt inclined to take it out; but glancing at the backs of the coachman and the clerk who sat swaying beside him, she knew she would feel ashamed if one of them chanced to look round, and she did not take it out.

Yet even without looking in the glass she thought it might not be too late even now. She remembered Koznyshev, who was particularly amiable to her; Steve's friend the good-natured Turovtsin, who had helped her nurse her children when they had scarlet fever and who was in love with her; and then there was a very young man who considered—so her husband told her as a joke—that she was the handsomest of the three sisters. And the most passionate and impossible romances occurred to Dolly's fancy. 'Anna has acted excellently, and I at any rate shall not reproach her at all. She is happy, she is making another happy and is not dragged down as I am, but she is no doubt as fresh, clever, and frank as ever,' she thought; and a roguish smile puckered her lips, chiefly because while thinking of Anna's romance she invented an almost similar romance for herself with an imaginary, collective man who was in love with her. Like Anna, she confessed everything to her husband, and Oblonsky's surprise and embarrassment at the announcement made her smile.

Wrapped in such dreams she reached the turning from the high road, which led to Vozdvizhensk.

CHAPTER XVII

THE coachman stopped the horses and looked round toward a field of rye on the right, where some peasants sat beside a cart. The clerk wished to get down, but then, changing his mind, shouted authoritatively and beckoned to a peasant. The breeze, which they had felt while driving, died down when they stopped; and horse-flies settled on the sweating horses, which angrily tried to brush them off. The metallic sound of a scythe being hammered beside the cart ceased, and one of the peasants rose and came toward the *calèche*.

'Look at him, stuck fast!' shouted the clerk angrily at the peasant, who was slowly stepping with bare feet over the ruts of the dry, hard-trodden road. 'Be quick!'

The curly-headed old man, with a piece of bast tied round his head, his rounded back dark with perspiration, increased his speed, approached the *calèche* and put his sunburnt arm on the mud-guard.

'Vozdvizhensk? The squire's house? To the Count's?' he repeated. 'There! When you have passed that bend turn to the left, and go right down the drive and you'll knock up straight against it. But whom do you want? The squire?'

'Are they at home, my good man?' said Dolly vaguely, not knowing how to speak of Anna even to a peasant.

'I expect so,' said the peasant, shifting from one bare foot to the other, leaving in the dust a clear imprint of it with its five toes. 'I expect so,' he repeated, evidently desiring a talk. 'More visitors arrived yesterday. Visitors! Just awful. . . . What do you want?' He turned toward a lad beside the cart who was shouting something. 'Quite right--a while ago they passed by here on horseback, to see the reaper. Now they must be at home again. And who may you be?'

'We have come a long way,' replied the coachman, climbing back on to the box. 'And you say it's not far?'

'I tell you it's just there, where you come out,' and he went on rubbing his hand along the mud-guard of the *calèche*.

A young, healthy-looking, thick-set lad also came up.

'Could I get a job, harvesting?' he asked.

'I don't know, my lad.'

'There, you see, when you've turned to the left you'll knock straight up against it,' said the peasant, evidently unwilling to let them go, and wishing to talk.

The coachman started, but hardly had they gone round the corner when the peasants called out to them.

'Stop, friend! Stop!' shouted two voices.

The coachman pulled up.

'They are coming! Here they are themselves!' cried the man, pointing to four persons on horseback and two in a char-a-banc coming along the road.

It was Vronsky with his jockey, Veslovsky and Anna on horseback, and Princess Barbara with Sviyazhsky in the char-a-banc. They had been for a ride and to see some newly-arrived reaping machines in operation.

When the *calche* pulled up, the riders advanced at a foot pace. Anna rode in front beside Veslovsky. She rode quietly, on a small sturdy English cob with a close-cropped mane and short tail. Dolly was struck by the beauty of her head with locks of black hair which had escaped from under her top hat, her full shoulders and fine waist in the black riding-habit, and her whole quiet graceful bearing.

For a moment she thought it improper for Anna to be riding on horseback. In Dolly's mind the idea of horse-riding for women was connected with youthful coquetry, which in her opinion was unsuitable to a woman in Anna's position; but when she saw her closer she at once became reconciled to Anna's riding. Despite her elegance, everything about Anna—her bearing, clothes and movements—was so simple, quiet, and dignified, that nothing could seem more natural.

At Anna's side, on a heated bay cavalry horse, stretching out his fat legs and evidently admiring himself, rode Vasenka Veslovsky, wearing the Scotch bonnet with waving ribbons, and Dolly could not repress a merry smile on recognizing him. Behind them rode Vronsky. He was on a thoroughbred dark bay, which was obviously heated by galloping, and he was using the reins to hold it in.

Behind him rode a short man dressed as a jockey.

Sviyazhsky and the Princess Barbara in a new char-a-banc, to which was harnessed a tall trotter, were overtaking the riders.

Anna's face immediately brightened into a joyful smile when she recognized Dolly in the little figure pressed back in a corner of the old *calèche*. She gave an exclamation, started in her saddle and touched her horse into a gallop. Riding up to the *calèche* she jumped unaided from the horse and, holding up her habit, ran toward Dolly.

'It's what I thought, but dared not expect! What a pleasure! You cannot imagine how delighted I am!' she cried, now pressing her face to Dolly's and kissing her, now leaning back to gaze smilingly at her.

'What joy, Alexis!' she said, turning to Vronsky, who had dismounted and was walking toward them.

Vronsky, taking off his grey top hat, approached Dolly.

'You can have no idea how pleased we are that you have come,' he said, putting peculiar emphasis into his words, while a smile exposed his strong white teeth.

Vasenska Veslovsky, without dismounting, raised his cap and welcomed the visitor, joyously waving his ribbons above his head.

'That is the Princess Barbara,' Anna said, in answer to Dolly's glance of inquiry when the char-a-banc came nearer.

'Oh!' said Dolly, and her face involuntarily expressed displeasure.

The Princess Barbara was her husband's aunt, she had long known her and did not respect her. She knew that the Princess Barbara had all her life been a hanger-on to various rich relatives; but that she—a relation of Dolly's husband—should now be living in the house of Vronsky, a perfect stranger to her, offended Dolly. Anna noticed Dolly's expression, became confused, blushed, let her habit slip out of her hands, and stumbled over it.

Dolly walked up to the char-a-banc and coldly greeted Princess Barbara. She was acquainted with Sviyazhsky too. He asked how his friend the crank was getting on with his young wife, and having glanced at the ill-matched horses and the patched mud-guard of the *calèche*, offered the ladies seats in the char-a-banc.

'I will go in that vehicle,' he said. 'My horse is a quiet one, and the Princess drives splendidly.'

'No, stay as you are,' said Anna, who had also come up, 'and we two will go in the *caliche*,' and giving Dolly her arm she led her away.

Dolly was dazzled by the elegant equipage of a kind she had never seen, by the beautiful horses and the elegant, brilliant persons about her. But what struck her most was the change that had taken place in Anna, whom she knew and loved. Another woman less observant, who had not known Anna before, especially one who had not thought the thoughts that were in Dolly's mind on the way, would not have noticed anything peculiar in Anna. But now Dolly was struck by that temporary beauty which only comes to women in moments of love, and which she now found in Anna's face. Everything in that face: the definiteness of the dimples on cheeks and chin, the curve of her lips, the smile that seemed to flutter around her face, the light in her eyes, the grace and swiftness of her movements, the fulness of her voice, even the manner in which she replied—half-crossly, half-kindly—to Veslovsky, who asked permission to ride her cob that he might teach it to lead with the right leg when galloping—everything about her was peculiarly attractive, and she seemed to know it and to be glad of it.

When the two women took their seats in the *caliche*, both were seized with shyness. Anna was abashed by the attentively inquiring look Dolly bent upon her; Dolly, after Sviyazhsky's remark about the 'vehicle,' felt involuntarily ashamed of the ramshackle old *caliche*, in which Anna had taken a seat beside her. Philip the coachman and the clerk shared that feeling. The clerk, to hide his embarrassment, bustled about, helping the ladies in, but Philip became morose and made up his mind not to be imposed upon by this external superiority. He smiled ironically as he glanced at the raven trotter of the char-a-banc, deciding that that horse was good for nothing but a promenade, and could not do its forty versts on a hot day at one go.

The peasants beside the cart all got up and looked with merry curiosity at the visitor, making their own comments.

‘Glad they are: have not met for a long time!’ said the curly-haired old man with the piece of bast tied round his head.

‘There now, Uncle Gerasim! That raven gelding would cart the sheaves in no time.’

‘Just look! Is that a woman in breeches?’ cried one, pointing to Vasenka Veslovsky, who was getting into the side-saddle.

‘No, it’s a man. See how easily he jumped up!’

‘I say, lads! It seems we are not to have a sleep!’

‘What chance of a sleep to-day?’ said the old man, blinking at the sun. ‘It’s too late! Take your scythes and let’s get to work.’

CHAPTER XVIII

ANNA was looking at Dolly’s thin wan face with its dust-filled wrinkles, and wishing to tell her just what she thought: that Dolly looked thinner and worse. But remembering that her own looks had improved and that Dolly’s eyes had told her so, she sighed and began talking about herself.

‘You are looking at me,’ she said, ‘and wondering whether I can be happy, placed as I am? Well, what do you think? I am ashamed to confess it, but I . . . I am unforgivably happy! Something magical has happened to me: like a dream when one feels frightened and creepy, and suddenly wakes up to the knowledge that no such terrors exist. I have wakened up! I have lived through sufferings and terrors, but for a long time past—especially since we came here—I have been happy! . . .’ she said, looking at Dolly timidly and with a questioning smile.

‘I am so glad!’ answered Dolly, smiling, but in a colder tone than she intended. ‘I am very glad for your sake. Why did you not write to me?’

‘Why? . . . Because I did not dare . . . you forget my position.’

‘To me? You dared not? If only you knew how I . . . I consider . . .’

Dolly wanted to tell Anna what she had been thinking

that morning; but for some reason it now seemed out of place. 'However, we will talk about all that later. What is this? What are all those buildings? Quite a town!' she asked, to change the subject, pointing to the red and green roofs visible above a living green wall of acacias and lilacs.

But Anna did not answer her.

'No, no! What view do you take of my position? What do you think? What?' she asked.

'I imagine . . .' Dolly began; but at that moment Vasenka Veslovsky, who had got the cob to lead with the right foot, galloped past in his short jacket, bumping heavily on the leathers of the side-saddle. 'It goes all right, Anna Arkadyevna!' he shouted. Anna did not even glance at him; but it still seemed to Dolly out of place to begin to discuss this big subject in the *caliche*, so she briefly replied:

'I don't take any view. I always loved you, and if one loves, one loves the whole person as he or she is, and not as one might wish them to be.'

Anna, turning her eyes away from her friend and screwing them up (this was a new habit of hers and unfamiliar to Dolly), grew thoughtful, trying thoroughly to grasp the meaning of the remark. Having evidently understood it in the sense she wished, she glanced at Dolly.

'If you had any sins,' she said, 'they would all be forgiven you for coming here and for those words!'

And Dolly noticed that tears had started to her eyes. She silently pressed Anna's hand.

'But what are those buildings? What a lot of them there are!' said she after a moment's silence, repeating her question.

'They are the employés' houses, the stud farm, and the stables,' answered Anna. 'And here the park begins. Everything had been neglected, but Alexis has had it all renovated. He is very fond of this estate, and--a thing I never expected of him--he is quite enthusiastic in managing the place. But of course his is such a talented nature! Whatever he takes up, he does splendidly! He is not only not bored, but passionately engrossed in his occupations. He has grown

into a first-rate, prudent landlord, as I recognize; in farming matters he is even stingy, but only in farming. Where it is a question of thousands he does not count them,' she said, with that joyous sly smile with which women often speak of the secret characteristics, discovered by them alone, of the man they love. 'Do you see that big building? It is the new hospital. I think it will cost more than a hundred thousand roubles. That is his hobby just now. And do you know why he started it? The peasants asked him to let them some meadows at a reduced rent, I think, and he refused, and I reproached him with being stingy. Of course it was not that alone, but one thing with another caused him to start that hospital, to show, you know, that he is not stingy. *C'est une petitesse*¹ if you like, but I love him the better for it! And now you will see the house in a moment. It was his grandfather's, and it has not been altered at all on the outside.'

'How fine!' said Dolly, looking with involuntary surprise at a handsome house with a row of columns standing out among the variously tinted foliage of the old trees in the garden.

'It is fine, is it not? And from upstairs the view is wonderful.'

They drove into a gravelled courtyard surrounded by flowers, where two men were making a border of rough porous stones round a well-forked flower-bed, and stopped beneath a roofed portico.

'Ah, they've already arrived,' said Anna, looking at the horses that were being led away from the front door. 'Don't you think that one is a beautiful horse? It is a cob, my favourite. . . . Bring it here, and get me some sugar. Where is the Count?' she asked the two elegant footmen who had rushed out. 'Ah, there he is!' she went on, seeing Vronsky and Veslovsky coming out to meet her.

'In which room are you putting the Princess?' Vronsky asked in French, addressing Anna, and without waiting for her answer he once more welcomed Dolly, and this time he kissed her hand. 'The large room with the balcony, I should think.'

'Oh no! That's too far off! The corner room

¹ It is a pettiness.

will be better, we shall see more of one another there. Well, let's go in,' said Anna, who had given her favourite horse the sugar the footman had brought.

'*Et vous oubliez votre devoir,*'¹ said she to Veslovsky, who was also standing in the portico.

'*Pardon ! J'en ai tout plein les poches,*'² he answered with a smile, plunging his fingers into his waistcoat pocket.

'*Mais vous venez trop tard,*'³ she said, wiping with her handkerchief the hand which the horse had wetted as it took the sugar.

Anna turned to Dolly. 'How long can you stay? Only a day! That's impossible.'

'I have promised . . . and the children,' answered Dolly, feeling embarrassed because she had to get her bag out of the *caliche* and because she knew her face was covered with dust.

'No, Dolly darling! . . . Well, we will see. Come! Come along!' and Anna led the way to Dolly's room.

It was not the grand room that Vronsky had suggested, but one for which Anna apologized to Dolly. And this room needing an apology was full of luxuries, such as Dolly had never lived among, which reminded her of the best hotels abroad.

'Well, dearest! How happy I am!' said Anna, who in her riding-habit had sat down for a moment beside Dolly. 'Tell me about yourselves. I meet Steve in passing, but he can't tell me about the children. How is my pet, Tanya? Crown a big girl, I suppose?'

'Yes, quite big,' answered Dolly shortly, and was herself surprised that she could talk so coldly about her children. 'We are very comfortable at the Levins,' she added.

'There now! Had I only known that you don't despise me . . .' said Anna, 'you should all have come to us. You know Steve and Alexis are old and great friends,' she added and suddenly blushed.

'Yes, but we are so comfortable . . .' answered Dolly with embarrassment.

'However, my joy makes me talk nonsense! But

¹ And you forget your duty.

² Pardon me, my pockets are full of it.

³ But you have come too late.

really, dear, I am so glad to see you,' said Anna, kissing her again. 'You have not yet told me how and what you think about me, and I want to know everything. But I am glad that you will see me just as I am. Above all, I don't want you to think that I wish to prove anything. I don't want to prove anything: simply I wish to live, not hurting anyone but myself. I have a right to do that, have I not? However, that needs a long talk, and we will talk it all well over later. Now I will go and dress and will send you the maid.'

CHAPTER XIX

LEFT alone, Dolly surveyed the room with a housewife's eye. All she saw when driving up to the house and passing through it, and now in her room, gave her the impression of abundance and elegance and of that novel European luxury which she had read about in English novels, but had never yet seen in Russia in the country. Everything was new, from the new French wall-papers to the carpet which covered the whole floor. The bed had a spring and an overlay mattress, with a specially shaped bolster and small pillows with silk slips. The marble washstand, the dressing-table, the couch, the tables, the bronze clock on the mantelpiece, the curtains and door-hangings were all costly and new. The smart lady's maid with hair stylishly done, and wearing a dress more fashionable than Dolly's, who came to offer her services, was as new and expensive as everything else in the room. Dolly found her politeness, tidiness, and attention pleasant, but did not feel at ease with her; she was ashamed to let her see the patched dressing-jacket, which as ill-luck would have it she had brought by mistake. She was ashamed of the very patches and darns on which she at home prided herself. At home it was clear that six jackets required twenty-four *arshins* of nainsook at sixty-five kopeks, which comes to more than fifteen roubles, besides the trimmings and the work; and she had saved all that. But before the maid she felt not exactly ashamed but uncomfortable.

Dolly felt much relieved when Annushka, whom she

had known a long time, came into the room. The smart maid had to go to her mistress, and Annushka remained with Dolly.

Annushka was evidently very pleased that the lady had come, and chattered incessantly. Dolly noticed that she wanted to express her opinion of her mistress's position, and especially of the Count's love of and devotion to Anna, but Dolly carefully stopped her whenever she began to speak about that subject.

'I grew up with Anna Arkadyevna; she is dearer to me than anything. Is it for us to judge? And how he seems to love . . .'

'Well then, have this washed if possible,' interrupted Dolly.

'Yes, ma'am! We have two women always specially kept for washing small things, and the clothes are all done with a machine. The Count goes into everything himself. What a husband . . .'

Dolly was glad when Anna came in and thereby put an end to Annushka's chatter.

Anna had changed into a very simple lawn dress. Dolly looked carefully at this simple dress. She knew what such simplicity meant and cost.

'An old acquaintance,' said Anna, pointing to Annushka.

Anna was now no longer embarrassed. She was free and at her ease. Dolly saw that she had quite got over the impression produced by her arrival, and had adopted a superficial tone of equanimity which seemed to close the door that led to the compartment where her feelings and intimate thoughts were kept.

'Well, and how is your little girl, Anna?' asked Dolly.

'Annie?' (so she called her daughter Anna). 'Quite well. Greatly improved. Would you like to see her? Come, I'll show her to you. . . . I've had such trouble with the nurses,' she began. 'We had an Italian wet nurse for her. Good, but so stupid! We wanted to send her back, but the child is so used to her that we are still keeping her.'

'Well, and how have you arranged . . .?' Dolly began, meaning to ask what name the little girl would bear; but seeing a sudden frown on Anna's face she

changed the question and said: 'How have you arranged? Have you already weaned her?'

But Anna had understood.

'That is not what you were going to ask? . . . You wished to ask about her name? Am I not right? It troubles Alexis. She has no name. That is, her name is Karenina,' said Anna, screwing up her eyes till only the meeting lashes could be seen. 'However, we will talk about all that later,' said she, suddenly brightening. 'Come! I will show her to you. *Elle est très gentille*,¹ and can crawl already.'

In the nursery the luxury noticeable in the rest of the house struck Dolly still more strongly. Here were perambulators ordered from England, an apparatus to teach a baby to walk, a specially constructed piece of furniture like a billiard-table for the baby to crawl on, swings, and baths of a new special kind. All these were English, strongly made, of good quality, and evidently very expensive. The room was large, very lofty and light.

When they entered the little girl was sitting in her chemise in a little arm-chair at a table, having her dinner of broth which she was spilling all over her little chest. A Russian nursemaid was feeding the child and evidently herself eating also. Neither the wet nurse nor the head nurse were to be seen: they were in the next room, where one could hear them talking in a peculiar French, the only tongue in which they could converse.

On hearing Anna's voice a smart tall Englishwoman with an unpleasant face and an impure look came into the room, rapidly shaking her fair curls, and at once began excusing herself, though Anna had not accused her of anything. To each word of Anna's the Englishwoman quickly repeated, 'Yes, my lady!' several times.

The dark-browed, dark-haired, rosy little girl, with her firm ruddy little body covered with gooseflesh, pleased Dolly very much, despite the severe expression with which she regarded the new visitor; she even felt a little envious of the child's healthy appearance. The way the little girl crawled also greatly pleased Dolly. Not one of her children had crawled like that. The

¹ She is very sweet.

baby looked wonderfully sweet when she was put down on the carpet, with her little frock tucked up behind. Glancing round at the grown-up people with her large radiant black eyes, like a little animal, evidently pleased that she was being admired, she smiled, and turning out her feet, energetically supported herself on her hands, drew her lower limbs forward, and then again advanced her hands.

But Dolly did not at all like the general atmosphere of that nursery, especially the English nurse. Only by the fact that a nice woman would not have accepted a post in such an irregular household as Anna's could Dolly explain to herself how Anna, with her knowledge of character, could have engaged for her little girl such an unpleasant and fast Englishwoman. Besides that, from a few words she heard, Dolly at once understood that Anna, the wet nurse, the head nurse, and the baby did not get on with one another, and that the mother's appearance was not a usual occurrence. Anna wished to get the baby her toy and could not find it.

But the most astonishing thing was that when asked how many teeth the baby had, Anna made a mistake and knew nothing of the two latest teeth.

'I feel it hard sometimes that I am as it were superfluous here,' said Anna on leaving the nursery, lifting her train to avoid the toys that lay beside the door. 'It was quite different with the first one.'

'I thought—on the contrary,' said Dolly timidly.

'Oh no! You know I have seen him, Serezha,' said Anna, screwing up her eyes as if peering at something far off. 'However, we will talk about that afterwards. Would you believe it, I am just like a starving woman to whom a full meal has been served, and who does not know what to begin on first? The full meal is you and the talks I am going to have with you, and which I could not have with anyone else, and I don't know on what to begin first! *Mais je ne vous ferai grâce de rien!*¹ I must speak out about everything. Yes, I must give you a sketch of the people you will meet here,' she began. 'I will begin with the woman: Princess Barbara. You know her, and I know your and Steve's opinion of her. Steve says the one aim of her life is to

¹ But I shall not let you off anything!

prove her superiority to Aunt Catherine Pavlovna. That is quite true ; but she is kind, and I am very grateful to her. There was a moment in Petersburg when I needed a chaperon. Just then she turned up. Really she is kind. She made my position much easier. I see you do not realize all the difficulty of my position . . . there in Petersburg,' she added. 'Here I am quite tranquil and happy ; but about that later on. I must continue the list. Then there's Sviyazhsky : he is a Marshal of Nobility and a very decent fellow, but he wants something from Alexis. You see, with his means, now that we have settled in the country, Alexis can have great influence. Then there is Tushkevich : you have met him, he was always with Betsy. Now he has been deposed and has come to us. As Alexis says he is one of those men who are very agreeable if one takes them for what they wish to appear, *et puis, il est comme il faut*,¹ as the Princess Barbara says. Then there's Veslovsky . . . you know him. He is a nice boy,' she said, and a roguish smile puckered her lips. 'What outrageous affair was that with Levin? Veslovsky told Alexis, and we simply can't believe it. *Il est tres gentil et naif*,'² she added with the same smile. 'Men need distraction, and Alexis needs an audience ; so I value all this company. Things must be lively and amusing here, so that Alexis shall not wish for anything new ! Then you will also see our steward. He is a German, very good, and knows his business. Alexis thinks highly of him. Then there's the doctor, a young man, not exactly a Nihilist, but—you know, eats with his knife . . . but a very good doctor. Then there's the architect . . . *une petite cour* !'³

CHAPTER XX

'WELL, here's Dolly for you, Princess ! You wanted so much to see her,' said Anna as she and Dolly came out onto the large stone verandah where in the shade,

¹ And then, he is good form.

² He is very nice and naive.

³ A little court !

before an embroidery frame, the Princess Barbara sat embroidering a cover for an easy-chair for Count Vronsky. 'She says she won't have anything before dinner, but will you order lunch? I'll go and find Alexis and bring them all here.'

The Princess Barbara received Dolly affectionately but rather patronisingly, and at once began explaining that she was staying with Anna because she had always loved her more than did her sister Catherine Pavlovna, who had brought Anna up; and that now, when everyone had thrown Anna over, she considered it her duty to help Anna through this transitional and most trying period.

'Her husband will give her a divorce, and then I shall go back to my solitude; but at present I can be of use and I fulfil my duty, however hard it may be, not like others. . . . And how kind you are, and how well you have done to come! They live like the best of married couples. It is for God to judge them, not for us. Think of Biryuzovsky and Avenyeva. . . . And even Nikandrov! And how about Vasilyev with Mamonova, and Lisa Neptunova. . . .? No one said anything against them? And in the end they were all received again. . . . And then *c'est un intérieur si joli, si comme il faut. Tout-à-fait à l'anglaise. On se réunit le matin au breakfast et puis on se sépare.*¹ Every one does what he likes till dinner. Dinner is at seven. Steve did very well to send you. He must keep in with them. You know, through his mother and brother he can do anything. And then they do much good. Has he not told you about his hospital? *Ce sera admirable.*² Everything comes from Paris.'

Their conversation was interrupted by Anna, who had found the men in the billiard-room and brought them back with her to the verandah. As there was still plenty of time before dinner, and the weather was beautiful, several different ways of passing the next two hours were proposed. There were a great many ways of spending time at Vozdvizhensk, all differing from those at Pokrovsk.

¹ It is such a pretty, such a refined home. Quite in the English style. We assemble for breakfast, and then we separate.

² It will be admirable.

'*Une partie de*¹ lawn tennis,' suggested Veslovsky with his pleasing smile. 'We will be partners again, Anna Arkadyevna!'

'No, it's too hot: better let's walk through the garden and go for a row, to let Darya Alexandrovna see the banks,' suggested Vronsky.

'I will agree to anything,' said Sviyazhsky.

'I think Dolly will find a walk the pleasantest, won't you? And then we can go in the boat,' said Anna.

All agreed to this. Veslovsky and Tushkevich went to the bathing-house, promising to get the boat ready there and to wait for the others.

Two couples - Anna with Sviyazhsky and Dolly with Vronsky—walked down a garden path. Dolly was somewhat embarrassed and troubled by the quite novel circle she found herself in. In the abstract, theoretically, she not only excused but even approved of Anna's action. As is frequently the case with irreproachably moral women who become tired of the monotony of a moral life, she from a distance not only excused a guilty love but even envied it. Besides, she loved Anna from her heart. But actually seeing her among these people so alien to herself, with their fashionable tone which was quite new to her, Dolly felt ill at ease. In particular it was disagreeable to her to see the Princess Barbara, who forgave them everything for the sake of the comforts she enjoyed there.

In general, in the abstract Dolly approved the step Anna had taken, but it was unpleasant to her to see the man for whose sake the step had been taken. Besides, she had never liked Vronsky. She considered him very proud, and saw nothing in him to justify that pride, except his wealth. But involuntarily he, here in his own house, imposed on her more than ever, and she could not feel at ease with him. She experienced the same kind of shyness in his presence that she had felt when the lady's maid saw her jacket. As with the maid she felt not exactly ashamed but uncomfortable about the patches, so with him she felt not exactly ashamed but ill-at-ease about herself.

Feeling embarrassed, she tried to think of something to talk about. Though she thought that, being so

¹ A game of.

proud, he would not be pleased to hear his house and garden admired, yet not finding any other subject for conversation, she said she liked his house very much.

‘Yes, it is a very handsome building and in a good old style,’ he said.

‘I like the courtyard in front of the portico very much. Was it like that before?’

‘Oh no!’ he replied, and his face lit up with pleasure. ‘If you had only seen that courtyard in spring!’

And he began, at first with reserve but more and more carried away by his subject, to draw her attention to various details of the adornment of the house and garden. One could see that, having devoted great pains to the improvement and decoration of his place, Vronsky felt compelled to boast of them to a fresh person, and was heartily pleased by Dolly’s praises.

‘If you care to see the hospital and are not too tired—it is not far. Shall we go?’ he suggested, glancing at her face to assure himself that she really was not bored.

‘Will you come, Anna?’ he said, turning to her.

‘We’ll come. Shall we?’ she asked Sviyazhsky. ‘*Mais il ne faut pas laisser le pauvre Veslovsky et Tushkevich se morfondre là dans le bateau!*’¹ We must send to let them know. Yes, it is a monument he is erecting here,’ said Anna to Dolly, with the same sly knowing smile with which she had previously spoken about the hospital.

‘Oh, it’s a great undertaking!’ said Sviyazhsky. But, not to seem to be making up to Vronsky, he immediately added a slightly condemnatory remark. ‘But I am surprised, Count, that you, who are doing so much for the people from a sanitary point of view, should be so indifferent to the schools!’

‘*C’est devenu tellement commun, les écoles,*’² answered Vronsky. ‘Of course that’s not the reason, but I . . . I have been carried away. This is the way to the hospital,’ he said, turning to Dolly and pointing to a turning that led out of the avenue.

The ladies opened their sunshades and entered the sidewalk. After several turnings they passed through a gate, and Dolly saw on the high ground before her a

¹ But we must not leave poor Veslovsky and Tushkevich to wait in vain in the boat.

² Schools have become so common.

large, red, nearly completed building of a fanciful shape. The still unpainted iron roof shone dazzlingly in the sunshine. Beside the finished building another as yet surrounded by scaffolding was being built. Workmen wearing aprons stood on the scaffolding laying bricks, pouring water from wooden pails, or smoothing the mortar.

'How quickly your work gets on!' said Sviyazhsky. 'When I was last here there was no roof.'

'It will be finished by autumn. The interior is nearly completed,' said Anna.

'And what is this new building?'

'That will be the doctor's quarters and the dispensary,' replied Vronsky; and seeing the architect in his short jacket coming toward them, he apologized to the ladies and went to meet him.

Avoiding the pit from which the men were taking mortar, he stopped and began heatedly discussing something with the architect.

'The pediment is still too low,' he answered Anna's question as to what it was all about.

'I said the foundations ought to be raised,' said Anna.

'Yes, of course that would have been better, Anna Arkadyevna,' replied the architect, 'but it's done now.'

'Yes, I am very much interested in it,' said Anna to Sviyazhsky, who expressed surprise at her knowledge of architecture. 'The new building ought to be in line with the hospital, but it was an afterthought and was begun without a plan.'

Having finished talking with the architect Vronsky rejoined the ladies and led them to the hospital.

Although they were still working at the cornices outside and painting inside on the ground floor, the upper story was nearly finished. Ascending the broad cast-iron staircase to the landing, they entered the first large room. The walls were plastered with imitation marble, and the enormous plate-glass windows were already in place; only the parquet floor was not finished, and the carpenters who were planing a square of the parquet left their work, and removing the tapes that kept their hair out of the way, bowed to the gentlefolk.

'This is the waiting-room,' said Vronsky. 'There

will be a desk, a table and a cupboard here: nothing more.'

'This way! We will pass here. Don't go near the window!' said Anna, feeling whether the paint was dry. 'Alexis, the paint is dry already,' she added.

From the waiting-room they passed into the corridor. Here Vronsky showed them the new system of ventilation which had been installed. Then he showed the marble baths and the beds with peculiar spring mattresses. Then he took them to one ward after another: to the store-room, the linen-room; showed the stoves built on a new plan, then some silent trollies to convey necessary articles, and much besides. Sviyazhsky appreciated everything like one who is acquainted with all the newest improvements. Dolly was simply surprised at what she had never before seen, and wishing to understand it all, asked for information about every detail, which evidently gratified Vronsky.

'Yes, I think this will be the only quite correctly planned hospital in Russia,' said Sviyazhsky.

'And will you have a maternity ward?' inquired Dolly. 'That is so much wanted in the country. I often . . .'

Despite his courtesy, Vronsky interrupted her.

'This is not a maternity home but a hospital, and is intended for all illnesses, except infectious ones,' he said. 'But have a look at this . . .'

and he moved a chair for convalescents, just arrived from abroad, toward Dolly. 'Just look!' He sat down in the chair and began moving it. 'A patient is unable to walk—still too weak, or has something the matter with his feet; but he wants fresh air, so he goes out, takes a ride . . .'

Everything interested Dolly and everything pleased her, especially Vronsky himself with his natural and naïve enthusiasm. 'Yes, he is a very nice, good fellow,' she thought again and again, not listening to him but looking at him, understanding his expression, and mentally putting herself in Anna's place. In this animated state she liked him so much that she understood Anna's being able to fall in love with him.

CHAPTER XXI

‘No, I think the Princess Darya Alexandrovna is tired and horses do not interest her,’ said Vronsky to Anna, who was suggesting that they should go to the stud farm where Sviyazhsky wanted to look at a new stallion. ‘You go, and I will see the Princess back to the house and will have a talk with her—if you do not mind?’ he added, turning to Dolly.

‘I don’t understand anything about horses, and shall be very pleased to,’ answered Dolly, taken rather by surprise.

She saw by Vronsky’s face that he wanted something of her. She was not mistaken. As soon as they had passed through the gate back into the garden, he glanced in the direction Anna had taken, and having assured himself that she could not hear or see them, he began.

‘You have guessed that I want to talk to you,’ he said, looking at her with laughter in his eyes. ‘I know that you are a friend of Anna’s.’ He took off his hat, and with his handkerchief mopped his head, which was getting bald.

Dolly did not reply and only looked at him with alarm. Alone with him she suddenly felt frightened: his laughing eyes and stern expression scared her.

Many diverse suppositions as to what he was about to say flitted through her brain. ‘He will ask me to come and stay with them and bring the children, and I shall have to refuse; or to get together a circle for Anna in Moscow. . . . Or maybe it’s about Vasenka Veslovsky and his relations with Anna? Or possibly about Kitty, and that he feels guilty toward her?’ Everything she surmised was unpleasant, but she did not hit on what he actually wished to speak about.

‘You have so much influence over Anna and she is so fond of you,’ he said. ‘Help me!’

Dolly looked with timid inquiry at his energetic face, which was now wholly and now partly in the sunlight that fell between the lime trees, and then was again darkened by their shadow. She waited for what more he would say; but he walked by her side in silence, prodding the gravel with his stick as he went.

‘As you have come to see us—and you are the only one of Anna’s former friends who has (I do not count the Princess Barbara)—I feel you have done so not because you consider our position normal, but because, realizing all the hardship of that position, you love her as before and wish to help her. Have I understood you rightly?’ he asked, turning toward her.

‘Oh, yes!’ answered Dolly, closing her sunshade, but . . .’

‘No,’ he interrupted; and forgetting that he was placing his companion in an awkward position, he stopped, so that she was obliged to stop also. ‘No one feels all the hardship of Anna’s position more than I do; and that is naturally so, if you do me the honour of regarding me as a man with a heart. I am the cause of that position and therefore I feel it.’

‘I understand,’ said Dolly, involuntarily admiring him for the frank and firm way in which he said it. ‘But just because you feel you have caused it, I’m afraid you exaggerate it,’ she said. ‘I understand that her position in Society is a hard one.’

‘In Society it is hell!’ he said quickly with a dark frown. ‘It is impossible to imagine greater moral torments than those she endured for two weeks in Petersburg . . . I beg you to believe me!’

‘Yes, but here, so long as neither Anna nor you . . . feel that you need Society . . .’

‘Society!’ he exclaimed with contempt. ‘What need can I have of Society?’

‘Till then, and that may be always, you are happy and tranquil. I see that Anna is happy, quite happy, she has already told me so,’ said Dolly smiling; and involuntarily while saying it she doubted whether Anna was really happy.

But Vronsky, it seemed, did not doubt it.

‘Yes, yes,’ he said. ‘I know that she has revived after all her suffering; she is happy; she is happy in the present. But I? . . . I am afraid of what is before us. . . . I beg your pardon! You want to move on?’

‘No, I don’t mind.’

‘Well then, let us sit down here.’

Dolly sat down on a seat at the turn of the avenue. He stood before her.

‘I see she is happy,’ he repeated, and the doubt as to whether Anna was really happy struck Dolly yet more strongly. ‘But can it continue? Whether we acted rightly or wrongly is another question; the die is cast,’ he said, changing from Russian into French, ‘and we are bound together for life. We are united by what are for us the holiest bonds of love. We have a child, we may have other children. Yet the law and the circumstances of our position are such that thousands of complications appear which at present, while resting after all her sufferings and trials, she neither sees nor wishes to see. That is natural. But I cannot help seeing them. My daughter is not mine by law, but Karenin’s. I hate this falsehood!’ he said with an energetic gesture of denial, and looked at Dolly with a gloomily questioning expression.

She made no answer, but only looked at him. He continued:

‘Some day a son may be born, my son, and he will by law be a Karenin, and not heir either to my name or my property, and however happy we may be in our family life, and whatever children we may have, there will be no legal bond between them and me. They will be—Karenin’s! Imagine the hardship and horror of this situation! I have tried to speak to Anna about it, but it irritates her. She does not understand and I cannot speak out about it to *her*. Now look at the other side of it. I am happy, happy in her love, but I need an occupation. I have found one. I am proud of it, and consider it more honourable than the occupations of my former comrades at Court or in the Service. I certainly would not exchange my work for theirs. I am working here, remaining on the spot, and I am happy and contented, and we need nothing more for our happiness. I like my activities. *Cela n’est pas un pis aller*,¹ on the contrary . . .’

Dolly observed that at this point his explanation was confused, and she could not quite understand why he had wandered from the point, but she felt that having once begun to speak of his intimate affairs, of which he could not speak to Anna, he was now telling her everything, and that the question of his work in the

¹ It is not a last shift.

country belonged to the same category of intimate thoughts as the question of his relations with Anna.

'Well, to continue!' he said, recovering himself. 'The principal thing is that when working I want the assurance that the work will not die with me, that I shall have heirs; and that I have not got. Imagine the situation of a man who knows in advance that children born of him and of the woman he loves will not be his, but some one else's—some one who will hate them and will have nothing to do with them! You know it is dreadful!'

He paused, evidently greatly excited.

'Yes, of course, I quite understand. But what can Anna do?' asked Dolly.

'Well, this brings me to the point of my talk,' he went on, calming himself with an effort. 'Anna can do it; it depends on her. . . . Even to be able to petition the Emperor for permission to adopt the child, a divorce will be necessary, and that depends on Anna. Her husband was willing to have a divorce—your husband had almost arranged it—and I know he would not refuse now. It is only necessary to write to him. He then replied definitely that if she expressed the wish, he would not refuse. Of course,' he said gloomily, 'that is one of those Pharasaic cruelties of which only heartless people are capable. He knows what torture every recollection of him causes her, and knowing her he still demands a letter from her. I understand that it is painful for her, but the reasons are so important that one must *passer pardessus toutes ces finesses de sentiment. Il y va du bonheur et de l'existence d'Anne et de ses enfants!*'¹ I do not speak of myself, though it's very hard on me, very hard,' he said with a look as if he were menacing some one for making it so hard on him. 'And so, Princess, I shamelessly cling to you as an anchor of salvation! Help me to persuade her to write to him and demand a divorce!'

'Yes, certainly,' said Dolly thoughtfully, vividly remembering her last conversation with Karenin. 'Yes, certainly,' she repeated resolutely, remembering Anna.

'Use your influence with her, get her to write, I

¹ One must get over all these refinements of sentiment. The happiness and existence of Anna and her children depend on it.

don't wish and am almost unable to speak to her about it.'

'Very well, I will speak to her. But how is it she herself does not think of it?' asked Dolly, suddenly remembering that strange new habit Anna had of screwing up her eyes. And she remembered that it was just when the intimate side of life was in question that Anna screwed up her eyes. 'As if she were blinking at her life so as not to see it all,' thought Dolly. 'Certainly I will speak to her, for my own sake and for hers,' she said in reply to his expression of gratitude.

They got up and went back to the house.

CHAPTER XXII

FINDING Dolly already returned, Anna looked attentively into her eyes as if asking about the talk she had had with Vronsky, but she did not ask in words.

'I think it's nearly dinner-time,' she said. 'We have not yet seen anything of one another. . . . I am counting on this evening. Now I must go and dress, and you too, I suppose. We have dirtied ourselves on the buildings.'

Dolly went to her room, feeling amused. She had nothing to change into as she was already wearing her best dress; but to give some sign that she had prepared for dinner, she asked the maid to brush her dress, and she put on clean cuffs, pinned a fresh bow to her dress and placed some lace in her hair.

'This is all I was able to do,' she smilingly said to Anna, who came to her in a third dress, again extremely simple.

'Yes, we are very formal here,' Anna remarked, as if excusing her own smartness. 'Alexis is seldom so pleased about anything as he is at your having come. He is decidedly in love with you,' she added. 'But aren't you tired?'

There was no time to discuss anything before dinner. When they entered the drawing-room the Princess Barbara and the men were already there. The men

wore frock coats, except the architect, who was in a dress suit. Vronsky introduced the doctor and the steward to his visitor; the architect had already been presented at the hospital.

The fat butler—his round, clean-shaven face and starched white tie shining—announced dinner. The ladies rose; Vronsky asked Sviyazhsky to take in Anna, and himself went up to Dolly. Veslovsky offered his arm to the Princess Barbara before Tushkevich could do so, so that the latter, the steward, and the doctor went in by themselves.

The dinner, the dining-room, the dinner-service, the servants and the wine and the food were not merely in keeping with the general tone of modern luxury in the house, but seemed even more luxurious and more modern than the rest. Dolly observed all this luxury, which was new to her, and, as a housewife herself controlling a household, she could not help noting the details (though she had no hope of putting what she observed to practical use in her own home, so far was such luxury above her way of life) and asking herself how it was all done and by whom. Vasenka Veslovsky, her husband, and even Sviyazhsky and many others whom she knew, never thought about these things, and readily believed, what every decent host wishes his guests to feel, that all that is so well arranged at his house has cost him no trouble but has come about of itself. Dolly, however, knew that not even a milk pudding for the children's lunch comes of itself, and that therefore so complicated and splendid an organization must have needed some one's careful attention; and from the way Vronsky surveyed the table, gave a sign with his head to the butler, and asked her whether she would take fish-broth or soup, she concluded that it had all been done by, and depended on, the master's care. It was evident that it depended no more on Anna than on Veslovsky. Anna, Sviyazhsky, the Princess, and Veslovsky were all equally guests, gaily making use of what was provided for them.

Anna was the hostess only in what concerned the conversation. And that difficult task for the mistress of a house with a small circle which included such people as the steward and the architect—people of quite a

different world, who tried not to be abashed by the unfamiliar luxury and were unable to take any sustained part in the general conversation—Anna managed that task with her usual tact, naturally and even with pleasure, as Dolly observed.

Reference was made to Tushkevich and Veslovsky having been for a row by themselves, and Tushkevich began to tell about the last boat races at the Petersburg Yacht Club. But at the first pause Anna turned to the architect, to draw him into the conversation.

‘Nicholas Ivanich,’ she said (referring to Sviyazhsky), ‘was struck by the way the new building had grown since his last visit; even I, who go there every day, am always surprised how quickly it gets on.’

‘It is pleasant to work with his Excellency,’ answered the architect with a smile. He was a dignified, respectful and quiet man. ‘It is not like having to do with the Local Authorities,’ said he. ‘Where they would scribble over a whole ream of paper, I merely report to the Count; we talk it over, and three words settle the matter.’

‘American methods!’ said Sviyazhsky with a smile.

‘Yes. There they erect buildings rationally . . .’

The conversation passed on to the abuses in the government of the United States, but Anna quickly turned it to another theme so as to draw the steward out of his silence.

‘Have you ever seen a reaping machine?’ she asked Dolly. ‘We had been to look at them when we met you. I saw them myself for the first time.’

‘How do they act?’ asked Dolly.

‘Just like scissors. It’s a board and a lot of little scissors. Like this . . .’

Anna took a knife and a fork in her beautiful white hands, sparkling with rings, and began to demonstrate. She was obviously aware that her explanation would not be understood, but as she knew that she spoke pleasantly and that her hands were beautiful, she went on explaining.

‘Rather like penknives!’ said Veslovsky playfully, never taking his eyes from her.

Anna smiled slightly, but did not answer him. ‘Is

it not true, Karl Fedorich, that it is like scissors?' she asked, turning to the steward.

'Oh, ja!' answered the German. '*Es ist ein ganz einfaches Ding,*'¹ and he began to explain the construction of the machine.

'It's a pity it does not bind the sheaves. I saw one at the Vienna Exhibition that bound the sheaves with wire,' remarked Sviyazhsky. 'That kind would be more profitable.'

'*Es kommt darauf an. . . . Der Preis vom Draht muss ausgerechnet werden,*'² and the German, drawn from his silence, turned to Vronsky. '*Das lässt sich ausrechnen, Erlaucht!*'³ The German was already putting his hand to the pocket where he kept a notebook with a pencil in which he made all his calculations, but remembering that he was at dinner, and noticing Vronsky's cold look, he desisted. '*Zu complicirt, macht zu viel Klopot,*'⁴ he concluded.

'*Wünscht man Dokhots, so hat man auch Klopots,*'⁵ said Vasenka Veslovsky, making fun of the German. '*J'adore l'allemand!*'⁶ said he, turning to Anna with the same smile as before.

'*Cessez!*'⁷ said she with mock severity.

'And we thought we should find you on the field, Vasily Semenich! Were you there?' she said to the doctor, a sickly-looking man.

'I had been there, but had evaporated,' said the doctor, with dismal jocularity.

'Then you have had some good exercise?'

'Magnificent!'

'And how is the old woman? I hope it is not typhus?'

'No, it's not exactly typhus, but she's not in a good state.'

'What a pity!' said Anna, and having thus paid the tribute of politeness to the retainers, she turned to her friends.

¹ Oh, yes! It is quite a simple thing.

² It all depends. . . . The price of the wire must be allowed for.

³ It can be calculated, excellency!

⁴ Too complicated, too much trouble.

⁵ If one wants income one must also have trouble. (The Russian word for income is *dokhod*. Veslovsky mispronounces it, and introduces it into a German sentence for fun.)

⁶ I adore German.

⁷ Leave off!

‘All the same, it would be difficult to construct a reaper from your description, Anna Arkadyevna,’ Sviyazhsky chaffed her.

‘Oh, why not?’ said Anna, with a smile which said that she knew there had been something engaging in her way of describing the reaper and that Sviyazhsky had noticed it. This new trait of youthful coquetry jarred on Dolly.

‘But then, Anna Arkadyevna’s knowledge of architecture is wonderful,’ remarked Tushkovich.

‘Oh, yes! Yesterday I heard Anna Arkadyevna mention damp courses and plinths,’ said Veslovsky. ‘Am I saying it right?’

‘There’s nothing to be surprised at, considering how much I hear and see of it,’ said Anna. ‘And you, I’m sure, don’t even know what houses are made of!’

Dolly noticed that Anna did not like the playful tone that had arisen between herself and Veslovsky, yet could not help falling in with it.

Vronsky behaved in this matter quite unlike Levin. He evidently did not attach any importance to Veslovsky’s chatter, and even encouraged it.

‘Come, Veslovsky! Tell us what keeps the bricks together!’

‘Cement, of course!’

‘Bravo! And what is cement?’

‘Well . . . it’s something like paste . . . no, putty!’ replied Veslovsky, rousing general laughter.

The conversation among the diners—except the doctor, the architect and the steward, who sat in gloomy silence—was incessant, now gliding smoothly, now catching on something and touching one or other of them to the quick. Once Dolly was stung to the quick, and so aroused that she even flushed up, and afterwards wondered whether she had said anything superfluous and disagreeable. Sviyazhsky began talking about Levin, and mentioned his peculiar view that machines only did harm in Russian agriculture.

‘I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman,’ said Vronsky with a smile, ‘but probably he has never seen the machines which he condemns; or if he has seen and tried them, has done it just anyhow, and not

with a foreign-made but with a Russian machine. And what opinions are possible on so plain a matter ?’

‘Turkish opinions,’ said Veslovsky, turning to Anna with a smile.

‘I cannot defend his opinions,’ said Dolly, flaring up, ‘but I can say that he is a very well-informed man, and if he were here he would be able to answer you, though I cannot.’

‘I am very fond of him, and we are great friends,’ said Sviyazhsky with a good-natured smile. ‘*Mais pardon, il est un petit peu toqué!*’¹ For instance, he maintains that the Zemstvos and Magistrates are quite unnecessary, and he won’t have anything to do with them.’

‘That is our Russian indifference,’ said Vronsky, pouring water from an iced decanter into a very thin glass with a stem: ‘not to realize the duties our rights impose on us, and therefore to deny those duties.’

‘I know no one who fulfils his duties more strictly,’ said Dolly, irritated by Vronsky’s superior tone.

‘I, on the contrary,’ continued Vronsky, who was evidently for some reason touched to the quick by this conversation, ‘I, on the contrary, such as I am, feel very grateful for the honour they have done me, thanks to Nicholas Ivanich’—he indicated Sviyazhsky—‘by electing me Justice of the Peace. I consider that the duty of going to the meetings, and considering a peasant’s case about a horse, is as important as anything else I can do. I shall consider it an honour if they elect me to the Zemstvo. It is only so that I can make a return for the advantages I enjoy as a landowner. Unfortunately people do not understand the importance the large landowners should have in the State.’ To Dolly it sounded strange to hear how assured he was of being in the right, here at his own table. She remembered how Levin, who held the opposite opinion, was equally positive in his opinions at his own table. But she was fond of Levin, and therefore sided with him.

‘Then we may expect to see you at the next Session, Count?’ asked Sviyazhsky. ‘But you must come in good time, so as to be there on the eighth. If you would only do me the honour of stopping with me . . .’

‘And I rather agree with your brother-in-law,’ said

¹ But, excuse me, he is a little cracked.

Anna, 'though I do not go to his lengths,' she added with a smile. 'I'm afraid we have too many of these public obligations nowadays. Formerly we used to have so many officials that there had to be an official for everything that was done, and now we have public workers for everything! Alexis has not been here six months, and I think he is already a Member of five or six different institutions: Guardian of the Poor, Justice of the Peace, a Member of a Council, a juryman, and Member of some Commission on Horses. . . . *Du train que cela va*,¹ all his time will be taken up that way. And I fear that with the multiplication of these positions they become a mere form. Of how many institutions are you a member, Nicholas Ivanich?' she asked, addressing Sviyazhsky; 'more than twenty, isn't it?'

Although Anna spoke playfully, irritation was perceptible in her tone. Dolly, who was attentively watching her and Vronsky, noticed it at once. She also saw that at this conversation Vronsky's face immediately assumed a serious and obstinate expression. Noticing these things, and that the Princess Barbara hastened to change the subject by speaking of their Petersburg acquaintances, and remembering that in the garden Vronsky had spoken about his activities inopportunately, she understood that with this question of public work some private difference between Anna and Vronsky was connected.

The dinner, the wine, the service were all very good, but they were all such as Dolly—though she had become unused to them—had seen before at dinner-parties and balls, and like those functions they bore a character of impersonality and strain; therefore on an everyday occasion and in a small gathering they produced an unpleasant impression on her.

After dinner they sat awhile on the verandah. Then they played lawn-tennis. The players, having chosen their partners, took their places on the carefully levelled and rolled croquet lawn, on the two sides of a net stretched between two small gilded pillars. Dolly tried to play, but was long unable to understand the game, and by the time she did understand it she was so tired that she sat down beside the Princess Barbara to watch the

¹ At the rate at which it is going.

others. Her partner Tushkevich also gave it up; but the rest played for a long time. Sviyazhsky and Vronsky both played very well and seriously. They intently followed the ball sent to them, neither hurrying nor hesitating, ran toward it with agility, waited for it to bounce, and then striking it with the racket sent it back across the net with good aim and precision. Veslovsky played worse than the others. He was too eager, but to make up for that his gaiety inspired his companions. His laughter and shouts never ceased. He, as well as the other men, had with the ladies' permission taken off his coat, and his large handsome figure in white shirt-sleeves, his ruddy perspiring face and impetuous movements, stamped themselves on the memories of the onlookers.

As soon as Dolly that night had gone to bed and closed her eyes, she saw Vasenka Veslovsky rushing hither and thither on the croquet lawn.

While they were playing Dolly was not feeling happy. She did not like the bantering tone between Anna and Veslovsky that continued during the game, nor the unnaturalness of grown-up people when they play childish games in the absence of children. But not to disturb the others and to while away the time, after resting she rejoined the players and pretended to like it. All that day she felt as if she were acting in a theatre with better actors than herself, and that her bad performance was spoiling the whole affair.

She had come with the intention of staying two days if she could adapt herself to the life. But that evening during the game she resolved to leave next day. Those painful maternal worries, which she had so hated on her journey, now after a day spent without them appeared in quite a different light and drew her back to them.

When, after evening tea and a row in the boat at night-time, Dolly entered her bedroom alone, took off her dress and sat down to do up her thin hair for the night, she felt great relief.

Even the thought that Anna would come in a moment was disagreeable to her. She wished to be alone with her thoughts.

CHAPTER XXIII

DOLLY was ready to get into bed when Anna in her night-gown came into the room.

Several times during the day Anna had begun to talk about intimate matters, but after a few words she had always paused, saying: 'Later on when we are alone we will talk it all over. I have so much to say to you!'

Now they were alone, but Anna did not know what to speak about. She sat by the window, looking at Dolly and mentally reviewing all those stores of intimate topics that had seemed inexhaustible, and could find nothing to say. It seemed to her at that moment as if everything had already been said.

'Well, and how's Kitty?' she asked with a deep sigh and a guilty glance at Dolly. 'Tell me the truth, Dolly: is she not angry with me?'

'Angry? No!' replied Dolly with a smile.

'But she hates and despises me?'

'Oh no! But you know one does not forgive those things!'

'No, no,' said Anna, turning away and looking out of the open window. 'But it was not my fault, and whose fault was it? What does being in fault mean? Could things have been different? Now, what do you think? Could it have happened to you not to be Steve's wife?'

'I really don't know. But I want you to tell me this . . .'

'Yes, yes, but we have not finished about Kitty. Is she happy? They say he's a fine fellow.'

'It is not enough to say he's a fine fellow; I do not know a better man.'

'Oh, I am so glad! I am very glad! It is not enough to say he's a fine fellow,' she repeated.

Dolly smiled.

'But tell me about yourself. I have much to talk to you about and I have been talking with . . .'

Dolly did not know what to call him. She did not like to call him either 'the Count' or 'Alexis Kirilich.'

'With Alexis?' said Anna. 'I know you have.'

But I want to ask you frankly, what do you think of me and of my life ?'

'How can I tell you all at once? I really don't know.'

'Oh, but all the same, tell me! . . . You see what my life is. But don't forget that you see us in summer, when you have come and we are not alone. . . . But we came here in early spring and lived quite alone, and we shall live alone again. I don't wish for anything better. But imagine me living alone, without him, *alone*, and that will happen . . . everything shows that it will often happen,—that he will spend half his time from home,' she said, rising and taking a seat nearer to Dolly. 'Of course,' she went on, interrupting Dolly, who was about to reply, 'of course I won't keep him against his will! I don't keep him. One day there are races and his horses are running; he goes. I am very glad. But think of me, imagine my position. . . . But why talk of it!' She smiled. 'Well then, what did he talk about to you?'

'He talked about what I myself wanted to ask you, so it is easy for me to be his advocate: about whether it isn't possible . . . whether it can't . . . ' Dolly hesitated, 'how to remedy, to improve your position . . . you know my opinions. . . . But all the same, if it is possible you should get married.'

'That is, get a divorce?' said Anna. 'Do you know, the only woman who called on me in Petersburg was Betsy Tverskaya? You know her, of course? *Au fond c'est la femme la plus dépravée qui existe.*¹ She had a liaison with Tushkevich, deceiving her husband in the worst way, and she told me that she did not wish to know me as long as my position was irregular. . . .! Don't think I am making any comparison . . . I know you, my darling. . . . But I could not help remembering. . . . Well then, what did he say to you?' she repeated.

'He said that he suffers on your account and on his own. Perhaps you will say it is egotism, but what legitimate and noble egotism! He wants, first of all, to legitimize his daughter and to be your husband and have a right to you.'

¹ At bottom, she's the most depraved woman in existence.

‘What wife, what slave could be such a slave as I am in my position?’ Anna sullenly interrupted her.

‘But the chief thing he wants is that you should not suffer.’

‘That is impossible! Well?’

‘And his most legitimate wish is that your children should not be nameless.’

‘What children?’ said Anna, screwing up her eyes and not looking at Dolly.

‘Annie, and those that will come . . .’

‘He may be at ease about that: I shall not have any more children.’

‘How do you know you won’t?’

‘I shan’t, because I don’t want them.’

And in spite of her agitation Anna smiled on noticing the naive expression of curiosity, surprise and terror on Dolly’s face.

‘After my illness the doctor told me . . .’

‘Impossible!’ said Dolly, with wide-open eyes. To her this was one of those discoveries which leads to consequences and deductions so enormous that at the first moment one only feels that it is impossible to take it all in, but that one will have to think over it again and again.

This discovery, which suddenly explained to her those hitherto incomprehensible families where there were only one or two children, awoke in her so many thoughts, reflections and contradictory feelings that she could say nothing, and only stared at Anna with wide-open eyes full of astonishment. It was the very thing she had dreamt of, but now on learning that it was possible, she was horrified. She felt that it was too simple a solution of too complex a question.

‘*N’est-ce pas immoral?*’¹ was all she said after a pause.

‘Why? Remember I have to choose between two things: either to become pregnant, that is ill, or to be the friend and comrade of my husband—for he is my husband all the same,’ said Anna, in a tone of intentional levity.

‘Well, yes, of course,’ said Dolly, listening to the

¹ Isn’t it immoral?

very arguments which she had put to herself but not finding them so convincing as before.

‘For you and for others,’ said Anna, as if guessing her thoughts, ‘there may still be some doubt, but for me . . . Remember, I am not a wife; he loves me as long as his love lasts! Well, how am I to keep his love? In this way?’

She curved her white arms in front of her stomach.

With unusual rapidity, as happens at times of great agitation, thoughts and recollections crowded into Dolly’s mind. ‘I could not attract Steve,’ she thought; ‘he left me for others, and the first one for whom he betrayed me did not hold him, though she was always pretty and bright! He threw her over and took another. Is it possible that Anna will attract and keep Count Vronsky in this way? If he looks for that sort of thing, he will find women whose dresses and manners are still brighter and more attractive. And however white and shapely her bare arms may be, however beautiful her full figure and her flushed face surrounded by that black hair—he will find others still more beautiful, as my horrid, pitiable and dear husband looks for and finds them!’

Dolly made no answer and only sighed. Anna noticed the sigh, which expressed dissent, and continued. She had other arguments in store, and such powerful ones that they could not be answered.

‘You say it is not right? But you must consider,’ she went on. ‘You forget my position. How can I desire children? I am not talking of the suffering: I am not afraid of that. But think who my children would be! Unfortunate beings, who would have to bear a stranger’s name! By the very fact of their birth they would have to be ashamed of their mother, their father, their birth!’

‘But that’s just why a divorce is necessary!’

Anna did not listen. She wanted to reproduce the arguments with which she had so often convinced herself.

‘What was my reason given me for, if I am not to use it to avoid bringing unfortunate beings into the world?’

She glanced at Dolly, but not pausing for a reply continued:

'I should always feel guilty toward those unhappy children,' said she. 'If they don't exist at any rate they are not unhappy, but if they are unhappy I alone shall be to blame.'

These were the very arguments Dolly had put to herself; but now she listened without understanding them. 'How can one be guilty toward beings who don't exist?' thought she. And suddenly the question came into her mind, whether it could be better in any case for her favourite Grisha if he had never existed? This appeared to her so monstrous and strange that she shook her head, to dispel the confusion of insane thoughts that whirled in her brain.

'Well, I don't know; but it is not right,' she said with a look of disgust.

'Yes, but don't forget what you are and what I am. . . . And besides,' added Anna, in spite of the abundance of her arguments and the poverty of Dolly's, apparently agreeing that it was not right,—'don't forget the chief thing: that I am not in the same position as you! The question for you is, whether you desire not to have any more children; for me it is, whether I desire to have them. And that is a great difference. Don't you see that, situated as I am, I cannot desire them?'

Dolly did not reply. She suddenly felt that she was so far away from Anna that there were questions on which they could never meet, and about which it was best not to talk.

CHAPTER XXIV

'THEN there is all the more need to regularize your position if possible,' said Dolly.

'Yes, if possible,' Anna said, in what had suddenly become quite a different—a quiet and sad—voice.

'Is a divorce not possible? I was told your husband had agreed . . .'

'Dolly, I don't want to speak about it!'

'Well then, we won't,' Dolly hastened to say, noticing the look of pain on Anna's face. 'But I see that you look at things too dismally.'

‘I? Not at all! I am very cheerful and satisfied. I saw that *je fais des passions*¹ . . . Veslovsky.’

‘Yes, to tell you the truth, I don’t like Veslovsky’s manner,’ said Dolly, wishing to change the subject.

‘Oh, not at all! It tickles Alexis, and that’s all; he is only a boy and entirely in my hands; you know, I manage him just as I please. He is just the same to me as your Grisha . . . Dolly!’ she said suddenly, changing her tone, ‘you say I look at things too dismally! You cannot understand. It is too dreadful. I try not to look at them at all!’

‘But I think you ought to. You must do all that is possible.’

‘But what is possible? Nothing! You say I must marry Alexis, and that I don’t consider that. I not consider that!’ she repeated, and flushed. She rose, drew herself up, sighed deeply, and with her light steps began pacing up and down the room, pausing occasionally. ‘I not consider it? Not a day, not an hour passes without my thinking about it and blaming myself for what I think . . . because those thoughts are enough to drive one mad! To drive one mad!’ she repeated. ‘When I think of it I cannot fall asleep without morphia. Well, all right. Let us discuss it quietly. They speak of divorce. For one thing, *he* would not agree now. *He* is now under the Countess Lydia Ivanovna’s influence.’

Dolly, sitting upright in her chair, with a pained expression of sympathy turned her head to follow Anna’s movements.

‘One must try,’ she said gently.

‘Let’s grant that. But what would it mean?’ said Anna, evidently expressing a thought she had considered a thousand times and knew by heart. ‘It means that I, who hate him but yet acknowledge myself to blame toward him—and I do think him magnanimous—I must humiliate myself by writing to him . . .! Well, supposing I make that effort and do it: I shall receive either an insulting answer or his consent. Supposing I get his consent . . .’ Anna at that instant had reached the other end of the room and stopped there, doing something to the window curtain. ‘I receive his consent,

¹ I have love affairs.

and my so . . . son ? They will not give him to me. He will grow up despising me, in the house of his father whom I have left. Understand that I love equally, I think, and both more than myself—two beings: Serezha and Alexis.'

She came back to the middle of the room and, pressing her chest with her arms, paused before Dolly. In her white dressing-gown her figure appeared peculiarly tall and broad. She bent her head and, trembling all over with emotion, looked from under her brows with moist, glittering eyes at the thin, piteous-looking little Dolly in her patched dressing-jacket and nightcap.

'I love those two beings only, and the one excludes the other! I cannot unite them, yet that is the one thing I desire. And if I can't have that, nothing matters—nothing, nothing! It will end somehow, therefore I can't—I don't like speaking about it. So don't reproach me, don't condemn me for anything! You in your purity cannot understand all I suffer!'

She came and sat down beside Dolly, peering into her face with a guilty look, and took her by the hand.

'What are you thinking? What are you thinking of me? Don't despise me! I don't deserve contempt. I am simply unhappy. If anyone is unhappy, it is I!' she murmured, and, turning away, she wept.

Left alone, Dolly said her prayers and got into bed. She had pitied Anna from the bottom of her heart while they were talking; but now she could not make herself think about her. Recollections of home and of her children rose in her imagination with a new and peculiar charm. That world of her own now seemed so precious and dear that she did not wish on any account to spend another day away from it, and she decided certainly to go home on the morrow.

Meanwhile Anna, returning to her boudoir, took a wineglass and put into it some drops of medicine, the chief ingredient of which was morphia. Having drunk it and sat still for a few moments, she entered her bedroom cheerfully and merrily.

When she came in Vronsky regarded her attentively. He tried to find some trace of the conversation which he knew, by her having remained so long in Dolly's room, must have taken place. But in her expression

of restrained excitement, which concealed something, he detected nothing except that beauty which, though familiar, still captivated him, her consciousness of this, and her desire that it should act on him. He did not wish to ask her what they had been talking about, but hoped that she would tell him of her own accord. However, she only said :

‘ I am glad you like Dolly. You do ? ’

‘ But I have known her a long time. I think she is very kind, *mais excessivement terre-à-terre*.¹ But all the same I was very glad she came.’

He took Anna’s hand and looked inquiringly into her eyes.

She, misunderstanding that look, smiled at him.

Next morning, in spite of her hosts’ entreaties, Dolly prepared to go home. Levin’s coachman in his by no means new coat, and a hat something like a post-boy’s, with his horses that did not match and the old *calèche* with mended mud-guards, drove up gloomily but resolutely to the covered, sand-strewn portico.

Taking leave of the Princess Barbara and of the men was unpleasant to Dolly. After spending a day together both she and her host felt distinctly that they did not suit one another and that it was better for them not to associate. Only Anna felt sad. She knew that when Dolly was gone no one would call up in her soul the feelings which had been aroused by their meeting. To have those feelings awakened was painful, but still she knew that they were the best part of her soul, and that that part of her was rapidly being choked by the life she was leading.

When they had driven into the fields Dolly experienced a pleasant feeling of relief, and she was about to ask the men how they had liked the Vronskys’ place, when suddenly Philip the coachman himself remarked :

‘ They’re rich, that they are, but yet they gave us only two bushels of oats. The horses had eaten every grain before cock-crow ! What’s two bushels ? Only a bite. Nowadays oats are forty-five kopeks at the inns. When anyone comes to our place, no fear, we give their horses as much as they’ll eat.’

¹ Excessively matter-of-fact

'A stingy gentleman . . . ' confirmed the clerk.

'Well, and did you like their horses?' asked Dolly.

'The horses? Fine's the only word for them! And the food is good too. But it did seem so dull to me, Darya Alexandrovna! I don't know how you found it,' he added, turning his handsome, kindly face toward her.

'I felt the same. Well, shall we get back by evening?'

'We ought to.'

On returning home and finding every one safe and extremely nice, Dolly gave a very animated account of her visit, of how well she had been received, of the luxury and good taste at the Vronskys', and of their amusements, and would not let anyone say a word against them.

'One must know Anna and Vronsky—I have got to know him better now—in order to understand how kind and pathetic they are,' said she with entire sincerity, forgetting the indefinite feelings of dissatisfaction and embarrassment she had experienced there.

CHAPTER XXV

VRONSKY and Anna went on living in the country in the same way, still taking no steps to obtain a divorce, all the summer and part of the autumn. They had agreed not to go away anywhere; but the longer they lived alone the more they both felt—especially in autumn when there were no visitors—that they would not be able to hold out and that a change was inevitable.

Their life seemed one that could not be improved upon: they had ample means, good health, a child, and both had occupations of their own. In the absence of visitors Anna still continued to devote attention to her person, and read a great deal—both novels and such serious books as were in fashion. She ordered all the books that were praised in the foreign newspapers and magazines they received, and read them with the attention one gives only to what one reads in solitude. She studied also from books and from technical papers all the subjects with which Vronsky was occupied, so

that he often came straight to her with questions about agriculture, architecture, and sometimes even horse-breeding or sport. He was astounded at her knowledge and memory, and at first used to doubt her information and want it confirmed. She would then find what he wanted in books and show it him.

The arrangement of the hospital also interested her. There she not only helped, but arranged and planned many things herself. Nevertheless, her chief preoccupation was still herself—herself in so far as Vronsky held her dear and in so far as she could compensate him for all he had given up. Vronsky appreciated this, which had become the sole aim of her life, a desire not only to please him but also to serve him; but at the same time he was troubled by these love-meshes in which she tried to entangle him. As time went on, the oftener he felt himself caught in these meshes the more he desired, not exactly to escape from them but to try whether they really interfered with his freedom. Had it not been for this ever-increasing desire for freedom—not to have a scene each time he had to go to town to a meeting or to the races—Vronsky would have been quite content with his life. The rôle he had chosen, that of a rich landowner—one of those who should constitute the kernel of the Russian aristocracy—was not only quite to his taste but, now that he had lived so for half a year, gave him ever-increasing pleasure. His affairs, which occupied and absorbed him more and more, progressed excellently. In spite of the tremendous sums the hospital, the machinery, the cows which he imported from Switzerland, and many other things were costing him, he was sure that he was not wasting his substance but increasing it. Where it was a question of income—the sale of forest land, of corn or wool, or the leasing of land—Vronsky was as hard as flint and could hold out for his price. In all operations on a large scale, both on this and on his other estates, he kept to the simplest and safest methods, and was extremely economical and careful in his expenditure on small details. Despite all the cunning and artfulness of the German steward, who tried to lead him into expenditure and presented all estimates in such a way that it at first appeared as if much would be required, though on con-

sideration the thing could be done more cheaply and an immediate profit obtained, Vronsky did not submit to him. He listened to what the steward had to say and questioned him, but only consented when the things to be ordered or built were the latest, as yet unknown in Russia, and likely to astonish people. Besides, he decided on a big outlay only when he had money to spare, and when spending he went into every detail and insisted on getting the very best for his money. So that from the way he managed his business it was clear that he was not wasting but increasing his property.

In October there were the Nobility elections in the Kashin Province, in which Vronsky's, Sviyazhsky's, Koznyshev's, and also a small part of Levin's estates were situated.

Various circumstances, as well as the men who took part in them, caused these elections to attract public attention. They were much discussed and preparations were made for them. People living in Moscow and Petersburg as well as others from abroad, who had never come to any elections, assembled at these.

Vronsky had long ago promised Sviyazhsky to be present.

Before the elections Sviyazhsky, who often visited at Vozdvizhensk, called for Vronsky.

The day before, Vronsky and Anna had almost quarrelled about his proposed journey. It was autumn, the dullest and most depressing time of year in the country, and so Vronsky, bracing himself for a struggle, announced his departure in a sterner and colder way than he had ever before used to Anna. But, to his surprise, Anna took the news very quietly and only asked when he would return. He looked at her attentively, not understanding this calm manner. She answered his look with a smile. He knew her capacity for withdrawing into herself, and knew that she only did it when she had come to some resolution in her own mind without telling him of her plans. He feared this; but he so wished to avoid a scene that he pretended to believe, and to some extent sincerely believed, in what he wished to believe, namely, in her reasonableness.

'I hope you won't be dull?'

'I hope not,' replied Anna. 'I received a box of books from Gautier's¹ yesterday. No, I shan't be dull.'

'She means to adopt this tone—well, so much the better!' thought he, 'or else it would be the usual thing again.'

And so, without challenging her to a frank explanation, he left for the elections. It was the first time since their union that he had parted from her without a full explanation. On the one hand this fact disturbed him, but on the other hand it seemed the best way. 'At first there will be, as now, something uncertain, something concealed; but afterwards she will get used to it. In any case I can give her everything else, but not my independence as a man,' he reflected.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN September Levin moved to Moscow for Kitty's confinement. He had already been living there a whole month without occupation, when Sergius Ivanich Koznyshév, who had an estate in the Kashin Province and took a great interest in the forthcoming elections, prepared to attend them. He asked his brother, who had a vote for the Seleznev district, to accompany him. Levin had also some very important business to attend to in Kashin for his sister who lived abroad. It was in connection with a wardship and the receiving of money due to her for land transferred to the peasants.

Levin was still wavering, but Kitty, who had noticed that he was dull in Moscow and had advised him to go, without saying anything to him ordered for him the uniform necessary for the occasion, which cost eighty roubles. And it was these eighty roubles paid for the uniform which chiefly decided him. So he went to Kashin.

Levin had been five days in Kashin, going daily to meetings and taking a great deal of trouble over his sister's business, which he was still unable to arrange. The Marshals of the Nobility were all busy with the elections, and he could not get even the simple matter

¹ A well-known Moscow bookseller.

in connection with the wardship settled. The other business, that of getting the money paid, also met with obstacles. After long efforts to get an injunction removed the money was all ready to be paid out; but the notary—a very obliging man—could not give the warrant because it needed the President's signature, and the President was engaged at the Session and had not appointed a substitute. All those worries, the going from place to place, conversations with very kind good people who quite understood the unpleasantness of the petitioner's position but were unable to help him, and all these efforts which yielded no results, produced in Levin a painful feeling akin to the vexatious helplessness one experiences when trying to employ physical force in a dream. He felt this frequently when talking to his very good-natured legal adviser. This legal adviser seemed to do all that was possible and to strain every nerve to get Levin out of his difficulties. 'Look here!' he would say, 'just try this—go to so-and-so, and to so-and-so.' And the adviser would make an elaborate plan to circumvent the fatal difficulty which was at the root of all this trouble. But he would immediately add: 'All the same you will be put off; however, have a try!' And Levin tried, and went again and again. Everybody was kind and amiable, but still it turned out that what he wanted to circumvent started up again in another place and impeded him once more. It was specially annoying to Levin to be quite unable to understand with whom he was contending, and whom the delay in his business could profit. No one, not even his lawyer, seemed to know this. If Levin could have understood it, as he understood the reason for having to stand in a queue at a booking-office, he would not have felt hurt or vexed; but no one could explain to him the reason for the obstacles he encountered in these business transactions.

However, Levin had changed considerably since his marriage; he had become patient, and if he did not understand why things were arranged thus, he told himself that, not knowing everything, he could not judge, and that probably things had to be so; and he tried not to be indignant.

And now, being present at the elections and taking

part in them, he also tried not to condemn, not to dispute, but as far as possible to understand the matter — on which good and honest men, whom he respected, were engaged with so much seriousness and enthusiasm. Since his marriage so many new and serious aspects of life had been revealed to him, which owing to his superficial acquaintance with them had formerly seemed unimportant, that he anticipated and looked for a serious meaning in this election business also.

Koznyshev explained to him the meaning and importance of the changes anticipated as a result of the elections. The Marshal of the Nobility for the Province — in whose hands the law placed so much important public business: wardships (such as the one about which Levin was now in trouble), the care of enormous sums of money belonging to the nobility, public schools for boys and girls, military schools, elementary education according to the new Law, and finally the Zemstvo — the Marshal of the Province, Snetkov, was one of the old type of nobles. He had run through an enormous fortune, was a kind man, honest in his way but quite unable to understand present-day requirements. He always sided with the Nobility in everything, openly opposed the spread of popular education, and gave a class character to the Zemstvo, which should have such enormous importance. It was necessary to put in his place a fresh, up-to-date, practical, and quite new man, and to manage matters so as to extract from the rights granted to the Nobility (not as nobles, but as an element of the Zemstvo) all the advantages of self-government which could be obtained from them. In the wealthy Province of Kashin, always ahead of all others, such forces were now assembled that, if matters were here managed as they should be, it might serve as an example to other Provinces and to the whole of Russia. The affair was therefore of great importance. To replace Snetkov as Marshal, Sviyazhsky was proposed, or, better still, Nevedovsky, an ex-professor, a remarkably intelligent man, and a great friend of Koznyshev's.

The Session was opened by the Governor of the Province, who in his speech to the nobles told them that in choosing occupants for posts they should show no partiality, but should choose according to merit and for

the welfare of the country, and that he hoped the honourable Nobility of Kashin would strictly fulfil its duty as it had done in previous elections, and would justify their sovereign's high confidence in them.

Having finished his speech the Governor left the hall, and the noblemen, noisily, vivaciously, some of them even rapturously, followed him out with enthusiasm, and stood around him as he was putting on his fur coat and talking in a friendly way with the Marshal of the Province. Levin, wishing to enter fully into everything and not to miss anything, stood there too in the crowd, and heard the Governor say: 'Please tell Mary Ivanovna that my wife is very sorry she has to go to the Orphanage.' Then the noblemen gaily scrambled for their overcoats and all drove to the cathedral.

In the cathedral Levin, with the others, raised his hand, repeating the words of the priest, and swore by the most awful oaths to fulfil all the things the Governor had hoped for. Church services always touched Levin, and when he was uttering the words, 'I kiss the cross,' and looked round at the crowd of men, young and old, who were repeating the same words, he felt moved.

On the second and third days matters were dealt with concerning the funds of the Nobility and the Girls' High Schools, which, Koznyshev explained, were quite unimportant; so Levin, busy going from place to place on the business he had in hand, did not trouble about them. On the fourth day the audit of the Provincial Funds was undertaken, and now for the first time there was a conflict between the new and old parties. The Commission entrusted with the task of auditing reported to the Assembly that the sums were all correct. The Marshal of the Nobility rose and with tears in his eyes thanked the Nobility for their confidence. The nobles loudly applauded him and pressed his hand. But at that moment one of the nobles of Koznyshev's party said he had heard that the Commission had not audited the Funds, considering that a verification would be an insult to the Marshal of the Province. A member of the Commission imprudently confirmed this. Then a small, very young-looking, but very venomous man began saying that probably the Marshal of the Province would be pleased to account for the Funds, and that the

excessive politeness of the members of the Commission was depriving him of that moral satisfaction. Thereupon the members of the Commission withdrew their report and Koznyshév began very logically to prove that they must admit either that they had audited the accounts or that they had not done so, and to elaborate this dilemma. A speaker of the opposite party replied to Koznyshév. Then Sviyazhsky spoke, and then the venomous gentleman once more. The debate continued for a long time and did not come to any conclusion. Levin was surprised that they disputed about it so long, especially as, when he asked Koznyshév whether he thought that money had been misappropriated, he received the reply :

‘ Oh no ! He is an honest fellow, but this old-fashioned patriarchal and family management of the Nobility’s affairs must be put a stop to ! ’

On the fifth day the election of the District Marshals took place. For some of the districts the election was stormy enough ; but for the Selezensk district Sviyazhsky was elected without opposition, and he gave a dinner-party at his house that evening.

CHAPTER XXVII

ON the sixth day the Provincial elections were to be held. The large and small halls were full of noblemen in various uniforms. Many had come for that day only. Men who had long not met—some from the Crimea, some from Petersburg, and some from abroad—came together in those halls. At the Marshal’s table, beneath the portrait of the Emperor, discussions were in full swing.

Both in the large and small halls the noblemen were grouped together in their parties, and from the hostility and suspicion of their glances, from the cessation of their conversations when a stranger approached, and from the fact that some of them even went whispering into the farther corridor, it was evident that each party had secrets it kept from the other. By their external appearance the nobles were sharply divided into two

sorts: the old and the young. The old, for the most part, either wore old-fashioned buttoned-up uniforms of their class and carried swords and hats, or wore the naval, cavalry, or infantry uniforms to which each was individually entitled. The uniforms of the old noblemen were cut in the old-fashioned way, with puffs at the shoulders, and were clearly too small for them, being short-waisted and narrow as if their wearers had grown out of them. The young men wore long-waisted loose uniforms wide across the shoulders with white waistcoats, or else were in uniforms with black collars embroidered with laurel leaves—the emblem of the Ministry of Justice. To the young party also belonged the Court uniforms, which here and there ornamented the crowd.

But the division into young and old did not coincide with the separation into parties. Some of the young ones, as Levin observed, belonged to the old party, and on the other hand some very aged noblemen conversed in whispers with Sviyazhsky and evidently were warm partisans of the new party.

Levin stood with his own group in the Small Hall, which was used as a refreshment and smoking room, listening to what was being said and vainly straining his mental powers to understand it all. Koznyshev was the centre around whom the rest were grouped. He was now listening to Sviyazhsky and Hlyustov, the Marshal of another district, who also belonged to their party. Hlyustov was unwilling to go with the members for his district to invite Snetkov to stand again for election. Sviyazhsky was persuading him to do so and Koznyshev approved of this. Levin did not see why his party should ask the Marshal to stand, when they wished to defeat him.

Oblonsky, who had just had something to eat and drink, came toward them in his Chamberlain's uniform, wiping his mouth with his scented and bordered lawn handkerchief.

'We are holding the position, Sergius Ivanich!' said he, smoothing back his whiskers. And after listening to the conversation he backed Sviyazhsky's opinion.

'One district is sufficient, and Sviyazhsky evidently belongs to the Opposition,' he said, and every one but Levin understood him.

‘Well, Kostya! You too seem to have got a taste for it?’ he said, turning to Levin and taking him by the arm. Levin would have been glad to get a taste for it but could not understand what the point was, and, stepping aside from the group, he told Oblonsky of his perplexity as to why the Marshal of the Province should be asked to stand again.

‘*O sancta simplicitas!*’ said Oblonsky, and briefly and clearly explained the matter to Levin.

‘If, as in former elections, all the districts nominated the Provincial Marshal, he would be elected, receiving white balls from every one. This we do not want. Now eight districts are willing to invite him to stand again; if two districts refuse to do so, Snetkov may decline to stand and then the old party might choose another of their members, and then all calculations would be upset. But if only Sviyazhsky’s district does not invite him, Snetkov will stand. He will even get a good number of votes, so that the Opposition will be misled, and when a candidate of ours stands they will give him some votes.’ Levin understood, but not fully, and wished to put some further questions when suddenly every one began talking at once, and moving noisily toward the Large Hall.

‘What is it? What? Who? An authorization? To whom? What? Rejected! No authorization! Flerov is not admitted! What if he is being prosecuted? In that way they can exclude anybody! It’s mean! The law!’ Levin heard shouted from various sides, and he went toward the Large Hall with all the others, who were hastening on apparently afraid of missing something or other. Hemmed in by a crowd of noblemen, he approached the Provincial table, at which the Provincial Marshal, Sviyazhsky, and the other leaders were having a heated dispute.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LEVIN was standing some way off. He could not hear distinctly because of the stertorous and hoarse breathing of one nobleman near him and the creaking of the stout shoes of another. He could hear only the distant soft

voice of the Marshal, then the shrill voice of the venomous nobleman, and then Sviyazhsky's voice. They were disputing, as far as he could make out, about a paragraph of the law and the meaning of the words: 'against whom legal proceedings were taken.'

The crowd separated to make way for Koznyshev to approach the table. He waited for the venomous nobleman to conclude, and then said he considered the proper course would be to consult the wording of the Act and requested the Secretary to look it up. The Act provided that in case of a difference of opinion the question should be balloted upon.

Koznyshev read the Act aloud, and began to explain its meaning, but a tall, thick-set, round-shouldered landowner with a dyed moustache, wearing a tight uniform the high collar of which squeezed up his neck at the back, interrupted him. Advancing to the table he struck his ring against it, shouting in a loud voice:

'Vote! Put it to the ballot! Enough talking! Vote!'

At this several voices were heard, and the tall landowner with the ring, growing more and more spiteful, shouted louder and louder: but it was impossible to make out what he was saying.

He was demanding the very thing Koznyshev was proposing; but he evidently hated Koznyshev and his party, and this hatred communicated itself to all those on his side, and in turn evoked a similar, though more decently expressed, feeling of conflicting anger from the opposing party. Shouts arose, and for a moment there was such confusion that the Marshal had to call for order.

'Vote! Vote! Every one who is a nobleman will understand. . . . We shed our blood. . . . The Emperor's confidence. . . . Don't audit the Marshal; he's not a shop assistant! . . . But that's not the point! . . . Kindly ballot! . . . Abominable!' was heard shouted by spiteful furious voices from every side. The looks and expressions on the faces were yet more spiteful and furious than the words. They expressed implacable hatred. Levin could not at all understand what was the matter, and was astounded at the ardour with which they discussed the question whether Flerov's case should

be put to the ballot or not. He forgot, as Koznyshev afterwards explained to him, the syllogism that for the common welfare it was necessary to displace the Marshal of the Province; but to defeat the Marshal it was necessary to have a majority of votes; to obtain that majority it was necessary to secure for Flerov the right to vote; and to secure Flerov's eligibility it was necessary to explain the meaning of the Law.

'A single vote may decide the whole matter, and one must be serious and consistent if one wishes to be of public service,' Koznyshev had said in conclusion. But Levin had forgotten that, and it pained him to see these good men, whom he respected, in such an unpleasant, malevolent state of excitement. To free himself from this feeling he went, without waiting to hear the end of the discussion, into the refreshment-room, where there was no one except the waiters at the buffet. When he saw the waiters busily wiping crockery and arranging plates and wine-glasses, and saw their calm yet animated faces, he experienced an unexpected feeling of relief, as if he had come out of a close room into fresh air. He began pacing up and down the room, watching the waiters with pleasure. He was particularly pleased by one old man with grey whiskers, who while evincing contempt for the young men who were making fun of him was teaching them how to fold napkins. Levin was just preparing to start a conversation with the old waiter when the Secretary of the Court of Nobility, an old man whose speciality it was to know all the nobles of the Province by name and patronymic, diverted his attention.

'Please come, Constantine Dmitrich!' said he. 'Your brother is looking for you. The vote is being taken.'

Levin entered the Hall, was given a white ball, and, following his brother, Sergius Ivanich, approached the table at which Sviyazhsky stood with an ironical and impressive look on his face, gathering his beard into his fist and smelling at it. Koznyshev inserted his hand in the ballot-box and placed his ball somewhere, and making way for Levin paused beside him. Levin came up, but having entirely forgotten how the matter stood and being confused he turned to Koznyshev with the inquiry, 'Where am I to put it?' He spoke in a low

voice at a time when people near by were talking, so he hoped his question would not be heard. But the talk stopped and his improper question was heard. Koznyshev frowned.

'That depends on each man's convictions,' he said severely.

Several persons smiled. Levin blushed, hastily thrust his hand under the cloth that covered the box, and, as the ball was in his right hand, dropped it on the right side. When he had done so he recollected that he ought to have put in his left hand also, and thrust it in, but it was too late; and feeling still more confused he hurried away to the very back of the room.

'One hund'ed and twenty-six fo'! Ninety-eight against!' came the Secretary's voice, dropping his r's. Then followed a sound of laughter; a button and two nuts had been found in the ballot box. Flerov was qualified and the new party had scored. But the old party did not consider itself defeated. Levin heard Snetkov being asked to stand; and he saw that a crowd of nobles surrounded the Marshal, who was speaking. Levin drew near. Replying to the nobles, Snetkov spoke of the confidence and affection of the Nobility, of which he was not worthy, his merit consisting only in his loyalty to the Nobility, to whom he had devoted twenty years of service. Several times he repeated the words: '*have served to the extent of my power—faithfully and truly—I appreciate and thank . . .*' Then suddenly, choked by tears, he stopped, and left the room. Whether those tears resulted from a consciousness of injustice done him, or from love for the Nobility, or from the strained situation in which he found himself, surrounded by enemies, at any rate his emotion communicated itself. The majority of the nobles were touched and Levin felt a tenderness for Snetkov.

In the doorway the Marshal came into collision with Levin.

'Sorry! Please excuse me!' he said, speaking as to a stranger; but, recognizing Levin, he smiled timidly. It seemed to Levin that Snetkov wished to say something, but could not speak from agitation. The expression of his face and his whole figure, in uniform with crosses and white trousers trimmed with gold lace, as he went

hurriedly along, reminded Levin of a hunted animal conscious that things are going badly with him. This expression on the Marshal's face touched Levin, particularly because, just the day before, he had been to his house about the wardship and had there seen him in all the dignity of a kind-hearted family man. The large house with the old family furniture; the old footmen by no means smart, rather shabby, but respectful—evidently former serfs who had remained with their master; the stout, good-natured wife, in a lace cap and Turkish shawl, caressing her pretty granddaughter (a daughter's daughter), the manly young son in the sixth form of the High School, who had just come home and who kissed his father's large hand in greeting; the impressive kindly words and gestures of the host—all this had yesterday awakened Levin's involuntary respect and sympathy. Now the old man seemed touching and pathetic to Levin and he wished to say something pleasant to him.

'So you are to be our Marshal again,' said he.

'Hardly!' replied the Marshal, looking round with a frightened expression. 'I am tired and old. There are others worthier and younger than I, let them serve.'

And the Marshal disappeared through a side-door.

The most solemn moment had arrived. The elections were about to begin. The leaders of both parties were making estimates and calculating on their fingers the white and black balls they could reckon on.

The debate about Flerov had given the new party not merely his vote but also a gain in time, so that they had had a chance to bring up three more nobles who, by the machinations of the old party, were to be prevented from taking part in the election. Two of these noblemen, who had a weakness for wine, had been made drunk by Snetkov's agents, and the uniform of the third had been carried off.

The new party, having heard of this, had had time while Flerov's case was being discussed to send two of their men in a carriage to supply that nobleman with a uniform and to bring one of the tipsy ones to the Assembly.

'I have brought one. I soused him,' said the landowner who had been to fetch him, approaching Sviyazhsky. 'He'll do.'

'He's not very drunk—he won't fall down?' asked Sviyazhsky, swaying his head.

'No, he's fine. If only they don't give him anything here. . . . I told the man at the bar on no account to let him have anything!'

CHAPTER XXIX

THE narrow room in which they were eating and smoking was full of noblemen. The excitement was ever increasing and anxiety was noticeable on all the faces. Especially excited were the leaders, who knew all the details and the estimates of votes. They were directors of the impending battle. The others, like the rank and file before a battle, though preparing for the fight, sought distraction meanwhile. Some of them ate, standing or hastily sitting down at the table; others smoked cigarettes, pacing up and down the long room, and talked to friends they had not seen for a long time.

Levin did not want to eat and did not smoke; he did not wish to join his own set—Koznyshv, Oblonsky, Sviyazhsky and the others—because among them, in animated conversation, stood Vronsky, wearing his uniform as an equerry. Levin had noticed him at the elections the day before and had carefully avoided meeting him. He went to the window and sat down, looking at the different groups and listening to what was being said around him. He felt sad, chiefly because he saw that every one else was animated, preoccupied, and busy, while only he and a mumbling, toothless, quite old man in naval uniform who had sat down beside him were uninterested and inactive.

'He is such a rascal! I told him not to! Really! In three years he could not collect it'—a short, round-shouldered landowner with pomaded hair that hung down on the embroidered collar of his uniform was saying energetically, stamping loudly with the heels of the new boots he had evidently put on specially for this occasion. And casting a discontented glance at Levin, he suddenly turned away.

'Yes, it's a dirty business, say what you will,' remarked an undersized man with a feeble voice.

Following those two a whole crowd of landowners, surrounding a stout General, hastily approached Levin. Obviously they were seeking a place where they could talk without being overheard.

'How dare he say I gave orders to steal his trousers? I expect he drank them. I snap my fingers at him and his princely title! He has no right to say it: it's mean!'

'But excuse me! They rely on the statute,' some one in another group was saying. 'The wife ought to be registered as belonging to the Nobility.'

'What the devil do I care about the statute? I speak frankly. That's what the Nobility are for. One must have confidence.'

'Come, your Excellency! A glass of *fine champagne!*'

Another group followed close on the heels of a nobleman who was shouting loudly. He was one of those who had been made drunk.

'I always advised Mary Semenovna to let her estate, because she will never make it pay,' said a pleasant-voiced landowner with a grey moustache, wearing the uniform of Colonel of the former General Staff. It was the landowner Levin had met at Sviyazhsky's house. He knew him at once. The landowner also recognized Levin and they shook hands.

'Very pleased to see you! Of course I remember you very well. Last year, at Sviyazhsky the Marshal's house.'

'Well, how is your husbandry getting on?' Levin inquired.

'Oh, still the same—with a loss,' replied the landowner as he stopped beside Levin, with a resigned smile and a look of calm conviction that it must be so. 'And how do you come to be in our Province?' he asked. 'Have you come to take part in our *coup d'état*?' he went on, pronouncing the French words firmly but badly.

'All Russia has assembled here: Chamberlains and almost Ministers.' He pointed to the portly figure of Oblonsky in his Chamberlain's uniform with white trousers, walking beside a General.

‘I must confess to you that I only imperfectly understand the meaning of these Nobility elections,’ said Levin.

The landowner looked at him.

‘But what is there to understand? It has no meaning whatever. The Nobility is an obsolete institution, which continues to act through inertia. Look at the uniforms! They tell the tale: this is an assembly of Justices of the Peace, permanent officials, and so on, but not of nobles!’

‘Then why do you come?’ asked Levin.

‘From habit, for one thing. Then one must keep up one’s connections. It’s a sort of moral obligation. And then, to tell the truth, I have a private reason. My son-in-law wishes to stand for a permanent membership: they are not well off and I want him to get it. But why do such gentlemen come?’ he went on, indicating the venomous gentleman who had spoken at the Provincial table.

‘He is one of the new Nobility.’

‘New if you like, but not the Nobility. They are landowners; we are country squires. They, as noblemen, are committing suicide.’

‘But you say it is an obsolete institution!’

‘It is obsolete certainly; but all the same one should treat it more respectfully. Take Snetkov. . . . Whether we are good or bad, we have been growing for a thousand years. You know, if we had to make a garden in front of our house, we should plan it out; and if a century-old tree is growing on that spot—though it may be rugged and old, yet you won’t cut it down for the sake of a flower-bed, but will plan your beds so as to make use of the old tree! It can’t be grown in a year,’ he remarked cautiously, immediately changing the subject. ‘Well, and how is your husbandry getting on?’

‘Oh, not well. I get about five per cent.’

‘Yes, but you don’t reckon your own work. You know you too are worth something! Now, take me. Before I took to farming I was getting three thousand roubles a year in the Service. Now I work harder than I did in the Service, and like yourself I clear about five per cent., and that only with luck. And my own labour goes for nothing.’

‘Then why do you go on with it, if it is a clear loss?’

‘Well, you see . . . one goes on! What would you have? It’s a habit, and one knows that it’s necessary! I will tell you, moreover,’ and leaning his elbow on the window and having started talking, the landowner went on: ‘My son has no taste at all for husbandry. It is clear he will be a scholar, so that there will be no one to continue my work, and yet I go on! Just now, you know, I have planted an orchard.’

‘Yes, yes,’ said Levin, ‘that is quite so! I always feel that I am getting no real profit out of my estate and yet I go on. . . . One feels a sort of duty toward the land.’

‘I’ll tell you something,’ continued the landowner. ‘My neighbour, a merchant, called on me, and we went over the farm and garden together. He said, “Everything is going as it should, only your garden is neglected,” though my garden is quite in order. “If I were you, I should cut down those limes, but it must be done when the sap rises. You must have a thousand limes here, and each one of them would yield a good lot of bast, and at present bast fetches a good price. And the trunks could be cut up for log huts!”’

‘Yes, and with that money he would buy cattle, or a piece of land for a mere song, and would lease it to the peasants,’ added Levin with a smile, having evidently more than once come across such calculations. ‘And he will make a fortune, while you and I must be thankful if we can keep what we have and leave it to our children.’

‘You are married, I hear?’ said the landowner.

‘Yes,’ replied Levin with proud satisfaction. ‘Yes, it is curious,’ he continued. ‘We live without gaining anything, as if we were appointed, like the vestals of old, to guard some fire or other.’

The landowner smiled under his grey moustache.

‘There are those among us too . . . for example our friend Sviyazhsky, or Count Vronsky, who has now settled here, who want to turn agriculture into an industry; but as yet that leads only to loss of capital.’

‘But why don’t we do like the merchant? Why don’t we cut down our limes for bast?’ said Levin, returning to the thought that had struck him.

‘Why, as you have said, we guard the fire! The other is not work for the Nobility. Our work is not done here, at the elections, but at our homes. We have a class instinct as to what should not be done. I see it in the peasants too sometimes: a proper peasant always tries to get hold of as much land as possible. However bad the land, still he ploughs it. It brings him also no profit, but pure loss.’

‘Just like us,’ said Levin. ‘Very, very glad to have met you,’ he added, seeing Sviyazhsky approaching.

‘We two have met for the first time since we were at your house,’ said the landowner, ‘and have indulged in a chat.’

‘Yes, and have you been abusing the new order?’ asked Sviyazhsky with a smile.

‘We won’t deny it.’

‘Unburdening our souls!’

CHAPTER XXX

SVIYAZHSKY took Levin’s arm and led him back to his own group.

This time it was impossible to avoid Vronsky. He was standing with Oblonsky and Koznyshev, and looked straight at Levin as he came up.

‘Very pleased! I think I had the pleasure of meeting you . . . at the Princess Sheherbatsky’s?’ said he, holding out his hand to Levin.

‘Yes, I well remember our meeting,’ said Levin, and blushing scarlet immediately turned and spoke to his brother.

Smiling slightly, Vronsky continued his conversation with Sviyazhsky, evidently having no desire to start a conversation with Levin; but Levin, while talking to his brother, kept looking round at Vronsky, trying to think of something to say to him, in order to mitigate his rudeness.

‘What is delaying matters now?’ asked Levin, glancing at Sviyazhsky and Vronsky.

‘Snetkov. He must either decline or accept,’ replied Sviyazhsky.

‘Well, and has he agreed or not?’

‘That’s just it: neither the one nor the other,’ answered Vronsky.

‘And if he should refuse, who will stand?’ asked Levin, looking at Vronsky.

‘Whoever likes,’ replied Sviyazhsky.

‘Will you?’ asked Levin.

‘Certainly not I,’ said Sviyazhsky, becoming embarrassed and casting an alarmed glance at the venomous gentleman, who was standing beside Koznyshev.

‘Who then? Nevedovsky?’ said Levin, feeling that he had put his foot in it somehow.

But this was still worse. Nevedovsky and Sviyazhsky were the two prospective candidates.

‘Not I, not on any account!’ said the venomous gentleman.

So this was Nevedovsky! Sviyazhsky introduced him to Levin.

‘Well, has it touched you to the quick too?’ said Oblonsky, winking at Vronsky. ‘It’s like the races. It makes one inclined to bet on the result.’

‘Yes, it does touch one to the quick,’ replied Vronsky, ‘and having once taken the matter up, one wants to carry it through. It’s a struggle!’ he said frowning, and closed his powerful jaw.

‘What a capable man Sviyazhsky is! How clearly he puts everything!’

‘Oh yes,’ replied Vronsky absent-mindedly.

There was a pause, during which Vronsky, since he had to look at something, looked at Levin: at his feet, his uniform, and then his face, and noticing the sombre eyes fixed upon him he remarked, just to say something:

‘And how is it that you, living constantly in the country, are not a Justice of the Peace? You are not in the uniform of a Justice?’

‘Because I consider that the Magistracy is an idiotic institution,’ morosely replied Levin, who had all the time been looking for an opportunity of speaking to Vronsky, to atone for his rudeness at their first encounter.

‘I don’t think so; on the contrary . . .’ said Vronsky with calm surprise.

‘It’s a game,’ Levin interrupted. ‘We don’t need

any Justices of the Peace. I have not had a single case in eight years, and when I did have one it was decided wrongly. The Justice's Court is forty versts from my house. To settle a matter worth two roubles I should have to send an attorney who costs me fifteen.'

And he related how a peasant stole some flour from a miller, and how when the miller spoke to him about it the peasant sued him for libel. All this was untimely and foolish, and Levin himself was conscious of it even while he spoke.

'Oh, he is such a crank!' said Oblonsky with his smoothest and most almondy smile. 'But come! I think the ballot has begun . . .'

And they separated.

'I don't understand,' said Koznyshev, who had observed his brother's awkward sally, 'I don't understand how one can be so entirely devoid of political tact! That is what we Russians lack. The Marshal of the Province is our opponent, and you are *ami cochon* with him¹ and ask him to stand. But Count Vronsky . . . I do not make a friend of him; he invited me to dinner and I shan't go; but he is one of our party, so why make an enemy of him? Then you ask Nevedovsky whether he will stand. That kind of thing is not done!'

'Oh, I understand nothing about it! It is all trifling,' said Levin, gloomily.

'There, you say it's all trifling, but when you begin on it you make a mess of everything.'

Levin remained silent and they entered the Large Hall together.

The Marshal of the Province, though he felt in the air that there was a plot prepared against him, and though he had not been unanimously asked to stand, had still decided to do so. There was silence in the hall, and the Secretary loudly announced that Michael Stepanich Snetkov, Captain of the Guards, was nominated for the post of Provincial Marshal, and that the ballot would now be taken.

The District Marshals carried little plates filled with ballot balls from their own tables to the Provincial table, and the election began.

¹ You are quite thick with him.

'Put it on the right,' whispered Oblonsky to Levin as the latter, with his brother, followed the Marshal to the table. But Levin had forgotten the plan which had been explained to him, and was afraid that Oblonsky was making a mistake when he said 'right.' Surely Snetkov was their opponent! While approaching the box he had the ball in his right hand, but, thinking it was a mistake, he shifted it to his left hand just as he reached the box, and evidently placed it to the left. An expert standing beside the box, who by the mere motion of an elbow could tell where every ball was put, made a wry face. There was nothing for him to exercise his penetration upon this time.

All became silent again, and one heard the balls being counted. Then a solitary voice proclaimed the number for and against. The Marshal had received a considerable majority. A clamour arose and every one rushed to the door. Snetkov entered and the noblemen thronged around him with congratulations.

'Well, is it over now?' Levin asked his brother.

'It's only beginning!' Sviyazhsky smilingly answered for Koznyshev. 'The other candidate may get still more votes.'

Levin had again forgotten about that. He only now remembered that there was some subtlety in it, but he was too bored to recollect what it was. He was overcome by depression and wanted to get out of that crowd.

As no one was paying any attention to him, and he apparently was not wanted by anybody, he went quietly to the small refreshment-room and again felt great relief when he saw the waiters. The old waiter offered him something to eat and Levin accepted. Having eaten a cutlet and beans, and talked with the old man about his former masters, Levin, not wishing to return to the hall where he had felt so out of his element, went up into the gallery.

The gallery was crowded with smartly-dressed women who leaned over the balustrade and tried not to miss a single word of what was being said below. Beside the women sat or stood elegant lawyers, spectacled High School teachers, and officers. Every one was talking about the elections and how tired out the Marshal was and how interesting the debates had been. In

one group Levin heard them praising his brother. A lady was saying to a lawyer :

'How glad I am to have heard Koznyshov ! It was worth while going a little hungry. Delightful ! So clear and audible ! There now, no one speaks like that in your Court—except perhaps Maydel, and even he is far less eloquent !'

Having found a vacant place at the balustrade, Levin leant over and began to look and listen.

The noblemen were sitting behind partitions, arranged according to their districts. In the centre of the room stood a man in uniform, who announced in a loud shrill voice :

'As candidate for the post of Provincial Marshal, Captain Eugene Ivanich Apukhtin will now be balloted for.' Then followed a dead silence, and a feeble voice was heard saying :

'Declines !'

'Court Councillor Peter Petrovich Bol will now be balloted for,' cried the voice of the man in uniform.

'Declines,' shouted a youthful squeaky voice.

A similar announcement was made, and again followed by 'Declines.' So it went on for about an hour. Levin, leaning over the balustrade, looked on and listened. At first he was surprised and wanted to understand what it meant ; then, coming to the conclusion that he could not understand it, he grew bored. Then, remembering the agitation and anger he had witnessed on all faces, he felt sad, and with the intention of leaving the place went downstairs. As he was passing through the corridor behind the gallery he came across a dispirited High School pupil with bloodshot eyes pacing up and down. On the stairs he met a couple : a lady running up swiftly in her high-heeled shoes, and the Assistant Public Prosecutor.

'I said you would be in time,' the Assistant said, as Levin stepped aside to let the lady pass.

Levin was already descending the stairs to the exit and getting out his cloakroom ticket when the Secretary caught him. 'Please come, Constantine Dmitrich ! They are voting !'

The candidate who was standing was Nevedovsky, who had so decidedly declined.

Levin went up to the door of the hall: it was locked. The Secretary knocked, the door opened and two landowners with flushed faces plunged out past Levin.

'I can't stand it!' cried one of the red-faced landowners. Then the head of the Provincial Marshal was thrust out at the doorway. His face was dreadful from its expression of exhaustion and fear.

'I told you to let no one out!' he shouted to the doorkeeper.

'I was letting people in, Your Excellency!'

'Oh, Lord!' said the Marshal of the Province with a deep sigh; and with his weary legs in the white trousers dragging, and hanging his head, he went down the middle of the hall to the chief table.

Nevedovsky had a majority as they had expected and he was now Marshal of the Province. Many were cheerful, many contented and happy, many were in ecstasy, and many dissatisfied and miserable. The old Marshal was in despair and could not hide it. When Nevedovsky left the hall the crowd surrounded him and followed him enthusiastically as it had followed the Governor of the Province on the first day, when he opened the meeting, and as it had followed Snetkov when he was successful.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE newly-elected Marshal of the Province and many of the victorious new party dined that evening at Vronsky's.

Vronsky had come to the elections because he felt dull in the country, in order to proclaim to Anna his right to freedom, to repay Sviyazhsky by supporting him at these elections for all the trouble he had taken for Vronsky at the Zemstvo elections, and most of all to perform strictly all the duties of the position he had taken up as nobleman and landowner. But he had not at all expected that the election business would interest him so much and so touch him to the quick, or that he could do it so well. He was quite a new man in this circle of noble landowners, but he evidently

was a success; and he was not mistaken in thinking that he had already gained influence among them. This influence was promoted by his wealth, by his title, by the splendid house in the town which had been lent him by his old acquaintance Shirkov, a financier who had founded a flourishing bank in Kashin; by the excellent *chef* whom he had brought from his estate; by his friendship with the Governor, who had been a former comrade and one whom Vronsky had even protected; but above all by his simple behaviour in treating every one alike, which had quickly induced most of the noblemen to change their opinion as to his supposed pride. He himself felt that, except that crazy fellow married to Kitty Sheherbatsky, who, *à propos de bottles*,¹ had with rabid virulence told him a lot of pointless nonsense, every nobleman whose acquaintance he had made had become his partisan. He saw clearly, and others acknowledged, that he had contributed very much to Nevedovsky's success. Now, at his own table, celebrating Nevedovsky's election, Vronsky experienced a pleasant feeling of triumph. The elections themselves interested him so much that he began to think that if he were married by the next triennial election he would himself put up, just as, when a jockey had won him a prize, he had wished to ride a race himself.

They were now celebrating the jockey's victory. Vronsky sat at the head of the table; on his right was the young Governor, a General of the Emperor's suite. For everybody else the General was the master of the Province, who had solemnly opened the sessions and made a speech, and, as Vronsky saw, aroused both respect and servility in many present, but for Vronsky he was 'Maslov Katka'—the nickname he had had in the *Corps des Pages*—who felt embarrassed in his presence and whom Vronsky tried to *mettre à son aise*.² On Vronsky's left sat Nevedovsky with his youthful, dogged, and venomous look. Toward him Vronsky was simple and courteous.

Sviyazhsky bore his failure cheerfully. It was not even a failure for him; as he himself said to Nevedovsky, champagne glass in hand, no better representative of the new course which the Nobility ought to follow could

¹ Quite irrelevantly.

² To put at his ease.

have been found. And therefore all that was honest, as he remarked, was on the side of to-day's success and triumphed in it.

Oblonsky too was pleased that he had spent his time merrily and that every one was satisfied. At the excellent dinner the episodes of the elections were discussed. Sviyazhsky comically mimicked the old Marshal's tearful speech and, turning to Nevedovsky, remarked that His Excellency would have to adopt a different and more complex method of auditing the funds than tears! Another witty nobleman narrated how footmen with knee-breeches and stockings had been imported to wait at the ball which the Marshal of the Province had intended to give and that they would now have to be sent back, unless the new Marshal would give a ball with stockinged footmen.

During the dinner they continually spoke of Nevedovsky as 'Our Provincial Marshal' and addressed him as 'Your Excellency.'

This was uttered with the same pleasure with which a newly-married woman is addressed as Madame and called by her husband's name. Nevedovsky pretended not merely to be indifferent to but to despise this title; but it was evident that he felt happy and exercised self-control to avoid betraying a delight ill-suited to the new Liberal circle in which they found themselves.

During the dinner several telegrams were sent to persons interested in the elections. Oblonsky, who was feeling very jolly, sent one to Dolly which ran as follows: 'Nevedovsky elected by majority of twenty. Congratulations. Tell news.' He dictated it aloud, saying, 'I must cheer them up!' But Dolly, on receiving the telegram, only sighed over the rouble it had cost, and understood that it had been sent toward the end of a dinner. She knew that Steve had a weakness at the end of a dinner-party *faire jouer le télégraphe*.¹

Everything, including the splendid dinner and the wines—which did not come from Russian merchants, but were imported ready-bottled from abroad—was very distinguished, simple, and gay. The company of twenty men had been selected by Sviyazhsky from adherents of the new movement and from Liberals,

¹ To set the telegraph going.

men who were also witty and respectable. Healths were drunk, also half in jest, to the new Provincial Marshal, to the Governor, to the Bank Director, and to 'our amiable host.'

Vronsky was satisfied. He had not at all expected to find such a pleasant tone in the provinces.

When dinner was over things became still merrier. The Governor asked Vronsky to accompany him to a concert in aid of a 'Brotherhood,' which was being arranged by his wife, who wished to make Vronsky's acquaintance.

'There will be a ball afterwards and you will see our Society beauty! Really, she is quite remarkable.'

'Not in my line,' answered Vronsky, who was fond of that English expression, but he smiled and promised to come.

When they had already quitted the table and had all begun smoking, Vronsky's valet came up to him with a letter on a salver.

'From Vozdvizhensk, by express messenger,' he said with a significant glance.

'It is extraordinary how much he resembles the Public Prosecutor Sventitsky,' remarked one of the guests in French to the valet, while Vronsky, frowning, read his letter.

The letter was from Anna. Even before he read it he knew its contents. Expecting the elections to end in five days, he had promised to return on the Friday. It was now Saturday, and he knew that the letter contained reproaches for his not having returned punctually. The letter he had sent off the evening before had probably not yet reached her.

The contents of the letter were just what he expected, but its form was unexpected and particularly unpleasant to him. 'Annie is very ill. The doctor says it may be inflammation. I lose my head when alone. The Princess Barbara is not a help but a hindrance. I expected you the day before yesterday, and yesterday, and am now sending to find out where you are and what the matter is. I wished to come myself, but changed my mind knowing that you would not like it. Give me some reply that I may know what to do.'

Baby was ill, and she wished to come herself! Their child ill, and this hostile tone!

The innocent mirth of the elections and this dismal burdensome love to which he must return struck Vronsky by their contrast. But he had to go, and he took the first train that night for his home.

CHAPTER XXXII

BEFORE Vronsky went to the elections Anna, having considered that the scenes which took place between them every time he went away could only tend to estrange them instead of binding them closer, resolved to make every possible effort to bear the separation calmly. But the cold, stern look on his face when he came to tell her he was going offended her, and even before he had gone her composure was upset.

Later on, meditating in solitude on that look—which expressed his right to freedom—she, as usual, came only to a consciousness of her own humiliation. ‘He has the right to go when and where he pleases. Not only to go away, but to leave me. He has every right and I have none at all. But, knowing this, he ought not to do it! But really what has he done? . . . He has looked at me coldly and severely. Of course it is indefinable, intangible, but it was not so formerly, and that look means much,’ she thought. ‘That look shows that he is beginning to grow cold.’

Though she was convinced that this was the case, she could not do anything, could not in any way change her relation to him. Just as heretofore, she could hold him only by means of her love and attractiveness; and just as heretofore, only by occupations by day and morphia by night could she stifle the terrible thought of what would happen if he ceased to love her. True, there was one means, not of holding him—for that purpose she wished for nothing except his love—but of putting herself in such a position that he could not abandon her. That means was divorce and marriage. She began to wish for this, and decided to agree the first time he or Steve should mention it to her.

With these thoughts in her mind she spent five days, the days she expected him to be away.

Walks, talks with the Princess Barbara, visits to the hospital, and above all reading, reading one book after another, filled her time. But on the sixth day, when the coachman returned from the station without him, she felt that she was no longer able to stifle the thought of him and of what he was doing. Just then her little girl fell ill. Anna nursed her, but this did not divert her thoughts, especially as the illness was not dangerous. Try as she might she could not love that child and she could not make a pretence of love. Toward the evening of that day, being alone, Anna felt such terror on Vronsky's account that she decided to go to town, but after careful consideration she wrote that contradictory letter which Vronsky received, and without reading it over she sent it by express messenger. Next morning she received his letter and regretted her own. She anticipated with horror a repetition of that stern look he had thrown at her when leaving, especially when he should learn that the little girl was not dangerously ill. But still she was glad she had written. Anna now acknowledged to herself that he was weary of her and would regret giving up his freedom to return to her; yet in spite of this she was glad that he would come. Let him feel weary, but let him be here with her so that she might see him and know his every movement.

She was sitting in the drawing-room, reading by lamp-light a new book by Taine, listening to the wind outside, and expecting every moment the arrival of the carriage. Several times she had thought she heard the sound of wheels but had been mistaken; at last she heard not only the wheels but also the coachman's voice and a dull rumbling in the portico. Even the Princess Barbara, who was playing patience, confirmed this, and Anna, flushing, rose, but instead of going downstairs, as she had already done twice, she stood still. She suddenly felt ashamed of having deceived him and still more afraid of how he might treat her. The feeling of injury had already passed, and she only feared the expression of his displeasure. She remembered that the child had been quite well since yesterday. She was even vexed with her for having recovered as soon as the letter had been sent. Then she recollected that he was here, all of him, his hands, his eyes. She heard his voice, and forgetting everything else ran joyfully to meet him.

'Well, how is Annie?' he asked timidly, looking up at Anna as she ran down to him.

He was sitting on a chair, and the footman was pulling off his warm boots.

"Oh, it's nothing! She's better."

'And you?' he asked, giving himself a shake.

She took his hand in both hers and drew it to her waist, not taking her eyes off him.

'Well, I'm very glad,' he said, coldly surveying her coiffure and the dress which, he knew, she had put on for him.

All this pleased him, but it had already pleased him so often! And the stern and stony look, which she so dreaded, settled on his face.

'Well, I am very glad. And you are well?' said he, wiping his wet beard with his handkerchief, and kissing her hand.

'No matter,' she thought, 'if only he is here. When he is here he can't and daren't fail to love me!'

The evening passed happily and cheerfully in the company of the Princess Barbara, who complained to him that in his absence Anna had been taking morphia.

'What am I to do? I could not sleep. . . . My thoughts kept me awake. When he is here I never take it, or hardly ever.'

He told her about the elections, and Anna knew how by questions to lead him on to just what pleased him--his success. She told him about everything that interested him at home, and all her news was most cheerful.

But late at night, when they were alone, Anna, seeing that she had regained full mastery of him, wanted to efface the depressing impression of the look he gave her apropos of the letter, and said:

'But confess that you were vexed to get my letter, and did not believe me?'

As soon as she had said this she knew that, however lovingly disposed he might be to her, he had not forgiven her for that letter.

'Yes,' he answered. 'It was such a strange letter. Annie was ill, yet you wished to come yourself!'

'That was all true.'

'I don't doubt it.'

'Yes, you do doubt it! I see you are displeased.'

‘Not for a moment. I am only displeased, really, that you seem not to wish to admit that there are duties . . .’

‘Duties to go to a concert . . .’

‘Don’t let us talk about it,’ he said.

‘Why should we not talk about it?’ she replied.

‘I only wished to say that one may have unavoidable business. Now, for instance, I shall have to go to Moscow about the house. . . . Oh, Anna, why are you so irritable? Don’t you know that I can’t live without you?’

‘If that is so,’ replied Anna in a suddenly changed voice, ‘it must be that you are weary of this life. . . . Yes, you will come for a day and go away again, as men do . . .’

‘Anna, that is cruel. I am ready to give my whole life . . .’

But she did not listen to him.

‘If you go to Moscow, I shall go too! I will not stop here. Either we must separate or live together.’

‘You know that that is my desire! But for that . . .’

‘A divorce is necessary? I will write to him! I see I cannot live like this. . . . But I will go to Moscow with you.’

‘You speak as if you were threatening me! Why, I don’t wish for anything so much as not to be separated from you,’ said Vronsky, smilingly.

But not a cold look only but the angry look of a hunted and exasperated man flashed in his eyes as he spoke those tender words.

She saw that look and rightly guessed its meaning.

The look said, ‘If so, this is a misfortune!’ It was a momentary impression, but she never forgot it.

Anna wrote to her husband asking him for a divorce; and at the end of November, having parted from the Princess Barbara, who had to go to Petersburg, she moved to Moscow with Vronsky. Daily expecting Karenin’s reply, to be followed by a divorce, they now established themselves like a married couple.

PART SEVEN

CHAPTER I

THE Levins had been more than two months in Moscow. The date on which, according to the most exact calculations of persons experienced in such matters, Kitty should have been confined had long passed; but she had not yet been delivered, nor were there any signs that the time was nearer now than it had been two months previously. The doctor, the midwife, Dolly, her mother, and especially Levin (who could not think without horror of what was coming), began to experience impatience and anxiety; Kitty alone was perfectly calm and happy.

She now distinctly realized the awakening of a new sense of tenderness for the coming (and for her to some extent already existing) child, and she yielded with pleasure to that feeling. It was no longer entirely part of herself, but now and then lived its own independent life. Sometimes this occasioned her pain, but at the same time she wanted to laugh because of this strange new joy.

All whom she loved were with her, and all were so kind to her and so attentive, and everything was presented to her in so pleasant an aspect, that had she not known it must soon come to an end she could not have desired a better or pleasanter life. The only thing that marred the charm of this life was that her husband was not as she loved him best, not as he used to be in the country.

She loved his quiet, kindly and hospitable manner on his estate. In town he always seemed restless and on his guard, as if afraid lest some one should insult him or, worse still, her. There, on his estate, feeling that he was in his right place, he was never in a hurry to go anywhere and was always occupied. Here in town he was always in a hurry, as if fearing to miss something, and yet he had nothing to do. She was sorry for him. She knew that to others he did not appear to need pity. On the contrary, when Kitty watched him in company—as one

sometimes watches a person one loves, trying to see him from a stranger's point of view, so as to realize the impression he makes on others—she saw, even with some jealous fear, that far from needing pity he was very attractive, by his good breeding, his rather old-fashioned and timid politeness to women, his powerful figure, and, as she thought, his uncommonly expressive face. But she understood him not from without but from within, and saw that in town he was not himself; she could not otherwise define his condition. Sometimes in her heart she reproached him for not knowing how to live in town; at other times she confessed that it was really hard for him to arrange his life here satisfactorily.

Indeed, what could he do? He did not care for cards. He did not go to the club. She knew now what consorting with gay people of Oblonsky's sort meant—it meant drinking and then driving somewhere. . . . She could not think without horror of where men drove to in such cases. Go into Society? But she knew that to do so he would have to find pleasure in being with young women, and she could not wish that. Stay at home with her and her mother and sisters? But, agreeable and amusing as the same oft-repeated conversations might be to her—talks about 'Alines and Nadines,' as the old Prince called those talks between the sisters—she knew they must bore him. Then what was left for him to do? Continue to write his book? He did try to do it, and began by going to a public library to take notes and look up references he required; but, as he explained to her, the less he did the less time he seemed to have. And he also complained that he had talked too much about his book here, so that all his ideas had become confused and he had lost interest in them.

The one advantage of this town-life was that here they never quarrelled. Whether it was that the conditions of town-life were different, or that they had both grown more careful and reasonable in this respect—at any rate, in Moscow they never had quarrels resulting from jealousy such as they had feared when they moved to town.

An event even occurred of great importance to them both in this respect, namely, Kitty's meeting with Vronsky.

The old Princess, Mary Borisovna, Kitty's godmother, who had always been very fond of her, particularly wished

to see her. Though Kitty was not going out anywhere because of her condition, yet she went with her father to see the venerable old lady, and there met Vronsky.

The only thing Kitty could reproach herself with when that visit was over was that for an instant, on recognizing Vronsky's once so familiar figure in his civilian clothes, she grew breathless, the blood rushed to her heart, and she felt a deep flush suffusing her face. But this lasted only a few seconds. Her father, purposely addressing Vronsky in a loud voice, had not finished what he was saying before she was quite ready to face Vronsky, and if need be to converse with him just as she conversed with the Princess Mary Borisovna; especially so that everything down to the lightest intonation and smile might be approved by her husband, whose unseen presence she seemed to feel above her at that moment.

She exchanged a few words with Vronsky, and even smiled at a joke he made about the elections, to which he alluded as 'our parliament.' (She had to smile to show that she understood the joke.) But she at once turned to the Princess Mary Borisovna and did not once look round at Vronsky till he rose to go. Then she looked at him, but evidently only because it is impolite not to look at a man when he is bowing to you.

She was grateful to her father for not saying anything to her about this encounter with Vronsky; but, by his peculiar tenderness to her during their daily walk after the visit, she saw that he was pleased with her. She was pleased with herself. She had not at all expected to find strength to shut down somewhere deep in her heart all memories of her former feelings for this man, and not merely to appear but really to be quite tranquil and calm in his presence.

Levin blushed much more than she had done when she told him she had met Vronsky at the Princess Mary Borisovna's. It was very difficult for her to tell him this, and still more difficult to go on giving him details of the meeting, as he did not ask anything, but only frowned and looked at her.

'I am very sorry you were not there,' she said; 'I don't mean present in the room. . . . I should not have behaved so naturally with you there. . . . I am now blushing much more—much, much more,' she added,

blushing to tears, 'but I am sorry you could not look in through a crack.'

Her truthful eyes told Levin that she was satisfied with herself, and in spite of her blushes he grew calm at once, and began questioning her, which was just what she wanted. When he had heard all, down to the fact that just for the first second she could not help blushing, but that afterwards she had felt as natural and easy as with anyone she might happen to meet, he became quite happy, and said he was very glad it had happened and in future he would not behave as stupidly as he had done at the election, but would try to be as friendly as possible with Vronsky next time he met him.

'It is so painful to think that there is a man who is almost my enemy,—whom I dislike to meet,' said Levin. 'I am very, very glad!'

CHAPTER II

'WELL then, please call on the Bols,' said Kitty to her husband when, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, he came to her room before going out. 'I know you are dining at the club. Papa put your name down. But what are you going to do this morning?'

'Only going to see Katavasov,' answered Levin.

'Why so early?'

'He promised to introduce me to Metrov. I want to have a talk with him about my work. He is a celebrated Petersburg scholar,' replied Levin.

'Oh yes! It was his article you praised so? Well, and then?' inquired Kitty.

'Then I may call round at the Courts about my sister's case.'

'And the concert?'

'Oh, what's the good of my going alone?'

'Oh yes, do go! They are giving those new pieces. . . . It used to interest you so. I should certainly go.'

'Well, in any case I will come back before dinner,' he said, glancing at his watch.

'But put on a morning coat, so that you can call on the Countess Bol on the way.'

‘Is it absolutely necessary then?’

‘Yes, absolutely! He called on us. Why, where is the difficulty? You’ll call on your way, you’ll sit down, talk about the weather for five minutes, and then get up and go away.’

‘Well, will you believe it? I have got so out of the habit that it makes me feel ashamed. A stranger arrives, sits down, remains a while doing nothing, disturbs them, upsets himself, and goes away again.’

Kitty laughed.

‘But as a bachelor you used to pay calls?’ she said.

‘I did, but I always felt ashamed, and now I am so out of the habit of it that, seriously, I would rather go without dinner for two days than pay that call! It is so embarrassing! I feel the whole time that they will be offended and will say, “Why have you come when you have no business here?”’

‘No, they won’t be offended. I will vouch for that!’ said Kitty, looking laughingly into his face. She took his hand. ‘Well, good-bye! . . . Please call on them!’

He was about to go after kissing her hand, when she stopped him.

‘Kostya, do you know I have only fifty roubles left?’

‘Well, what of that? I’ll call at the bank and get some. . . . How much?’ he asked, with a dissatisfied look familiar to her.

‘No, wait a moment.’ She held him by the hand. ‘Let’s talk it over, it bothers me. I don’t think I spend on anything superfluous, and yet the money simply flies away! There is something we don’t do right.’

‘Not at all,’ he said, coughing and looking at her from under his brows.

She knew that cough. With him it was a sign of great displeasure, not with her but with himself. He was really dissatisfied, not because they had spent so much, but because he had been reminded of a matter which, well knowing that something was wrong, he wished to forget.

‘I have told Sokolov to sell the wheat and draw the money for the mill in advance. We shall have money in any case.’

‘Yes, but I’m afraid that in general too much . . .’

‘Not at all, not at all!’ he repeated. ‘Well, good-bye, darling!’

‘But, really, sometimes I am sorry I listened to Mama! How nice it would have been in the country! As it is I have worn you all out, and we are wasting money . . .’

‘Not at all, not at all! Not once since our marriage have I said to myself that things might have been better than they are. . . .’

‘Is that true?’ she said, looking into his eyes.

He had said it without thinking, to comfort her. But when he looked and saw those dear, truthful eyes questioningly fixed on him, he repeated the words from the bottom of his heart. ‘Decidedly I am forgetting her,’ he thought, remembering what was so soon awaiting them.

‘Will it be soon? How do you feel?’ he whispered, taking both her hands in his.

‘I have so often thought so, that now I have given up thinking.’

‘And you are not afraid?’

She smiled contemptuously.

‘Not an atom!’ she answered.

‘Well, should there be anything—I shall be at Katarasov’s.’

‘No, there won’t be anything: don’t imagine it. I shall go for a walk on the boulevard with Papa. We will call at Dolly’s. I’ll expect you before dinner. . . . Oh, yes! Do you know, Dolly’s situation is becoming quite impossible! She is deep in debt, and has no money. Mama and I were talking about it with Arseney’ (so she called her sister’s, the Princess Lvova’s, husband), ‘and we decided to set you and him at Steve. It is quite impossible. We can’t speak to Papa about it. . . . But if you and he . . .’

‘But what can we do?’ said Levin.

‘Well, anyhow, you will see Arseney. Have a talk with him, and he will tell you what we decided.’

‘I’m ready to agree with Arseney beforehand. Well, I’ll call on him then. . . . By the way, if I go to the concert, I’ll go with Nataly. Well, good-bye!’

At the porch Kuzma, an old servant of his bachelor days, who was now managing the household in town, stopped Levin.

‘Krasavchik’ (one of the pair of carriage horses brought from the country) ‘has been re-shod but still goes lame,’ said he. ‘What are your orders?’

On first coming to Moscow Levin had taken an interest in the horses they brought from the country. He wanted to arrange the matter as well and as cheaply as possible; but it turned out that their own horses cost them more than hired ones would have done, and they hired horses as well.

‘Send for the vet, maybe it’s a bruise.’

‘Yes, and what will Catherine Alexandrovna do?’ asked Kuzma.

Levin no longer thought it strange, as he had done when he first came to Moscow, that to go from the Vozdvizhenka Street to Sivtsev-Vrazhek it was necessary to harness a pair of strong horses to a heavy carriage to drive through the snowy slush a quarter of a verst, to keep the carriage waiting there for four hours, and to pay five roubles for it. Now all this seemed quite natural.

‘Hire a pair of horses, to be harnessed to our carriage.’

‘Yes, sir!’

And, thanks to the conditions of town life, having thus simply and easily solved a difficulty which in the country would have required much exertion and personal attention, Levin went out, called an *izvoshchik*, and drove to the Nikitskaya. On his way he thought no more about money, but considered how he could make the acquaintance of the Petersburg scholar, who was studying sociology, and how he would talk to him about his book.

Only during the very first days in Moscow had the unproductive but inevitable expenditure, so strange to country folk, yet demanded on all sides, startled Levin. Now he was used to it. In this respect the thing had happened to him which is said to happen to drunkards. ‘The first glass you drive in like a stake, the second flies like a crake, and after the third they fly like wee little birds.’ When he had changed the first hundred-rouble note to buy liveries for the footman and hall porter, he had involuntarily calculated that those useless liveries— which, however, were absolutely necessary, judging by the surprise of the old Princess and Kitty at his hint that one could do without liveries— would cost as much as the hire of two labourers for the summer months, that is, of one for about three hundred working days between Easter and Advent—and each a day of heavy labour from early morning till late in the evening. He parted with that

hundred-rouble note not without a struggle. The next such note he changed to buy provisions for a family dinner, costing twenty-eight roubles; and though he remembered that twenty-eight roubles was the price of nine chetverts of oats mown, bound into sheaves, threshed, winnowed, sifted, and shovelled with sweat and groans, nevertheless it went more easily than the first. The notes he now changed no longer evoked such calculations, but flew away like wee birds. Whether the pleasure afforded by what it purchased corresponded to the labour expended in acquiring the money was a consideration long since lost sight of. His farming calculations that there is a price below which certain grain must not be sold were forgotten too. The rye—after he had so long held out for a certain price—was sold fifty kopeks a chetvert cheaper than had been offered him a month ago. Even the calculation that it would be impossible to live for a year at that rate of expenditure without running into debt—even that calculation had lost its meaning. The one thing needful was to have money in the bank, without asking whence it came, so as to be always sure of the wherewithal to get to-morrow's beef. Till now he had always observed that rule; he had always had money in the bank. But now he had no money remaining there, and did not quite know where to get any. It was this that had upset him for a moment when Kitty reminded him about money; however, he had no time to think about it. While driving he thought of Katavasov and of making Metrov's acquaintance.

CHAPTER III

DURING his stay in Moscow Levin had renewed his intimacy with his fellow-student of university days, now Professor Katavasov, whom he had not seen since his marriage. He liked Katavasov because of his clear and simple outlook on life. Levin thought Katavasov's clear outlook resulted from the poverty of his nature, and Katavasov thought Levin's inconsequential opinions resulted from a lack of mental discipline; but Katavasov's clarity pleased Levin, and the abundance of Levin's

undisciplined thoughts pleased Katavasov, so they liked to meet and argue.

Levin had read some parts of his book to Katavasov, who liked it. Happening to meet Levin at a public lecture the previous day, Katavasov had told him that the celebrated Metrov, whose article had so pleased Levin, was in Moscow and was much interested in what Katavasov had told him of Levin's work, that he would be at his house next day about eleven in the morning and would be very pleased to make Levin's acquaintance.

'Decidedly you are improving--quite a pleasure to see it,' said Katavasov as he welcomed Levin in the little drawing-room. 'I heard the bell and thought "It's impossible he can have come punctually." . . . Well, what d'you think of the Montenegrins? They are born warriors!'

'What's happened?' asked Levin.

Katavasov in a few words told him the latest news, and, taking him into the study, introduced Levin to a tall, sturdy, and very agreeable-looking man. It was Metrov. The conversation rested for a time on politics and on how the highest circles in Petersburg regarded the latest events. Metrov quoted words on the subject attributed to the Emperor and one of the Ministers, which he had from a reliable source. Katavasov, however, had heard with equal definiteness that the Emperor said something quite different. Levin tried to imagine a situation in which both utterances might have been made, and the subject was dropped.

'He has written almost a book on the natural condition of the labourer in relation to the land,' said Katavasov. 'I am not a specialist, but as a naturalist I liked his not taking humanity as something outside zoological laws, but on the contrary regarding it as dependent on its surroundings, and searching in this dependence for the laws of its development.'

'That is very interesting,' said Metrov.

'I really began to write a book on agriculture, but being occupied with the chief instrument in agriculture, the labourer,' said Levin with a blush, 'I involuntarily arrived at quite unexpected results.'

And Levin began carefully, as if feeling his way, to expound his views. He knew that Metrov had written

an article running counter to the generally accepted teachings of political economy, but how far he could hope for his sympathy with his own novel views Levin did not know, and could not gather from the expression of the Professor's quiet and intelligent face.

'But in what do you perceive the peculiar quality of the Russian worker?' asked Metrov. 'In his zoological qualities, so to say, or in the conditions in which he is placed?'

Levin detected in this very question a thought with which he did not agree; but he continued to expound his view, which was that the Russian labourer's view of the land is quite different from that of other nations. To illustrate this theory he hastened to add that, in his opinion, the Russian people view results from their consciousness of a vocation to populate the vast unoccupied tracts in the East.

'It is easy to be led astray when drawing conclusions as to the general vocation of a people,' said Metrov, interrupting Levin. 'The condition of the labourer will always depend on his relation to land and capital.'

And without letting Levin finish explaining his idea, Metrov began expounding to him the peculiarity of his own teaching.

What that peculiarity consisted in Levin did not understand, because he did not even try to do so. He saw that Metrov, like the others, despite the article in which he refused the teachings of the economists, still regarded the position of the Russian labourer merely from the standpoint of capital, wages, and rent. Though he had to admit that in the Eastern and greater part of Russia rents were still *nil*, that wages—for nine-tenths of the eighty millions of the Russian population—represented only sustenance for themselves, and that capital did not yet exist except in the form of most primitive tools, yet he regarded every labourer merely from that one point of view, though on many points he disagreed with the economists and had his own theory of wages, which he explained to Levin.

Levin listened reluctantly and at first made objections. He wanted to interrupt Metrov and to state his own idea, which he considered would render a further statement of Metrov's view superfluous. But afterwards, having

convinced himself that they looked at the question so differently that they would never understand one another, he ceased making objections and merely listened. Though what Metrov was saying now no longer interested him at all, he felt some pleasure all the same in hearing him. His vanity was flattered by the fact that so learned a man should explain his opinions to him so willingly, so carefully, and with such faith in Levin's knowledge of the subject that he sometimes by a mere hint indicated a whole aspect of the matter. Levin attributed this to his own worth, not knowing that Metrov, who had exhausted the matter with all his intimates, was particularly pleased to speak about it to any fresh person, and, in general, willingly spoke to everybody about the subject with which he was occupied and which was not yet clear to himself.

'I'm afraid we shall be late,' said Katavasov, glancing at the clock as soon as Metrov had finished his disquisition.

'Yes, there is a meeting of the Society of Amateurs in honour of Svintich's jubilee,' Katavasov went on, in answer to Levin's inquiry. 'Peter Ivanovich' (Metrov) 'and I have arranged to go. I have promised to read a paper on his work on Zoology. Come with us, it will be very interesting.'

'Yes! It is quite time,' remarked Metrov. 'Come with us, and then, if you care to, come home with me. I should very much like to hear your work.'

'Oh no, it is still so unfinished! But I shall be pleased to go to the meeting.'

'And have you heard? I gave in a separate report,' Katavasov called out from the next room, where he was changing his coat.

They began a conversation about a controversy in the university, which was one of the most important events in Moscow that winter. Three old professors on the Council had not accepted the opinion of the younger ones; the younger ones presented a separate resolution. This resolution was, in the opinion of some people, a dreadful one, while according to others it was very simple and just. The professors were divided into two camps.

The side to which Katavasov belonged accused their opponents of mean treachery and deception; while

the others imputed--youthfulness and disrespect for authority. Levin, though he did not belong to the university, had since his arrival in Moscow more than once heard and conversed about this affair, and had formed his own opinion on the subject; and he took part in the conversation which was continued in the street until they all three arrived at the old university buildings.

The meeting had already begun. At the table covered with a cloth at which Katavasov and Metrov took their seats six men were sitting, and one of them, with his head bent close over a manuscript, was reading something. Levin took one of the vacant chairs which were standing round the table, and in a whisper asked a student who was sitting there what was being read. With a displeased look at Levin the student replied: 'The biography!'

Though the biography of the scientist did not interest Levin, he listened involuntarily and learned a few interesting facts about the celebrated man's life.

When the reader had finished, the chairman thanked him and read aloud some verses for the jubilee sent by the poet Ment, adding a few words of thanks to the poet. Then Katavasov, in his loud strident voice, read his paper on the scientific work of the man whose jubilee it was.

When Katavasov had finished, Levin looked at his watch, saw that it was getting on for two, and thought that there would be no time to read his manuscript to Metrov before the concert, and besides, he no longer felt inclined to do so. During the readings he had also been thinking about the talk they had had. It was now clear to him that though Metrov's views might perhaps be of importance, his own ideas were of importance too, and these views could be formulated and lead to results only if each of them worked separately along the lines he had selected, but communicating them to one another could not lead to any result. Making up his mind to decline Metrov's invitation, therefore, Levin approached him as soon as the meeting ended. Metrov introduced him to the chairman, with whom he was discussing the political news. In this connection Metrov told the chairman the same thing that he had already told Levin, and Levin made the same remarks as he had made in the morning, but for the sake of diversity expressed also a

new view of his own—which had but just entered his head. After that they began talking about the university question. As Levin had already heard all that, he hastened to tell Metrov that he regretted he was unable to accept his invitation, shook hands, and drove off to the Lvovs'.

CHAPTER IV

Lvov, who was married to Kitty's sister Nataly, had passed all his life in the capitals and abroad, where he had been educated and where he had been in the diplomatic service.

The year before, he had quitted the diplomatic service, not because of any unpleasantness (he never had unpleasantness with anyone), but had exchanged into the Moscow Court Ministry in order to be able to give his boys the best education.

Despite very acute differences in their habits and opinions, and the fact that Lvov was older than Levin, they became very intimate and attached to one another that winter.

Levin found Lvov at home, and entered unannounced.

Wearing an indoor jacket with a belt, morocco leather shoes, and with a *pince-nez* of blue glass on his nose, Lvov sat in an easy-chair reading a book lying on a lectern before him, and carefully held at a distance in his shapely hand a cigar half turned to ashes.

His handsome, refined, and still young-looking face, to which the curly, glossy, silver hair gave a still more well-bred appearance, lit up with a smile when he saw Levin.

'Good! And I was just going to send to you. Well, and how is Kitty? Take this chair, it's more comfortable.' He rose and pushed forward a rocking-chair. 'Have you read the last circular in the *Journal de St Pétersbourg*? I think it splendid,' said he with a slightly French accent.

Levin told him what he had heard from Katavasov of what was said in Petersburg, and, after some talk on politics, Levin recounted how he had made Metrov's acquaintance and had gone to the meeting. This interested Lvov very much.

‘There now! I envy you for having the entrance to that interesting scientific world,’ he said, and having started talking he changed, as he usually did, into French, which he spoke more easily. ‘It’s true I have no time to spare, my work and occupation with the children deprive me of that; besides, I am not ashamed to confess that my education was far too insufficient.’

‘I don’t think so,’ said Levin with a smile, feeling, as usual, touched by the other’s low opinion of himself, which was not in the least affected from desire to appear, or even to be, modest, but was quite sincere.

‘Oh, yes! I now feel how little educated I am! Even for the children’s lessons I often have to refresh my memory, or even simply to learn things. For it is not enough to have masters, one must have a supervisor as well, just as you have both labourers and an overseer on your estate. I was just reading,’ and he showed Levin Buslaev’s Grammar which lay on the lectern. ‘They expect Misha to know this, and it is so difficult. . . . Will you explain this to me? He says here . . .’

Levin tried to explain that it is impossible to understand it and that it must just be learnt by heart; but Lvov did not agree with him.

‘Yes! You laugh at it!’

‘On the contrary! You have no idea how, when I see you, I am always learning what awaits me—the education of my children.’

‘Oh, come! You’ve nothing to learn from me!’ said Lvov.

‘All I know is that I never saw better brought up children than yours,’ said Levin, ‘and do not wish for better children.’

Lvov evidently tried to restrain the expression of his delight, but a radiant smile lit up his face.

‘If only they turn out better than I! That is all I desire. You do not yet know all the difficulties one has with boys who, like mine, have been neglected through our life abroad,’ said he.

‘They’ll catch it all up. They are such gifted children! The chief thing is the moral training. That is what I learn by watching your children.’

‘You talk of moral training! You can’t imagine how difficult that is! You have hardly mastered one fault

when another crops up and there is a fresh struggle. One must have the support of religion—you remember our talk about that? . . . No father relying on his own strength, without that support, could educate a child.'

This conversation, on a topic that always interested Levin, was cut short by the entrance of the beautiful Nataly Alexandrovna, who came in dressed to go out.

'Oh, I didn't know you were here,' she said, evidently not at all sorry but rather pleased at having interrupted a conversation which she had heard long ago, and of which she was weary. 'And how is Kitty? I am dining with you to-day. Look here, Arseney,' she said, turning to her husband, 'you will take the carriage . . .'

And husband and wife began discussing what they would do that day. As the husband had to go and meet some one officially, and the wife was going to the concert and then to a public meeting of the South-Eastern Committee, there was much to decide and arrange. Levin, as one of the family, had to take part in the deliberations. It was settled that Levin would drive with Nataly to the concert and to the public meeting, and from there they would send the carriage to the office to fetch Arseney, who would call for his wife and take her on to Kitty's, or if he was detained by business he would send the carriage back, and Levin would accompany her.

'He spoils me, you know,' said Lvov to his wife, indicating Levin. 'He assures me that our children are splendid, though I see so much that is bad in them.'

'Arseney goes to extremes, as I always tell him,' said his wife. 'If you look for perfection, you will never be satisfied. What Papa says is perfectly true; when we were brought up they went to one extreme, and kept us children in the attics while our parents lived on the first floor; but now it's just the reverse—the lumber room for the parents and the first floor for the children! Nowadays parents are hardly allowed to live, and everything is for the children.'

'Why not, if that is pleasanter?' said Lvov with his handsome smile, touching her hand. 'Those who don't know you would think you were not a mother but a stepmother!'

‘No, extremes are not right in any case,’ said Nataly quietly, putting his paper-knife in its right place on the table.

‘Ah! Come here, you perfect children!’ said Lvov to two little boys, who, after bowing to Levin, approached their father, evidently wishing to ask him something.

Levin wanted to talk to them and hear what they would say to their father, but Nataly spoke to him, and then Makhotin, a fellow official of Lvov’s, came in Court uniform to fetch Lvov to meet some one; and an unending conversation began about Herzegovina, the Princess Korzinskaya, the Duma, and the Countess Apraxina’s sudden death.

Levin had forgotten the commission he had been charged with and only remembered it when on his way to the ante-room.

‘Oh, Kitty wished me to have a talk with you about Oblonsky,’ he said, when Lvov paused on the stairs as he was seeing his wife and Levin down.

‘Yes, yes. *Maman* wishes us, *les beaux-frères*,¹ to come down on him,’ said Lvov, blushing. ‘But why should I?’

‘Well then, I will be down on him!’ said his wife smiling, as she stood in her white fur-lined cloak waiting for them to finish their talk. ‘Come, let us go!’

CHAPTER V

At the *Matinée Concert* there were two very interesting items.

One was *King Lear on the Heath*, a fantasia, and the other was a quartet dedicated to the memory of Bach. Both pieces were new and in the new style, and Levin wished to form an opinion on them. When he had conducted his sister-in-law to her seat, he took his station behind a pillar, resolved to listen as attentively and as conscientiously as possible. He tried not to let his mind wander nor to let his impression of the music be marred by looking at the white-tied conductor’s arm-waving, which always so unpleasantly distracts

¹ The brothers-in-law.

one's attention from the music; nor by the ladies with their bonnets, the ribbons of which were so carefully tied over their ears for the concert; nor by all those other persons who were either not interested in anything or were interested in all sorts of things other than music. He carefully avoided the musical experts and great talkers, and stood with lowered eyes gazing straight before him, listening.

But the longer he listened to the *King Lear* fantasia, the further he felt from the possibility of forming any definite opinion. The musical expression of some emotion seemed perpetually on the point of beginning, when it suddenly broke into fragments of the expression of other emotions or even into unrelated sounds which, elaborate though they were, were only connected by the whim of the composer. Even these fragments of musical expression, though some of them were good, were displeasing because they were quite unexpected and unprepared for. Mirth, sadness, despair, tenderness, triumph came forth without any cause, like the thoughts of a madman. And, as in the mind of a madman, these emotions vanished just as unexpectedly.

Throughout the performance Levin felt like a deaf person watching a dance. He was quite perplexed when the music stopped and felt very tired as a result of strained attention quite unrewarded. From all sides came loud applause. Every one rose, began to walk about, and to talk. Wishing to clear up his own perplexity by hearing other people's impressions, Levin went to look for the experts, and was pleased to find a celebrated one chatting with his own acquaintance, Pestsov.

'Wonderful!' Pestsov was saying in his deep bass. 'How do you do, Constantine Dmitrich? . . . Especially shapely, plastic, and rich in colour, if one may say so, is the passage where you feel the approach of Cordelia, the woman, *das ewige Weibliche*,¹ and she enters upon a struggle with fate.'

'Why, what has Cordelia to do with it?' Levin asked timidly, having quite forgotten that the fantasia presented King Lear on the heath.

'Cordelia appears . . . here!' said Pestsov, tapping

¹ The eternal feminine.

with his fingers the glossy programme he was holding, and handing it to Levin.

Only then did Levin recollect the title of the fantasia, and hastened to read the Russian translation of a passage from Shakespeare, which was printed on the back.

'You can't follow without it,' said Pestsov turning to Levin, as the man he had been talking to had gone away and he had no one else to talk to.

During the interval Levin and Pestsov began a discussion on the merits and defects of the Wagnerian tendency in music. Levin maintained that the mistake of Wagner and of all his followers lay in trying to make music enter the domain of another art, and that poetry commits the same error when it depicts the features of a face, which should be done by painting, and, as an example of this kind of error, he mentioned a sculptor who tried to chisel the shadows of poetic images arising round the pedestal of his statue of a poet. 'The sculptor's shadows so little resembled shadows that they even clung to a ladder,' said Levin. He liked this phrase, but could not remember whether he had not used it before, and to Pestsov himself, and after saying it he grew embarrassed.

Pestsov argued that art was all one, and that it can only reach its highest manifestations by uniting all the different kinds of art.

Levin could not listen to the second part of the concert, for Pestsov, who stood beside him, talked all the while and found fault with the piece because of its unnecessary and sickly affectation of simplicity, comparing it with the simplicities of the pre-Raphaelite school of painting. On going out Levin met several other acquaintances, with whom he talked about politics, music, and mutual friends; among others he met Count Bol. He had quite forgotten his intended visit to him.

'Well then, go at once,' said the Princess Lvova, to whom he mentioned the matter. 'Perhaps they won't receive you, and then call for me at the meeting. You have time enough.'

CHAPTER VI

‘PERHAPS they don’t receive to-day?’ said Levin as he entered the hall of Countess Bol’s house.

‘They do; please walk in,’ said the hall-porter, determinedly helping him off with his overcoat.

‘What a nuisance!’ thought Levin with a sigh, as he pulled off one glove and smoothed his hat. ‘What is the good of my going in? And what on earth am I to say to them?’

As he entered the first drawing-room he met in the doorway the Countess Bol, who with an anxious and stern expression was giving orders to a servant. When she saw Levin she smiled and asked him into the next room, a smaller drawing-room, whence came the sound of voices. In that room, seated in arm-chairs, were the Countess’s two daughters and a Moscow Colonel with whom Levin was acquainted. Levin went up to them, said ‘How-do-you-do,’ and sat down on a chair beside the sofa, holding his hat in his hand.

‘How is your wife? Have you been to the concert? We could not go. Mama had to attend the funeral.’

‘Yes, I have heard. . . . How sudden it was!’ said Levin.

The Countess came in and sat down on the sofa, and she too inquired about his wife and about the concert.

Levin answered, and repeated his remark about the suddenness of the Countess Apraxina’s death.

‘But she always was delicate.’

‘Were you at the opera last night?’

‘Yes, I was.’

‘Wasn’t Lucca splendid?’

‘Yes, splendid,’ he replied, and as he was quite indifferent to what they might think of him, he repeated what they had heard hundreds of times about the peculiarities of that singer’s talent. The Countess Bol pretended to be listening. When he had said enough and paused, the Colonel, who till then had kept silent, began also to talk about the opera and about the lighting of the opera-house. At length, having mentioned the *folle journée*¹ that was being got up at Tyurin’s, he laughed, rose noisily, and went away. Levin rose too,

¹ Mad fête.

but saw by the Countess's face that it was not yet time for him to leave. He had to endure another minute or two, so he sat down again.

As, however, he kept on thinking how silly it was, he found nothing to speak about and remained silent.

'You are not going to the public meeting? They say it will be very interesting,' began the Countess.

'No, but I promised my sister-in-law to call for her there,' said Levin.

There was a pause, and the mother exchanged glances with her daughter.

'Well, I expect it's time now,' thought Levin, and rose. The ladies shook hands with him and asked him to tell his wife *mille choses*¹ from them.

The hall-porter as he helped him on with his overcoat asked where he was staying, and at once entered his address in a large well-bound book.

'Of course it's all the same to me, but still it makes one ashamed, and it's awfully stupid,' thought Levin, comforting himself with the reflection that everybody does it; and he went on to the meeting of the committee, where he had to meet his sister-in-law in order to accompany her to his own home.

At the meeting of the committee there were a great many people and almost the whole of Society. Levin was in time to hear a summary which everybody said was very interesting. When that had been read the Society folk gathered into a group, and Levin met Sviyazhsky, who asked him to be sure and come that evening to a meeting of the Agricultural Society where an important report was to be read. He also met Oblonsky, who had just come from the races, and many other persons he knew. Levin again expressed, and heard, various opinions about the meeting, the new fantasia, and a trial. But probably as a result of the mental fatigue he was beginning to feel, he made a slip when talking of the trial, and he afterwards remembered that slip with vexation several times. Speaking of the punishment awaiting a foreigner, who was being tried in Russia, and of how unjust it would be to banish him from the country, Levin repeated what he had heard said the day before by a man he knew.

¹ To give his wife their love.

‘It seems to me that to send him abroad would be like punishing a pike by throwing it into the water,’ said Levin; and only afterwards remembered that that thought, apparently given out as his own, and which he had heard from his acquaintance, was taken from one of Krylov’s fables, and that his acquaintance had repeated it from a feuilleton.

Having conducted his sister-in-law to his house, where he found Kitty cheerful and quite all right, Levin went off to the club.

CHAPTER VII

LEVIN arrived at the club in good time. Members and visitors were driving up as he got there. He had long not been there—not since the days when after leaving the university he had lived in Moscow and gone out into Society. He remembered the club and the external details of its rooms, but had quite forgotten the impression it then made upon him. But as soon as he entered the semi-circular courtyard, got out of his sledge and entered the porch, where he was met by a hall-porter with a shoulder-belt who noiselessly opened the door and bowed to him; as soon as he saw in the hall the coats and goloshes of those of the members who realized that it was easier to take off their goloshes downstairs than to go up in them; and as soon as he heard the mysterious ring of the bell that announced his ascent; and while mounting the shallow steps of the carpeted stairs perceived the statue on the landing, and saw upstairs the third hall-porter in club livery—whom he recognized, though the man had aged—who opened the door for him without haste or delay, gazing at the new arrival—directly he saw all this, Levin was enveloped in the old familiar atmosphere of the place, an atmosphere of repose, ease, and propriety.

‘Let me have your hat, sir,’ said the porter to Levin, who had forgotten the club rule that hats must be left at the entrance. ‘It’s a long time since you were here! The Prince entered your name yesterday. Prince Oblonsky is not here yet.’

This hall-porter not only knew Levin but knew all his connections and relatives as well, and at once mentioned some of his intimate friends.

Passing first through a room in which were several screens, and then a room on the right in which was a partition and a fruit-stall, Levin, having overtaken and passed an old man who was walking slowly, entered the noisy and crowded dining-room.

He passed among the tables, which were nearly all occupied, surveying the guests. Here and there he came across all sorts of people he knew: old and young, some whom he only just knew and some with whom he was intimate. There was not one angry or anxious face among them. All seemed to have left their cares and anxieties behind them in the hall with their hats, and to be preparing to enjoy the material blessings of life at their leisure. Sviyazhsky and Shcherbatsky, Nevedovsky and the old Prince, Vronsky and Koznyshev, all were there.

'Why are you so late?' asked the old Prince with a smile, holding out his hand over his shoulder. 'How is Kitty?' he added, smoothing the table-napkin, which he had tucked in behind a button of his waistcoat.

'She's all right: they are all three dining together.'

'Ah! Alines-Nadines! Well, there's no room at our table. Go to that table, and be quick and secure a seat,' said the old Prince, and turning away he carefully took a plate of fish soup that was handed to him.

'Levin! Here!' shouted some one a little farther off, in a kindly voice. It was Turovtsin. He sat beside a young military man, and two chairs were tilted against their table. Levin joined them with pleasure. He always liked that good-natured spendthrift Turovtsin; with him was associated the memory of his proposal to Kitty; but to-day, after all those strained intellectual conversations, Turovtsin's good-natured face was particularly welcome.

'These are for you and Oblonsky. He will be here in a minute.'

The military man, with merry, ever-laughing eyes, who held himself very erect, was Gagin, from Petersburg. Turovtsin introduced him.

'Oblonsky is always late.'

'Ah, here he is!'

'Have you just come?' asked Oblonsky, hastening toward them. 'How do you do? Had any vodka? Well then, come!'

Levin rose and went with him to a large table on which stood various kinds of vodka and a very varied assortment of *hors d'œuvres*. It might have been thought that from a score of different *hors d'œuvres* it would be possible to select one to any taste, but Oblonsky ordered something special, and one of the liveried footmen brought it at once. They drank a glass of vodka each and returned to their table.

While they were still at their soup Gagin ordered a bottle of champagne and had four glasses filled. Levin did not refuse the proffered wine, and ordered another bottle. He was hungry, and ate and drank with great pleasure, and with still greater pleasure took part in the simple merry talk of his companions. Gagin, lowering his voice, related a new Petersburg anecdote which, though it was indecent and stupid, was so funny that Levin burst into loud laughter and people turned to look at him.

'That's in the style of the story, "That's just what I can't bear"; do you know it?' asked Oblonsky. 'Oh, it's delightful! Bring another bottle! . . .' he called to the waiter, and immediately began telling the story.

'With Peter Ilyich Vinovsky's compliments,' interrupted an old waiter, bringing two delicate glasses of still sparkling champagne on a tray, and addressing Oblonsky and Levin. Oblonsky took a glass, and exchanging a look with a bald, red-haired man with a moustache who sat at the other end of their table, smilingly nodded to him.

'Who is that?' inquired Levin.

'You once met him at my house, do you remember? A nice fellow!'

Levin followed Oblonsky's example and took the glass.

Oblonsky's anecdote was very amusing too. Then Levin told one, which also was appreciated. Then they talked about horses, about that day's races, and how gallantly Vronsky's Atlasny had won the first prize. Levin hardly noticed how the dinner passed.

'Ah, here they are!' said Oblonsky, just as they were finishing, leaning back in his chair and stretching out his hand to Vronsky, who was approaching with a tall Colonel of the Guards. Vronsky's face too was lit up by the general pleasant good-humour of the club. Gaily leaning his arm on Oblonsky's shoulder, he whispered something to him, and with the same merry smile held out a hand to Levin.

'Very glad to meet you,' he said. 'I looked for you that day at the elections, but was told you had already left.'

'Yes, I left that same day. We were just speaking about your horse. I congratulate you!' said Levin. 'That was quick running!'

'Oh yes: you keep racehorses too?'

'No; my father did, and I remember them and know something about them.'

'Where did you dine?' asked Oblonsky.

'At the second table, behind the pillars.'

'He has been congratulated!' remarked the Colonel. 'It's the second time he's won the Imperial prize. If only I had the luck at cards that he has with horses! . . . But why waste the golden moments? I'm off to the "infernal regions,"' added he, and walked away.

'That's Yashvin,' said Vronsky in reply to Turovtsin's question, as he took a vacant chair beside them. He drank a glass of champagne they offered him, and ordered another bottle. Whether influenced by the club or by the wine he had drunk, Levin chatted with Vronsky about the best breeds of cattle, and was very pleased to find that he had not the least animosity toward the man. He even told Vronsky among other things that he had heard from his wife that she had met him at the Princess Mary Borisovna's.

'Oh, the Princess Mary Borisovna! Isn't she charming?' cried Oblonsky, and related an anecdote about her which made them all laugh. Vronsky especially burst into such good-natured laughter that Levin felt quite reconciled to him.

'Well, have you finished?' asked Oblonsky, rising and smiling. 'Let's go!'

CHAPTER VIII

ON leaving the table Levin, feeling that as he went his arms swung with unusual regularity and ease, passed with Gagin through the lofty apartments to the billiard-room. When they had traversed the Large Hall he met his father-in-law.

'Well, and how do you like our Temple of Idleness?' said the Prince, giving him his arm. 'Come, let's walk about a little.'

'Yes, a walk is just what I want, and to have a look round. It interests me.'

'Yes, it interests you, but my interest is different to yours. You look at those old men,' said the Prince, indicating a round-shouldered member with a hanging nether lip, hardly able to shuffle along in his soft boots, who met and passed them, 'and you imagine they were born *shlyupiks*?'

'*Shlyupiks*! What's that?'

'You see, you don't even know the word! It is a club term. You know the game of egg-rolling? Well, an egg that has been rolled very often becomes a *shlyupik*.¹ And so it is with ourselves: we keep coming and coming to the club until we turn into *shlyupiks*. There! Now you're laughing, but we are already thinking of how we shall become *shlyupiks* . . .! You know Prince Chechensky?' asked the Prince, and Levin saw by his face that he was going to say something droll.

'No, I don't.'

'You don't? What, the well-known Prince Chechensky? Well, never mind! He is always playing billiards, you know. Three years ago he was not yet among the *shlyupiks* and he showed a bold front, calling others *shlyupiks*. Well, one day he arrives, and our hall-porter . . . You know Vasily? . . . Oh yes, that fat one; he is a great wit. Well, Prince Chechensky asks him: "I say, Vasily, who is here? Any of the *shlyupiks*?" And Vasily replies: "Well, yes: you're the third one!" Yes, my lad! That's how it is!'

¹ A hard-boiled egg that has been repeatedly cracked till it has become soft and useless for the game.

Chatting and exchanging greetings with acquaintances they chanced to meet, Levin and the Prince passed through all the rooms: the large one, in which card-tables were already arranged and habitual partners were playing for small stakes; the sofa-room, where they were playing chess and where Koznyshev sat talking to some one; the billiard-room, where by a sofa in a recess a merry party, which included Gagin, were drinking champagne. They looked in at the 'infernal regions' too, where round a table, at which Yashvin had already taken his seat, crowded a number of backers.

Taking care not to make a noise they entered the dim reading-room, where, under shaded lamps, a young man with an angry countenance sat turning over one newspaper after another, and a bald General was engrossed in what he was reading. They also went into the room which the Prince termed 'the wise room.' There three gentlemen were arguing about the latest political news.

'Will you come, Prince? Everything is ready,' said one of his habitual partners, finding him there, and the Prince went away. Levin sat down for a while and listened, but remembering all the conversations he had that day heard, he suddenly felt terribly bored. He rose hastily and went to look for Oblonsky and Turovtsin, with whom he had felt merry.

Turovtsin, with a tankard of something to drink, was sitting on the high sofa in the billiard-room, and Oblonsky was talking to Vronsky by the door in the far corner.

'She is not exactly dull, but that indefinite, unsettled position . . . ' Levin overheard, and was hastening away when Oblonsky called him.

'Levin!' said he; and Levin noticed that though in Oblonsky's eyes there were not actually tears, they were moist, as they always were when he had been drinking or when he felt touched. To-day it was both.

'Levin, don't go,' he said, holding him tightly by the elbow, evidently not wishing to let him go on any account.

'This is my true, almost my best friend,' he said to Vronsky. 'You too are even more near and dear to me; and I want you to be friends, and I know that

you will be friendly and intimate because you are both good fellows.'

'Well, then there's nothing for it but to kiss and be friends!' said Vronsky, good-naturedly jesting and holding out his hand.

He quickly grasped Levin's outstretched hand and pressed it.

'I am very, very glad,' said Levin, pressing Vronsky's hand.

'Waiter! Bring a bottle of champagne,' said Oblonsky.

'And I am glad too,' said Vronsky.

But in spite of Oblonsky's wish and theirs they had nothing to say to one another, and both knew it.

'You know, he is not acquainted with Anna,' said Oblonsky to Vronsky. 'And I particularly wish to take him to see her. Let's go, Levin.'

'Really?' said Vronsky. 'She will be very glad. I would go home at once, but I am anxious about Yashvin and want to stay here till he has finished.'

'Oh, is he in a bad way?'

'He keeps on losing and I alone can restrain him.'

'Then what do you say to pyramids? Levin, will you play? Oh, capital,' said Oblonsky. 'Place the balls for pyramids,' he added, turning to the billiard-marker.

'They have been ready a long time,' replied the marker, who had already placed the balls in a triangle and was rolling the red ball about to pass the time.

'Well, come along!'

After the game Vronsky and Levin joined Gagin at his table, and at Oblonsky's invitation Levin began betting on aces. Vronsky sat beside the table, surrounded by friends who were continually coming to him, or else went to the 'infernal regions' to see what Yashvin was up to. Levin experienced an agreeable sense of relief from the mental weariness of the morning. He was glad the hostility between Vronsky and himself was ended, and the impression of tranquillity, decorum, and pleasure did not leave him.

When they had finished their play Oblonsky took Levin's arm.

'Well then, let us go to Anna's. Now, at once!

She will be at home. I promised her long ago to bring you. Where were you going to-night ?'

'Nowhere in particular. I had promised Sviyazhsky to go to the Agricultural Society's meeting, but I'll come with you if you like,' replied Levin.

'Capital! Let's go! . . . Find out whether my carriage has come,' said Oblonsky to a footman.

Levin went to the table, paid the forty roubles he had lost betting on the aces, paid the club bill to an old footman who stood by the door and who seemed in some miraculous way to know what it came to, and, swinging his arms in a peculiar way, passed through the whole suite of rooms to the exit.

CHAPTER IX

'THE Oblonsky carriage!' shouted the hall-porter in a stern bass. The carriage drove up and they got in. Only for the first few moments, while they were leaving the courtyard of the club, did Levin retain that sense of club calm, pleasure, and undoubted decorum in his surroundings; but as soon as the carriage had passed out into the street and he felt it jolting on the uneven road, heard the angry shouts of an *isvoschik* they met, saw in the ill-lit street the red signboards of a vodka dealer and of a small shop, that sense was dissipated, and he began to consider his actions and to ask himself whether he was doing right in going to see Anna. 'What would Kitty say?' But Oblonsky would not let him reflect, and as if guessing his doubts tried to dispel them.

'How glad I am that you will make her acquaintance,' said he. 'Do you know, Dolly has long wished it: and Lvov called on her and goes to see her. Though she is my sister,' Oblonsky continued, 'I may safely say that she is a remarkable woman. Well, you'll see! Her position is a very trying one, especially just now.'

'Why especially just now?'

'We are negotiating with her husband about a divorce. He agrees; but there are difficulties about their son, and the affair, which should have been ended long ago,

has already been dragging on for three months. As soon as she gets the divorce she will marry Vronsky. How stupid that old ceremony is, walking round and round singing, "Rejoice, Isaiah!"—a ceremony in which nobody believes and which stands in the way of people's happiness!' interpolated Oblonsky. 'Well, and then their position will be as definite as mine or yours.'

'What is the difficulty?' asked Levin.

'Oh, that is a long and tiresome story! Everything is so indefinite in this country. But the point is that she has been living for several weeks in Moscow, where everybody knows her and him, awaiting the divorce, without going out anywhere or seeing any women except Dolly, because, you understand, she does not want people to come and see her as a charity. Even that fool Princess Barbara has left her, considering it improper! Well, you see, any other woman in her position might fail to find resources in herself. But she . . . you'll see how she has arranged her life, how quiet and dignified she is! . . . To the left, in the side street opposite the church!' shouted Oblonsky, leaning out of the carriage window. 'Faugh! How hot!' he said, throwing his already unfastened overcoat still wider open in spite of 12 degrees of frost.¹

'But she has a child; I suppose she is occupied with her?' said Levin.

'I think you see in every woman only a female, *une courreuse!*² necessarily occupied with children if at all!' said Oblonsky. 'No! I believe Anna is bringing her up splendidly, but one does not hear about her. Her occupations are, firstly, writing. I can see you smiling sarcastically, but you are wrong! She is writing a children's book and does not speak of it to anyone, but she read it to me and I showed the manuscript to Vorkuyev. . . . You know, the publisher . . . he writes himself, I think. He is an expert, and says it is a remarkable work. But you think she is a woman author? Not at all! She is first of all a woman with a heart, you'll see! She now has a little English girl, and a whole family she is interested in.'

¹ In Russia the Reaumur thermometer is used: 12° R. of frost = 5° Fahrenheit below zero.

² A broody hen.

‘Why, is it a philanthropic undertaking?’

‘There you are! At once looking out for something bad! It’s not philanthropy, it’s kind-heartedness. They had—I mean, Vronsky had—an English trainer, a master in his own line, but a drunkard. He took completely to drink, got delirium tremens, and has deserted his family. She saw them, helped them, and became interested in them, and now the whole family is on her hands—and she doesn’t do it patronizingly, just with money, but she herself coaches the boys in Russian for the High School, and she has taken the girl into the house. But you’ll see her.’

The carriage drove into the courtyard, and Oblonsky rang loudly at the front door, before which a sledge was standing.

Without asking the porter who opened the door whether Anna was in, Oblonsky entered the hall. Levin followed, more and more in doubt as to whether he was acting well or badly.

Glancing in the mirror, Levin saw that he was red in the face, but he was sure he was not tipsy, and he followed Oblonsky up the carpeted stairs. On the top landing a footman bowed to Oblonsky as to some one he knew well, and Oblonsky, asking who was with Anna Arkadyevna, received the answer that it was Mr. Vorkuyev.

‘Where are they?’

‘In the study.’

Passing through a small dining-room, panelled in dark wood, Oblonsky and Levin entered the study across the soft carpet. It was lit by a lamp with a large dark shade. Another reflector-lamp fixed to the wall illuminated a large full-length portrait of a woman, which attracted Levin’s involuntary attention. It was Anna’s portrait painted in Italy by Mikhaylov. While Oblonsky passed behind a screen of trellis-work—and the man’s voice that had been speaking became silent—Levin looked at the portrait, which in the bright illumination seemed to step out of its frame, and he could not tear himself away from it. He forgot where he was, and without listening to what was being said gazed fixedly at the wonderful portrait. It was not a picture, but a living and charming woman with curly black hair, bare

shoulders and arms, and a dreamy half-smile on lips covered with elegant down, looking at him victoriously and tenderly with eyes that troubled him. The only thing that showed she was not alive was that she was more beautiful than a living woman could be.

'I am so glad,' he heard a voice saying near by, evidently addressing him, the voice of the very woman whom he had admired in the portrait. Anna had come out from behind the screen to meet him, and Levin saw in the dim light of the study the woman of the portrait, in a dark dress of different shades of blue, not in the same attitude, not with the same expression, but on the same height of beauty as that on which the artist had caught her in the portrait. In reality she was less brilliant, but there was something about her new and attractive which was not in the portrait.

CHAPTER X

SHE had risen to greet him, not concealing her pleasure at seeing him.

The tranquillity with which she extended to him her energetic little hand, introduced him to Voikuyev, and, indicating a pretty red-haired child who sat in the same room doing needlework, spoke of her as her ward, showed the manners (familiar and pleasant to Levin) of a woman of good society, always self-possessed and natural.

'I am very, very pleased,' she repeated, and from her lips these simple words seemed to Levin to possess a peculiar meaning. 'I have long known and liked you, both for your friendship to Steve and for your wife's sake. . . . I only knew her for a very short time, but she left on me the impression of a lovely flower . . . just a flower! And she will soon be a mother!'

She spoke easily and without haste, occasionally turning her eyes from Levin to her brother. Levin felt that the impression he was creating was a good one and immediately became at ease and as natural and comfortable with her as if he had known her from childhood.

'We came into Alexis's room to have a smoke,' she said in reply to Oblonsky's question whether he might smoke; and glancing at Levin, instead of asking him whether he smoked, she drew a tortoise-shell cigar-case nearer and took from it a straw cigarette.

'How are you to-day?' asked her brother.

'Pretty well. Nerves as usual!'

'Isn't it wonderfully good?' said Oblonsky, noticing that Levin kept looking at the portrait.

'I have never seen a better portrait.'

'And it's a wonderful likeness, isn't it?' asked Vorkuyev.

Levin glanced from the portrait to the original. A special brightness lit up Anna's face when she felt his eyes on her. Levin flushed, and to hide his confusion was about to ask her if it was long since she had seen Dolly, but at that instant Anna herself began to speak.

'We were just talking with Ivan Petrovich¹ about Vashchenko's last pictures. Have you seen them?'

'Yes, I have,' replied Levin.

'But excuse me, I interrupted you? You were going to say . . .'

Levin asked whether she had seen Dolly lately.

'She was here yesterday. She is very angry with the High School because of Grisha. The Latin master, it seems, has been unjust to him.'

'Yes, I have seen the pictures and did not like them very much,' Levin said, returning to the subject she had started.

Levin did not now speak at all in the matter-of-fact way in which he had talked that morning. Every word of his conversation with her assumed a special importance. It was pleasant to speak to her and yet more pleasant to listen to her.

Anna not only talked naturally and cleverly, but cleverly and carelessly, not attributing any value to her own ideas, but attributing great value to those of her interlocutor.

The conversation touched on the new direction taken by art and the new illustrations of the Bible by a French artist. Vorkuyev accused the artist of realism pushed

¹ Vorkuyev.

to coarseness. Levin said the French had carried conventionality in art further than anyone else, and therefore attributed special merit to a return to realism. In the fact that they had left off lying they perceived poetry.

Never had any clever thought uttered by Levin given him so much satisfaction as this. Anna's face brightened all over when she suddenly appreciated the remark. She laughed.

'I am laughing as one laughs on seeing a very striking likeness! What you have said quite characterizes present-day French art, painting and even literature: Zola, Daudet. But perhaps it is always like that—they form their conceptions from imaginary conventional figures, and when they have made every possible combination of these, they tire of the conventional figures and begin to devise more natural and correct ones.'

'Yes, that's it exactly,' said Vorkuyev.

'So you have been to the club?' she said, addressing her brother.

'What a woman!' thought Levin, and, quite forgetting himself, he gazed fixedly at her beautiful mobile face, which had now suddenly quite changed. Levin did not hear what she was speaking about while she leaned toward her brother but was struck by the change in her expression. After being so lovely in its tranquillity, her face suddenly expressed a strange curiosity, anger, and pride. But this lasted only a moment. She screwed up her eyes, as if she were remembering something.

'However, that won't interest anyone,' she said; and turning to the little English girl, she added in English, 'Please order tea in the drawing-room.'

The child rose and went out.

'Well, has she passed her examination?' inquired Oblonsky.

'Splendidly! She is a very capable girl, and has a sweet nature.'

'You'll finish by being fonder of her than of your own.'

'How like a man! There is no more or less in love. I love my child with one kind of love and her with another.'

'I was just saying to Anna Arkadyevna,' remarked Vorkuyev, 'that if she were to devote to the general

business of educating Russian children a hundredth part of the energy she bestows on this English child, she would be doing a great and useful work.'

'Yes, but, say what you like, I can't do it. Count Alexis urged me very much.' As she spoke the words 'Count Alexis' she turned a timidly petitioning glance toward Levin and he involuntarily replied with a respectful and confirmatory glance. 'He urged me to take an interest in the village school. I went several times. They are very nice children, but I could not attach myself to the work. You mention energy. . . . Energy is based on love; and where is one to get the love? One can't order it! I've become fond of this girl, you see, without knowing why.'

Again she glanced at Levin. And her smile and glance told him that she was speaking for him alone, valuing his opinion and knowing in advance that they would understand one another.

'Yes, I quite understand,' Levin replied. 'It is impossible to put one's heart into a school or an institution of that kind, and I think that is just why philanthropic establishments always give such poor results.'

After a pause she smiled and said, 'Yes, yes, I never could do it. *Je n'ai pas le cœur assez large*¹ to love a whole orphanage-full of unpleasant little girls. *Cela ne m'a jamais réussi!*² There are so many women who have created for themselves a social position in that way. And now especially,' she went on with a sad, confiding expression, as though addressing her brother but evidently speaking to Levin, 'now when I so need some occupation, I can't do it!' And with a sudden frown (Levin understood that she was frowning at herself for having spoken about herself) she changed the subject. 'I have heard it said of you,' said she to Levin, 'that you are a bad citizen, and I have defended you as best I could.'

'How did you defend me?'

'That varied with the attacks. However, won't you come and have some tea?' She rose and took up a book bound in morocco-leather.

'Let me have it, Anna Arkadyevna,' said Vorkuyev, pointing to the book. 'It is well worth it.'

¹ My heart is not big enough.

² I never could succeed with that.

‘Oh no, it is so unfinished!’

‘I have told him about it,’ remarked Oblonsky to his sister, indicating Levin.

‘You should not have done so. My writings are something like those little baskets and carvings made in prisons, which Lisa Merkalova used to sell to me. She used to preside over the prison department of a Society,’ she added, turning to Levin. ‘And those unfortunate people achieved miracles of patience.’

And Levin perceived yet another feature in this woman whom he already liked so much. In addition to her intelligence, grace, and beauty, she also possessed sincerity. She did not wish to hide from him the hardships of her position. When she had finished speaking she sighed, and all at once her face assumed a stern expression and became rigid. With that expression her face seemed even more beautiful than before; but it was a novel look; it was outside the circle of expressions, radiating happiness and creating happiness, which the artist had caught when painting her portrait. Levin again looked at the portrait and at her figure as, arm-in-arm with her brother, she passed through the lofty doorway, and he felt a tenderness and pity for her which surprised him.

She asked Levin and Vorkuyev to pass on into the drawing-room, and herself remained behind to speak to her brother. ‘About the divorce? About Vronsky? About what he was doing at the club? About me?’ Levin wondered; and he was so excited about what she might be saying to Oblonsky that he hardly listened to what Vorkuyev was telling him about the merits of Anna’s story for children.

Over their tea they continued the same kind of pleasant and interesting talk. There was not a single moment when it was necessary to seek for a subject of conversation; on the contrary one felt that there was not time enough to say what one wanted to say, but willingly refrained in order to hear what she was saying. It seemed to Levin that all that was said, not only by her, but also by Vorkuyev and Oblonsky, assumed a special importance owing to her attention and remarks.

While following this interesting conversation Levin all the time continued to admire her: her beauty, her cleverness, her good education, together with her sim-

plicity and sincerity. He listened and talked, and all the time thought of her, of her inner life, trying to guess her feelings. And he, who had formerly judged her so severely, now by some strange process of reasoning justified her and at the same time pitied her and feared that Vronsky did not fully understand her. Toward eleven, when Oblonsky rose to leave (Vorkuyev had already gone), Levin felt as if he had only just arrived. He got up regretfully.

‘Good-bye!’ she said, retaining his hand and gazing at him with a look that drew him to her. ‘I am very pleased *que la glace est rompue*.’¹ She let go his hand and screwed up her eyes.

‘Tell your wife that I am just as fond of her as ever, and that if she cannot forgive me my situation, I wish her never to forgive me. To forgive, she would have to live through what I have lived through, and may God preserve her from that!’

‘Certainly, yes, I will tell her . . .’ said Levin, blushing.

CHAPTER XI

‘WHAT a wonderful, sweet, pathetic woman!’ he thought as he and Oblonsky went out into the frosty air.

‘Well? Didn’t I tell you?’ said Oblonsky, who saw that Levin had been entirely vanquished.

‘Yes,’ responded Levin pensively, ‘an extraordinary woman! Not on account of her intellect, but her wonderful sincerity. . . . I am dreadfully sorry for her.’

‘God willing, everything will now soon be settled! Well, another time, don’t judge in advance,’ said Oblonsky, opening the door of his carriage. ‘Good-bye! We are not going the same way.’

Without ceasing to think of Anna and of all the words—simple in the extreme—which they had interchanged, recalling every detail of the expressions of her face, entering more and more into her situation and feeling more and more sorry for her, Levin reached home.

At home he heard from Kuzma that Kitty was well

¹ That the ice is broken.

and that her sisters had not long been gone, and he was given two letters. These he read in the ante-room, so as not to let them divert his attention later on. One was from his steward, Sokolov, who wrote that the wheat could not be sold, because only five-and-a-half roubles a chetvert was bid, and added that there was no other source from which to get money. The other letter was from his sister, who reproached him for not having settled her business yet.

'Well, we'll sell it at five-and-a-half, if they won't give more.' Levin promptly settled the first matter with great ease, though it had previously appeared to him so difficult. 'It's surprising how all one's time gets taken up here,' he thought with reference to the second letter. He felt himself to blame because he had not yet done what his sister asked of him. 'To-day again I did not go to the Court, but to-day I really had no time.' And resolving that he would attend to it next day without fail, he went to his wife. On his way he ran over in his mind the whole of the past day. All the events had consisted of conversations: conversations to which he had listened or in which he had taken part. All these conversations were about matters he would never have occupied himself with had he been in the country, but here they were very interesting. All of them had been good, and only two things were not quite pleasant. One was what he had said about the pike, and the other was that there was something not quite right about his tender pity for Anna.

Levin found his wife sad and depressed. The three sisters' dinner-party would have gone off very well, except that he did not come in as they expected and they all became dull. Then the sisters left, and she remained alone.

'Well, and what have you been doing?' she asked, looking him in the eyes, which had a suspicious glitter in them. But, not to hinder his relating everything, she masked her observation and listened with an appreciative smile while he told her how he had spent the evening.

'I was very pleased to meet Vronsky. I felt quite at ease and quite natural with him. You see, I shall now try to avoid meeting him again, but the constraint

will no longer exist . . . ' said he, and remembering that whilst 'trying to avoid meeting him again' he had gone straight to Anna's, he blushed. 'There now! We say the people drink, but I don't know who drinks most—the common people or our own class! The common people drink on holidays, but . . .'

But Kitty was not interested in the question of how the people drink; she had seen his blush and wanted to know the reason.

'Well, and where did you go then?'

'Steve particularly begged me to call on Anna Arkadyevna.'

On saying this Levin blushed still more, and his doubts as to whether he had done right or wrong in going to see Anna were finally solved. He now knew that he should not have gone there.

Kitty's eyes opened in a peculiar manner and flashed at the mention of Anna's name, but making an effort she hid her agitation and so deceived him.

'Ah!' was all she said.

'I am sure you won't be angry with me for going. Steve asked me to, and Dolly wished it,' continued Levin.

'Oh no!' she said, but he saw by her eyes the effort she made to control herself, and it boded him no good.

'She is very charming, very, very much to be pitied, and a good woman,' he said, telling her about Anna and her occupations and the message she had sent.

'Yes, of course she is much to be pitied,' said Kitty when he had finished. 'From whom were your letters?'

He told her, and misled by her quiet manner went to undress.

When he returned he found Kitty still sitting in the chair where he had left her. When he drew near she looked at him and burst into sobs.

'What is it? What is it?' he asked, well aware what it was.

'You have fallen in love with that horrid woman! She has bewitched you! I saw it in your eyes. Yes, yes! What can come of it? You were at the club

drinking and drinking, and gambling, and then you went . . . to whom? No, let's go away! . . . I will leave to-morrow!

It was long before Levin could pacify his wife. At last he managed it, but only by acknowledging that a sense of pity, after the wine he had drunk, had misled him, that he had yielded to Anna's artful influence, and that he would avoid her in future. One thing that he sincerely confessed was that, living so long in Moscow with nothing but talk and food and drink, he was going silly. They talked till three in the morning, and only then were they sufficiently reconciled to fall asleep.

CHAPTER XII

WHEN her visitors had taken their leave Anna did not sit down, but began pacing up and down the room. Though she had involuntarily done all in her power to awaken love in Levin (as at that time she always did to all the young men she met), and though she knew she had succeeded in as far as was possible with an honourable married man in one evening, and though she had liked him very much (despite the marked difference between Vronsky and Levin from a man's point of view, she, as a woman, saw in them that common trait which had caused Kitty to fall in love with them both), yet as soon as he had left the room she ceased to think about him.

One thought, and one only, pursued her remorselessly in different forms. 'If I produce such an effect on others, on this married man who loves his wife, why is *he* so cold toward me? . . . And it's not coldness, for I know he loves me, but something fresh now divides us. Why has he been away all the evening? He sent word by Steve that he could not leave Yashvin, but must keep an eye on his play. Is Yashvin such a child? But admitting that it's true—he never tells lies—then behind that truth there is something else. He is glad of a chance to show me that he has other obligations. I know he has, I agree to that. But why prove it to me? He wishes to give me proofs that his love of me

must not interfere with his freedom. But I don't need proofs; I need love! He ought to understand the hardship of my life here in Moscow. Is it life? I do not live, but only wait for a solution which is deferred and still deferred. Again no answer! And Steve says he can't go to see Alexis Alexandrovich; and I can't write again. I can't do anything, begin anything, change anything! I restrain myself, wait, invent occupations for myself,—the English family, writing, reading, but all that is only deception, it is all a kind of morphia. He ought to pity me,' said she, feeling tears of self-compassion rising to her eyes.

She heard Vronsky's vehement ring at the front door and quickly dried her eyes. She even sat down near the lamp and opened a book, pretending to be tranquil. She must let him see that she was displeased that he had not returned when he had promised—displeased, that should be all; she would on no account show him her grief, and still less her self-compassion. She might pity herself, but he must not pity her. She did not want strife and blamed him for wanting to fight, but yet she involuntarily took up a fighting attitude.

'Well, you've not been dull?' he asked cheerfully and with animation, coming up to her. 'What a terrible passion gambling is!'

'No, I have not been dull, I have long ago learnt not to feel dull. Steve and Levin were here.'

'Yes, I knew they were coming to see you. And how did you like Levin?' he asked, taking a seat beside her.

'Very much. They only left a short while ago. What did Yashvin do?'

'He was lucky and won seventeen thousand. I called him away and very nearly got him to come. But he went back and now has lost more than he had won.'

'Then what was the good of your staying with him?' she said, suddenly raising her eyes to his face. Her look was cold and hostile. 'You told Steve you were staying to bring Yashvin away, but you have left him.'

A similar cold expression of readiness for strife appeared on his face.

'For one thing, I did not give him any message for

you ; and for another I never say what is not true. But chiefly, I wanted to stay, so I stayed,' he replied with a frown. 'Anna ! Why ? Why ? . . .' he asked after a short pause, bending toward her and opening his hand, hoping that she would place hers in it.

She was pleased by this appeal to tenderness. But some strange evil power prevented her from yielding to her impulse, as if the conditions of the struggle did not allow her to submit.

'Of course you wished to stay, and stayed. You always do what you wish. But why tell me ? Why ?' she said, becoming more and more agitated. 'Does anyone dispute your right ? But you want to be in the right, so in the right you must be !'

His hand closed, he leaned back, and his face assumed a still more stubborn look.

'For you it's a matter of obstinacy,' she said, after gazing intently at him and suddenly finding a name for that look that irritated her so. 'Just obstinacy ! For you it is a question whether you will conquer me, and for me . . .' Again she felt sorry for herself and nearly burst into tears. 'If you only knew what it means to me ! When I feel as I do now, that you are hostile toward me--hostile is the right word--if you only knew what that means to me ! If you knew how near I am to a catastrophe at such moments . . . how afraid I am ! Afraid of myself !' And she turned away to hide her sobs.

'But what is it all about ?' he said, horrified at her expression of despair, and again leaning toward her he took her hand and kissed it. 'What have I done ? Do I seek amusement outside our home ? Do I not avoid the society of women ?'

'I should hope so !' she said.

'Well then, tell me what I should do to make you easy ? I am ready to do anything to make you happy,' he went on, touched by her despair. 'What would I not do to spare you such grief as this, about I know not what ! Anna ! . . .'

'Nothing, nothing !' she replied. 'I don't know myself whether it is this lonely life, or nerves. . . . But don't let's talk about it ! What about the races ? You haven't told me about them,' and she tried to

hide her triumph at her victory, for the victory was hers after all.

He asked for supper, and began telling her about the races; but by his tone and by his looks, which grew colder and colder, she saw that he had not forgiven her her victory, and that the obstinacy, against which she had fought, had again taken possession of him. He was colder to her than before, as if he repented of having submitted; and remembering the words which had given her the victory—'I am near a catastrophe and afraid of myself'—she realized that they were a dangerous weapon and must not be used a second time. She felt that side by side with the love that united them there had grown up some evil spirit of strife, which she could not cast out of his heart and still less out of her own.

CHAPTER XIII

THERE are no conditions of life to which a man cannot accustom himself, especially if he sees that every one around him lives in the same way. Three months previously Levin would not have believed that he could quietly fall asleep under the circumstances in which he now found himself: that while leading an aimless, senseless life, one moreover that was above his means; after tipping (he could call what had happened in the club by no other name), after showing unsuitable friendship to the man with whom his wife had once been in love, and after a still more unsuitable visit to a woman who could only be called a fallen woman, and after being allured by her and having grieved his wife—that in such circumstances he could quietly fall asleep. But under the influence of weariness, a sleepless night, and the wine he had drunk, he slept soundly and peacefully.

At five in the morning the creak of an opening door awoke him. He jumped up and looked round. Kitty was not in the bed beside him. But on the other side of the partition a light was moving, and he heard her step.

'What is it? What is it? . . .' he muttered, not yet quite awake. 'Kitty, what is it?'

'Nothing,' said she, coming candle in hand from beyond the partition. 'I only felt a little unwell,' she added with a peculiarly sweet and significant smile.

'What? Has it begun? Has it?' he asked in a frightened voice. 'We must send . . .' And he began to dress hurriedly.

'No, no,' she said smiling, holding him back with her hand. 'I'm sure it's nothing. I only felt slightly unwell; but it is over now.'

She came back to her bed, put out the candle, lay down, and remained quiet. Though that quietness, as if she were holding her breath, and especially the peculiar tenderness and animation with which, returning from the other side of the partition, she had said: 'It's nothing!' seemed to him suspicious, yet he was so sleepy that he fell asleep at once. Only afterwards he remembered that bated breath, and realized all that had passed in her dear sweet soul while she lay motionless by his side, awaiting the greatest event of a woman's life.

At seven o'clock he was awakened by her touch on his shoulder and a soft whisper. She seemed to hesitate between regret at waking him and a desire to speak to him.

'Kostya, don't be frightened. It's nothing, but I think . . . We must send for Mary Vlasovna.'

The candle was burning again. She was sitting on the bed holding in her hands some knitting she had lately been doing.

'Please don't be frightened! It's nothing. I'm not a bit afraid,' she said on seeing his alarmed face, and she pressed his hand to her breast and then to her lips.

He jumped up hastily, hardly aware of himself and without taking his eyes off her, put on his dressing-gown and stood still, gazing at her. It was necessary for him to go, but he could not tear himself away from the sight of her. He had loved that face and known all its expressions and looks, but he had never seen her as she was now. How vile and despicable he appeared to himself before her as she now was, when he recollected the grief he had caused her yesterday! Her flushed face surrounded with soft hair that had escaped from beneath her nightcap shone with joy and resolution.

Little as there was of affectation and conventionality

in Kitty's general character, yet Levin was astonished at what was revealed to him now that every veil had fallen and the very kernel of her soul shone through her eyes. And in this simplicity, this nakedness of soul, she whom he loved was more apparent than ever. She looked at him smilingly, but suddenly her eyebrows twitched, she raised her head, and coming quickly to him she took hold of his hand and clinging close she enveloped him in her hot breath. She was suffering, and seemed to be complaining to him of her pain. And for a moment from force of habit he felt as if he were in fault. But her look expressed a tenderness which told him that she not only did not blame him, but loved him because of those sufferings. 'If I am not to blame for it, who is?' he thought, involuntarily seeking a culprit to punish for these sufferings; but there was no culprit. She suffered, complained, triumphed in her sufferings, rejoiced in them and loved them. He saw that something beautiful was taking place in her soul, but what it was he could not understand. It was above his comprehension.

'I have sent for Mama. And you, go quickly and fetch Mary Vlasevna. . . . Kostya! . . . No, it's nothing. It's past.'

She moved away from him and rang.

'Well, go now. Pasha is coming. I am all right.'

And Levin saw with amazement that she again took up the knitting which she had fetched in the night, and recommenced work.

As Levin went out at one door he heard the maid enter at the other. He stopped at the door and heard Kitty give detailed instructions to the maid, and with her help herself move the bed.

He dressed, and while the horse was being harnessed—for it was early, and no *izvoshchiks* were about yet—he ran back to the bedroom not on tiptoe but, as it seemed to him, on wings. Two maids were busy moving something in the bedroom. Kitty was walking up and down and knitting, rapidly throwing the thread over the needle and giving orders.

'I am going straight to the doctor's. They have already gone for Mary Vlasevna, but I will call there too. Is anything else wanted? Oh yes, to Dolly!'

She looked at him, evidently not listening to what he was saying.

‘Yes, yes! Go,’ she said rapidly, frowning and motioning him away with her hand.

He was already on his way through the drawing-room when suddenly a piteous moan, that lasted only a moment, reached him from the bedroom. He stopped and for a moment could not understand it.

‘Yes, it was she,’ he said and, clasping his head with his hands, he ran downstairs.

‘Lord have mercy! Pardon and help us!’ he repeated the words that suddenly and unexpectedly sprang to his lips. And he, an unbeliever, repeated those words not with his lips only. At that instant he knew that neither his doubts nor the impossibility of believing with his reason—of which he was conscious—at all prevented his appealing to God. It all flew off like dust. To whom should he appeal, if not to Him in whose hands he felt himself, his soul, and his love, to be?

The horse was not yet ready, but feeling particularly energetic, physically strong and alert to meet what lay before him, so as not to lose a moment he did not wait for it but started off on foot, telling Kuzma to catch him up.

At the corner he encountered a night *izvoshchik* hurrying along. In the little sledge sat Mary Vlasevna in a velvet cloak with a shawl over her head. ‘Thank God!’ he muttered, recognizing with delight her little blonde face, which now wore a particularly serious and even severe expression. Without stopping the *izvoshchik* he ran back beside her.

‘So it began about two hours ago, not more?’ she asked. ‘You will find the doctor, but don’t hurry him. And get some opium at the chemist’s.’

‘So you think it may go all right? God have mercy and help us!’ said Levin as he saw his horse coming out of the gateway. Jumping into the sledge beside Kuzma, he ordered him to drive to the doctor’s.

CHAPTER XIV

THE doctor was not yet up, and his footman said he had gone to bed late and given orders that he was not to be called, but the footman added that he would be up soon. The man was cleaning lamp-glasses and seemed quite absorbed in his task. This attention to his glasses and indifference to what was taking place at the Levins' astonished Levin at first, but he immediately recollected himself and realized that no one knew or was bound to know his feelings, and that it was therefore all the more necessary to act calmly, deliberately, and firmly in order to break through this wall of indifference and to attain his aim. 'Do not hurry and do not omit anything,' he said to himself, conscious of an increasing uplift of his physical powers and of his attention to all that lay before him.

Having learnt that the doctor was not up yet, Levin, out of the many plans that occurred to him, decided on the following: Kuzma should go with a note to another doctor, while he himself would go to the chemist for the opium; and if the doctor was not up when he returned he would bribe the footman—or if that was impossible, he would enter by force and wake the doctor at all costs.

At the chemist's a skinny dispenser, with the same indifference with which the footman had cleaned his lamp-glasses, closed with a wafer a packet of powders for which a coachman was waiting, and refused to let Levin have any opium. Trying not to hurry and not to get excited, Levin gave the names of the doctor and of the midwife, explained why the opium was wanted, and tried to persuade the dispenser to let him have it. The dispenser asked in German whether he might sell it; and receiving permission from some one behind a screen, took out a bottle and a funnel, slowly poured it from a large bottle into a small one, stuck on a label, and, in spite of Levin's request that he should not do so, sealed up the bottle, and was about to wrap it up. This was more than Levin could stand; he resolutely snatched the bottle out of the man's hands and rushed out at the big glass door. The doctor was not up yet, and the footman, now busy putting down a carpet,

refused to wake him. Levin deliberately took out a ten-ruble note, and speaking slowly but without losing time, handed him the note and explained that Dr Peter Dmitrich (how great and important this Peter Dmitrich, formerly so insignificant, now appeared to Levin!) had promised to come at any time, and that he would certainly not be angry and must therefore be called at once.

The footman consented and went upstairs, asking Levin to step into the waiting-room.

Levin could hear the doctor at the other side of the door coughing, walking about, washing, and speaking. Some three minutes elapsed; to Levin they seemed more than an hour. He could not wait any longer.

'Peter Dmitrich! Peter Dmitrich!' he called out in a tone of entreaty through the open door. 'For heaven's sake forgive me! . . . Receive me as you are! It's over two hours . . .'

'Immediately! Immediately!' answered a voice, and Levin was astounded to detect that the doctor was smiling as he said it.

'Just for one moment!'

'Immediately!'

Two minutes more passed while the doctor put on his boots and two more while he put on his clothes and brushed his hair.

'Peter Dmitrich!' Levin again began in a piteous voice, but at that instant the doctor came out, dressed and with his hair brushed. 'These people have no conscience,' thought Levin. 'Brushing their hair while we are perishing!'

'Good morning!' said the doctor, holding out his hand and, as it seemed to Levin, teasing him by his calm manner. 'Don't hurry! Well?'

Trying to be as exact as possible, Levin began recounting every unnecessary detail of his wife's position, continually interrupting himself to beg the doctor to accompany him at once.

'Don't be in such a hurry. You see you are inexperienced, I am sure I shall not be needed, but I promised, and if you like I will come. But there is no hurry. Please sit down. Won't you have a cup of coffee?'

Levin gave the doctor a look which asked whether he was not laughing at him. But the doctor had no idea of laughing.

'I know, I know,' he said with a smile. 'I am a family man myself. We husbands are the most miserable of creatures at those times. I have a patient whose husband always runs away into the stable on such occasions!'

'But what is your opinion, Peter Dmitrich? Do you think it may go all right?'

'All the symptoms are favourable.'

'Then you will come at once?' said Levin, looking angrily at the servant who brought in the coffee.

'In an hour's time.'

'No, for heaven's sake . . .!'

'Well, only let me finish my coffee.'

The doctor began on his coffee. Both kept silence.

'Well, the Turks are being seriously beaten! Did you read yesterday's telegram?' asked the doctor, chewing a piece of roll.

'No, I can't stand it!' said Levin, jumping up. 'So you will come in a quarter of an hour?'

'In half an hour.'

'On your honour?'

Levin got home just as the Princess arrived, and they met at the bedroom door. There were tears in the Princess's eyes and her hands shook. When she saw Levin she embraced him and began to cry.

'Well, Mary Vlassevna, darling?' she asked, seizing the hand of the midwife who came toward them with a beaming but preoccupied expression.

'It's going all right,' she said. 'Persuade her to lie down; it will be easier for her.'

From the moment when he woke up and understood what was the matter Levin had braced himself to endure what might await him, without reasoning and without anticipating anything--firmly suppressing all his thoughts and feelings, determined not to upset his wife but on the contrary to calm and support her. Not allowing himself even to think of what was about to happen and how it would end, judging by inquiries he had made as to the time such affairs usually lasted, Levin mentally prepared himself to endure and to keep his heart under restraint for something like five hours, which seemed

to him within his power. But when he returned from the doctor's and again saw her sufferings, he began repeating more and more often: 'God, pardon and help us!' sighing and lifting his head, afraid lest he should not be able to bear the strain and should either burst into tears or run away, so tormenting was it for him. And only one hour had passed!

But after that hour another passed, a second, a third, and all the five hours that he had set himself as the longest term of possible endurance, and still the situation was unchanged; and he went on enduring, for there was nothing else to do but to endure—thinking every moment that he had reached the utmost limit of endurance and that in a moment his heart would burst with pity.

But the minutes went by, and the hours, and other hours, and his suffering and terror and strain grew tenser.

The ordinary conditions of life, without which nothing can be imagined, no longer existed for Levin. He lost the sense of time. Sometimes minutes—those minutes when she called him to her and he held her moist hand, now pressing his with extraordinary strength and now pushing him away—seemed to him like hours; and then again hours seemed but minutes. He was surprised when Mary Vlasevna asked him to light a candle behind the partition, and he learnt that it was already five o'clock in the evening. Had he been told it was ten in the morning he would not have been more astonished. He had just as little idea of where he was at that time as he had of when it all took place. He saw her burning face, now bewildered and full of suffering, and now smiling and soothing him. He saw the Princess red, overwrought, her grey hair out of curl, and with tears which she energetically swallowed, biting her lips. He saw Dolly, he saw the doctor smoking thick cigarettes, and Mary Vlasevna with a firm, resolute, and tranquillizing look on her face, and the old Prince pacing up and down the ballroom and frowning. But he did not know how they came and went, nor where they were. The Princess was one moment in the bedroom with the doctor, and the next in the study, where a table laid for a meal had made its appearance;

and next it was not the Princess, but Dolly. Afterwards Levin remembered being sent somewhere. Once he was told to fetch a table and a sofa. He did it with zeal, believing that it was necessary for her sake, and only later discovered that he had been preparing a sleeping-place for himself. Then he was sent to the study to ask the doctor about something. The doctor answered him, and then began talking about the scenes in the city Duma. Then he was sent to fetch an icon with silver-gilt mounts from the Princess's bedroom, and he and the Princess's old lady's maid climbed on a cupboard to get down the icon, and he broke the little lamp that burned before it, and the old servant tried to comfort him about his wife and about the lamp. He brought the icon back with him, and put it at the head of Kitty's bed, carefully pushing it in behind the pillows. But where, when, and why all this was done he did not know. Nor did he understand why the Princess took his hand, and looking pitifully at him, entreated him to be calm; nor why Dolly tried to persuade him to eat something and led him out of the room; nor why even the doctor looked seriously and sympathizingly at him, offering him some drops.

He only knew and felt that what was happening was similar to what had happened the year before in the hotel of the provincial town on the deathbed of his brother Nicholas. Only that was sorrow and this was joy. But that sorrow and this joy were equally beyond the usual conditions of life: they were like openings in that usual life through which something higher became visible. And, as in that case, what was now being accomplished came harshly, painfully, incomprehensibly; and while watching it, the soul soared, as then, to heights it had never known before, at which reason could not keep up with it.

'Lord, pardon and help us!' he kept repeating incessantly to himself, appealing to God, in spite of a long period of apparently complete estrangement, just as trustingly and simply as in the days of childhood and early youth.

During the whole of that time he was alternately in two different moods. One mood when not in her presence: when with the doctor, who smoked one thick

cigarette after another and extinguished them against the rim of the overflowing ashpan; when with Dolly and the Prince, where they talked about dinner, politics, or Mary Petrovna's illness, and when Levin suddenly quite forgot for an instant what was happening and felt just as if he was waking up; and the other was in her presence, by her pillow, where his heart was ready to burst with pity and yet did not burst, and there he prayed unceasingly to God. And every time when the screams that came from the bedroom roused him from momentary forgetfulness he succumbed to the same strange error that had possessed him in the first moments: every time, on hearing the scream, he jumped up and ran to justify himself, but recollected on the way that he was not to blame and that he longed to protect and help her. But when, looking at her, he again saw that to help was impossible, he was seized with horror and said, 'Lord, pardon and help us!' And the longer it lasted the stronger grew both his moods: out of her presence he became calmer, quite forgetting her, and at the same time both her sufferings and his feeling of the impossibility of helping her became more and more poignant. He would jump up, wishing to run away somewhere, but ran to her instead.

Sometimes when she had called him again and again, he was half-inclined to blame her. But seeing her meek smiling face and hearing her say, 'I have worn you out,' he blamed God; but the thought of God made him at once pray for forgiveness and mercy.

CHAPTER XV

HE did not know whether it was late or early. The candles were all burning low. Dolly had just entered the study and suggested that the doctor should lie down. Levin sat listening to the doctor's stories of a quack magnetizer and staring at the ash of the doctor's cigarette. It was an interval of rest and oblivion. He had quite forgotten what was going on. He listened to the doctor's tale and understood it. Suddenly there was a scream unlike anything he had ever heard. The scream was

so terrible that Levin did not even jump up, but looked breathlessly with a frightened and inquiring glance at the doctor, who bent his head on one side to listen and smiled approvingly. Everything was so out of the ordinary that nothing any longer surprised Levin. 'Probably it had to be so,' thought he and remained sitting still. 'But who was it screaming?' He jumped up and rushed into the bedroom on tiptoe, past Mary Vlassevna and the Princess, and stopped at his place at the head of the bed. The screaming had ceased, but there was a change; what it was he could not make out or understand, nor did he want to understand it; but he read it in Mary Vlassevna's face. She looked pale and stern, and as resolute as before, though her jaw trembled a little and her eyes were fixed intently on Kitty. Kitty's burning face, worn with suffering, with a lock of hair clinging to her clammy forehead, was turned toward him trying to catch his eye. Her raised hands asked for his. Seizing his cold hands in her perspiring ones she pressed them to her face.

'Don't go! Don't go! I am not afraid, I am not afraid!' she said rapidly. 'Mama! Take off my earrings, they are in the way! You are not afraid? Soon, Mary Vlassevna, soon . . .!'

She spoke very rapidly and tried to smile, but all at once her face became distorted and she pushed him away.

'No, this is awful! I shall die . . . die! . . . Go! Go!' she cried, and again he heard that scream unlike any other cry.

Levin clasped his head in his hands and ran out of the room.

'It's all right, it's all right! All goes well!' Dolly called after him.

But say what they might, he knew that now all was lost. Leaning his head against the door-post he stood in the next room, and heard some one shrieking and moaning in a way he had never heard till then, and he knew that these sounds were produced by what once was Kitty. He had long ceased wishing for a child, and now he hated that child. He did not now even wish her to live, but only longed that these terrible sufferings should end.

'Doctor, what is it? What is it? Oh, my God!'

he cried, grasping the hand of the doctor who had just entered.

'It's coming to an end,' said the doctor, with a face so serious that Levin thought that *end* meant death.

Quite beside himself, he rushed into her room. The first thing he saw was Mary Vlashevna's face. It was still more frowning and stern. Kitty's face did not exist. In its place was something terrible, both because of its strained expression and because of the sounds which proceeded from it. He let his head drop upon the wood of the bedstead, feeling that his heart was breaking. The terrible screaming did not cease, but grew yet more awful until, as if it had reached the utmost limit of horror, it suddenly ceased. Levin could scarcely believe his ears, but there was no room for doubt. The screaming had ceased, and he heard a sound of movement, of rustling, of accelerated breathing, and her voice, faltering, living, tender, and happy, as it said, 'It's over.'

He raised his head. With her arms helplessly outstretched upon the quilt, unusually beautiful and calm she lay, gazing silently at him, trying unsuccessfully to smile.

And suddenly, out of the mysterious, terrible, and unearthly world in which he had been living for the last twenty-two hours, Levin felt himself instantaneously transported back to the old everyday world, but now radiant with the light of such new joy that it was insupportable. The taut strings snapped, and sobs and tears of joy that he had not in the least anticipated arose within him, with such force that they shook his whole body and long prevented his speaking.

Falling on his knees by her bedside he held his wife's hand to his lips, kissing it, and that hand, by a feeble movement of the fingers, replied to the kisses. And meanwhile at the foot of the bed, like a flame above a lamp, flickered in Mary Vlashevna's skillful hands the life of a human being who had never before existed: a human being who, with the same right and the same importance to himself, would live and would procreate others like himself.

'Alive! Alive! And a boy! Don't be anxious,' Levin heard Mary Vlashevna say, as she slapped the baby's back with a shaking hand.

‘Mama, is it true?’ asked Kitty.

The Princess could only sob in reply.

And amid the silence, as a positive answer to the mother’s question, a voice quite unlike all the restrained voices that had been speaking in the room made itself heard. It was a bold, insolent voice that had no consideration for anything, it was the cry of the new human being who had so incomprehensibly appeared from some unknown realm.

Before that, if Levin had been told that Kitty was dead, and that he had died with her, that they had angel children, and that God was there present with them—he would not have been astonished. But now, having returned to the world of actuality, he had to make great efforts to understand that she was alive and well, and that the creature that was yelling so desperately was his son. Kitty was alive, her sufferings were over; and he was full of unspeakable bliss. This he comprehended, and it rendered him entirely happy. But the child? Whence and why had he come? Who was he? . . . He could not at all accustom himself to the idea. It seemed something superfluous, something overflowing, and for a long time he was unable to get used to it.

CHAPTER XVI

TOWARD ten o’clock the old Prince, Koznyshev, and Oblonsky were with Levin, and having talked about the young mother they had begun discussing other matters. Levin listened to them and at the same time involuntarily thought of the past and of what had been going on before that morning, remembering himself as he had been yesterday before this event. A hundred years seemed to have elapsed since then. He felt as if he were on some unattainable height, from which he painstakingly descended in order not to hurt the feelings of those with whom he was conversing. He talked, but never ceased thinking of his wife, of the details of her present condition, and of his son—to the idea of whose existence he painstakingly tried to accustom

himself. That feminine world which since his marriage had received a new and unsuspected significance for him, now rose so high in his estimation that his imagination could not grasp it. He heard a conversation about yesterday's dinner at the club and thought, 'What is happening to her now? Is she asleep? How is she? What is she thinking about? Is our son, Dmitry, crying?' And in the middle of the conversation, in the middle of a phrase, he suddenly jumped up and left the room.

'Send and let me know whether I may see her,' said the old Prince.

'All right, directly!' answered Levin, and, without pausing, went to her room.

She was not asleep, but was talking quietly with her mother, making plans for the christening.

Made neat, her hair brushed, a smart cap trimmed with something blue on her head, she lay on her back with her arms outside the quilt, and met his look with a look which drew him toward her. That look, already bright, grew still brighter as he approached. On her face was the same change from the earthly to that which was beyond earth, as is seen on the faces of the dead; but in their case it is a farewell, in hers it was a welcome. Again an agitation, similar to that which he had felt at the moment of the birth, gripped his heart. She took his hand and asked whether he had slept. He could not answer and, conscious of his weakness, turned away.

'And I have been dozing, Kostya!' she said. 'And now I feel so comfortable.'

She was gazing at him, but suddenly her face changed.

'Let me have him,' said she, hearing the baby's cry. 'Let me have him, Mary Vlasevna, and he will see him too!'

'Well then, we'll let Papa have a look,' said Mary Vlasevna, lifting something red, strange, and quivering and bringing it nearer. 'But wait a bit, let's first get dressed,' and Mary Vlasevna put the quivering red object on the bed, and began unwrapping it and then swaddling it again, raising and turning it with one finger, and powdering it with something.

Levin, gazing at this tiny piteous being, vainly searched

his soul for some indications of paternal feeling. He felt nothing for it but repulsion. But when it was stripped and he caught a glimpse of thin, thin little arms and legs saffron-coloured, but with fingers and toes, and even with thumbs distinguishable from the rest; and when he saw how, as though they were soft springs, Mary Vlasevna bent those little arms which stuck up, and encased them in linen garments, he was so filled with pity for that being, and so alarmed lest she should hurt it, that he tried to restrain her hand.

Mary Vlasevna laughed.

‘Don’t be afraid, don’t be afraid!’

When the baby had been swaddled and made into a firm doll, Mary Vlasevna turned it over as if proud of her work, and stepped aside that Levin might see his son in all his beauty.

Kitty turned her eyes and gazed fixedly in the same direction. ‘Let me have him, let me have him!’ she said, and was even going to raise herself.

‘What are you doing, Catherine Alexandrovna? You must not move like that! Wait a moment, I’ll give him to you. Let’s show Papa what a fine fellow we are!’

And Mary Vlasevna held out to Levin on one hand (the other merely supporting the nape of the shaky head) this strange, limp, red creature, that hid its head in its swaddling clothes. But there was also a nose, blinking eyes, and smacking lips.

‘A beautiful baby!’ said Mary Vlasevna.

Levin sighed bitterly. This beautiful baby only inspired him with a sense of repulsion and pity. These were not at all the feelings he had expected.

He turned away while Mary Vlasevna laid the child to the unaccustomed breast.

Suddenly a laugh made him lift his head. It was Kitty laughing. The baby had taken the breast.

‘Well, that’s enough! That’s enough!’ said Mary Vlasevna; but Kitty would not part with the baby. He fell asleep in her arms.

‘Now look at him,’ said Kitty, turning him so that Levin could see him. The old-looking little face wrinkled up still more and the baby sneezed.

Smiling, and hardly able to keep back tears of tender-

ness, Levin kissed his wife and quitted the darkened room.

What he felt toward this little creature was not at all what he had anticipated. There was nothing merry or joyful in it; on the contrary, there was a new and distressing sense of fear. It was the consciousness of another vulnerable region. And this consciousness was at first so painful, the fear lest that helpless being should suffer was so strong, that it quite hid the strange feeling of unreasoning joy and even pride which he experienced when the baby sneezed.

CHAPTER XVII

OBLONSKY'S affairs were in a bad state.

Two-thirds of the money for the forest had already been spent, and by allowing a discount of ten per cent. he had obtained from the merchant almost the whole of the last third. But the latter would not advance any more of the money, especially as Dolly, who had that winter for the first time plainly claimed a right to her own property, had refused to endorse the contract with a receipt for the last third of the payment. Oblonsky's whole salary went for household expenses and the liquidation of small pressing bills. He had no money at all.

This was unpleasant, inconvenient, and, in Oblonsky's opinion, ought not to continue. The cause, as he understood it, was that he received too small a salary. The position had certainly been a very good one a few years ago, but it was so no longer. Petrov, the Bank director, got Rs. 12,000. Sventitsky, Director of a Company, got Rs. 17,000; and Mitin, having founded a bank, got Rs. 50,000. 'Evidently I have been asleep and have been forgotten!' thought Oblonsky. And he began pricking up his ears and looking around, and by the end of the winter he had discovered a very good post and begun an attack on it, first from Moscow through aunts, uncles, and friends; and then in spring, when the matter had ripened, he himself went to Petersburg. This post was one of those, now far more numerous

than formerly, carrying salaries from one thousand to fifty thousand roubles a year: soft profitable jobs. It was a Membership of the Committee of the Joint Agency of the Mutual Credit Balance of Southern Railways and Banking Houses. Like all such posts it required such immense knowledge and activity as could hardly be united in one man. And as there was no one found who united those qualities, it was at any rate better for the post to be filled by an honest rather than a dishonest man. Oblonsky was not only an honest man placing no special emphasis on the word--but he was an honest man with an emphasis, in the special sense attaching to the word in Moscow, where they say: 'An honest worker, an honest writer, an honest journalist, an honest institution, an honest tendency,' meaning not only that the man or the institution are not dishonest, but also that they are capable, on occasion, of being objectionable to the Government. Oblonsky moved in those Moscow circles where that word was used, and was there considered an honest man, so that he had a better claim to the post than other people.

The post carried a salary of from seven to ten thousand roubles a year, and Oblonsky could hold it without resigning his official position. It depended on two Ministers, one lady, and two Jews; and though they had already been prepared it was necessary for Oblonsky to see all these people in Petersburg. Moreover, he had promised his sister Anna to obtain a decisive answer about the divorce from Karenin. So, having got fifty roubles from Dolly, he went to Petersburg.

Sitting in Karenin's study and listening to his article on 'The Causes of the Bad State of Russian Finance,' Oblonsky only waited for him to conclude to speak about his own affairs and about Anna.

'Yes, it is very true,' Oblonsky agreed when Karenin, taking off the *pince-nez* without which he could no longer read, looked up inquiringly at his former brother-in-law. 'It is very true in detail, but all the same the principle of to-day is Freedom.'

'Yes, but I bring forward another principle which embraces the principle of freedom,' said Karenin, accentuating the word 'embraces,' and putting his *pince-nez* on again to re-read the part where this was said.

Turning over the beautifully written, very broad-margined manuscript, Karenin re-read the convincing passage :

‘I do not want protection for the benefit of private individuals, but for the common good—for the lowest and for the highest classes equally,’ he said, looking at Oblonsky over his *pince-nez*. ‘But *they* cannot understand this, *they* are concerned only with their private interests and are carried away by phrases.’

Oblonsky knew that when Karenin began talking about what *they* did and thought—*they* being those who did not wish to accept his projects, and were the cause of all the evil in Russia—the end of the subject was near at hand, and he therefore willingly abandoned the principle of Freedom and agreed entirely. Karenin was silent, thoughtfully turning over the leaves of his manuscript.

‘Oh, by the way!’ said Oblonsky, ‘I wanted to ask you to take an opportunity, when you see Pomorsky, to put in a word for me, and to tell him that I should very much like to get the vacant post of Member of the Committee of the Joint Agency of the Mutual Credit Balance of Southern Railways.’ The name of the post that was so near his heart was already familiar to Oblonsky and he pronounced it rapidly without any blunder.

Karenin inquired what was the work of this new Committee, and pondered. He was considering whether in the activity of this Committee there was not something at variance with his own projects. But as the work of the new institution was very complicated and his project covered a very extensive domain, he could not decide this immediately, and taking off his *pince-nez* said :

‘Certainly I could speak to him ; but, really, why do you want the post ?’

‘The salary is good, up to nine thousand, and my means . . .’

‘Nine thousand,’ repeated Karenin, and frowned.

The large figure of the salary reminded him that, in that respect, the post Oblonsky was aspiring to was opposed to the main idea of his projects, which always tended toward economy.

‘I consider, and I have written an article on the point, that the enormous salaries paid nowadays are a symptom of the false economic position of our administration.’

‘Yes, but what would you have?’ said Oblonsky. ‘Let’s say a bank director gets ten thousand,—he’s worth it, you know! Or an engineer gets twenty thousand. It’s a live business, anyway.’

‘I consider that a salary is payment for value received and should be subject to the law of supply and demand. If that law is ignored when fixing a salary, as for instance when I see that, of two engineers who have passed through the same Institute and are equally well instructed and capable, one receives forty thousand and the other is satisfied with two thousand; or when lawyers or hussars who have no special knowledge are appointed Directors of banks or companies and receive gigantic salaries, I conclude that these salaries are not fixed by the law of supply and demand but by personal influence. This is an abuse important in itself, which has a bad effect on the State service. I consider . . .’

Oblonsky hastened to interrupt his brother-in-law.

‘Yes,’ said he, ‘but you will agree that a new and unquestionably useful institution is being started. Anyway, it is a live business! It is particularly desired that the work should be managed honestly,’ concluded Oblonsky, with an emphasis on the word.

But the Moscow meaning of ‘honest’ was unintelligible to Karenin.

‘Honesty is only a negative quality,’ said he.

‘But you would greatly oblige me, all the same, if you would put in a word—when you happen to see Pomorsky,’ said Oblonsky.

‘But it depends chiefly on Bolgarinov, I think,’ said Karenin.

‘Bolgarinov quite agrees, as far as he is concerned,’ returned Oblonsky with a blush.

He blushed at the mention of Bolgarinov, because he had that morning been to see the Jew and the visit had left an unpleasant impression on his mind.

Oblonsky was firmly convinced that the business he wished to serve was new, alive, and honest; but that morning when Bolgarinov, with obvious intention,

made him wait two hours in his waiting-room with other petitioners, he had suddenly felt uncomfortable.

Whether it was that he, Prince Oblonsky, a descendant of Rurik, was waiting two hours in a Jew's waiting-room, or that, for the first time in his life, he was departing from the example set by his ancestors of serving the State only and was entering on a new field, at any rate he felt uncomfortable. During those two hours in Bolgarinov's waiting-room he had walked about boldly, smoothing his whiskers, entering into conversation with other applicants, inventing a joke to tell, of how he had waited at the Jew's, carefully concealing his feelings from others and even from himself.

But all the time he felt uncomfortable and vexed without knowing why. Was it that nothing would come of his pun: 'I had business with a Jew, but could not get at him even to say *ajew* (*adieu*),' or was it something else? And when Bolgarinov at length received him with extreme politeness, evidently triumphing in his humiliation, and very nearly refused his request, Oblonsky hastened to forget it as quickly as he could; and only now on recollecting it blushed.

CHAPTER XVIII

'Now there's another matter; you know what it is . . . about Anna,' said Oblonsky after a short pause, when he had shaken off the unpleasant recollection.

Directly Oblonsky mentioned Anna's name Karenin's face entirely changed. Instead of its former animation it expressed weariness and lifelessness.

'What is it you wish of me?' Karenin said, turning round in his chair and folding his *pince-nez*.

'A decision, some decision, Alexis Alexandrovich! I address myself to you not as . . . ' He was going to say, 'as an offended husband,' but, afraid of injuring his case thereby, he changed the expression to 'not as a statesman' (this sounded inappropriate) 'but simply as a man, a kind man and a Christian! You should have pity on her.'

'What do you mean exactly?' asked Karenin in a low tone.

‘Why, pity her! If you had seen her as I have, who have spent the whole winter with her, you would pity her. Her position is awful! Literally awful!’

‘It seems to me,’ returned Karenin in a more high-pitched, almost squeaky voice, ‘that Anna Arkadyevna has everything she herself desired.’

‘Oh, Alexis Alexandrovich! For God’s sake don’t let us have any recriminations! What is past is past! You know what she wants and is waiting for: the divorce.’

‘But I understood that Anna Arkadyevna declined a divorce if I insisted on keeping my son. I answered in that sense and thought the matter was closed. I consider it closed,’ shrieked Karenin.

‘For heaven’s sake don’t excite yourself,’ said Oblonsky, touching his brother-in-law’s knee. ‘The matter is not closed. If you will let me recapitulate, this is how matters stood: When you parted, you were great, as magnanimous as a man can possibly be; you consented to everything: her freedom and even a divorce. She appreciated that. Yes, don’t think otherwise! She really appreciated it! She appreciated it to such a degree that, at the moment, feeling herself to blame toward you, she did not consider and could not consider everything. She renounced everything. But facts and time have shown that her situation is tormenting and impossible.’

‘Anna Arkadyevna’s life cannot interest me,’ interposed Karenin, lifting his brows.

‘Allow me not to believe that,’ Oblonsky rejoined gently. ‘Her situation is tormenting to her and does not benefit anyone. “She has deserved it,” you may say. She knows that and does not ask you for anything. She says plainly that she dare not ask anything. But I, and all her relatives, who all love her, beg and implore you! Why should she be so tormented? Who gains by it?’

‘Excuse me! You seem to be placing me in the position of defendant,’ Karenin remonstrated.

‘Oh, no, no! Not at all! Understand me!’ said Oblonsky, now touching Karenin’s hand, as if he were sure that the contact would soften his brother-in-law. ‘All I say is that her position is tormenting, and could

be made easier by you, without any detriment to yourself. I would arrange everything for you so that you would not be bothered. You see, you promised !'

'The promise was given before, and I thought the question about my son had settled the matter. . . . Besides, I hoped that Anna Arkadyevna would have generosity enough . . . ' uttered Karenin with difficulty, his lips trembling and his face turning pale.

'She leaves everything to your generosity ! She asks, she pleads for one thing only : help her out of the intolerable position she is in ! She no longer asks for her son . . . Alexis Alexandrovich ! You are a good man. Enter for a moment into her situation. The question of a divorce is for her-- in her position-- one of life and death. If you had not promised before, she would have grown reconciled to her position and have gone on living in the country. But as you had promised, she wrote to you and moved to Moscow. And now in Moscow where every time she meets anyone it is like a knife in her heart, she has been living for six months every day expecting your decision. Why, it's like keeping a man condemned to death with the halter round his neck for months, promising him either death or a reprieve ! Have pity on her, and I undertake to arrange . . . Your scruples . . . '

'I am not speaking of that . . . of that . . . ' Karenin interrupted him in a disgusted tone. 'But perhaps I promised something I had no right to promise.'

'Then you refuse what you promised ?'

'I have never refused to do what is possible, but I want time to consider in how far what was promised is possible.'

'No, Alexis Alexandrovich !' said Oblonsky, jumping to his feet. 'I will not believe that ! She is as wretched as a woman can be, and you cannot refuse such a . . . '

'As far as what I promised is possible. *Vous professez d'être un libre penseur ;*¹ but I, as a believer, in so important a matter cannot act contrary to the Christian law.'

'But in Christian communities, and in ours too as far as I know, divorce is permitted,' said Oblonsky.

¹ You profess to be a freethinker.

'Divorce is also permitted by our Church. And we see . . .'

'It is permitted, but not in that sense.'

'Alexis Alexandrovich, I don't recognize you!' said Oblonsky after a pause. 'Was it not you (and did we not appreciate it?) who forgave everything, and, moved just by Christian feeling, were ready to sacrifice everything? You yourself said: "Give your coat when they would take your cloak . . ."! And now . . .'

'I beg,' began Karenin in a shrill voice, suddenly rising to his feet, pale and with trembling jaw, 'I beg you to stop . . . stop . . . this conversation!'

'Oh, no! Well then, forgive me! forgive me if I have pained you,' said Oblonsky with an embarrassed smile, holding out his hand. 'I only delivered my message as an envoy.'

Karenin gave him his hand, reflected, and then said:

'I must think it over and seek for guidance. The day after to-morrow I will give you a final answer,' he added, after consideration.

CHAPTER XIX

OBLONSKY was just leaving when Korney entered and announced:

'Sergey Alexeyich!'

'Who is Sergey Alexeyich?' Oblonsky was about to ask, but immediately recollected.

'Oh, Serezha!' he said. 'Sergey Alexeyich! Why, I thought it was the Director of the Department!' and he remembered that Anna had asked him to see the boy.

He recalled the timid pathetic look with which Anna at parting from him had said: 'Anyhow, you will see him. Find out everything: where he is, who is with him. And, Steve . . . if it is possible . . . Isn't it possible?' He had understood what 'If it is possible' meant. It meant, if it is possible to arrange the divorce so that she should have her son. . . . But now Oblonsky saw that it was useless even to think of that; he was, however, glad to see his nephew.

Karenin reminded his brother-in-law that they never

mentioned his mother to the boy, and asked him not to say a word about her.

'He was very ill after that unexpected interview with his mother,' remarked Karenin. 'We even feared for his life. But sensible treatment and sea-bathing in the summer have restored his health, and now, on the doctor's advice, I send him to school. The influence of his schoolfellows has really had a good effect on him, and he is quite well and learns well.'

'Hullo! What a fine fellow! True enough, it's not little Serezha now, but a complete Sergey Alexeyich!' said Oblonsky, smiling as he looked at a handsome boy in a blue jacket and long trousers who entered the room boldly and confidently. The lad looked healthy and bright. He bowed to his uncle as to a stranger, but recognizing him he blushed and turned away from him quickly as if offended and angry about something. The boy came up to his father and handed him his school report.

'Well, that's pretty good,' said his father. 'You may go now.'

'He has grown thin and tall, and is no longer a child but a regular boy,' said Oblonsky. 'I like it. Do you remember me?'

The boy glanced swiftly at his father.

'I do, *mon oncle*,' he answered, looking at his uncle and then again lowering his eyes.

His uncle called him nearer and took his hand.

'Well, how are things?' said he, wishing to start a conversation, but not knowing what to say.

The boy, blushing and not answering, gently withdrew his hand from his uncle's grasp. As soon as Oblonsky released it, after a questioning glance at his father, he hastily left the room like a bird let out of its cage.

A year had passed since Serezha last saw his mother. Since then he had not heard any more of her. During this year he had been sent to school, and had learned to know his schoolmates and to like them. The dreams and memories of his mother which, after their interview, had made him ill, no longer occupied him. When they rose in his memory he took pains to drive them away, considering them shameful and fit only for girls, but not for a boy and a chum. He knew that his father

and mother had had a quarrel which separated them; knew that it was his fate to remain with his father, and he tried to accustom himself to that thought.

He felt uncomfortable at meeting his uncle, who resembled his mother, because it awakened those very memories which he considered shameful. It was the more disagreeable because from some words he had overheard while waiting outside the study door, and especially from his father's and uncle's faces, he guessed that they had been talking about his mother. And in order not to blame the father with whom he lived and upon whom he depended, and above all not to give way to the sensibility which he considered so degrading, Serezha tried not to look at that uncle, who had come to upset his peace of mind, and not to think of what was called to mind by the sight of him.

But when Oblonsky, who had come out after him, saw him on the stairs, and called him and asked how he spent his time between lessons at school, Serezha, in his father's absence, got into conversation with him.

'We play at railways now,' he said, answering the question. 'You see, it's this way: two sit down on a form: they are passengers. One stands on the same form. The others all harness themselves to it—they may do it with their hands or their belts—and then off they go through all the rooms. The doors are opened beforehand. . . . It's not easy to be the guard!'

'That's the one who stands up?' asked Oblonsky with a smile.

'Yes. It needs courage and quickness, especially if they stop suddenly, or if somebody falls down.'

'Yes, that's no joke,' said Oblonsky, looking sadly into those animated eyes so like the mother's—an infant's eyes no longer, and no longer altogether innocent. And, in spite of his promise to Karenin, he could not refrain from speaking of Anna.

'Do you remember your mother?' he suddenly asked.

'No, I don't!' hurriedly replied Serezha, and blushing scarlet he hung down his head. His uncle could get nothing more out of him.

Half an hour later the Slav tutor found his pupil

on the stairs, and for a long while could not make out whether he was in a temper or was simply crying.

‘I expect you hurt yourself when you fell down?’ said the tutor. ‘I told you it was a dangerous game. I shall have to tell your head master about it.’

‘If I had hurt myself no one would have known it, that is quite certain!’

‘Well then, what is it?’

‘Leave me alone! If I do remember, or if I don’t . . . what business is it of his? Why should I remember? Leave me alone!’ he said, now addressing not his tutor but the world in general.

CHAPTER XX

As was his wont, Oblonsky did not spend his time idly while in Petersburg. Besides business—his sister’s divorce and his post—it was as usual necessary for him, as he said, to refresh himself in Petersburg after the mustiness of Moscow.

Moscow, despite its *cafés chantants* and its omnibuses, was still a stagnant pool. Oblonsky always felt this. After living in Moscow, especially in the bosom of his family, Oblonsky always felt his spirits flag. When he had spent a long time in Moscow without a break, he reached a state in which he began to be upset by his wife’s ill-humour and reproaches, by the health and education of the children, and the petty details of his work; even the fact that he was in debt worried him then. But he only needed to spend some time in Petersburg among the set in which he moved, where people lived, really *lived*, instead of vegetating as in Moscow, and at once all these cares vanished and melted away like wax before a fire.

His wife? . . . Only that day he had been talking to Prince Chechensky. He had a wife and family with grown-up sons who were pages at Court; and another family, an illegitimate one, in which there were other children. Though the first family was all right, Prince Chechensky felt happier with the second family. He took his eldest son to visit the second family, and told Oblonsky

that he considered it developed his son and was good for him. What would they say to that in Moscow?

Children? In Petersburg children did not hinder their fathers living. Children were brought up in educational establishments, and there were none of those barbaric views that were becoming so prevalent in Moscow—Lvov's was a case in point—that the children should have every luxury and the parents nothing but work and worry. Here people understood that a man must live his own life like a civilized being.

The Service! . . . Service too was not here that strained, hopeless drudgery that it was in Moscow; here there was an interest in the Service. Meeting the right person, a service rendered, a felicitous remark, the ability to perform certain tricks, made a man's career in a moment, as was the case with Bryantsov, whom Oblonsky had met the day before, and who was now a great dignitary. Service of that kind had an interest.

But it was the Petersburg outlook on money matters that had a particularly soothing effect on Oblonsky. Bartnyansky, who spent at least fifty thousand roubles a year at the rate he was living, had the day before made a notable remark to him on the point.

As they were having a chat before dinner, Oblonsky had said to Bartnyansky:

'You are, I think, intimate with Mordvinsky? You could do me a good turn if you would put in a word for me. There is a post I should like to get . . . Member of the Agency . . .'

'Never mind the name, I shouldn't remember it! . . . But why do you want to mix in those railway concerns, with Jews? . . . Look at it how you like, it's horrid!'

Oblonsky did not tell him that it was a 'live' business Bartnyansky would not have understood that.

'I am hard up; have nothing to live on.'

'But you do live.'

'Yes, but in debt.'

'Really? Is it much?' asked Bartnyansky sympathetically.

'Very much: about twenty thousand roubles.'

Bartnyansky burst into merry laughter.

‘Oh, you lucky fellow!’ he cried. ‘My debts amount to a million and a half, and I have nothing! But, as you see, I still find it possible to live!’

Oblonsky knew this to be true, not only from hearsay but from actual fact. Zhivakhov, whose debts amounted to three hundred thousand roubles, didn’t possess a penny and yet he lived, and how he lived! Count Krivtsov, whose case had long been considered hopeless still kept two mistresses. Petrovsky had run through five millions, continued living in just the same style, and even directed the Finance Department and received a salary of twenty thousand.

But, apart from that, Petersburg acted pleasantly on Oblonsky physically. It made him younger. In Moscow he sometimes noticed some grey hairs; fell asleep after dinner; stretched himself; walked slowly upstairs, breathing heavily; felt dull among young women, and did not dance at balls. In Petersburg he always felt that he had shaken off ten years.

In Petersburg he felt what the sixty-year-old Prince Peter Oblonsky, who had just returned from abroad, had described to him only the day before.

‘Here we don’t know how to live,’ Peter Oblonsky had said. ‘Would you believe it? I spent the summer in Baden and really felt quite like a young man. I see a young woman, and my fancy . . . I dine, drink a little, and feel strong and full of spirits. I returned to Russia and had to be with my wife, and in the country besides, and in a fortnight I took to a dressing-gown and gave up dressing for dinner! And as to thinking about young women! . . . Why, I had turned into quite an old man! There was nothing left for me but to think of saving my soul. . . . Then I went to Paris, and again recovered.’

Stephen experienced just the same difference as Peter Oblonsky. In Moscow he let himself go to such an extent that, had he continued to live there long, he might even have come to the soul-saving stage; but in Petersburg he again felt quite a smart fellow.

Between the Princess Betsy Tverskaya and Oblonsky there existed long-established and very peculiar relations. Oblonsky in fun always paid court to her, and told her the most indecent things also in fun, knowing that she

liked that more than anything. The day after his interview with Karenin, Oblonsky, calling on her, felt so youthful that he went accidentally to such lengths in this bantering courtship and humbug that he did not know how to get out of it, for unfortunately she was not merely unattractive but actually repulsive to him. This tone had sprung up between them because he was very attractive to her. So he had been very pleased when the Princess Myagkaya turned up, and put an end to their *t-te-à-t-te*.

'Ah, so you are here!' she said on seeing him. 'Well, how is your poor sister? Don't look at me like that,' she added. 'Since every one has been attacking her—all those who are a hundred thousand times worse than she—I have thought she has acted splendidly. I can't forgive Vronsky for not letting me know when she was in Petersburg. I would have gone to her and with her everywhere. Please give her my love. . . . Well, tell me about her.'

'Yes, her situation is a hard one . . .' Oblonsky began, in the simplicity of his heart taking the Princess Myagkaya's words for genuine coin when she said 'Tell me about her.' But the Princess Myagkaya immediately interrupted him, as was her habit, and commenced telling her own tale.

'She has done what everybody, except myself, does secretly, and she would not deceive, and has acted splendidly. And the best thing she did was to leave that half-witted brother-in-law of yours! Excuse me. Every one used to say, "He is so clever, so clever." I alone said that he was stupid. Now that he has got so chummy with Lydia Ivanovna and Landau, every one says he is half-witted; and I should be glad not to agree with everybody, but this time I can't help it.'

'But do explain to me what it means!' said Oblonsky. 'Yesterday I called on him about my sister's affair and asked him for a definite answer. He did not give me an answer, but said he must think it over; and this morning instead of an answer I have received an invitation for this evening to go to the Countess Lydia Ivanovna's.'

'Ah, that's it, that's it!' Princess Myagkaya began joyfully. 'They will ask Landau and see what he says.'

‘Ask Landau? Why? Who is Landau?’

‘What? You don’t know Jules Landau, *le fameux Jules Landau, le clairvoyant*?¹ He also is half-witted, but your sister’s fate depends on him. See what comes of living in the provinces: you know nothing! Landau, you see, was a *commis*² in Paris and went to see a doctor. He fell asleep in the doctor’s waiting-room, and while asleep began giving advice to all the patients, and very strange advice too. Afterwards, Yury Meledinsky’s wife (the invalid’s wife, you know) heard of that Landau, and took him to see her husband. He is treating her husband. No good has been done in my opinion, for he is still just as weak, but they believe in him and take him about with them. So they brought him to Russia. Here every one rushed at him, and he began treating everybody. He cured the Countess Bezzubova, and she took such a fancy to him that she adopted him.’

‘Adopted! How?’

‘Simply adopted him! He is now no longer Landau, but Count Bezzubov. However, that’s not to the point; but Lydia— I am very fond of her, but her head is not screwed on right—naturally has rushed at this Landau, and now nothing is settled either by her or by Karenin without him, so your sister’s fate is now in the hands of this Landau, *alias* Count Bezzubov.’

CHAPTER XXI

AFTER an excellent dinner and a large quantity of brandy at Bartnyansky’s, Oblonsky, only a little after the appointed time, entered the Countess Lydia Ivanovna’s house.

‘Who is with the Countess? The Frenchman?’ Oblonsky asked the hall-porter, noticing on the hall-stand Karenin’s overcoat, which he recognized, and a strange, absurd-looking paletot with clasps.

‘Alexis Alexandrovich Karenin and Count Bezzubov,’ the hall-porter replied severely.

‘The Princess Myagkaya guessed correctly,’ thought

¹ The famous Jules Landau, the clairvoyant.

² Shop-assistant.

Oblonsky as he ascended the stairs. 'Strange! But it would be just as well to make friends with her. She has tremendous influence. If she would say a word to Pemorsky, the job is done.'

It was still quite light out of doors, but in the Countess Lydia Ivanovna's small drawing-room the blinds were down and the lamp alight.

At the round table beneath a lamp sat the Countess and Karenin, conversing in low tones. A short lean man, with hips like a woman's, knock-kneed, very pale, handsome, with beautiful shining eyes and long hair that hung over the collar of his frock-coat, stood at the opposite end of the room, looking at the portraits on the wall. After greeting the hostess and Karenin, Oblonsky involuntarily glanced at the stranger once more.

'Monsieur Landau!' The Countess addressed him with a softness and caution that struck Oblonsky. And she introduced them.

Landau hurriedly looked round, approached smilingly, laid upon Oblonsky's outstretched hand his own moist and motionless one, went back, and continued looking at the portraits. The Countess and Karenin glanced at each other significantly.

'I am very pleased to see you, especially to-day,' said the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, pointing to a seat beside Karenin.

'I introduced him to you as *Landau*,' she said softly, glancing at the Frenchman and then back at Oblonsky, 'but really he is Count Bezzubov, as you probably know. But he does not like that title.'

'Yes, I have heard,' replied Oblonsky. 'They say he has completely cured the Countess Bezzubov.'

'She called on me to-day, and was so pathetic,' said the Countess, turning to Karenin. 'This separation is dreadful for her. It is such a blow to her!'

'Is he going definitely?' inquired Karenin.

'Yes, he is going to Paris. He heard a voice yesterday,' said the Countess, with a look at Oblonsky.

'Ah, a voice!' Oblonsky remarked, feeling that he must be as careful as possible in this company, where something peculiar occurred, or was supposed to occur, to which he as yet lacked a clue.

After a momentary pause the Countess Lydia Ivanovna,

as if coming to the important point, turned with a subtle smile to Oblonsky.

'I have known you a long time, and am very pleased to know you more intimately. *Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis.*¹ But to be a friend, one must enter into the state of the friend's soul, and I fear you will not do so in relation to Alexis Alexandrovich. You understand what I am speaking about?' she said, lifting her beautiful dreamy eyes.

'To some extent, Countess! I understand that Alexis Alexandrovich's position . . . ' said Oblonsky, not quite grasping what it was all about, and therefore wishing to keep to generalities.

'The change is not in his external position,' Lydia Ivanovna said severely as her enamoured eyes followed Karenin, who had risen and joined Landau. 'His heart is changed; he has been given a new heart, and I fear that you may not have realized fully that change which has been accomplished within him.'

'Well, broadly speaking, I can picture to myself the change. We have always been friendly, and now . . . ' Oblonsky said, answering her look with a tender gaze, while he considered with which of two Ministers she was the more closely connected—so as to judge which of them he should ask her to influence on his behalf.

'The change that has taken place in him cannot weaken his love for his neighbour; on the contrary, that change must strengthen his love. But I fear you don't understand me. Won't you have some tea?' she said, indicating with her eyes the footman who was handing tea round on a tray.

'Not quite, Countess. Of course his misfortune . . . '

'Yes, a misfortune which has turned into a great blessing, because his heart became new and is filled with Him,' she said, glancing at Oblonsky with love-sick eyes.

'I think I might ask her to mention me to both,' thought he.

'Oh, certainly, Countess!' he said. 'But I think such changes are so very intimate that nobody, not even the closest friend, cares to speak about them.'

¹ The friends of our friends are our friends.

‘On the contrary! We must speak, and so help one another.’

‘Yes, of course, but there are such differences of conviction, and besides . . .’ said Oblonsky with a gentle smile.

‘There cannot be any differences in what concerns the holy Truth!’

‘Oh no, of course not! But . . .’ and, becoming embarrassed, Oblonsky stopped short. He realized that it was a question of religion.

‘It seems to me he will fall asleep directly,’ said Karenin in a significant whisper, approaching Lydia Ivanovna.

Oblonsky turned. Landau was sitting by the window, leaning against the arm and back of an easy-chair, with his head hanging down. Noticing the looks directed toward him, he smiled a childish naive smile.

‘Take no notice of him,’ said Lydia Ivanovna, and with an agile movement she pushed forward a chair for Karenin. ‘I have noticed . . .’ she began, when a footman entered with a note. Lydia Ivanovna rapidly read the note and, excusing herself, with extreme rapidity wrote and despatched the answer and returned to the table. ‘I have noticed,’ she continued her interrupted sentence, ‘that Muscovites, men especially, are most indifferent to religion.’

‘Oh no, Countess! I think Muscovites have the reputation of being the most steadfast believers,’ replied Oblonsky.

‘But, as far as I know, you unfortunately are one of the indifferent?’ Karenin remarked to him, with a weary smile.

‘How can one be indifferent?’ said Lydia Ivanovna.

‘I am in this respect not precisely indifferent, but rather expectant,’ said Oblonsky with his most mollifying smile. ‘I do not think that for me the time for those questions has yet come.’

Karenin and Lydia Ivanovna exchanged looks.

‘We never know whether our time has come or not,’ Karenin said sternly. ‘We should not consider whether we are ready or not; grace is not influenced by human calculations. Sometimes it does not descend on those who seek it, but descends on the unprepared, as on Saul.’

'No, not yet, I think,' said Lydia Ivanovna, who was watching the Frenchman's movements. Landau rose and came up to them.

'You will allow me to listen?' he asked.

'Oh yes! I did not wish to disturb you,' said Lydia, looking tenderly at him. 'Sit down beside us.'

'Only one must not shut one's eyes, so as to deprive oneself of light,' Karenin continued.

'Oh, if you only knew the happiness we experience, feeling His continual presence in our souls!' cried the Countess Lydia Ivanovna with a beatific smile.

'But one may sometimes feel incapable of ascending to such heights,' remarked Oblonsky, conscious that he was not quite honest in acknowledging the existence of religious heights, yet not venturing to confess his scepticism in the presence of one who, by a single word to Pomorsky, might secure him the desired post.

'You mean to say, he is prevented by sin?' said Lydia Ivanovna. 'But that is a false view. Sin does not exist for a believer; sin has already been atoned for. . . . Excuse me!' she added, glancing at the footman who entered with another note. She read it, and answered by word of mouth: 'Tell him, "To-morrow at the Grand Duchess's." . . . For those who believe, there is no sin,' she went on.

'Yes, but faith without works is dead,' said Oblonsky, recalling that sentence from the catechism, and only by a smile maintaining his independence.

'There it is, from the Epistle of St James,' said Karenin, addressing Lydia Ivanovna in a somewhat reproachful tone. Evidently this was a point they had discussed more than once. 'How much harm has been done by a false interpretation of that passage! Nothing turns so many from the faith as that interpretation, "I have no works, and therefore cannot have faith." Yet it is not so said anywhere; just the contrary is said.'

'To labour for God with works; to save one's soul by fasting,' said the Countess Lydia Ivanovna with fastidious disdain, 'those are the barbarous opinions of our monks. . . . Yet it is not so said anywhere. It is much simpler and easier,' she added, looking at Oblonsky with the same encouraging smile with which

at Court she encouraged young Maids of Honour who were confused by their new surroundings.

'We are saved by Christ, who suffered for us. We are saved by faith,' Karenin chimed in, showing his approval of her remark by a look.

'*Vous comprenez l'anglais?*'¹ asked Lydia Ivanovna, and having received an affirmative answer she rose and began looking among the books on a shelf. 'I want to read *Safe and Happy, or, Under the Wing*,' she said with a questioning look at Karenin. And having found the book and sat down again, she opened it. 'It is quite short. It describes the way to acquire faith, and the joy, higher than anything else on earth, with which it fills the soul. A believer cannot be unhappy, because he is not alone. But you will see . . .' She was about to begin reading when the footman came in again. 'Borozdina? Say "To-morrow at two." . . . Yes,' she went on, keeping her finger in the book to mark the place, and sighed, looking with her beautiful dreamy eyes straight before her. 'This is how true faith acts. You know Mary Sanina? You have heard of her misfortune? She lost her only child. She was in despair. Well, and what happened? She found this friend, and now she thanks God for her child's death. That is the happiness faith gives!'

'Oh yes, it is very . . .' began Oblonsky, glad that she was going to read and give him time to get his ideas together. 'No, evidently it will be better not to ask for anything to-night,' he reflected; 'only let me get away from here without making a mess of things!'

'It will be dull for you,' said the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, turning to Landau, 'as you don't understand English; but it is quite short'

'Oh, I shall understand,' replied Landau with the same smile, and closed his eyes.

Karenin and Lydia Ivanovna exchanged significant looks, and the reading began.

¹ You understand English?

CHAPTER XXII

OBLONSKY felt completely puzzled by the strange and novel language he was listening to. Generally the complications of Petersburg life had an exhilarating effect on him, lifting him out of the Moscow stagnation. But he liked and understood complications in spheres congenial and familiar to him; in these strange surroundings he felt puzzled and dazed and could not take it all in. Listening to the Countess Lydia Ivanovna and feeling the fine eyes, naïve or roguish—he did not know which—of Landau fixed upon him, Oblonsky began to be conscious of a peculiar sort of heaviness in his head.

The most varied ideas were mixed up in his mind. 'Mary Sanina is glad that her child is dead. . . . I should like to have a smoke. . . . To be saved one need only have faith; the monks don't know how to do it, but the Countess Lydia Ivanovna knows. . . . And what is so heavy in my head? Is it the brandy, or is it because all this is so very strange? All the same, I think I have not done anything to shock them up till now. But still, it won't do to ask her help now. I have heard that they make one pray. Supposing they make me pray! That would be too stupid! And what nonsense she is reading, but her enunciation is good. . . . Landau Bezzubov. . . . Why is he Bezzubov?' Suddenly Oblonsky felt his nether jaw dropping irresistibly for a yawn. He smoothed his whiskers to hide the yawn, and gave himself a shake. But then he felt himself falling asleep, and nearly snored. He roused himself, just when the Countess Lydia Ivanovna uttered the words: 'He is asleep.'

Oblonsky awoke in a fright, feeling guilty and detected. But he was immediately comforted by noticing that the words 'He is asleep' did not apply to him but to Landau. The Frenchman had fallen asleep just as Oblonsky had done. But whereas Oblonsky's sleep would, he imagined, have offended them—he did not really even think this, for everything seemed so strange—Landau's sleep delighted them extremely, especially Lydia Ivanovna.

'*Mon ami.*' said she, carefully holding the folds of

her silk dress to prevent its rustling, and in her excitement calling Karenin not 'Alexis Alexandrovich' but '*mon ami*,' '*donnez-lui la main. Vous voyez?*'¹ . . . 'Hush!' she said to the footman, who came in again. 'I am not receiving.'

The Frenchman slept or pretended to sleep, leaning his head against the back of the chair, and his moist hand lying on his knee moved feebly, as if catching something. Karenin rose, and though he tried to be cautious he caught against the table. He went up to the Frenchman and placed his hand in his. Oblonsky also rose and, opening his eyes wide to wake himself up in case he was asleep, looked first at one and then at the other. It was all quite real, and Oblonsky felt his head getting worse and worse.

'*Que la personne qui est arrivée la dernière, celle qui demande, qu'elle sorte! Qu'elle sorte!*'² the Frenchman said, without opening his eyes.

'*Vous m'excuserez, mais vous voyez. . . . Revenez vers dix heures, encore mieux demain.*'³

'*Qu'elli sorte!*' repeated the Frenchman impatiently.

'*C'est moi, n'est-ce pas?*'⁴ And having received an answer in the affirmative, Oblonsky—forgetting the request he had wanted to make to Lydia Ivanovna, forgetting his sister's affairs, and with the one desire to get away from there as quickly as possible—went out on tiptoe, and ran out into the street as from an infected house. After which he talked and joked for a long time with an *isvoshchik*, trying to regain his senses as soon as possible.

At the French Theatre, where he arrived in time for the last act, and afterwards at the Tartar Restaurant, where he had some champagne, Oblonsky was able to some extent to breathe again in an atmosphere congenial to him, but nevertheless he was not at all himself that evening.

When he returned to Peter Oblonsky's house, where he was staying, he found a note from Betsy. She wrote that she greatly wished to finish the conversation they

¹ My friend, give him your hand. You see?

² Let the person who arrived last, the one who questions, go out! Let him go out!

³ You must excuse me, but you see . . . Come back at about ten, or better still, to-morrow.

⁴ It's I, is it not?

had begun, and asked him to call next day. Scarcely had he finished reading the note and made a wry face over it, when he heard downstairs the heavy steps of men carrying something heavy.

He went down to see what it was. It was Peter Oblonsky, grown young again. He was so drunk that he could not get up the stairs, but on seeing Oblonsky he ordered the men to put him on his feet and, clinging to Stephen, he went with him to his room, began relating how he had spent the evening, and fell asleep there.

Oblonsky was in low spirits, a thing that rarely happened to him, and could not fall asleep for a long time. Everything he recalled was nauseous, but most repulsive of all, like something shameful, was the memory of the evening at Lydia Ivanovna's.

Next day he received from Karenin a definite refusal to divorce Anna, and understood that this decision was based on what the Frenchman had said the evening before, in his real or pretended sleep.

CHAPTER XXIII

BEFORE any definite step can be taken in a household, there must be either complete division or loving accord between husband and wife. When their relations are indefinite it is impossible for them to make any move.

Many families continue for years in their old ruts, hated by both husband and wife, merely because there is neither complete discord nor harmony.

Both for Vronsky and for Anna life in Moscow in the heat and dust, when the sun no longer shone as in spring but burned as in summer, when all the trees on the boulevards had long been in leaf and the leaves were already covered with dust, was intolerable; nevertheless they did not move to Vozdvizhensk, as they had long ago decided to do, but stayed in Moscow, which had become obnoxious to them both, because of late there had not been harmony between them.

The irritation which divided them had no tangible cause, and all attempts at an explanation not only failed to clear it away but increased it. It was an inner

irritation, caused on her side by a diminution of his love for her, and on his by regret that for her sake he had placed himself in a distressing situation, which she, instead of trying to alleviate, made still harder. Neither of them spoke of the cause of their irritation, but each thought the other in the wrong, and at every opportunity tried to prove that this was so.

For her he, with all his habits, thoughts, wishes, mental and physical faculties—the whole of his nature—consisted of one thing only: love for women, and this love she felt ought to be wholly concentrated on her alone. This love was diminishing; therefore, in her judgment, part of his love must have been transferred to other women, or to one other woman. She was jealous, not of any one woman, but of the diminution of his love. Not having as yet an object for her jealousy, she sought one. At the slightest hint she transferred her jealousy from one object to another. Now she was jealous of the coarse women with whom, through his bachelor connections, he might so easily have intercourse; now of the Society women whom he might meet; now of some imaginary girl whom he might marry after repudiating her. This last jealousy tormented her more than anything else, especially since in an expansive moment he had carelessly told her that his mother understood him so little that she had tried to persuade him to marry the young Princess Sorokina.

And being jealous, Anna was indignant with him and constantly sought reasons to justify her indignation. She blamed him for everything that was hard in her situation. The torture of expectation, living betwixt heaven and earth, which she endured there in Moscow, Karenin's dilatoriness and indecision, her loneliness—she attributed all to him. If he loved her he would fully understand the difficulty of her situation, and would deliver her from it. That they were living in Moscow, instead of in the country, was also his fault. He could not live buried in the country as she desired. He needed society, and so he had placed her in this terrible position, the misery of which he would not understand. And it was likewise his fault that she was for ever parted from her son.

Even the rare moments of tenderness which occurred

between them did not pacify her; in his tenderness she now saw a tinge of calm assurance which had not been there before and irritated her.

It was growing dusk. Anna, all alone, awaiting his return from a bachelor dinner-party, paced up and down his study (which was the room in which the street noises were least audible), recalling in detail every word of their yesterday's quarrel. Passing ever backwards from the memorably offensive words of the quarrel to their cause, she at last got back to the beginning of their conversation. For a long time she could not believe that the dispute had begun from a perfectly inoffensive conversation about a matter that did not touch the heart of either. Yet it was so. It had all begun by his laughing at High Schools for girls, which he considered unnecessary and she defended. He spoke disrespectfully of the education of women in general, and said that Hannah, her little English *protégée*, did not at all need to know physics.

This provoked Anna. She saw in it a contemptuous allusion to her own knowledge; and she invented and uttered a phrase in retaliation which should revenge the pain he had caused her.

'I don't expect you to understand me and my feelings, as an affectionate man would; but I did expect ordinary delicacy,' she said.

And he really had flushed with vexation and had said something disagreeable. She did not remember her reply to it, but remembered that in answer he had said with obvious intent to hurt her too:

'I can take no interest in your partiality for that little girl, because I can see that it is unnatural.'

The cruelty with which he annihilated the world which she had so painfully constructed for herself to be able to endure her hard life, the injustice of his accusation that she was dissembling and unnatural, roused her indignation.

'I am very sorry that only what is coarse and material is comprehensible and natural to you,' she retorted and left the room.

When he came to her in the evening they did not refer to the quarrel, but both felt that it was only smoothed over, not settled.

To-day he had been away from home all day, and she had felt so lonely, and it was so painful to feel herself at discord with him, that she wished to forget it all, to forgive and make it up with him. Wishing even to blame herself and to justify him, she said to herself :

‘I am to blame; I am irritable and unreasonably jealous. I will make it up with him and we will go back to the country. There I shall be calmer.’

‘Unnatural!’ She suddenly remembered the word that had hurt her most, though it was not so much the word as his intention to pain her. ‘I know what he wanted to say: he wanted to say that it is unnatural not to love one’s own daughter and yet to love another’s child. What does he know of love for children,—of my love for Serezha whom I have given up for his sake? And that desire to hurt me! No, he must be in love with some other woman; it can’t be anything else.’

Then, realizing that in her attempt to quiet herself she had again completed the circle she had already gone round so often, and had returned to her former cause of irritation, she was horror-struck at herself. ‘Is it possible that I can’t . . .? Is it possible that I can’t take it on myself?’ she wondered, and began again from the beginning. ‘He is truthful, he is honest. He loves me I love him. In a few days I shall get my divorce. What more do I need? I need calm and confidence; and I will take the blame on myself. Yes, now, as soon as he comes back, I will tell him I was to blame, though in fact I was not, and we will go away!’

And not to continue thinking, and not to yield to irritation, she rang and ordered her trunks to be brought, to pack their things for the country.

At ten o’clock Vronsky returned.

CHAPTER XXIV

‘WELL, have you had a good time?’ she asked, coming out to meet him with a meek and repentant look on her face.

‘Just as usual,’ he answered, perceiving at a glance

that she was in one of her pleasant moods. He was already accustomed to these transitions, and to-day was specially glad, because he himself was in the best of spirits.

‘What do I see? Ah, that’s right!’ he said, pointing to the trunks in the ante-room.

‘Yes, we must go away. I went for a drive, and it was so lovely that I longed to be in the country. There isn’t anything to keep you, is there?’

‘It is my only wish. I’ll come in a moment and we’ll have a talk. I will only go and change. Order tea.’

And he went to his room.

There was something offensive in his saying: ‘Ah, that’s right!’—as one speaks to a child when it stops being capricious—and still more offensive was the contrast between her guilty tone and his self-confident one. For a moment she felt a desire to fight rising within her, but with an effort she mastered it and met him with her former cheerfulness.

When he returned she told him, partly repeating words she had prepared, how she had spent the day and her plans for the move to the country.

‘Do you know, it came to me almost like an inspiration?’ said she. ‘Why must we wait here for the divorce? Won’t it do just as well in the country? I can’t wait any longer. I don’t want to hope, I don’t want to hear anything about the divorce. I have made up my mind that it shall not influence my life any more. Do you agree?’

‘Oh yes!’ he answered, looking uneasily at her excited face.

‘Well, and what have you been doing? Who was there?’ she asked after a pause.

Vronsky named the guests. ‘The dinner was capital, the boat-races and everything quite nice, but in Moscow they can’t get on without doing something ridiculous. . . . Some sort of a lady turned up—the Queen of Sweden’s swimming instructress—and displayed her art.’

‘What? She swam?’ asked Anna, with a frown.

‘Yes, in some sort of red *costume de natation*¹—a hideous old creature! Well then, when are we to be off?’

¹ Swimming costume.

‘What an absurd fancy! And did she swim in some particular way?’ asked Anna, without answering his question.

‘Nothing particular at all. I said it was awfully absurd. . . . Well, when do you think of going?’

Anna shook her head, as though driving away an unpleasant thought.

‘When are we going? Why, the sooner the better. We can’t get ready by to-morrow; but the day after?’

‘Yes. . . . No! Wait a bit! The day after to-morrow is Sunday, and I must go and see *maman*,’ said Vronsky, and became confused, because as soon as he had mentioned his mother he felt an intent and suspicious gaze fixed upon him. His embarrassment confirmed her suspicions. She flushed and moved away from him. It was no longer the Queen of Sweden’s instructress, but the Princess Sorokina who lived in the country near Moscow with the Countess Vronskaya who presented herself to Anna’s imagination.

‘You could go there to-morrow!’ she said.

‘No, I tell you! The things about which I have to go—to fetch a power of attorney and some money—will not have arrived by to-morrow,’ he replied.

‘If that’s so, then we won’t go at all!’

‘But why not?’

‘I won’t go any later! Monday, or not at all.’

‘Why’s that?’ said Vronsky, as if in surprise. ‘There’s no sense in that.’

‘You see no sense in it because you don’t care at all about me. You don’t want to understand what my life is. The one person I was interested in here was Hannah—you say that is all pretence! You said yesterday that I don’t love my daughter but pretend to love that English girl, and that it is unnatural! I should like to know what sort of life can be natural for me here!’

For a moment she recollected herself and was horrified at having broken her resolution. Yet though she knew she was ruining her cause, she could not restrain herself, could not forbear pointing out to him how wrong he was, and could not submit to him.

‘I never said that; I only said that I do not sympathize with that sudden affection.’

‘Why do you, who boast of your truthfulness, not speak the truth?’

‘I never boast and never tell untruths,’ he said softly, restraining his rising anger. ‘It is a great pity if you don’t respect . . .’

‘Respect was invented to fill the empty place where love ought to be! But if you no longer love me, it would be better and more honourable to say so!’

‘Dear me! This is becoming unbearable!’ exclaimed Vronsky, rising from his chair. And standing before her he slowly brought out: ‘Why are you testing my patience?’ He looked as if he could have said much more, but restrained himself. ‘It has its limits!’

‘What do you mean by that?’ she cried, glancing with terror at the definite expression of hatred on his whole face, and especially in the cruel, menacing eyes.

‘I mean to say . . .’ he began, but stopped. ‘I must ask what you want of me!’

‘What can I want? I can only want you not to abandon me, as you are thinking of doing,’ she said, having understood all that he had left unsaid. ‘But I don’t want that, that is secondary. What I want is love, and it is lacking. Therefore all is finished!’

She moved toward the door.

‘Stop! St-o-op!’ said Vronsky, his brow still knit, but holding her back by the hand. ‘What is the matter? I said we must put off our departure for three days, and you replied that I lie and am not an honourable man.’

‘Yes! And I repeat that a man who reproaches me because he has given up everything for my sake,’ said she, recalling the words of a still earlier quarrel, ‘is worse than a dishonourable man! He is a heartless man!’

‘No! There are limits to one’s endurance,’ he exclaimed, and quickly let go her hand.

‘He hates me, that is clear,’ thought she, and silently, without looking round and with faltering steps, she left the room. ‘He loves another woman, that is clearer still,’ she said to herself as she entered her own room. ‘I want love, and it is lacking. So everything is finished!’ she repeated her own words, ‘and it must be finished.’

‘But how?’ she asked herself, and sat down in the arm-chair before the looking-glass.

Thoughts of where she would now go: to the aunt who had brought her up, to Dolly, or simply abroad by herself; of what *he* was now doing, alone in the study; of whether this quarrel was final or whether a reconciliation was still possible; of what all her former Petersburg acquaintances would say of her now; how Karenin would regard it; and many other thoughts about what would happen now after the rupture, passed through her mind, but she did not give herself up entirely to these thoughts. In her soul there was another vague idea, which alone interested her, but of which she could not get hold. Again remembering Karenin, she also remembered her illness after her confinement, and the feeling that never left her at that time. She remembered her words, ‘Why did I not die?’ and her feelings then. And suddenly she understood what was in her soul. Yes, that was the thought which would solve everything. ‘Yes, to die! Alexis Alexandrovich’s shame and disgrace, and Serezha’s, and my own terrible shame—all will be saved by my death. If I die *he* too will repent, will pity me, will love me and will suffer on my account!’ With a fixed smile of self-pity on her lips she sat in the chair, taking off and putting on the rings on her left hand, and vividly picturing to herself from various points of view his feelings after she was dead.

Sounds of approaching steps, his steps, distracted her thoughts. Pretending to be putting away her rings, she did not even turn round.

He came up to her, and taking her hand said softly: ‘Anna, let us go the day after to-morrow, if you wish it. I will agree to anything.’

She remained silent.

‘What is it?’ he asked.

‘You know yourself!’ said she, and at the same moment, unable to restrain herself any longer, she burst into tears.

‘Abandon me! Abandon me!’ she murmured between her sobs. ‘I will go away to-morrow. I will do more. . . . What am I? A depraved woman. A stone round your neck! I don’t wish to torment you, I don’t!’

I will set you free. You don't love me, you love some one else !'

Vronsky implored her to be calm, and assured her that there was not an atom of foundation for her jealousy, that he never had ceased, and never would cease, to love her, that he loved her more than ever.

'Anna, why torture yourself and me like this?' he said, kissing her hands. His face now wore a tender expression, and she thought she detected in his voice the sound of tears, and their moisture on her hand. And instantly her despairing jealousy changed into desperate, passionate tenderness. She embraced him, and covered his head, his neck, and his hands with kisses.

CHAPTER XXV

FEELING that they were entirely reconciled, next morning Anna began actively to make preparations for their move. Though it was not settled whether they would go on the Monday or on the Tuesday, as each the night before had yielded to the other's wish, Anna made all ready for their start, feeling now quite indifferent whether they went a day sooner or later. She stood in her room before an open trunk, sorting clothes, when he came in earlier than usual and ready dressed.

'I will go to *maman* at once. She can send me the money through Egorov and I shall be ready to go to-morrow,' said he.

Good as the mood she was in might be, the reference to the move to the country pricked her.

'Oh no, I shall not be ready myself,' she said, and immediately thought: 'So it was possible to arrange things as I wished!—No, do as you wished to. Go to the dining-room, I will come directly. I will only sort out these things that are not wanted,' she said, placing some more articles on the heap of old clothes already piled up on Annushka's arms.

Vronsky was eating his beefsteak when she entered the dining-room.

'You would hardly believe how disgusting these rooms have become to me!' she said, sitting down to

her coffee beside him. 'There is nothing worse than these furnished apartments! They are expressionless and soulless. This clock, the curtains, and, above all, the wall-papers are a nightmare! I think of Vozdvizhensk as of a Promised Land. You are not sending off the horses yet?'

'No, they will follow us. Are you driving out anywhere?'

'I wanted to go to the Wilsons, to take her a dress. So it is decided that we go to-morrow?' she said in a cheerful voice; but suddenly her face changed.

Vronsky's valet came in to fetch a receipt for a telegram from Petersburg. There was nothing odd in his receiving a telegram, but, as if wishing to hide something from her, he told the man that the receipt was in his study and hastily turned to her, saying:

'I shall certainly get everything ready to-morrow.'

'From whom was the telegram?' she asked, not listening to him.

'From Steve,' he replied reluctantly.

'Why didn't you show it me? What secret can Steve have from me?'

Vronsky called back the valet and told him to bring the telegram.

'I did not wish to show it you, because Steve has a passion for telegraphing. What is the use of telegraphing when nothing has been settled?'

'About the divorce?'

'Yes, but he wires: "Could get no answer. Promises a decisive answer soon." But read it yourself.'

Anna took the telegram with trembling hands and saw exactly what Vronsky had said, but at the end were added the words: 'Little hope, but I'll do everything possible and impossible.'

'I said yesterday that it is all the same to me when I get the divorce, or even whether I get it at all,' she said, flushing. 'There was no need at all to conceal it from me.' And she thought: 'In the same way he may hide and is hiding from me his correspondence with women.'

'Oh, Yashvin wanted to come this morning with Voytov,' said Vronsky. 'It seems he has won from Pevtsov all and even more than Pevtsov can pay—about sixty thousand roubles.'

'But why do you imagine,' said she, irritated at his intimating to her so obviously, by this change of subject, that he saw she was losing her temper, 'that this news interests me so much that it is necessary to conceal it? I said that I don't want to think about it, and I wish that you were as little interested in it as I am.'

'It interests me because I like definiteness,' he replied.

'Definiteness depends not on forms, but on love,' she said, growing more and more irritated not at his words but at the tone of cool tranquillity with which he spoke. 'Why do you want it?'

'Oh God! Again about love!' he thought with a wry face.

'Don't you know why? For your own sake and for that of the children we may have!' said he.

'We shan't have any.'

'That's a great pity,' he said.

'You want it for the children, but you don't think of me,' she pursued, quite forgetting or not hearing that he said: 'for *your own* sake and for the children.'

The possibility of having children had long been a subject of dispute, and it irritated her. She explained his desire to have children as showing that he did not value her beauty.

'Oh, I said for *your sake*! Most of all for your sake,' he repeated, his face contorted as with pain, 'because I am convinced that a great deal of your irritability is due to our indefinite position.'

'Yes, there it is! Now he has stopped pretending, and all his cold hatred for me is apparent,' she thought, not listening to his words, but gazing with horror at the cold and cruel judge who looked out of his eyes provokingly.

'That is not the reason,' she said, 'and I can't even understand how what you call my "irritability" can be caused by that; I am entirely in your power. What indefiniteness of position is there? Quite the contrary!'

'I am very sorry you don't wish to understand me,' he interrupted, stubbornly intent on expressing his thought. 'The indefiniteness consists in your imagining that I am free.'

‘You may be perfectly at rest on that matter!’ she rejoined, and turning away she began to drink her coffee.

She took her cup, sticking out her little finger, and raised it to her mouth. After a few sips she glanced at him, and from the expression of his face clearly realized that her hand, her movement, and the sound made by her lips were repulsive to him.

‘It is perfectly indifferent to me what your mother thinks and whom she wishes to marry you to,’ she went on, putting down her cup with a trembling hand.

‘But we are not talking about that.’

‘Yes, about that very thing! And believe me, a heartless woman, be she old or young, your mother or a stranger, does not interest me, and I don’t want to have anything to do with her.’

‘Anna, I beg you not to speak disrespectfully of my mother.’

‘A woman whose heart has not divined wherein her son’s happiness and honour lies has no heart!’

‘I repeat my request that you should not speak disrespectfully of my mother, whom I respect!’ said he, raising his voice and looking sternly at her.

She did not reply. Looking intently at his face and hands, she remembered their reconciliation the day before and his passionate caresses in all their details. ‘Just such caresses he has lavished, and wants to lavish, on other women,’ she thought.

‘You don’t love your mother! It’s all words, words, words!’ she said, looking at him with hatred.

‘If that’s so, we must . . .’

‘Decide . . . and I have decided,’ she said and was about to go away, but just then Yashvin entered. Anna said ‘Good morning,’ and stopped.

Why, when a storm was raging within her and she felt that she was at a turning-point which might lead to terrible consequences—why she need, at that moment, dissemble before a stranger who sooner or later would know all about it, she did not know: but immediately calming the storm within her, she sat down again and began talking to the visitor.

‘Well? How are your affairs? Has the money been paid?’ she asked Yashvin

'Oh, I don't know. I don't think I shall get it all, and on Wednesday I must go. And you?' asked Yashvin, looking at Vronsky with half-closed eyes and evidently divining that there had been a quarrel.

'The day after to-morrow, I believe,' replied Vronsky.

'But you have been meaning to go for a long time past?'

'Yes, but now it's decided,' said Anna, looking straight into Vronsky's eyes with an expression that told him he must not think of the possibility of a reconciliation.

'Is it possible you are not sorry for that unfortunate Pevtsov?' she said, continuing her conversation with Yashvin.

'I never asked myself, Anna Arkadyevna, whether I am sorry or not. You see, my whole fortune is here,' and he pointed to a side pocket, 'and now I am a rich man; but I shall go to the club to-night and shall perhaps leave it a beggar. You see, he who sits down to play against me, wishes to leave me without a shirt, and I treat him the same! So we struggle, and therein lies the pleasure!'

'But supposing you were married? How would your wife feel about it?' asked Anna.

Yashvin laughed.

'I expect that's why I never married, and never meant to.'

'How about Helsingfors?' said Vronsky, joining in the conversation, and he glanced at Anna who had smiled. Meeting his look, her face suddenly assumed a coldly severe expression, as if to say: 'It is not forgotten. It is still the same!'

'Is it possible you were ever in love?' she asked Yashvin.

'Oh heavens! How many times! But, you see, some men find it possible to sit down to cards and yet to be able always to leave when the time comes for an assignation! Now I can engage in love-making, but always so as not to be late for cards in the evening. That's how I manage.'

'No, I am not asking about that, but about the real thing.' She was going to say *Helsingfors*, but did not want to repeat the word Vronsky had used.

Voytov, who was buying a horse from Vronsky, arrived, and Anna rose and left the room.

Before leaving the house Vronsky came to her room. She wished to pretend to be looking for something on the table, but feeling ashamed of the pretence, looked straight into his face with a cold expression.

‘What do you want?’ she asked in French.

‘Gambetta’s certificate; I have sold him,’ he replied in a tone which said more clearly than words: ‘I have no time for explanations, and they would lead to nothing.’

‘I am not at all in the wrong toward her,’ he thought. ‘If she wants to punish herself, *tant pis pour elle!*’¹ But, as he was going out, he thought she said something, and suddenly his heart ached with pity for her.

‘What, Anna?’

‘Nothing,’ she answered, in the same cold quiet manner.

‘If it’s nothing, then *tant pis!*’ he thought, again chilled. Turning away, he went out. As he was going out he caught sight in a looking-glass of her pale face and trembling lips. He even wished to stop and say a comforting word to her, but his legs carried him out of the room before he had thought of anything to say. All that day he spent away from home, and when he returned late at night the maid told him that Anna Arkadyevna had a headache and asked him not to go to her room.

CHAPTER XXVI

NEVER before had they been at enmity for a whole day. This was the first time it had been so, and this was not even a quarrel. It was an evident acknowledgment of complete estrangement. How could he look at her as he had looked when he came into the room for the certificate? Look at her, see that her heart was torn by despair, and go out in silence with that calmly indifferent look? Not only had he cooled toward her, but he hated her because he loved another woman—that was clear.

And recalling all the cruel words he had uttered, Anna invented other words which he evidently had

¹ So much the worse for her.

wished to say and could have said to her, and she grew more and more exasperated.

'I do not hold you,' he might have said. 'You may go where you please. You probably did not wish to be divorced from your husband so that you could go back to him. Go back! If you need money, I will give you some. How many roubles do you want?'

All the cruellest words that a coarse man could say, he, in her imagination, said to her, and she did not forgive him for them any more than if he had really said them.

'And was it not last night that he, an honourable and truthful man, swore he loved me? Have I not often before despaired needlessly?' she said to herself immediately after.

All that day, except when she went to the Wilsons— which took her about two hours—Anna passed in doubting whether all was over or whether there was still hope of a reconciliation, and whether she ought to leave at once or to see him again. She waited for him all day, and in the evening when she went to her room, having left word for him that she had a headache, she thought: 'If he comes in spite of the maid's message, it means that he still loves me. If not, it means that all is over, and then I will decide what I am to do . . . !'

At night she heard his carriage stop, heard him ring, heard his steps, and his voice talking to the maid. He believed what he was told, did not want to learn more, and went to his room! So all was over!

And death, as the sole means of reviving love for herself in his heart, of punishing him, and of gaining the victory in that contest which an evil spirit in her heart was waging against him, presented itself clearly and vividly to her.

Now it was all the same whether they went to Vozdvizhensk or not, whether she got a divorce or not—it was all useless. All she wanted was to punish him.

When she poured out her usual dose of opium and thought that she need only drink the whole phial in order to die, it seemed to her so easy and simple that she again began thinking with pleasure of how he would suffer, repent, and love her memory when it was too late. She lay in bed with open eyes, looking at the stucco cornice under the ceiling by the light of a single

burnt-down candle, and at the shadow of the screen which fell on it, and she vividly imagined what he would feel when she was no more, when she was for him nothing but a memory. 'How could I say those cruel words to her?' he would say. 'How could I leave the room without saying anything? But now she is no more! She has gone from us for ever! She is there . . .' Suddenly the shadow of the screen began to move and spread over the whole of the cornice, the whole ceiling. Other shadows rushed toward it from another side; for an instant they rushed together, but then again they spread with renewed swiftness, flickered, and all was darkness. 'Death!' she thought. And such terror came upon her that it was long before she could realize where she was and with trembling hand could find the matches to light another candle in the place of the one that had burnt down and gone out: 'No—anything, only to live! Why, I love him! And he loves me! All this has been, but will pass,' she said, feeling that tears of joy at this return to life were running down her cheeks. And, to escape from her fears, she hastily went to him in his study.

He was sleeping in the study and was sound asleep. She came up, and holding the light above him looked at him long. Now, when he was asleep, she loved him so that she could not restrain tears of tenderness while looking at him; but she knew that if he were to wake he would look at her with a cold expression, conscious of his own integrity, and that before telling him of her love she must prove to him that he was to blame toward her. Without waking him she returned to her room, and after a second dose of opium toward morning she fell into a heavy but troubled sleep, without ever ceasing to be conscious of herself.

In the morning a terrible nightmare, which had come to her several times even before her union with Vronsky, repeated itself and woke her. An old man with a tangled beard was leaning over some iron and doing something, while muttering senseless words in French; and as always in that nightmare (this was what made it terrible) she felt this peasant was paying no attention to her but was doing something dreadful to her with the iron. And she awoke in a cold perspiration.

When she got up, the previous day appeared in her memory as in a fog.

There had been a quarrel. It was what had happened several times before. 'I said I had a headache, and he did not come to see me. To-morrow we shall leave. I must see him and get ready for the move,' she thought. And hearing that he was in the study she went to him. As she passed through the drawing-room she heard a vehicle stop at the front door, and, looking out of the window, she saw a young girl in a lilac hat leaning out of the carriage window and giving an order to the footman who was ringing at the front door. After some talking in the hall, some one came upstairs and she heard Vronsky's step outside the drawing-room. He was going quickly downstairs. Again Anna went to the window. There he was on the steps, without a hat, going down to the carriage. The young girl in the lilac hat handed him a parcel. Vronsky said something to her and smiled. The carriage rolled away; he ran rapidly upstairs again.

The fog that had obscured everything within her was suddenly dissipated. Yesterday's feelings wrung her aching heart with fresh pain. She could not now understand how she could have humiliated herself so as to remain a whole day with him in his house. She went to his study to announce to him her decision.

'It was the Princess Sorokina with her daughter who came to bring me the money and documents from *maman*. I could not get them yesterday. How is your head—better?' he said quietly, not wishing to see or understand the gloomy and solemn look on her face.

She stood silent in the middle of the room, looking at him intently. He glanced at her, frowned for an instant, and continued to read a letter. She turned, and slowly moved from the room. He could still call her back, but she reached the door and he remained silent, and only the rustle of the paper as he turned a page was heard.

'Oh, by the way—' he said when she was already in the doorway—'we are definitely going to-morrow, aren't we?'

'You, but not I,' she said, turning round toward him.

'Anna, it is impossible to live like this . . .'

'You, but not I,' she repeated.

'This is becoming intolerable!'

'You . . . you will repent of this!' she said, and left him.

Alarmed by the despairing look with which she had said these words, he jumped up, intending to run after her, but, recollecting himself, he sat down again, tightly clenching his teeth and frowning. This—as it seemed to him—unbecoming and indefinite threat irritated him. 'I have tried everything,' he thought, 'the only thing left is to pay no attention,' and he began getting ready to drive to town, and to go again to his mother's to obtain her signature to a power of attorney.

She heard the sound of his steps in the study and dining-room. He paused at the drawing-room door. But he did not return to her; he only gave an order that they should let Voytov have the horse in his absence. Then she heard the carriage drive up and the door open, and he went out again. But now he re-entered the hall, and some one ran upstairs. It was his valet, who had come for the gloves his master had forgotten. She went back to the window and saw him take the gloves without looking, and, having touched the coachman's back with his hand, say something to him. Then, without turning to look up at the window, he sat down in the carriage in his usual posture, crossing one leg over the other, and, putting on a glove, disappeared round the corner.

CHAPTER XXVII

'GONE! Is it finished?' said Anna to herself as she stood by the window; and in answer to that question, the impressions left by the darkness when her candle went out and by the terrible dream, merging into one, filled her heart with icy horror.

'No, it is impossible!' she exclaimed and, crossing the room, she rang loudly. She was so terrified at being alone that she did not wait for the servant but went out to meet him.

'Find out where the Count has gone,' she said.

The man replied that the Count had gone to the stables.

'The Count told me to let you know that, in case you should wish to go out, the carriage will return very soon.'

'Very well. Wait a moment. I will just write a note. Send Michael with it to the stables at once. Quickly!'

She sat down and wrote :

'I was to blame. Come home. We must talk it over. For God's sake come ; I am frightened.'

She stuck it down and gave it to the man.

Then, afraid to remain alone now, she followed him out of the room and went to the nursery.

'How is this ? That's not it—this is not he ! Where are his blue eyes and his sweet timid smile ?' was her first thought on seeing her plump, rosy little girl with curly black hair, instead of Serezha, whom, in the disorder of her mind, she had expected to find in the nursery. The little girl, sitting at the table, persistently and firmly hammered on it with the stopper of a bottle, gazing blankly at her mother with her two black-currants of eyes. Having, in answer to the questions of the English nurse, said that she was quite well and that they were going to the country next day, Anna sat down beside the child and began twirling the stopper round in front of her. But the child's loud ringing laughter and a movement of her eyebrows reminded Anna so vividly of Vronsky, that, repressing her sobs, she rose hurriedly and left the room. 'Is it really all over ? No, it cannot be,' she thought. 'He will come back. But how will he explain to me that smile, and his animation after he had spoken to her ? But even if he does not explain it, I will believe him all the same. If I don't believe him, there is only one way left for me . . . and I don't want that.'

She looked at the clock. Twelve minutes had passed. 'Now he has received my note and is on his way back. It won't be long ; another ten minutes. . . . But supposing he does not come ? No, that's impossible ! He must not find me with red eyes. I'll go and wash them. Oh ! And did I brush my hair or not ?' she asked herself ; but could not remember. She felt her head with her hand. 'Yes, my hair was done, but I don't in the least remember when.' She did not even

trust her hand, and went up to the mirror to see whether her hair really was done or not. It was, but she could not remember doing it. 'Who is that?' she thought, gazing in the mirror at the feverish, frightened face with the strangely brilliant eyes looking at her. 'Yes, that is I!' she suddenly realized, and looking at her whole figure she suddenly felt his kisses, shuddered, and moved her shoulders. Then she raised her hand to her lips and kissed it.

'What is it? Am I going mad?' and she went to her bedroom, where Annushka was tidying up.

'Annushka!' she said, stopping before the maid and looking at her, without knowing what she would say to her.

'You wished to go to see the Princess Oblonskaya,' said the maid, apparently understanding her.

'Darya Alexandrovna? Yes, I will go.'

'A quarter of an hour there, a quarter of an hour back; he is already on the way, he will be here in a minute.' She looked at her watch. 'But how could he go away leaving me in this condition? How can he go on living, without having made it up with me?' She went to the window and looked out into the street. He might have got back by this time; but her calculations might be incorrect, and again she began trying to remember when he had left, and reckoning the minutes.

Just as she was going to compare her watch with the large clock some one drove up. Glancing out of the window she saw his *calèche*. But no one came upstairs, and she heard voices below. Her messenger had returned in the carriage. She went down to him.

'I did not find the Count. He had gone to the Nizhny railway station,' he said.

'What do you want? What is this?' she asked the rosy, jolly-looking Michael, as he handed her back her note.

'Oh, of course! He did not receive it,' she remembered.

'Go with this note to the Countess Vronskaya's country house; do you know it? And bring back an answer at once,' she told the man.

'But what shall I do myself?' she thought. 'Yes, I will go to Dolly's, of course, or else I shall go out of

my mind! And I can telegraph as well!’ And she wrote out a telegram.

I must speak to you, come at once.’

Having sent off the telegram, she went to dress. Ready dressed and with her bonnet on, she again looked at Annushka’s placid and now still rounder face. Evident compassion showed plainly in those kindly little grey eyes.

‘Annushka, my dear! What am I to do?’ muttered Anna sobbing, as she sank helplessly into an arm-chair.

‘Why take it so to heart, Anna Arkadyevna? Such things will happen. Go out and get it off your mind,’ advised the maid.

‘Yes, I will go,’ said Anna, recovering and rousing herself; ‘and if a telegram comes during my absence, send it to Darya Alexandrovna’s. . . . No, I’ll come back myself.’

‘But I must not think, I must do something, go away, get out of this house at any rate,’ she said to herself, listening with horror to the terrible beating of her heart, and she hurriedly went out and got into the *calèche*.

‘Where to, ma’am?’ asked Peter, before getting onto the box.

‘To the Oblonskys’ on the Znamenka.’

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE weather was bright. All the morning there had been a fine drizzling rain, but it had now just cleared up. The iron roofs, the pavement flag-stones, the cobbles of the road, the wheels, the leather, brass, and tin of the carriages—all shone brightly in the May sunshine. It was three o’clock, the busiest time in the streets.

Sitting in the corner of the comfortable *calèche*, which rocked gently on its elastic springs to the rapid trot of the pair of greys, Anna—amid the incessant rattle of wheels and the rapidly changing impressions in the open air—again going over the events of the last days, saw her position quite differently from what it had seemed at home. Now the idea of death no longer

seemed so terrible and clear, and death itself no longer seemed inevitable. She reproached herself now with the humiliation to which she had descended. 'I entreated him to forgive me. I have surrendered to him. I have confessed that I am to blame. Why? Can I not live without him?' She began reading the signboards. "Office and Stores. . . . Dental surgeon. . . ." Yes, I will tell Dolly everything. She is not fond of Vronsky. It will be humiliating and painful, but I will tell her everything. She is fond of me and I will follow her advice. I won't submit to him; I won't let him educate me. . . . "Filippov, Bakery. . . ." It is said that they send dough to Petersburg. The Moscow water is so good. Oh, and the wells in Mytishchi, and the pancakes! . . .' And she remembered how, long, long ago, when she was only seventeen, she visited the Troitsa Monastery with her aunt. 'We drove with horses, for there was then no railway. Can it really have been I, that girl with the red hands? How many things that then seemed to me excellent and unattainable have since become insignificant, and things that then existed are now for ever unattainable! Should I then have believed that I should descend to such humiliation? How proud and satisfied he will be to get my note! But I will show him . . . How nasty that paint smells! Why are they always painting and building? "Dress-making and Millinery,"' she read. A man bowed to her. It was Annushka's husband. 'Our parasite,' she remembered how Vronsky had said the words. 'Our? Why 'our'? It is dreadful that one cannot tear out the past by the roots. We cannot tear it out, but we can hide the memory of it. And I will hide it!' At this point she recollected her past with Karenin and how she had effaced the memory of him. 'Dolly will think I am leaving a second husband and that I am therefore certainly unjustifiable. Do I want to be justified? I can't!' she said to herself, and wished to cry. But she immediately began to wonder what those two young girls could be smiling at. 'Love, probably! They don't know how far from joyous it is, how low . . . The boulevard and children. Three boys running about playing at horses. Scrozha! And I shall lose everything and shan't get him back. Yes,

I shall lose everything if he does not return. He may have missed the train and be back already. Wanting to humiliate yourself again!’ she said to herself. ‘No! I shall go to Dolly’s, and will tell her frankly: “I am unhappy, I deserve it; I am guilty, but all the same I am unhappy. Help me!” . . . These horses, this carriage, how horrid it is of me to be in this carriage—they are all his, but I shall not see them any more.’

‘Is anyone here?’ she asked in the ante-room.

‘Catherine Alexandrovna Levina,’ answered the footman.

‘Kitty! That same Kitty with whom Vronsky was in love,’ thought Anna. ‘She whom he remembered affectionately. He regrets not having married her. And of me he thinks with hate and regrets having joined himself to me!’

When Anna arrived the two sisters were consulting about feeding the baby. Dolly went out alone to meet the visitor who at that moment had come to interrupt their talk.

‘So you have not left yet? I was myself coming to see you,’ said Dolly. ‘I had a letter from Steve to-day.’

‘We also had a telegram from him,’ replied Anna, looking round for Kitty.

‘He writes that he cannot understand what Alexis Alexandrovich really wants, but that he won’t leave without getting an answer.’

‘I thought you had a visitor. May I see the letter?’

‘Yes, Kitty,’ answered Dolly with embarrassment. ‘She is in the nursery. She has been very ill.’

‘I heard about it. May I see the letter?’

‘I will fetch it at once. But he has not refused; on the contrary, Steve is hopeful,’ added Dolly, pausing at the door.

‘I have no hope, and don’t even desire it,’ said Anna.

‘What does it mean? Kitty considers it humiliating to meet me!’ thought Anna when she was left alone. ‘Maybe she is right. But it is not for her, who was in love with Vronsky—it is not for her to let me feel it, even if it is true! I know that no respectable woman can receive me in my position. I knew that from the

first moment I sacrificed everything for him. And this is the reward! Oh, how I hate him! And why have I come here? It is still worse for me; it is harder than ever!' She heard the voices of the sisters conferring together in the next room. 'And what am I going to tell Dolly now? Console Kitty by letting her see that I am unhappy and letting her patronize me? No, and even Dolly would not understand. It is no use speaking to her. But it would be interesting to see Kitty and show her how I despise everybody and everything: how indifferent everything is to me.'

Dolly came back with the letter. Anna read and silently returned it.

'I knew it all,' she said. 'and it does not interest me in the least.'

'But why? I, on the contrary, am hopeful,' said Dolly, looking at Anna with curiosity. She had never seen her in such a strange and irritable mood. 'When are you leaving?' she asked.

Anna, screwing up her eyes, gazed straight before her without answering.

'Is Kitty hiding from me then?' she asked, looking toward the door and blushing.

'Oh, what nonsense! She is nursing her baby and has difficulty with it, and I was advising her. . . . She is very pleased. She will come directly,' Dolly said awkwardly, not knowing how to tell an untruth. 'Oh, here she is!'

When she heard that Anna had come Kitty did not wish to appear; but Dolly persuaded her. Having mustered up her courage, Kitty came in and, blushing, went up to Anna and held out her hand.

'I am very pleased—' she began in a trembling voice.

Kitty was confused by the struggle within her between hostility toward this bad woman and a desire to be tolerant to her; but as soon as she saw Anna's lovely and attractive face, all the hostility vanished at once.

'I should not have been surprised if you had not wanted to see me. I have got used to everything. You have been ill? Yes, you are changed!' said Anna.

Kitty felt that Anna looked at her with animosity. She attributed that animosity to the awkward position

Anna, who had formerly patronized her, now felt herself to be in, and she was sorry for her.

They talked about Kitty's illness, about the baby, and about Steve; but evidently nothing interested Anna.

'I came to say good-bye to you,' she said, rising.

'When are you leaving?'

But Anna again, without replying, turned to Kitty.

'Yes, I am very glad to have seen you,' she said with a smile. 'I have heard so much about you from everybody, and even from your husband. He called on me and I liked him very much,' she added, with obvious ill intent. 'Where is he?'

'He has gone to the country,' answered Kitty, blushing.

'Remember me to him; be sure you do!'

'I will be sure to,' repeated Kitty naively, looking compassionately into her eyes.

'Well then, good-bye, Dolly!' And kissing Dolly and pressing Kitty's hand, Anna hurried away.

'She is still the same and as attractive as ever. Charming!' said Kitty when she was once more alone with her sister. 'But there is something pathetic about her, terribly pathetic!'

'Yes, but to-day there is something peculiar about her,' said Dolly. 'When I was seeing her out, there in the ante-room, I thought she was going to cry.'

CHAPTER XXIX

ANNA reseated herself in the *calèche* in a state of mind even worse than when she left home. To her former torments was now added a feeling of being affronted and repudiated, of which she had been clearly sensible during the meeting with Kitty.

'Where to, ma'am? Home?' asked Peter.

'Yes, home,' she said, now not even thinking of where she was going.

'How they looked at me, as at something dreadful, incomprehensible, and strange! . . . What can he be telling that other man so warmly?' she thought,

glancing at two pedestrians. 'How is it possible to tell another what one feels? I meant to tell Dolly, but it's a good thing I didn't. How glad she would have been at my misfortune! She would have concealed it; but her chief feeling would have been joy that I am punished for the pleasures she has envied me. Kitty would have been still more pleased. How well I can read her! She knows I was more than usually amiable to her husband. She is jealous of me and hates me, and she also despises me. In her eyes I am an immoral woman. If I were immoral I could make her husband fall in love with me . . . if I wanted to. And I did want to. There is some one satisfied with himself!' she thought, seeing a fat ruddy man who was driving past in the opposite direction, and who, taking her for an acquaintance, lifted his shiny hat above his bald and shiny head, but then discovered that he was mistaken. 'He thought he knew me. But he knows me as little as does anyone else in the world. I don't even know myself! "I know my appetites," as the French say. Those boys want some of that dirty ice-cream; they know that for a certainty,' she thought, as she saw two boys stopping an ice-cream vendor, who lifted down a tub from his head and wiped his perspiring face with the end of the cloth. 'We all want something sweet and tasty; if we can get no bon-bons, then dirty ice-creams! And Kitty is just the same: if not Vronsky, then Levin. And she envies and hates me. And we all hate one another: Kitty me, and I Kitty! Now that is true. "*Tyutkin, Coiffeur.*" . . . *Je me fais coiffer par Tyutkin.*¹ . . . I shall tell him that when he comes back,' she thought and smiled. But just then she recollected that now she had no one to tell anything funny to. 'Besides, there is nothing amusing or merry. Everything is nasty. They are ringing for vespers, and how carefully that tradesman is crossing himself, as if he were afraid of dropping something! What are those churches, that ringing, and these lies for? Only to conceal the fact that we all hate each other, like those cabmen who are so angrily swearing at one another. Yashvin says: "He wants to leave me without a shirt, and I him." Now that's true!'

¹ Hairdresser. I have my hair dressed by Tyutkin. (An absurd name.)

With these thoughts, which occupied her so that she even forgot to think of her troubles, she arrived at the porch of their house. Only when she saw the hall-porter coming out to meet her did she remember that she had sent the note and the telegram.

‘Is there an answer?’ she asked.

‘I will look,’ he replied, and glancing at his desk he took up and handed her the thin square envelope of a telegram. ‘I cannot return before ten—Vronsky,’ she read.

‘And the man has not yet returned?’

‘No, ma’am,’ answered the hall-porter.

‘Well, in that case I know what I must do,’ said she to herself, and conscious of a vague sense of wrath and a desire for vengeance rising within her, she ran upstairs. ‘I shall go to him myself. Before quitting him for ever, I will tell him everything. I never hated anyone as I hate that man!’ thought she. Seeing his hat on the hat-rail, she shuddered with aversion. She did not realize that his telegram was in answer to hers and that he had not yet received her note. She imagined him now calmly conversing with his mother and the Princess Sorokina, and rejoicing at her sufferings. ‘Yes, I must go at once,’ she thought, not yet sure where to go. She wished to get away as soon as possible from the feelings she experienced in that terrible house. The servants, the walls, the things in the house, all repelled and angered her, and oppressed her like a weight.

‘Yes, I must go to the railway station, and if I don’t find him, I must go *there* and expose him.’ She looked at the time-table published in the daily paper. The train left at 8.2 p.m. ‘I shall have time.’ She gave the order to harness another pair of horses, and busied herself packing her handbag with things necessary for a few days. She knew she would not return. She vaguely resolved on one of the plans that passed through her mind. After what would occur at the railway station or at the Countess’s estate she would go on by the Nizhni railway to the first town and remain there.

Dinner was served. She went to the table, smelt the bread and cheese and as the smell of everything eatable revolted her, she sent for the carriage and went out. The house already threw a shadow right across the street;

the evening was bright, and the sun still warm. Annushka, who came out with Anna's things, and Peter, who put them into the carriage, and the coachman, who was evidently dissatisfied, were all objectionable to her and irritated her by their words and movements.

'I shan't need you, Peter.'

'But how about your ticket?'

'Well, as you like, I don't care,' she replied with annoyance.

Peter jumped up on the box, and with his arm akimbo told the coachman to drive to the station.

CHAPTER XXX

'THERE, again it is that girl! Again I understand it all,' Anna said to herself as soon as the carriage started and, rocking slightly, rattled over the stones; and again different impressions succeeded one another in her brain.

'What was the last thing I thought of that was so good?' She tried to remember it. "'Tyutkin, Coiffeur"?' No, not that. Oh yes! What Yashvin said: the struggle for existence and hatred are the only things that unite people. No, you are going in vain,' she mentally addressed a company of people in a *calèche* with four horses, who were evidently going out of town on a spree. 'And the dog you have with you won't help you! You can't escape from yourselves.' Glancing in the direction in which Peter was looking, she saw a workman, nearly dead-drunk, with his head swaying about, who was being led off somewhere by a policeman. 'That one is more likely to,' she thought. 'Count Vronsky and I have also been unable to find that pleasure from which we expected so much.' And now for the first time Anna turned the bright light in which she saw everything upon her relations with him, about which she had always avoided thinking. 'What did he look for in me? Not so much love as the satisfaction of his vanity.' She remembered his words, the expression of his face, suggestive of a faithful setter's, in the early days of their union. Everything now con-

firmed her view. 'Yes, there was in him the triumph of successful vanity. Of course there was love too; but the greater part was pride in his success. He boasted of me. Now that is past. There is nothing to be proud of. Not to be proud but to be ashamed! He has taken from me all he could, and now he does not need me. He is weary of me and is trying not to act dishonourably toward me. Yesterday he betrayed himself—he wants the divorce and a marriage in order to burn his boats. He loves me, but how? *The zest is gone!*' she said to herself in English. 'That man wants to astonish everybody and is very well satisfied with himself,' she thought, glancing at a rosy-faced shop-assistant who was riding a hired horse. 'No, I have no longer the right flavour for him. If I go away he will, at the bottom of his heart, be pleased.'

That was not a surmise. She saw it clearly in the piercing light which now revealed to her the meaning of life and of human relations.

'My love grows more and more passionate and egotistic, and his dwindles and dwindles, and that is why we are separating,' she went on thinking. 'And there is no remedy. For me everything centres in him, and I demand that he should give himself up to me more and more completely. But he wants more and more to get away from me. Before we were united we really drew together, but now we are irresistibly drifting apart; and it cannot be altered. He tells me I am unreasonably jealous, and I have told myself that I am unreasonably jealous; but it is not true. I am not jealous, but dissatisfied. But . . .' She opened her mouth and changed her place in the carriage from agitation produced by a sudden thought. 'If I could be anything but his mistress, passionately loving nothing but his caresses—but I cannot and do not want to be anything else. And this desire awakens disgust in him, and that arouses anger in me, and it cannot be otherwise. Don't I know that he would not deceive me, that he has no designs on that Sorokina, that he is not in love with Kitty, and will not be unfaithful to me? I know all that, but that does not make it easier for me. If, without loving me, he is kind and tender to me from a sense of duty, but what I desire is lacking—that would

be a thousand times worse than anger! It would be hell! And that is just how it is. He has long ceased to love me. And where love ceases, there hate begins. . . . I don't know these streets at all. Here is a hill, and houses and houses. . . . And in the houses are people, and more people. . . . There is no end to them, and they all hate one another. Well, supposing I picture to myself what I want in order to be happy? Well, I get divorced, and Alexis Alexandrovich gives me Serezha, and I marry Vronsky!' Remembering Karenin, she pictured him to herself with extraordinary vividness, as if he stood before her, with his mild, dull, lifeless eyes, the blue veins of his white hands, his intonations, his cracking fingers, and remembering the feeling that had once existed between them and which had also been called love, she shuddered with revulsion. 'Well, I get divorced and become Vronsky's wife! What then? Will Kitty cease looking at me as she did this afternoon? No. Will Serezha stop asking and wondering about my two husbands? And between Vronsky and myself what new feeling can I invent? Is any kind—not of happiness even, but of absence of torture—possible? No! No!' she now answered herself without the least hesitation. 'It is impossible! Life is sundering us, and I am the cause of his unhappiness and he of mine, and neither he nor I can be made different. Every effort has been made, but the screws have given way. . . . A beggar woman with a baby. She thinks I pity her. Are we not all flung into the world only to hate each other, and therefore to torment ourselves and others? There go schoolboys—they are laughing. Serezha?' she remembered. 'I thought I loved him, too, and was touched at my own tenderness for him. Yet I lived without him and exchanged his love for another's, and did not complain of the change as long as the other love satisfied me.' And she thought with disgust of what she called 'the other love.' The clearness with which she now saw her own and every one else's life pleased her. 'It's the same with me, and Peter and Theodore the coachman, and with that tradesman, and with all the people that live away there by the Volga where those advertisements invite one to go, and everywhere and always,' she thought as she drove

up to the low building of the Nizhny station, where the porters ran out to meet her.

‘Shall I take a ticket to Obiralovka?’ asked Peter.

She had quite forgotten where and why she was going, and only understood the question by a great effort.

‘Yes,’ she said, giving him her purse; and hanging her little red handbag on her arm, she descended from the carriage.

As she moved among the crowd toward the first-class waiting-room she gradually recalled all the details of her position and the resolutions between which she vacillated. And again hope and despair, alternately chafing the old sores, lacerated the wounds of her tortured and violently fluttering heart. Sitting on the star-shaped couch, waiting for her train, she looked with repulsion at those who passed in and out. They were all objectionable to her. She thought now of how she would reach the station and would write him a note, and of what she would write, and of how he was now (without understanding her sufferings) complaining of his position to his mother, and of how she would enter the room and what she would say to him. And then she thought how happy life might still be, and how tormentingly she loved and hated him and how dreadfully her heart was beating.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE bell rang. Some young men, ugly and bold-faced, passed by hurriedly and yet attentive to the impression they created. Peter, in his livery and gaiters, with his dull animal face, also crossed the room, and came to her to see her into the train. Two noisy men became quiet as she passed them on the platform, and one of them whispered to the other something about her: something nasty, of course. She mounted the high step of the railway carriage and seated herself in an empty compartment on the dirty—though once white—cover of the spring seat. Peter with a stupid smile raised his gold-braided hat to take leave of her; an insolent guard

slammed the door to and drew the latch. A misshapen lady with a bustle (Anna mentally stripped that woman and was horrified at her deformity) and a girl, laughing affectedly, ran past outside.

'Catherine Andreevna has everything, *ma tante!*' cried the little girl.

'Quite a child, and yet already affected and pulling faces,' thought Anna. In order not to see anyone, she rose quickly and sat down by the opposite window of the empty compartment. A grimy, misshaped peasant in a cap from under which his touzled hair stuck out, passed that window, stooping over the carriage wheels. 'There is something familiar about that misshaped peasant,' she thought. And remembering her dream she went to the opposite door, trembling with fright. The guard opened it to let in a husband and wife.

'Do you wish to get out?'

Anna did not answer. Neither the guard nor those entering noticed the horror on her face beneath the veil. She went back to her corner and sat down. The couple sat down opposite her, attentively but stealthily examining her dress. Both the husband and the wife seemed to Anna disgusting. The husband asked if she would allow him to smoke, evidently not because he wanted to, but to enter into conversation with her. Having received her permission, he began speaking to his wife in French, about things he wanted to speak about still less than he wanted to smoke. They talked nonsense insincerely, only in order that she should hear them. Anna saw distinctly how weary they were of one another and how they hated each other. And it was impossible not to hate such ugly wretches.

She heard the second bell ring, and then a moving of luggage, noise, shouting and laughter. It was so clear to Anna that no one had any cause for joy that this laughter jarred on her painfully, and she wished to stop her ears, not to hear it. At last the third bell rang, the engine whistled and creaked, the coupling chains gave a jerk, and the husband crossed himself. 'It would be interesting to ask him what he means by it,' thought Anna, regarding him spitefully. She looked out of the window, past the lady, at the people on the

platform who had been seeing the train off, and who appeared to be gliding backward. With rhythmic jerks over the joints of the rails, the carriage in which Anna sat rattled past the platform and a brick wall, past the signals and some other carriages; the sound of wheels slightly ringing against the rails became more rhythmical and smooth; the bright evening sunshine shone through the window, and a breeze moved the blind. Anna forgot her fellow-travellers; softly rocked by the motion of the carriage and inhaling the fresh air, she again began to think:

‘Where did I leave off? At the point that I cannot imagine a situation in which life would not be a torment; that we all have been created in order to suffer, and that we all know this and all try to invent means of deceiving ourselves. But when you see the truth, what are you to do?’

‘Reason has been given to man to enable him to escape from his troubles,’ said the lady, in French, evidently pleased with her phrase and mincing with her tongue.

These words seemed to answer Anna’s thought.

‘To escape from his troubles,’ Anna mentally repeated. And glancing at the red-checked husband and his thin wife, she saw that the sickly wife considered herself misunderstood, and that the husband deceived her and encouraged her in her opinion of herself. Directing her searchlight upon them, Anna thought she saw their story and all the hidden recesses of their souls. But there was nothing of interest there, and she continued her reflections.

‘Yes, it troubles me very much, and reason was given us to enable us to escape; therefore I must escape! Why not put out the candle, if there is nothing more to look at? If everything is repulsive to look at? But how? Why did that guard run past holding the hand-rail? Why are those young men in the next carriage shouting? Why are they talking and laughing? It’s all untrue, all lies, all deception, all evil! . . .’

When the train stopped at the station, Anna got out with the crowd of passengers, and shunning them as if they were lepers, stopped on the platform trying to remember why she had come there and what she

had intended to do. Everything that had appeared possible before was now so difficult to grasp, especially in this noisy crowd of odious people who would not leave her in peace. Porters rushed up, offering their services. Young men passed along the platform, clattering their heels on the planks, talking loudly and gazing at her; and people she met tried to get out of her way on the wrong side. Recollecting that she meant to go on if there was no reply, she stopped a porter and asked him whether there was not a coachman bringing a note from Count Vronsky there.

‘Count Vronsky? Some one from there was here just now, to meet the Princess Sorokina and her daughter. What is the coachman like?’

While she was talking to the porter, Michael the coachman, rosy and cheerful, came up in his smart blue coat with a watch-chain, evidently proud of having carried out his errand so well, and handed her a note. She opened it, and her heart sank even before she read it.

‘Very sorry the note did not catch me. I shall be back at ten,’ Vronsky wrote in a careless hand.

‘Yes, I expected it!’ she said to herself with a malicious smile.

‘All right, you may go home,’ she said softly to Michael. She spoke softly, because the rapid beating of her heart impeded her breathing. ‘No, I will not let you torture me,’ she thought, addressing her threat not to him nor to herself but to that which forced her to suffer, and she walked along the platform, past the station buildings.

Two maid-servants, strolling about on the platform, turned their heads to look at her, and made some audible remarks about her dress. ‘It’s real,’ they said of the lace she was wearing. The young men did not leave her in peace. Gazing into her face and laughing and shouting unnaturally they again passed by. The station-master asked her in passing whether she was going on. A boy selling kvas fixed his eyes on her. ‘O God! where am I to go?’ she thought, walking further and further along the platform. She stopped at the end of it. Some ladies and children, who had come to meet a spectacled gentleman and were laughing and talking noisily, became silent and gazed at her as she passed

them. She walked faster away from them to the very end of the platform. A goods train was approaching. The platform shook, and it seemed to her as if she were again in the train.

Suddenly remembering the man who had been run over the day she first met Vronsky, she realized what she had to do. Quickly and lightly descending the steps that led from the water-tank to the rails, she stopped close to the passing train. She looked at the bottom of the trucks, at the bolts and chains and large iron wheels of the slowly-moving front truck, and tried to estimate the middle point between the front and back wheels, and the moment when that point would be opposite her.

'There!' she said to herself, looking at the shadow of the truck on the mingled sand and coal dust which covered the sleepers. 'There, into the very middle, and I shall punish him and escape from everybody and from myself!'

She wanted to fall half-way between the wheels of the front truck, which was drawing level with her, but the little red handbag which she began to take off her arm delayed her, and then it was too late. The middle had passed her. She was obliged to wait for the next truck. A feeling seized her like that she had experienced when preparing to enter the water in bathing, and she crossed herself. The familiar gesture of making the sign of the cross called up a whole series of girlish and childish memories, and suddenly the darkness, that obscured everything for her, broke, and life showed itself to her for an instant with all its bright past joys. But she did not take her eyes off the wheels of the approaching second truck, and at the very moment when the midway point between the wheels drew level, she threw away her red bag, and drawing her head down between her shoulders threw herself forward on her hands under the truck, and with a light movement as if preparing to rise again, immediately dropped on her knees. And at the same moment she was horror-struck at what she was doing. 'Where am I? What am I doing? Why?' She wished to rise, to throw herself back, but something huge and relentless struck her on the head and dragged her down. 'God forgive me everything!' she said,

feeling the impossibility of struggling. . . . A little peasant muttering something was working at the rails. The candle, by the light of which she had been reading that book filled with anxieties, deceptions, grief, and evil, flared up with a brighter light, lit up for her all that had before been dark, crackled, began to flicker, and went out for ever.

PART VIII

CHAPTER I

NEARLY two months had gone by. It was already the middle of the hot summer, but Sergius Ivanich Koznyshev was only now preparing to leave Moscow.

In Koznyshev's life during that time events of importance for him had taken place. His book, the result of six years' labour, entitled, *An Attempt to Review the Foundations and Forms of Government of Europe and Russia*, had been finished a year ago. Some parts of it and the introduction had appeared in periodicals, and other parts had been read by Koznyshev to people of his set, so that the ideas of the work could not be very novel to the public; but all the same Koznyshev expected that the publication of the book would create a serious impression on Society, and if not a revolution in science, at any rate a strong agitation in the scientific world.

The book had been issued last year after careful revision, and had been sent out to the booksellers.

Not asking anyone about it, reluctantly and with feigned indifference replying to his friends' inquiries as to how it was going, and not even asking the booksellers how it was selling, Koznyshev watched keenly and with strained attention for the first impression his book would produce in Society and in literature.

But a week passed, and another, and a third, and no impression was noticeable in Society. His friends, the specialists and the scholars, sometimes—from politeness—mentioned it; his other acquaintances, not interested in learned works, did not mention it to him at all. In Society, now particularly occupied with something else, absolute indifference reigned. In the periodicals also, for a whole month, there had not been any mention of the book.

Koznyshev had calculated exactly the time necessary for a review to be written; but a month passed, and another, and the silence continued.

Only in the *Northern Beetle*, in a facetious feuilleton about the singer Drabanti who had lost his voice, were a few contemptuous remarks interpolated about Koznyshev's book, indicating that it had long ago been condemned by everybody and consigned to general ridicule.

At last, in the third month, a criticism appeared in a serious magazine. Koznyshev knew the author of the article. He had met him once at Golubkov's.

The author was a very young and sickly journalist; very bold as a writer, but extremely uneducated, and shy in personal intercourse.

Despite his entire contempt for this man, Koznyshev began reading the review most respectfully. The article was horrible.

The critic had evidently understood the book in an impossible way. But he had so adroitly selected his quotations that to those who had not read the book (and evidently hardly anyone had read it) it would appear quite clear that the whole book was nothing but a collection of high-sounding words, not even used appropriately (as was indicated by notes of interrogation), and that its author was a totally ignorant man. All this was put with so much wit that Koznyshev himself would not have been averse to wielding it; and that was what was dreadful.

Notwithstanding the thorough conscientiousness with which Koznyshev verified the correctness of the critic's arguments, he did not dwell for a moment on the deficiencies and mistakes which were ridiculed, but at once involuntarily began to recall his meeting and conversation with the author of the review, down to the minutest details.

'Did not I offend him in some way?' he asked himself.

And remembering how when he met him he had corrected the young man's use of a word that betrayed ignorance, Koznyshev found an explanation of the article.

That review was followed by dead silence both in print

and in conversation concerning the book, and Koznyshev saw that his six years' work, carried out with so much devotion and labour, was entirely thrown away.

His position was the more painful because, having finished his book, he no longer had any literary work such as had previously occupied the greater part of his time.

He was intelligent, well-educated, healthy and active, but did not know how to employ his energy. Discussions in drawing-rooms, at meetings, at assemblies, in committees, and everywhere where one could speak, took up part of his time; but, as an habitual town-dweller, he did not allow himself to be entirely absorbed by discussions, as his inexperienced brother did when he was in Moscow; so he had much superfluous leisure and mental energy.

Fortunately for him, at this most trying time, after the failure of his book, in place of the questions of Dissent, our American friends, the Samara Famine, the Exhibitions, and Spiritualism, the Slavonic question—which had previously only smouldered in Society—came to the front, and Koznyshev, who had previously been one of the promoters of that cause, devoted himself to it entirely.

Among the people to whom he belonged, nothing was written or talked about at that time except the Serbian war. Everything that the idle crowd usually does to kill time, it now did for the benefit of the Slavs: balls, concerts, dinners, speeches, ladies' dresses, beer, restaurants—all bore witness to our sympathy with the Slavs.

With much that was spoken and written on the subject Koznyshev did not agree in detail. He saw that the Slav question had become one of those fashionable diversions which, ever succeeding one another, serve to occupy Society; he saw that too many people took up the question from interested motives. He admitted that the papers published much that was unnecessary and exaggerated with the sole aim of drawing attention to themselves, each outcriyng the other. He saw that amid this general clation in Society those who were unsuccessful or discontented leapt to the front and shouted louder than anyone else: Commanders-in-Chief

without armies, Ministers without portfolios, journalists without papers, and party leaders without followers. He saw there was much that was frivolous and ridiculous ; but he also saw and admitted the unquestionable and ever-growing enthusiasm which was uniting all classes of society, and with which one could not help sympathizing. The massacre of our co-religionists and brother Slavs evoked sympathy for the sufferers and indignation against their oppressors. And the heroism of the Serbs and Montenegrins, fighting for a great cause, aroused in the whole nation a desire to help their brothers not only with words but by deeds.

Also there was an accompanying fact that pleased Koznyshev. It was the manifestation of public opinion. The nation had definitely expressed its wishes. As Koznyshev put it, 'the soul of the nation had become articulate.' The more he went into this question, the clearer it seemed to him that it was a matter which would attain enormous proportions and become epoch-making.

He devoted himself completely to the service of that great movement and forgot to think about his book.

His whole time was now so taken up that he was unable to answer all the letters and demands addressed to him.

After working all through the spring and part of the summer, it was not till July that he prepared to go to his brother's in the country.

He went, both to enjoy a fortnight's rest, and—in that holy of holies of the people, the very heart of the country—to enjoy the sight of that uplift of the national spirit, of which he and all the town-dwellers were fully convinced. Katavasov, who had promised Levin to visit him, and had long been meaning to keep that promise, accompanied Koznyshev.

CHAPTER II

HARDLY had Koznyshev and Katavasov reached the station, got out of their carriage, and looked for the footman who had followed with their luggage, before

some Volunteers¹ drove up with four *isvoshchiks*. The Volunteers were met by ladies who brought them nose-gays and who, with the crowd that rushed after them, accompanied them into the station.

One of the ladies who had met the Volunteers spoke to Koznyshev at the exit from the waiting-room.

'You too have come to see them off?' she asked in French.

'No, Princess, I am going to my brother's for a rest. And do you always come to see them off?' he asked with a slight smile.

'How can one help it?' replied the Princess. 'Is it true that eight hundred have already gone from here? Malvinsky would not believe me.'

'More than eight hundred: counting those who did not go from Moscow direct, more than a thousand,' said Koznyshev.

'There now! I said so!' the lady said joyfully. 'And isn't it true that about a million roubles have been collected?'

'More than that, Princess.'

'And what a telegram there is to-day! They have beaten the Turks again!'

'Yes, I read it,' he answered. They were talking of the latest telegram, confirming the report that for three consecutive days the Turks had been beaten at all points and were in flight, and that a decisive battle was expected next day.

'Oh, I say! There is a splendid young man who wants to go. I don't know why they are making difficulties. I wished to speak to you about him. I know him, please write a note for him! He was sent by the Countess Lydia Ivanovna.'

Having obtained such details as the Princess could give about the young petitioner, Koznyshev went into the first-class waiting-room, wrote a note to the person on whom the decision depended, and gave it to the Princess.

'Do you know that the well-known Count Vronsky is

¹ The period referred to is July 1876, when, after the Bulgarian atrocities, Serbia and Montenegro and Herzegovina were rising against Turkey. Many Russian Volunteers joined the insurgents, and eventually, in April 1877, Russia declared war to obtain autonomy or independence for the Christian provinces of Turkey.

going by this train?' remarked the Princess with a triumphant and significant smile, when Koznyshev had found her again and given her the note.

'I heard he was going, but did not know when. Going by this train?'

'I have seen him. He is here. Only his mother is seeing him off. After all, it is the best thing he could do.'

'Oh yes, certainly.'

While they were speaking the crowd rushed past them toward the dining-table. They too moved on, and heard the loud voice of a man who, with a glass in his hand, was making a speech to the Volunteers: 'To serve the Faith, humanity, and our brothers!' said the gentleman, raising his voice more and more. 'Mother Moscow blesses you in the great undertaking! *Zhivio!*'¹ he concluded in a loud and tearful voice.

Every one shouted '*Zhivio!*' and a fresh crowd surged into the refreshment-room, nearly knocking the Princess off her feet.

'Ah, Princess! What do you think of that!' said Oblonsky, beaming with a joyous smile, as he suddenly appeared in the midst of the crowd. 'Wasn't it finely and cordially expressed! Bravo! . . . And Sergius Ivanich! Now, you should say something, so that . . . just a few words, you know, of encouragement; you do it so well,' he added with an affectionate, respectful and solicitous smile, gently pushing Koznyshev forward by the arm.

'No, I am just going.'

'Where to?'

'To my brother's in the country,' answered Koznyshev.

'Then you'll see my wife; I have written to her, but you'll see her sooner. Please tell her you have seen me and it's *all right!* She will understand. However, tell her, if you'll be so kind, that I am appointed Member of the Committee of the Joint . . . But she will understand! You know, *les petites misères de la vie humaine,*'² he said to the Princess, as if to excuse himself. 'And the Princess Myagkaya, not Lisa but Bibish, is really sending a thousand rifles and twelve nurses! Did I tell you?'

¹ Hail!

² The little miseries of human life.

'Yes, I have heard,' replied Koznyshev reluctantly.

'What a pity you are going away,' said Oblonsky 'To-morrow we are giving a dinner to two of those who are going to the war: Dmitry Bartnyansky from Petersburg and our Veslovsky—Vasenska. They are both going. Veslovsky married recently. A fine fellow! Isn't he, Princess?' he added, turning to the lady.

The Princess without replying glanced at Koznyshev. But the fact that Koznyshev and the Princess seemed to wish to get rid of him did not abash Oblonsky in the least. He looked smilingly now at the feather on the Princess's bonnet and now about him, as if trying to remember something. Noticing a lady with a collecting-box he beckoned to her and put in a five-rouble note.

'I can't look calmly at those collecting-boxes while I have any money,' he remarked. 'And what a telegram that was to-day! Fine fellows, those Montenegrins!'

'You don't say so!' he exclaimed, when the Princess told him that Vronsky was going by that train. For a moment Oblonsky's face looked sad, but a minute later when, with a slight spring in his step and smoothing his whiskers, he entered the waiting-room where Vronsky was, Oblonsky had quite forgotten how he had sobbed with despair over his sister's corpse, and he saw in Vronsky only a hero and an old friend.

'With all his faults one must do him justice,' the Princess said to Koznyshev as soon as Oblonsky had left them. 'His is a thoroughly Russian, Slavonic nature! Only I'm afraid it will be painful for Vronsky to see him. Say what you will, that man's fate touches me. Have a talk with him on the journey,' said the Princess.

'Yes, I might if opportunity offers.'

'I never liked him. But this atones for much. Not only is he going himself, but he is taking a whole squadron at his own expense.'

'So I heard.'

The bell rang.¹ Everybody thronged toward the door.

'There he is!' said the Princess, pointing to Vronsky

¹ In Russia a first, a second, and a third bell rings before a train starts.

who, in a long overcoat and a black broad-brimmed hat, was passing with his mother on his arm. Oblonsky walked beside him, talking with animation.

Vronsky was frowning and looking straight before him, as if not hearing what Oblonsky was saying.

Probably at Oblonsky's indication, he looked round to where Koznyshev and the Princess were standing and silently raised his hat. His face, which was aged and full of suffering, seemed petrified.

Coming up to the train, Vronsky, letting his mother pass before him, silently disappeared into one of the compartments.

On the platform 'God save the Tsar' was struck up, followed by 'hurrah' and '*zhivio*'! One of the Volunteers, a tall, hollow-cheeked, very young man, was bowing in a specially noticeable way, waving over his head a felt hat and a bouquet. From behind him two officers and an elderly man with a large beard and a greasy cap thrust their heads out, and also bowed.

CHAPTER III

HAVING taken leave of the Princess, Koznyshev with Katavasov, who had joined him, entered the very crowded carriage, and the train started.

At the Tsaritsyno station the train was met by a melodious choir of young people singing *Slavysya*.¹ Again the Volunteers bowed and thrust their heads out, but Koznyshev did not pay attention to them: he had had so much to do with Volunteers that he was already familiar with their general type and it did not interest him. Katavasov, however, whose scientific occupations had offered him no opportunities of studying the Volunteers, was much interested in them and questioned Koznyshev about them.

Koznyshev advised him to go into the second-class carriage and have a talk with some of them. At the next station Katavasov followed this advice.

As soon as the train stopped he changed carriages and made acquaintance with the Volunteers. They

¹ A patriotic song.

were sitting in a corner talking loudly, evidently aware that the attention of their fellow-passengers and of Katavasov, who had just entered, was directed toward them. The tall, hollow-chested young man talked louder than any of them. He was evidently drunk, and was speaking of something that had happened at his school. Opposite him sat an officer, no longer young, wearing a military jacket of the Austrian Guards. He listened smilingly to the young man and tried to stop him. The third Volunteer, wearing an artillery uniform, sat beside them on a trunk. A fourth one was asleep.

Getting into conversation with the young man, Katavasov learnt that he had been a rich Moscow merchant but had run through a large fortune before he was twenty-two. Katavasov did not like him because he was effeminate, spoilt, and delicate; he was evidently sure, especially now that he was tipsy, that he was performing an heroic deed, and he bragged most unpleasantly.

Another, a retired officer, also produced an unpleasant impression on Katavasov. He was, apparently, a man who had tried everything. He had had a post on the railway, been a steward, and had started factories, and he talked about it all quite needlessly, using in appropriate technical terms.

But Katavasov liked the third, an artilleryman, very much. He was a modest, quiet man, who evidently deferred to the knowledge of the retired Guardsman and to the heroic self-sacrifice of the merchant and did not talk at all about himself. When Katavasov asked him what prompted him to go to Serbia, he modestly replied :

‘Well, everybody is going. One must help the Serbs. One’s sorry for them.’

‘Yes, it’s particularly artillerymen they are short of,’ said Katavasov.

‘But I have not served long in the artillery : perhaps they will put me in the infantry or cavalry.’

‘Why into the infantry, when they need artillerymen most of all?’ said Katavasov, concluding from the artilleryman’s age that he must have risen to a considerable rank.

'I did not serve in the artillery long. I am a retired Cadet,' he said, and began to explain why he had not passed the examination for a commission.

All this put together produced on Katavasov a disagreeable impression, and when the Volunteers got out at a station to have a drink he wished to verify this unfavourable impression by a talk with somebody. One of the passengers, an old man in a military overcoat, had been listening all the time to Katavasov's conversation with the Volunteers. When they were left alone together Katavasov addressed him.

'What a variety there is in the positions of all these men who are going there!' Katavasov remarked vaguely, wishing to express his own opinion but at the same time to draw the old man.

The old soldier had been through two campaigns. He knew what a military man ought to be, and by the appearance and talk of those men, and by the swagger with which they applied themselves to their flasks on the way, he considered them bad soldiers. Besides that, he lived in a provincial town and wanted to speak of a discharged soldier of his town who had volunteered, a drunkard and thief whom no one would employ any longer. But, knowing by experience that in the present state of public feeling it was dangerous to express any opinion contrary to the prevailing one, and especially dangerous to censure the Volunteers, he also watched Katavasov.

'Well, men are wanted there,' he said, with laughing eyes. And they began talking about the latest war news, each concealing from the other his perplexity as to whom to-morrow's battle was to be with, since the Turks, according to the latest intelligence, had been beaten at all points. And so they parted without either of them having expressed his opinion.

Katavasov returning to his carriage involuntarily prevaricated; and in telling Koznyshev his observations of the Volunteers, let it appear that they were excellent fellows.

At the station of a big town the Volunteers were again greeted with songs and cheers; again women and men turned up with collecting-boxes, the provincial ladies presented nosegays and accompanied the Volunteers

to the refreshment-bar; but all this was far feebler and weaker than in Moscow.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN the train stopped at the Provincial capital, Koznyshev, instead of going to the refreshment-room walked up and down the platform.

The first time he passed the Vronskys' compartment he noticed that the blind was down. But the next time he passed he saw the old Countess at the window. She beckoned to him.

'You see I am going with him as far as Kursk,' said she.

'Yes, so I heard,' replied Koznyshev, stopping by her window and glancing inside. 'What a fine action this is of his!' he added, noticing that Vronsky was not there.

'Yes, but after his misfortune what could he do?'

'What a dreadful occurrence!' remarked Koznyshev.

'Oh, what I have endured! But come in. . . . Oh, what I have endured!' she repeated when Koznyshev had entered and taken a seat beside her. 'You cannot imagine it! For six weeks he spoke to no one and ate only when I implored him to. One could not leave him a moment alone. We took away everything that he could kill himself with. We lived on the ground floor, but one could not tell what he might do. You know he had once before shot himself on her account?' she said, and the old woman's brows knit at the recollection. 'Yes, she ended as such a woman deserved to end. Even the death she chose was mean and low.'

'It is not for us to judge, Countess,' Koznyshev remarked with a sigh, 'but I understand how distressing it was for you.'

'Oh, don't speak of it! I was living on my estate and he was with me. A note was brought. He wrote an answer and sent it off. We had no idea that she was herself there at the station. In the evening I had

only just gone to my room when my Mary told me that at the station a lady had thrown herself under a train. I felt as if I had received a blow!—I knew it was she! The first thing I said was: “Don’t tell him!” But he had already been told. His coachman had been there and saw it all. When I ran to his room he was beside himself—it was terrible to see him. He did not say a word, but off he galloped to the station. I don’t know what happened there, but they brought him back like a corpse. I should not have known him. “*Prostration compl. t.*” the doctor said. Then came raving madness, almost! . . . Ah, one can’t speak of it!” exclaimed the Countess with a gesture of her arm. ‘A terrible time! No, say what you will, she was a bad woman. Such desperate passions! Only to prove something unusual. Well, she proved it! She ruined herself and two splendid men—her husband and my unfortunate son.’

‘And how about her husband?’ inquired Koznyshev.

‘He took her little girl. Alexis at first agreed to everything. But now he is greatly distressed at having given up his daughter to a stranger. But he can’t go back on his word. Karenin came to the funeral; but we tried to arrange so that he and Alexis should not meet. For him, the husband, it is better. She has set him free. But my poor son had given himself up to her entirely. He had thrown up everything—his career, me; and then she did not even pity him, but deliberately dealt him a deathblow. No, say what you will, her death itself was the death of a horrid woman, without religion. God forgive me! I cannot help hating her memory when I see my son’s ruin!’

‘But how is he now?’

‘It is a God-sent help for us, this Serbian war! I am an old woman and understand nothing about it, but for him it is a godsend. Of course I, as his mother, fear for him; and above all I hear that *ce n’est pas très bien vu à Pétersburg*.¹ But it can’t be helped! It was the only thing that could rouse him. His friend, Yashvin, had lost everything at cards and was going to Serbia. He came to see him and persuaded him to go. Now it interests him. Please have a talk with him. I want

¹ It is not very favourably regarded in Petersburg.

him to have some distraction. He is so sad. Unluckily, too, his teeth have started aching. But he will be very glad to see you. Please have a talk with him. He is walking about on the other side.'

Koznyshev said he would be very pleased, and crossed over to the other platform.

CHAPTER V

IN the slanting shadow of a pile of sacks heaped up on the platform, Vronsky, in a long overcoat, his hat pulled down low and his hands in his pockets, was walking up and down like an animal in a cage, turning sharply every twenty paces. To Koznyshev as he approached it seemed that Vronsky saw but pretended not to see him. But Koznyshev did not care. He was above any personal considerations with Vronsky.

In his eyes Vronsky at that moment seemed an important worker in a great cause, and Koznyshev considered it his duty to encourage and cheer him. He went up to him.

Vronsky paused, looked at Koznyshev, recognized him, and advancing a few steps to meet him, pressed his hand very very hard.

'Perhaps you did not wish to see me,' said Koznyshev, 'but can I not be of some use to you?'

'There is no one whom it would be less unpleasant for me to meet than yourself,' returned Vronsky. 'Excuse me. There is nothing that is pleasant in life for me.'

'I understand, and I wanted to offer you my services,' said Koznyshev, gazing into Vronsky's face, which bore evident signs of suffering. 'Do you not want a letter to Ristich¹ or to Milan²?'

'Oh no!' replied Vronsky, as if it cost him an effort to understand. 'If you don't mind, let us walk up and down. It is so stuffy in the carriage. A letter? No, thank you. No introductions are needed to enable one to die! Unless indeed to the Turks! . . .' he

¹ Ristich, the Serbian Prime Minister.

² Prince Milan, afterwards King of Serbia.

added, smiling with his lips only. His eyes retained their expression of angry suffering.

‘Yes, but it may be easier for you to establish connections (which will be necessary anyway) with some one who has been prepared. However, as you please. I was very glad to hear of your decision. The Volunteers are being very much attacked and a man like yourself will raise them in public opinion.’

‘As a man I have this quality, that I do not value my life at all and that I have physical energy enough to hack my way into a square and slay or fall—that I am sure of. I am glad that there is something for which I can lay down the life which I not only do not want, but of which I am sick! It will be of use to somebody,’ and he moved his jaw impatiently because of the incessant gnawing pain in his tooth, which even prevented him from speaking with the expression he desired.

‘You will recover, I prophesy it,’ said Koznyshev, feeling touched. ‘To free one’s brothers from oppression is an aim worth both dying and living for. God grant you outward success and inward peace,’ he added, holding out his hand.

Vronsky grasped the hand warmly.

‘Yes, as a tool I may be of some use. But as a man I—am a ruin!’ said he, pausing between the words.

The acute pain in the strong tooth, filling his mouth with saliva, hindered his speaking. He remained silent, gazing at the wheels of the approaching tender, which was slowly and smoothly gliding over the rails.

Suddenly a quite different feeling, not of pain but of tormenting inward discomfort, made him for a moment forget his toothache. At the sight of the tender and the rails, and under the influence of conversation with some one he had not met since the catastrophe, he suddenly remembered *her*; that is, remembered what was left of her when, like a madman, he ran into the railway shed where on a table, stretched out shamelessly before the eyes of strangers, lay the mangled body still warm with recent life. The head, left intact, with its heavy plaits and the curls round the temples, was thrown back; and on the lovely face with its half-open red lips was frozen an expression—pitiful on the lips and horrible

in the fixed open eyes—an expression which repeated, as if in words, the terrible phrase about his repenting it—which she had uttered during their quarrel.

He tried to remember her as she was when he had met her the first time—also at a railway station—mysterious, charming, loving, seeking and giving joy, and not cruelly vindictive as he remembered her at the last. He tried to recall his best moments with her, but they were for ever poisoned. He could think of her only as triumphant, having carried out the threat of inflicting on him totally useless but irrevocable remorse. He ceased to feel the pain in his tooth, and sobs distorted his face.

Having twice walked past the sacks and mastered himself, he turned calmly to Koznyshev :

‘You have not seen any telegram later than yesterday’s? Yes, they have been beaten a third time, but a decisive battle is expected to-morrow.’

And having spoken about the proposed proclamation of Milan as King and of the immense results this might have, they returned to their respective carriages after the second bell had already sounded.

CHAPTER VI

As he had not known when he would be able to leave Moscow, Koznyshev had not sent a telegram to his brother asking to be met at the station, and Levin was not at home when, toward noon, Katavasov and Koznyshev, dark as Arabs with the dust in the little *tarantas* they had hired at the station, drew up at the porch of the Pokrovsk house. Kitty, who was sitting on the balcony with her father and sister, recognized her brother-in-law and ran down to meet him.

‘Aren’t you ashamed of yourself for not letting us know?’ she said, holding out her hand to him and offering her forehead for a kiss.

‘We got here first-rate without troubling you,’ replied Koznyshev. ‘I am so dusty that I dare not touch you. I was so busy that I did not know when I could tear myself away. And you, as usual,’ said he, smiling,

'are enjoying tranquil happiness outside the currents in your peaceful shallows. And here is our friend, Theodore Vasilyevich, who has come at last.'

'But I am not a negro! When I have had a wash I shall look like a human being!' Katavasov said in his usual jesting way, holding out his hand and smiling, his teeth looking particularly bright in contrast with his black face.

'Kostya will be so pleased! He has gone to the farm. It is time he was back.'

'Always busy with his husbandry! "In the shallows" hits it exactly,' remarked Katavasov. 'And we in town can see nothing but the Serbian war! Well, and what does my friend think of it? Surely not the same as other people?'

'Oh, nothing in particular—the same as everybody,' Kitty answered, rather embarrassed and glancing round at Koznyshev. 'Well, I'll send for him. Papa is staying with us. He has not long returned from abroad.'

And having arranged that Levin should be sent for and that the dusty visitors should be shown where to wash—one of them in Levin's study and the other in Dolly's former room—and about lunch for them, Kitty, exercising the right of moving quickly of which she had been deprived during pregnancy, ran up the balcony stairs.

'It's Sergius Ivanich and Katavasov, the Professor,' said she.

'Oh, how trying in this heat!' said the Prince.

'No, Papa, he is very nice, and Kostya is very fond of him,' Kitty replied with a smile as of entreaty, having noticed a sarcastic expression on her father's face.

'I don't mind.'

'You go and entertain them, dear,' Kitty said to her sister. 'They met Steve at the station, he is quite well. And I will run to Mitya. As ill-luck will have it I have not fed him since breakfast. He will be awake now and is certainly screaming.' And feeling the flow of milk, she went with rapid steps to the nursery.

It was not a mere guess—the bond between herself and the baby had not yet been severed—and she knew

surely by the flow of milk within herself that he was wanting food.

She knew he was screaming before she reached the nursery. And so he was. She heard his voice and increased her speed. But the faster she went the louder he screamed. It was a fine healthy voice, only hungry and impatient.

'Has he been screaming long, Nurse? Long?' she asked hurriedly, sitting down and preparing to nurse the baby. 'Be quick and give him to me! Oh, Nurse! How tiresome you are; come, you can tie up his cap afterwards!'

The baby was convulsed with hungry yells.

'But one must, you know, ma'am,' said Agatha Mikhaylovna, who was almost always in the nursery. 'He must be properly tidied up! Goo! Goo!' she cooed to him, paying no attention to the mother.

The nurse brought the baby to his mother, and Agatha Mikhaylovna followed behind, her face softened with tenderness.

'He knows me, he does! It's God's truth, Catherine Alexandrovna, dear, he knows me!' cried Agatha Mikhaylovna, raising her voice above the baby's.

But Kitty did not listen. Her impatience was increasing with the baby's.

As a result of their impatience matters were long in getting settled. The baby got hold in the wrong place and was angry.

At last, after desperate screaming and choking, matters went smoothly, and both mother and child felt calmed and were silent.

'But he too, poor mite, is all in a perspiration,' whispered Kitty, feeling him with her hand. 'Why do you think he knows you?' she added, moving her eyes so as to see the baby's. They looked roguishly at her, she thought, from beneath his cap, which had slipped forward, and she watched the rhythmical rise and fall of his cheeks and the little hand with the rosy palm making circular movements.

'It's impossible! If he knew anyone it would be me,' Kitty replied to Agatha Mikhaylovna's statement, and smiled.

She smiled because, though she said it was impossible

for him to know, she was sure in her heart that he not only knew Agatha Mikhaylovna, but that he knew and understood everything, even many things that no one else knew, and which she, his mother, had learnt to know and understand through him. For Agatha Mikhaylovna, for the nurse, for his grandfather and even for his father, Mitya was a living being requiring only material care; but for his mother he had already long been a moral being, with whom she had already had a long series of spiritual relations.

‘Well, wait till he wakes up and you will see for yourself. When I do like that, he quite brightens up, the dear! He brightens up like a sunny morning,’ said Agatha Mikhaylovna.

‘Well, all right, all right! We shall see,’ Kitty whispered. ‘But now go away, he is falling asleep.’

CHAPTER VII

AGATHA MIKHAYLOVNA went out on tiptoe; the nurse pulled down the blind, drove away the flies from under the muslin curtain of the cot and also a bumble-bee that was buzzing against the window-pane, and sat down, waving a birch branch above the mother and child.

‘Oh, the heat! the heat! . . . If God would only send a little rain!’ she said.

‘Yes, yes! Hush! . . .’ was all Kitty answered as she sat softly rocking herself and tenderly pressing the little plump arm, which looked as if a thread had been tied round the wrist, and was still feebly waving while Mitya kept shutting and opening his eyes. This hand disturbed Kitty; she wanted to kiss it, but was afraid to do so lest she should wake her baby. At last the arm ceased waving and the eyes closed. Only now and then the baby, continuing his business, lifted his long curved lashes and looked at his mother with moist eyes that seemed black in the dim light. The nurse stopped waving the branch and began to doze. From upstairs was heard the roll of the Prince’s voice and of Katavasov’s laughter.

'I expect they've got into conversation in my absence,' thought Kitty, 'but all the same it's provoking that Kostya is away. I expect he has gone to the apiary again. Though I am sorry that he goes there so often, yet I am also glad of it. It is a distraction for him. He is more cheerful now than he was in spring. Then he was so gloomy, and suffered so much, that I was becoming alarmed about him. And how funny he is!' she whispered with a smile.

She knew what was tormenting her husband. It was his want of faith. Although had she been asked whether she thought that if he did not believe in the future life he would perish, she would have had to acknowledge that he would, yet his lack of faith did not make her unhappy; and she, who accepted the doctrine that salvation was impossible for an unbeliever, while loving her husband's soul more than anything in the world, smiled when she thought of his disbelief and called him funny.

'Why has he been reading those philosophies for a whole year?' she thought. 'If it's all written in those books, he can understand it. If what they say is untrue, why read them? He says himself that he would like to believe. Then why does he not believe? It must be because he thinks too much. And he thinks too much because of his solitude. He is always alone, alone. He can't talk to us about everything. I think he will be glad of these visitors, especially of Katavasov. He likes arguing with them,' she reflected, and then turned her mind to the problem of where she had better arrange for Katavasov to sleep—in a separate room or with Koznyshev? And here a thought suddenly struck her which made her start with excitement and even disturb Mitya, who gave her a severe look in consequence. 'I don't think the laundress has brought the things back and the spare sheets are all in use. If I don't see to it, Agatha Mikhaylovna will give Sergius Ivanich used bed-linen!' and the very thought of this sent the blood into Kitty's face.

'Yes, I must see about it,' she decided, and returning to her former train of thought she remembered that there was something important, something spiritual, that she had not yet thought out and tried to recollect

what it was. 'Oh yes! Kostya is an unbeliever,' she thought again with a smile.

'Well, he is an unbeliever! Better let him be that, than be like Madame Stahl, or like what I wanted to be when I was abroad. No, he will never pretend.'

Then a recent proof of his kindness came vividly to her mind. Two weeks before, Dolly had received a penitent letter from her husband. He implored her to save his honour and to sell her estate to pay his debts. Dolly was in despair; she hated her husband, despised him, pitied him, made up her mind to divorce him and to refuse; but ended by consenting to sell part of her estate. With an involuntary smile of emotion, Kitty remembered her own husband's shamefacedness after that, and his repeated awkward attempts to approach the subject he had on his mind, and how at length, having discovered the only way of helping Dolly without offending her, he suggested to Kitty that she should give her sister her own part of the estate, a device that had not occurred to her.

'How can he be an unbeliever with such a heart? And his dread of hurting anybody's feelings, even a child's! Everything for others, nothing for himself! Sergius Ivanich quite regards it as Kostya's duty to act as his steward, and so does his sister. And now Dolly and her children are his wards! And then there are all those peasants who come to him every day as if it were his business to help them.

'Yes, only be like your father, only be like him!' she whispered, giving Mitya to the nurse, and touching his cheek with her lips.

CHAPTER VIII

SINCE the moment when, at the sight of his beloved and dying brother, Levin for the first time looked at the questions of life and death in the light of the new convictions, as he called them, which between the ages of twenty and thirty-four had imperceptibly replaced the beliefs of his childhood and youth, he had been less horrified by death than by life without the least know-

ledge of whence it came, what it is for, why, and what it is. Organisms, their destruction, the indestructibility of matter, the law of the conservation of energy, development—the terms that had superseded these beliefs—were very useful for mental purposes; but they gave no guidance for life, and Levin suddenly felt like a person who has exchanged a thick fur coat for a muslin garment and who, being out in the frost for the first time, becomes clearly convinced, not by arguments, but with the whole of his being, that he is as good as naked and that he must inevitably perish miserably.

From that moment, without thinking about it and though he continued living as he had done heretofore, Levin never ceased to feel afraid of his ignorance.

Moreover, he was vaguely conscious that what he had called his convictions were really ignorance and, more than that, were a state of mind which rendered knowledge of what he needed impossible.

At the commencement of his married life the new joys and new duties he experienced completely stifled these thoughts; but lately, since his wife's confinement, while living in Moscow without any occupation, the problem demanding solution had presented itself more and more insistently to him.

For him the problem was this: 'If I don't accept the replies offered by Christianity to the questions my life presents, what solutions do I accept?' And he not only failed to find in the whole arsenal of his convictions any kind of answer, but he could not even find anything resembling an answer.

He was in the position of a man seeking for food in a toyshop or at a gunsmith's.

Involuntarily and unconsciously, in every book, in every conversation, and in every person he met, he now sought for their relation to those questions and for a solution to them.

What astounded and upset him most in this connection, was that the majority of those in his set and of his age, having like himself replaced their former beliefs by new convictions like his own, did not see anything to be distressed about, and were quite contented and tranquil. So that, besides the principal question, Levin was tormented by other questions: Were these people sincere?

Were they not pretending? Or did they understand, possibly in some different and clearer way than he, the answers science gives to the questions he was concerned with? And he studied painstakingly both the opinions of those people and the books which contained their answers.

One thing he had discovered since these questions had begun to occupy him, namely, that he had been mistaken in imagining from his recollections of his youthful university circle, that religion had outlived its day and no longer existed. All those near to him who lived good lives were people who believed: the old Prince, Lvov, of whom he had grown so fond, his brother, Koznyshev, and all the womenfolk. His wife believed as he had done in early childhood, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Russian people, the whole of the people whose lives he most respected, also believed. Another thing was that, having read a great many books, he became convinced that those who shared his outlook understood only what he had understood, explaining nothing and merely ignoring those problems—without a solution to which he felt he could not live,—but trying to solve quite other problems which could not interest him, such as, for instance, the development of organisms, a mechanical explanation of the soul, and so on.

Besides, during the time of his wife's confinement an extraordinary thing had happened to him. He, an unbeliever, began to pray, and while praying believed. But that moment had passed, and he could not allot any place in his life to the state of mind he had then experienced.

He could not admit that he had then known the truth and was now making a mistake; because, as soon as he reflected calmly about it, it all fell to pieces; nor could he acknowledge that he had then been mistaken, for he prized the state his soul had then been in, and by acknowledging it to be a result of weakness he would have defiled those moments. He was painfully out of harmony with himself and strained all his spiritual powers to escape from this condition.

CHAPTER IX

THESE thoughts oppressed and tormented him, now more and now less strongly, but never left him. He read and thought, and the more he read and thought the further he felt from his goal.

Latterly in Moscow and in the country, having convinced himself that he could get no answer from the materialists, he read through and re-read Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, and Schopenhauer, those philosophers who explained life otherwise than materialistically.

Their thoughts seemed to him fruitful when he read, or was himself devising refutations of other teachings, the materialistic in particular; but as soon as he began reading, or himself devised, solutions to life's problems, the same thing occurred every time. Following long definitions of vague words such as *spirit*, *will*, *freedom*, *substance*, and deliberately entering the verbal trap set for him by the philosophers, or by himself, he seemed to begin to understand something. But he had only to forget that artificial line of thought, and to return direct from real life to what had appeared satisfactory so long as he kept to the given line of thought—and suddenly the whole artificial edifice tumbled down like a house of cards, and it was evident that the edifice had been constructed of those same words differently arranged, and without regard for something in life more important than reason.

At one time, while reading Schopenhauer, he replaced the word *will* by the word *love*, and this new philosophy comforted him for a day or two, as long as he did not stand aside from it; but it, too, collapsed when he viewed it in relation to real life, and it turned out to be a muslin garment without warmth.

His brother Koznyshev advised him to read Hom-yakov's theological writings. Levin read the second volume of them, and, in spite of its polemical, polished, and witty style, which at first repelled him, he was struck by its teaching about the Church. He was struck by the thought that it is not given to isolated man to attain divine truth, but that it is given to a com-

munity united by love—the Church. He was pleased by the thought that it was easier to believe in an existing living Church which compounds all the beliefs of men, and has God at its head and is therefore holy and infallible, and from it to accept belief in God, a distant, mysterious God, the Creation, and so on. But afterwards on reading the history of the Church, first by a Roman Catholic and then by a Greek-Orthodox writer, and finding that each essentially infallible Church repudiated the other, he became disenchanted with Homjakov's teaching about the Church; and that edifice fell into dust just as the philosophical structures had done.

All that spring he was not himself and experienced terrible moments.

'Without knowing what I am, and why I am here, it is impossible to live. Yet I cannot know that and therefore I can't live,' he said to himself.

'In an infinity of time, and in infinity of matter, in infinite space, a bubble, a bubble organism, separates itself, and that bubble maintains itself awhile and then bursts, and that bubble is I!'

This was a distressing falsehood, but it was the sole and last result of centuries and the age-long labour of human thought in that direction.

It was the latest belief. It was the ruling conviction, and from among all other explanations Levin, without himself knowing when or how, had involuntarily chosen it as being at any rate the clearest of all.

But it was not only false, it was the cruel mockery of some evil power: a wicked and disgusting Power, and one to which it was impossible to submit.

It was necessary to free oneself from that Power. The means of escape were in the hands of every man. An end had to be put to that dependence on an evil power; and there was one means—death.

And though he was a happy and healthy family man, Levin was several times so near to suicide that he hid a cord he had lest he should hang himself, and he feared to carry a gun lest he should shoot himself.

But he did not hang or shoot himself and went on living.

CHAPTER X

WHEN Levin thought about what he was and why he lived, he could find no answer and was driven to despair ; but when he left off asking himself those questions, he seemed to know what he was and why he lived, for he acted and lived unfalteringly and definitely—recently even more unfalteringly than before.

When he returned to the country in June, he went back to his ordinary occupations—husbandry, intercourse with the peasants and with his neighbours, management of his house and of his sister's and brother's affairs, which were entrusted to him, relations with his wife and relatives, cares about his baby, and a new hobby—beekeeping, which he took up with enthusiasm that spring—occupied all his time.

These matters interested him, not because he justified them to himself by any general theories as he had done previously ; on the contrary, being now on the one hand disenchanted by the ill-success of his former occupations for the general welfare, and on the other hand too much occupied with his own thoughts and by the mass of affairs that overwhelmed him from all sides, he quite abandoned all calculation of public utility, and these matters interested him only because it seemed to him that he had to do what he was doing, and could not act otherwise.

Formerly (it had been so almost from childhood and increasingly so till his complete maturity) when he tried to do anything for the good of everybody, for humanity, for Russia, for the whole village, he had noticed that the thoughts of it were agreeable, but the activity itself was always unsatisfactory ; there was no full assurance that the work was really necessary, and the activity itself, which at first seemed so great, ever lessened and lessened till it vanished. But now since his marriage, when he began to confine himself more and more to living for himself, though he no longer felt any joy at the thought of his activity, he felt confident that his work was necessary, saw that it progressed far better than formerly, and that it was always growing more and more.

Now, as if involuntarily, he cut ever deeper and deeper into the earth, so that he, like a ploughshare, could not get out without turning the sod.

For the family to live as their grandfathers and fathers had been accustomed to live, that is at the same educational level, and so to bring up their children, was undoubtedly necessary. It was just as necessary as to dine when hungry; and therefore just as it was necessary to prepare dinner, so it was necessary to arrange the husbandry at Pokrovsk in such a way as to derive an income from it. As surely as one must pay one's debts, so surely was it necessary to keep the patrimony in such a state that when his son inherited it, he would thank his father, as Levin thanked his grandfather, for all that he had built and planted. To do this he must not lease the land, but must farm it himself, keep cattle, manure the fields, and plant woods.

It was as impossible not to look after his brother's and sister's affairs, and those of all the peasants who came for advice and were accustomed to do so, as it is impossible to abandon a baby you are already holding in your arms.

It was necessary to look after the comforts of his sister-in-law and her children, who had been invited, and of his wife and child, and it was impossible not to pass at least a small portion of each day with them.

All this, with game-shooting, and his new hobby of beekeeping, filled up the whole of that life of his which seemed to him, when he thought about it, to have no meaning.

But besides knowing definitely what he had to do, Levin also knew how to do it all, and which affair was the more important of any two.

He knew that he must hire labourers as cheaply as possible; but that he must not take them in bondage for less than they were worth by advancing them money, though this would be very profitable. He might sell straw to the peasants in a time of shortage, though he felt sorry for them; but an inn or a public-house, although it brought in a revenue, must be done away with. Felling trees must be punished as severely as possible, but if peasants let their cattle stray he must not exact fines from them; and though it grieved the watchmen and

weakened discipline, the strayed cattle must not be detained.

He must lend money to Peter to liberate him from the usurers to whom he was paying ten per cent. a month ; but he must neither reduce or postpone the payments of rent by the peasants who were in default. The steward must not be excused when the small meadow was not mown and the grass was wasted ; but grass must not be mown on the eighty desyatinas which had been planted with young trees. He must not pardon a labourer who went home at a busy time because his father had died—sorry as he might be for the man—part of his pay had to be deducted for the precious months during which he had been absent ; but he could not neglect giving a monthly allowance to old domestic serfs who were of no use at all to him.

Levin knew, too, that on returning home the first thing he must do was to go to his wife, who was unwell, and that the peasants who had been waiting for three hours to see him could wait a little longer ; and he knew that in spite of all the pleasure of having a swarm, he must forgo that pleasure, let the old beekeeper hive the swarm without him, and go to talk to the peasants who had found him at the apiary.

Whether he was acting well or ill he did not know, and far from laying down the law about it, he now avoided talking or thinking about it.

Thinking about it led him into doubts and prevented him from seeing what he should and should not do. But when he did not think, but just lived, he unceasingly felt in his soul the presence of an infallible judge deciding which of two possible actions was the better and which the worse ; and as soon as he did what he should not have done, he immediately felt this.

In this way he lived, not knowing or seeing any possibility of knowing what he was or why he lived in the world, and he suffered so much from that ignorance that he was afraid he might commit suicide, while at the same time he was firmly cutting his own particular definite path through life.

CHAPTER XI

THE day when Koznyshev arrived at Pokrovsk was one of Levin's most distressing days.

It was the most pressingly busy season of the year, when an extraordinary tension of self-sacrificing labour manifests itself among all the peasants, such as is never shown in any other condition of life, and such as would be highly esteemed if the people who exhibit this quality esteemed it themselves, if it were not repeated every year, and if the results of that tension were not so simple.

To mow or reap the rye and oats, and cart them, to finish mowing the meadows, to re-plough the fallow land, to thresh the seed corn and sow the winter rye—all this seems simple and ordinary; yet to get it all done, it is necessary that all the peasants, from the oldest to the youngest, should work unceasingly those three or four weeks, three times as hard as usual, living on kvas, onions, and black bread, threshing and carting the sheaves by night and sleeping not more than two or three hours out of the twenty-four. And this is done every year, all over Russia.

Having lived most of his life in the country and in close contact with the peasants, Levin always felt, at this busy time, that this general stimulation of the peasants communicated itself to him.

Early in the morning he rode to where the first rye was being sown, then to see the oats carted and stacked, and returning home when his wife and sister-in-law were getting up he drank coffee with them, and then walked to the farm where the new threshing machine was to be started to thresh the seed corn.

All that day, when talking to the steward and the peasants and at home with his wife, Dolly, her children, and his father-in-law, Levin's thoughts were busy with the one and only subject, outside his farming, that interested him at this time, and in everything he sought its relation to his questions: 'What am I? Where am I? And why am I here?'

Standing in the cool shade of the newly-thatched barn, with its wattle walls of hazel, which had not yet shed its scented leaves, pressed against the freshly stripped

aspens of the roof-tree under the thatch, he looked now through the open doorway into which the dry and bitter chaff-dust rushed and whirled, at the grass round the threshing-floor lit up by the hot sunshine and at the fresh straw that had just been brought out of the barn, now at the bright-headed and white-breasted swallows that flew in chirping beneath the roof and, flapping their wings, paused in the light of the doorway, and now at the people who bustled about in the dark and dusty barn; and he thought strange thoughts:

'Why is all this being done?' he wondered. 'Why am I standing here, obliging them to work? Why do they all make such efforts and try to show me their zeal? Why is my old friend Matrena toiling so (I doctored her after the fire, when she was struck by a girder)?' he thought, looking at a thin peasant woman who pushed the grain along with a rake, her dark sun-burnt bare feet stepping with effort on the hard uneven barn floor. 'She recovered then, but to-day or to-morrow, or in ten years' time, they will bury her and nothing will be left of her, nor of that smart girl with the red skirt, who with such dexterous and delicate movements is beating the chaff from the ears. She too will be buried, and that piebald gelding too—and that one very soon,' he reflected, looking at a horse breathing quickly with falling and rising belly and inflated nostrils, as it trod on the slanting wheel that moved under it. 'They will bury her, and so they will Theodore, who is feeding the machine, his curly beard full of chaff and his shirt torn on his white shoulder. Yet he loosens the sheaves and gives directions, shouts at the women, and quickly puts right the strap on the fly-wheel. And, moreover, not they only but I too shall be buried and nothing will be left. What is it all for?'

He thought this, and at the same time looked at his watch to calculate how much they could thresh in an hour. He had to know this in order to set them their day's task accordingly.

'They've been nearly an hour, and have only just started on the third heap,' thought he, approached the man who was feeding the machine, and shouting above its din, told him to put in less at a time.

'You put in too much at a time, Theodore! Don't

you see, it gets jammed and that's why it does not go well! Feed it in evenly!

Theodore, black with the dust that stuck to his perspiring face, shouted something in reply, but still did not do as Levin wished.

Levin went up to the roller, motioned Theodore aside, and himself began feeding the machine.

Having worked till the peasants' dinner-hour, which soon came, he left the barn together with Theodore and began chatting, standing beside the neat yellow freshly-reaped stack of seed-rye on the threshing-floor.

Theodore came from the farther village, the one where Levin had formerly let the land to be worked co-operatively. At present it was let to the innkeeper.

Levin got into conversation with Theodore about that land, and asked whether Plato, a well-to-do and worthy peasant of that village, would not rent that land next year.

'The rent is too high, Constantine Dmitrich,' answered Theodore, picking out the ears of rye from the front of his damp shirt.

'But how does Kirilov make it pay?'

'Why shouldn't Mityuka' (as he contemptuously called the innkeeper) 'make it pay, Constantine Dmitrich? That fellow will press hard, but he'll get his own! He will have no pity on a Christian! But as if Daddy Plato would ever skin a man! He'll lend, and sometimes he'll let a man off, and so run short himself. It all depends on the sort of man.'

'But why should he let anyone off?'

'Oh well, you see, people differ! One man lives only for his own needs: take Mityuka, who only stuffs his own belly, but Plato is an upright old man. He lives for his soul and remembers God.'

'How does he remember God? How does he live for the soul?' Levin almost cried out.

'You know how: rightly, in a godly way. You know, people differ! Take you, for instance, you won't injure anyone either . . .'

'Yes, yes! Good-bye!' uttered Levin, gasping with excitement, and turning away, he took his stick and walked quickly away toward home. At the peasant's words about Plato living for his soul, rightly,

in a godly way, dim but important thoughts crowded into his mind, as if breaking loose from some place where they had been locked up, and all rushing toward one goal, whirled in his head, dazzling him with their light.

CHAPTER XII

LEVIN went along the high-road with long strides, attending not so much to his thoughts—he could not yet disentangle them—as to a condition of his soul he had never before experienced.

The words the peasant had spoken produced in his soul the effect of an electric spark, suddenly transforming and welding into one a whole group of disjointed impotent separate ideas which had always interested him. These ideas, though he had been unconscious of them, had been in his mind when he was talking about letting the land.

He felt something new in his soul and probed this something with pleasure, not yet knowing what it was.

‘To live not for one’s needs but for God! For what God? What could be more senseless than what he said? He said we must not live for our needs—that is, we must not live for what we understand and what attracts us, what we wish for, but must live for something incomprehensible, for God whom nobody can understand or define. Well? And did I not understand those senseless words of Theodore’s? And having understood them, did I doubt their justice? Did I find them stupid, vague, or inexact?’

‘No, I understood him just as he understands them: understood completely and more clearly than I understand anything in life; and I have never in my life doubted it, and cannot doubt it. And not I alone but every one—the whole world—only understands that completely. Nobody is free from doubt about other things, but nobody ever doubts this one thing, everybody always agrees with it.

‘And I sought for miracles, regretted not to see a miracle that might convince me! A physical miracle would have tempted me. But here is a miracle, the

one possible, everlasting miracle, all around me, and I did not notice it!

'Theodore says that Kirilov, the innkeeper, lives for his belly. That is intelligible and reasonable. We all, as reasoning creatures, cannot live otherwise. And then that same Theodore says that it is wrong to live for one's belly, and that we must live for Truth, for God, and at the first hint I understand him! I and millions of men who lived centuries ago and those who are living now: peasants, the poor in spirit, and sages, who have thought and written about it, saying the same thing in their obscure words—we all agree on that one thing: what we should live for, and what is good. I, and all other men, know only one thing firmly, clearly, and certainly, and this knowledge cannot be explained by reason: it is outside reason, has no cause, and can have no consequences.

'If goodness has a cause, it is no longer goodness; if it has a consequence-- a reward, it is also not goodness. Therefore goodness is beyond the chain of cause and effect.

'It is exactly *this* that I know and that we all know.

'What greater miracle could there be than that?

'Can I possibly have found the solution of everything? Have my sufferings really come to an end?' thought Levin as he strode along the dusty road, oblivious of the heat, of his fatigue, and filled with a sense of relief from long-continued suffering. That feeling was so joyous that it seemed questionable to him. He was breathless with excitement and, incapable of going further, he turned from the road into the wood and sat down on the uncut grass in the shade of the aspens. Taking the hat from his perspiring head, he lay down, leaning his elbow upon the juicy, broad-bladed forest grass.

'Yes, I must clear it up and understand it,' he thought, gazing intently at the untrodden grass before him, and following the movements of a green insect that was crawling up a stalk of couch grass and was hindered in its ascent by a leaf of goutwort. 'What have I discovered?' he asked himself, turning back the leaf that it should not hinder the insect and bending another blade for the creature to pass on to. 'What gladdens me? What have I discovered?'

‘I have discovered nothing. I have only perceived what it is that I know. I have understood the Power that not only gave me life in the past but is giving me life now. I have freed myself from deception and learnt to know my Master.

‘I used to say that in my body, in this grass, in this insect . . . (There! It did not want to get on to that grass, but has spread its wings and flown away) there takes place, according to physical, chemical, and physiological laws, a change of matter. And in all of us, including the aspens and the clouds and nebulae, evolution is proceeding. Evolution from what, into what? Unending evolution and struggle. . . . As if there could be any direction and struggle in infinity! And I was surprised that, in spite of the greatest effort of thought on that path, the meaning of life, the meaning of my impulses and my aspirations, was not revealed to me. But now I say that I know the meaning of my life: it is to live for God, for the soul. And that meaning, in spite of its clearness, is mystic and wonderful. And such is the meaning of all existence. Ah yes! Pride!’ he said to himself, turning over face downwards and beginning to tie blades of grass into knots, trying not to break them.

‘And not only mental pride but mental stupidity. And chiefly roguery of mind, precisely roguery. Just mind-swindling,’ he repeated.

He briefly reviewed the whole course of his thoughts during the last two years, beginning with the clear and obvious thought of death at the sight of his beloved brother hopelessly ill.

Having then for the first time clearly understood that before every man, and before himself, there lay only suffering, death, and eternal oblivion, he had concluded that to live under such conditions was impossible; that one must either explain life to oneself so that it does not seem to be an evil mockery by some sort of devil, or one must shoot oneself.

But he had done neither the one nor the other, yet he continued to live, think, and feel, had even at that very time got married, experienced many joys, and been happy whenever he was not thinking of the meaning of his life.

What did that show? It showed that he had lived well, but thought badly.

He had lived (without being conscious of it) by those spiritual truths which he had imbibed with his mother's milk; but in thought he had not only not acknowledged those truths, but had studiously evaded them.

Now it was clear to him that he was only able to live, thanks to the beliefs in which he had been brought up.

'What should I have been and how should I have lived my life, if I had not had those beliefs, and had not known that one must live for God, and not for one's own needs? I should have robbed, lied, and murdered. Nothing of that which constitutes the chief joys of my life would have existed for me.' And although he made the greatest efforts of imagination, he could not picture to himself the bestial creature he would have been, had he not known what he was living for.

'I looked for an answer to my question. But reason could not give me an answer—reason is incommensurable with the question. Life itself has given me the answer, in my knowledge of what is good and what is bad. And that knowledge I did not acquire in any way; it was given to me as to everybody, *given* because I could not take it from anywhere.

'Where did I get it from? Was it by reason that I attained to the knowledge that I must love my neighbour and not throttle him? They told me so when I was a child, and I gladly believed it, because they told me what was already in my soul. But who discovered it? Not reason! Reason has discovered the struggle for existence and the law that I must throttle all those who hinder the satisfaction of my desires. That is the deduction reason makes. But the law of loving others could not be discovered by reason, because it is unreasonable.'

CHAPTER XIII

LEVIN remembered a recent scene between Dolly and her children. Left by themselves, the children had started cooking raspberries over a candle, and pouring

jets of milk into their mouths. When their mother caught them at this pursuit, she began in Levin's presence to impress on them how much trouble what they were wasting had cost grown-up people, that that trouble had been taken for them, that if they broke cups they would not have anything to drink tea out of, and if they spilt milk they would not have anything to eat and would die of hunger.

And Levin was struck by the quiet dull disbelief with which the children listened to these remarks from their mother. They were only grieved that their amusing game had been ended, and they did not believe a word of what she was saying. And they could not believe it, because they could not imagine the whole volume of all they consumed, and therefore could not conceive that what they were destroying was the very thing they lived on.

'That's quite a different matter,' they thought. 'And not in the least interesting or important, because those things always have been and always will be. It is always the same thing over and over again. There is no need for us to think about that, it's all ready for us; but we want to think out something of our own invention and new. Now we've thought of putting raspberries in a cup and cooking them over a candle, and of pouring milk into each other's mouths like fountains. That is amusing and new, and not at all worse than drinking out of cups.'

'Don't we, and didn't I, do just the same, when intellectually I sought for the meaning of the forces of nature and the purpose of human life?' he went on thinking.

'And don't all the philosophic theories do the same, when by ways of thought strange and unnatural to man they lead him to a knowledge of what he knew long ago, and knows so surely that without it he could not live? Is it not evident in the development of every philosopher's theory that he knows in advance, as indubitably as the peasant Theodore and not a whit more clearly than he, the chief meaning of life, and only wishes, by a questionable intellectual process, to return to what every one knows?

'Supposing now that the children were left alone to

procure or make cups for themselves and to milk the cows and so on. Would they play tricks? No, they would die of hunger! Suppose we, with our passions and thoughts, were left without the conception of God, a Creator, and without a conception of what is good, and without an explanation of moral evil!

‘Try to build up anything without these conceptions!’

‘We destroy because we have our fill spiritually. We are children indeed!’

‘Whence comes the joyful knowledge I have in common with the peasant, and which alone gives me peace of mind? Where did I get it?’

‘I, educated in the conception of God, as a Christian, having filled my life with the spiritual blessings Christianity gave me, brimful of these blessings and living by them, I, like a child, not understanding them, destroy them—that is, I wish to destroy that by which I live. But as soon as an important moment of life comes, like children when they are cold and hungry, I go to Him, and even less than the children whose mother scolds them for their childish mischief do I feel that my childish attempts to kick because I am filled should be reckoned against me.’

‘Yes, what I know, I know not by my reason but because it has been given to me, revealed to me, and I know it in my heart by faith in the chief thing which the Church proclaims.’

‘The Church? The Church?’ Levin repeated to himself. He turned over, and leaning on his elbows began looking at a herd of cattle in the distance approaching the river on the other side.

‘But can I believe in all that the Church professes?’ he asked himself, testing himself by everything which might destroy his present peace of mind. He purposely thought of those teachings of the Church which always seemed most strange to him, and that tried him. ‘The Creation.—But how do I account for existence? By existence! By nothing!—The devil and sin?—And how do I explain evil? . . . A Saviour? . . .’

‘But I know nothing, nothing! And can know nothing but what is told to me and to everybody.’

And it now seemed to him that there was not one of the dogmas of the Church which could disturb the

principal thing—faith in God, in goodness, as the sole vocation of man.

Each of the Church's doctrines might be represented by faith in serving truth rather than serving one's personal needs. And each of them not only did not infringe that belief but was necessary for the fulfilment of the chief miracle ever recurring on earth: the possibility of every one, millions of most diverse people, sages and idiots, children and old men, peasants, Lvov, Kitty, beggars and kings, indubitably understanding one and the same thing, and forming that life of the spirit which alone is worth living for and which alone we prize.

Lying on his back he was now gazing at the high cloudless sky. 'Don't I know that that is infinite space, and not a rounded vault? But however I may screw my eyes and strain my sight, I cannot help seeing it round and limited, and despite my knowledge of it as limitless space I am indubitably right when I see a firm blue vault, and more right than when I strain to see beyond it.'

Levin ceased to think, and only as it were hearkened to mystic voices that seemed to be joyously and earnestly discussing something.

'Can this really be faith?' he wondered, afraid to believe in his happiness. 'My God, I thank Thee!' he uttered, repressing his rising sobs, and wiping away with both hands the tears that filled his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV

LEVIN looked straight before him, and saw the herd of cattle and then his trap and his horse Raven and the coachman who, having driven up to the cattle, was speaking to the herdsman; after that, close by, he heard the sound of wheels and the snorting of a well-fed horse; but he was so engrossed in his thoughts that he did not wonder why the coachman was coming for him.

That occurred to him only when the coachman drove up and called to him.

‘The mistress has sent me! Your brother and another gentleman have come!’

Levin got into the trap and took the reins.

As if just awakened from a dream, it was long before he could collect his thoughts. He looked at the well-fed horse, lathered between its legs and on its neck where the reins chafed it—looked at Ivan the coachman sitting beside him, and remembered that he had been expecting his brother, that his wife was probably disturbed at his long absence, and he tried to guess who the visitor that had come with his brother might be. His brother, his wife, and the unknown visitor appeared in a different light to him now. It seemed to him that his relations with every one would now be changed. ‘There will be no disputes; with Kitty never any quarrels again; with the visitor, whoever he may be, I shall be amiable and kind; and with the servants, with Ivan, everything will be different.’

Tightly holding in the good horse, who snorted impatiently and pulled at the reins, Levin kept turning to glance at Ivan, who sat beside him not knowing what to do with his unoccupied hands and continually pushing down his shirt as the wind blew it out. Levin tried to think of some pretext for beginning a conversation with him. He wanted to say that it was a pity Ivan had pulled the saddle-girth so tight, but that would have sounded like a reproof, and Levin desired an amicable conversation. But he could think of nothing else to say.

‘Bear to the right, sir, there’s a stump there,’ said the coachman, taking hold of the rein.

‘Please leave it alone and don’t teach me!’ said Levin, annoyed at the coachman’s interference. Just as it always did, interference vexed him, and he immediately felt how wrong had been his conclusion that his spiritual condition could at once alter his manner when confronted with reality.

When they were still a quarter of a verst from the house, Levin saw Grisha and Tanya running toward him.

‘Uncle Kostya! Mama is coming and Grandpapa and Sergius Ivanich, and some one else!’ they cried, clambering into the trap.

‘Who else?’

‘An awfully dreadful man! And he goes like that with his hands,’ said Tanya, standing up in the trap and mimicking Katavasov.

‘Young or old?’ asked Levin with a laugh, as Tanya’s gestures reminded him of some one.

‘Oh, if only it is not some one disagreeable!’ he thought.

As soon as he had turned the corner of the road and saw those who were approaching he at once recognized Katavasov in a straw hat, waving his arms just as Tanya had represented.

Katavasov was very fond of talking about philosophy, having a conception of it which he had acquired from naturalists who had never studied it, and in Moscow Levin had latterly had many disputes with him.

One of those disputes, in which Katavasov evidently thought he had been the victor, was the first thing Levin remembered when he recognized him.

‘But I will not now on any account dispute or express my opinions lightly,’ he thought.

After alighting from the trap and welcoming his brother and Katavasov, Levin asked where Kitty was.

‘She has taken Mitya to Kolok,’ which was a wood not far from the house. ‘She wanted to let him sleep there; it’s so hot in the house,’ said Dolly. Levin always advised his wife not to take the child into the wood, considering it dangerous, and this news was disagreeable to him.

‘She wanders about with him from place to place,’ said the old Prince with a smile. ‘I advised her to try taking him to the ice-cellar!’

‘She meant to come to the apiary. She thought you were there. We are going there,’ said Dolly.

‘Well, and what are you doing?’ asked Koznyshev, lagging behind with his brother.

‘Oh, nothing particular. Busy with the estate as usual,’ answered Levin. ‘Have you come for a good stay? We expected you long ago.’

‘For about a fortnight. I had a lot to do in Moscow.’

At these words the brothers’ eyes met, and Levin—in spite of the desire he always felt, and now more than ever, for friendly and especially for simple relations

with his brother—felt ill at ease while looking at him. He dropped his own eyes, not knowing what to say.

Mentally reviewing the subjects that might interest Koznyshev and divert him from the Serbian war and the Slavonic Question, at which he had hinted when mentioning his work in Moscow, Levin asked about Koznyshev's book.

'Have any reviews of your book appeared?' he asked.

Koznyshev smiled at the obvious intent of the question.

'No one concerns himself with it, and I least of all,' he replied. 'Look there, Darya Alexandrovna! It's going to rain,' he added, pointing with his umbrella to some white clouds that had appeared above the aspen trees.

And those words were enough to re-establish between the brothers the not exactly hostile, but cold, relations which Levin so wished to avoid.

Levin joined Katavasov.

'How right you were to come!' he said.

'I have long been meaning to! Now we'll have some talks, and we'll see! Have you read Spencer?'

'No, I have not finished him,' replied Levin. 'However, I don't need him now.'

'How's that? That's interesting! Why not?'

'Well, I have finally convinced myself that I shan't find solutions of the questions I am concerned about in him, or in people of his kind. Now . . .'

But he was suddenly struck by the calm and cheerful expression of Katavasov's face, and felt so sorry to lose the spiritual condition which he was evidently spoiling by his conversation, that recollecting his resolution he ceased speaking.

'However, we'll have a talk later on,' he said. 'If we are going to the apiary, it's this way, along this path,' he added, addressing the whole party.

When by the narrow footpath they had reached the unmown glade covered on one side by a thick growth of bright John-and-Maries, with tall spreading bushes of dark green sneezewort between them, Levin asked his guests to sit down in the deep cool shade of the young aspens—upon a bench and some tree stumps specially arranged for visitors to the apiary who might be afraid

of bees—while he went to the hut to fetch bread, cucumbers, and fresh honey for the grown-up people as well as for the children.

Trying to make as few brusque movements as possible and listening to the bees that flew past him more and more often, he went along the path to the hut. At the very entrance a bee became entangled in his beard and began buzzing, but he carefully liberated it. He went into the shady lobby and from a peg in the wall took down his veil, put it on, and with his hands deep in his pockets entered the fenced-in apiary where—standing in regular rows and tied with bast to stakes—in the middle of a space where the grass had been mown, stood the old beehives,¹ every one familiar to him, and each with a history of its own, while along the wattle fence stood the new hives with the swarms hived that year. In front of the hives, flickering before his eyes and circling and fluttering over the same spot, played bees and drones, and between them flew the working bees always to or from the wood with the blossoming lime trees, fetching and bringing back their loads.

In his ears rang incessantly a variety of sounds: now of a busy working bee flying swiftly past, now of a buzzing idle drone, then of the excited bee sentinels guarding their treasure from a foe and prepared to sting. On the other side of the fence an old man was making a hoop and did not notice Levin, who stopped in the middle of the apiary without calling him.

He was glad of this opportunity to be alone and recover from reality, which had already so lowered his spiritual condition.

He remembered that he had already got angry with Ivan, treated his brother coldly, and spoken heedlessly to Katavasov.

‘Can it possibly have been but a momentary mood that will pass without leaving a trace?’ he wondered.

But at that instant returning into that mood, he felt with joy that something new and important had occurred within him. Reality had temporarily veiled the spiritual tranquillity he had found, but it remained with him.

Just as the bees, now circling round him, threatening him and distracting his attention, deprived him of com-

¹ Hollowed-out stumps of trees placed upright.

plete physical calm and forced him to shrink to avoid them, so the cares that had beset him from the moment he got into the trap had deprived him of spiritual freedom; but that continued only so long as they surrounded him. And as, in spite of the bees, his physical powers remained intact, so his newly realized spiritual powers were intact also.

CHAPTER XV

‘KOSTYA! Do you know with whom Sergius Ivanich travelled coming here?’ said Dolly, after she had distributed cucumbers and honey among the children. ‘With Vronsky! He is on his way to Serbia.’

‘Yes, and not alone, but is taking a squadron at his own expense!’ said Katavasov.

‘That is like him,’ said Levin. ‘But are Volunteers really still going?’ he added with a glance at Koznyshev.

Koznyshev did not reply, but with the blunt side of a knife carefully extracted from a bowl in which lay a wedge of white honeycomb a live bee that had stuck in the running honey.

‘Yes, I should think so! You should have seen what went on at the station yesterday!’ said Katavasov, audibly biting into a cucumber.

‘Well, how is one to understand it? In heaven’s name, Sergius Ivanich, explain to me where all these Volunteers are going and whom they are fighting,’ said the old Prince, evidently continuing a conversation that had been started during Levin’s absence.

‘The Turks!’ answered Koznyshev, quietly smiling, having extracted the bee which, black with honey, moved its legs helplessly as he shifted it from the knife to a firm aspen leaf.

‘But who has declared war on Turkey? Ivan Ivanich Ragozov and the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, assisted by Madame Stahl?’

‘No one has declared war, but people sympathize with their suffering neighbours and wish to help them,’ replied Koznyshev.

‘But the Prince is not talking of help,’ interposed

Levin, taking his father-in-law's side, 'but of war! He says that private people cannot take part in war without the consent of the Government.'

'Kostya, look! Here's a bee! Really, we shall get stung!' cried Dolly, waving away a wasp.

'But that's not a bee, it's a wasp,' said Levin.

'Well, and what is your theory?' asked Katavasov with a smile, evidently challenging Levin to a discussion.

'Why have private individuals no right?'

'My theory is this: On the one hand war is such a bestial, cruel and terrible affair, that no single man—not to speak of a Christian—can take on himself personally the responsibility for beginning a war. It can only be done by a Government, which is summoned to it and is brought to it inevitably. On the other hand, by law and by common sense, in the affairs of State, and especially in the matter of war, citizens renounce their personal will.'

Koznyshev and Katavasov, ready with their rejoinders, began speaking both together.

'That's just the point, my dear fellow, that cases may arise when the Government does not fulfil the will of its citizens and then Society announces its own will,' said Katavasov.

But Koznyshev evidently did not approve of this reply. He frowned at Katavasov's words and said something different.

'It is a pity you put the question that way. There is no declaration of war in this case, but simply an expression of human, Christian feeling. Our brothers by blood and religion are being killed. Well, say they were not even our brothers or co-religionists, but simply children, women, and old people; one's feelings are outraged, and Russians hasten to help to stop those horrors. Imagine that you were going along a street and saw a tipsy man beating a woman or a child; I think you would not stop to ask whether war had or had not been declared against that man, but you would rush at him and defend the victim!'

'But I would not kill the man,' replied Levin.

'Yes, you would.'

'I don't know. If I saw such a thing, I might yield to my instinctive feeling; I can't say beforehand. But

there is no such instinctive feeling about the oppression of the Slavs, nor can there be.'

'Perhaps you have none, but others have,' said Koznyshev with a dissatisfied frown. 'Among the people there live traditions of Orthodox Christians suffering under the yoke of the "Infidel Mussulman." The people have heard of their brothers' sufferings, and have spoken out.'

'Perhaps,' said Lovin evasively, 'but I don't see it. I myself am one of the people, and I don't feel it.'

'Nor do I,' said the Prince. 'I was living abroad and read the papers, and must own that I could not at all understand why, even before the Bulgarian atrocities, all Russians suddenly grew so fond of their Slavonic brothers, while I don't feel any love for them. I was much grieved and thought I was a monster or that the Karlsbad waters had that effect on me! But on getting back I was relieved, for I see that there are others besides me who are only interested in Russia and not in their brother-Slavs. Constantine is one.'

'Personal opinions don't count in this matter,' said Koznyshev. 'It is not an affair of personal opinions, when all Russia--the people--has expressed its will.'

'But, forgive me, I don't see it. The people know nothing about it,' said the Prince.

'Oh, Papa! Don't they? And on Sunday, in church?' remarked Dolly, who had been following the conversation. 'Please bring a towel,' she said to the old man, who was looking smilingly at the children. 'It's impossible that all . . .'

'But what was there in church on Sunday? The priest was ordered to read it. He did so. The people understood nothing, but they sighed as they always do during a sermon,' continued the Prince. 'They were told that there would be a collection in the church for a soul-saving object, so they each took out a kopek and gave it, but what it was for--they did not know!'

'The people can't help knowing. A consciousness of their destiny always exists in the people, and at moments like the present it becomes clear to them,' said Koznyshev positively, glancing at the old beekeeper.

The handsome old man, with a black beard turning grey in places and thick silvery hair, stood motionless

with a bowl of honey in his hand, gazing kindly and calmly down from his height at the gentlefolk, clearly neither understanding them nor wishing to understand.

'That's just so,' he said to Koznyshev, and moved his head significantly.

'Yes, you'd better ask him! He neither knows nor thinks about it,' said Levin. 'Have you heard about the war, Mikhaylich?' he asked, addressing the old man. 'What they read in the church? What do you think? Ought we to fight for the Christians?'

'Why should we think? Alexander Nikolayevich, the Emperor, has thought for us, and will think for us on all matters. He can see better. . . . Shall I bring some more bread and give the laddie a bit?' he asked Dolly, pointing to Grisha, who was finishing his crust.

'I have no need to ask,' said Koznyshev. 'We have seen, and still see, hundreds and hundreds of men who give up everything to serve the righteous cause, and who come from all ends of Russia and openly and clearly express their thoughts and aims. They bring their mites, or go themselves, and say straight out why they do it. What does that mean?'

'It means, it seems to me,' said Levin, beginning to get excited, 'that in a nation of eighty millions there can always be found not hundreds, as is now the case, but tens of thousands of men who have lost their social position, happy-go-lucky people who are always ready to go . . . into Pugachev's robber band¹ or to Khiva, or to Serbia . . .'

'I tell you it's not hundreds, and not the happy-go-lucky people, but the best representatives of the people!' said Koznyshev, as irritably as if he were defending the last of his possessions. 'And the donations? There at any rate the whole people directly expresses its will.'

'That word *people* is so indefinite,' said Levin. 'Clerks in district offices, schoolmasters, and one out of a thousand peasants, may know what it is all about. The rest of the eighty millions, like Mikhaylich, not only don't express their will, but have not the least idea what it is they have to express it about! What right have we then to say it is the will of the people?'

¹ Pugachev was the leader of a very serious rebellion in the reign of Catherine the Great.

CHAPTER XVI

KOZNYSHÉV, an experienced dialectician, did not rejoin but immediately turned the conversation into another region.

‘Well, if you want to gauge the national spirit arithmetically, of course that is very difficult to do! Voting has not been introduced in our country, and cannot be because it does not express the people’s will, but there are other means. It is felt in the air, it is felt by the heart. Not to mention the undercurrents that have stirred in the motionless sea of the nation and which are evident to every unprejudiced person, look at Society in the narrower sense! The most divergent parties in the intellectual world, previously so hostile to one another, have all merged into one. All differences are at an end, and all the social organs say one and the same thing, all have felt an elemental force that has seized them and carries them all in one direction.’

‘Yes, all the papers say the same thing,’ said the Prince, ‘that’s true. So much the same that they are just like frogs before a storm! They prevent our hearing anything else!’

‘Frogs or no frogs . . . I don’t publish a newspaper and don’t want to defend them, but I am speaking of the unanimity of the intelligent world,’ said Koznyshev, turning to his brother. Levin was going to reply, but the old Prince interrupted him.

‘About that unanimity, something else can be said,’ rejoined the Prince. ‘There’s my son-in-law, Stephen Arkadyevich, you know him. He has now got the post of Member of the Committee of a Commission of something or other—I don’t remember. Anyhow, there is nothing to do there. Well, Dolly, it’s no secret! and the salary is eight thousand. You just ask him if his work will be any use, and he will prove to you that it is most necessary! And he is a truthful man, but one can’t help believing in the usefulness of eight thousand roubles.’

‘Yes, he asked me to tell Darya Alexandrovna that he has got the post,’ said Koznyshev discontentedly, considering that what the Prince was saying was not to the point.

‘So it is with the unanimity of the Press. It has been explained to me: as soon as there is a war their revenue is doubled. How can they help considering that the fate of the people and the Slavs—and all the rest of it?’

‘There are many papers I don’t like, but that is unfair,’ said Koznyshev.

‘I would make only one stipulation,’ continued the Prince. ‘Alphonse Karr put it very well, before the war with Prussia. “You think war unavoidable? Very well! He who preaches war—off with him in a special legion to the assault, to the attack, in front of everybody else!”’

‘The editors would be fine!’ remarked Katavasov, laughing loudly, and picturing to himself the editors of his acquaintance in that chosen legion.

‘Oh, but they’d run away,’ said Dolly, ‘and only be a hindrance.’

‘And if they run, put grapeshot behind them, or Cossacks with whips!’ said the Prince.

‘That is a joke, and excuse me, Prince, not a good joke,’ said Koznyshev.

‘I don’t see that it is a joke, that . . .’ began Levin, but Koznyshev interrupted him.

‘Every member of Society is called upon to do his proper task,’ he said. ‘And men of thought perform theirs by expressing public opinion. The unanimous and complete expression of public opinion is a service rendered by the Press, and is also a gratifying phenomenon. Twenty years ago we should have been silent, but now we hear the voice of the Russian people, who are ready to arise as one man and to sacrifice themselves for their oppressed brethren. That is a great step and a sign of power!’

‘But it’s not a question of sacrificing themselves only, but of killing Turks,’ remarked Levin timidly. ‘The people sacrifice and are ready to sacrifice for the good of their souls, but not for murder,’ he added, involuntarily connecting the conversation with the thoughts that so engrossed him.

‘What is that: “for their souls”? You know that expression is a puzzling one for a naturalist. What is a soul?’ Katavasov inquired with a smile.

‘Oh, you know!’

‘No, I swear I have not the slightest idea!’ said Katavasov, laughing loudly.

‘“I come not to bring peace, but a sword,” said Christ,’ rejoined Koznyshev, from his own standpoint, quoting quite simply, as if it were quite comprehensible, the very passage from the Gospels that always perplexed Levin more than any other.

‘That’s just so!’ repeated the old man, who was standing near by, answering a glance that was accidentally thrown at him.

‘No, my dear sir! You are beaten! Completely beaten!’ shouted Katavasov merrily.

Levin flushed with annoyance, not at being beaten, but because he had not refrained from the dispute.

‘No, I must not dispute with them,’ he thought. ‘They are clad in impenetrable armour, and I am naked.’

He saw that it was not possible to convince his brother and Katavasov, and still less did he see any possibility of himself agreeing with them. What they advocated was that same pride of intellect that had nearly ruined him. He could not agree that some dozen of men, among whom was his brother, had the right to assert, on the strength of what they were told by some hundreds of grandiloquent Volunteers who came to the city, that they and the newspapers expressed the will and the opinion of the people: an opinion, moreover, which found expression in vengeance and murder. He could not agree with this, because he neither saw the expression of those thoughts in the people among whom he lived, nor did he find any such thoughts in himself (and he could not consider himself as other than one of those who constituted the Russian people). Above all, he could not agree because he, together with the people, did not know and could not know wherein lay the general welfare, but knew definitely that the attainment of this welfare was only possible by a strict fulfilment of the law of goodness which is revealed to every man, and therefore could not desire or preach war for any kind of general aims. He said the same as Mikhaylich and the people who expressed their thought in the legend of the invitation to the Varyags¹: ‘Come and rule

¹ The Norse chiefs who, at the dawn of Russian history, were invited by the Slav tribes of Russia to come and rule over them and establish order.

over us! We joyfully promise complete obedience. All labours, all humiliations, all sacrifices we take upon ourselves; but we will not judge or decide!' But the people now, according to his brother, were renouncing that exemption they had purchased at so high a price.

He wanted to ask why, if public opinion is an infallible judge, is a Revolution and a Commune not as lawful as the movement in favour of the Slavs? But all these were thoughts that could not decide anything. One thing could be seen indubitably, namely, that this dispute was irritating his brother at the moment, and that therefore it was wrong to continue it, so Levin ceased to argue, and drew his visitors' attention to the clouds that were gathering and to the fact that they had better get home before the rain began.

CHAPTER XVII

THE Prince and Koznyshev got into the trap and drove off; the rest of the party, hastening their steps, went home on foot.

But the cloud, now whiter now blacker, approached so rapidly that it was necessary to hurry still more to reach home before the rain came. The fore part of the cloud, low and black like sooty smoke, rushed with unusual swiftness across the sky. When they were still about two hundred paces from the house the wind had already risen, so that at any moment a downpour might be expected.

The children, with frightened and joyful yells, ran on in front. Dolly, struggling with difficulty with the skirts that clung to her legs, no longer walked but ran, her eyes fixed on the children. The men, holding their hats, went on with long strides. They were just reaching the porch when a large drop broke against the edge of the iron gutter. The children, followed by the grown-ups, ran, talking merrily, under the shelter of the roof.

'And Catherine Alexandrovna¹?' Levin asked Agatha Mikhaylovna, who, carrying shawls and plaids, met them in the hall.

¹ Speaking to the servant Levin gives Kitty her full name.

‘We thought she was with you,’ she answered.

‘And Mitya?’

‘In Kolok, I expect, and Nurse is with them.’

Levin snatched up the plaids and rushed to the Kolok.

In that short time the centre of the cloud had already so moved over the sun that it was as dark as during an eclipse. The wind obstinately, as if insisting on having its way, pushed Levin back and, tearing the leaves and blossoms off the lime trees and rudely and strangely uncovering the white branches of birches, bent everything in one direction: the acacias, the flowers, the dock leaves, the grass, and the crests of the trees. The girls who had been working in the garden rushed screeching under the roof of the servants’ quarters. A white curtain of pouring rain was already descending over the distant wood and half the neighbouring field, and was advancing rapidly toward the Kolok. The moisture of the rain, shattered into minute drops, filled the air.

Lowering his head and fighting against the wind which was tearing the plaids out of his hands, Levin had almost reached the Kolok and could see something gleaming white behind an oak, when suddenly everything burst into flame, the earth seemed on fire, and just overhead the vault of heaven seemed to crack.

When he opened his dazzled eyes the first thing Levin saw with horror through the dense curtain of rain that now separated him from the Kolok was the strangely altered position of the green crown of a familiar oak in the middle of the wood. ‘Has it been struck?’ he had barely time to think when, with quicker and quicker motion, the crown of the oak disappeared behind the other trees, and he heard the crash of a big tree falling on to other trees.

The flash of lightning, the sound of thunder, and the sudden cold sensation of his body that was being drenched, merged for Levin into one feeling of horror.

‘Oh God! Oh God! only not on them!’ he said.

And though it occurred to him at once how senseless was his prayer that they should not be killed by the oak that had already fallen, he repeated it, knowing that he could do nothing better than utter that senseless prayer.

Having run to the spot where they generally went, he did not find them there.

They were at the other end of the wood, under an old lime tree, and were calling him. Two figures in dark dresses (they had been light-coloured before) stood bending over something. They were Kitty and the nurse. The rain was already passing and it was growing lighter when Levin reached them. The bottom of the nurse's dress was dry, but Kitty's dress was wet through and clung close to her. Though the rain had stopped, they were still standing in the same postures that they had adopted when the storm began: they stood leaning over a perambulator with a green hood.

'Alive? Safe? Thank God!' he muttered, running up to them and splashing through the puddles with one shoe half off and full of water.

Kitty's wet and rosy face was turned to him, timidly smiling beneath her bedraggled hat.

'Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself? I don't understand how one can be so imprudent!' he reproached his wife in his vexation.

'Really, it was not my fault. I was just wishing to go when he became restless. We had to change his things. We had hardly . . .' Kitty began excusing herself.

Mitya was safe and dry and slept undisturbed.

'Well, thank God! I don't know what I am saying!'

They collected the wet baby-things, and the nurse took the baby in her arms and carried him. Levin walked beside his wife, feeling guilty at having been vexed, and stealthily, so that the nurse should not see, pressing Kitty's hand.

CHAPTER XVIII

THROUGHOUT the whole day, amid most varied conversations in which he took part only with what one may call the external side of his mind, Levin, despite his disillusionment with the change that should have taken place in him, did not cease to be joyfully aware of the fullness of his heart.

After the rain it was too wet to go out walking, besides

which the thunder-clouds had not cleared from the horizon, and, now here now there, passed thundering and darkening along the borders of the sky. So the whole company spent the rest of the day at home.

No more disputes arose ; on the contrary, after dinner every one was in the best of spirits.

First Katavasov amused the ladies with his original jokes, which on first acquaintance with him always pleased people, and afterwards, encouraged by Koznyshev, he recounted his very interesting observations on the differences in character, and even in physiognomy, between male and female house-flies and on their life. Koznyshev too was in good spirits and at tea, led on by his brother, expounded his views of the future of the Eastern question, and did it so simply and well that every one listened attentively.

Only Kitty could not hear him to the end, she was called away to bath Mitya.

A few minutes after she had gone, Levin too was called to her in the nursery.

Leaving his tea and regretting the interruption in the interesting conversation, yet uneasy as to why he was sent for, as this only happened on important occasions, Levin went to the nursery.

Though Koznyshev's plan, which Levin had not heard to the end—of how a liberated Slavonic world, forty millions strong, should, together with Russia, commence a new epoch in history—interested him very much as something quite new to him, and though he was disturbed by curiosity and anxiety as to why he had been summoned, yet as soon as he had left the drawing-room and was alone, he immediately recollected his thoughts of the morning. And all these considerations of the importance of the Slavonic element in universal history seemed to him so insignificant in comparison with what was going on in his soul, that he immediately forgot them all and returned to the frame of mind he had been in that morning.

He did not now recall, as he had done before, the whole course of his thoughts (he did not now need to). He at once returned to the feeling that directed him, which was related to those thoughts, and he found that feeling in his soul yet more powerful and definite

than before. Now it was not as it used to be with him when he had invented ways of tranquillizing himself and had been obliged to recapitulate the whole train of reflections in order to arrive at the feeling. Now, on the contrary, the feelings of joy and tranquillity were more vivid than before and his thoughts could not keep pace with them.

He went through the verandah and looked at two stars that had appeared on the already darkening sky, and suddenly he remembered: "Yes, as I looked at the sky I thought that the vault I see is not a delusion, but then there was something I did not think out, something I hid from myself," he thought. "But whatever it was, it cannot have been a refutation. I need only think it over, and all will become clear."

Just as he was entering the nursery he remembered what it was he had hidden from himself. It was that if the principal proof of the existence of a Deity is His revelation of what is good, why is that revelation confined to the Christian Church alone? What relation to that revelation have the Buddhist and the Mahomedan faiths, which also teach and do good?

It seemed to him that he had a reply to that question; but he had no time to express it to himself before he entered the nursery.

Kitty was standing, with her sleeves rolled up, beside the bath in which the baby was splashing about, and hearing her husband's step she turned her face toward him, beckoning him with a smile. With one hand supporting the head of the plump kicking baby who floated on his back, with the other she squeezed the water from a sponge over him, regularly exerting the muscles of her arm.

"There, come and look! Look!" she said when her husband came up. "Agatha Mikhaylovna was right. He does recognize!"

The point was that Mitya had that day obviously and undoubtedly begun to recognize his own people.

Directly Levin approached the bath he was shown an experiment which succeeded perfectly. The cook, who had been called specially for the purpose, bent over him. He frowned and moved his head from side to side in a protesting way. Kitty bent over him, and his face

lit up with a smile, he pressed his hand into the sponge and bubbled with his lips, producing such a contented and peculiar sound that not only Kitty and the nurse, but Levin too, went into unexpected raptures.

The nurse lifted the baby out of the bath with one hand and poured fresh water over him, then he was wrapped up and dried, and after a penetrating yell he was given to his mother.

‘Well, I am glad you are beginning to be fond of him,’ said Kitty to her husband, when with the child at her breast she had sat down in her usual place. ‘I am very glad, for I was beginning to be grieved about it. You said you felt nothing for him.’

‘No, did I say I felt nothing? I only said I was disillusioned.’

‘What! Disillusioned with him?’

‘Not so much with him as with my own feeling; I had expected more. I had expected that, like a surprise, a new, pleasant feeling would awaken in me. And then, instead of that, nothing but repulsion and pity . . .’

She listened attentively, replacing on her slender fingers, across the baby, the rings she had taken off to bath Mitya.

‘And above all, the anxiety and pity were far greater than the pleasure. But to-day, after that fright during the storm, I have realized how much I love him.’

Kitty brightened up with a smile.

‘Were you very frightened?’ she asked. ‘I was too, but to me it appears more dreadful now that it is past. I shall go and look at that oak. But how nice Katavasov is! And in general the whole day has been so pleasant? And you are so nice to your brother when you like. . . . Well, go to them. It is always hot and steamy here after the bath.’

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN on leaving the nursery Levin was alone, he at once remembered the thought that had not seemed quite clear.

Instead of going back to the drawing-room, whence came the sound of voices, he stopped on the verandah and leaning on the balustrade gazed at the sky.

It had grown quite dark, and to the south, where he was looking, the sky was clear. The clouds were in the opposite direction. There lightning flashed and distant thunder rolled. Levin listened to the rhythmical dripping of raindrops from the lime trees in the garden, and looked at a familiar triangular constellation and at the Milky Way which with its branches intersected it. At every flash of lightning not only the Milky Way but even the bright stars vanished; but immediately afterwards they reappeared in the same places, as if thrown there by some unerring hand.

‘Well, what is perplexing me?’ Levin asked himself, feeling in advance that the solution of his doubts, though as yet unknown to him, was already in his soul.

‘Yes, the one evident, indubitable manifestation of the Deity is the law of goodness disclosed to men by revelation, which I feel within myself and in the confession of which I do not so much unite myself as I am united, whether I will or not, with other people in one community of believers which is called the Church. But the Jews, Mahomedans, Confucians, Buddhists—what of them?’ he questioned, putting to himself the query that seemed to him dangerous. ‘Is it possible that those hundreds of millions of people are deprived of that highest blessing, without which life has no meaning?’ he pondered, but he immediately corrected himself. ‘But what am I asking about?’ he said to himself. ‘I am asking about the relation to the Deity of all the different beliefs of mankind. I am asking about the general revelation of God to the whole universe with all those cloudy nebulae. What am I doing? To me personally, to my heart, has been indubitably revealed a knowledge unattainable by reasoning, and I obstinately wish to express that knowledge by reason and in words.

‘Do I not know that it is not the stars that are moving?’ he asked himself, looking at a bright planet that had already shifted its position by the top branch of a birch tree. ‘But I, watching the movement of the stars, cannot picture to myself the rotation of the earth and I am right in saying that the stars move.

‘And could the astronomers understand and calculate anything if they took into their calculation the whole of the complicated and varied motions of the earth? All their wonderful conclusions as to the distances, weight, movements, and disturbances of the heavenly bodies are based on their visible movement round a stationary earth—on this very movement that is now before me, and which has been the same to millions of people during the centuries, and that has been and will be the same and can always be verified. And just as astronomers’ conclusions would be idle and uncertain were they not based on observations of the visible sky in relation to one meridian and one horizon, so would my conclusions be idle and uncertain were they not founded on that understanding of goodness which was and will be the same always and for every one, and which has been revealed to me by Christianity and can always be verified in my soul. The question of other creeds and their relation to the Deity I have not the right or possibility of deciding.’

‘Oh, you’ve not gone?’ suddenly asked Kitty, who was passing that way to the drawing-room. ‘Nothing has upset you, has it?’ she inquired, peering attentively into his face by the starlight.

But she would not have been able to discern its expression had not a flash of lightning that effaced the stars lit it up. By the light of that flash she saw the whole of his face and, noticing that he was calm and happy, she smiled at him.

‘She understands,’ thought he, ‘she knows what I am thinking about. Shall I tell her or not? Yes, I will. . . .’ But just as he was going to speak, she began:

‘Oh, Kostya! Be good and go to the corner room and see how they have arranged things for Sergius Ivanich! I can’t very well do it myself. Have they put in the new washstand?’

‘Yes, certainly I will,’ said Levin, standing upright and kissing her.

‘No, I had better not tell her,’ he thought when she had passed out before him. ‘It is a secret, necessary and important for me alone, and inexpressible in words.’

‘This new feeling has not changed me, has not rendered me happy, nor suddenly illuminated me as I dreamt it would, but is just like my feeling for my son. It has not been a surprise either. But be it faith or not—I do not know what it is—this feeling has also entered imperceptibly through suffering and is firmly rooted in my soul.

‘I shall still get angry with Ivan the coachman in the same way, shall dispute in the same way, shall inopportunately express my thoughts; there will still be a wall between my soul’s holy of holies and other people; even my wife I shall still blame for my own fears and shall repent of it. My reason will still not understand why I pray, but I shall still pray, and my life, my whole life, independently of anything that may happen to me, is every moment of it no longer meaningless as it was before, but has an unquestionable meaning of goodness with which I have the power to invest it.’

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