

"Just take him, then," the encouraged tradesman picked up. "Why did he come a ^{bo} _u ^t _{that}? What's on hi's m'm, e?"
 "God knows, maybe he's drunk, may e s not, t e workman muttered. "What do you want?" the caretaker ^k er s' ou tcd again, be ginning to get seriously angry. "Qgit nng us!"

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

"Why scared? Qgit pestering us!"

"Scofflaw!" cried the woman.

"Why go on talking to him?" shou ted the othe caretaker, a huge man in an unbuttoned coat and With keys on his belt. "Oear out! ... Yes, he's a scofflaw! Oear 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 caretak r 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, li'ke the stones he was

: iutl! d or him, for him alone ... Suddenly, in the distance, in the crowd stood made out a er voices, shouts ... In the middle of the ag - A small light started flickering in right and went tow ds h hast going on?" Raskolnikov turned to the anything, and he : row d. It was as if he were snatc ing at firmly decided about th r dly as he thought of it, because e had all going to end. e po icea nd knew for certain that now it was

IN THE MIDDLE of the street stood a jaunty, hi h-class harness to a pair of fiery gray horses. There were no passengers, the coachman, avmg c 1m d down from his ho abn the horses were being held by their bridles. A greax was stan nlg y, many peope were crowding aroun , t e polce in front of them all. One of them was holding a lantern and bendmg down, directing the light at something on the avement, 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!"

Raskolikov pushed his way through as well as he could and finally glimpsed the object of all this b stle and curiosity. A man just run over by the horses was lying on the ground, apparently unconscious, vry 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 drunk can't see strai ght, who doesn't k now t ht'... Isaw him cross smg the street, reeling nearly falling over. I shouted once, then again, den a tird time, and then I remed m t e orses, druk . The their feet! Maybe on purpose, or else he was really n.h.. took h o rses are young, skittish; they rearup, e off again . . . and so we came to grief." . . . ended from the

"That's exactly how it was!" some wimess respo crohd. e did shout, it's true, he s h out ed three aimes to ,

vo: eres ponded.

it" cried a third.

Three times exactly, everybody heard e ssed or frightened. One

The coachman, however, was not very distr and important wner, could see that the carriage belonged to weal thy to this last et'Cum-Who was awal fmg its amival somew h re: how to see

part of the policemen's concern. The trampled man had been removed to the police station and then to the hospital. No one knew his name. Meanwhile Raskolnikov pushed ahead and bent down closer. Suddenly the lantern shone brightly on the unfortunate man's face. He recognized him.

"I know him! I know him!" he cried, pushing all the way to the front. "He's an official, a retired official, a titular councillor, Marmeladov! He lives near here, in Kozel's house... A doctor, quickly! Here, I'll pay!" He pulled the money from his pocket and showed it to the policeman. He was surprisingly excited.

The police were pleased to have found out who the trampled man was. Raskolnikov gave his own name and address as well, and began doing his utmost to persuade them, as if it were a matter of his own father, to transport the unconscious Marmeladov to his lodgings.

"It's here, three houses away," he urged, "the house belongs to Kozel, a German, a rich man... He must have been trying to get home just now, drunk... I know him; he's a drunkard... He has a family, a wife, children, there's a daughter. It'll take too long to bring him to the hospital, and I'm sure there's a doctor there in the house! I'll pay, I'll pay... Anyway they'll take care of him, they'll help him at once, otherwise he'll die before he gets to the hospital..."

He even managed to slip them something unobserved; it was, however, a clear and lawful case, and in any event help was closer here. The trampled man was picked up and carried; people lent a hand. The house was about thirty steps away. Raskolnikov walked behind, carefully supporting the head and showing the way.

This way, this way! Carry him head first up the stairs, turn him around... there, I'll pay, I'll thank you well for it," he muttered.

Katerina Ivanovna as soon as she had a free moment, would immediately go to her small room, from window to stove and back, arms crossed tightly. Lately she had been talkng to herself and coughing. The ten-year-old girl more and more often to her older daughter, though she understood very well that her mother needed her, and therefore guile to pretend that she understood everything. This time Polina

everythmg. This time Polina

was undressing her little brother, who had been fished all day getting him ready for bed. The boy not... in very well

his shirt, which was to be washed that same night was sitting on the chair, with a serious mien, straight-backed and motionless, his little legs stretched out in front of him. P--.I together, he is to the public and toes apart. He was listening to what his ma was saying to his sister, with pouting lips and wide-open eyes, sitting perfectly still, as all smart little boys ought to do when they are being undressed for bed. The even smaller girl, in complete rags, stood by the screen waiting her turn. The door to the stairs was open, to afford at least some protection from the waves of tobacco smoke that issued from the other rooms and kept sending the poor consumptive woman into long and painful fits of coughing. Katerina Ivanovna seemed to have grown even thinner over the past week, and the flushed spots on her cheeks burned even brighter than before.

"You wouldn't believe, you can't even imagine, Polenka," she was saying, pacing the room, "how great was the gaiety and splendor of our life in papa's house, and how this drunkard has ruined me and will ruin you all! Father had the state rank of colonel¹ and was nearly a governor by then, he only had one more step to go, so that everyone that called on him used to say, 'Even now, Ivan Mikhailovich, we already regard you as our governor!' When I... hem!... whe I

... hem, hem, hem... oh, curse this life!" she exclaimed, coughing up phlegm and clutching her chest. "When I... ah, at the marshal's last ball²... when Ptj. ncess Bezzemelny saw me-the one who beat me afterwards when I was marrying your father, Polya-she as at once: 'Isn't this that nice young lady who danced with a shawl at the graduation?'... That rip should be mended; why don't you take the needle and darn it now, the way I taught you, othe tomorrofw... hem, hem, hem!... it'll tear wo-o-o... she cried, straining herself... 'A th kam 'unk r Prince She ego oy,² 1

t at same time, a merJ e ' urka with me, and the very come from Petersburg... he danced a maz... I th k d him personally ext day wanted to come with a proposal but I an... e in flattering terms and said that my heartha g terribly cross with That other was your father, Polya'. papa whas hirt and the stock me... Is the water tea... N... my me... hirt and the stock... just have foings?... Lida," she turned to the little ug

ur shirt tonight, somehow . . . and lay out sleep without yo so they can be washed together ... Why do! srockings, toO ... home the drunkard! He's worn his shirt out l'nt that ragtag come someo id d loth it's all tom ... I cou was 1t with the rest d ic um Lord H h not have to suffer two rughtsm a rolwki.; . hem, em, hem, hern! Again What's this?" she cried out, oo ngatt e crowd in the entry. way d the people squeezing into her room with some burden "What's this? What are they carrying'. Lord."

"Is there somewhere to put him?" the policeman asked, looking around, when the bloodstained and unconscious Manneladov had al. ready been lugget into the room.

"On the sofa! Lay him out on the sofa, head this way," Raskolnikov pointed.

"Run over in the street! Drunk!" someone shouted from the entry• way.

Katerina Ivanovna stood all pale, breathing with difficulty. The children were completely frightened. Little Lidochka cried out, rushed to Polenka, threw her arms around her, and began shaking all over.

Having laid Marmeladov down, Raskolnikov rushed to Katerina Ivanovna.

"For God's sake, calm yourself, don't be afraid!" he spoke in a quick patter. "He was crossing the street and was run over by a carriage; ::t worry, he'll come round; I told them to bring him here... I was once, you remember ... He'll come round, I'll pay!"

"Hefinally got it!" Katerina Ivanovna cried desperately and rushed to her husband.

Wh o lnik v quickly noted that she was not one f those women the munedi elv fall , into a faint. Instantly there was a pillow un d er Katerina I man head, something no one had thought of yet; Katerina Ivanovna began undress hi m, examining him, ussing over trembling r Presence of mind, forgetting herself, biting her her breast. ps, and suppressing the cries that were about to burst frortl

Askolnikov meanwhile A...ied doctor, it turned out, th r- ..ui&u someone to run and get a "I've sent foar A- e wasa doctor living two houses away. ,

worry, I'll pay. ls t h -"Or" e h k eptsaying to Katerina Ivanovna, "don t ere any water? ... And bring a napkin, a tow

something, quickly; we don't know yet what his injuries are... He's been injured, not killed . . . rest assured ... The doctor will say!"

Katerina Ivanovna rushed to the window; there, on a broken-seated chair, in the corner, a big day bowl full of water had been set up, ready for the nighttime washing of her children's and husband's linen. This nighttime washing was done by Katerina Ivanovna herself, with her own hands, at least twice a week and sometimes more often, for it had reached a point where they no longer had any changes of linen, each member of the family had only one, and Katerina Ivanovna, who could not bear uncleanness, preferred to wear herself out at night and beyond her strength, while everyone was asleep, so that the laundry would have time to dry on the line by morning and she could give them all clean things, rather than to see dirt in the house. She tried to lift the bowl and bring it over, as Raskolnikov had requested, but almost fell with the burden. But he had already managed to find a towel and he wet it and began washing Marmeladov's bloodstained face. Katerina Ivanovna stood right there, painfully catc g her breath and clutching her chest with her hands. She herself was need of help. Raskolnikov began to realize that he had perhaps not d?ne well in persuading them to bring the trampled man there. The police-man also stood perplexed.

"Polya!" Katerina Ivanovna cried, "run to Sonya, qwc Y you don't find her there, never mind, tell them that herfa t h has been run over by a carriage and that she should e here at once ••• as soon as she gets back. Qgickly, Polya! Here, put o fro bis chair, and,

"Run fas' as you can!" the y sudde y en . :backedsitting, having said it, relapsed into his former silent, straJg wide-eyed, heels together, toes apart. ded that there was no

Meanwhile the room had ome:ie;::cept for one who stayed space for an apple to fall. The pabce ha. hr ging in from the stairs for a time and tried to chase the pu lid / most all of Mrs. Lip-back out to the stairs again. In t h ir srthea from e inn er rooms crowding in pewechsel's tenants came pauning . the room itself. Katenna the doorway at first, but then flooding into

Ivanovna flew into a rage. . . . , she shouted at the whole

"You might at least let him die ¹⁰ peac\urselves! With cigarettes! crowd. "A fine show you've found for Y

- Katerina Ivanovna even msp some fear; the tenant
Obviously, eer.ed back through the door, with that strange fccrts,
, on by⁰⁰ -:on which can always be observed, even in th>sc anhg
of JJJlef sa1D1.... are near andd, when a su dd en ...i:--- befalls h
be found in all men, waithout exception, however sin":•
which is, o th . feelings of sympathy and comunseranon.

tside the door, however, voices were raised about the hospital, and how one ought not to disturb people unnecessarily.

"Soone ought not to die!" cried Katerina lvanovna, and she rushed for the door, to I a blast of thunder at them but in the doorway shera into Mrs. Lippewechsel herself, who had Just managed to learn of the ,accident and came mooing to re-establish order. She was an :exu:emely cantankerous and disorderly German woman.

"Ach, my God!" she clasped her hands. "Your trunken husband has a horse trampled! To the hospital mit him! I am the landlady!"

"Amalia Ludwigovna! I ask you to consider what you are saying," Katerina Ivanovna began haughtily. (She always spoke in a haughty tone with the landlady, so that she would "remember her place," and even now she could not deny herself the pleasure.) "Amalia Ludwigovna ..."

"I have told you how-many-times before that you muss never dare say to me Amal Ludwigovna. I am Amal-Ivan!"

¹⁰ ne cried: "A cat-fight!"), "I shall always address you¹⁵

dislikL govna, though I decidedly fail to understand why you Sem e 7. L llation. You see for yourself what has happened to and y not all tch:h is d y mg. I ask you to close this door at once USUre o w anyone m. Let h'lm at least die in peace! Othe-- u I

S! The prince knew me as a young girl, and very
often ^{many times} shown favor.

· · ·; everyone knows that Semyon Zakharovich had PlatY

friends and protectors, whom he himself abandoned f aware of his unfortunate weakness, but ^{on} out of noble pride (sep. to Raskolnikov) "we are being helped by a magnanimous young man who has means and connections, and how Semyon Zakharovich krtew as a child, and rest assured, Amaba Ludwigovna ... "

All this was spoken in a rapid patter, faster and faster but coughing all at once interrupted Katerina l:vano:vna's eloquence. At that moment the dying man cae to and moed, and she ran to him. He opened his eyes and, still without recogniton or understanding,began peering at Raskolnikov, who was standing over him. He breathed heavily, deeply, rarely; blood oozed from the comers of his mouth; sweat stood out on his forehead. Not recognizing Raskolnikov, he began looking around anxiously. Katerina lvanovna looked at him sadly but sternly, and tears flowed from her eyes.

"My God! His whole chest is crushed! And the blood, so much blood!" she said in despair. "We must take all his outer clothes off! Turn over a little, Semyon Zakharovich, if you can," she cried to him.

Marmeladov recognized her.

"A priest!" he said in a hoarse voice.

Katerina Ivanovna went over to the window, leaned her forehead against the window frame, and exclaimed in desperation:

"Oh, curse this life!"

"A priest!" the dying man said again, after a moment's silence.

"They've go-o-one!" Katerina Ivanovna cried at him; he obeyed the cry and fell silent. He was seeking for her with timid, anguished eyes; she went back to him and stood by him.

is led on little Lidochka (his what, but not for long. Soon has eyes rest^{d d h'}, who was shaking in the corner as if^{f. o} a fit an stare at am with her astonished, childishly attentive eyes^{ed}. He wanted to say

"A ... a ..." he pointed to her womb. "I want to say something.

"What now?" cried Katerina Ivanov a... th crazed csat-the
"Barefoot! Barefoot!" he muttered, pomtng wi y girl's bare little feet. . . bl "You know very well

"Be quiet!" Katerina Ivanovna cried firmly.
"Why she's barefoot!"

"Thank God, the doctor!" Raskolnikov en

Crime and Punishment

The doctor came in a trim little old man, a German, looking about his head and eyes; he went over to the sick man, took his pulse and him with his hands, and with Katerina Ivanovna as help unbuttoned his shirt, and bared the sick man's chest. His whole chest was torn, mangled, and severed on the right side were broken. On the left side, just over the heart, there was a large, yellowish-black spot, the cruel blow of a hoof. The doctor frowned. The policeman told him at the time that the man had been caught in a wheel and dragged, turning, about thirty paces along the pavement.

"It's surprising that he recovered consciousness at all," the doctor whispered 10ftly to Raskolnikov.

"What is your opinion?" the latter asked.

"He will die now."

"There's no hope at all?"

"Not the slightest! He is at his last gasp... Besides, his head is dangerously injured... Hm. I could perhaps let some blood... but it would be no use. In five or ten minutes he will certainly die."

"Try letting some blood, then!"

"Perhaps... However, I warn you it will be perfectly useless."

At that point more steps were heard, the crowd in the entryway and a priest, a gray-haired old man, appeared on the threshold with gifts. A policeman had gone to fetch him while they were still in the street. The doctor immediately gave way to him, and they exchanged meaningful glances. Raskolnikov persuaded the doctor to stay at least for a little while. The doctor shrugged and stayed, everyone stepped aside. The confession lasted a very short time because: Old man probably did not understand much of anything; and he took his leave only abruptly, making sounds. Katerina Ivanovna took him down from his chair, went to the corner little girl who needed to make the children kneel in front of her. The raised his hand again; but the boy, upright on his bare little knees, to the ground, regularly making a full sign of the cross, and bowed his head. Katerina Ivanovna was biting her lips and holding back her tears, too, was crying, straightening the boy's shirt to time and again, managing to throw a kerchief over the girl's bare

Part Two

shoulders, taking it from the top of the chest of drawers as she prayed and without getting up from her knees. Meanwhile, curious people began opening the door from the inner rooms again. And more and more spectators, tenants from all down the stairs, crowded into the entryway, but without crossing the threshold. The whole scene was lighted by just one candle-end.

At that moment Polenka, who had run to fetch her sister, squeezed quickly through the crowd in the entryway. She came in, almost breathless from running hard, took off her kerchief, sought out her mother with her eyes, went to her, and said: "She's coming! I met her in the street!" Her mother pulled her down and made her kneel beside her. Timidly and inaudibly, a girl came in, squeezing through the crowd, and her sudden appearance was strange in that room, in the midst of poverty, rags, death, and despair. She, too, was in rags, a two-penny costume, but adorned in street fashion, to suit the taste and rules established in that special world, with a dearly and shamefully explicit purpose. Sonya stood in the entryway, just at the threshold but not crossing it, with a lost look, unconscious as it seemed, of everything, forgetting her gaudy silk dress with its long and absurd train bought at fourth hand and so unseemly here, and her boundless crinoline that blocked the entire doorway, her light-colored shoes and the hem of her dress, less at night which she still carried with her, and her absurd straw hat with its flame-colored feather. From under this hat, she peered at a boy, thin and frightened, mouth open, eyes fixed in terror. Sonya was of small stature, about eighteen years old, thin but quite pretty, blond, and with red hair from walking in the sun. Finally, certain words from the priest reached her. She looked down, took a step forward, though still just by the threshold, and reached her. She looked down, took a step forward, though still just by the threshold, and as he was leaving, tried to address a few words to Katerina Ivanovna. And what am I to do with these, she interrupted sharply and irritably, pointing to the little ones.

Crime and Punishment

"God is merciful; hope for help from the Almighty,"

begun

"

Pleasant

"Ehh! Merciful, but not to us.

"That is sinful, madam, sinful," the priest observed shaking his head. "And is this not sinful?" cried Katerina Ivanovna pointing to the dying man.

"Perhaps those who were the inadvertent cause will compensate you, at least for the loss of income . . ."

"You don't understand!" Katerina Ivanovna cried irritably with her hand. "What is there to compensate? He was drunk yesterday, having got under the horses himself! And what income? There wasn't any income from him, there was only torment. The drunkard rank up every morning, he stole from us, and took it to the pot-house. Wasted e'er yes an ounce more in the pot-house! Thank God he has fewer J's!"

"You would do better to forgive him. Such feelings . . . damo forgive him in the hour of death. Such area sm, ma 'a great sin!"

Katerina Ivanovna was bustling about, water wiping the sweat around the sick man, giving him pillows, as she talked swaying back and forth from his head, straightening his hair while doing so, and only turned to him from time to time almost in anger. But now she suddenly fell upon him.

"Eh father! Words . . .

he didn't get run over, and ragged, and flopped down and snore and I'd be sloshing, banishing them out the window, washing him in the children's rags and then I'd drown him away to the window, and as soon as it was dawn, I'd sit this talk to the men there . . . that's my night! . . . So what's all been, terrible coughing . . . if I hadn't forgiven him!"

Handkerchief and interrupted her words. She spat into her hand to him.

The older chest in pain Thor the priest to see, holding her older friend hung his head. The handkerchief was all bloody . . .

The face of Katerina Ivanovna, he would not take his eyes from

g to say something. A, who again bent over him. He kept o'er; he tried to bring moving his tongue

Part Two

with effort and uttering unintelligible words but Katerina Ivanovna, understanding that he wanted to ask her for forgiveness, at once shouted at him peremptorily:

"Be quiet! Don't! I know what you want sick man silent, but at that same moment his watery eyes rested on the doorway, and he saw Sonya . . ."

He had not noticed her until then: she was standing in the shadows.

"Who's there? Who's there?" he said suddenly, in a hoarse, breathless voice, all alarmed, in horror motioning with his eyes towards the doorway where his daughter stood, and making an effort to himself.

"Lie down! Lie do-o-own!" cried Katerina Ivanovna.

But with an unnatural effort he managed to prop himself on one arm. He gazed wildly and fixedly at his daughter for some time, as though he did not recognize her. And indeed he had never seen her in such attire. All at once he recognized her—humiliated, crushed, bedizened, and ashamed, humbly waiting her turn to take leave of her dying father. Infinite suffering showed in his face.

"Sonya! Daughter! Forgive me!" he cried, and tried to hold out his hand to her, but without its support he slipped from the sofa and went crashing face down on the floor; they rushed to pick him up, laid him out again, but by then he was almost gone. Sonya cried out w-

ran and embraced him, and remained so in that embrace. He died in her arms.

"So he got it!" Katerina Ivanovna cried, looking at her husband's corpse. "Well, what now? How am I going to bury him! And how am I going to feed them tomorrow, all of them?"

Raskolnikov went up to Katerina Ivanovna.

"Katerina Ivanovna" he began, "last week your husband told me all about his life and his circumstances . . . You may be

at the spoke of you with rapturous . . . d h o!" f his when I learned how devoted he was to all of you, a . . . f his . . . loved you especially, Katerina Ivanovna, in spite of her unfeigned weakness, since that evening we became friends . . . deceased friend me now . . . to assist . . . and if this can serve to friend. Here are . . . twenty roubles, I think

help you, then... I... in short, I'll come again - I'll be ~SW-E to---
 Good-b "",
 CO111e
 ybe even tomorrow ... e.

... ;; he quickly left the room, hastening to squeeze through the crowd and ---L the stairs; but in the crowd he suddenly ,^{aa} into Nikodim Fomich, who had learned of the accident and WJShed to take a personal band in the arrangement. He had not n eacother since that, cene in the office, but Nikodim Fomach recognized him instantl

"Ah, it's you?" he asked. y.

"He's dead," Raskolnikov answered. "The doctor was here, a priest wu here, everything's in order. Don't trouble the poor woman too much, she's consumptive is it is. Cheer her up with something, if you can... You're a kind man, I know..." he added with a smirk, looking him straight in the eye.

"But, really, you're all soaked with blood," Nikodim Fomich remarked, making out by the light of the lantern several fresh spots of blood on Raskolnikov's waistcoat.

"Soaked, yes... I've got blood all over me!" Raskolnikov said, with some peculiar look; then he smiled, nodded his head, and went down the stairs.

He went down slowly, unhurriedly, all in a fever, and filled, though was not aware oft, with the new, boundless sensation of a sudden influx of full and powerful life. This sensation might be likened to the
oafman condemned to death who is suddenly and unexpect-
y granted a pardon. Halfway on his way home, Raskolnikov, though he was overtaken by the priest less hours with him, suddenly heard but it is he going down the last few steps, he after him. It seemed to him that someone was running
Listen! she was running after him and calling:

He turned to her. She to run, just one step higher. A dim light came from the courtyard Raskolnikov had met the girl's thin figure, gathering with childlike gathirn, which appeared cheerfulness. She had come running with

80 C?rand, which appeared cheerfulness. She had come running with "Listen, what is your name? ... and also where do you live?" be

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked at her with

something like happiness. It gave him such pleasure to look at her - he did not know why himself.

"Who sent you?"

"My sister Sonya sent me," the girl replied, smiling even more cheerfully.

"I just knew it was your sister Sonya."

"Mama sent me, too. When my sister Sonya was sending me, mama also came over and said: 'Run quickly, Polenka!'"

"Do you love your sister Sonya?"

"I love her most of all!" Polenka said with some special firmness, and her smile suddenly became more serious.

"And will you love me?"

Instead of an answer, he saw the girl's little face coming towards him her full little lips naively puckered to kiss him. Suddenly her

thin as matchsticks, held him hard, her head bent to his shoulder, and the girl began crying softly, pressing her face harder and harder against him.

"I'm sorry for papa!" she said after a minute, rusing her tear-stained face and wiping away the tears with her bands. "We've had misfortunes lately," she added unexpectedly, with that especially emn look children try so hard to assume when they suddenly want to talk like "big people."

"And did papa love you?"

"He loved Lidochka most of all," she went on, very seriously and with a smile, "he loved her because no longer smiling, just the way big people do, and she's sick, and he always roughed her up, she us he taught to read, and me he taught grammar and catechism, added with dignity, "and mama didn't say anything, she wanted to learn French, she said that, and papa knew it, because it's time I got my education!"

to myself because I'm

"Oh, of course we do, since long ago!" prud with mother; first big now and Kolya and Lidochka pray out God forgive and they recite the 'Had, Mary, another prayer: bless our sister Sonya, and then God forgive the other one, but --- see our old papa died a year and the one We pray for that one, too."

"Polechb, my name is Rodion; pray for me too, for the servant of God, Rodion'-that's all."

"I'll pray for you all the rest of my life," the girl said suddenly laughing again,しご to him, and again he'd m hard. Raskolnikov told her in shame, gave her the addre 55 nd to come the next day without fail. The girl went a PrornSCd delighted with him. It was past ten when he walked away cqrnpletely

If ve minutes .ter e was stan ng on the bridge i spot from which the woman had thrown n exactly the same "le'nnnnJ.I'h d herself not long

....."6u e sii reso utely and solemnly "Away with before away with false fears, away with spectres" Th

.... ere 1s hfer W alive Just now? My life hasn't died with the old as not remember her in His kingdom, and-enough mer;; a the Lord Now is the kingdom of reason and Ii ht d y s time to go! ··· and now we sh all see' N g an ··· and wdl and strength presumptuously, as if ad n ow we shall cross swords" he dded "And I had already co g me k force and challenging it.

Y nsented to live on a square foot of space! ... I'm very weak at the b have gone AndI kn . moment, ut... all my illness seems to Pochinko's house e it would when I went out today. By the way, certaintly - enif, is Just two steps away. To Razumikhin's now, Let , it weren't tw o st

him have his lau . , e away ... let him win the bet! . . . Deeded is strength . :-Its nothing, let him! . . . Strength, what's acquired by stren'wit outstrength you get nowhere; and strength is proudlyandself ;mat's something they don't know," he added his legs. Pride : ently, and he left the bridge barely able to move ment; with each self onfidence were growing in him every momen 7<1ing moment he was no longer the man he had 50 turned him around t special thing was it, however, that had aat straw, he sudd j f himself did not know like a man clutching ;as life, that this lin:adanced_ that he, too, "coud live, that there still ratherh concl not,died with the old crone " It was perhaps SUdd id ask her to reme ure was not thinking of that.

add cnly flashed in his ber the servant of God Rodion however, exce u'a nd laughed at o'n "W ll, bur that was ... just in case!" h. Li ent8PlI its. ce at his own schoolboy joke. He was in e had n o trouble find.

ing Razumikhin; the new tenant of Pochin-

Part Two

kov's house was already known, and the caretaker immed' h F halfw 1ate1ys owed him the war rom ay p the stairs one could alread hear the no ise and animated conversation of a 1..... gathcnn· Tb dy stairs was w l open;s outsandargwng could be heard Raz khin room was qmte lg an ha ut fifteen people were gath ed .m it. a,skolnikov stop,ed

ID. t e an teroom. There, behind partition, two of the landlady s serving-girls busied themselves with two big samovars, bottles, plates and platters with pies and hon d'oeuvres brought from the landlady's kitchen. Raskolnikov asked for Razumikhin. He came running out, delighted. One could tell at glance

that he had drunk an unusual amount, and though Razumikhin was almost incapable of getting really drunk, this time the effect was somewhat noticeable.

"Listen," Raskolnikov hurried, "I only came to tell you that you've won the bet, and that indeed nobody knows what may happen to him. But I can't come in; I'm so weak I'm about to fall over. So, hello and good-bye! Come and see me tomorrow ... "

"You know what, I'm going to take you home! Hyou yourself say you're so weak, then" What about your guests? Who's that curly one who just peeked out here?"

"Him? De il knows! Must be some acquaintance of my uncle's, or maybe he came on his own ... I'll leave my uncle with them, ¹ most invaluable man too bad you can't meet him right now, Bur devil take them all anyway! They've forgotten about me now, an dbesid es, Ineed some cooling off because you came Just time, brother; another two minutes and I'd have started a fight in there, by God! They out such drivel ... you can't imagine to what extent a h t you unaguiet. Donrt himsc

If wrapped up inlies! Burw Y can . . . the won't lie ... Sir lie ourselves? Let them lie, then; and afterwaiw, Y down for a minute, I'll get Zossimov." . . . i f greediness; some 5>j>imov fell upon Raskolnik?ve e m i .brightened

"To bed without delay," he d ided, haVI:;legx:;i the night. Will as Well as he could "and rake a bit of some" ,
Y ? I've already p repared it .. • a. lit_e tl Powde.r

Or two, even," Raskolnikov replied.

der was taken at once.

"It will be very good if you go w^t him," Zossimov remarked to Razumikhin. "We'll see what may happen tomorrow, but today, all: quite I change from th^t's mommg. L^tve and learn it^s not bad at hi red ..

"You know what imov w spe to me JUST now, as we Were leaving?" Razumikhin bl ed out .ashsoon ash ththey stepped into the street. "I'll tell you everything stral g t out, ro er, because they're fools. Zossimov told me to chat you up on the way and get you to ch back, and then tell him, because he's got th'ls i'd ea ... that you're ... mad, or close to it. Imagine that! First, you're three times smancer than he is; second, if you're not crazy, you'll spit on hirn having such drivel in his head: and third, this hunk of meat-a surgeon by profession-has now gone crazy over mental illnesses, and what finally turned him around about you was your conversation today with Zamytov."

"Zamytov told you everything?"

"Everything, and it's an excellent thing he did. I now understand it all inside and out; Zamytov understands it, too ... Well, in shon, Rodya ... the point is ... I'm a bit drunk now ... but that doesn't matter ... the point is that this notion ... you understand? ... was really hatching in them ... you understand? That is, none of them dared to y it aloud, because it's the most absurd drivel, and especially once they d picked up that house-painter, it all popped and went out fore er. But how can they be such fools? I gave Zamytov a bit of a beatmg th'en-that's between us, brother, don't let out even a hint that

"you : I've noticed he's touchy; it was at Laviza's-but today, today it all became clear! This Illya Petrovich mainly He took advan·tage of your fainti ng io t e office that time, but afterwards he ,et ashamed .

h myself, that I know ..."

Raskolnikov liste ed eed' gr dy. Razumikhin was drunk and telbg all.

"I f a mted that time beca . . ."

Raskolnikov sa d use it was stuffy and smelled of oil paint,

"He keeps ex ia·tion had been^b ln lng! And it wasn't only the paint: that m fl amrn.. testify! But h comin_g on for a whole month. Zossimov is here to notwonh his own mortified th bo Y is now, you can't even imagine. Tm e nger." h says--meaning yours. He occasa onally

baS decent feelings, brother. But the lesson, the lesson today in the crystal Palace, that to?5 em all! You really scared him at first, nearly J...,,ve him to convulsions. You really almost convinced him again about all th. Tusak ntho⁵;:nsep rr and then suddenly-stuck your tongue out at 1m: e at. e ect! Now he's crushed, dcstro ed!

By God, you're an expert; It serves them right! T oo bad I wasn't lere! He's been, airing terr:bly for you now. Porfuy also wants to make your acquamtance . . .

"Ah . . . him, too . . . And why have I been put down as mad?"

"Well, not mad, exactly. It seems I've been spouting off too much, brother ... You see, it struck him today that you were interested only in justthatone point; now it's clear why you were interested; knowing all the circumstances ... and how it irritated you then, and gottangled up with your illness ... 'm li e drunk, brother, only devil knows about him, he's got some idea in his head . . . I tell you, he's gone crazy over mental illnesses. But you can spit ... "

They were silent for half a minute or so.

"Listen, Razumikhin," Raskolnikov started to say, "I want to tell you straight out: I'm just coming from a dead man's h use, some official who died ... I gave them all my money ... and besides, I w just kissed by a **being** who, even if I had killed so eone, would still . . . in short, I saw another being there, too ... with a flame-colored feather ... but I'm getting confused; I'm very weak, hold me up ... here's the stairs . . ."

"What is it? What is it?" asked the alarmed Razumikhin.

"I'm a little dizzy, only that's not the point, but I fec:l sO sad'-ll'ke a woman... really! Look, what's that? Look. Look.

"What"

? Through the crack . . . "Don't you see? A light in my room, see last tli ht next to e

They were standing before th g that there was a light in door, and looking up one could indeed see Raskolnikov's closet.

"Strange! Nastasya, may, be" bservedNW-^{nA} khin besides she's long been

"She never comes to my room at this our;

asleep but I don't care! Farewell!"

"But what is it? I'll take you up, we II go in toget er. h ¹¹ake your band here "I kn ow we'll go m toget h er, but I want to

"I'll to you hert. So, give me your hand, and end say farewe. Rod a" &rewel,,
 "What's got into you, y. . ."
 "Nothing; let's go; you'll be a witness . . .
 be climbing the stairs, and the thought flashed thro
 The kh. s nu'nd that Zossimov might be right after all. "Eh, Ugh
 RazUIDI in "hall my babbling!" he muttered to himself. Suddenly, coming
 himwl up to the door, they heard voices in the room.
 What's going on here?" Razumikhin cried out.

Raskolnikov took the door first and flung it wide open, flung it open and stood rooted to the threshold.

His mother and sister were sitting on the sofa, and had already been waiting there for an hour and a half. Why was it that he had expected them least of all, and had thought of them least of all, even in spite of the earlier repeated news that they had left, were on their way, would arrive any moment? For the entire hour and a half they had been vying with each other in questioning Nastasya, who was standing before them even now and had managed to tell them the whole story backwards and forwards. They were beside themselves with fear when they heard that "he ran away today," sick, and, as appeared from the story, certainly delirious. "God, what's become of him!" They both wept, they both endured the agony of the cross during that hour and a half of waiting.

A cry of rapturous joy greeted Raskolnikov's appearance. Both women rushed to him. But he stood like a dead man; a sudden, unbearable awareness struck him like a thunderbolt. And his arms would not

to embrace them; they could not. His mother and sister hugged him tightly, kissed him, laughed, wept... He took a step, swayed, and collapsed on the floor in a faint.

At a rem's cn'es of terror, moans . . . Razumikhin, who was standing, holding, flew into the room, took the sick man up in his arms, and in an instant had him lying on the sofa. It's not long thi nt'h I'm lying on the sofa. fainted, . . . he cried to the mother and sister "he's Ju: bette" complet;: a bbish! The doctor just said he was much, cotn; to! . . . we Water! See, he's already recovering; see, he's

And grabb' ed it be bent her' mg Dunechka's arm so hard that he almost tw st d own to see how "he's airad y come to". The mother

,ister both look upon Razumikhin with tenderness and gratitude,¹⁵ on Providence • If; they had already heard from Nastasya what he had been for their **Rodya** throughout his illness-dus "efficient young man," as he was referred to the same evening, in an intimate conversation with Dunya, by Pulchena Alexandrovna Raskolnikov herself.



Part Three



R

I

ASKO LNI KOV raised himself and sat up on the sofa.

He waved weakly at Razumikhin to stop the whole stream of incoherent and ardent consolations he was addressing to his mother and sister, took both of them by the hand, and for about two minutes peered silently now at the one, now at the other. His mother was frightened by his look. A strong feeling, to the point of suffering, shone in his eyes, but at the same time there was in them something fixed, even as if mad. Pulcheria Alexandrovna began to cry.

Avdotya Romanovna was pale; her hand trembled in her brother's hand.

"Go home ... with him," he said in a broken voice, pointing at Razumikhin, "till tomorrow; tomorrow everything ... Did you arrive long ago?"

"In the evening, Rodya," Pulcheria Alexandrovna answered. "The train was terribly late. But, Rodya, I won't leave you now for anything! I'll spend the night here, beside ... "

"Don't torment me!" he said, waving his hand irritably.

"I'll sta-y with him!" cried Razumikhin. "I won't leave him for moment; devil take all the people at my place, let them climb the walls.

They've got my uncle for a president."

'ed

"How can I ever thank you!" Pulcheria Ale:xandro a m₁ to beg'm, again pressing Razum₁ 'khi_n's ha_n ds but Raskolnikov m₁ter-rupted her once more.

"I can't, I can't," he kept repeating imta Y•

Enough, go away . . . I can't¹. • . . f moment "Dunya

"Come, mama, let's at least leave t^h ; in g him.' whispered, frightened. "You can see e after three years!" Pulcheria "But can I really not even look at htm

Alexandrovna began to cry. k 'nterrupting me, and my

"Wait!" he stopped them again. "You eepLi hi_u seen uz n_u thoughts get confused . . . Have yo

"Rodya, but he already knows of our arrival. We have heard that Pyotr Petrovich was so drunk today," Pulcheria Alexandrovna added, somewhat nervously.

"Yes, he was so tipsy and threw him the hell out of here . . ." own the swine." "Yes, I told Luzhin I'd kick him."

"Rodya, what are you saying! Are you . . . you mean . . . , Pulcheria Alexandrovna began fearfully, but stopped, looking at

Otya Romanovna peered intently at her brother and waited to hear more. They had both been forewarned of the quarrel by Nastasya, as far as she had been able to understand and convey it, and had suffered in perplexity and anticipation.

"Dunya," Raskolnikov continued with effort, "I do not want this marriage, and therefore you must refuse him tomorrow, first thing, that he won't drag his face here again."

"My God!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"Brother, think what you are saying!" Avdotya Romanovna began hot-temperedly, but at once restrained herself. "Perhaps you're in no condition now, you're tired," she said meekly.

"Raving? No . . . You're manying Luzhin for my sake. And I do not accept the sacrifice. And therefore; by tomorrow, write a letter of refusal . . . Give it to me to read in the morning, and there's an end to it!"

"I cannot do that!" the offended girl cried out. "What right have you . . . "

"Don't you see . . . " the frightened mother rushed to Dunya. "Ah, we'd better go!"

"He's raving!" the drunk Razumikhin shouted. "Otherwise how would he dare? There all this foolishness will leave him . . . ut Y throw him out today. Just like he said. Well and the other one got angry."

He was playmg the orator here, showing off his "So it's . . . tomorrow, brother," Dunya said with compassion.

"Lood-bye, Rodya!"
"ISten, SISter," her

epeated to her back, summoning a last euo

Part Three

"I'm not raving; this marriage is a vile thing. May be I'm vile myself but you mudstn . . . one is enugh . . . and though I may be vile, I will not regard sue a sister as a sister. It's either me or L h G, both of you." "You're out of your mind! Despot!" Razumikhin d b Ras- kolnikov no longer answered, and was perhaps unable to answer. He lay back on the sofa and turned o t he wall, completely exhausted. Avdotya Romanovna gave Razumikhin a curious look; her dark es flashed; Razumikhin even jumped under her glance. Pulcheria Alexan- drovna stood as if stunned.

"I cannot possibly leave!" she whispered to Razumikhin, almost in despair. "I'll stay here, somewhere . . . Take Donya home."

"You'll spoil the whole thing!" Razumikhin also whispered, losing his temper. "Let's at least go out to the stairs. Nastasya, a light! I swear to you," he continued in a half whisper, once they were on the stairs, "he almost gave us a bearing earlier, the doctor and me! Do you understand? The doctor himself! And he gave in and left so as not to irritate him, and I stayed to keep watch downstairs, but he got dressed and slipped out. And he'll slip out now if you irritate him, in the dark, and do something to himself . . ."

"Ah, what are you saying!"

"Besides, it's impossible for Avdotya Romanovna to be in that place without you! Just think where you're staying! As if that scoundrel Pyotr Petrovich couldn't have found you better . . . You know, I'm a bit drunk, though; that's why I'm . . . calling names; don't pay any . . . "

"But I shall go to the landlady here," Pulcheria Alexandrovna m- sisted. "I shall plead with her to give me and Donyaa comer for tonight. I cannot leave him like this, I can't."

Tey were standing on te stan "Wa thei htfor them from Just outside the landlady's door. Nasuya held .g d Half an hour the bottom step. Razumikhin w extremely; gita eh had been earlier, he was taking Raskolruov fel; completely alert necessarily talkative and he knew it b anti f wme h d drunk that almost fresh, despite the tem e qu d ty red so it of .m:iev and evening. But now his con lton ev . h d drunk came rushing at the same time it was as if all the wme e a

hi bead again, at once and with twice the force. He stood to s t ad' masping them both by the hand, persuading them the two ieqs, i guments with amazing ran ness, an at almost evn resenn ng

P ms ar h . f II cry word, prep bably for added convlct1on, e pamel u y squeezed th elr vna with his eyes, without being the lellSt embarrassed by it Romano Once ortwice the pain made them to ree elr ands from his huge and b@ny grip, but he not only ?ld not notice the reason for it, but drew them to him even more t1ghtly. If at that moment they had ordered him to throw himself headlong down the stairs, as a service to them, he would have carried out the order at once, without argument or hesitation. Pulcheria Alexandrovna, alarmed as she was by the thought of her Rodya, though she felt that the young man was being much too eccentric and was pressing her hand too painfully, at the same time, since he was like her Providence, did not wish to notice all these eccentric details. But Avdotya Romanovna, who shared her alarm, though far from fearful by nature, was amazed and almost frightened to meet the eyes of her brother's friend, flashing with wild fire, and only the undless trust inspired by Nastasya's stories about this strange man held her back from the temptation of running away from him and dragging her mother with her. She also understood that now, perhaps1 they even could not run away from him. However, after about ten minutes she felt considerably reassured: Razumikhin had the propensity of speaking the whole of himself out at once, whatever mood he was in, so that everyone soon knew with whom they were dealing.

"It's impossibl'e to go to the landlady, and it's terrible nonsense!" he cned out, reasoning with Pulcheria Alexandrovna. "You may be his km other but if yo u stay, you'll dr i've him into a fury and t hen d evi' what will happen! Listen, here's what I'll do: Nastasya will sit wi lflow and I'll take you both to your place because you can't

ell u h th streets by yourselves; our Petersbur in that respect... of an,hspit on it! Then I'll run back here at one and in a quarter he ic wh th h catest word of honor I'll bring you a repart: "ow fromyou I'll e'sl eepmg, and all the rest of it. Then-listen!-t en I'll pick up Z! straight to my place-I have guests there, all drunk-placenow ==that's the doctor who's treating him, he's at rny 'not ; no, he's not drunk, he never gets drunk! I'll drag

him to Rodka, a d then straight to you, so within an hour you'll get two re rts on him:--one from the doctor, you understand, from the doctor •m lf; thast a whole lo better than from me! If he's bad, I sWear I II bnng you here myself; lf he's well, you can go to sleep. And I'll spend the w öle night here, in the entryway, he won't hear me, and I'll tell Zoss1mov to sleep at the landlady's, 50 as to be on hand. So, what's better for him now, you or the doctor? The doctor is much more useful, much more. So go home, then! And st.lying with the landlady's impossible; possible for me, but impossible for you-she won't let you, because ... because she's a fool. She'll get jealous of Avdotya Romanovna on account of me, if you want to know, and of you as well ... And of Avdotya Romanovna certainly. She's a totally, totally unexpected character! However, I'm a fool myself... Spit on it! Let's go! Do you believe me? Well, do you believe me or not?"

"Come, mama," said Avdotya Romanovna, "he will surely do as he's promised. He already resurrected my brother, and if it's true that the doctor is willing to spend the night here, what could be better?"

"So you ... you ... you understand me, because you're an ngel!:" Razumikhin cried out rapturously. "Let's go! Nastasya! Upstairs thtS minute, and sit there by him, with a light; I'll be back in a quarter of an hour ... "

Pulcheria Alexandrovna, though not fully convinced, no longer resisted. Razumikhin took both women by the arm and dragged them down the stairs. Nevertheless, she worried about him: "He U:Y efficient and kind, but is he capable of carrying outhis promise. Hes in such a state! ... " I .,, Razumikh ,,, Razumikh

"Ah I see you're thinking what a state m 10. .. in mter- rupted her thoughts, having gue ssed h and went smdmg along the sidewalk with his enormously long steps, so ah he twda itesnco:ce barely keep up with h1m-w h ac however e i no i t "N

I' drunk as a dolt, but that's not te poin' onsense! That I's . . . m ou it went to my I'm drunk, but not with wine. The moment. sawl'my talking nonsense: head ... But spit on me! Don't pay any attention to me, in the highest de- m unwort y o you . . .

gree! ... But as soon as I've taken you ome,my head and be ready t h e canal, an d pour two tubs of water ov er both Do n't laugh, and to go ... If only you knew how I love you . . .

"d n't be ar: s· fri d, so I'm your friend, too. I ant it that wa;" : with me. 1-- year, there was a certain moment l h d. Presenmatt ... uint because a presenomentat ' however, .h it's as if you fell from the y. bel n't even sleep all mg t... is 1mov was afra'd And mthay h e w ght lose his mind ... That's why he shouldn't u today at h e m irritated."

"What are you saying!" the mother cried out.

"Did the doctor really say so himself?" Avdotya Romanovna asked, frightened.

"He did, but it's not that, not that at all. And he gave him some son of medication; a powder, I saw it, and then you arrived ... Eh! ... H only you could have come a day later! It's a good thing we left. And in an hour Zossimov himself will give you a full report. He's certainly not drunk! And I won't be drunk either... Why did I get so cockeyed? Because they dragged me into an argument, curse them! I swore I wouldn't argue! ... They pour out such hogwash! I almost got into a fight! I left my uncle there as chairman ... Well, so they insist on total impersonality, can you believe it? And that's just where they find the most relish! Not to be oneself, to be least of all like oneself! And that they consider the highest progress. If only they had their own way of lying, but no, they . . ."

"Listen," Pulcheria Alexandrovna interrupted timidly, but she only added fuel to the fire.

"What do you think?" Razumikhin shouted, raising his voice even more. " ou th_ink it's because they're lying? Nonsense! I like it when people he! Lying is man's only privilege over all other organisms. If you he - you get to the truth! Lying is what makes me a man. Not one tru th has ever been reached without first lying fourteen times or so, maybe a hundred and fourteen, and that's honorable in its way; well, ut we can't even lie with our own minds' Lie to me but in your own way, and I'll kiss you for it. Lying in one's own way is almost better than telling the truth; someone else's way: in the first case you're away about the second - no better than a bird! The truth won't go ue weaUnow; W if regard shut; there are examples. Well, now ere ideal as . If to sclece, development though, inv ppirations, libe ra lism, reason, experience, and every h! g

e\verything eve ing, e'reall, without exception, still sittin in the ana.de? We like getting by on other peop e's reason-we've acquired a raste, o gof. lait? Am I right?" Razumikhin oute , shaki and squeezing t es. Am I right?"

"Oh, my God, I don't know," said poor Pulcheria Al dr , .h th gh! exan ovna. "Yes, you're ng. t. ou ! don't agree with you in everything," Avdotya Romanovna added seriously, and immediately cried out painfully did he squ her hand this time. 'so

"Right? You say Im nght? Well, then you ... you ..." he cried rapturously, "you are a wellspring of kindness, purity, reason, and ... perfection! Give me your hand, give it to me... you give me yours, too; I want to kiss your hands, here and now, on my knees!"

And he knelt in the middle of the sidewalk, which at that hour was fortunately deserted.

"Stop, I beg you! What are you doing?" Pulcheria Alexandrovna cried out, extremely alarmed.

"Get up, get up!" Donya was alarmed, too, but laughing.

"Never! Not until you give me your hands! There, and enough now! I get up, and we go! I'm a miserable dolt, I'm unworthy of you, and drunk, and ashamed ... I'm not worthy to love you, but to worship you is every man's duty, unless he's a perfect brute! I have worshipped ... Here's your rooming house-and for this alone Rodion was right to throw your Pyotr Petrovich out today! How dared he place you in such rooms? It's a scandal! Do you know who they let in here? And you're his fiancee! You are his fiancée; aren't you? Well, let me tell you in that case that your fiance is a scoundrel!"

"Listen, Mr. Razumikhin, you are forgetting yourself..." Pulchera Alexandrovna tried to begin.

"Yes, yes, you're right, I'm forgetting myself, shame on me." Raz mikhin suddenly checked himself. "But you cannot blame me for speaking this way! or m "I'm sorry sincerely, an' no because ... hm, that would be base, droit, I won't tell you why, with you ... well, nevermind, lets as he came in today that I don't dare! ... And we all realized SO: . with his hair curled: he was not a man of our kind. Not use he Cai: show off his intelligence by a hairdresser, not because he as 1st d culator-; because he's gencc, but because he's a stool pigeon an

“Jew and mountebank, and it shows. You think he's intelligent? No, he's a fool a fool! So, is he i match for you? Oh, my God! You see, ladies/' he suddenly stopped, already on the way up to their rooms, "they may all be drunk at my place, but the(re.all honest, and though we do lie-because I lie, too--in the end we II lie our way to the truth, because we're on a noble path, while Pyotr Petrovich ... is not on a noble path. And though I just roundly denounced them, I do respect them all-even Zamyotov; maybe I don't respect him, but I still love him, because he's a puppy! Even that brute Zossimov, because he's honest and knows his business . . . but enough, all's said and forgiven. Forgiven? Is it? So, let's go. I know this corridor, I was here once; here, in number three, there **was a** scandal ... Well, which is yours? What number? Eight? So, lock your door for the night and don't let anyone in. I'll **be back** in a quarter of an hour with news, and in another half an hour with Zossimov-you'll see! Good-bye, I'm running!"

"My God, Dunechka, what will come of this?" said Pulcheria Alexandrovna, turning anxiously and fearfully to her daughter.

"Calm yourself, mama," Dunya answered, taking off her hat and cape, "God Himself has sent us this gentleman, though he may have come straight from some binge. We can rely on him, I assure you. And with all he's already done for my brother . . ."

"Ah, Dunechka, God knows if he'll come back! How could I bring m If to _leave Rodya! And this is not at all, not at all how I imagined finding him! He was so stem, as if he weren't glad to see us . . ."

Tean came to her eyes.

"No, mama, it's not so. You didn't look closely, you kept crying. He's very upset from this great illness—that's the reason for it all."

"Ah, this illn^{css.}! Wha^t will come of it, what will come of it! And now he spoke with you, Dunya!" her mother said peeking timidly into her daughter^s eyes in order to read the whole of her thought, and already half comforted by the fact that Dunya herself was defending ya and had therefore forgiven him. "I'm sure he'll think better of it tomorrow," she added, tryt^{ng}.

"And 1 , ng to worm 1t all out of her. Avdotya :: sure heU say the same thing tomorrow ... about that," manothvna c_uth_er off, and here, of course, was the snag, too afraid to b^e e point which Pulh . A1 ena exandrovna was simply nng up now. Dunya went over and kissed her mother.

Her mother h u g g e d h e tightly and said nothing. Th en h e d anxiously awaiting R a z k h i uml n's return, and began...: 'di h her daughter who, also m expectation, crossed her anns and began to pace the room back and forth, thinking to herself. Such thoughtful pacing from comer to comer was a usual habit with Avdotya Romanovna, and her m?ther was somehow always afraid to interrupt her thinking at such times.

Razumikhin was of course ridiculous, with the sudden, drunken flaring up of his passion for Avdotya Romanovna; but one look at Avdotya Romanovna, especially now, as she paced the room with her anns crossed, sad and thoughtful, and many would perhaps have excused him, quite apan from his eccentric state. Avdotya Romanovna was remarkably good-looking-tall, wonderfully trim, strong, self-confident, as showed in her every gesture, but without in the least detracting from the softness and grace of her movements. She resembled her brother in looks, and could even be called a beauty. Her hair was dark blond, a little lighter than her brother's; her eyes were almost black, flashing, proud, and at the same time, occasionally, formoments, remarkably kind. She was pale, but not sickly pale; her face shone with freshness and health. Her mouth was somewhat and her lower lip, fresh and red, protruded slightly, as did her chin—the **only** larity in this beautiful face, but which lent it a specially **enst1c** quality and, incidentally, a trace of arrogance. The expresston of her face was always serious and thoughtful rather than gay; but how becoming was her smile, how becoming her laughter-gay, oung, wholeheaned! It was understandable that Raz— :P.L.: ardent, smere simple, honest, strong as a folk ero, 81! urw&At ifb d anything like that lost his head at firstsight. Moreover, as Y CS1gnf, chance showed him Dunya for the first ume¹⁰ h her lower lip love and joy at seeing her brother. Then he n , ?W rtincent and trembled indignantly in resp0nse to her _bro:/ s 1D1pe ungratefully c el orders-and lost allZe 1 t out that drunken

He was telling the truth, howeve:; lnjk v's eccentric landlady, ponsense earl ier, ont e sta ll5, abou^{i:u:}, AO bls account not only of raskovsky

Pavlovna, becoming J Pulcheria Alexandrovna as well. Avdotya Romanovna, but perhaps of already forty-three years old, Although Pulcheria Alexandrovna was

her ^{fa}cet^tn kept the remnants of its former beauty, and besides, ^she looked ^{mu}ch younger than her age, as almost always happens wth women who keep their clarity of spint, t^e s ness of their imp^{re}sions and the honest, pure ardor of therr hearts mto old age. Let us

etherically that keeping all this is the only means of preservin 0, 5 beauty even in old age. Her hair was already thinning an starring to turn gray, little radiating wrinkles had long since appeared

around her eyes, her cheeks were sunken and dry from worry and grief, and still her face was beautiful. It was a portrait of Dunechka's face, only twenty years later, and lacking the expression of the protruding lower lip. Pulcheria Alexandrovna was sentimental, though not to the point of being saccharine; she was timid and yielding, but only up

to a limit: she would yield much, would agree to much, even to ething that we t a _against her c nvictions, but there was always a hnut

of honesty, pnnc1ple, and ultimate conviction beyond which no circumstances could make her step.

Exactly twenty minutes after Razumikhin left, there came two soft but hurried knocks on the door; he was back.

"o tim to come in!" he began hastily, when they opened the door. Hes snonng away excellently, peacefully, and God grant he sleeps for ten hours. Nastasya's with him; I told her not to leave before I get :Ck. Now I'll go and drag Zossimov there, he'll give you a report, and en you, too, should tum in; I see you're impossibly worn out."

d he set off again down the corridor.

dr What an fficient and ... devoted young man!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna exclaimed, exceedingly glad.

with He seems to be a nice person! Avdotya Romanovna answer

Al some warmth, . . . be . agam gming to pace the room back and fort h most an hour later st h another kn k h cps were eard m the corridor and there was complete faith in Raz . . . , women were walting, t h ls nme, with to drag Zoss imov along ZO umikhm s promise; and indeed he had managed and go to ha ssimov had agreed at once to leave the ,eas reluctantly an; :t ook at kolnikov, but he came to the Iadi<:5 khin. Yethis vani !ea r mi ,not trusting the drunken Razumi reajized that h ty . as immedately set at ease and even flattered: he exactly tenm^e. was indeed be'g awaited like an oracle. He staye

Inutes and managed to convince Pulcheria Alexandrovna

and set her at ease completely. He spoke with extraordi th d hinary sympa y, but with restraint an wit a somehow eager seriousness, precisely like a twenty-seven-year-old doctor in an important consultati'o n, no d e viating from the subJe ct by a smgle word or revealing the leastd esire to enter into more pnvat and personal relations with the two ladies. Having noted pone tenng owdazzlingly beautiful Avdotya Romanovna "as, he m me ately tned not to y her any notice during the whole time of his vls1t, and addressed himself to Pulcheria Alexandrovna alone. All this gave him great inner satisfaction. About the patient himself he was able to say that at the present moment he found his condition quite satisfactory. Also, from his observations, the patient's illness had, apart from the poor material circumstances of the recent months of his life, some moral causes as well, "being, so to speak, a product of many complex moral and material infiuences, anxieties, apprehensions, worries, certain ideas ... and other things." Having noted in passing that Avdotya Romanovna had begun to listen with special attentiveness, Zossimov expanded somewhat funher on this subject. To Pulcheria Alexandrovna's anxious and timid qu on d eeming "some supposed suspicions of madness," he replied, Witha calm and frank smile that his words had been overly exaggerated; that, of course some fixed idea could be observed in the patient, something suggesti g monomania-since he, Zossimov, w _ now y following this extremely interesting branch of medicme-but it was alSO to be remembered that the patient had been d lous almost up to that

day, and ... and of course, the arrival of his family wo stren en, d1 ven and have a salutary effect upon h' "If only lt is possible to avoid any special new shocks," he adde d significntly. Then he got up, bowed his way out sedately and cor dl aligno the accompaniment o y, th h having blessmgs, warm gratitude, entreanes, an's little hand to shake, and sought it, the offer of Avdotya Romanovna d still more wth himself I e,extremely pleased with his vlsIt, a n ust" Razu

And we'll talk tomorrow; got right now, youm "Tomorrow, as early as mikhin clinched, following Zossimov out.

possible, I'll come with a report." R manovna is!"Zossimov

"But what a ravish ng rl that Avdoz; :me out to the strect, observed, all but licking his chops, as Razy khin bellowed, and he

"Ravishing? Did you say ravls ing . uml .

suddenly flew at Zosmnov and seized him by the throat. "If you ever dare... Understand? Understand?" he shouted, shaking him by the collar and pushing him against the wall. "Do you hear?"

"Let go, you drunken devil!" v fought him off and, when Razomilrhin finally let go, looked at him closely and suddenly burst out laughing. Razumikhin stood before him, his arms hanging down,

in dark and serious thought.

"I'm an ass, of course," he said, dark as a storm cloud, "but then . . . so are you."

"No, brother, not me. I don't have such foolish dreams."

They walked on silently, and only as they were nearing Raskolnikov's house did Razumikhin, who was greatly preoccupied, break the silence.

"Listen," he said to Zossimov, "you're a nice fellow, but, on top of all your other bad qualities, you're also a philanderer, I know that, and a dirty one. You're a piece of nervous, weak-willed trash, you're whimsical, you've grown fat and can't deny yourself anything—and I call that dirty, because it leads straight to dirt. You've pampered yourself so much that, I confess, the thing I'm least able to understand is how with all that you can still be a good and even selfless physician. You sleep on a feather bed (you, a doctor!), yet you get up in the night for a sick man! In three years or so you won't be getting up for any sick man. . . . But, e devil, that's not the point; the point is that you'll be spending the night in the landlady's apartment (it took a lot to convince her!), and I in the kitchen—so here's a chance for you to get more closely acquainted! It's not what you're thinking! Not a shadow of it, brother . . ."

::But I'm not thinking anything."

What you have here brother, is modesty, reticence, shyness, reverence, chastity, and for all that she melts like wax, Just me to see her. De . . . She . . . a , cw Sig . . . and she melts like wax, Just me to see her. chliver ?le from her, in the name of all the devils in the world! . . . su a wmsome little thing! . . . I'll earn it, I'll earn it with my head!

Zossimov guffawed more than

"Wu you've really got a bad ever.
I guarantee it! But what do I need her for?"

like just. It won't be much trouble; just talk whatever you want to talk. Beside CS, you're a doctor, you can . . .

Part Three

treating her for something. I swear you won't regret it. Sh has a piano there; I can strum a little, you know; there's one song I sing a R . . . song, a real one: I'll bathe myself in bitter tears. . . . She likes thusman ones—well, so it are p . . . I guarantee you won't tanO VU'UOIO, regret it.

"Why, did you give her some sort of promise? A formal receipt or something? Maybe you promised to marry . . ."

"Nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing of the sort! And she's not like that at all; Chebarov tried to . . ."

"Just drop her, then!"

"But I can't just drop her like that!"

"But why can't you?"

"Well, somehow I can't, that's all! There's a sucking-in principle here, brother."

"Then why have you been leading her on?"

"But I haven't been leading her on at all; maybe I got led on myself, in my stupidity; and for her it makes absolutely no difference whether it's you or me, as long as somebody sits next to her and sighs. Look, brother . . . I don't know how to phrase it for you, but look—you know a lot about mathematics, for instance, and you're still studying it, I know . . . so, start reaching her integral calculus—by God, I'm not joking, I'm serious, it'll be decidedly all the time her; she'll look at you and sigh, and so on for a whole year. I, incidentally, spent a very long time, two days in a week, telling her about the Prussian House of Lords² (because otherwise what can you talk to her about?)—and she just sits and stays, Only don't start talking about love—she's shy to the point of C:mon. It's make it look as if you can't leave her . . . It's terribly comfortable, just like home-read sit, like own, winter . . . You can even kiss her, if you do it carefully . . .

"But what do I need her for? . . . , y usce the two of us . . . Eh, I'll try to explain it to you. o

realy, I can't seem to think about you before . . . you suit each other perfectly! I even though ther it's sooner or later? You'll end up with it anyway! Do you care? Clever and not only a Here, brother, there's this feather-bed principle! It sucks you through the three-fish foundation

anchor, a quiet haven, the navel of

of the world, the mence of pancakes, rich meatpies, eveni g samovars, soft ^d stg ^{an} vest^s heated beds on the stoye-well, Just as if you ^{were} alive at the same time, both bene ^{fi} ts at once! Well, the died ^{un} were I've talked enough rot; it's ^{?me} ₁₀ bed' L' n, I some-
tune ^{swue} up at ru ght so I'll go and look m on him. Only lt s nothing
everything's fine. You needn't worry especially, but if you
can look in once. But if you notice anything, delirium, for
or fever, or whatever, wake me up immediately. It's not
possible, though . . ."

||

P uoccuPIED and serious, Razumikhin woke up the next day between seven and eight. In the morning he suddenly turned out to have many new and unforeseen perplexities. He had never before imagined that he would wake up like that one day. He recalled every last detail of the previous day, realizing that something uncommon had befallen him, and that he had received into himself a certain impression heretofore unknown to him and unlike any other. At the same time he clearly understood that the dream that had begun burning in his head was in the highest degree unrealizable-so unrealizable that he was even ashamed of it, and he hurried on to other, more urgent cares and perplexities bequeathed him by that "thrice-cursed yesterday."

His most terrible recollection was of how "base and vile" he had turned out to be, not only because he was drunk, but because, taking advantage of the girl's situation, he had abused her fiance before ^{an} stupi y hasty jealo , not only knowing nothing of their

relations and commitments but not even knowing the man himself properly. And what right did he have to judge him so hastily and rashly? And who had invited him to be a judge! Was such a being as Avdotya Romano ^{vna} deed capable of giving herself to an un- wonhy man for money? So there must be some worth in him. The rooms? He how, in f uldh e have known they were that sort o f hue it all ^{wis.} H g an apartment made ready, after all... pah, how A sill ^{wis.} was drunk, but what son of justification was that? ^{excuse} which humilia ed h me even more! The truth l's mw in e and ⁸⁰ w ole truth told itself—"that is, all the filth of his envious,

t,oorish heart!" And wis such a dream in any degr . ible fi him, Razumikhin? Who wu he compared with or drunken brawler and yesterday's braggart? "Is such ⁱ nial or ridiculous juxtaposition possible?" Razumikb.in blushed ¹ a the thought of lt, and suddenly, as if by design, at the ^y he dearly recalled stan ng on the stain yesterday, **teLL** the landlady would be Jealous of Avdotya Romanovm on account of him ... hat was really un le. Hswung with all his might and hit the kitchen stove with hIS fist, hurting his hand and knocking out a brick.

"Of course," he muttered to himself aher a moment, with some feeling of self-abasement, "of course, now I can never paint or smooth over all those nasty things ... so there's no point in thinking about it, I must simply go silently and . . . do my duty . . . also silently . . . and not apologiu or say anything, and . . . and, of course, all is lost now!"

Nevertheless, as he was getting dressed, he looked over his outfit more carefully than usual. He had no other clothes, and even if he bad, he would perhaps not have put them on—"just so, I wouldn't, on purpose." But all the same he could not go on being a cynic and a ditty sloven: he had no right to offend other people's feelings. all the more so in that those others needed him and were calling him to them. He gave his clothes a careful brushing. And the linen he wore was always passable; in that sense he was particularly clean.

He washed zealously that morning-NasbS)'I found him some ap-washed his hair, his neck, and especially lm ^{B.} when it came to the question of whether or not to shave lm ^m scrubb (Praskovya Pavlovna had excellent razors, still preserved from the late Mr Zarnitsyn), the question was resolved. even witha ^m negative: "Let it stay as it is! What if they should think I wvedfm order to. . . and that's certainly what they would think! No, not or anything in the world!"

And . . . and, above all, he was ⁵⁰ :E was let US say, a manners; and . . . and suppose he knew tha be proud of in being decent man at least . . . well, what was there to and even better a decent man? Everyone ought to bea decenredt):were some little than that, and . . . and still (now he remembe

By THE LATE 1790s, the French people, especially property owners, who now included the peasants, longed for stability. The Directory was not providing it. Only the army was able to take charge of the nation as a symbol of both order and the popular values of the revolution. The most politically astute general was Napoleon Bonaparte, who had been a radical during the early revolution, a vice-nous commander in Italy, and a supporter of the repression of revolutionary disturbances after Thermidor.

Once in power, Napoleon consolidated many of the achievements of the revolution. He also repudiated much by establishing an empire. Thereafter, his ambitions drew France into wars of conquest and liberation across the Continent. For over a decade, Europe was at war, with only brief periods of armed truce. Through his conquests Napoleon spread many of the ideas and institutions of the revolution and overturned much of the old political and social order. He also provoked popular nationalism outside of France in opposition to French domination. This new force and the great alliances that opposed France eventually defeated Napoleon.

Throughout these Napoleonic years, new ideas and sensibilities, known by the term *Romanticism*, grew across Europe. Many of the ideas had originated in the eighteenth century, but they flourished in the turmoil of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. The revolution spurred the imagination of poets, painters, and philosophers. Some Romantic ideas, such as nationalism, supported the revolution; others, such as the emphasis on history and religion, opposed its values.

The Rise of Napoleon Bonaparte

The chief threat to the Directory came from royalists, who hoped to restore the Bourbon monarchy by legal means. Many of the *émigrés* had returned to France. Their plans for a restoration drew support from devout Catholics and from those citizens horrified by the excesses of the revolution. Monarchy, they thought, promised a return to stability. The spring elections of 1797 replaced most incumbents with constitutional monarchists and their sympathizers.

Read the Document

"Madame de Remusat on the Rise of Napoleon" on MyHistoryLab.com

To preserve the republic and prevent a peaceful restoration of the Bourbons, the antimonarchist Directory staged a *coup d'état* on 18 Fructidor (September 4, 1797).

They put their own supporters into the legislative seats their opponents had won. They then imposed censorship and exiled some of their enemies. At the request of the Directors, Napoleon Bonaparte, the general in charge of the French invasion of Italy, had sent a subordinate to Paris to guarantee the success of the coup. In 1797, as in 1795, the army and Bonaparte had saved the day for the

government in install ed in the wake of the Thermidorian Reaction.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born in 1769 to a poor family of lesser nobles at Ajaccio, on the Mediterranean island of Corsica. Because France had annexed Corsica in 1768 he went to French schools and, in 1785, obtained a commission as a French artillery officer. He favored the revolution and was a fiery Jacobin. In 1793, he played a leading role in recovering the port of Toulon from the British. As a reward for his service, he was appointed brigadier general. During the Thermidorian reaction, his defense of the new regime on 13 Vendémiaire won him a command in Italy.

Early Military Victories

By 1795, French arms and diplomacy had shattered the enemy coalition, but France's annexation of Belgium guaranteed continued fighting with Britain and Austria. The invasion of the Italian peninsula aimed to deprive Austria of its rich northern Italian province of Lombardy. In a series of lightning victories, Bonaparte crushed the Austrian and Sardinian armies. On his own initiative, and against the wishes of the government in Paris, he concluded the Treaty of Campo Formio in October 1797. The treaty took Austria out of the war and crowned Napoleon's campaign with success. Before long, France dominated all of the Italian peninsula and Switzerland.

In November 1797, the triumphant Bonaparte returned to Paris as a hero and to confront France's only remaining enemy, Britain. He judged it impossible to cross the Channel and invade England at that time. Instead, he chose to attack British interests through the eastern Mediterranean by capturing Egypt from the Ottoman Empire. By this strategy, he hoped to drive the British fleet from the Mediterranean, cut off British communications with India, damage British trade, and threaten the British Empire.

Napoleon easily overran Egypt, but the invasion was a failure. Admiral Horatio Nelson (1758-1805) destroyed the French fleet at Abukir on August 1, 1798. The French army was cut off from France. To make matters worse, the situation in Europe was deteriorating. The invasion of Egypt had alarmed Russia, which had its own ambitions in the Near East. Russia, Austria, and the Ottomans joined Britain to form the Second Coalition against France. In 1799, the Russian and Austrian armies defeated the French in Italy and Switzerland and threatened to invade France.

Napoleon's venture into Egypt in 1798 and 1799 marked the first major Western European assault on the Ottoman Empire. It occurred less than a quarter century after Russia, under Catherine the Great, had taken control of the Crimea in the Treaty of Küçük-Kainardji. (See Chapter 17.) Significantly, British, not

Ottoman forces, drove the French out of Egypt. As shall be seen in Chapter 22, after Napoleon's invasion, the Ottoman Empire **(13-Read the Document)**
realized that it had to
reform itself if it was to
resist other European
encroachments.

"Louis Antoine Fauvelet
de Boumenn e. *Memoirs
of Napoleon Bonaparte*"
on MyHistoryLab.com

The Constitution of the Year VIII

Economic troubles and the dangerous international situation eroded the Directory's fragile support. One of the Directors, the Abbe Sieyes (1748-1836), proposed a new constitution. The author of the pamphlet *What Is the Third Estate?* (1789) now wanted an executive body independent of the whims of electoral politics, a government based on the principle of "confidence from below, power from above." The change would require another *coup d'état* with military support. News of France's domestic troubles had reached Napoleon in Egypt. Without orders and leaving his army behind, he returned to France in October 1799 to popular acclaim. Soon he joined Sieyes. On 19 Brumaire (November 10, 1799), his troops ensured the success of the coup.

Sieyes appears to have thought that Napoleon could be used and then dismissed, but he misjudged his man. The proposed constitution divided executive authority among three consuls. Bonaparte quickly pushed Sieyes aside, and in December 1799, he issued the Constitution of the Year VIII. Behind a screen of universal male suffrage that suggested democratic principles, a complicated system of checks and balances that appealed to republican theory, and a Council of State that evoked memories of Louis XIV, the new constitution established the rule of one man—the First Consul, Bonaparte. In an age of widespread interest in classical analogies, Napoleon's takeover was reminiscent of Caesar and Augustus in ancient Rome, and to the Greek tyrants of the sixth century B.C.E. From the perspective of the twenty-first century, however, Bonaparte's career points forward to the dictators of the twentieth century. He was the first modern political figure to use the rhetoric of revolution and nationalism, to back it with military force, and to combine these elements into a mighty weapon of imperial expansion in the service of his own power.

..- The Consulate in France (1799-1804)

The **Consulate** in effect ended the revolution in France. The leading elements of the Third Estate—that is, officials, landowners, doctors, lawyers, and financiers—had achieved most of their goals by 1799. They had abolished hereditary privilege, and the careers thus opened

to talent allowed them to achieve wealth security for their property. The peasants were also newly established dominant classes had largely desire to share the new privilege with the orders. Bonaparte seemed to be the person to security. When the small rural constitution was in a plebiscite, they overwhelmingly approved it.

Suppressing Foreign Enemies and Domestic Opposition

Throughout much of the 1790s, the pressures of war, particularly conscription, had accounted for much internal instability. Bonaparte justified his confidence in himself by making peace with France's enemies. Russia had already left the Second Coalition campaign in Italy brought another victory over Austria at Marengo in 1800. The Treaty of Luneville early in 1801 took Austria out of the war. Britain was now alone and, in 1802, concluded the Treaty of Amiens, which brought peace to Europe.

Bonaparte also restored peace and order at home. He used generosity, flattery, and bribery to win over enemies. He issued a general amnesty and employed men from all political factions, requiring only that they be loyal to him. Men who had been radicals during the Reign of Terror, or who had fled the Terror and favored constitutional monarchy, or who had been high officials under Louis XVI occupied some of the highest offices.

Bonaparte, however, ruthlessly suppressed opposition. He established a highly centralized administration in which prefects responsible to the government in Paris managed all departments. He employed secret police. He stamped out the royalist rebellion in the west and made the rule of Paris effective in Brittany and the Vendée for the first time in years.

Napoleon also invented and used opportunities to destroy his enemies. A plot on his life in 1804 provided an excuse to attack the Jacobins, though it was the work of the royalists. Also in 1804, he violated the sovereignty of the German state of Baden to seize and execute the Bourbon duke of Enghien (1772-1803). The duke was accused of participation in a royalist plot, but Bonaparte knew him to be innocent. The公然 flagrant violation of international law followed a process. Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord (act 1838), Bonaparte's foreign minister, later revoked "worse than a crime—a blunder" because it proved that the Bourbon was not likely to restore the royal family. His execution also seems to have put an end to plots.

Document



N APOLEON ANNOUNCES HIS SEIZURE OF POWER

On November 10, 1799 (19 Brumaire, Year VIII), the day after his successful coup, Napoleon announced his own version of what had taken place. Although he was theoretically only one of three consuls, Napoleon's proclamation showed his assumption of personal responsibility for carrying out what he considered to be the true spirit of the Revolution, and laid the groundwork for his later assumption of sole imperial power.

Which of his personal qualities does Napoleon emphasize, and how does he expect the French people to evaluate them? How does Napoleon try to present his seizure of power as legitimate? Whom does he claim to represent? Do his actions, as he describes them, defend rule by majority, or undermine it?

On my return to Paris, I found a division reigning amongst all the constituted authorities. There was no agreement but on this single point—that the constitution was half destroyed, and could by no means effect the salvation of our liberties. All the parties came to me . . . and demanded my support. I refused to be a man of any party. A council of elders invited me, and I answered to their call. [Their] plan demanded a calm and liberal examination, free from every influence and every fear. The council of elders resolved, in consequence, that the sittings of the legislative body should be removed to St. Cloud, and charged me with the disposition of the force necessary to secure its independence, I owed it, my fellow-citizens, to the soldiers who are perishing in our armies, and the national glory, acquired at the price of their blood, to accept of this command. The councils being assembled at St. Cloud, the republican troops guaranteed their safety from without; but within, assassins had established the reign of terror. . . . The majority was disorganized, the most intrepid orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of every wise opposition was made evident. I bore my indignation and my grief to the council of elders, I demanded of them to ensure the execution of their generous designs. I represented to them the maladies of their

country, from which those designs originated I then repaired to the council of five hundred without arms, and my head uncovered I wished to recall to the majority their wishes, and to assure them of their power Twenty assassins threw themselves upon me, and sought my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door of the hall, came up and placed themselves between me and my assassins. . . . They succeeded in bearing me away. I gave orders to rescue !the president, Napoleon's brother! from their power, and six grenadiers of the legislative body brought him out of the hall. . . . The factious were intimidated, and dispersed themselves. The majority, released from their blows, entered freely and peaceably into the hall of sitting , heard the propositions which were made to them for the public safety deliberated , and prepared the salutary resolution which is to become the new and provisional law of the republic. Frenchmen! you will recognize, without doubt, in this conduct, the zeal of a soldier of liberty, and of a citizen devoted to the republic. The ideas of preservation, protection, and freedom, immediately resumed their places on the dispersion of the faction who wished to oppress the councils , and who, in making themselves the most odious of men , never cease to be the most contemptible.

Frm *The Annual Register or, A View of the History, Politics, and Literature for the Year 1799* (London: Oridge & Sons, 1801) p. 253.

Concordat with the Roman Catholic Church

No single set of revolutionary policies had aroused as much domestic opposition as those regarding the French Catholic Church - nor were there any other policies to which fierce supporters of the revolution seemed so

attached. When the French armies had invaded Italy, they had driven Pope Pius VI (r. 1775-1799) from Rome, and he eventually died in exile in France. In 1801, to the shock and dismay of his anticlerical supporters, Napoleon concluded a concordat with Pope Pius VII (r. 1800-1823). The agreement was possible because Pius VII, before becoming pope, had written that Christianity was compatible with

the ideals of equality and democracy. The concordat gave Napoleon what he most wanted. The agreement required both the refractory clergy and those who had accepted the revolution to resign. Their replacements received their spiritual investiture from the pope, but the state named the bishops and paid their salaries and the salary of one priest in each parish. In return, the church gave up its claims to its confiscated property.

The concordat declared, "Catholicism is the religion of the great majority of French citizens." This was merely a statement of fact and fell far short of what the pope had wanted: religious dominance for the Roman Catholic Church. The clergy had to swear an oath of loyalty to the state. The Organic Articles of 1802 which the government issued on its own authority, without consulting the pope, established the supremacy of state over church. Similar laws were applied to the Protestant and Jewish communities, reducing still further the privileged position of the Catholic Church.

The Napoleonic Code

In 1802, a plebiscite ratified Napoleon as consul for life and he soon produced another constitution that granted him what amounted to full power. He thereafter set about reforming and codifying French law.

The result was the Civil Code of 1804 usually known as the Napoleonic Code.

The Napoleonic Code safeguarded all forms of property and tried to secure French society against internal challenges. All the privileges based on birth that the revolution had overthrown remained abolished.

The conservative attitudes toward labor and women that had emerged during the revolution also received full support. Workers' organizations remained forbidden, and workers had fewer rights than their employers. Fathers were granted extensive control over their children and husbands over their wives. However, primogeniture—the right of an eldest son to inherit most or all of his parents' property—remained abolished, and property was distributed among all children, males and females. Married women needed their husbands' consent to dispose of their own property. Divorce remained more difficult for women than for men. Before this code, French law had differed from region to region. That confused set of laws had given women opportunities to protect their interests. The universality of the Napoleonic Code ended that.

Establishing a Dynasty

In 1804, Bonaparte seized a coup d'état on his life to make himself emperor. He argued that establishing a dynasty would make the new regime secure and make further attempts on his life useless. Another new constitution declared Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor of the French, instead of First Consul of the Republic. A plebiscite also overwhelmingly ratified this constitution.

To conclude the drama, Napoleon invited Pope Pius VII to Notre Dame to take part in the coronation. At the last minute, however, Napoleon convinced the pope to agree that the new emperor should crown himself. Napoleon would not allow anyone to think his power and authority depended on the church. Henceforth, he was called Napoleon I.



Toussaint Louverture (1746-1803) began the revolt that led to Haitian independence in 1804. Library of Congress

Madame de Remusat, *Memoirs* (excerpts)

Now that I am about to commence these Memoirs, I think it well to precede them by some observations on the character of the Emperor, and the various members of the family respectively. These observations will help me in the difficult task I am about to undertake, by aiding me to recall the impressions of the last twelve years. I shall begin with Bonaparte himself. I am far from saying that he always appeared to me in the light in which I see him now; my opinions have progressed, even as he did; but I am so far from being influenced by personal feelings, that I do not think it is possible for me to deviate from the exact truth.

Napoleon Bonaparte is of low stature, and rather ill-proportioned; his bust is too long, and so shortens the rest of his figure. He has thin chestnut hair, his eyes are grayish blue, and his skin, which was yellow while he was slight, became in later years a dead white without any color. His forehead, the setting of his eye, the line of his nose—all that is beautiful, and reminds one of an antique medallion. His mouth, which is thin-lipped, becomes agreeable when he laughs; the teeth are regular. His chin is short, and his jaw heavy and square. He has well-formed hands and feet; I mention them particularly, because he thought a good deal of them.

He has an habitual slight stoop. His eyes are dull, giving in his face when in repose a melancholy and meditative expression. When he is excited with anger his looks are fierce and menacing. Laughter becomes him; it makes him look more youthful and less formidable. It is difficult not to like him when he laughs, his countenance improves so much. He was always simple in his dress, and generally wore the uniform of his own guard. He was cleanly rather from habit than from a liking for cleanliness; he bathed often, sometimes in the middle of the night, because he thought the practice good for his health. But, apart from this, the precipitation with which he did everything did not admit of his clothes being put on carefully; and on gala days and full-dress occasions his servants were obliged to consult together as to when they might snatch a moment to dress him.

He could not endure the wearing of ornaments; the slightest constraint was insupportable to him. He would tear off or break anything that gave him the least annoyance; and sometimes the poor valet who had occasioned him a passing inconvenience would receive violent proof of his anger. I have said there was a sort of fascination in the smile of Bonaparte; but, during all the time I was in the habit of seeing him, he rarely put forth that charm. Gravity was the foundation of his character; not the gravity of a dignified and noble manner, but that which arises from profound thought. In his youth he was a dreamer; later in life he became a moody, and later still an habitually ill-tempered man. When I first began to know him well, he was exceedingly fond of all that induces reverie—Ossian, the twilight, melancholy music. I have seen him enraptured by the murmur of the wind, I have heard him talk with enthusiasm of the moaning of the sea, and he was tempted sometimes to believe that nocturnal apparitions were not beyond the bounds of possibility; in fact, he had a leaning to certain superstitions. When, on leaving his study in the evening, he went into Mme. Bonaparte's drawing-room, he would sometimes have the candles shaded with white gauze, desire us to keep

profound silence, and amuse himself by telling or hearing ghost stories: or he would listen to soft, sweet music executed by Italian singers, accompanied only by a few instruments lightly touched. Then he would fall into a reverie which all respected, no one venturing to move or stir from his or her place. When he aroused himself from that state, which seemed to procure him a sort of repose, he was generally more serene and more communicative. He liked then to talk about the sensations he had experienced. He would explain the effect music had upon him; he always preferred that of Paisiello, because he said it was monotonous, and that impressions which repeat themselves are the only ones that take possession of us. The geometrical turn of his mind disposed him to analyze even his emotions. No man has ever meditated more deeply than Bonaparte on the “wherefore” that rules human actions. Always aiming at something, even in the least important acts of his life, always laying bare to himself a secret motive for each of them, he could never understand that natural nonchalance which leads some persons to act without a project and without an aim. He always judged others by himself, and was often mistaken, his conclusions and the actions which ensued upon them both proving erroneous.

Bonaparte was deficient in education and in manners; it seemed as if he must have been destined either to live in a tent where all men are equal, or upon a throne where everything is permitted. He did not know how either to enter or to leave a room; he did not know how to make a bow, how to rise, or how to sit down. His questions were abrupt, and so also was his manner of speech. Spoken by him, Italian loses all its grace and sweetness. Whatever language he speaks, it seems always to be a foreign tongue to him; he appears to force it to express his thoughts. And then, as any rigid rule becomes an insupportable annoyance to him, every liberty which he takes pleases him as though it were a victory, and he would never yield even to grammar. He used to say that in his youth he had liked reading romances as well as studying the exact sciences; and probably he was influenced by so incongruous a mixture. Unfortunately, he had met with the worst kind of romances, and retained so keen a remembrance of the pleasure they had given him that, when he married the Archduchess Marie Louise, he gave her “Hippolyte, Comte de Douglas,” and “Les Contemporains,” so that, as he said, she might form an idea of refined feeling, and also of the customs of society.

In trying to depict Bonaparte, it would be necessary, following the analytical forms of which he was so fond, to separate into three very distinct parts his soul, his heart, and his mind; for no one of these ever blended completely with the others. Although very remarkable for certain intellectual qualities, no man, it must be allowed, was ever less lofty of soul. There was no generosity, no true greatness in him. I have never known him to admire, I have never known him to comprehend, a fine action. He always regarded every indication of a good feeling with suspicion; he did not value sincerity; and he did not hesitate to say that he recognized the superiority of a man by the greater or less degree of cleverness with which he used the art of lying. On the occasion of his saying this, he added, with great complacency, that when he was a child one of his uncles had predicted that he should govern the world, because he was an habitual liar. “M. de Metternich,” he added, “approaches to being a statesman—he lies verywell.”

All Bonaparte's methods of government were selected from among those which have a tendency to debase men. He dreaded the ties of affection; he endeavored to isolate every one; he never sold a favor without awakening a sense of uneasiness, for he held that the true way to attach the recipients to himself was by compromising them, and often even by blasting them in public opinion. He could not pardon virtue until he had succeeded in weakening its effect by ridicule. He can not be said to have truly loved glory, for he never hesitated to prefer success to it; thus, although he was audacious in good fortune, and although he pushed it to its utmost limits, he was timid and troubled when threatened with reverses. Of generous courage he was not capable; and, indeed, on that head one would hardly venture to tell the truth so plainly as he has told it himself, by an admission recorded in an anecdote which I have never forgotten. One day, after his defeat at Leipsic, and when, as he was about to return to Paris, he was occupied in collecting the remains of his army for the defense of our frontiers, he was talking to M. de Talleyrand of the ill success of the Spanish war, and of the difficulty in which it had involved him. He spoke openly of his own position, not with the noble frankness that does not fear to own a fault, but with that haughty sense of superiority which releases one from the necessity of dissimulation. At this interview, in the midst of his plain speaking, M. de Talleyrand said to him suddenly, "But how is it? You consult me as if we had not quarreled."

Bonaparte answered, "Ah, circumstances! circumstances! Let us leave the past and the future alone. I want to hear what you think of the present moment."

"Well," replied M. de Talleyrand, "there is only one thing you can do. You have made a mistake: you must say so; try to say so nobly. Proclaim, therefore, that being a King by the choice of the people, elected by the nations, it has never been your design to set yourself against them. Say that, when you began the war with Spain, you believed you were about to deliver the people from the yoke of an odious minister, who was encouraged by the weakness of his prince; but that, on closer observation, you perceive that the Spaniards, although aware of the faults of their King, are none the less attached to his dynasty, which you are therefore about to restore to them, so that it may not be said you ever opposed a national aspiration. After that proclamation, restore King Ferdinand to liberty, and withdraw your troops. Such an avowal, made in a lofty tone, and when the enemy are still hesitating on our frontier, can only do you honor; and you are still too strong for it to be regarded as a cowardly act."

"A cowardly act!" replied Bonaparte; "what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one, if it were useful to me. In reality, there is nothing really noble or base in this world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonorable action; my secret tendencies, which are, after all, those of nature, opposed to certain affectations of greatness with which I have to adorn myself, give me infinite resources with which to baffle every one. Therefore, all I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides," he added (says M. de Talleyrand), with a satanic smile, "whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step."

Another anecdote which bears on the same characteristic will not be out of place here. Bonaparte, when on the point of setting out for Egypt, went to see M. de Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory. "I was in bed, being ill," said M. de Talleyrand. "Bonaparte sat down near me, and divulged to me all the dreams of his youthful imagination. I was interested in him because of the activity of his mind, and also on account of the obstacles which I was aware would be placed in his way by secret enemies of whom I knew. He told me of the difficulty in which he was placed for want of money, and that he did not know where to get any. 'Stay,' I said to him; 'open my desk. You will find there a hundred thousand francs that belong to me. They are yours for the present; you may repay the money when you return.' Bonaparte threw himself on my neck, and I was really delighted to witness his joy. When he became Consul, he gave me back the money I had lent him; but he asked me one day, 'What interest could you have had in lending me that money? I have thought about it a hundred times since then, and have never been able to make out your object.' 'I had none,' I replied. 'I was feeling very ill: it was quite possible I might never see you again; but you were young, you had impressed me very strongly, and I felt impelled to render you a service without any afterthought whatsoever.' 'In that case,' said Bonaparte, 'and if it was really done without any design, you acted a dupe's part.' "

According to the order I have laid down, I ought now to speak of Bonaparte's heart; but, if it were possible to believe that a being, in every other way similar to ourselves, could exist without that portion of our organization which makes us desire to love and to be loved, I should say that in his creation the heart was left out. Perhaps, however, the truth was that he succeeded in suppressing it completely. He was always too much engrossed by himself to be influenced by any sentiment of affection, no matter of what kind. He almost ignored the ties of blood and the rights of nature; I do not know that even paternity weighed with him. It seemed, at least, that he did not regard it as his primary relation with his son. One day, at breakfast, when, as was often the case, Talma had been admitted to see him, the young Napoleon was brought to him. The Emperor took the child on his knee, and, far from caressing, amused himself by slapping him, though not so as to hurt him; then, turning to Talma, he said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing?" Talma, as may be supposed, did not know what to say. "You do not see it," continued the Emperor; "I am slapping a King."

Notwithstanding his habitual hardness, Bonaparte was not entirely without experience of love. But, good heavens! what manner of sentiment was it in his case? A sensitive person forgets self in love, and becomes almost transformed; but to a man of the stamp of Bonaparte it only supplies an additional sort of despotism. The Emperor despised women, and contempt can not exist together with love. He regarded their weakness as an unanswerable proof of their inferiority, and the power they have acquired in society as an intolerable usurpation—a result and an abuse of the progress of that civilization which, as M. de Talleyrand said, was always his personal enemy. On this account Bonaparte was under restraint in the society of women; and, as every kind of restraint put him out of humor, he was always awkward in their presence, and never knew how to talk to them. It is true that the women with whom he was acquainted were not calculated to change his views of the sex. We may easily imagine the nature of his youthful experiences. In Italy morals were utterly depraved, and the

general licentiousness was augmented by the presence of the French army. When he returned to France society was entirely broken up and dispersed. The circle that surrounded the Directory was a corrupt one, and the Parisian women to whose society he was admitted were vain and frivolous, the wives of men of business and contractors. When he became Consul, and made his generals and his aides-de-camp marry, or ordered them to bring their wives to Court, the only women he had about him were timid and silent girls, newly married, or the wives of his former comrades, suddenly withdrawn from obscurity by the good fortune of their husbands, and ill able to conform to the change in their position.

I am disposed to believe that Bonaparte, almost always exclusively occupied by politics, was never awakened to love except by vanity. He thought nothing of a woman except while she was beautiful, or at least young. He would probably have been willing to subscribe to the doctrine that, in a well-organized country, we should be killed—just as certain kinds of insects are destined by nature to a speedy death, so soon as they have accomplished the task of maternity. Yet Bonaparte had some affection for his first wife; and, if he was ever really stirred by any emotion, it was by her and for her. Even a Bonaparte can not completely escape from every influence, and a man's character is composed, not of what he is always, but of what he is most frequently.

Bonaparte was young when he first made the acquaintance of Mme. de Beauharnais, who was greatly superior to the rest of the circle in which she moved, both by reason of the name she bore and from the elegance of her manners. She attached herself to him, and flattered his pride; she procured him a step in rank; he became accustomed to associate the idea of her influence with every piece of good fortune which befell him. This superstition, which she kept up very cleverly, exerted great power over him for a long time; it even induced him more than once to delay the execution of his projects of divorce. When he married Mme. de Beauharnais, Bonaparte believed that he was allying himself to a very great lady; his marriage, therefore, was one conquest the more. I shall give further details of the charm she exercised over him when I have to speak more particularly of her.

Notwithstanding his preference for her, I have seen him in love two or three times, and it was on these occasions that he exhibited the full measure of the despotism of his character. How irritated he became at the least obstacle! How roughly he put aside the jealous remonstrances of his wife! "It is your place," he said, "to submit to all my fancies, and you ought to think it quite natural that I should allow myself amusements of this kind. I have a right to answer all your complaints by an eternal I. I am a person apart; I will not be dictated to by any one." But he soon began to desire to exercise over the object of his passing preference an authority equal to that by which he silenced his wife. Astonished that any one should have any ascendancy over him, he speedily became angry with the audacious individual, and he would abruptly get rid of the object of his brief passion, having let the public into the transparent secret of his success.

The intellect of Bonaparte was most remarkable. It would be difficult, I think, to find among men a more powerful or comprehensive mind. It owed nothing to education; for, in reality, he was ignorant, reading but little, and that hurriedly. But he quickly seized upon the little he learned, and his imagination developed it so extensively that he might easily have passed for a well-educated man.

His intellectual capacity seemed to be vast, from the number of subjects he could take in and classify without fatigue. With him one idea gave birth to a thousand, and a word would lift his conversation into elevated regions of fancy, in which exact logic did not indeed keep him company, but in which his intellect never failed to shine.

It was always a great pleasure to me to hear him talk, or rather to hear him hold forth, for his conversation was composed generally of long monologues; not that he objected to replies when he was in a good humor, but, for many reasons, it was not always easy to answer him. His Court, which for a long time was entirely military, listened to his least word with the respect that is paid to the word of command; and afterward it became so numerous that any individual undertaking to refute him, or to carry on a dialogue with him, felt like an actor before an audience. I have said that he spoke badly, but his language was generally animated and brilliant; his grammatical inaccuracies sometimes lent his sentences an unexpected strength, very suitable to the originality of his ideas. He required no interlocutor to warm him up. He would dash into a subject, and go on for a long time, careful to notice, however, whether he was followed, and pleased with those who comprehended and applauded him. Formerly, to know how to listen to him was a sure and easy way of pleasing him. Like an actor who becomes excited by the effect he produces, Bonaparte enjoyed the admiration he watched for closely in the faces of his audience. I remember well how, because he interested me very much when he spoke, and I listened to him with pleasure, he proclaimed me a woman of intellect, although at that time I had not addressed two consecutive sentences to him.

He was very fond of talking about himself, and criticised himself on certain points, just as another person might have done. Rather than fail to make the most out of his own character, he would not have hesitated to subject it to the most searching analysis. He used often to say that a real politician knows how to calculate even the smallest profits that he can make out of his defects; and M. de Talleyrand carried that reflection even further. I once heard him say, "That devil of a man deceives one on all points. His very passions mislead, for he manages to dissemble them even when they really exist." I can recall an incident which will show how, when he found it useful, he could pass from the most complete calm to the most violent anger.

A little while before our last rupture with England, a rumor was spread that war was about to recommence, and that the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, was preparing to leave Paris. Once a month the First Consul was in the habit of receiving, in Mme. Bonaparte's apartments, the ambassadors and their wives. This reception was held in great pomp. The foreigners were ushered into a drawing-room, and when they were all there the First Consul would appear, accompanied by his wife. Both were attended by a prefect and a lady of the palace. To each of them the ambassadors and their wives were introduced by name. Mme. Bonaparte would take a seat; the First Consul would keep up the conversation for a longer or a shorter time, according to his convenience, and then withdraw with a slight bow. A few days before the breach of the peace, the Corps Diplomatique had met as usual at the Tuileries. While they were waiting, I went to Mme. Bonaparte's apartment, and entered the dressing-room, where she was finishing her toilet.

The First Consul was sitting on the floor, playing with little Napoleon, the eldest son of his brother Louis. He presently began to criticise his wife's dress, and also mine, giving us his opinion on every detail of our costume. He seemed to be in the best possible humor. I remarked this, and said to him that, judging by appearances, the letters the ambassadors would have to write, after the approaching audience, would breathe nothing but peace and concord. Bonaparte laughed, and went on playing with his little nephew.

By-and-by he was told that the company had arrived. Then he rose quickly, the gayety vanished from his face, and I was struck by the severe expression that suddenly replaced it: he seemed to grow pale at will, his features contracted; and all this in less time than it takes me to describe it. "Let us go, mesdames," said he, in a troubled voice; and then he walked on quickly, entered the drawing-room, and, without bowing to any one, advanced to the English ambassador. To him he began to complain bitterly of the proceedings of his Government. His anger seemed to increase every minute; it soon reached a height which terrified the assembly; the hardest words, the most violent threats, were poured forth by his trembling lips. No one dared to move. Mme. Bonaparte and I looked at each other, dumb with astonishment, and every one trembled. The impossibility of the Englishman was even disconcerted, and it was with difficulty he could find words to answer.

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I will now resume my sketch. Bonaparte carried selfishness so far that it was not easy to move him about anything that did not concern himself. He was, however, occasionally surprised, as it were, into impulses of tenderness; but they were very fugitive, and always ended in ill humor. It was not uncommon to see him moved even to the point of shedding a few tears; they seemed to arise from nervous irritation, of which they became the crisis. "I have," he said, "very unmanageable nerves, and at these times, if my blood did not always flow slowly, I think I should be very likely to go mad." I know, indeed, from Corvisart, that his pulse beat more slowly than is usual for a man's. Bonaparte never felt what is commonly called giddiness, and he always said that the expression, "My head is going round," conveyed no meaning to him. It was not only from the ease with which he yielded to all his impulses that he often used language which was painful and distressing to those whom he addressed, but also because he felt a secret pleasure in exciting fear, and in harassing the more or less trembling individuals before him. He held that uncertainty stimulates zeal, and therefore he rarely displayed satisfaction with either persons or things. Admirably served, always obeyed on the moment, he would still find fault, and keep everybody in the palace in dread of his displeasure about some small detail. If the easy flow of his conversation had established for the time a sense of ease, he would suddenly imagine that it might be abused, and by a hard and imperious word put the person whom he had welcomed and encouraged in his or her place—that is to say, in fear. He hated repose for himself and grudged it to others. When M. de Rémusat had arranged one of those magnificent fêtes where all the arts were laid under contribution for his pleasure, I was never asked whether the Emperor was pleased, but whether he had grumbled more or less. His service was the severest of toil. He has been heard to

say, in one of those moments when the strength of conviction appeared to weigh upon him, "The truly happy man is he who hides from me in the country, and when I die the world will utter a great '*Ouf!*' "

I have said that Bonaparte was incapable of generosity; and yet his gifts were immense, and the rewards he bestowed gigantic. But, when he paid for a service, he made it plain that he expected to buy another, and a vague uneasiness as to the conditions of the bargain always remained. There was also a good deal of caprice in his gifts, so that they rarely excited gratitude. Moreover, he required that the money he distributed should all be expended, and he rather liked people to contract debts, because it kept them in a state of dependence. His wife gave him complete satisfaction in the latter particular, and he would never put her affairs in order, so that he might keep the power of making her uneasy in his hands. At one time he settled a considerable revenue on M. de Rémusat, that we might keep what is called open house, and receive a great many foreigners. We were very exact in the first expenses demanded by a great establishment. A little while after, I had the misfortune to lose my mother, and was forced to close my house. The Emperor then rescinded all his gifts, on the ground that we could not keep the engagement we had made, and he left us in what was really a position of embarrassment, caused entirely by his fugitive and burdensome gifts. I pause here. If I carry out the plan I have formed, my memory, carefully consulted, will furnish me by degrees with other anecdotes which will complete this sketch. What I have already written will suffice to convey an idea of the character of him with whom circumstances connected the best years of my life.