

he displayed before Raskolnikov a pair of gray trousers, made of light-weight summer wool. "Not a hole, not a spot, and though they've seen some wear, they're quite acceptable—and there's a matching waistcoat, the same color, as fashion dictates. And the truth is they're even better second-hand: softer, tenderer . . . You see, Rodya, to make a career in the world, it's enough, in my opinion, if you always observe the season; don't ask for asparagus in January, and you'll have a few more bills in your purse; the same goes for this purchase. The season now is summer, so I made a summer purchase, because by fall the season will call for warmer material anyway, and you'll have to throw these out . . . more particularly because by then they'll have had time to fall apart anyway, if not from increased luxury, then from inner disarray. So, give me your estimate! How much do you think? Two roubles twenty-five kopecks! And, remember, again with the same condition: you wear these out, next year you get another pair free! At Fedyaev's shop they don't do business any other way: you pay once, and it's enough for your whole life, because in any case you'd never go back there again. Now, sir, let's look at the boots—how do you like them? You can see they've been worn, but they'll do for about two months, because they're foreign goods and foreign workmanship: a secretary from the British Embassy dumped them on the flea market last week; he'd worn them for only six days, but he was badly in need of money. Price—one rouble fifty kopecks. Lucky?"

"Maybe they won't fit!" Nastasya remarked.

"Won't fit? Look at this!" and he pulled Raskolnikov's old, stiff, torn, and mud-caked boot from his pocket. "I went equipped, and they reconstructed the right size from this monster. A lot of feeling went into this whole business. And with respect to linen, I made a deal with the landlady. Here are three shirts to begin with, hempen, but with fashionable fronts . . . So, sir, altogether that's eighty kopecks for the cap, two roubles twenty-five kopecks for the rest of the clothes, making it three roubles five kopecks in all; plus one rouble fifty kopecks for the boots—because they're so good. Four roubles fifty-five kopecks altogether, and five roubles for all the linen—I got it wholesale—so altogether it's exactly nine roubles fifty-five kopecks. Your change is forty-five kopecks in five-kopeck pieces—here, sir, be so good as to accept it—and thus, Rodya, you are now restored to your full costume,

because in my opinion your coat will not only still serve, but even possesses a look of special nobility: that's what it means to buy from Charmeur!¹³ As for socks and the rest, I leave that up to you; we've got twenty-five nice little roubles left—and don't worry about Pashenka and the rent; I told you: the most unlimited credit. And now, brother, allow me to change your linen, because I think the only thing still sick about you is your shirt . . ."

"Let me be! I don't want to!" Raskolnikov waved his hands, having listened with loathing to Razumikhin's tensely playful account of purchasing the clothes . . .

"That, brother, is impossible; why else did I wear out all that good shoe-leather?" Razumikhin insisted. "Nastasyushka, don't be bashful, give me a hand, that's it!" and, in spite of Raskolnikov's resistance, he succeeded in changing his shirt. Raskolnikov fell back on the pillow and for about two minutes would not say a word.

"It'll be some time before they leave me alone!" he thought. "What money did you use to pay for all that?" he asked finally, staring at the wall.

"What money? I like that! It was your own money. An agent came this morning from Vakhrushin; your mother sent it; did you forget that, too?"

"I remember now . . ." Raskolnikov said, after long and sullen reflection. Frowning, Razumikhin kept glancing at him worriedly.

The door opened, and a tall, heavyset man came in, whose appearance also seemed already somewhat familiar to Raskolnikov.

"Zossimov! At last!" Razumikhin cried out with delight.

IV

ZOSSIMOV WAS a tall, fat man with a puffy, colorlessly pale, clean-shaven face and straight blond hair, wearing spectacles, and with a large gold ring on his fat-swollen finger. He was about twenty-seven years old. He had on a loose, foppish summer coat and light-colored summer trousers; generally everything on him was loose, foppish, and brand new; his linen was impeccable, his watch-chain massive. He was slow, almost languid, of manner, and at the same time studiously casual; a certain pretentiousness, though carefully concealed, kept

showing itself every moment. All who knew him found him a difficult man, but said that he knew his business.

"I stopped twice at your place, brother . . . See, he's come to!" cried Razumikhin.

"I see, I see. So, how are we feeling now, eh?" Zossimov addressed Raskolnikov, looking at him attentively and sitting by his feet on the sofa, where he immediately sprawled as well as he could.

"Eh, he's still sulking," Razumikhin went on. "We just changed his shirt, and he almost started to cry."

"That's understandable; you might have waited with the shirt, if he didn't want . . . Pulse is fine. You still have a little headache, hm?"

"I'm well, I'm completely well!" Raskolnikov said insistently and irritably, raising himself suddenly on the sofa and flashing his eyes, but he immediately fell back on the pillow and turned his face to the wall. Zossimov was watching him attentively.

"Very good . . . everything's as it ought to be," he said languidly.

"Has he eaten anything?"

They told him, and asked what he was allowed to have.

"Everything's allowed . . . soup, tea . . . no mushrooms, naturally, or cucumbers—well, and no need for any beef either, and . . . well, but what's there to talk about! . . ." He exchanged glances with Razumikhin. "No more medicine, no more anything; and tomorrow we'll see . . . Today wouldn't be . . . well, yes . . ."

"Tomorrow evening I'll take him for an outing!" Razumikhin decided. "To the Yusupov Garden, and then we'll go to the Palais de Cristal."¹⁴

"I wouldn't budge him tomorrow; though maybe . . . a little . . . well, we'll see."

"Too bad. I'm having a housewarming party tonight, just two steps away; he could come, too; at least he could lie on the sofa among us! And what about you?" Razumikhin suddenly addressed Zossimov. "Don't forget, you promised."

"Maybe a little later. What are you planning to have?"

"Nothing much—tea, vodka, pickled herring. There'll be a pie. For friends only."

"Who, precisely?"

"They're all from around here, and almost all of them new friends, actually—except maybe for the old uncle, and even he is new: came to Petersburg just yesterday on some little business of his; we see each other once in five years."

"What is he?"

"He's vegetated all his life as a provincial postmaster . . . gets some wretched pension, sixty-five years old, nothing to talk about . . . I love him, though. Porfiry Petrovich will be there, the local police inspector in the department of investigation . . . a lawyer. But I think you know . . ."

"He's also some sort of relative of yours?"

"A very distant one; but why are you frowning? So, you quarreled with him once, and now maybe you won't come?"

"I don't give a damn about him . . ."

"So much the better. And then some students, a teacher, one functionary, one musician, an army officer, Zamyotov . . ."

"Tell me, please, what you, or he, for instance" (Zossimov nodded towards Raskolnikov), "can possibly have in common with someone like Zamyotov?"

"Oh, these peevish ones! Principles! . . . You've all got principles in you like springs; you don't dare turn around by your own will; no, in my opinion, if he's a good man, there's a principle for you, and I don't want to know any more. Zamyotov is a most wonderful man."

"And he has an open palm."

"So what if he has an open palm! To hell with it! Who cares if he has an open palm!" Razumikhin suddenly cried, getting somehow unnaturally irritated. "Did I praise his open palm? I said he was a good man, only in his own way! And if we look straight, in all ways—will there be many good people left? No, in that case I'm sure that I, with all my innards, would be worth about as much as one baked onion, and then only with you thrown in! . . ."

"That's not enough; I'll give two for you . . ."

"And I'll give only one for you! Look at this wit! Zamyotov is still a boy, I can rough him up, because he ought to be drawn in and not pushed away. You won't set a person right by pushing him away, especially if he's a boy. You have to be twice as careful with a boy. Eh,

you progressive dimwits, you really don't understand anything! You disparage man and damage yourselves . . . And if you'd like to know, we've even got something started together."

"I wonder what."

"It all has to do with the case of that painter—that house-painter, I mean . . . We're going to get him off! However, it won't be any trouble now. The case is perfectly clear now! We'll just put on some more heat."

"What about this house-painter?"

"You mean I didn't tell you? Really? Ah, that's right, I only told you the beginning . . . it's about the murder of the old woman, the pawnbroker, the official's widow . . . so now this house-painter is mixed up in it . . ."

"I heard about that murder before you, and am even interested in the case . . . somewhat . . . for a certain reason . . . and I've read about it in the papers! So, now . . ."

"They killed Lizaveta, too!" Nastasya suddenly blurted out, addressing Raskolnikov. She had been standing in the room all the while, pressed up next to the door, listening.

"Lizaveta?" Raskolnikov muttered in a barely audible voice.

"Lizaveta, who sold things. She used to visit downstairs. She mended your shirts once."

Raskolnikov turned to the wall where, from among the little flowers on the dirty yellow wallpaper, he picked out one clumsy white flower with little brown lines and began studying it: how many leaves it had, what sort of serrations the leaves had, and how many little lines. There was no feeling in his arms and legs, as if they were paralyzed, but he did not even try to move and went on stubbornly staring at the flower.

"So what about the house-painter?" Zossimov interrupted Nastasya's babbling with some particular displeasure. She sighed and fell silent.

"They've also put him down as the murderer!" Razumikhin went on with fervor.

"They must have evidence or something?"

"The devil they have! Or, no, they precisely do have evidence, only this evidence is no evidence, that's what has to be proved! It's just the same as when they first picked up and suspected those, what's their

names . . . Koch and Pestryakov. Pah! What a stupid way to do things; it's disgusting even for an outsider! Pestryakov may stop by my place today . . . Incidentally, Rodya, you know about this story, it happened just before your illness, exactly the day before you fainted in the office while they were talking about it . . ."

Zossimov glanced curiously at Raskolnikov; he did not move.

"And you know what, Razumikhin? You're a real busybody after all. Just look at you!" Zossimov remarked.

"Maybe so, but we'll still get him off!" Razumikhin shouted, banging his fist on the table. "Because you know what irks me the most about it? Not that they're lying; lying can always be forgiven; lying is a fine thing, because it leads to the truth. No, what irks me is that they lie and then worship their own lies. I respect Porfiry, but . . . What, for instance, was the first thing that threw them off? The door was locked, and when they came back with the caretaker it was unlocked. Well, so Koch and Pestryakov did the murder! That's their logic."

"Don't get so excited; they were simply detained; they couldn't just . . . Incidentally, I used to run into this Koch; so it turns out he bought unredeemed articles from the old woman, eh?"

"Yes, some sort of swindler! He also buys up promissory notes. A trafficker. Devil take him anyway! But this is what makes me so angry, do you understand? It's their routine that makes me angry, their decrepit, trite, inflexible routine . . . And here, just in this one case, it would be possible to open up a whole new way. From psychological facts alone one could show how to get on the right track. 'We have facts,' they say. But facts are not everything; at least half the game is knowing how to handle the facts!"

"And you know how to handle the facts?"

"But it's impossible to keep silent when you feel, palpably feel, that you could help with the case, if only . . . Ahh! . . . Do you know the case in detail?"

"I'm still waiting to hear about the house-painter."

"Yes, where was I! So, listen to the story: exactly three days after the murder, in the morning, while they were still nursing Koch and Pestryakov along—though they had both accounted for their every step; it was cryingly obvious—suddenly a most unexpected fact

emerged. A certain peasant, Dushkin, the owner of a tavern across the street from that same house, came to the police with a jewelry case containing a pair of gold earrings, and with a whole tale to go with it: 'The day before yesterday, in the evening, some time after eight or thereabouts—the very day and hour, you see?—a workman, this painter, Mikolai, who had also stopped in earlier in the day, came running to me and brought me this box with gold earrings and little stones, and asked if he could pawn them for two roubles, and when I asked where he got them, he declared that he'd picked them up from the sidewalk. I didn't question him any more about it—this is Dushkin speaking—but I got him out one little note—a rouble, that is—because I thought if it wasn't me, he'd pawn them to someone else, and it makes no difference, because he'll drink it up anyway, and it's better if the thing stays with me—the deeper hidden, the closer to hand—and if something comes up, or there are any rumors, I can represent it at once.' Well, of course, that's all his old granny's dream, he's lying like a rug, because I know this Dushkin, he's a pawnbroker himself, and he receives stolen goods, and he filched a thirty-rouble article from Mikolai with no intention of 'representing' it. He simply got scared. But, devil take it, listen; Dushkin goes on: 'And that peasant there, Mikolai Dementiev, I know him since childhood, he's from our province, the Zaraisk district, because I'm from Riazan myself. And Mikolai's not a drunkard, but he does drink, and it was known to me that he was working in that house there, painting, him and Mitrei, the two of them being from the same parts. And when he got the rouble, he broke it straight off, drank two cups in a row, took the change, and left, and I didn't see Mitrei with him that time. And the next day I heard that Alyona Ivanovna and her sister Lizaveta was killed with an axe, and I used to know them, sir, and I got to wondering about the earrings—because we knew the deceased used to lend money on things like that. I went to their house and started making inquiries, cautiously, for myself, tiptoeing around, and first of all I asked if Mikolai was there. And Mitrei said Mikolai went on a spree, came home drunk at daybreak, stayed for about ten minutes, and left again, and Mitrei didn't see him after that and was finishing the job by himself. And their job is up the same stairway as the murder was, on the second floor. So I heard all that, but I didn't say nothing to nobody'—this is Dushkin

speaking—I just found out everything I could about the murder and went home again, still in the same doubts. And then this morning, at eight o'clock—three days later, you see?—Mikolai comes in, not sober, but not so drunk either, able to understand what's said to him. He sits down on the bench without a word. And besides him, right then there was just one stranger in the tavern, and another man, an acquaintance, asleep on a bench, and our two lads, sir. "Have you seen Mitrei?" I ask. "No, I haven't," he says. "You've been gone?" "Yes," he says, "since two days ago." "And where did you sleep last night?" "In Peski, with the boys from Kolomna."¹⁵ "So," I say, "where did you get those earrings?" "Found them on the sidewalk." But the way he says it don't ring true, and he's not looking at me straight. "And did you hear," I say, "thus and so happened that same night, and that same hour, up that same stairway?" "No, I didn't," and he listens with his eyes popping out, and suddenly he goes white as chalk. I'm telling him, and he's reaching for his hat and starting to get up. Right then I wanted to keep him there, so I said, "Wait, Mikolai, why don't you have a drink?" And I winked to the lad to hold the door, and I was getting out from behind the counter when he up and bolted on me, out into the street, and ran off down a back alley, and that's the last I saw of him. But I stopped doubting then, because the sin on him was clear . . ."

"Sure enough! . . ." said Zossimov.

"Wait! Listen to the rest! Naturally, they set out hotfoot after Mikolai; Dushkin was detained, a search was carried out, and the same for Mitrei; they also ransacked the boys from Kolomna—then all at once, two days ago, Mikolai himself was brought in: he'd been detained near the —sky Gate, at an inn. He'd gone in, taken off his cross, a silver one, and asked for a drink in exchange. They gave him one. A few minutes later a woman went out to the cow-shed and saw him through a crack in the wall of the adjoining shed: he'd tied his belt to a beam, made a noose, and was standing on a stump trying to put the noose around his neck. The woman screamed to high heaven; people came running: 'So that's what you're up to!' 'Take me to such-and-such police station, I'll confess everything.' So he was presented with all due honors at such-and-such police station—here, that is. And then this and that, who and what, how old are you—'Twenty-two'—and so on

and so forth. Question: 'When you and Mitrei were working, did you see anyone on the stairs at such-and-such an hour?' Answer: 'Sure, some people maybe passed by, not so's we noticed.' 'And did you hear anything, any noise, or whatever?' 'Nothing special.' 'And was it known to you, Mikolai, that on such-and-such a day and hour, the widow so-and-so was murdered and robbed, and her sister as well?' 'No, sir, I never knew nothing about that, I first heard it from Afanasy Pavlovich three days after, in the tavern.' 'And where did you get the earrings?' 'Found them on the sidewalk.' 'Why didn't you come to work with Mitrei the next day?' 'Because I went on a spree.' 'Where?' 'In such-and-such.' 'Why did you run away from Dushkin?' 'Because then I got real scared.' 'Scared of what?' 'Having the law on me.' 'Why would you be scared if you felt you weren't guilty of anything? . . .' Now, you may believe it or not, Zossimov, but this question was asked, and literally in those words—I know positively, it was told to me accurately! How do you like that, eh? How do you like it?"

"Well, no, all the same there is evidence."

"But I'm not talking about evidence now, I'm talking about the question, about how they understand their essence! Ah, devil take it! . . . Well, so they pushed him and pushed him, pressed him and pressed him, and so he confessed: 'I didn't find them on the sidewalk, I found them in the apartment there where Mitrei and me was painting.' 'How was that?' 'It was just like this, that Mitrei and me was painting and painting all day till eight o'clock, and was just about to go, and Mitrei took the brush and slapped some paint on my mug; so he slapped some paint on my mug and ran away, and I ran after him. So I was running after him, shouting my head off; and when I turned from the stairs to the gateway, I ran smack into the caretaker and some gentlemen, and how many gentlemen it was I don't remember, and the caretaker swore at me for that, and the other caretaker also swore at me, and the caretaker's woman came out and swore at us, too, and there was a gentleman coming in the gate with a lady, and he also swore at us, because me and Mitka was lying there and blocking the way: I grabbed Mitka's hair and pulled him down and started punching him, and Mitka was under me and grabbed my hair and started punching me, and not because we was mad, it was all real friendly, for the fun

of it. And then Mitka got free and ran out to the street, and I ran after him but I couldn't catch him, so I went back to the apartment by myself, because we had to tidy up. I started picking up and waiting for Mitrei, in case he came back. And by the door to the entryway, behind the wall, in the corner, I stepped on a box. I looked and it was lying there wrapped up in paper. I took the paper off, and saw these tiny little hooks, so I undid the hooks—and there was earrings inside the box . . ."

"Behind the door? It was behind the door? Behind the door?" Raskolnikov suddenly cried out, staring at Razumikhin with dull, frightened eyes, and slowly raising himself on the sofa with the support of his arm.

"Yes . . . but why? What's the matter? Why are you looking like that?" Razumikhin also rose from his seat.

"Nothing! . . ." Raskolnikov answered, barely audibly, sinking onto the pillow again and again turning to the wall. Everyone was silent for a short while.

"He must have been dozing and suddenly woke up," Razumikhin said at last, looking questioningly at Zossimov; the latter made a slight negative movement with his head.

"Well, go on," said Zossimov. "What then?"

"So, what then? As soon as he saw the earrings, he immediately forgot both the apartment and Mitka, grabbed his hat, and ran to Dushkin, and, as we know, got a rouble from him, lied to him that he had found them on the sidewalk, and at once went on a spree. And about the murder he keeps repeating the same thing: 'I never knew nothing about that, I first heard about it three days after.' 'And why did you not come before now?' 'From fear.' 'And why did you want to hang yourself?' 'From thinking.' 'Thinking what?' 'That I'd have the law on me.' Well, that's the whole story. Now, what do you suppose they drew from it?"

"What is there to suppose? There's a trace there, something at least. A fact. You don't think they should let your painter go free?"

"But they've put him right down as the murderer now! They don't even have any doubts . . ."

"Nonsense; you're too excited. And what about the earrings? You

must agree that if on that same day and hour the earrings from the old woman's trunk got into Nikolai's hands—you must agree that they got there somehow? That's no trifle in such investigations."

"Got there somehow! But how did they get there?" Razumikhin cried out. "And can it be that you, a doctor, you, whose first duty it is to study man, and who have the opportunity before anyone else of studying human nature—can it be that you do not see, from all these facts, what sort of character this Nikolai is? Can you not see from the very first that everything he testified to during the interrogation is the most sacred truth? They got into his hands exactly as he testified. He stepped on the box and picked it up."

"The most sacred truth? Nevertheless, he himself admitted that he lied at first."

"Listen to me, listen carefully: the caretaker, and Koch, and Pestryakov, and the other caretaker, and the first caretaker's wife, and the market woman who was sitting with her in the caretaker's room at the time, and the court councillor Kriukov, who got out of a carriage that same moment and was coming through the gateway arm in arm with a lady—all, meaning eight or ten witnesses, testify with one voice that Nikolai was holding Dmitri down, was lying on him and punching him, and that the other grabbed his hair and was also punching him. They were lying across the entrance, blocking the way; people swear at them from all sides, and they, 'like little children' (as the witnesses literally said), are lying on each other, squealing, fighting, and laughing, each one louder than the other, with the most ridiculous faces, and then they run out to the street, like children, chasing each other. Hear that? Now, pay strict attention: the bodies upstairs are still warm, you hear, still warm; they were found that way! If they killed them, or just Nikolai alone, and broke into the trunk besides and robbed it, or merely took part in the robbery somehow, then allow me to ask you just one question: does such a state of mind—that is, squeals, laughter, a childish fight under the gateway—does it fit with axes, with blood, with criminal cunning, stealth, and robbery? They had only just killed them, only five or ten minutes earlier—that's how it comes out, since the bodies are still warm—and suddenly, abandoning the bodies and the open apartment, and knowing that people have just gone up there, and abandoning the loot, they go rolling around in the street like little

children, laughing, attracting everybody's attention, and there are ten unanimous witnesses to it!"

"Strange, certainly! Impossible, in fact, but . . ."

"No *but*s, brother, because if the earrings, which on that day and hour turned up in Nikolai's hands, do constitute important factual evidence against him—directly explained, however, by his own testimony, and therefore still *disputable evidence*—we must also take into consideration certain exonerating facts, all the more so in that these facts are *irrefutable*. But do you think, seeing the nature of our jurisprudence, that they will or can accept such a fact—based solely on psychological impossibility alone, and on state of mind alone—as an irrefutable fact, demolishing all incriminating and material facts whatsoever? No, they won't, not for anything, because they've found the box, and the man wanted to hang himself, 'which could only be because he felt guilty'! That's the capital question, that's why I get so excited! You must understand!"

"Oh, I do see that you're excited. Wait, I forgot to ask: what proof is there that the box with the earrings indeed came from the old woman's trunk?"

"It's been proved," Razumikhin answered, frowning and as if with reluctance. "Koch recognized the article and led them to the owner, and he proved positively that the article indeed belongs to him."

"That's bad. Now another thing: did anyone see Nikolai during the time that Koch and Pestryakov were upstairs, and can it be proved somehow?"

"That's just it, nobody saw him," Razumikhin answered with vexation, "that's the worst of it: even Koch and Pestryakov didn't notice them as they were going upstairs, though their testimony wouldn't mean much now. 'We saw that the apartment was open,' they say, 'that someone must have been working in it, but we didn't pay attention as we passed by, and we don't remember exactly whether the workers were there at the moment or not.'"

"Hm. So the only defense they have is that they were punching each other and laughing. Granted it's strong evidence, but . . . Then how, may I ask, do you explain the whole fact yourself? How do you explain the finding of the earrings, if he indeed found them as he testifies?"

"How do I explain it? But what is there to explain; the thing is clear!

At least the path the case should take is clear and established, and it's precisely the box that establishes it. The real murderer dropped the earrings. The murderer was upstairs when Koch and Pestryakov were knocking, and had locked himself in. Like a fool, Koch went downstairs; then the murderer jumped out and ran downstairs himself, since he had no other choice. On the stairs he hid from Koch, Pestryakov, and the caretaker in the empty apartment at the precise moment when Dmitri and Nikolai had gone running out of it, stood behind the door while the caretaker and the others were going upstairs, waited until their steps died away, then went down as calmly as you please, precisely at the same moment that Dmitri and Nikolai ran out to the street and everyone left and there was no one in the gateway. Maybe someone saw him, but without paying any attention—there were enough people going by! And he dropped the box out of his pocket while he was standing behind the door, and didn't notice that he'd dropped it because he had other things on his mind. But the box clearly proves that he was standing precisely there. That's the whole trick!"

"Clever, brother! Really clever! Couldn't be cleverer!"

"But why, why?"

"Because of the timing . . . the way it all falls together so nicely . . . just like a stage play."

"A-a-ah!" Razumikhin began to shout, but at that moment the door opened and a new person, unknown to anyone present, walked in.

V

THIS WAS a gentleman already well past his youth, prim, stately, with a wary and peevish physiognomy, who began by stopping in the doorway and glancing about with offensively unconcealed astonishment, as if asking with his eyes: "Where on earth have I come to?" Mistrustfully, and even with a pretense of being somewhat alarmed, even almost affronted, he looked around Raskolnikov's cramped and low "ship's cabin." After which, with the same astonishment, he shifted his gaze and fixed it upon Raskolnikov himself, undressed, unkempt, unwashed, lying on his meagre and dirty sofa, who was also staring motionlessly at him. Then, with the same deliberate-

ness, he began staring at the disheveled, uncombed, unshaven figure of Razumikhin, who with insolent inquisitiveness looked him straight in the eye, not moving from where he sat. The tense silence lasted for about a minute; then at last, as might be expected, a slight change of scene took place. The newly arrived gentleman must have realized from certain, albeit rather sharp, indications, that in this "ship's cabin" his exaggeratedly stern bearing would get him precisely nowhere, and, softening somewhat, he turned and addressed Zossimov, politely though not without sternness, rapping out each syllable of his question:

"Mr. Rodion Romanych Raskolnikov, a student, or a former student?"

Zossimov slowly stirred himself and would perhaps have answered if Razumikhin, who had not been addressed at all, had not immediately prevented him.

"He's here, lying on the sofa! What is it you want?"

This offhanded "What is it you want?" simply floored the prim gentleman; he even almost turned to Razumikhin, but managed to catch himself in time and quickly turned back to Zossimov.

"This is Raskolnikov," Zossimov drawled, nodding towards the sick man, and he yawned, opening his mouth extraordinarily widely as he did so, and keeping it that way for an extraordinarily long time. Then he slowly drew his hand up to his waistcoat pocket, took out an enormous, convex, gold-lidded watch, opened it, looked, and as slowly and sluggishly put it back into his pocket.

Raskolnikov himself lay silently on his back all the while, staring obstinately, though without any thought, at the man who had come in. His face, now turned away from the curious flower on the wallpaper, was extremely pale and had a look of extraordinary suffering, as though he had just undergone painful surgery or had just been released from torture. But the newly arrived gentleman gradually began to elicit more and more attention from him, then perplexity, then mistrust, then even something like fear. And when Zossimov, pointing to him, said: "This is Raskolnikov," he suddenly raised himself quickly, as if jumping up a little, sat up on his bed, and spoke in an almost defiant, but faltering and weak voice:

"Yes! I am Raskolnikov! What do you want?"

The visitor looked at him attentively and said imposingly:

"Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin. I have every hope that by now my name is not wholly unfamiliar to you."

But Raskolnikov, who had been expecting something quite different, looked at him dully and pensively and made no reply, as though he were decidedly hearing Pyotr Petrovich's name for the first time.

"What? Is it possible that you have received no news as yet?" Pyotr Petrovich asked, wincing slightly.

In response to which Raskolnikov slowly sank back on the pillow, flung his hands up behind his head, and began staring at the ceiling. Anguish flitted across Luzhin's face. Zossimov and Razumikhin began scrutinizing him with even greater curiosity, and he finally became visibly embarrassed.

"I had supposed and reckoned," he began to drawl, "that a letter sent more than ten days ago, almost two weeks, in fact . . ."

"Listen, why do you go on standing in the doorway?" Razumikhin suddenly interrupted. "If you've got something to explain, do sit down; there's not room enough there for both you and Nastasya. Step aside, Nastasyushka, let him pass! Come in, there's a chair for you right here! Squeeze by!"

He pushed his chair back from the table, made a small space between the table and his knees, and waited in that somewhat strained position for the visitor to "squeeze" through the crack. The moment was chosen in such a way that it was quite impossible to refuse, and the visitor started through the narrow space, hurrying and stumbling. Having reached the chair, he sat down and eyed Razumikhin suspiciously.

"Anyway, you oughtn't to be embarrassed," Razumikhin blurted out, "it's the fifth day that Rodya's been sick, for three days he was delirious, but now he's come to and even got his appetite back. Here sits his doctor, he's just finished examining him; and I am Rodka's friend, also a former student, and presently his nurse; so you oughtn't to count us or be confused, but just go ahead and say what it is you want."

"Thank you. But shall I not disturb the sick man with my presence and conversation?" Pyotr Petrovich turned to Zossimov.

"No-o-o," Zossimov drawled, "you may even divert him." And he yawned again.

"Oh, he's been conscious for a long time, since morning!" continued Razumikhin, whose familiarity had the appearance of such unfeigned ingenuousness that Pyotr Petrovich reconsidered and began to take heart, perhaps also partly because the insolent ragamuffin had had time to introduce himself as a student.

"Your mama . . ." Luzhin began.

A loud "Hm!" came from Razumikhin. Luzhin looked at him questioningly.

"Nothing; never mind; go on . . ."

Luzhin shrugged.

". . . Your mama began a letter to you, myself being among them at the time. Having arrived here, I waited purposely for a few days before coming to see you, so as to be completely certain that you had been informed of everything; but now, to my surprise . . ."

"I know, I know!" Raskolnikov suddenly said, with an expression of the most impatient annoyance. "That's you, is it? The fiancé? So, I know! . . . and enough!"

Pyotr Petrovich was decidedly hurt, but held his tongue. He hastened to try and understand what it all meant. The silence lasted for about a minute.

Meanwhile Raskolnikov, who had turned slightly towards him when he replied, suddenly began looking him over again, attentively and with some special curiosity, as if he had not managed to look him over well enough before, or as if he had been struck by something new in him; he even raised himself from his pillow on purpose to do so. Indeed, there was some striking peculiarity, as it were, in Pyotr Petrovich's general appearance—namely, something that seemed to justify the appellation of "fiancé" just given him so unceremoniously. First, it was evident, and even all too noticeable, that Pyotr Petrovich had hastened to try to use his few days in the capital to get himself fitted out and spruced up while waiting for his fiancée—which, incidentally, was quite innocent and pardonable. Even his own, perhaps all too smug awareness of his pleasant change for the better could be forgiven on such an occasion, for Pyotr Petrovich did indeed rank as a fiancé. All his clothes were fresh from the tailor and everything was fine, except perhaps that it was all too new and spoke overly much of a certain purpose. Even the smart, spanking-new top hat testified to

this purpose: Pyotr Petrovich somehow treated it all too reverently and held it all too carefully in his hands. Even the exquisite pair of lilac-colored, real Jouvain gloves¹⁶ testified to the same thing, by this alone, that they were not worn but were merely carried around for display. In Pyotr Petrovich's attire, light and youthful colors predominated. He was wearing a pretty summer jacket of a light brown shade, light-colored summer trousers, a matching waistcoat, a fine, newly purchased shirt, a little tie of the lightest cambric with pink stripes, and the best part was that it all even became Pyotr Petrovich. His face, very fresh and even handsome, looked younger than his forty-five years to begin with. Dark side-whiskers pleasantly overshadowed it from both sides, like a pair of mutton chops, setting off very handsomely his gleaming, clean-shaven chin. Even his hair, only slightly touched with gray, combed and curled by the hairdresser, did not thereby endow him with a ridiculous or somehow silly look, as curled hair most often does, inevitably making one resemble a German on his way to the altar. And if there was indeed something unpleasant and repulsive in this rather handsome and solid physiognomy, it proceeded from other causes. Having looked Mr. Luzhin over unceremoniously, Raskolnikov smiled venomously, sank onto the pillow again, and went back to staring at the ceiling.

But Mr. Luzhin checked himself, and apparently decided to ignore all this strangeness for the time being.

"I am quite, quite sorry to find you in such a state," he began again, breaking the silence with some effort. "If I had known you were unwell, I would have come sooner. But, you know, one gets caught up! . . . Moreover, in my line as a lawyer, I have a rather important case in the Senate. Not to mention those cares which you yourself may surmise. I am expecting your relations—that is, your mama and sister—any time now . . ."

Raskolnikov stirred and wanted to say something; a certain agitation showed on his face. Pyotr Petrovich stopped and waited, but since nothing followed, he went on.

". . . Any time now. I have found them an apartment for the immediate future . . ."

"Where?" Raskolnikov said weakly.

"Quite near here, in Bakaleev's house . . ."

"That's on Voznesensky," Razumikhin interrupted, "there are two floors of furnished rooms; the merchant Yushin runs the place; I've been there."

"Yes, furnished rooms, sir . . ."

"Utterly vile: filth, stench, and a suspicious place besides; things have happened there; and devil knows who the tenants are! . . . I went there on a scandalous occasion myself. But it's cheap."

"I, of course, was not able to gather so much information, being new here," Pyotr Petrovich objected touchily, "but in any case they are two quite, quite clean little rooms, and since it is for quite a short period of time . . . I have already found a real, that is, our future apartment," he turned to Raskolnikov, "and it is now being decorated; and I myself am squeezed into furnished rooms for the time being, two steps away, at Mrs. Lippewechsel's, in the apartment of a young friend of mine, Andrei Semyonich Lebezyatnikov; it was he who directed me to Bakaleev's house . . ."

"Lebezyatnikov?" Raskolnikov said slowly, as if recalling something.

"Yes, Andrei Semyonich Lebezyatnikov, a clerk in the ministry. Do you know him perchance?"

"Yes . . . no . . ." Raskolnikov replied.

"Excuse me, but your question made it seem that you did. I once used to be his guardian . . . a very nice young man . . . up-to-date . . . I am delighted to meet young people: one learns what is new from them." Pyotr Petrovich looked hopefully around at those present.

"In what sense do you mean?" Razumikhin asked.

"In the most serious, so to speak, in the very essence of things," Pyotr Petrovich picked up, as if delighted to be asked. "You see, it has been ten years since I last visited Petersburg. All these new things of ours, reforms, ideas—all this has touched us in the provinces as well; but to see better, and to see everything, one must be in Petersburg. Well, sir, it is precisely my notion that one sees and learns most of all by observing our younger generations. And I confess I am delighted . . ."

"With what, exactly?"

"A vast question. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that I find a clearer vision, more criticism, so to speak, more practicality . . ."

"That's true," Zossimov said through his teeth.

"Nonsense, there's no practicality," Razumikhin seized upon him.

"Practicality is acquired with effort, it doesn't fall from the sky for free. And we lost the habit of any activity about two hundred years ago . . . There may be some ideas wandering around," he turned to Pyotr Petrovich, "and there is a desire for the good, albeit a childish one; even honesty can be found, though there are crooks all over the place; but still there's no practicality! Practicality is a scant item these days."

"I cannot agree with you," Pyotr Petrovich objected with visible pleasure. "Of course, there are passions, mistakes, but one must also make allowances: passions testify to enthusiasm for the cause, and to the wrong external situation in which the cause finds itself. And if little has in fact been done, there also has not been much time. Not to mention means. But it is my personal view, if you like, that something has been done: useful new ideas have been spread, and some useful new books, instead of the former dreamy and romantic ones; literature is acquiring a shade of greater maturity; many harmful prejudices have been eradicated and derided . . . In short, we have cut ourselves off irrevocably from the past, and that in itself, I think, is already something, sir . . ."

"All by rote! Recommending himself!" Raskolnikov said suddenly.

"What, sir?" asked Pyotr Petrovich, who had not caught the remark, but he received no reply.

"That is all quite correct," Zossimov hastened to put in.

"Is it not, sir?" Pyotr Petrovich continued, glancing affably at Zossimov. "You yourself must agree," he went on addressing Razumikhin, but now with the shade of a certain triumph and superiority, and he almost added "young man," "that there is such a thing as prosperity or, as they now say, progress, if only in the name of science and economic truth . . ."

"A commonplace!"

"No, it is not a commonplace, sir! If up to now, for example, I have been told to 'love my neighbor,' and I did love him, what came of it?" Pyotr Petrovich continued, perhaps with unnecessary haste. "What came of it was that I tore my caftan in two, shared it with my neighbor, and we were both left half naked, in accordance with the Russian proverb which says: If you chase several hares at once, you won't overtake any one of them.¹⁷ But science says: Love yourself before all,

because everything in the world is based on self-interest. If you love only yourself, you will set your affairs up properly, and your caftan will also remain in one piece. And economic truth adds that the more properly arranged personal affairs and, so to speak, whole caftans there are in society, the firmer its foundations are and the better arranged its common cause. It follows that by acquiring solely and exclusively for myself, I am thereby precisely acquiring for everyone, as it were, and working so that my neighbor will have something more than a torn caftan, not from private, isolated generousities now, but as a result of universal prosperity. A simple thought, which unfortunately has been too long in coming, overshadowed by rapturousness and dreaminess, though it seems it would not take much wit to realize . . ."¹⁸

"Sorry, wit is what I happen to lack," Razumikhin interrupted sharply, "so let's stop. I did have some purpose when I started talking, but all this self-gratifying chatter, this endless stream of commonplaces, and all the same, always the same, has become so sickening after three years that, by God, I blush not only to say such things, but to hear them said in my presence. Naturally, you've hastened to recommend yourself with regard to your knowledge; that is quite pardonable, and I do not condemn it. For the time being I simply wanted to find out who you were, because, you know, there are all sorts of traffickers hanging on to this common cause who in their own interest have so distorted everything they've touched that they have decidedly befouled the whole cause. And so, enough, sir!"

"My dear sir," Mr. Luzhin began, wincing with extreme dignity, "do you mean to suggest so unceremoniously that I, too . . ."

"Oh, heavens, heavens . . . How could I! . . . And so, enough, sir!" Razumikhin cut him off and turned abruptly to Zossimov, to continue their previous conversation.

Pyotr Petrovich proved intelligent enough to believe the explanation at once. But he resolved to leave in two minutes anyway.

"I hope that our acquaintance, which has presently begun," he turned to Raskolnikov, "will, upon your recovery and in view of circumstances known to you, continue to grow . . . I wish especially that your health . . ."

Raskolnikov did not even turn his head. Pyotr Petrovich began to get up from his chair.

"The killer was certainly one of her clients!" Zossimov was saying assertively.

"Certainly one of her clients!" Razumikhin echoed. "Porfiry doesn't give away his thoughts, but all the same he's interrogating the clients . . ."

"Interrogating the clients?" Raskolnikov asked loudly.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nothing."

"How does he get hold of them?" asked Zossimov.

"Koch has led him to some; the names of others were written on the paper the articles were wrapped in; and some came on their own when they heard . . ."

"Must be a cunning and experienced rogue! What boldness! What determination!"

"But he's not, that's precisely the point!" Razumikhin interrupted. "That's what throws you all off. I say he was not cunning, not experienced, and this was certainly his first attempt! Assume calculation and a cunning rogue, and it all looks improbable. Assume an inexperienced man, and it looks as if he escaped disaster only by chance, and chance can do all sorts of things! Good God, maybe he didn't even foresee any obstacles! And how does he go about the business? He takes things worth ten or twenty roubles, stuffs his pockets with them, rummages in a woman's trunk, among her rags—while in the chest, in the top drawer, in a strongbox, they found fifteen hundred roubles in hard cash, and notes besides! He couldn't even rob, all he could do was kill! A first attempt, I tell you, a first attempt; he lost his head! And he got away not by calculation, but by chance!"

"It seems you're referring to the recent murder of the official's old widow," Pyotr Petrovich put in, addressing Zossimov. He was already standing, hat and gloves in hand, but wished to drop a few more clever remarks before leaving. He was obviously anxious to make a favorable impression, and vanity overcame his good sense.

"True. Have you heard about it?"

"Of course. It was in the neighborhood."

"You know the details?"

"I cannot say that I do; but there is another circumstance in it that interests me—a whole question, so to speak. I am not even referring

to the fact that crime has been increasing among the lower classes over the past five years; I am not referring to the constant robberies and fires everywhere; what is most strange to me is that crime has been increasing among the upper classes as well, and in a parallel way, so to speak. In one place they say a former student intercepted mail on the highway; in another, people of advanced social position have been counterfeiting banknotes; then, in Moscow, a whole band is caught making forged tickets for the latest lottery—and among the chief participants is a lecturer in world history; then one of our embassy secretaries is murdered abroad, for reasons mysterious and monetary . . .¹⁹ And now, if this old pawnbroker was killed by one of her clients, it follows that he is a man of higher society—because peasants do not pawn gold objects—and what, then, explains this licentiousness, on the one hand, in the civilized part of our society?"

"There have been many economic changes . . ." Zossimov responded.

"What explains it?" Razumikhin took up. "It might be explained precisely by an all too inveterate impracticality."

"How do you mean that, sir?"

"It's what your Moscow lecturer answered when he was asked why he forged lottery tickets: 'Everybody else is getting rich one way or another, so I wanted to get rich quickly, too.' I don't remember his exact words, but the meaning was for nothing, quickly, without effort. We're used to having everything handed to us, to pulling ourselves up by other men's bootstraps, to having our food chewed for us. Well, and when the great hour struck, everyone showed what he was made of . . ."

"But morality, after all? The rules, so to speak . . ."

"What are you so worried about?" Raskolnikov broke in unexpectedly. "It all went according to your theory!"

"How according to my theory?"

"Get to the consequences of what you've just been preaching, and it will turn out that one can go around putting a knife in people."

"Good God!" cried Luzhin.

"No, that's not so," echoed Zossimov.

Raskolnikov was lying pale on the sofa, his upper lip trembling; he was breathing heavily.

"There is measure in all things," Luzhin continued haughtily. "An economic idea is not yet an invitation to murder, and if one simply supposes . . ."

"And is it true," Raskolnikov again suddenly interrupted, his voice, trembling with anger, betraying a certain joy of offense, "is it true that you told your fiancée . . . at the same time as you received her consent, that above all you were glad she was poor . . . because it's best to take a wife up from destitution, so that you can lord it over her afterwards . . . and reproach her with having been her benefactor? . . ."

"My dear sir!" Luzhin, all flushed and confused, cried out angrily and irritably, "my dear sir . . . to distort a thought in such a fashion! Excuse me, but I must tell you that the rumors which have reached you, or, better, which have been conveyed to you, do not have even the shadow of a reasonable foundation, and I . . . suspect I know . . . in short . . . this barb . . . your mama, in short . . . Even without this, she seemed to me, for all her excellent qualities, incidentally, to be of a somewhat rapturous and romantic cast of mind . . . But all the same I was a thousand miles from supposing that she could understand and present the situation in such a perversely fantastic form . . . And finally . . . finally . . ."

"And do you know what?" Raskolnikov cried out, raising himself on his pillow and looking point-blank at him with piercing, glittering eyes, "do you know what?"

"What, sir?" Luzhin stopped and waited, with an offended and defiant air. The silence lasted a few seconds.

"Just this, that if you dare . . . ever again . . . to mention my mother . . . even a single word . . . I'll send you flying down the stairs!"

"What's got into you!" cried Razumikhin.

"Ah, so that's how it is, sir!" Luzhin became pale and bit his lip. "Listen to me, sir," he began distinctly, restraining himself as much as he could, but still breathless, "even earlier, from the first moment, I guessed at your hostility, but I remained here on purpose to learn still more. I could forgive much in a sick man, and a relation, but now . . . you . . . never, sir . . ."

"I am not sick!" Raskolnikov cried out.

"So much the worse, sir . . ."

"Get the hell out of here!"

But Luzhin was already leaving on his own, without finishing his speech, again squeezing between the table and the chair; this time Razumikhin stood to let him pass. Without looking at anyone, without even nodding to Zossimov, who for a long time had been shaking his head at him to leave the sick man alone, Luzhin went out, cautiously raising his hat just to shoulder height and ducking a little as he stepped through the doorway. And even the curve of his back at that moment seemed expressive of the terrible insult he was bearing away with him.

"Impossible, simply impossible!" the bewildered Razumikhin said, shaking his head.

"Leave me, leave me, all of you!" Raskolnikov cried out frenziedly. "Will you tormentors never leave me! I'm not afraid of you! I'm not afraid of anyone now, not of anyone! Away from me! Alone, I want to be alone, alone, alone!"

"Come on!" said Zossimov, nodding to Razumikhin.

"Good God, can we leave him like this?"

"Come on!" Zossimov repeated insistently, and he walked out. Razumikhin thought a little and ran after him.

"It might get worse if we don't do as he says," Zossimov said, already on the stairs. "He shouldn't be irritated . . ."

"What is it with him?"

"He needs some sort of favorable push, that's all! He was strong enough today . . . You know, he's got something on his mind! Something fixed, heavy . . . That I'm very much afraid of; most assuredly!"

"But maybe it's this gentleman, this Pyotr Petrovich! You could see from what they said that he's marrying his sister, and that Rodya got a letter about it just before his illness . . ."

"Yes; why the devil did he have to come now; he may have spoiled the whole thing. And did you notice that he's indifferent to everything, doesn't respond to anything, except for one point that drives him wild: this murder . . ."

"Yes, yes!" Razumikhin picked up, "of course I noticed it! He gets interested, frightened. He got frightened the very day of his illness, in the police chief's office; he passed out."

"Tell me about it in more detail this evening, and then I'll tell

you a thing or two. He interests me, very much so! I'll come and check on him in half an hour . . . There won't be any inflammation, though . . ."

"My thanks to you! And I'll wait at Pashenka's meanwhile, and keep an eye on him through Nastasya . . ."

Raskolnikov, after they left, looked at Nastasya with impatience and anguish; but she still lingered and would not go away.

"Will you have some tea now?" she asked.

"Later! I want to sleep! Leave me . . ."

He turned convulsively to the wall; Nastasya went out.

VI

BUT AS SOON AS she went out, he got up, hooked the door, untied the bundle of clothing that Razumikhin had brought earlier and had tied up again himself, and began to dress. Strangely, he seemed suddenly to become perfectly calm; there was none of the earlier half-crazed delirium, nor the panicky fear of that whole recent time. This was the first moment of some strange, sudden calm. His movements were precise and definite; a firm intention shone through them. "Today, today! . . ." he muttered to himself. He realized, however, that he was still weak, but emotional tension, so strong in him that it had reached the point of calm, of a fixed idea, gave him strength and self-confidence; he hoped, all the same, that he would not collapse in the street. Having fully dressed, in all new things, he looked at the money lying on the table, reflected, and put it in his pocket. There were twenty-five roubles. He also took all the five-kopeck pieces left as change from the ten roubles Razumikhin had spent on the clothes. Then he quietly unfastened the hook, stepped out of the room, went down the stairs, and peeked through the wide open door into the kitchen: Nastasya was standing with her back to him, bending over the landlady's samovar and blowing on the coals. She did not hear anything. Besides, who could imagine he would leave? In another moment he was in the street.

It was about eight o'clock; the sun was going down. It was as stifling as before, yet he greedily inhaled the stinking, dusty, city-infected air. He began to feel slightly giddy; a sort of wild energy suddenly shone

in his inflamed eyes and in his pale and yellow, emaciated face. He did not know and did not think about where he was going; he knew only one thing—that "all *this* must be ended today, at once, right now; otherwise he would not go back home, because he *did not want to live like that*." Ended how? Ended by what? Of that he had no idea, nor did he want to think about it. He kept driving the thought away; the thought tormented him. He simply felt and knew that everything had to change, one way or another, "no matter how," he repeated with desperate, fixed self-confidence and resolution.

By old habit, following the usual course of his former walks, he headed straight for the Haymarket. Just before the Haymarket, on the sidewalk in front of a grocery shop, stood a dark-haired young organ-grinder, turning out some quite heartfelt love song. He was accompanying a girl of about fifteen, who stood in front of him on the sidewalk, dressed like a young lady in a crinoline, a little cape, gloves, and a straw hat with a flame-colored feather—all of it old and shabby. She was singing a love song in a cracked but rather pleasant and strong street singer's voice, hoping to get two kopecks from the shop. Raskolnikov stopped alongside two or three listeners, listened for a while, took out a five-kopeck piece, and put it in the girl's hand. She suddenly cut off her song on the highest and most heartfelt note, as with a knife, shouted a curt "Enough!" to the organ-grinder, and they both trudged on to the next shop.

"Do you like street singing?" Raskolnikov suddenly addressed one not too young passer-by, who had been standing with him near the barrel-organ and looked like an idler. The man stared at him wildly and with amazement. "I do," Raskolnikov went on, looking as if he were not talking about street singing at all, "I like hearing songs to the barrel-organ on a cold, dark, and wet autumn evening—it must be a wet evening—when all the passers-by have pale green, sickly faces; or, even better, when wet snow is falling, straight down, with no wind—you know?—and the gaslights are shining through it . . ."

"I don't know, sir . . . Excuse me . . ." the gentleman muttered, frightened both by the question and by Raskolnikov's strange look, and he crossed to the other side of the street.

Raskolnikov went straight on and came to the corner of the Haymarket where the tradesman and the woman, the ones who had been

talking with Lizaveta that day, had their stand; but they were not there now. Having recognized the spot, he stopped, looked around, and addressed a young fellow in a red shirt who was yawning in the doorway of a miller's shop.

"That tradesman and the woman, his wife, keep a stand here at the corner, eh?"

"All kinds of people keep stands here," the fellow replied, looking Raskolnikov up and down superciliously.

"What's his name?"

"Whatever he was baptized."

"Are you from Zairaik, too? What's your province?"

The fellow gave Raskolnikov another look.

"Ours isn't a province, Your Excellency, it's a district, but the strict one is my brother, not me, so I couldn't say, sir . . . Therefore I hope you'll be so magnanimous as to forgive me, Your Excellency."

"Is this a cook-shop, the place upstairs?"

"It's a tavern; they've got billiards, and princesses on hand . . . oh-la-la!"

Raskolnikov crossed the square. There, on the corner, stood a thick crowd of people, all of them peasants. He made his way into the very thick of them, peering into their faces. For some reason he felt drawn to talk with everyone. But the peasants paid no attention to him; they were all cackling to each other, bunching together in little groups. He stood, thought a moment, then went to the right along the sidewalk, in the direction of V—y. Once past the square, he found himself in an alley.

He often used to take this short alley, which made an elbow and led from the square to Sadovaya. Recently, he had even been drawn to loafing around all these places, when he was feeling sick at heart, so as to make it "all the more sickening." But now he was not thinking anything as he entered it. A big building there was given over entirely to taverns and other eating and drinking establishments; women came running out of them every other minute, wearing whatever was worn "around the neighborhood"—bareheaded and only in dresses. They crowded in groups at two or three places along the sidewalk, mostly near the basement stairways, where a couple of steps led down to various rather pleasurable establishments. In one of these, at that mo-

ment, a clatter and racket were going on for the whole street to hear—the strumming of a guitar, singing, and great merrymaking. A large group of women crowded around the entrance; some were sitting on the steps, others on the sidewalk, the rest stood talking together. A drunken soldier with a cigarette was loafing in the street nearby, swearing loudly; he seemed to want to go in somewhere but had apparently forgotten where. A ragamuffin was swearing at another ragamuffin, and there was a man lying dead drunk in the middle of the street. Raskolnikov stopped near the large group of women. They were talking in husky voices; all of them were wearing cotton dresses, goatskin shoes, and nothing on their heads. Some were over forty, but there were some younger than seventeen; almost every one of them had a black eye.

For some reason he was interested in the singing and all the clatter and racket there, downstairs . . . Through the shrieks and guffaws, to the accompaniment of the guitar and the thin falsetto of a rollicking song, came the sound of someone desperately dancing, beating time with his heels. He listened intently, gloomily, pensively, bending down at the entrance and peering curiously from the sidewalk into the entryway.

"My soldier-boy so fine and free,
What cause have you for beating me!"

the singer's thin voice poured out. Raskolnikov wanted terribly to catch the words, as if that were all that mattered to him.

"Why don't I go in?" he thought. "They're laughing loudly! Drunk. Well, suppose I get drunk?"

"Won't you go in, dear master?" one of the women asked in a ringing, not yet quite husky voice. She was young and not even repulsive—she alone of the whole group.

"Well, well, here's a pretty one!" he replied, straightening up and looking at her.

She smiled; the compliment pleased her very much.

"You're a real pretty one yourself," she said.

"But so skinny!" another observed in a bass voice. "Just checked out of the hospital, or what?"

"Look, they're all generals' daughters, and snub-nosed every nose of

them!" a newly arrived peasant suddenly interrupted, tipsy, his coat unbuttoned, and with a slyly laughing mug. "Here's some fun, eh?"

"Go in if you're going!"

"That I will, my sweeties!"

And he tumbled down the steps.

Raskolnikov started to move on.

"Listen, dear master!" the girl called after him.

"What?"

She became embarrassed.

"I'd always be glad to spend some time with you, dear master, but right now I can't seem to settle my conscience on you. Give me six kopecks for a drink, my nice young gentleman!"

Raskolnikov took out what happened into his hand: three five-kopeck pieces.

"Ah, such a kind master!"

"What's your name?"

"Ask for Duklida."

"Just look at that, will you," one woman in the group suddenly remarked, shaking her head at Duklida. "I don't know how anyone could ask like that! I think I'd just drop down from conscience alone . . ."

Raskolnikov looked curiously at the one who had spoken. She was a pockmarked wench of about thirty, all covered with bruises, and with a swollen upper lip. She pronounced her judgment calmly and seriously.

"Where was it," Raskolnikov thought as he walked on, "where was it that I read about a man condemned to death saying or thinking, an hour before his death, that if he had to live somewhere high up on a cliffside, on a ledge so narrow that there was room only for his two feet—and with the abyss, the ocean, eternal darkness, eternal solitude, eternal storm all around him—and had to stay like that, on a square foot of space, an entire lifetime, a thousand years, an eternity—it would be better to live so than to die right now! Only to live, to live, to live! To live, no matter how—only to live!²⁰ . . . How true! Lord, how true! Man is a scoundrel! And he's a scoundrel who calls him a scoundrel for that," he added in a moment.

He came out on another street. "Hah! The 'Crystal Palace'! Razu-

mikhin was talking earlier about the 'Crystal Palace.' Only what was it I wanted to do? Ah, yes, to read! . . . Zossimov said he read about it in the newspapers . . ."

"Do you have the newspapers?" he asked, going into a quite spacious and even orderly tavern with several rooms, all of them rather empty, however. Two or three customers were having tea, and in a farther room a group of some four men sat drinking champagne. Raskolnikov fancied that one of them was Zamyotov, but it was hard to tell from a distance.

"So what if it is!" he thought.

"Will you be having vodka, sir?" the waiter asked.

"Bring me tea. And some newspapers, old ones—say, from the last five days—and I'll leave you a good tip."

"Right, sir. Here are today's, sir. And some vodka, sir?"

The old newspapers and the tea appeared. Raskolnikov sat down and began searching: "Izler . . . Izler . . . Aztecs . . . Aztecs . . . Izler . . . Bartola . . . Massimo . . . Aztecs . . . Izler . . . pah, the devil! Ah, the short notices: woman falls down stairs . . . tradesman burns up with drink . . . fire in Peski . . . fire on the Petersburg side . . . another fire on the Petersburg side . . . another fire on the Petersburg side . . . Izler . . . Izler . . . Izler . . . Massimo . . . Ah, here . . ."²¹

He finally found what he wanted and started reading; the lines danced in front of his eyes, but he nevertheless finished the whole "news item" and greedily began looking in other issues for later additions. His hands trembled with convulsive impatience as he leafed through the pages. Suddenly someone sat down next to him at his table. He looked up—it was Zamyotov, the same Zamyotov, with the same look, with the signet rings, the watch-chains, the part in his black, curly, and pomaded hair, wearing a foppish waistcoat, a somewhat worn jacket, and not very fresh linen. He was cheerful; at least he was smiling cheerfully and good-naturedly. His dark-skinned face was a little flushed from the champagne he had been drinking.

"What! You here?" he began in perplexity, and in a tone suggesting they had known each other for ages. "Razumikhin told me just yesterday that you were still unconscious. How strange! And I was there at your place . . ."

Raskolnikov had known he would come over. He laid the newspa-

pers aside and turned to Zamyotov. There was a smirk on his lips, and in that smirk the trace of some new, irritable impatience.

"I know you were," he replied, "I heard about it, sir. You looked for my sock . . . And, you know, Razumikhin's lost his head over you; he says you went with him to Laviza Ivanovna, the one you took such trouble over that time, winking to Lieutenant Gunpowder, and he couldn't understand, remember? Yet one wonders how he could possibly not understand—it was clear enough . . . eh?"

"And what a rowdy he is!"

"Who, Gunpowder?"

"No, your friend Razumikhin . . ."

"Nice life you've got for yourself, Mr. Zamyotov; a toll-free entry into the most pleasant places! Who was that pouring champagne into you just now?"

"Yes, we were . . . having a drink . . . Pouring, really!"

"An honorarium! You profit in all ways!" Raskolnikov laughed. "Never mind, sweet boy, never mind!" he added, slapping Zamyotov on the shoulder. "I'm not saying it out of malice; it's all 'real friendly, for the fun of it,' as your workman said when he was punching Mitka, the one in the old woman's case."

"How do you know about that?"

"Maybe I know more than you do."

"You're a strange one, you are . . . You must still be very sick. You shouldn't have gone out . . ."

"So I seem strange to you?"

"Yes. What's this, you're reading newspapers?"

"Newspapers."

"There's a lot about fires . . ."

"I'm not reading about fires." Here he gave Zamyotov a mysterious look; a mocking smile again twisted his lips. "No, not about fires," he went on, winking at Zamyotov. "And confess it, my dear young man, aren't you terribly anxious to know what I was reading about?"

"Not at all; I just asked. Can't I ask? Why do you keep . . ."

"Listen, you're an educated man, a literary man, eh?"

"I finished the sixth class in gymnasium," Zamyotov answered with some dignity.

"The sixth class! Ah, my little sparrow! With a part in his hair and

rings on his fingers—a rich man! Pah, what a dear little boy!" Here Raskolnikov dissolved into nervous laughter right in Zamyotov's face. The latter drew back, not really offended, but very much surprised.

"Pah, what a strange fellow!" Zamyotov repeated, very seriously. "I think you're still raving."

"Raving? Nonsense, my little sparrow! . . . So I'm strange, am I? Well, and are you curious about me? Are you curious?"

"I'm curious."

"Then shall I tell you what I was reading about, what I was looking for? See how many issues I had them drag out for me! Suspicious, eh?"

"So, tell me."

"Are your ears pricked up?"

"Why pricked up?"

"I'll tell you why later, and now, my dear, I declare to you . . . no, better: 'I confess' . . . No, that's not right either: 'I give testimony, and you take it'—that's best! So, I give testimony that I was reading . . . I was interested in . . . I was searching . . . I was looking for . . ." Raskolnikov narrowed his eyes and paused: "I was looking—and that is the reason I came here—for news about the murder of the official's old widow," he finally uttered, almost in a whisper, bringing his face extremely close to Zamyotov's face. Zamyotov looked straight at him, point-blank, without moving or drawing his face back from Raskolnikov's face. What seemed strangest afterwards to Zamyotov was that their silence lasted for exactly a full minute, and that for exactly a full minute they sat looking at each other that way.

"Well, so what if you were?" he suddenly cried out in perplexity and impatience. "Why should I care? What of it?"

"It's that same old woman," Raskolnikov went on, still in a whisper, not moving at Zamyotov's exclamation, "the same one, remember, that you started telling about in the office, and I fainted. So, do you understand now?"

"But what do you mean? 'Understand' . . . what?" said Zamyotov, almost alarmed.

Raskolnikov's frozen and serious expression transformed in an instant, and he suddenly dissolved into the same nervous laughter as shortly before, apparently quite unable to restrain himself. And in a flash he recalled, with the extreme clarity of a sensation, that recent

moment when he was standing with the axe behind the door, the hook was jumping up and down, the people outside the door were cursing and trying to force it, and he suddenly wanted to shout to them, curse at them, stick his tongue out, taunt them, and laugh loudly—laugh, laugh, laugh!

"You're either crazy, or . . ." Zamyotov said, and stopped, as if suddenly struck by a thought that flashed unexpectedly through his mind.

"Or? Or what? Well, what? Go on, say it!"

"Nothing!" replied Zamyotov, exasperated. "It's all nonsense!"

Both fell silent. After his unexpected burst into a fit of laughter, Raskolnikov all at once became pensive and sad. He leaned his elbow on the table and propped his head in his hand. He seemed to forget Zamyotov entirely. The silence lasted for quite some time.

"Why don't you drink your tea? It'll get cold," said Zamyotov.

"Eh? What? Tea? . . . Maybe so . . ." Raskolnikov took a sip from the cup, put a piece of bread in his mouth, and, looking at Zamyotov, seemed suddenly to recall everything and rouse himself: at the same moment his face resumed its original mocking expression. He went on drinking tea.

"There's a lot of this crookedness around nowadays," said Zamyotov. "Just recently I read in the *Moscow Gazette* that they caught a whole gang of counterfeiters in Moscow. A whole organization. They were making bank notes."

"Oh, that was way back! I read about it a month ago," Raskolnikov replied calmly. "So they're crooks in your opinion?" he added, grinning.

"What else would you call them?"

"Them? They're children, greenhorns, not crooks! A full fifty of them went into such a thing together! How is it possible? Even three would be too many, and even then they'd have to be surer of each other than of themselves! Otherwise, if just one of them gets drunk and spills it out, the whole thing falls through. Greenhorns! They hire unreliable people to change the money in banks: trusting such a job to the first comer! Well, suppose the greenhorns even brought it off, suppose each one got a million changed—well, what then? For the rest of their lives? They have to depend on each other all the rest of their lives! No, better

to hang oneself! But they couldn't even get it changed: one of them went to the bank, got five thousand changed, and his hands betrayed him. He counted through four thousand and then took the fifth without counting it, on faith, just to pocket it and run away quickly. So he aroused suspicion. And everything blew up because of one fool! How is it possible?"²²

"That his hands betrayed him?" Zamyotov picked up. "No, that is possible, sir. No, I'm absolutely sure it's possible. Sometimes one just can't stand it."

"A thing like that?"

"And you think you could stand it? No, I couldn't. To risk such horror for a hundred-rouble reward! To take a false bank note, and where?—to a banking house, where they do know a hawk from a handsaw—no, I'd get flustered. Wouldn't you?"

Again Raskolnikov suddenly felt a terrible urge to "stick his tongue out." Shivers momentarily ran down his spine.

"I wouldn't do it that way," he began, remotely. "This is how I would get it changed: I'd count the first thousand four times or so, backwards and forwards, examining every note, and then go on to the next thousand; I'd start counting, count half way through, pull out a fifty-rouble note and hold it up to the light, turn it over, and hold it up to the light again—is it false or not? 'I'm afraid,' I'd say, 'I have a relative, and the other day she lost twenty-five roubles that way,' and I'd tell them the story. Then, when I started counting the third thousand—'No, sorry, I think, back there in the second thousand, I counted the seventh hundred incorrectly; I'm not sure'—and I'd leave the third thousand and start over again on the second; and so on for the whole five thousand. And when I was done, I'd pull out a note from the fifth thousand and one from the second, hold them up to the light again, and say in a doubtful voice: 'Change them, please.' And I'd have the clerk in such a lather by then that he'd do anything to be rid of me! When I was finally done with it all, I'd go and open the door—'No, sorry,' and I'd come back again to ask about something, to get some explanation—that's how I would do it!"

"Pah, what awful things you say!" Zamyotov laughed. "Only it's all just talk; in reality you'd be sure to make a slip. Here, let me tell you, not only you and I, but in my opinion even a seasoned, desperate man

cannot vouch for himself. But why go far? Take, for example, this old woman who was murdered in our precinct. It looks like the work of a real daredevil; he risked it all in broad daylight, got away only by a miracle—and even so his hands betrayed him: he wasn't able to steal, he couldn't stand it; that's clear from the evidence . . ."

Raskolnikov looked offended.

"Clear! Go and catch him then!" he cried, gloatingly egging Zamyotov on.

"Oh, they'll catch him all right!"

"Who? You? You're going to catch him? You'll run yourselves into the ground! What's the main thing for you—whether the man spends the money or not? First he has no money, then he suddenly starts spending—who else could it be? A child so high could hoodwink you with that if he wanted to!"

"That's precisely it; they all do it that way," Zamyotov replied. "He kills cunningly, risks his life, and then immediately gets caught in some pot-house. They get caught spending. Not everyone is as cunning as you are. You wouldn't go to a pot-house, naturally?"

Raskolnikov frowned and looked fixedly at Zamyotov.

"It seems I've whetted your appetite. So, you want to know how I'd act in this case, too?" he asked with displeasure.

"Yes, I do," the other answered firmly and seriously. He had begun to look and sound all too serious.

"Very much?"

"Very much."

"All right. This is how I would act," Raskolnikov began, again suddenly bringing his face close to Zamyotov's, again looking point-blank at him, again speaking in a whisper, so that this time Zamyotov even gave a start. "Here's what I would do: I would take the money and the things, and as soon as I left there, immediately, without stopping anywhere, I'd go to some out-of-the-way place where there were only fences and almost no people around—some kitchen garden or the like. There would be a stone in this yard, which I would have picked out beforehand, weighing thirty or forty pounds, somewhere in a corner near the fence, that might have been sitting there since the house was built; I'd lift this stone—of course there would be a shallow hole under it—and put all the money and things into the hole. I'd put

them there and replace the stone just the way it had been before, tamp it down with my foot, and go away. And I wouldn't touch it for a year, or two, or three—so, look all you like. Now you see me, and now you don't!"

"You are a madman," Zamyotov spoke for some reason also almost in a whisper, and for some reason suddenly drew back from Raskolnikov. Raskolnikov's eyes were flashing; he became terribly pale; his upper lip twitched and began to tremble. He leaned as close to Zamyotov as he could and began moving his lips without uttering anything; this went on for half a minute or so; he was aware of what he was doing, but could not stop himself. A terrible word was trembling on his lips, like the hook on that door: another moment and it would jump out; another moment and it would let go; another moment and it would be spoken!

"And what if it was I who killed the old woman and Lizaveta?" he said suddenly—and came to his senses.

Zamyotov looked wildly at him and went white as a sheet. His face twisted into a smile.

"But can it be?" he said, barely audibly.

Raskolnikov looked at him spitefully.

"Admit that you believed it! Right? Am I right?"

"Not at all! Now more than ever I don't!" Zamyotov said hastily.

"Got you at last! The little sparrow's caught! So you did believe it at first, if 'now more than ever you don't?'"

"No, not at all, really!" Zamyotov exclaimed, visibly confused. "Is that why you've been frightening me, so as to lead up to that?"

"You don't believe it, then? And what did you start talking about in my absence, when I left the office that time? And why did Lieutenant Gunpowder interrogate me after I fainted? Hey, you," he called to the waiter, getting up and taking his cap, "how much?"

"Thirty kopecks in all, sir," the waiter answered, running over.

"And here's twenty more for a tip. Look at all this money!" He held the notes out to Zamyotov with a trembling hand. "Red ones, blue ones, twenty-five roubles. Where from? And where did the new clothes come from? You know I didn't have a kopeck! I bet you've already questioned the landlady, eh? . . . Well, enough! *Assez causé!*²³ See you later . . . with the greatest pleasure! . . ."

He went out all atremble with some wild, hysterical feeling, in which there was at the same time a portion of unbearable delight—yet he was gloomy and terribly tired. His face was distorted, as if after some fit. His fatigue was increasing rapidly. His energy would now be aroused and surge up suddenly, with the first push, the first irritating sensation, and then rapidly grow weaker as the sensation weakened.

Zamyotov, left alone, went on sitting where he was for a long time, pondering. Raskolnikov had unwittingly overturned all his ideas on a certain point, and had finally settled his opinion.

“Ilya Petrovich is a blockhead!” he decided finally.

Raskolnikov had just opened the door to go out when he suddenly bumped into Razumikhin, right on the porch, coming in. Neither one saw the other even a step before, so that they almost bumped heads. They stood for some time looking each other up and down. Razumikhin was greatly amazed, but suddenly wrath, real wrath, flashed menacingly in his eyes.

“So here’s where you are!” he shouted at the top of his lungs. “Ran away from your sick-bed! And I even looked for you under the sofa! We went to the attic! I almost gave Nastasya a beating because of you . . . And here’s where he is! Rodka! What is the meaning of this! Tell the whole truth! Confess! Do you hear?”

“It means that I’m sick to death of all of you, and I want to be alone,” Raskolnikov replied calmly.

“Alone? When you still can’t walk, when your mug is white as a sheet, and you can barely breathe! Fool! . . . What were you doing in the ‘Crystal Palace’? Confess immediately!”

“Let me be!” said Raskolnikov, and he tried to pass by. This now drove Razumikhin into a rage: he seized him firmly by the shoulder.

“Let you be? You dare tell me to let you be? And do you know what I’m going to do with you now? I’m going to pick you up, tie you in a knot, carry you home under my arm, and lock you in!”

“Listen, Razumikhin,” Raskolnikov began softly and apparently quite calmly, “can’t you see that I don’t want your good deeds? And who wants to do good deeds for someone who . . . spits on them? For someone, finally, who only feels seriously burdened by them? Why did you seek me out at the start of my illness? Maybe I would have been

quite happy to die! Didn’t I make it sufficiently plain to you today that you are tormenting me, that I am . . . sick of you! Really, why do you want to torment people! I assure you that it all seriously interferes with my recovery, because it keeps me constantly irritated. Didn’t Zossimov leave today so as not to irritate me? You leave me, too, for God’s sake! And what right do you have, finally, to restrain me by force? Can’t you see as I’m speaking now that I’m entirely in my right mind? How, teach me how to implore you, finally, not to pester me with your good deeds! Say I’m ungrateful, say I’m mean, only leave me alone, all of you, for God’s sake, leave me alone! Leave me! Leave me!”

He had begun calmly, savoring beforehand all the venom he was going to pour out, but he finished frenzied and breathless, as earlier with Luzhin.

Razumikhin stood, thought, and let his hand fall.

“Go to the devil, then!” he said softly and almost pensively. “Wait!” he suddenly bellowed, as Raskolnikov tried to set off. “Listen to me. I announce to you that you’re all, to a man, babblers and braggarts! Some little suffering comes along, and you brood over it like a hen over an egg! Even there you steal from other authors! There isn’t a sign of independent life in you! You’re made of spermaceti ointment, with whey instead of blood in your veins! I don’t believe a one of you! The first thing you do in any circumstances is try not to resemble a human being! Wa-a-ait!” he cried with redoubled fury, seeing that Raskolnikov was making another attempt to leave. “Hear me out! You know I have people coming today for a housewarming party, maybe they’ve come already, but I left my uncle there—I ran over just now—to receive my guests. So, if you weren’t a fool, a banal fool, an utter fool, a foreign translation . . . you see, Rodya, I admit you’re a smart fellow, but you’re a fool!—so, if you weren’t a fool, you’d be better off spending the evening at my place than going around wearing out your boots for nothing. Since you’ve already gone out, what’s the difference! I’ll roll in a soft armchair for you, my landlord has one . . . A bit of tea, good company . . . Or else I can put you on the couch—anyway, you’ll be lying there with us . . . Zossimov will be there, too. Will you come?”

“No.”

“R-r-rot!” Razumikhin cried out impatiently. “How can you tell? You can’t answer for yourself! Besides, you have no understanding of

these things . . . I've fallen out with people like this a thousand times and gone running back . . . One gets ashamed—and goes back to the man! So remember, Pochinkov's house, third floor . . .”

“And in the same way, Mr. Razumikhin, you would probably let someone beat you for the pleasure of doing them good.”

“Who, me? I'll twist your nose off just for thinking it! Pochinkov's house, number forty-seven, the official Babushkin's apartment . . .”

“I won't come, Razumikhin!” Raskolnikov turned and started to walk away.

“I bet you will!” Razumikhin called after him. “Otherwise you . . . otherwise I don't want to know you! Hey, wait! Is Zamyotov in there?”

“He is.”

“You saw him?”

“I did.”

“You spoke?”

“We spoke.”

“What about? Ah, devil take you, don't tell me, then! Pochinkov's, forty-seven, Babushkin's, remember!”

Raskolnikov reached Sadovaya and turned the corner. Razumikhin followed him with his eyes, pondering. Finally he threw up his hands, went into the tavern, but stopped halfway up the stairs.

“Devil take it!” he continued, almost aloud. “He talks sense, but it's as if . . . still, I'm a fool, too! Don't madmen talk sense? I think that's what Zossimov is afraid of!” He tapped himself on the forehead with his finger. “And what if . . . no, he shouldn't be allowed to go by himself now! He might drown himself . . . Ech, I messed that one up! Impossible!” And he ran back outside after Raskolnikov, but the trail was already cold. He spat and with quick steps went back to the “Crystal Palace,” hastening to question Zamyotov.

Raskolnikov walked straight to the —sky Bridge, stopped in the middle of it, leaned both elbows on the railing, and began to look along. After parting with Razumikhin he became so weak that he had barely been able to get there. He longed to sit or lie down somewhere in the street. Leaning over the water, he gazed mechanically at the last pink gleams of the sunset, at the row of houses, dark in the thickening dusk, at one distant window, somewhere in a garret on the left bank,

blazing as if aflame when the last ray of sunlight struck it for a moment, at the dark water of the canal—he stood as if peering intently into the water. Finally, red circles began spinning in his eyes, the houses began to sway, the passers-by, the embankments, the carriages—all began spinning and dancing around him. Suddenly he gave a start, perhaps saved from fainting again by a wild and ugly sight. He sensed that someone was standing next to him, to his right, close by; he looked—and saw a woman, tall, wearing a kerchief, with a long, yellow, wasted face and reddish, sunken eyes. She was looking straight at him, but obviously saw nothing and recognized no one. Suddenly she leaned her right forearm on the parapet, raised her right leg, swung it over the railing, then her left leg, and threw herself into the canal. The dirty water parted, swallowing its victim for a moment, but a minute later the drowning woman floated up and was gently carried downstream, her head and legs in the water, her back up, her skirt to one side and ballooning over the water like a pillow.

“She's drowned herself! Drowned herself!” dozens of voices were crying; people came running, both embankments were strung with spectators, people crowded around Raskolnikov on the bridge, pushing and pressing him from behind.

“Merciful God, it's our Afrosinyushka!” a woman's tearful cry came from somewhere nearby. “Merciful God, save her! Pull her out, dear people!”

“A boat! A boat!” shouts came from the crowd.

But by then there was no need for a boat; a policeman ran down the stairs, threw off his greatcoat and boots, and plunged into the water. It was not much of a task; the stream carried the drowning woman within two yards of the stairs; he seized her clothes with his right hand, with his left managed to get hold of the pole a fellow policeman held out to him, and the drowning woman was pulled out at once. They laid her on the granite slabs of the embankment. She quickly came around, raised herself a little, sat up, and began sneezing and snorting, senselessly wiping off her wet dress with her hands. She said nothing.

“Drank herself cockeyed, my dears, she drank herself cockeyed,” the same woman's voice went on howling, next to Afrosinyushka now. “The other day, too, she went and tried to hang herself; we took her out of the noose. And now I had to go to the store, and I left a girl

to keep an eye on her, and it all came to grief! She's a tradeswoman, my dear, like us, we're neighbors, second house from the corner, right here . . ."

People began to disperse; the policemen were still fussing over the nearly drowned woman; someone shouted something about the police station . . . Raskolnikov looked upon it all with a strange feeling of indifference and detachment. It was disgusting to him. "No, it's vile . . . the water . . . better not," he was muttering to himself. "Nothing'll come of it," he added, "no point in waiting. What's that—the police station? . . . And why isn't Zamyotov there in his office? The office is open past nine . . ." He turned his back to the railing and looked around him.

"Well, after all, why not!" he said resolutely, left the bridge, and set off in the direction of the police station. His heart was empty and blank. He did not want to reflect. Even his anguish had gone; and not a trace remained of his former energy, when he had left the house determined to "end it all!" Total apathy had taken its place.

"After all, it's a way out!" he thought, walking slowly and listlessly along the embankment of the canal. "Anyway, I'll end it because I want to . . . Is it a way out, though? But what's the difference! There'll be a square foot of space—hah! What sort of an end, though? Can it really be the end? Shall I tell them or shall I not tell them? Ah . . . the devil! Besides, I'm tired; I wish I could lie or sit down somewhere soon! What's most shameful is that it's so stupid! But I spit on that, too. Pah, what stupid things come into one's head . . ."

To get to the police station he had to keep straight on and take the second turn to the left: it was there, two steps away. But having reached the first turn, he stopped, thought, went down the side street, and made a detour through two more streets—perhaps without any purpose, or perhaps to delay for at least another minute and gain time. He walked along looking down. Suddenly it was as if someone whispered something in his ear. He raised his head and saw that he was standing in front of *that* house, right by the gate. He had not gone there, or even passed by, since *that* evening.

An irresistible and inexplicable desire drew him on. He went in, passed all the way under the gateway, turned to the first door on the right, and began going up the familiar stairs to the fourth floor. The

narrow and steep stairway was very dark. He stopped on each landing and looked around with curiosity. The entire window frame on the first-floor landing had been taken out: "It wasn't like that then," he thought. Here was the second-floor apartment where Nikolashka and Mitka had been working then: "Closed and the door has been painted; that must mean it's for rent." Now it was the third floor . . . the fourth . . . "Here!" He was overcome with perplexity: the door to the apartment was wide open, there were people in it, voices could be heard; he had not expected that at all. After a short hesitation, he mounted the last steps and went into the apartment.

It, too, was being redecorated; workmen were there; he seemed to be struck by the fact. He had been imagining for some reason that he would find everything just as he had left it then, perhaps even the corpses in the same places on the floor. Instead, bare walls, no furniture—it was somehow strange! He walked over to the window and sat down on the sill.

There were two workmen, both young fellows, one on the older side, the other much younger. They were hanging fresh wallpaper, white with little purple flowers, in place of the former tattered and torn yellow paper. For some reason Raskolnikov was terribly displeased by this; he looked at the new wallpaper with animosity, as though he were sorry to see everything so changed.

The workmen were obviously late, and were now hastily rolling up their paper in preparation for going home. Raskolnikov's appearance drew almost no notice from them. They were talking about something. Raskolnikov crossed his arms and began to listen.

"So she comes to me in the morning," the older one was saying to the younger one, "really early, and she's all gussied up. 'What are you doing,' I says, 'sugar-and-spicing in front of me like that?' 'From henceforth, Tit Vasilievich,' she says, 'I want to stay under your complete will.' So that's how it is! And all gussied up, like a magazine, just like a magazine!"

"What's a magazine, pops?" asked the young one. "Pops" was obviously giving him lessons.

"A magazine is pictures, brother, colored pictures, and they get sent here to local tailors, every Saturday, by mail, from abroad, to tell how everybody should dress, the male sex the same as the female. Drawings,

I mean. The male sex is shown more in fancy suits, and in the female department, brother, there's such pompadours—give me all you've got and it won't be enough!"

"What you can't find here in Petersburg!" the young one exclaimed enthusiastically. "Except for your old granny, they've got everything!"

"Except for that, brother, there's everything to be found," the older one concluded didactically.

Raskolnikov stood up and walked into the other room, where the trunk, the bed, and the chest used to be; the room seemed terribly small to him without the furniture. The wallpaper was still the same; the place where the icon-stand had been was sharply outlined on the wallpaper in the corner. He looked around and returned to his window. The older workman was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"What do you want, sir?" he asked, suddenly addressing him.

Instead of answering, Raskolnikov stood up, walked out to the landing, took hold of the bell-pull, and rang. The same bell, the same tinny sound! He rang a second, a third time; he listened and remembered. The former painfully horrible, hideous sensation began to come back to him more clearly, more vividly; he shuddered with each ring, and enjoyed the feeling more and more.

"What do you want? Who are you?" cried the workman, coming out to him. Raskolnikov walked back in the door.

"I want to rent this apartment," he said. "I'm looking it over."

"Nobody rents places at night; and besides, you should have come with the caretaker."

"The floor has been washed; are they going to paint it?" Raskolnikov went on. "Is there any blood?"

"What blood?"

"That old woman and her sister were murdered here. There was a whole pool of blood."

"What sort of man are you?" the workman cried worriedly.

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"You want to know? . . . Let's go to the police, I'll tell you there."

The workman looked at him in perplexity.

"It's time we left, sir, we're late. Let's go, Alyoshka. We'll have to lock up," the older workman said.

"Let's go, then!" Raskolnikov replied indifferently, and he walked out first and went slowly down the stairs. "Hey, caretaker!" he cried as he passed under the gateway.

Several people were standing just at the street entrance, gazing at the passers-by: the two caretakers, a woman, a tradesman in a smock, and some others. Raskolnikov went straight up to them.

"What do you want?" one of the caretakers responded.

"Have you been to the police?"

"Just came back. So, what do you want?"

"They're all there?"

"They are."

"The assistant's there?"

"He was for a while. What do you want?"

Raskolnikov did not answer, but stood beside them, pondering.

"He came to look at the place," the older workman said, coming up.

"What place?"

"Where we're working. 'Why have you washed the blood up?' he said. 'There was a murder here, and I've come to rent the place.' And he started ringing the bell, all but tore it out. 'Let's go to the police,' he says, 'I'll prove it all there.' Just wouldn't leave off."

The caretaker scrutinized Raskolnikov, perplexed and frowning.

"But who are you?" he cried, a bit more menacingly.

"I am Rodion Romanych Raskolnikov, a former student, and I live at Shil's house, here in the lane, not far away, apartment number fourteen. Ask the caretaker . . . he knows me." Raskolnikov said all this somehow lazily and pensively, not turning, but gazing fixedly at the darkened street.

"Why did you go up there?"

"To look."

"What's there to look at?"

"Why not just take him to the police?" the tradesman suddenly mixed in, and then fell silent.

Raskolnikov cast a sidelong glance at him over his shoulder, looked at him attentively, and said, as slowly and lazily as before:

"Let's go."

"Just take him, then!" the encouraged tradesman picked up. "Why did he come about *that*? What's on his mind, eh?"

"God knows, maybe he's drunk, maybe he's not," the workman muttered.

"But what do you want?" the caretaker shouted again, beginning to get seriously angry. "Quit pestering us!"

"Scared to go to the police?" Raskolnikov said to him mockingly.

"Why scared? Quit pestering us!"

"Scofflaw!" cried the woman.

"Why go on talking to him?" shouted the other caretaker, a huge man in an unbuttoned coat and with keys on his belt. "Clear out! . . . Yes, he's a scofflaw! . . . Clear out!"

And seizing Raskolnikov by the shoulder, he threw him into the street. Raskolnikov nearly went head over heels, but did not fall. He straightened himself up, looked silently at all the spectators, and walked away.

"A weird man," the workman let fall.

"People turned weird lately," the woman said.

"We still should've taken him to the police," the tradesman added.

"No point getting involved," the big caretaker decided. "He's a scofflaw for sure! You could see he was foisting himself on us, but once you get involved, there's no getting out . . . Don't we know it!"

"Well now, shall I go or not?" thought Raskolnikov, stopping in the middle of the street, at an intersection, and looking around as if he were waiting for the final word from someone. But no reply came from anywhere; everything was blank and dead, like the stones he was walking on, dead for him, for him alone . . . Suddenly, in the distance, about two hundred paces away, at the end of the street, in the thickening darkness, he made out a crowd, voices, shouts . . . In the midst of the crowd stood some carriage . . . A small light started flickering in the middle of the street. "What's going on?" Raskolnikov turned to the right and went towards the crowd. It was as if he were snatching at anything, and he grinned coldly as he thought of it, because he had firmly decided about the police and knew for certain that now it was all going to end.

VII

IN THE MIDDLE of the street stood a jaunty, high-class carriage, harnessed to a pair of fiery gray horses; there were no passengers, and the coachman, having climbed down from his box, was standing by; the horses were being held by their bridles. A great many people were crowding around, the police in front of them all. One of them was holding a lantern and bending down, directing the light at something on the pavement, just by the wheels. Everyone was talking, shouting, gasping; the coachman looked bewildered and kept repeating every so often:

"What a shame! Lord, what a shame!"

Raskolnikov pushed his way through as well as he could and finally glimpsed the object of all this bustle and curiosity. A man just run over by the horses was lying on the ground, apparently unconscious, very poorly dressed, but in "gentleman's" clothes, and all covered with blood. Blood was flowing from his face, from his head. His face was all battered, scraped, and mangled. One could see that he had been run over in earnest.

"Saints alive!" wailed the coachman, "how could I help it! If I'd been racing, or if I hadn't hollered to him . . . but I was driving at a slow, steady pace. Everybody saw it, as true as I'm standing here. A drunk can't see straight, who doesn't know that! . . . I saw him crossing the street, reeling, nearly falling over—I shouted once, then again, then a third time, and then I reined in the horses; but he fell right under their feet! Maybe on purpose, or else he was really so drunk . . . The horses are young, skittish; they reared up, he gave a shout, they took off again . . . and so we came to grief."

"That's exactly how it was!" some witness responded from the crowd.

"He did shout, it's true, he shouted three times to him," another voice responded.

"Three times exactly, everybody heard it!" cried a third.

The coachman, however, was not very distressed or frightened. One could see that the carriage belonged to a wealthy and important owner, who was awaiting its arrival somewhere; how to see to this last circum-

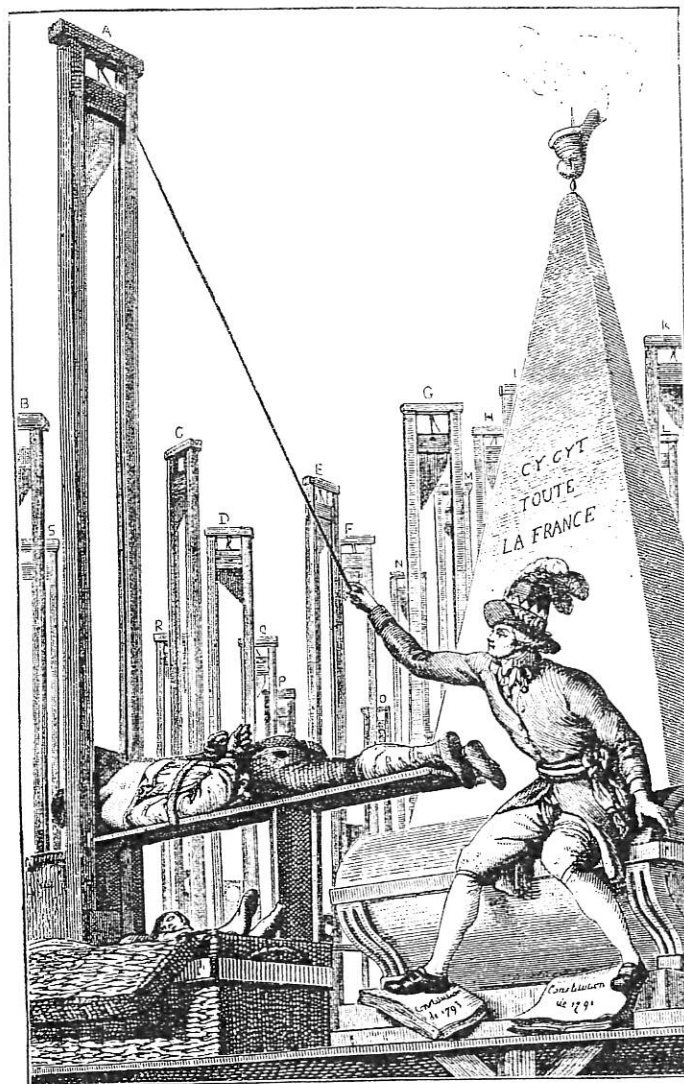
In early 1794, the Terror moved to the provinces, where the deputies on mission presided over the summary execution of thousands of people, most of whom were peasants, who had allegedly supported internal opposition to the revolution. One of the most infamous incidents occurred in Nantes on the west coast of France, where several hundred people, including many priests, were simply tied to rafts and drowned in the river Loire. The victims of the Terror now came from every social class, including the *sans-culottes*.

The End of the Terror

Revolutionaries Turn Against Themselves In Paris during the late winter of 1794, Robespierre began to orchestrate the Terror against republican political figures of the left and right. On March 24, he secured the execution of certain extreme *sans-culottes* leaders known as the *enragés*. They had wanted further measures to regulate prices, secure social equality, and press de-Christianization. Robespierre then turned against other republicans in the Convention. Most prominent among them was Jacques Danton (1759–1794), who had provided heroic national leadership in the dark days of September 1792 and who had later served briefly on the Committee of Public Safety before Robespierre joined the group. Danton and others were accused of being insufficiently militant on the war, profiting monetarily from the revolution, and rejecting the link between politics and moral virtue. Danton was executed in April 1794. Robespierre thus exterminated the leadership of both groups that might have threatened his position. Finally, on June 10, he secured passage of the Law of 22 Prairial, which permitted the revolutionary tribunal to convict suspects without hearing substantial evidence against them. The number of executions grew steadily.

Fall of Robespierre In May 1794, at the height of his power, Robespierre, considering the worship of “Reason” too abstract for most citizens, replaced it with the “Cult of the Supreme Being.” This deistic cult reflected Rousseau’s vision of a civic religion that would induce morality among citizens. (See the Document “The Convention Establishes the Worship of the Supreme Being,” page 579.) Robespierre, however, did not long preside over his new religion.

On July 26, Robespierre made an ill-tempered speech in the Convention, declaring that other leaders of the government were conspiring against him and the revolution. Similar accusations against unnamed persons had preceded his earlier attacks. No member of the Convention could now feel safe. On July 27—the Ninth of Thermidor on the revolutionary calendar—members of the Convention, by prearrangement, shouted him



Maximilien Robespierre (1758–1794) emerged as the most powerful revolutionary figure in 1793 and 1794, dominating the Committee of Public Safety. He considered the Terror essential for the success of the revolution. In this caricature, having already guillotined all the people in France, Robespierre must himself execute the executioner. © INTERFOTO/Alamy

down when he rose to make another speech. That night Robespierre was arrested, and the next day he and approximately eighty of his supporters were executed without trial. The revolutionary *sans-culottes* of Paris did not try to save him because he had deprived them of their chief leaders. He had also recently supported a measure to cap workers’ wages. Other Jacobins turned against him because, after Danton’s death, they feared they would be his next victims. Robespierre had destroyed rivals for leadership without creating supporters for himself. He had also for months tried to persuade the Paris populace that the Convention itself was harboring enemies of the revolution. Assured by the Convention that Robespierre had sought dictatorial powers, Parisians saw him as one more of those internal

View the Image “Cult of the Supreme Being, of the French Revolution” on MyHistoryLab.com

enemies. Robespierre was the unwitting creator of his own destruction.

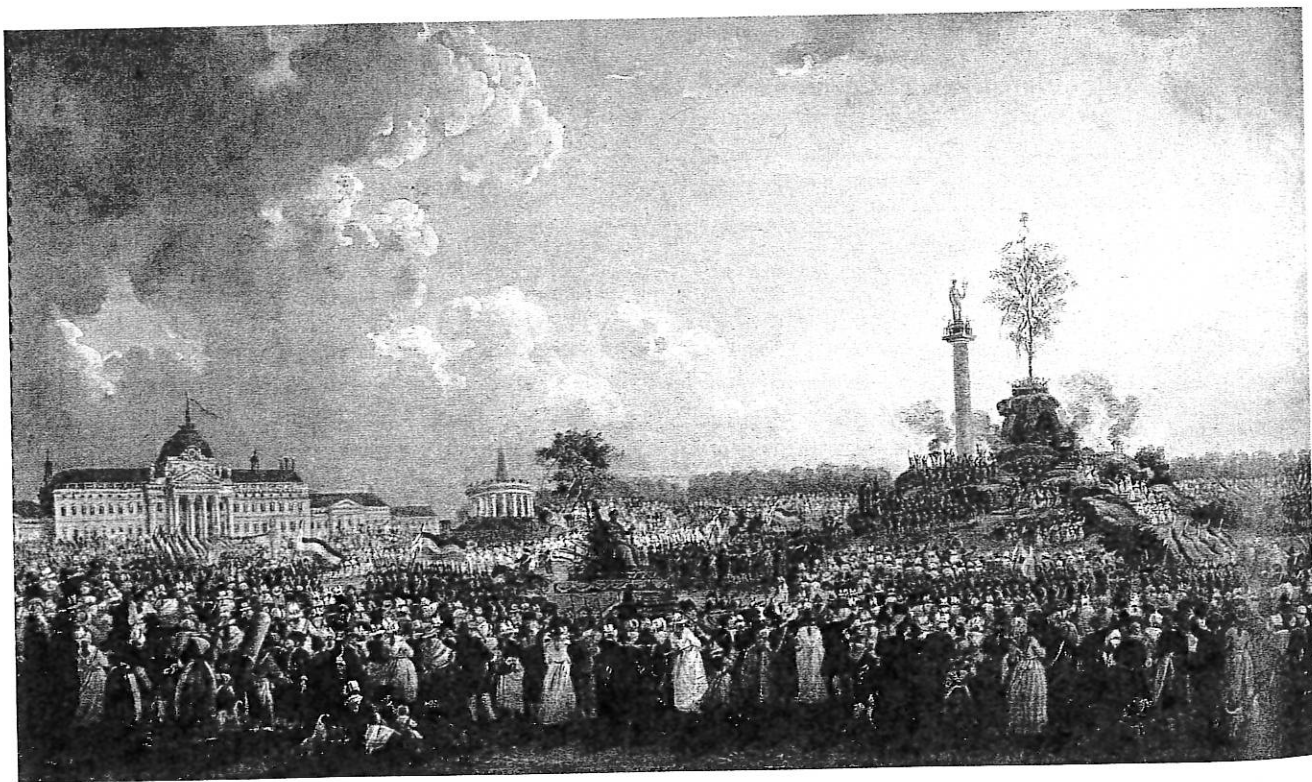
▼ The Thermidorian Reaction

The fall of Robespierre might simply have been one more shift in the turbulent politics of the revolution, but instead it proved to be a major turning point. The members of the Convention used the event to reassert their authority over the executive power of the Committee of Public Safety. Within a short time, the Reign of Terror, which had claimed more than 25,000 victims, came to a close. It no longer seemed necessary since the war abroad was going well and the republican forces had crushed the provincial uprisings.

This tempering of the revolution, called the **Thermidorian Reaction** because of its association with the events of 9 Thermidor, consisted of the destruction of the machinery of terror and the establishment of a new constitutional regime. It resulted from a widespread feeling that the revolution had become too radical. In particular, it displayed a weariness of the Terror and a fear that the *sans-culottes* had become too powerful. The influence of generally wealthy middle-class and professional people soon replaced that of the *sans-culottes*.

In the weeks and months after Robespierre's execution, the Convention allowed the Girondists who had been in prison or hiding to return to their seats. A general amnesty freed political prisoners. The Convention restructured the Committee of Public Safety and diminished its power while repealing the notorious Law of 22 Prairial. Some, though by no means all, of the people responsible for the Terror were removed from public life. The Paris Commune was outlawed, and its leaders and deputies on mission were executed. The Paris Jacobin Club was closed, and Jacobin clubs in the provinces were forbidden to correspond with each other.

The end of the Reign of Terror did not mean the end of violence in France. Executions of former terrorists marked the beginning of "the white terror." Throughout the country, people who had been involved in the Reign of Terror were attacked and often murdered. Jacobins were executed with little more due process than they had extended to their victims a few months earlier. The Convention itself approved some of these trials. In other cases, gangs of youths who had aristocratic connections or who had avoided serving in the army roamed the streets, beating known Jacobins. In Lyons, Toulon, and Marseilles, these so-called "bands of Jesus" dragged suspected terrorists from prisons and murdered them



The Festival of the Supreme Being, which took place in June 1794, inaugurated Robespierre's new civic religion. Its climax occurred when a statue of Atheism was burned and another statue of Wisdom rose from the ashes. Pierre-Antoine Demachy, Festival of the Supreme Being at the Champ de Mars on June 8, 1794. Musée de la Ville de Paris, Musée Carnavalet, Paris, France. Bridgeman—Giraudon/Art Resource, NY

Document

THE CONVENTION ESTABLISHES THE WORSHIP OF THE SUPREME BEING

On May 7, 1794, the Convention passed an extraordinary piece of revolutionary legislation. It established the worship of the Supreme Being as a state cult. Although the law drew on the religious ideas of deism, the point of the legislation was to provide a religious basis for the new secular French state. Article 6 outlined the political and civic values that the Cult of the Supreme Being was supposed to nurture.

How does this declaration reflect the ideas of the Enlightenment? What personal and social values was this religion supposed to nurture? How might this declaration have led to Burke's criticism of the policies of the revolution?

1. The French people recognize the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.
2. They recognize that the worship worthy of the Supreme Being is the observance of the duties of man.
3. They place in the forefront of such duties detestation of bad faith and tyranny, punishment of tyrants and traitors, succoring of unfortunates, respect of weak persons, defence of the oppressed, doing to others all the good that one can, and being just towards everyone.
4. Festivals shall be instituted to remind man of the concept of the Divinity and of the dignity of his being.
5. They shall take their names from the glorious events of our Revolution, or from the virtues most dear and most useful to man, or from the greatest benefits of nature. . . .
6. On the days of *décade*, the name given to a particular day in each month of the revolutionary calendar, it shall celebrate the following festivals:

To the Supreme Being and to nature; to the human race; to the French people; to the benefactors of humanity; to the martyrs of liberty; to liberty and equality; to the Republic; to the liberty of the world; to the love of the *Patrie* [Fatherland]; to the hatred of tyrants and traitors; to truth; to justice; to modesty; to glory and immortality; to friendship; to frugality; to courage; to good faith; to heroism; to disinterestedness; to stoicism; to love; to conjugal love; to paternal love; to maternal tenderness; to filial piety; to infancy; to youth; to manhood; to old age; to misfortune; to agriculture; to industry; to our forefathers; to posterity; to happiness.

From John Hall Stewart, *Documentary Survey of the French Revolution*, 1st ed., © 1951. Reprinted by permission of Pearson Education, Inc., Upper Saddle River, NJ.

much as alleged royalists had been murdered during the September Massacres of 1792.


The republic of virtue gave way, if not to one of vice, at least to one of frivolous pleasures. The dress of the *sans-culottes* and the Roman Republic disappeared among the middle class and the aristocracy. New plays appeared in the theaters, and prostitutes again roamed the streets of Paris. Families of victims of the Reign of Terror gave parties in which they appeared with shaved necks, like the victims of the guillotine, and with red ribbons tied about them. Although the Convention continued to favor the Cult of the Supreme Being, it allowed Catholic services to be held. Many refractory priests returned to the country. One of the

unanticipated results of the Thermidorian Reaction was a genuine revival of Catholic worship.

The Thermidorian Reaction also saw the repeal of legislation that had been passed in 1792 making divorce more equitable for women. As the passage of that measure suggests, the reaction did not extend women's rights or improve their education. The Thermidorians and their successors had seen enough attempts at political and social change. They sought to return family life to its status before the outbreak of the revolution. Political authorities and the church were determined to reestablish separate spheres for men and women and to reinforce traditional gender roles. As a result, in at least some respects, Frenchwomen had less freedom after 1795 than before 1789.

Establishment of the Directory

The Thermidorian Reaction led to still another new constitution. The democratic constitution of 1793, which had never gone into effect, was abandoned. In its place, the Convention issued the Constitution of the Year III, which reflected the Thermidorian determination to reject both constitutional monarchy and democracy. In recognition of the danger of a legislature with only one chamber and unlimited authority, this new document provided for a legislature of two houses. Members of the upper body, or Council of Elders, were to be men over forty years of age who were either husbands or widowers. The lower Council of Five Hundred was to consist of men of at least thirty who could be either married or single. The executive body was to be a five-person Directory whom the Elders would choose from a list the Council of Five Hundred submitted. Property qualifications limited the franchise, except for soldiers, who were permitted to vote whether they had property or not.

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Historically, the term *Thermidor* has come to be associated with political reaction. That association requires considerable qualification. By 1795, the political structure and society of the Old Regime in France based on rank and birth had given way permanently to a political system based on civic equality and social status based on property ownership. People who had never been allowed direct, formal access to political power had, to different degrees, been granted it. Their entrance into political life had given rise to questions of property distribution and economic regulations that could not again be ignored. Representation was an established principle of politics. Henceforth, the question before France and eventually before all of Europe would be which new groups would be permitted representation. In the *levée en masse*, the French had demonstrated to Europe the power of the secular ideal of nationhood and of the willingness of citizen soldiers to embrace self-sacrifice.

The post-Thermidorian course of the French Revolution did not undo these stunning changes in the political and social contours of Europe. What triumphed in the Constitution of the Year III was the revolution of the holders of property. For this reason the French Revolution has often been considered a victory of the bourgeoisie, or middle class. The property that won the day, however, was not industrial wealth, but the wealth stemming from commerce, the professions, and land. The largest new propertied class to emerge from the revolutionary turmoil was the peasantry, who, as a result of the destruction of aristocratic privileges, now owned their own land. Unlike peasants liberated from traditional landholding in other parts of Europe during the next century, French peasants had to pay no monetary compensation either to their former landlords or to the state.

Removal of the *Sans-culottes* from Political Life

The most decisively reactionary element in the Thermidorian Reaction and the new constitution was the removal of the *sans-culottes* from political life. With the war effort succeeding, the Convention severed its ties with the *sans-culottes*. True to their belief in an unregulated economy, the Thermidorians repealed the ceiling on prices. As a result, the winter of 1794–1795 brought the worst food shortages of the period. There were many food riots, which the Convention suppressed to prove that the era of the *sans-culottes journées* had come to a close. Royalist agents, who aimed to restore the monarchy, tried to take advantage of their discontent. On October 5, 1795—13 Vendémiaire—the sections of Paris led by the royalists rose up against the Convention. The government turned the artillery against the royalist rebels. A general named Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821) commanded the cannon, and with a “whiff of grapeshot,” he dispersed the crowd.

By the Treaties of Basel in March and June 1795, the Convention concluded peace with Prussia and Spain. The legislators, however, feared a resurgence of both radical democrats and royalists in the upcoming elections for the Council of Five Hundred. Consequently, the Convention ruled that at least two-thirds of the new legislature must have served in the Convention itself, thus rejecting the decision the National Constituent Assembly had made in 1791 when it forbade its members to be elected to the new Legislative Assembly. The Two-Thirds Law, which sought to foster continuity but also clearly favored politicians already in office, quickly undermined public faith in the new constitutional order.

The Directory faced almost immediate social unrest. During the spring of 1796 in Paris, Gracchus Babeuf (1760–1797) led the Conspiracy of Equals. He and his followers called for more radical democracy and for more equality of property. They declared at one point, “The aim of the French Revolution is to destroy inequality and to re-establish the general welfare. . . . The Revolution is not complete, because the rich monopolize all the property and govern exclusively, while the poor toil like slaves, languish in misery, and count for nothing in the state.”⁸ In a sense, they were correct. The Directory intended to resist any further social changes in France that might endanger property or political stability. Babeuf was arrested, tried, and executed. This minor plot became famous decades later, when European socialists attempted to find their historical roots in the French Revolution.

⁸John Hall Stewart, *A Documentary Survey of the French Revolution* (New York: Macmillan, 1966), pp. 656–657.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

	1787
February–May	Unsuccessful negotiations with the Assembly of Notables
	1788
August 8	Louis XVI summons the Estates General
December 27	Approval of doubling of the Third Estate membership
	1789
May 5	The Estates General opens at Versailles
June 17	The Third Estate declares itself the National Assembly
June 20	The National Assembly takes the Tennis Court Oath
July 14	Fall of the Bastille in the city of Paris
Late July	The Great Fear spreads in the countryside
August 4	The nobles surrender their feudal rights at a meeting of the National Constituent Assembly
August 27	Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen
October 5–6	Parisian women march to Versailles and force Louis XVI and his family to return to Paris
	1790
July 12	Civil Constitution of the Clergy adopted
July 14	A new political constitution is accepted by the king
	1791
June 14	Chapelier Law
June 20–24	Louis XVI and his family attempt to flee France and are stopped at Varennes
August 27	The Declaration of Pillnitz
October 1	The Legislative Assembly meets
	1792
April 20	France declares war on Austria
August 10	The Tuileries palace is stormed, and Louis XVI takes refuge with the Legislative Assembly
September 2–7	The September Massacres
September 20	France wins the Battle of Valmy
September 21	The Convention meets, and the monarchy is abolished
	1793
January 21	King Louis XVI is executed
February 1	France declares war on Great Britain
March	Counterrevolution breaks out in the Vendée
April	The Committee of Public Safety is formed

June 22	The Constitution of 1793 is adopted but not implemented
July	Robespierre enters the Committee of Public Safety
August 23	<i>Levée en masse</i> proclaimed
September 29	Maximum prices set on food and other commodities
October 16	Queen Marie Antoinette is executed
October 30	Women's societies and clubs banned
November 10	The Cult of Reason is proclaimed; the revolutionary calendar, beginning on September 22, 1792, is adopted
	1794
March 24	Execution of the leaders of the <i>sans-culottes</i> known as the <i>enragés</i>
April 6	Execution of Danton
May 7	Cult of the Supreme Being proclaimed
June 8	Robespierre leads the celebration of the Festival of the Supreme Being
June 10	The Law of 22 Prairial is adopted
July 27	The Ninth of Thermidor and the fall of Robespierre
July 28	Robespierre is executed
August 1	Repeal of the Law of 22 Prairial
August 10	Reorganization of the Revolutionary Tribunal
November 12	Closing of Jacobin Club in Paris
	1795
May 31	Abolition of Revolutionary Tribunal
August 22	The Constitution of the Year III establishes the Directory
September 23	Two-Thirds Law adopted
	1796
May 10	Babeuf's Conspiracy of Equals
	1799
November 9	Napoleon's (18 Brumaire) <i>coup d'état</i> overthrows the Directory

The suppression of the *sans-culottes*, the narrow franchise of the constitution, the Two-Thirds Law, and the Catholic royalist revival presented the Directory with challenges that it was never able to overcome. Because France remained at war with Austria and Great Britain, it needed a broader-based active loyalty than it was able to command. Instead, the Directory came to depend on the power of the army to govern France. All soldiers could vote. Moreover, within the army that the revolution had created and sustained were ambitious officers who were eager for power. As will be seen in the next chapter, the instability of the Directory, the growing role of the army, and the ambitions of its leaders held profound consequences not only for France but for the entire Western world as well.

After parodies of legal trials, both Hébert and Danton were guillotined, their chief subordinates with them.

The crushing of the political opposition coincided in point of time with the military defeat of the foreign foe. On all fronts in this spring of 1794 France was victorious, and the need for the Terror as an instrument of patriotic security seemed to have ended. There was a softening of the economic Terror. Controls over prices were loosened, a development largely benefitting peasant producers whose continued support the Committee required. But this mild relaxation of food prices still further alienated the already hostile city workers who were both bewildered and embittered by the execution of the Enragés and the Hébertist leaders. The political Terror was not relaxed. On the contrary, Robespierre and his two close associates, Saint-Just and Couthon, imposed upon their colleagues in the Committee their own decision to maintain, even extend it.

They were imbued with a messianic sense of mission to usher in the ideal republic. They would pull down to earth the democratic heaven, where each citizen would serve only the general will, where there would be neither rich nor poor, where fraternity would support liberty and equality. At the core of their fanatical zeal to legislate mankind into felicity with the aid of the guillotine was the fervent humanitarian idealism so characteristic of Robespierre himself. But in its coercive mentality and procedure it was the classical Platonic dream of guardians for *hoi-polloi*. It was the despotism of virtue unrestrained by a questioning conscience.

The Robespierrists themselves created the situation out of which their ultimate downfall—at least in retrospect—appeared inescapable. In accordance with their long-range social and economic policy they had the Convention pass the Ventôse decrees which, if carried out, would have established a true peasant democracy. Instead, they only estranged their more property-minded associates of the Committee. By their short-term economic policy, they also antagonized the Parisian workers whose support they lacked when they needed it most. While their religious policy culminated theatrically in the public celebration of a new civic religion, paradoxically this cult of

the Supreme Being, which was designed to replace Christianity with a new deistic revolutionary religion, aroused fears that Robespierre was cunningly preparing to restore Catholicism. Meantime, he outraged the detractors whom he already had in the Committee of General Security and terrified his former supporters of the Center in the Convention by a police measure which seemingly stripped them of parliamentary immunity. By this new law the administration of revolutionary justice was completely concentrated in Paris and the range of activities punishable by death was grimly increased.

In the six-week interval which lay between the promulgation of this law and Robespierre's overthrow, the Terror reached its height. Compulsory loyalty to the government had thinned down to an almost transparent veneer over naked resentment, fear, and rage. Most of France hated Robespierre and the Committee which he dominated, awaiting only the right moment to hit out against the Jacobin-terrorist idealists. A small number of deputies-on-mission whom the Committee had recalled to Paris for flagrantly terrorist abuse of authority, organized the attack in the Convention. Knowing that their lives would be forfeit if Robespierre remained in power, they whipped up the fears of the deputies, particularly of the cowed and frightened Center. The Robespierrists, thrown off balance, defended themselves lamely and ineptly on the 9th Thermidor (July 27, 1794) and meekly allowed themselves to be placed under arrest. Late that night when hope of rescue by the Commune failed, Robespierre tried to commit suicide, but he survived his wounds long enough to be guillotined on the following day. The homicidal republic of virtue was now ended, and a torrent of vituperation began to pour over the memory of the "Incorruptible." (*See Reading 10, No. V A.*)

The Thermidorian Reaction, 1794-1795. Thermidor became the great divide of the Revolution. It was a major upheaval, hurling into the discard of history the men, the controls, and the outlooks of the Terror government. The representatives-on-mission who had led the terrified deputies of the Center in overthrowing Robespierre had no intention of relaxing the Terror, even less

of ending the dictatorship of the Mountain. Only a few days elapsed before they realized that the 9th of Thermidor was not going to be just another revolutionary *journée*, that the hopes and expectations which Thermidor released were not to be satisfied by substituting one group of revolutionary extremists for another in the seats of power. Denouncing the Robespierist tyranny had opened the floodgates for the most unrestrained attacks upon the entire regime.

There was a release from the almost unbearable tension and from the restraints of the puritanical Jacobins. In salons, in the columns of the liberated press, on the stage, in gambling halls and on dance floors, exultant French men and women vented their happiness over liberation. The prisons poured forth thousands of suspects. The Girondin deputies who had signed a protest against the arrest of their leaders were readmitted to the sessions of the assembly; even the surviving outlawed leaders of the Federalist revolt were reinstated. So closely was democracy associated in the minds of men with Jacobin violence, that there was much initial approval of the young hoodlums, derisively called "The Gilded Youth," many of them slackers or deserters, who deliberately picked quarrels with well-known Jacobin sympathizers, and approval too of royalists, when they organized noisy demonstrations against the Republic. (*See Reading 10, No. V B.*)

Politically, the fifteen months from July 1794 to the end of October 1795, the Thermidorian Reaction, as the period is known, was a transition from the premature and repudiated experiment in republican democracy to the restored rule of the propertied middle class. The Revolution returned to its course of 1789. One by one, the key institutions of the "revolutionary government" were destroyed. The Thermidorians rescinded the dictatorial powers of the Committee of Public Safety, abolished the local revolutionary committees, repealed the hated police law and finally closed the doors of the Jacobin Club in Paris. Within the Convention itself the moderates got control, and the assembly began to assert in fact as well as in theory its control over the central government and its supervisory authority over the local administra-

tion. Thermidorian France was treading the long road which led to true constitutional government.

The victors of Thermidor also attempted to restore normal religious relations, but the moment had not yet come for lasting peace. Despite the almost abject concessions that the Convention made to the refractory clergy, the measures proved insufficient and the fierce religious fighting in the west was only briefly halted. (*See Reading 10, No. V C.*) Moreover, many of the reopened churches which the government placed at the disposal of the non-juring clergy became centers of joint religious and political opposition. The concurrent effort to win back the support of the constitutional clergy was as little successful as the negotiations with the refractory. The government adopted a new policy of separation, expecting doubtless that disestablishing the Church and depriving ecclesiastics of financial support would starve Catholicism and uproot "the religious superstition," but the intentions of the framers of the law were not realized. (*See Reading 12, No. III.*)

On the other hand, the dismantling of the machinery of the economic Terror was effective. Unfortunately, decontrol led straight to disaster. The Ventôse decrees, which had been designed to transfer the landed property of convicted suspects to the indigent peasantry, were repealed. Against the workings of price controls there had been many complaints, and just ones, but with the repeal of the Law of the Maximum and the end of controls, prices shot up to astronomic heights. The assignat, left unsupported, collapsed completely in value, and the inflation which the Montagnards had painfully held in check now reached the final runaway stage. A bad harvest, continued government requisitions, and virtually unchecked profiteering aggravated the hardships of the poor. Even by revolutionary norms their suffering surpassed all previous heights.

The victims of this catastrophe assailed a government which neither could nor would give adequate relief, and many of them began to regret the good old days of 1793-1794. There were demonstrations against the government in the spring of 1795. But without arms the unhappy Paris sectionnaires were powerless and an uprising of

despair was easily crushed by governmental troops. The public authorities and private individuals now took full vengeance against the old terrorists. In the place of the odious Jacobin Terror of 1793-1794, a fierce "White Terror" raged in southern and southwestern France in 1795-1796. The royalist movement was gathering its strength, and the danger was real that either constitutionally, at the forthcoming political elections, or by insurrectionary action, the royalist pretender, the Count of Provence, would grasp power from the faltering republicans.

The military victories of the Republic saved it. A combined English-royalist naval expedition was routed. On land the republican troops continued their triumphant advance of 1794 and swept all before them in the spring campaign of 1795. The Austrian Netherlands were conquered completely for a second time. The natural frontiers were reached again on the middle Rhine. All of Holland was overrun in a brilliant offensive. Most of the generals were in favor of continuing the war, but the civilian directors of policy wished for peace to consolidate the gains of the victorious Republic.

The hard-pressed members of the Coalition were also ready for peace. Prussia was the first to withdraw. By the open terms of the treaty signed at Basel in April 1795, the French forces moved out of Prussian territory on the right bank of the Rhine, but retained possession of the territory conquered on the left bank between the Meuse and the Rhine. In secret provisions it was agreed that if France retained that occupied territory when general peace was made with the Empire, then Prussia would obtain suitable compensation elsewhere within the Holy Roman Empire. Although nowhere explicitly stated, it was tacitly understood that compensation should be at the expense of the remaining ecclesiastical states which would be secularized. For Prussia the Peace of Basel brought military, political, and economic advantages of enormous worth, not the least of which was the opportunity to share in the Third Partition of Poland. For France the peace was a turning point: the revolutionary idealism of 1792-1793 and the crusade to liberate enslaved peoples

had given way to the more old-fashioned interests of state.

Bourbon Spain also made peace, granting full recognition to the conquering Republic. Although it had expected better, Holland, too, was forced to sign a dictated peace, its reorganized republican government agreeing to pay a heavy war indemnity, cede strategic territory in Flanders, open most of the Scheldt to French shipping, support an army of occupation, and contract a defensive and offensive alliance with France. The lesser states, such as Tuscany, Saxony, Hesse-Cassel, and Hanover in their turn bowed to military necessity and made peace on such terms as they could obtain. Only England and Austria of the original members of the First Coalition were left in the field. But the Thermidorian Convention which had broken up the Coalition and had won widespread official recognition for revolutionary and regicide France bequeathed many problems as well as triumphs to the government of the Directory which was to follow it. At home bankruptcy impended. Abroad there was still war with Austria and England; in the coerced and occupied neighboring states there was disillusionment and resentment against the liberators. The Convention also bequeathed political hatreds to its successor.

After the deputies had quelled the insurrection of 1795, they officially prohibited the use of the term "revolutionary" and then hastily drew up the Constitution of the Year III to replace the stillborn Montagnard Constitution of 1793. All was of a piece in this new document: There were tax qualifications for voters and high property requirements for secondary electors. There was a system of indirect elections. The Constitution established a bicameral assembly: an upper house called the Council of Ancients and a lower chamber called the Council of Five Hundred. Finally, there was to be an executive panel of a Directory of five members named by the deputies. According to the calculations of the constitution-makers they were striking a skilful balance between forces and interests potentially antagonistic to each other and disruptive of the security of all. Even the new Declaration of Rights balanced the rights of man with his duties.

Unhappily, these precautions to avert future disturbances and prevent any repetition of radical dictatorship were only too well made. The new charter, lacking all effective provision for the mediation of disputes between the legislative and the executive, and deficient in terms for a speedy revision, was to lead not to balance and harmony, but to drift and disorder, ultimately to dictatorship.

The constitution itself was ratified in a popular referendum. But the plebiscite rejected a rider which the deputies had attached to the constitutional text, supplementary decrees which provided that at least two-thirds of the 750 deputies of the new chambers had to be elected (or co-opted if need be) from among the old members of the Convention. The city of Paris in fact did more than refuse approval of the supplementary decrees. The Conventionals, moderates as most of them were and opposed as they were to the mood of 1793, were preoccupied with their own security, hoping to find it in parliamentary immunity. They totally underestimated the intensity of feeling against them in the wealthier, conservative sections of the capital. Spearheaded by royalists, who played up their fears, these sections rose up in arms to forestall the elections. Had they succeeded, the Republic would have succumbed. They did not succeed. A young captain of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, entered into history by turning his cannon on the insurgents of the 13th Vendémiaire (October 5, 1795).

The elections were held as scheduled. Before it met for the last time on October 26, the Convention formally reaffirmed that the revolutionary land sales were valid, thus reassuring its peasant supporters. To placate the enemies of the Revolution, it also voted an amnesty to all opponents except émigrés, refractory clergy, and the leaders of Vendémiaire. The "revolutionary government" was legally terminated; the constitutional government of proprietors was about to begin.

France and the Western World, 1792-1795. Existing fears of the Revolution swelled and deepened outside France after the establishment of the Republic. Preachers and teachers, most of them, were making common cause with émigrés and native conservatives in denouncing

the sophisticated cannibals in Paris. Righteously irate, they energetically excommunicated from the universe of the civilized the Jacobin terrorists who, after overthrowing the monarchy and guillotining their king, were now bludgeoning and coercing their compatriots into obedience. As the news of Jacobin infamy moved farther and farther away from the revolutionary scene where some check on veracity could be made, the denunciations grew more unbridled and the distortions took on epic proportions.

In Russia the dying Catherine displayed a petty, persecuting hostility to France which bordered on the psychopathological. Whatever there was once of liberalism in the tsarina whose praises Voltaire had sung for a consideration was now burnt out; and she glowed in the expiring fires of her vitality with a neurotic hatred of the followers of the philosophes whom in more robust days she had professed to admire.

Time had been, too, in the Danubian kingdom of the Hapsburgs when the monarchy was progressive. All was now changed in Vienna under Joseph II's nephew, the devout, the timid, and the not very bright Francis II. The landed aristocracy regained its ascendancy over the peasantry; the state, over individual subjects; and the Church, over the state. Of course, ferment had not ended among the racial minorities: Magyars in Hungary, Poles in Galicia, Slavs in Carinthia and Styria, and a handful of courageous individuals—intellectuals, officers, and bureaucrats—in Vienna and Budapest for a time dared carry on correspondence with the French and distribute prorevolutionary literature. Otherwise, silence and resignation to the intellectual counter-revolution prevailed in Austria and elsewhere in the Empire. Protests were stifled, as student clubs were closed and lecture halls opened to government spies. The secrecy of the mail was violated, informers took notes on private conversations in inns and coffee houses, and the government condemned to death the misguided liberals who looked to France for inspiration.

In Spain, too, the retreat into the Old Regime was on. French sympathizers were muzzled and pro-French officials dismissed or frightened into outward acceptance

paring for the Convention a type of national award to be decreed for their labors, and the date and form of the competition.

D. *Indoctrinating the Youth: The Report of the Committee of Public Safety on Revolutionary Education (June 1, 1794)*: What is involved here is the procedure that must be followed quickly to rear truly republican defenders of the *Patrie* and to revolutionize the youth as we have revolutionized the armies. What is involved is the question of speeding learning and public military instruction. It is a matter of proving to the cold and methodical minds of men who weigh all teaching procedures slowly that the time is past for opposing old habits to principles and principles to the revolution.

. . . It is when man begins to be enlightened by reason, when understanding re-enforces his strength, that the *Patrie* should take him in hand. The young man of sixteen, seventeen, or seventeen and a half, is best prepared to receive a republican education. Nature's work is accomplished. At that moment the *Patrie* asks each citizen: What will you do for me? What means will you employ to defend my unity and my laws, my territory and my independence?

The Convention gives its reply to the *Patrie* today, a School of Mars is going to open its doors. Three thousand young citizens, the strongest, the most intelligent and the most exemplary in conduct, are going to attend this new establishment. Three thousand children of worthy parents are going to devote themselves to common tasks, to fashion themselves for military service. They will come from the heart of the new generation . . . to dedicate their nightly toil and their blood to their country. . . .

Love for the *Patrie*, this pure and generous sentiment which knows no sacrifice that it cannot make . . . ; love for the *Patrie* which was only a myth in the monarchies and which has covered the annals of the Republic with heroism and virtue, will become the ruling passion of the pupils of the School of Mars. . . .

In founding this fine revolutionary establishment, the National Convention ought thus to address the families of the *sans-culottes* and the young citizens whom it calls to

the School of Mars: "Citizens, for too long has ignorance dwelt in the countryside and the workshops; for too long have fanaticism and tyranny prevailed over the first thoughts of young citizens to enslave them or arrest their development. It is not for slaves or mercenaries to rear free men; it is the *Patrie* itself which today assumes this important function, which it will never relinquish to prejudice, calculation, and aristocracy. Loyalty to your own families must end when the great family calls you. The Republic leaves to parents the guidance of your first years, but as soon as your intelligence develops, it loudly proclaims the right it has over you. You are born for the Republic and not to be the pride of family despotism or its victims. It takes you at that happy age when your ardent feelings go out to virtue and respond naturally to enthusiasm for the good of and love for the *Patrie*."

V. The Thermidorian Reaction

A. *Vilifying Robespierre: One of His Fellow Deputies Explains Why Robespierre Was Overthrown*: The tyrant is no more. Robespierre has just died the death of traitors. His accomplices have perished with him and liberty is triumphant. *Patrie*, Probity, Truth, your sacred names will no longer be sullied by lewd lips; your reign will bring back to Frenchmen, confidence, fraternity and happiness. Oppression has ended. Patriots, breathe, emulate your representatives; behave again like republicans.

For several months a single man, strengthened by usurped popularity and enormous influence, ruled like a despot over the government or blocked its course; tyrannized the Convention or debased it; raised himself above the law or shamelessly dictated it; made himself master of public opinion or destroyed it to replace it with his own; oppressed patriots and prescribed everything that had integrity and virtue; set up tribunals and dictated their verdicts to them; protected scoundrels and intriguers; filled the offices of constituted authorities with his creatures; in this way seized civil and military power to make them serve his whims and furies. In brief, Robespierre had aroused dark suspicion, cruel distrust, alarms, terror in all hearts; he had separated man from man and carried out this maxim of all tyrants: divide and rule. The

proscription lists, spying, defamation, fanaticism, all was in his corrupt hands a legitimate means of immolating the defenders of the rights of the people and of establishing tyranny, but the spirit of liberty still watched over this generous nation, immortalized by five years of toil, sacrifice and combat. The throne of the usurper has vanished to yield to the scaffold.

B. *Attacking the Cult of Marat: A Police Report (January 20, 1795)*: Yesterday the day passed in the greatest calm until six or seven in the evening when some young men, frequenters of the Cafe de Chartres, met as they had planned. One of them spoke up and said: "I just dined at Févriér's with my brothers of the Faubourg St. Antoine; they will be around with the mannikin in ten minutes." A short time later, two or three hundred people assembled in the Jardin-Egalité with a mannikin which they called "Jacobin," wearing a black wig and red bonnet on its head, [and carrying] a purse and portfolio in one hand, a torch in the other. In the midst of this mob, lit up by a half-dozen torches, one of them made a speech and then sang several songs while the audience, as chorus, repeated the refrain; from there they left en masse and betook themselves first, and with much clamor, on the route to the Place de la Réunion, where they insulted the memory of Marat; from there to the court before [the convent of] the Jacobins where the mannikin was burnt. The ashes were then tossed into a chamber pot and thrown into the Montmartre sewer, the place, they said, which ought to be the Pantheon of all Jacobins and bloodsuckers. One citizen to whom this behavior appeared, at the least, dangerous, spoke her mind somewhat loudly; she was whipped with great indecency after the most horrible revilement. . . .

C. *The Religious War in Brittany: Recollections of a Counter-Revolutionary*: One of Colonel de Pontbriand's soldiers asked him for permission to go to see his father in the town of Prince; he gave it to him reluctantly, because he had been warned that there were enemies in Juvigné and enjoined him not to sleep in the town if the news were true. The soldier promised but nevertheless

stayed on despite [the protests of] his parents. He had been gone for three hours when at about ten o'clock at night, the town was invaded by three hundred men. The republicans entered his home where he was taken prisoner. His musket was beside him. He was treated with unexampled barbarity; they burned his feet in his father's presence and pulled them out of the fire only when he lost consciousness; then they forced him to drink a glass of brandy to revive him and then began that horrible torture again. His sufferings lasted all night; the unfortunate creature said nothing more, while he had the strength to speak but: "My God, it is for you, it is for my religion that I have been fighting. My God, have pity upon me. My sufferings are for you." He did not utter a groan or shed a tear; his father and the other people in the house shrieked lamentably, several soldiers themselves wept and left after having implored their comrades in vain to finish off the wretch quickly. About three in the morning this troop left for Prince. Several soldiers carried the half-dead man up to a calvary near the town, on the road to Dompierre-du-Chemin; one of them then said: "He kept telling us all night that he was fighting for his God, let him die for his God. Let us crucify him." The horrible advice would have been followed and acted upon by his comrades save for the unexpected arrival of an officer with some regulars whom he commanded to shoot him. The territorial guards cast themselves upon the corpse and pierced it with so many bayonet wounds that it was unrecognizable. The officer released the father whom they had dragged there; he told him that he had been unaware of what had been happening at his home, that he was in despair over it and that he would have stopped it.