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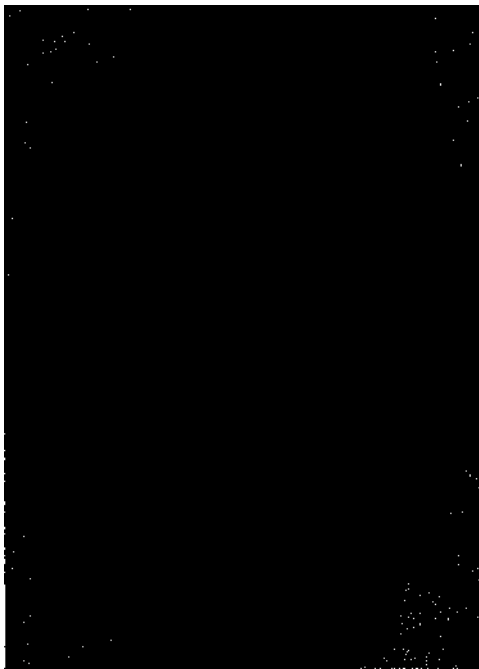
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FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY





TOLSTOY IN 1876, WHEN HE WAS WRITING "ANNA
KARENINA "

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

EDITED BY

AYLMEK MAUDE

TRANSLATED BY

LOUISE AND AYLMER MAUDE

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PREFACE

THE articles in this book were obtained by Herr Rene Fiilop-Miller of Vienna during a visit he paid to Russia. He has entrusted their publication in English to me, and he is himself arranging for their appearance in other languages.

The title, *Family Views of Tolstoy*, has been chosen as a convenient one to cover the various articles contained in the book, two of which are by Count Sergius, Tolstoy's eldest son ; one by Countess Tatiana, his eldest daughter ; one by his youngest daughter, and one by his niece. There is also one by a lady friend of his, and one by a close student of his works. The two latter were not members of his family, but their contributions give, by implication, a very good idea of his family life.

The articles which relate to the first half of Tolstoy's life come first in the book, then those which cover an extended period, and last of all the one describing his death.

Their general effect is to show Tolstoy as he really was, and in a much kindlier and more humorous light than one gets, for instance, from the account given by Merejkowski—who wrote of Tolstoy before he had ever met him and gives quite a wrong impression of the sort of man he was ; or from Gorki, who knew him but slightly, and some passages in whose account of him—especially the suggestion that Tolstoy's language was so coarse as to shock Gorki—surprise those who knew Tolstoy well.

The original of Natasha Rostov tells us much about the way in which Tolstoy's great novel, *War and Peace*, was

written, and at the same time throws a very pleasing light on his domestic surroundings in the sixties of the last century. It is an attractive story, admitting us to the intimacy of the great writer's home.

The article on Dickens deals with the literary influence the English writer exerted on Tolstoy, but it omits to mention the important political influence Dickens had on him and on others. Dickens, who belonged to England—the home of parliamentary institutions and constitutional liberty—and who had been a reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons, achieved wide popularity and great literary reputation in Russia, and Russians naturally accepted what he told them about our form of government. It was so accepted by Tolstoy as well as by many other readers, and the whole tendency of what Dickens wrote about parliamentary government—whether he spoke of Members of Parliament, of candidates for election, of constituents, or of those who in various ways attached themselves to the parliamentary machine—was constantly to deride it and them.

Already in *Sketches by Boz* we have the ridiculous Cornelius Brook Dingwall, Esq., M.P., who was "haughty, solemn, and portentous," and who is held up to our derision from the time when, with "an expression of deep thought and solemn gravity, he was drawing up 'A Bill for the better observance of Easter Monday/' to the time when he decided to "bring in a Bill for the abolition of finishing schools."

In "A Parliamentary Sketch" in the same book, besides much else that makes Parliament ridiculous, he gives us, "That singularly awkward and ungainly looking man in the brownish-white hat, with the straggling black trousers which reach about half-way down the leg of his boot, who is leaning against the meat screen, apparently deluding himself into the belief that he is thinking about something—a splendid specimen of a Member of **the** House of Commons

concentrating in his own person the wisdom of a constituency. . . . Seriously speaking, did you ever see a countenance so expressive of the most hopeless extreme of heavy dulness, or behold a form so strangely put together ? "

Notably the account of the Eatanswill election in *The Pickwick Papers* creates the impression that parliamentary government is deep-rooted in stupidity, corruption and fraud. The candidates are pompous and absurd, bent on self-advertisement and careless of the public interest, while the electors are stupid, gullible and venal. The corruption and evil produced by the system extends in all directions, and the whole life of the Potts and Slurks who edit the buff and blue newspapers is devoted to slander, malice, the insinuation of evil, and foolish and conceited scurrility.

In his next book, *Nicholas Nickleby*, the great Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., is dragged in by the hair of his head for no other purpose than to cover him with contempt, and Pugstyles is exhibited as a type of the ordinary elector, credulous before the election and angrily disillusioned after it.

In *Barnaby Rudge* we are made acquainted with Sir John Chester, M.P., an accomplished villain who sits in Parliament for a close borough in order to escape arrest for debt.

In his *American Notes* (lest we should suppose that it is only in England that democratic government is stupid and harmful) we read of a certain person that : " He was a great politician, of course, and explained his opinion at some length to one of our company ; but I only remember that he concluded with two sentiments, one of which was, Somebody for ever ; and the other, Blast everybody else ! which is by no means a bad abstract of the general creed on these matters."

In *Dombey and Son* we have Warming Pan Adams, who was keeping a place in Parliament warm for a young fellow who was in his minority.

In *Bleak House* we meet Sir Thomas Doodle, and are **told that** : " It is perfectly clear to the brilliant and distinguished

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circle, all round, that nobody is in question but Boodle and his retinue, and Buffy and *his* retinue. A People there are, no doubt—a certain large number of supernumeraries, who are to be occasionally addressed, and relied upon for shouts and choruses, as on the theatrical stage ; but Boodle and Buffy, their followers and families . . . are the born first-actors, managers and leaders, and no others can appear upon the scene for ever and ever."

In *Hard Times*, Dickens returns to the charge and describes Parliament as "the national dust yard." His Members of Parliament are worthy of such a yard. There is Gradgrind, "Member of Parliament for Coketown ; one of the respected members for ounce weights and measures, one of the representatives of the multiplication table, of the deaf honourable gentlemen, dumb honourable gentlemen, blind honourable gentlemen, lame honourable gentlemen, dead honourable gentlemen, to every other consideration. Else wherefore live we in a Christian land eighteen hundred and odd years after our Master ? "

Following that, we have in *Little Dorrit* the Tite Barnacles, and are told of Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle that "This great statesman was always 'yet to be told' that it behoves the Pilot of the ship to do anything but prosper in the private loaf and fish trade ashore, the crew being able, by dint of hard pushing, to keep the ship above water without him."

To show that his opinion had not changed towards the end of his life, in *Our Mutual Friend* our greatest novelist gives us Boots and Brewer, those parliamentarians of "vast reputation." It would be easy to multiply similar examples, but hard to find any that Dickens gives on the other side.

Towards the end of his life Tolstoy sent me an essay to translate in which he condemned parliamentary government not less absolutely than despotism, and remarked, a^of a notorious and accepted fact, that no one is ever elected to Parliament in England except by bribery, corruption, and deception. When I protested, and assured him that he was

mistaken, he consented to omit that remark, but his deep-seated **conviction** that parliamentary institutions are **proved by their fruits** to be harmful was one he never abandoned, and in common with many other Russians had originally derived more from Dickens than from Katkov and the Russian Slavophiles, who were so fond of denouncing "the rotten West."

Arguing one evening with a group of people who thought they **had** found a short and simple explanation of the ills that have befallen Russia by laying the blame upon the Jews and on some mysterious Protocols of the Jewish Elders, in paradoxical mood I devised a better explanation of the course the Russian Revolution has run, by attributing it to Charles Dickens and *The Pickwick Papers*, and I was myself surprised to find how good a case can be made out for that proposition.

After Rasputin, by dominating the Emperor and Empress, nominating Ministers and Bishops, and condemning the Duma to impotence, had made the Tsardom such an absurdity that its retention was impossible, the only alternatives were a democratic parliamentary government, or a dictatorship. Why did the brief attempt at parliamentary government—an attempt one might have thought to be the natural sequence to fifty years' experience of self-government in the Zemstvos, and to a decade of experience in the Duma—why did **that** brief attempt fail?

Partly because Dickens had deeply implanted in men's minds a belief that parliamentary institutions are synonymous with corruption, inefficiency, oppression, and the deception of the people.

Any such very simple explanation of complex occurrences is, no doubt, misleading, and lest anyone should take what I have said for more than it is worth, let me offer another, still simpler and more plausible explanation of the same event, and an explanation this time, for which neither the Jews nor the Protocols, nor Dickens, nor *The Pickwick Papers*, are indispensable.

After the Decembrist conspiracy in 1825, Nicholas I organized a special branch of the administration—the Third Department—to protect the autocracy from disaffection, from insubordination, and from danger generally. This Third Department embraced the *gendarmérie*, the secret police, and a whole spy-organization. It worked independently of other Departments, reported direct to the Tsar, and eventually developed so that its Chief opened and read the private, as well as the official, correspondence of Ministers of State, kept in close touch with Revolutionary and Socialist leaders, had many of them in his pay, and even allowed them occasionally to assassinate this or that Grand Duke, or Minister, in exchange for the betrayal of their really dangerous associates. Azev was in its pay, and so it seems was Gapon towards the end of his career. Lenin never sold out to the Third Department, but long co-operated with it to harass and discredit the efforts of the Constitutionalists in the Duma and elsewhere.

When the Tsar abdicated, the Provisional Government—which aimed at a parliamentary regime—dismissed the Third Department as notoriously evil, corrupt, and dangerous; and its members, who had practically ruled Russia, found themselves without a job, and intensely unpopular. Just then, some eighteen months before the end of the war, Lenin returned from Switzerland with two or three million pounds' worth of German gold at his disposal, and bought up the Third Department, which, under the new name of the Tcheka (the Extraordinary Commission) resumed its job of ruling Russia; merely substituting Lenin for the Tsar, suppressing its old enemies the Constitutionalists, and abolishing freedom of the Press, of speech, and of election.

The devotion of the Russians to their ruler, the Tsar, had always been proverbial, and it was remarkable how quickly Lenin—till then the leader of a section of the Marxian party which was itself in a minority among Russian

progressives—was enjoying just the same abject devotion that had formerly been lavished upon whatever Tsar occupied the throne. Order was restored to Russia, and was secured by the same' means as before. Russia had had a revolution, but *plus pa change, plus c'est la mime chose*. Even here, it must be admitted that the influence of Dickens played its part. The struggle was between a government allowing freedom of speech and letting the governed express their needs, or one which suppressed freedom and decided what the people were to want and were to say. Devotion to God and the Tsar was replaced by devotion to a Dictatorship which abolished God, and to Communism personified by Lenin ; but the scorn Dickens had expressed for government by discussion and the abiding influence of the attitude of mind he had induced still counted for something in the event.

The Countess Tatiana's article on her disposal of the estate she inherited has again a dual aspect. It tells us of Tolstoy's attitude to his family at a somewhat later date, but it also deals with the Taxation of Land Values, which he believed to be the system best adapted to forestall the avalanche which even in 1886, when he wrote *What Then Must We Do?*, he saw to be threatening a society in which peasants who were short of land had to pay more in taxes than they could afford, while estate-owners often rendered no service at all equivalent to the wealth they drew from their possessions.

The article on *Tolstoy's Humour*, by Count Sergius, brings out a side of Tolstoy's character which has been frequently overlooked, though no one who has read his play, *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, should be unaware of his rich vein of humour.

The article on *Music*, also by Count Sergius, tells much more than had previously been known of Tolstoy's fondness for music, and of the part it played in his life. This article

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will, **among** other things, correct the error **some** critics of *Tolstoy on Art* and of *What is Art* ? fell into when they assumed that the few examples he there gave of music of the highest class were an exhaustive list of the pieces he himself enjoyed.

If not the most readable yet in some ways the most important article in the book is the last one, in which Countess Alexandra gives a detailed account of what occurred from the time Tolstoy left home to the moment of his death. She does not touch on the influences that caused him to make a secret will and transfer his whole literary property to the control of a man bitterly hostile to his (Tolstoy's) wife. That intricate and painful story, though often hinted at and told in scraps, has not yet been clearly and fully set forth—though it may be looked for before long.

Significantly enough, Countess Alexandra, who at the time in question acted as a tool in the hands of the man who treated her mother so badly, now—after she has learnt to know him better—makes but little mention of Mr. V. G. Tchertkoff, who played a principal part in the whole matter, and was himself present during those last days of her father's life.

Of the many books about Tolstoy that have appeared since his death, I do not think there is one that throws so intimate a light on so many different sides of his character as the present work.

AYLMER MAUDE.

GREAT BADDOW,
CHELMSFORD

June 9, 1926.

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LIST OF RUSSIAN NAMES AND WORDS

With stress-accent marks to show which syllable should be emphasized.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA" IN WAR AND PEACE

Alexis	Kireevski
Behrs, Andrey Evst'dfyevich	Kolokoltsev, G. A.
Behrs, Lyub6v Alexdndrovna,	Kostroma (a town)
nte Isl'nyev	Kumys (a drink)
Behrs Sophya Andreevna	Kuragin, Anatole
(Sonya)	Kuz'mfnsky, Alexander Mikh-
Bel6va, Agratena Ivdnovna	dylovich
Boris	Kuz'mmsky, Tatidna Andreevna
Cheremoshnya (an estate)	(Tanya)
Dargomyshky	Makhov6e
Denisov	Marya Afanasevna
Dunyasha	Marya Dmitrovna
Dyakov, Darya Alexdndrovna	Mdrya Mikhaylovna
(Dolly)	Mashka
Dyakov, Dmitri Alexeevich	Mikhdyl'ov Theatre
firgolski, Tatidna Alexdndrovna	Mitka
Glinka	Nagorny, Vera
Grisha	Nastdsya Ivanovna
Isl'riyev, M.	Natdlya Petrovna
Isl'nyev, Olga	Nikoldevsk Institute
Ivitsa (an estate)	Nik61enka
Kamdrinski (a dance)	Nik61sk (an estate)
Karenina, Anna (the novel)	Obotensky, Prince D. D.
Kazdn (a city)	Orel

Pelageya	Tolst6y, Leo Nikoldevich
Perfilyev (Vdsenka and P6lenka)	(Levochka)
Petren	Tolstey, Mdrya Nikoldevna
Petya	Tolstoy, Sefya Andreevna
Pirog6vo (an estate)	Trifonovna
Plevitskaya	Trditsa Monastery
Pokr6vsk (an estate)	Troyanovski
Polivanov	TsareVich Nicholas
Pushkin	Tula
RaeVski	Uspenski Cathedral
Rassvetov, Dr.	Vanka
Roslavleva (a novel)	Vdsenka
Rostov, Natdsha	Volkonski
Samarin, P. F.	Ydsnaya Polydna (an estate)
Shatilov	Yunosha
Tatiana Alexandrovna	Zdseka forest
Tarantas (a vehicle)	Zag6skin

TOLSTOY AND DICKENS

Apost6lov, Nikolay	Lermontov
Belfnski	Lyuba
Dostoevski	Makovitski
Druzhfnin	Natdlya Sdvishna
Elpdtyev	Nezvdnova, Netochka
Gorchak6v, Prince	Nikelenka
Irtenyev	Posrednik (a publishing firm)
Islenyev	Pushkin
Ivdn	Turgenev
Kaloshina, Sonya	Volodya
Karl Ivdnovich	Vvedenski
Katenka	Yasnaya Polydna
Konrakova, Princess	Zavod6vski, Count
Kozlovski	

HOW MY FATHER AND I DEALT WITH
THE LAND QUESTION

Bardnovski	Semen Nikolaevich
Bolshevik	Skurdtov
Chern6v	Tolst6y, Countess Alexndra
Desyatina (a measure of land)	(Sasha)
Gusev, N.	Tolstoy, Countess Mary (Mdsha)
Ilya	Tolst6y, Countess Tatidna
Mikulich, V.	(Madame Sukhotin)
Nikoldev, S. D.	Tugan-Baranovski
Ovsydnnikovo	Veselitski, Lydia Ivanovna
Polilov, Peter Alexdndrovich	Yakubovski
Schmidt, Marya Alexdndrovna	Ydsnaya Polyana

TOLSTOY'S HUMOUR

Anke, Dr.	Michurin, Alexander Grig6re-
Apraksine, Countess	vich
Behrs, Andrey Evstdfevich	Nikdnder, Bishop of Tula
Eliseev	Prokhor
Gimbut	Rumydnstsev
Gogol	Shuba (a fur coat)
Ilyd	Stolyarov, Semen Ivanovich
Isldvin, Konstantin Alexdndro-	Tolstoy, Ilya Lvovich
vich (K6sty)	Tolstoy, Leo Nikolaevich
Karl Ivdnych	Tolst6y, Countess Tatidna
Khomyakev, Alexey Stepdno-	(Madame Sukhotin)
vich	Tretyakov
Khomyakev, Vasily Alexeevich	Turbin
Korchdgin	Tvertskoy Street
Kostyn	Ydsnaya Polydna (an estate)
Kulich	Zavod6vski, Countess
Kuzmfnsky , Tatidna Andreevna	Zin6vev, N. A.

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SOME SAYINGS OF TOLSTOY

Pushkin	Tolstoy, Countess Tatidna
Stakhvich S6fya	(Madame Sukhotin) (Tanya)
Tchertkov	Tyuchev
Turgenev	Yasnaya Polyana (an estate)

MUSIC IN TOLSTOY'S LIFE

Aleexis	Lopatin, Nicholdy Mikhaylovich
Anna Karenina (a novel)	Lyubochka
Arenski	Makovitski, D. I.
Balakirev	Monushko
Balalayka (a guitar-like instrument)	Muromtsev-Klimentov
Borodin	Mussorgsky
Brandukov	Nagorny, I. M.
Bulgdkov, V. F.	Oddevski, Prince
Danilov	Pdnina, Vary a
Dargomyzhsky	Perfilev, V.
Davidov	Plevitskaya
Dunydsha	Pozdnyshev
Ergolskaya, T. A.	Prokunin
Filosofova, V.	Pushkin
Glinka	Rakhmanfnov
Grfsha	Rimski-Korsakov
Igumnov	Rusldn
Islavin, K. A.	Shalyapin
Irtenyev	Sibor
Ivan Ilych	Skryabin
Kazdn (a city)	Stolypin, A. D.
Khorovod (a folk dance)	Strdkhov
Kireeva	Taneev, S. I.
Kuzminsky, T. A.	Tchaikovsky
Landovska, Vanda	Tolstoy, Sergey Nikoldevich
Lermontov	Tolstoy, Mdrya Nikolievna
	Troyanovski

LIST OF RUSSIAN NAMES AND WORDS 21

Ulybyshev	Ydsnaya Polydna (an estate)
Vanka	Yushkov, V. I.
Vyaltseva	Zybin

TOLSTOY'S HOME-LEAVING AND DEATH

Adridn Pavlovich	Posrednik (a publishing firm)
Astapovo (a small provincial town)	Rukovitsy
Beleva	Samardinsk Convent
Berkenheim, Dr. Greg6ri Moiseevich	Schmidt, Mary a Alexandrovna
Dankov	Semen Nikolaevich
Denisenko, Elena Sergeevna	Semenovski, Dr.
Denisenko, Ivan Vasilevich	Sergeenko, Alexey Petrovich
Feokritov, Varvara Mikhaylovna (Varya) (Varichka)	Shamardino
Filya	Shekino
Fortochka (a kind of fan-light)	Shurovski, Dr.
Gorbachev	Sidorkov, Ilya Vasilevich
Gorbunov, Ivan Ivdnovich	Sukhinichi (a town)
Ilyd Vasilevich	Sukhotin, Tatiana Lv6vna.
Kaluga	(Tanya)
Kochety	Tchertkov, Vladimir Grig6rie- vich
Kozelsk	Tolstoy, Alexandra Lv6vna
Krapivna	(Sasha)
Lizenka	Tolstoy, Leo Nikolaevich
Makovitski, Dushan Petr6vich	(Levochka)
Nikitin, Dmitri Vasilevich	ToIstoy, Leo Lvovich
Nikolaev	Tolstoy, Mdrya Nikolaevna
Novocherkassk	Tolstoy, Sergius (Serezha)
Obolensky, Elizeveta Valerid- novna (Lisa) (Lizenka)	Tolstoy, Sofya Andreevna
Optina Pustyn (a Convent)	(Sony a)
Ozolin, Ivan Ivanovich	Tula (a town)
Podb6rki	Usov, Dr.
	Vanya
	Varsanofi, Father
	Yasnaya Polyana (an estate)

(e is pronounced as yo **and** is accentuated.)

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA" IN
WAR AND PEACE

BY VERA NAGORNY

(*nee* COUNTESS VERA TOLSTOY)

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA" IN WAR AND PEACE

I

I HAVE known Tatiana (Tanya) Andreevna Kuzminsky since early childhood. My mother, Countess Mary Nikolaevna Tolstoy,¹ and her mother, Lyubov Alexandrovna Behrs, *nee* Islenyev, were great friends. This friendship was, as it were, passed on to us, and in childhood and youth Tatiana Kuzminsky was my bosom friend.

Though many years have gone by since then, the past is not forgotten but dwells in my memory.

I will try to convey her character and the events of her life which are so clearly presented in *War and Peace* in the person of Natasha Rostov.

In her childhood Tanya, as I shall call her, was thin and delicate, but as she was approaching fourteen she began to grow strong and develop rapidly. She was very lively and exceptionally sensitive, which developed in her sympathy for those around her and gradually made her the general pet of the family; in consequence of this she was much indulged and allowed more freedom than her two elder sisters had had. Her education in general was not conducted strictly or with discipline.

Tanya did her lessons badly and reluctantly, but read a great deal without any system or selection, just what she happened to pick up.

¹ Count L. Tolstoy's sister, married to a cousin of the same name.

At the age of sixteen, when she was staying with her sister, the Countess Tolstoy, the Yasnaya Polyana library with the magazines of that period, the sixties of last century, was open to her, and of course what she liked best were the novels of that day, and they developed a certain romanticism in her.

In one of his letters to her, Leo Tolstoy wrote :

Above all be wise, and don't let yourself be carried away by romance. You have a whole life before you, and one which promises much happiness.

In another letter he said :

Whitlip* is melancholy without you, and your books (for the most part wretched novels) seem pathetic to us. But you have not written. I fear some mental change may have happened, in consequence of which you may not come to us again.

Her spontaneous nature expressed itself in irresistible mirth, quick sensibility, and passionateness in whatever she did whether it were good or bad. One always felt that she was filled with irrepressible life and energy.

She was by nature a coquette, and often when drawing others on was herself trapped, for which she was severely called to account by her elders.

" Oh, you are funny! " she would say to them. " I can't be indifferent when he loves me. I am so sorry for him."

This reply amused Leo Tolstoy. He always knew of her infatuations, warned her, and more than once wrote to her about them. Here is an extract from a letter of his in 1863 :

Tanya, my dear friend, you are young, pretty, gifted, and sweet. Be careful of yourself and of your heart : a heart once given away can't be taken back, and a tormented heart always bears a scar.

¹ A horse she rode.

THE ORIGINAL OF " NATASHA "

In the beginning of the 'sixties Leo Tolstoy often visited the Behrs. The large patriarchal family, the uncomplicated, youthful and girlish world in which the three sisters lived, the care-free merry and loving atmosphere that reigned in their house at that time, pleased him, apart from the fact that he was attracted by his future wife. That type of household is presented in *War and Peace* by the Rostov house.

My uncle's wife, the Countess S. A. Tolstoy, wrote to her sister Tanya in 1862 :

I will tell you a secret, Levochka¹ thinks of describing us when he is fifty.

He did not wait, however, till he was fifty, but described them when he was thirty-six. He also described Tanya's relations with her mother and brother, Alexander, who was at that time an officer in the Preobrashensk regiment. Tanya and he were great friends, and when he came home on leave, her talks, singing and drives took on a still more animated character. He was very musical, and often made his sister sing. Leo Tolstoy, who was very fond of music, almost always played the accompaniments for Tanya.

I remember how once when we were visiting Dyakov, a friend of Uncle Leo's, Tanya at the general request started singing in the music-room of the old manor house. It was a bright May night. The windows were open and the nightingales in the garden overtopped her voice quite ridiculously.

The poet Fet and his wife Mary were among the audience. Tanya sang songs by Glinka, Dargomyshky and others. When she stopped she was asked to sing again, and the poet's wife approached us and said :

" You will see this won't pass for nothing with dear Fet. He is sure to write something about this poetic evening."

¹ Diminutive of Leo. " Levochka " was the Countess' pet name for her husband, the great writer.

And really, next morning Fet brought a poem he **had** composed that night. I will quote the first few lines :

The night was sparkling in the moonlit garden,
And moonbeams at our feet the only light within.
The piano open stood, and all its chords vibrated
As did our hearts when listening to your song.
You sang till dawn, with tender tears aquiver,
That you were love alone and other love was none,
Till, dear one, I was longing to live only
To love you, hold you, weep, and care for you.

Uncle Leo wrote to his friend Dyakov afterwards :

Fet writes that he spent an Edenlike evening, as he expresses it, at your house with the guitar and nightingales, and that Tanya sang from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. that night. That is not right, and is not permitted. I know that had I been there I should have been the first to disobey Doctor Rassvetov's orders, but as I was not there, I issue my reprimand.

Good-bye, dear friend. I am expecting you impatiently.

L. TOLSTOY.

This poem was not published till much later, but Tanya still preserves the manuscript Fet presented to her.

Her appearance was original and attractive. She had dark, slightly wavy hair, a refined face, a large mouth and an unusually delicately tinted complexion. Her expression changed with the rapidity of shadows when the sun shines, and that was her chief charm. She was very slim, and remarkably supple and graceful in her movements.

In spite of her liveliness she showed signs of efficiency from a child. When she was eleven she, of her own free-will, taught her brother to read. Later on, by her father's wish, she was present when he underwent a serious operation, and afterwards when Uncle Leo's arm, which he had broken, was being set, she tended him like a nurse.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA"

After that operation, before her husband's return to Yasnaya Polyana, my aunt Sonya wrote to her sister :

Evening of September 14, 1865.

MY DEAR TANYA,

I can't send letters to the post without writing to you. You have become a hundred times dearer than ever to me, because of your care for Levochka. He has told me that you have been his secretary and friend, and have waited on him, and exchanged confidences with him. I am so glad that you were so close and kind to one another. I love you both so dearly. I understand that you feel much sadder without him. He reminds you of our little world which you love, and he understands you better than anyone else.

Thanks, dear, for the letters you wrote me, and for your own self, and for him.

II

Tanya's first love, when she was fourteen, was for her cousin, Kuzminsky (now her husband). Alexander Mikhaylovich Kuzminsky was received by the Behrs as one of their family, and used sometimes to spend Christmas and Easter with them when on leave. Everybody in the house was fond of him. Her mother took no notice of Tanya's feelings, saying that it was a childish infatuation and would pass without a trace.

But one day when she had an explanation with her cousin, Tanya first held her big doll, Mimi, up to his face, next putting its leather arms on his shoulders, she embraced and kissed him, and then, counting up the years before he could finish school, declared that she would marry him in four years' time. In the novel, *War and Peace*¹ this scene between Natasha and Boris is described as follows :

*' Kiss the doll! " said she.
Boris blushed.

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. i, pp. 53-4. World's Classics series.

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

" How funny you are ! " he said, bending down to her and blushing still more, but he waited and did, nothing.

Suddenly she jumped on a tub (in which a plant was growing) to be higher than he, embraced him so that both her slender, bare arms clasped him about his neck, and tossing back her curls, kissed him full on the lips.

" Natasha, you know that I love you, but . . . "

"* You are in love with me ? " interrupted Natasha.

" Yes, I am in love with you, but please do not let us do this again. . . . Another four years, then I will ask for your hand."

Natasha reflected.

" Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," she counted on her slender fingers. " All right ! Then it's settled ! "

When the first part of the novel (then entitled *The Year 1805*) appeared in print, Polivanov, a friend of her childhood, and her brother's schoolfellow, wrote to Tanya :

You have no doubt read *The Year 1805*, and found many acquaintances there, and yourself. How Natasha reminds one of you ! And in Boris there is a bit of me, and in Countess Vera a bit of Elisabeth Andreevna,¹ and Sophya Andreevna² appears as Sonya. And Petya³ is there too. I have read the whole of it with pleasure, especially the scene where the children run into the drawing-room. There is much that is familiar to me in it. Is Natasha's kiss not also taken from real life ? You probably told him how you kissed your teacher. I expect you know all the characters Leo Nikolaevich has portrayed, or from whom he has borrowed some of his heroes' features. If you know anything of the kind, don't refuse to drop a line to us poor sinners.

This is Tanya's reply (1865):

You ask me about Levochka's novel. It is true there is a bit of you in Boris, and a bit of sister Lisa, but not of Sonya (Leo's wife). Sonya in the novel is his aunt Tatiana Alexandrovna when she was young. Mary Dmitrovna did really exist, but of the men I don't know anyone as yet; not much of the book has been written. But about Natasha he told me straight out:

¹ Tanya's eldest sister. ² Countess S. A. Tolstoy.
³ Tanya's brother Peter.

" You think you are living here for nothing. No, I note down **the** whole of you."

I'm afraid he will describe the affair with Anatole. Papa is much vexed. He says : " Our acquaintances will recognize Tanya, and that will injure her."

I like his novel very much. For the most part the readers whose opinions I have heard either don't like, or don't understand, Pierre.

Also you think Natasha's kiss is taken from the times of our teacher. No, it was in the days of Alexander Kuzminsky.

I will say a few words about Polivanov ; his parents were landed owners in Kostroma, and lived constantly in the country, and he was educated in the Cadet Corps in Moscow, and was treated as a relative in the Behrs' house. He was an intelligent, kind, and very good lad, a few years older than Tanya's brother Alexander. He went home with the latter to the Behrs when they had leave, spent his holidays with them, and sometimes spent part of the summer also. Tanya and he were great friends and kept up a correspondence.

As the years went on Tanya grew fonder and fonder of her mother, and was very frank with her. They had their best conversations in the evenings when all was quiet in the house.

In 1862 Mrs. Behrs went to the province of Tula with her daughters, to visit her father, M. Islenyev, at his estate, Ivitsa.

To amuse their young visitor the Islenyevs invited their neighbours, and arranged dances. Uncle Leo also used to come, and it was there that his declaration of love was made to Aunt Sonya.

That same evening when all had gone to bed Tanya ran into her mother's room with a letter in her hand, and having sat down beside her mother on the bed, began telling her **that** she was mistaken in supposing that Lisa would marry Leo Tolstoy, for she, Tanya, knew for certain that it would be Sonya.

" **Don't** you see, **Mama**, **that** he does not take his eyes off **her** ? "

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Her mother was listening attentively to her chatter, **when** Tanya suddenly proudly stretched out her hand which held a letter, saying :

" Mama, ' Little ' has proposed to me " (" Little " was the man's nickname). " There, read it."

Extremely anxious about her elder daughter and Leo Tolstoy's constant visits, the mother did not at once realize what her favourite daughter was saying.

" What are you talking about ? " she asked.

" I am telling you that I have had a proposal. Read the letter. You see it finishes with : *Pouvez-vous faire mon bonheur eternel ?* " ¹

" Why, you're not sixteen yet, and he is writing nonsense. You must think about your lessons and not about marriage."

But seeing how proud her daughter was, and remembering the suitor's youth, she burst into irrepressible laughter, which offended Tanya.

" That's just like you, Mama. What is there to laugh at ? "

" Yes, and how about Alexander ? "

" Oh, yes. What about Alexander ? I am very fond of him."

" Then how about the other ? "

" And the other. I can't hurt his feelings. I feel for him too."

" But that won't do. I will write to him myself when I have time ; but now go to bed, it is late," said her mother with a smile.

Having said good-night to her mother and kissed her hand, Tanya ran off to her room, and her mother remained alone with her thoughts and anxieties about her daughters.

I will quote from a letter Tanya wrote to Polivanov in 1862 :

The pears are pouring down, and I keep eating them, they are so sweet. . . . Yesterday I was sitting on the veranda with

¹ " Can you give me eternal happiness ? "

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA

grandpapa when suddenly I saw *le comte*¹ approaching on a white horse. I was very glad and so was grandpapa. We enjoy ourselves very much here. Last night some neighbours came with three girls and young men, and we danced. And to-morrow we are having a picnic. Only mama would not let me bring the dress I wished to, and I have to be always in white—such a pity! Now I am going to tell you how last night, after the dance, I went into mama's room and showed her a letter with verses in it. You know it; the one that finishes: "*Pouvez-vous faire mon bonheur iternel ?*" At first mama was angry, and then began to laugh awfully. I don't see what there is funny about it. In old times girls married at fourteen and fifteen. Mama herself married when she was sixteen. Of course I am not yet preparing for it, but really I am sorry for him. He is so kind, keeps finding new songs for me, does all my commissions, and says so pathetically: "*Amuses-vous bien, mademoiselle Tate, que ferrai-je sans vous?*"²

I don't know why you all make fun of him, and Alexander Kuzminsky especially. It's not right, and Mama laughs and asks: "And what of Alexander?"—as if Alexander could be an obstacle. Alexander is quite a special affair.

But there is something else going on here: Mama is innocent. She does not see. Do you remember how *le comte* laughed when I said at Pokrovsk, "Mama, you don't understand, you are innocent"*?

It's just the same now. Lisa is in love, Sonya is not yet in love, but *le comte* looks always at Sonya, and when she and I were gathering pears he came too. I know this for certain and have said so to mama. However, I ought not to write it to you.³

Good-bye, dear Object, they are calling us to dinner. At dinner here a page-boy, Mitka, waves away the flies with a peacock's feather. Olga Islenyev is very nice. She asks to be remembered to you. She wears her hair in a thick plait in front, as is the fashion. It suits her very well. Everybody sends greetings. We shall remain here for about a week.

Your friend,

TANYA.

¹ So the sisters, among themselves, called Leo Tolstoy.

² "Amuse yourself well, Mademoiselle Tate—what shall I do without you?"

³ Polivanov himself was not indifferent towards Sonya.

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

In the novel, the conversation between mother and daughter is described as follows :

" Mama, mama, he's made . . . "

" Made what ? "

" Made me an offer. Mama ! Mama ! " she exclaimed.

The countess could not believe her ears. Denisov had proposed. To whom ? To this chit of a girl, Natasha, who not so long ago was playing with her dolls, and was still having lessons.

" Don't, Natasha ! What nonsense ! " she said, hoping that it was a joke.

" Nonsense indeed ! I am telling you a fact ! " said Natasha indignantly. " I came to ask you what to do, and you call it ' nonsense ! ' "

" Well, all the same you must refuse him. "

" No, I must not. I am so sorry for him ! He is so nice ! " ¹

When my uncle Leo heard about the letter he was much amused and teased Tanya with the words : " *Pouvez-vous faire mon bonheur eternel?* "

In the autumn of that same year Leo Tolstoy's marriage took place. After parting from her favourite sister, Tanya fretted for a while. She still had her eldest sister, Lisa, who treated her with great kindness, but the difference of age and of their characters hindered their friendship, and after that Tanya did not remain much at home, but lived mostly with her sister at Yasnaya Polyana.

Immediately after the wedding Tanya wrote to her sister of what she felt and suffered after they had departed. To that letter Uncle Leo replied as follows :

That part of your letter where you say that when it is dark you have visions of Vasenka and Polenka² and of me and of Sonya without her hair puffs and in her travelling dress is delightful. I recognized in it your sweet wonderful nature, with laughter

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. i, p. 437. World's Classics series.

² The Perilycvs, the Governor of Moscow and his wife, friends of Leo Tolstoy. *

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA"

on a background of poetic seriousness. Really such another Tanya could not easily be found, nor anyone who appreciates her as does

L. TOLSTOY.

That winter Tanya began to study singing seriously and to go out into society a little, which delighted her very much.

In May, Tanya's father had to go to Petersburg on business. To give Tanya a change he took her with him. Many preparations had to be made. Elegant clothes were packed. Instructions were given to Tanya how to behave to her aunts, of whom she had many in Petersburg, and especially to one of them who was Head of the Nikolaev Institute for young ladies. This is what that aunt remarked after making Tanya's acquaintance :

" *Elle est tres gentille, mais elle n'a pas de tenue, Elle est trop vive.*"¹

After the patriarchal life of Moscow, Petersburg life with its brilliancy, its entertainments and its unfamiliar luxury, immediately attracted and engrossed Tanya.

She was taken to see relatives whom she had not met before. Her father, being occupied with his affairs, entrusted her to her aunts. They tried to keep her amused and took her to the theatres, concerts and so on.

At the house of one of her nicest and dearest aunts there were many young people, one of them a young man distantly related to her, Anatole S——. Assuming the privileges of a relative, he at once began to pay his attentions to her. The naive girl of sixteen, so unlike the girls he usually met in Petersburg, attracted him. Wherever she went he went too ; and at last, during an *entr'acte* at the Mikhaylov Theatre, to which her aunt had taken her, he told her such flattering things and treated her so boldly and freely, as if constituting himself her guardian, that Tanya thought he was " the

¹ " She is very charming, but has no manners. She is too lively.*

one," and that no one had ever so understood her as this elegant and handsome young man. Above all she was pleased that he considered her grown up and courted her. It seemed to her that she had known him a long time. The familiarity that had sprung up between them frightened and agitated her. He was one of those men whom one often meets in society. He was self-assured, devoid of timidity, bold and forward with women, and regarded everything lightly. He seemed to live only for his own amusement and enjoyment, and to obtain his aim disregarded all barriers. He was good-natured without being kindly. In society he was witty and brilliant, a perfect linguist, and considered an intelligent fellow.

In *War and Peace* the following description is given of Anatole Kuragin and Natasha :

Looking into his eyes, she felt with dread that between him and her there was not that barrier of modesty she had always felt between herself and other men.¹

Tanya did not realize what was happening to her. She felt happy and carried away. . . . She wrote to her sister :

Sonya. The week in Petersburg has been a fairy dream.

Leo Tolstoy added these few words to his wife's reply :

Tanya, why have you gone to Petersburg ? Petersburg is a man-eater.

The Tolstoy's asked Tanya and her brother Alexander to spend the summer with them. They also invited, for a few days' stay, young Alexander Kuzminsky, and Anatole S——, whose mother Leo Tolstoy had known long before.

The arrival of the young people made Yasnaya Polyana a very lively place ; cavalcades, drives, walks, music, and singing, alternated one with another.

¹ *War and Peace*, roi. ii, p. 291. World's Classics series.

My Uncle Sergius¹ also often came to us from his estate at Pirogovo. Uncle Leo was very fond of him and thought much of him. He was really a man of acute understanding, sincere, truthful and refined. He rather laughed at the animation he found at Yasnaya Polyana, but readily took part in it himself.

He went to the picnics with us, always bringing a flavour of originality, something of his own, to any gathering he was in.

Uncle Leo, as usual, treated everyone with wonderful good humour; young people always interested him. This time however both he and his wife regarded their young visitor, Anatole S——, critically, as they observed Tanya's infatuation, of which they strongly disapproved. In the pure, healthy country atmosphere, Anatole's cynical attentions stood out like a spot in the sun, and he had to leave Yasnaya Polyana.

Leo Tolstoy became day by day more convinced of the impropriety of Anatole's conduct, and at last decided to get rid of him. He ordered the *tarantas*² and, without any kind of explanation, sent a manservant to tell Anatole that the horses were harnessed to take him to Tula. There was no railway from Tula at that time, so that an unexpected journey from there to Petersburg was very disconcerting, but nevertheless Anatole had to go. His departure is described in *Anna Karenina* :

They saw Vasenka seated on a heap of hay (unluckily the *tarantas* had no seat) with his Scotch bonnet on his head, jolting over the ruts as he was driven down the other avenue.³

For the first days Tanya was much distressed, both by the separation from him and because she felt herself to be partly to blame for this unpleasantness. But my uncle and

¹ Tolstoy's elder brother.

² A springless four-wheeled vehicle.

³ *Anna Karenina*/vol. ii, p. 193. World's Classics series.

her sister treated her with such tact and kindliness that she gradually calmed down, especially as her mother came to Yasnaya Polyana for Sonya's confinement, and her arrival was a great joy to Tanya.

III

In the beginning of June all the young people except Tanya left, and Yasnaya Polyana became very quiet. Uncle Leo was busy with his bees and his farm, while his wife cheerfully and boldly awaited the great event of every mother's life—the birth of her first child. On June 23rd her son Sergius was born, and all other interests were pushed aside.

Tanya spent most of her time reading in the library or with her mother. In the evenings she rode, almost always with my uncle Sergius (S. L. Tolstoy), who came more and more frequently to Yasnaya Polyana. My sister and I accompanied them several times, and I have never forgotten those wonderful summer evenings.

On hot evenings we usually chose the forest paths. We rode through the most beautiful parts of the Zaseka—that century-old State forest which at sunset seemed more majestic and beautiful than ever.

We chatted merrily as we went, and her old liveliness and care-free cheerfulness returned to Tanya.

Uncle Sergius was drawn to Yasnaya Polyana. He used to come for the day, but remained much longer. Sometimes he brought his ten-year-old son Grisha with him, and we loved to romp with the boy. Tanya would take him behind her on her horse. We used to play with him and took him out mushroom hunting.

During the previous fifteen years, Uncle Sergius had had a family by a gipsy, a fine woman. He loved his family but lived apart from them, he on his estate, and they in the neighbouring provincial town of Tula.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA

Tanya regarded Uncle Sergius as one of her elders, though when he failed to come for any length of time, she would anxiously ask my uncle Leo :

" Why has Sergius not been here for such a long time ? What do you think, Levochka ? "

Uncle Leo would look searchingly at her and say : " I don't know."

Naturally both he and Sonya noticed their mutual engrossment, but Tanya was not yet conscious of it herself. My uncle Leo felt anxious for both of them, and did not approve of what was happening.

Often when we were together she recalled her conversations with my uncle Sergius and his remarks. She told me how once when they were out riding he asked her why she liked Anatole, and whether she loved him, and how she blushed, and told him about her infatuation, taking the whole blame on herself. But he had said :

" You cannot be to blame for anything at seventeen.*

Tanya could not help feeling his superiority to all the other men she had met up to then.

Sometimes we would sit together in the old park that had been planted by an ancestor of mine, Volkonski. The century-old limes would hardly let the hot rays of the June sun penetrate their branches, and we sat silent under the spell of that bewitching calm. Then we suddenly heard the tinkling of carriage bells, and a change would come over Tanya's face, her eyes sparkled with some inner light and a delicate blush spread over her face, and she would listen . . . and would fall on my neck whispering : " It is Sergius I "

And then we would see between the trees of the avenue his *caliche*, and in it his tall figure with its stooping shoulders and his soft brown liat.

Tanya does not go to the house, but rushes about the avenues, shouting excitedly : " Varya, how I love you ! How happy I am ! Varya, I shall fly away directly, shall I ? "

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She jumps lightly on to a seat, spreads her arms and pretends to fly.

My mother¹ who was very fond of Tanya could not help noticing the great influence that Tanya, being older than we were, had on us. As we were so young, mama was afraid of that influence.

I remember how she once took us away to Pirogovo, saying that Tanya's coquetry and frivolity had a bad influence, especially on me, as I was so fond of her and instinctively imitated her.

After living some time at home, however, mama began to long for Yasnaya Polyana, and especially for Tanya, who attracted her by her singing and her liveliness. Then she said to us :

" You know Tanya is a regular siren ; when one sees her one finds fault with her, and when one goes away something draws one back to her. It is dull without her."

And mama ordered the carriage once again and returned to Yasnaya Polyana.

My uncle Sergius continued to come there. The whole household began to notice his attitude towards Tanya but said nothing, perplexed as to what would happen, for they knew he had a family.

He said to his brother : " Leo, Tanya is dangerously lovable. I had better not come to your house."

I don't know what Uncle Leo replied.

IV

It happened once that my great aunts Tatiana and Pelageya² came to Pirogovo, my mother's estate. Tanya came with them.

Uncle Sergius, having heard of her arrival, hurried to our

¹ Leo Tolstoy's sister.

² Old ladies who had had charge of Tolstoy during his youth.

THE ORIGINAL OF " NATASHA

house, **and** at dinner he offered to take Tanya in his cabriolet to see his estate. Tanya asked my aunts' permission to go with him. They left in the evening, not noticing the heavy clouds that were gathering near. After reaching his home and going hurriedly round the garden, they were obliged to go into the house, as heavy rain came on and it began to thunder.

Before each clap of thunder the lightning lit up the semi-dark room in which they were sitting. The windows rattled. Tanya was terribly afraid of thunderstorms. Uncle Sergius did not leave her side. It was impossible for her to return home, as a river separated my mother's estate from that of Uncle Sergius and the rain had made it impassable.

My aunts were much disturbed at having let Tanya go without them, but it was impossible to send for her. Though the thunder had ceased, the rain poured down mercilessly.

That evening became one of Tanya's and Uncle Sergius's most poetic reminiscences; though the things they spoke about were unimportant, yet, as sometimes happens, everything that was said conveyed an impression of its own, or seemed novel. Tanya, sitting at the window, told him how in autumn at Yasnaya Polyana they had gone hunting, and her sister, using a lorgnette, noticed a hare in the grass and nearly rode over it.

" And do you know, Sonya wished it to escape from the dogs," Tanya said, laughing. " She was sorry for it."

Tanya recalled how she had once lost her way in the forest, and had for a long time wandered about in it. " What mysterious places, with ravines, I came across," she said. " We afterwards called that place * Switzerland.' I was frightened, but it was so delightful. . . . You don't understand that feeling," she said, growing excited by the reminiscences which the stormy night had recalled, " and I don't know how to tell of it."

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War and Peace reads :

Prince Andrew comforted her by saying that he did understand—he really had understood all she wanted to say. But Natasha was not satisfied with her own words. She felt that they did not convey the passionately romantic sensation she had that day experienced and wished to express.¹

And Uncle Sergius listened to Tanya in silence, not taking his eyes off her animated face with its changing expression which he so loved.

Without any declaration of love they felt that closeness and unity of spirit which understands without words. It was the beginning of that powerful feeling and faith in future happiness, which elevates a human being and makes him better and gentler.

War and Peace reads :

"It was just that soul of hers which seemed to be fettered by her body that I loved in her," Prince Andrew thought concerning Natasha.²

Next day the weather improved and the two aunts brought Tanya back to Yasnaya Polyana. Uncle Leo questioned Tanya about what they had done and talked about in Pirogovo, and Tanya told him everything.

The following is a letter Tanya wrote to her friend Polivanov :

DEAR OBJECT³

I have received your letter. You ask about Sonya's health. She is better now, and gets up, but is still pale. Do you know, I drove to Tula for Dr. Schmigaro, and brought him back. We drove ten miles in the carriage, and both kept silent all the time. Leo met us in the avenue, and I laughingly told him, "Do you know I am now speaking the first words on the way?" lie laughed and said to the doctor: "Just fancy, she has carried it

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. iii, p. 33. World's Classics series.

² Ibid.

³ Tanya used to say that Polivanov was the "object" of her friendship, and nicknamed him accordingly.

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through. You know that's a way she has, not to talk when travelling." Schmigaro is kind, fat, clumsy, and always seems to be asleep. If it were I who were ill, I should not trust him. Leo is depressed. Little Sergius¹ is screaming. The nurse goes up and down hushing him, and that mournful singing or crooning takes me back to Pokrovsk, where we three girls lived near the nursery. . . . My room here is also near the nursery. . . . I will tell you, dear Object, how I and my two aunts went to Pirogovo. The large carriage drove up. Alexis, Dunyasha and Natalya Petrovna came out on to the porch. I quickly jumped up on to the box. One of the aunts said, "*Tanya, descender, ce n'est pas bien a une demoiselle de rester avec le cocker.*"² Just then Leo came out and said : " Let her be, Auntie, laws were not made for her." Pirogovo is twenty-six miles from Yasnaya. We started, and on the way I gave our old coachman things to eat, at which Sergius Tolstoy was very much amused when Auntie told him about it.

We stopped at the house of Mary Nikolaevna Tolstoy, but there was no one living there. The dinner served us was bad, and Auntie grumbled because there were no raisins in the *compote*. . . . After dinner Auntie let me go to Sergius Tolstoy's estate. We went in a cabriolet. When we arrived I ran in to see the house. It is a large old house. Then we went into the garden, which is also old, with a river in the distance. But it began to thunder and to rain, and we went into the house.

Tea was served. I poured it out. He watched me thoughtfully and suddenly said : " It must be dull for you with me. You are so young and I so old." I told him that I was always happy with him because he understood everything, and he then smiled and said : " Not everyone is so fortunate as to know and to understand just you. It seems to me that at home they don't appreciate you enough and don't understand what you are."

Suddenly it began to grow dark. I ran to the window, and saw a low black cloud, and just then there was a flash of lightning, and then a terrible clap of thunder. I screamed and jumped back. I am terribly afraid of thunderstorms. He came up to me, made me sit down in an arm-chair, and did not leave me as long as the storm lasted. And strange to say, in spite of my fear, we had such a nice talk. The whole of that evening had shaped so wonder-

¹ Leo Tolstoy's eldest son.

² " Tanya, get down, it is not nice for a young lady to sit with the coachman."

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

fully. He was different to what I had known him before. I told him about our childhood, about Pokrovsk, and how I got lost in "Switzerland." You remember? Sonya and Petya * had also lost their way and cried, but I wandered about a long time. It was frightening to be alone but at the same time it was pleasant. When I got home Sarah scolded me. The Nikolsk peasants had shown me the way home. We spoke about hunting. He again asked me about Anatole, but I said, "Don't spoil this evening; don't speak about that," and he did not mention it again.

Oh, Object, if only I could strike that time with Anatole out of my life.

We sat a long while, and the rain still poured down and I did not feel sleepy. A lamp was lit, the storm passed, but we still found things to talk about.

How I wish you knew him. He is such a wonderful man, and Leo loves him very much. But sometimes I feel uncomfortable with him in a way and fear to say something foolish; but it was not so that evening at Pirogovo.

Good-bye. Write, and don't show anyone this letter.

TANYA.

V

September was approaching and my uncle Sergius was obliged to go for three months to his Kursk estate, to see to his farm there and to hunt.

On the day of his departure Tanya went to the uninhabited and detached wing, which was used as a school-house, to fetch some books, and my uncle Sergius followed her.

They went upstairs and entered a large well-lit room, and the sound of their footsteps could be heard clearly all over the house.

They walked in silence and seemed to be absorbed in the same thoughts, which they could not, and had no right to, express.

There were two large book-cupboards in the room. A long and high school table was standing close to one of them. Chairs were ranged along the walls.

¹ Her brother and sister.

THE ORIGINAL OF " NATASHA "

" I must be quick and choose the books," Tanya said, " or it will be too dark to distinguish anything.*"

Her words sounded as if she had prepared them, as if she knew that something important, unusual, something she dreaded yet passionately longed for, would happen, and that meanwhile she was trying to damp it down with talk, even of a trivial kind.

Uncle Sergius moved a chair to the table for her and said :

" Please choose a book for me too, to read on my journey.*"

" What kind ? " Tanya asked.

" Whatever you like. I will trust to your taste."

As the cupboard was high and she had to climb on the table, Tanya jumped from the chair on to the table, and opening the top doors of the cupboard, started choosing out old numbers of the Russian magazine, *The Contemporary*, and handing them down to Uncle Sergius.

Neither of them spoke.

The sun had quite set behind the old oak forest. Everything was quiet in the house and outside, except for a bluebottle that flew against the window-panes.

" How strange he is to-day," Tanya thought, " so silent and restless. . . . If that big fly crawls upwards,*" she said to herself, " then *it* will happen!"

She looked fixedly at the window. The fly crawled upward.

" What are you thinking about ? " he asked.

" Oh, nothing. Will you take a magazine, or shall I choose some book ? " she asked, turning towards him.

" Whatever you like," he said, coming close to where she stood.

" We must go back as soon as possible," she said. " Leo and Sonya will not be pleased at our having come away together."

She was about to step down on to the chair, but Uncle Sergius sat down on it.

She chose two books, locked the cupboard, and said, **laughing:**

"How am I to get down? Let me pass or I'll jump down."

"No, you mustn't. It's too high. You would hurt yourself. Step down by the chair," he said softly but firmly, without getting up.

Involuntarily yielding to his decided tone, Tanya carefully put her foot on the very edge of the chair. "What am I doing? It won't do," flashed through her mind, but it was too late. She lost her balance, dropped the books, swayed, and would have fallen to the floor, had Uncle Sergius not caught her.

Her great fright and his excitement must have evoked the declaration which had long since ripened in his mind.

Tanya's presentiment had not deceived her; that "important" thing in her life happened. Uncle Sergius proposed to her. She was seventeen. At that happy moment she was not conscious of the complications his fifteen years' attachment to his family, and his age—he was then thirty-eight—brought in their train. Of his family she knew no one except Grisha. All she was conscious of was that he loved her and they must part for three months, and tears of joy mingled with the grief of parting.

Uncle Sergius told his brother all about it, and Tanya told her sister, from whom she never concealed anything. It was decided to postpone their wedding for a year, in view of her youth and to arrange their affairs.

Tanya received this decision as if it were a judge's sentence, but submitted to it without a murmur. She, as it were, resolved to be firm and to live quietly at Yasnaya. Thanks again to Sonya's cordial kindness and Uncle Leo's wisely cautious attitude this did not seem to her difficult.

War and Peace reads :

"A whole year I" Natasha repeated suddenly, only now realizing that the marriage was to be postponed for a year. "But why a year? Why a year? . . ."

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THE ORIGINAL OF NATASHA"

Prince Andrew began explaining the reason for this delay. Natasha did not hear him.

" And can't it be helped ? " she asked.

Prince Andrew did not reply, but his face expressed the impossibility of changing that decision.¹

VI

I remember staying at Yasnaya Polyana that autumn and spending Sonya's name-day there. A regiment was encamped in the vicinity, and Yunosha, the Colonel, and some officers of the regiment, including G. A. Kolokoltsev, whom we had known from childhood, used sometimes to visit the Tolstoys.

Uncle Leo, wishing to give Sonya a surprise, invited the regimental band to Yasnaya for her birthday, and asked us to keep this secret. There were many preparations ; the dinner table on the veranda was decorated with nosegays. We were all dressed in light, elegant, white dresses. Sonya herself looked bright and festively radiant, like that hot, cloudless day. During dinner the music suddenly started. They were playing the Overture of *Fenclla*. The band was hidden in the avenue.

At the first sound Sonya's face brightened with joyful astonishment and tears of emotion even rose to her eyes. I seem now to see her : young, handsome, and animated. Uncle Leo did not take his eyes off her, and seemed to be not less moved than she was by her almost childlike joy.

After dinner, as many young men and we girls were there, a dance was started. Everybody danced, from Uncle Leo and the stout Colonel Yunosha down to all of us.

In the sixth figure of a quadrille the band struck up the " Kamarinski " * and Uncle Leo called for someone to dance

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. ii, p. 177. World's Classics series.

² A very lively Russian dance.

the Russian folk-dance, but all stood silent. Then he turned to Kolokoltsev with the words :

" Come, now do the Russian dance for us. How can you stand still ? "

The band played more and more enticingly.

" Now then ! Now then ! " urged Uncle Leo.

Kolokoltsev took a resolute step forward, and making a gliding circle, stopped before Tanya.

I noticed her hesitation, and felt frightened for her. Her face expressed rapturous determination, and suddenly setting one arm akimbo and raising the other, she glided with light steps towards Kolokoltsev.

Someone threw her a handkerchief, and she, catching it in the air, and forgetful of all around, danced as if she had never done anything else.

War and Peace says :

But the spirit and the manner were those inimitable and unteachable Russian ones that " Uncle " expected of her.¹

We were all enraptured. I myself, as I listened to that alluring music of Glinka's, wanted to join them but had not the courage.

Life was gay, care-free, and young then.

In autumn hunting began. Uncle Leo, who was passionately fond of hunting, used often to hunt with borzois, often even in distant fields. Tanya nearly always accompanied him. It was her favourite amusement. She used to say : " Hunting draws one closer to nature, which I love so passionately." My sister Lisa and I used to accompany the hunt too on horseback or, more often, driving.

Tanya and I were specially fond of the country in autumn : that bright colouring of the woods on sunny days, when the yellow leaves dropped from the trees, slowly circling in the air as they fell.

² *War and Peace*, vol. ii, p. 221. World's Classics series.

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I shall not describe the hunt itself. My uncle has described it more than once. I will only say that a successful chase aroused genuine joy in the hunters, which expressed itself by general talk, laughter, and by piercing screeches or shouts from Tanya, as she flew far across the fields.

In *War and Peace* comes the description :

By her screech she expressed what the others expressed by talking all at once, and it was so strange, that she would herself have been ashamed of so wild a cry and every one else would have been amazed at it, at any other time.¹

Sonya could only occasionally go with us, as she could not leave her baby.

On October 15, 1863, the Tsarevich Nicholas was expected in Tula. The nobility were giving a ball and the marshals of the nobility, P. F. Samarin, Raevski and others, came to Yasnaya Polyana and told us of the preparations for that ball.

Sonya, wishing to give her sister a treat, asked Uncle Leo to take Tanya to the ball. She could not go herself as she was not well, but she took on herself the arrangement of Tanya's airy toilet. On the day of the ball Tanya went to her Aunt Pelageya in Tula, dressed there for the ball, and drove to the house of Baroness Mengden who had offered to chaperone her.

I do not know much about that ball, but I have heard that it was a success.

There, in the suite of the Tsarevich, Uncle Leo met many old acquaintances who gathered round him, but Tanya knew nobody there. During the polonaise she stood beside a column with a lady relation of hers, ready to cry because she was not dancing, and even when a valse was started, she could not dance without knowing any of the men. But Uncle Leo meeting young Prince D. D. Obolensky there, whom he had long known, introduced him to Tanya, and the

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. ii, p. 214. World's Classics series.

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Prince in turn introduced others to her, so that she danced the whole evening and enjoyed it immensely.

In *War and Peace* it says :

Natasha felt this family meeting to be humiliating here at the ball—as if there were nowhere for family chat except on such an occasion . . . and was ready to cry that it was not she who was dancing that first turn of the valse. . . . Prince Andrew asked her to valse. That tremulous expression on Natasha's face, prepared for either despair or rapture, suddenly brightened into a happy, grateful, childlike smile.¹

Tanya wrote to Polivanov :

I will begin at once by saying that I have been to a ball at the Assembly Hall in Tula, given in honour of the Tsarevich. I went with Leo and the Baroness Mengden. At first I almost cried. It was dull. I knew no one but Olga Islenyev, and was not dancing. Then Leo introduced partners to me, and so did Obolensky, and then I enjoyed myself very much and danced a lot.

I wore a white tarlatan dress trimmed with puffs, and a white silk tunic. The flowers in my hair and on the bodice were white lilies and roses with dewdrops on them, and a blister beetle (that is the latest fashion). That was my toilet, if you can understand anything about it.

Another enjoyment is coursing hares with borzois. I go every other day with Leo, sometimes as much as thirty miles. We go to his sister Mary's in Pirogovo. It is a pleasure such as I never experienced before.

At the end of November Uncle Sergius returned from his travels and came straight to Yasnaya Polyana. After a joyous meeting with him, Tanya had to return to her parents in Moscow.

Her life at home seemed to her colourless. She pined. Moreover her father was against her marrying Uncle Sergius, saying that the difference in their ages was too great, and above all that he was not a free man.

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. ii, p. 150. World's Classics series.

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Uncle Leo wrote to her :

Play Chopin and sing, keep yourself tuned up and well in hand, so that whatever befalls you—joy or sorrow—it will find you stout-hearted. One cannot say "be happy," but don't be a rag, and be gentle. The worst thing I have noticed about you is that when you are sad at heart you become harsh and hard on others. That is not well. Forgive this moral lecture. I am so fond of you that I don't hide a single thought from you.

In another letter he wrote to her :

Yesterday I watched the birth of the new moon, and I found these words in aunt's calendar : "*AujourThui Uon et sa femme sont partis pour Moscow, accompagnis de Ia chere Tanya.*"¹ You are always *chere* to me, but then you became still "*cherer*," as often happens without any evident cause. Yet you say I am your enemy. Your enemy is the score of years I have lived longer than you. I know that whatever befalls you, you must not let yourself go, but must keep the same fervent, energetic character as when you are happy, and the same unyielding nature when unhappy. . . . I don't know anything, and don't wish anything definite, though I love you both with the whole strength of my soul. What will be best for you both—God alone knows, and you should pray to Him.

Tanya wrote to Polivanov :

Why are the best years of my life being uselessly wasted ? It is dull and hard. Sometimes I despair of being able to bear it all. At other times I don't know what is happening to me : I feel so strangely happy, and feel something very good—a flow of love, strength, energy for anything, and my voice becomes so strong and clear when I sing, and in my soul I feel such faith in God. My hands grow cold, while I glow all over and experience a wonderful feeling. But I can't describe what happens to me. It is so short-lived. It flashes past and vanishes.

¹ "To-day Leo and his wife started for Moscow, accompanied by dear Tanya."

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VII

Spring came, and with the rebirth of nature Tanya's spirits once more burst into bloom. She went to Yasnaya, where her sister and my uncle Leo urgently invited her. Uncle Sergius had just returned from abroad, where he had been with his sister, my mother.

Contrary to the terms decided on, he and Tanya met before the year was up. He resumed his frequent visits, and at the very beginning of June he told his brother that he meant to get married there in the Kursk province, and from there to go abroad without saying anything about it to the companion of his life, Marya Mikhaylovna. When this had been decided on, preparations were begun for travelling in a *dormeuse* (a carriage arranged so that people can sleep in it), getting their baggage ready, and so on. Sergius spent every day at Yasnaya Polyana. Tanya gave herself up heart and soul to happiness. It seemed that all the hidden power of her love had blossomed and ripened during the previous long months. But Marya Afanasevna, their old nurse, hearing about these preparations, reminded them that it was the Petrov Fast, and one could not get married. This necessitated another delay, painful to both.

Uncle Sergius continued coming to Yasnaya Polyana, but it was growing difficult to keep his intentions secret from Marya Mikhaylovna. She herself noticed the change in him, and various rumours reached her from outside. At last Uncle Sergius told her, as of a thing finally decided, that it was necessary for him to part from her and that he had begun arranging his financial affairs. They had three children.

But whenever he came to Yasnaya after he had spoken to Marya Mikhaylovna, Tanya noticed that he was meditative and sometimes very anxious, though he continued to be tender and very attentive to herself.

" What is the matter with him ? What is it ? " she asked herself with painful stubbornness when going to bed, getting up in the morning, or wandering with him in the garden.

She lost her spiritual tranquillity. She could not cry, but looked with dry glittering eyes into his face, trying to read in it that incomprehensible something that was slowly bearing away her happiness.

And he, suffering no less than Tanya, said to my mother (his sister) when he came to see us : " Masha, what am I to do ? I love Tanya so deeply, yet when I go to Tula and see Marya, her woebegone look and her uncomplaining submissive grief, my soul is torn to pieces. Once I went to tell her of my final decision to marry Tanya and, when I opened the door, I found her kneeling, all in tears and praying so pathetically that I could not speak."

Uncle Sergius was a warm-hearted man who knew how to love. My mother did not know what to say to him. She loved Tanya, and felt that owing to her youth she did not understand or realize that he was bound to his family by an attachment of sixteen years standing. She consoled him as best she could.

Tanya knew nothing about this conversation, and Uncle Leo, seeing that she did not know, called her into his study and gave her a full account of his brother's family life with his three children, telling her of his attachment to his family, and reading to her his brother's last letter, in which he described his state of mind.

Tanya, having listened to it without a word and without a tear, went to her room. No one knew what she had decided on.

In the evening she brought a letter she had written to Uncle Sergius. She wrote that she gave him back his word, that she had not realized that she was parting him from his family. She wrote that she loved him, but would never under any circumstances marry him.

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Uncle Leo's opinion of Tanya's **action is shown in his letter to her** parents.

What can be added to this wonderful letter ? It is **all** true **and** comes from her heart, and it is all beautiful. I not only always admired her high spirits but also felt her wonderful soul, and she has now shown it by her magnanimous and lofty action, of which I cannot speak or think without tears.

He is completely, inexcusably, in the wrong.

He should first have completely, entirely finished everything in Tula. It would be less painful for me if he were not my brother. She, with her honest, passionate, and energetic nature, could not do otherwise. It cost her terribly much, but she has the greatest consolation in life, that of knowing that she has acted well

Whether it will turn out for the best or not, no one can **tell**. It always seemed to me, and now more than ever, that he is not worthy of her. God grant her strength to endure it. The first day was very trying ; she ate nothing, did not sleep, and cried all the time. Now she has fallen asleep for the first time, and to-morrow we are going to Nikolsk. Tanya's action will show him what he has lost in her.

One thing I know is that they must not meet until he is quite free. But her decision seems serious, and that is what makes it so pathetic. She has several times to-day repeated : " No, I won't marry him on any account."

This determination of hers came quite suddenly and unexpectedly : from a child she has turned into a woman, and a splendid woman.

I don't know how you will both look at it, and I am afraid of your grief and of your reproaches. Say all you think.

But there is no excuse for grief. With such a heart she cannot remain unhappy.

Good-bye; I await your reply with a sinking heart.

After receiving Tanya's letter Uncle Scrgius wrote a long reply, asking her not to give him back his word, and saying that time would smooth everything out ; that he loved **her** as much as ever, and that by her love she had given him, **beggar** that he was, millions, and now wished **to take them back**.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA"

Then Uncle Sergius went to see my mother in Pokrovsk, and asked her to persuade Tanya not to decide hastily. But my mother advised him not to ask her to do this, as Tanya's decision, once she had taken it, was so firm and unalterable that she would certainly not agree to alter it.

That nothing should remind Tanya of those hard days, Sonya and Uncle Leo decided to go with their whole family to their other Tula estate, Nikolsk.

VIII

Uncle Leo again wrote to Tanya's parents. The letter was not dated, but I know it was written about the middle of June 1864.

I am writing to you from Nikolsk, where we have been living for three days. I cannot prevent my heart from sinking when I think of you, as I don't know what view you take of this affair and what you are thinking and saying about it. The matter is quite settled. Hard as it is for Tanya and for all of us, in the depth of my soul I cannot help feeling a secret gladness that a lesser misfortune has saved us from a greater one.

As soon as I reached Nikolsk I drove over to Pokrovsk to see my brother. I saw him for the last time, I think, before he leaves for Tula. Our plans are to stay here for a month or six weeks, in a place new to Tanya and near people she likes : the Dyakovs, my sister Mary, and her children.

Now I come to what interests you most : she is pathetic to the last degree, gentle and sad. The first two days she frightened us, but now at least I am relieved about her health. I am decidedly hopeful that she will grow tranquil, and that this time everything will pass well and completely. She has still so much before her, with her fine nature and heart.

For her health, Sonya and I have decided to get her to drink kumys with me.¹

Our further plans are as follows :

. In August we will return to Yasnaya and stay there for a month.

¹ A preparation of fermented mare's milk, much esteemed for its salutary effects.

In September we will move to Moscow for a month's stay, which I will use to get the second part of my novel¹ published, and then we will go abroad, to Rome or Naples, of course with Tanya if you will again entrust her to us and not rebuke us for having taken bad care of her. I fear and foresee that you will blame me in your hearts. Please speak it all out. But really, fate was to blame for it all. It was God's will, and I can't help thinking that what we now call a disaster we may very soon consider a blessing.

Good-bye; write soon. I don't know whether Sonya will add a postscript, but she thinks the same as I do about what I have written, only with a tinge of very just anger against my brother. But I am older than she, and he is my brother.

I blame him, and should not like to be in his place, with such an action on my soul. *Tout comprendre c'est tout par dormir*. He is to blame for thoughtlessness, and for not having broken off former ties before making a promise. Afterwards he suffered not less, but even more than she did. The last time I saw him he again said to me : " All I ask is for time to arrange and settle everything." But we and Tanya felt with irritation that it is beyond his strength to break off from the past. He is guilty of this and cannot be excused, but that was Tanya's business.

How I would like not to write to you but to see your dear faces before me ; then you would understand me, but as it is I am getting involved like a culprit. Good-bye.

To explain Tanya's parents' views about the matter I will quote two letters, one from her father, the other from her mother, in answer to the one in which she told them of her decision.

Her father wrote :

July 3, 1864.

DEAR TANYA,

Don't imagine that your last letter has grieved me : on the contrary, I was glad to find such strength of character and such a noble honest nature in you, which has not delayed expressing itself on the first opportunity. I greatly approve your conduct, and thank you for your action.

Think how much good you have done by your refusal. You

¹ *War and Peace*. .

THE ORIGINAL OF "NATASHA

have obliged a man to bethink himself, who, carried away by passion and forgetting his obligations, was on the road to render two women unhappy. You have saved him from endless remorse, and have yourself avoided becoming the tool with which he would have struck down that unfortunate woman and her children.

I said more than once to you, my dear, that there was a barrier between you which you could never break down.

I understand, darling, that it is very hard for you now, but you may be sure that time will make everything smooth.

Don't be upset, you have still a long future before you. And don't imagine that all this will injure you in the eyes of the world. You may rest assured that it will not enter anyone's head to blame you. We, your parents, are more likely to be blamed. You will only be pitied.

A little later her mother wrote to Tanya at Nikolsk :

MY POOR LITTLE TANYA,

You could hardly believe how sorry I was for you when I read your letter. After such joy, suddenly such sorrow ! But I also admired you for being such a kind and good little girl. Your action has raised you much in my opinion and has made me love you more than ever. Go on being good, don't yield too much to grief, show consideration for those around you, pray to God, put your trust in Him, believe that everything happens for the best, and that your good actions will not be unrewarded. You are still so young, and there are many good people in the world. I imagine that Sergius is fond of his Marya and she of him, and in that case we must thank God that this wedding has not taken place.

The day after I had Sonya's letter, in which she told me that he was going to Tula to explain matters to Marya Mikhaylovna, I went to the Troitsa Monastery to pray for you, and maybe the Lord heard my prayer and has saved you from an unhappy life.

IX

The Nikolsk estate was about seventy miles from Yasnaya Polyana. There was at that time no railway there, and the journey, partly by the high road and partly by country roads,

the necessity of spending a night at an inn, and the children, of whom Sonya had two now, occasioned no little trouble and difficulty.

I can't describe that journey as I did not go with them, but I know that they travelled in three carriages with their servants, their belongings being loaded on carts. We were very glad of their arrival. Our estate, Pokrovsk, is about thirty miles from Nikolsk, and fortunately we were staying at Pokrovsk that summer.

Nikolsk is a very beautiful estate in a hilly district, with a river winding through a forest not far from the house.

This estate passed (till the Revolution) into the hands of Leo Tolstoy's eldest son Sergius.

In former times the house was a small one, but after Uncle Leo's death the house and garden became unrecognizable ; both were added to, and were roomy and handsome. I was there in later years with Sonya and Tanya, and we tenderly recalled our youth.

Their move to Nikolsk with the children took place in the middle of June.

Dear, active Sonya took charge of everything. She arranged her own, her husband's, her children's and Tanya's rooms, and thought of everything. Tanya took hardly any part in anything, nor would Sonya have let her.

Tanya's life seemed to have frozen up. She sat whole days motionless, with her eyes fixed on one spot. She did not speak to anyone, and replied unwillingly to questions. She abandoned her singing ; but her favourite horse, Whitelip, sometimes carried her away somewhere into the forest, where she knew she would not meet anyone, and where she gave way to her tears.

In *War and Peace* her mental condition is described as follows:

She not merely avoided all external forms of pleasure—balls, promenades, concerts and theatres—but she never once laughed

without tears being noticeable behind her laughter. She could not sing. As soon as she began to laugh, or tried to sing by herself, tears choked her : tears of remorse, tears at the recollection of those pure times which could never return, tears of vexation at having uselessly ruined her young life which might have been so happy.¹

Tanya wrote to Polivanov :

It is strange that I want to come out of myself here and to be cheerful, but can't possibly do it. I try to sing, and instead of song the result is tears. When will this come to an end ? I can't see any end.

When Uncle Leo said to her jokingly, after their neighbour V——or someone else had called : " Tanya, what has become of your coquetry ? Come, give us a dash of the past I " she would smile, shake her head, and listlessly reply :

" I can't. All men are now just the same to me as our old nurse Trifonovna."

War and Peace tells us :

She lost all impulse towards coquetry, and did not even need to restrain herself. She said and felt at that time that no man was more to her than Nastasya Ivanovna, the buffoon.*

After a while Uncle Leo again wrote to Tanya's father, in July of that year :

MY DEAR FRIEND, ANDREY EVSTAFYEVICH,

I should like to tell you much that is interesting and pleasant about our life, but our poor Tanya stands in the foreground both for you and for me. She is still just as sad, quiet and apathetic, and lives in that past which seems to her so dreadful. As I understand her, she continually recalls those moments which she thought so full of happiness, and then always asks herself: " Can it be that that is all finished ? " And she wavers between love and anger. Only love for another can banish this love ; but

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. ii, p. 412. World's Classics series.

² Ibid.

how? When will it come? Heaven only knows. It is impossible to help her. One has to wait patiently, and that we are doing.

She is kind, gentle, submissive, and one pities her all the more and would do anything to help her, but there is no way of helping her. She seldom—hardly ever—takes up her guitar. And then, if one importunes her to sing, she will sing a little in a subdued voice, and immediately breaks off. It is a consolation that her health is still good, though she has changed in a way that particularly strikes those who do not see her every day as we do.

I hope much from the autumn. First, from the passing of the hot, oppressive summer, which disposes one to dreaminess, and secondly, from the hunting, and thirdly, from a complete change of place. If it were not for this common family sorrow, we should be very well satisfied with our summer. Having finished drinking the waters, I started on my excursions. The first one was to Dyakov, and then with him to Shatilov in Makhovoe. I am sure that is the most remarkably administered estate in Russia, and he himself is one of the kindest, simplest, and most knowledgeable of men.

He entertained us very well, and that visit has still further stimulated my agricultural projects. . . .

I was asked by Kireevski for the 25th of July, but ill-health hindered me, and to-morrow I shall take the whole family to my sister Mary's, and shall not go to Kireevski before the 27th.

Good-bye, with kisses to you all.

L. TOLSTOY.

X

A few miles from Nikolsk there was a big estate called Cheremoshnya, belonging to Dmitri Alexeevich Dyakov, a large landowner and an excellent fellow we were all very fond of. He had been acquainted with the Tolstoys when Leo and his eldest brother were in Kazan, at the University there, and he was particularly friendly with Uncle Leo.

He had one daughter, a girl of eleven. He was of the type of landowners of the eighteen-forties. A serf-owner at heart, well educated, and a model farmer. I seem to see him now, sturdy, fair-haired, broad-shouldered, well over the average

height, with a face that expressed the kindliness and humour of his nature.

His wife, Darya Alexandrovna, whom they called Dolly, was tall, thin and elegant. She did not like the country or farming, and was very delicate, so that they often went abroad for the winter.

It was to this family that Uncle Leo and Aunt Sonya brought Tanya, hoping to divert her. And in fact the fresh people and different surroundings did enliven her. They gave her a most cordial and warm-hearted welcome, and she became particularly friendly with Dolly.

That winter they did not go abroad, and would not hear of Tanya, whom they spoilt as if she were a little child, leaving them.

It was a matter of indifference to Tanya where she spent the winter ; she loved the country and had become wholeheartedly attached to the Dyakovs. But her youthful organism had received a severe shock. She grew visibly thinner and a dry cough she developed aroused serious fears.

She wrote to her friend :

It is very nice for me here. They are awfully dear people. They spoil me and love me as much as I love them. But I could not go hunting. I am unwell, I cough, and blood comes from my throat.

They waited on her and took great care of her, especially Dyakov himself. He was anxious about her, went to Orel to fetch a doctor, gave her drops at the right times, and quarrelled with her when she wanted to go tobogganing.

Tanya's father insisted that she should return home to undergo treatment, and Uncle Leo and Aunt Sonya took her back to Moscow in January. There the best doctors had a consultation, and diagnosed a commencement of consumption. She was treated for it but her health did not improve. She continued to fret, and did not go out visiting at all.

The novel says :

She was so ill that it was impossible to consider how far she was to blame for all that had occurred, for she did not eat or sleep, grew visibly thinner, coughed, and, as the doctors made them feel, was in danger.¹

Lent came, and the religious atmosphere surrounding her reached her ailing spirit. She began to fast, and asked her mother's permission to prepare for Holy Communion. This preparation is described in detail in *War and Peace*.

Her mother, worn out by her child's grief and thinking that prayer would help her, agreed to her doing so.

Tanya attended the services with her nurse Vera, who had lived many years in their house. She did not miss a single service. She rose at five in the morning and went with the nurse to the Uspenski Cathedral in the Kremlin.

The cold spring air animated and invigorated her. The sleeping Kremlin in the light of morning, with the ringing of the Cathedral bells, stirred her feelings.

She prayed kneeling in a corner of the dark cathedral, entered into the meaning of the words of the prayers, repeated them with tears in her eyes, and bowing to the ground :

" Lord forgive me. I am a ' disuniter ' " (she had once heard her nurse employ that word when speaking to the maidservants, and had applied it to herself). " Forgive me, Lord; grant me forgetfulness and have pity on me," she prayed.

In *War and Peace* it says :

The Countess agreed to Natasha's wish . . .

Agrafena Ivanovna Belova used to come to wake Natasha at three in the morning, but generally found her already awake. . . . Natasha always stood beside Belova in the customary place, before an icon of the Blessed Virgin that was let into the back of the left choir ; and a feeling, new to her, of humility before something

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. ii, p. 409. World's Classics series.

great and incomprehensible, seized her when at that unusual morning hour, gazing at the dark face of the Virgin illuminated by the candles burning before it, and by the morning light falling from the window, she listened to the words of the service which she tried to follow with understanding.¹

The prayers to which she chiefly gave herself up were prayers of repentance.

Uncle Leo spent that Lent in Moscow with his wife, and of course knew all Tanya's spiritual struggle, and about her devotions.

Her mother had been right. These devotions were beneficial to her. A weight seemed to have fallen from her heart and she grew calm. Those of the household noticed the change in her, but her mother understood what a complicated labour had taken place in her mind and how she was gradually returning to life.

In *War and Peace* it says :

When she returned home after Communion, she for the first time for many months felt calm and not burdened by the life that awaited her.³

Tanya wrote to Polivanov :

Three doctors are still attending me. No capsules, drops, etc., can help. Oh, Lord, how is it possible not to understand that ? Leo alone understands. The weather is bad, and I have a stone weight on my heart.

Last week I communicated ; mama I am grateful to say allowed me to. Nurse woke me at five in the morning, and she and I went to the Uspenski Cathedral. Oh, how good it was : nearly dark, weird, fresh, and those beautiful bells. Nurse and I stand through all the services, only I felt ashamed to be seen crying. Lisa kept teasing me : " Tanya has turned into a cry-baby."

You ask about my singing. Do I sing ? I had given it all up, but a few days ago, on the day I had taken Communion, mama

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. ii, p. 415. World's Classics series

² Ibid.

kept asking me to sing. I tried to sing " The Mountain Heights " and papa came from his study to listen and said: " *Tanya a des larmes dans sa voix*"¹ I heard it and it was pleasant. But just then Petya ran in with a loud shout: " Maska has kittens 1 " (You know it's Nurse Trifonovna's pussy) and I was so startled that I began sobbing, and mama was frightened, and I myself shouted at Petya, " You fool 1 " and then remembered that I had been to Communion.

Leo keeps saying to me : " Get yourself attuned, be the former Tanya again," but I can't. I must forget that which occurred so recently. After all, to be engaged nearly a year, to be loved, to experience it all oneself, and then to renounce happiness ! Yet when Dmitri Alexeevich blamed him, it hurt me. He was speaking to me and to Leo, who listened to it all in silence.

Well, not another word about it. Mama and Lisa are going to a concert, but I have declined. I will sit with nurse and read *Roslavleva* * to her. She likes that very much.

XI

Spring had come and Tanya longed for the country. She received a letter from Darya Alexandrovna, in which they all insistently asked her to come. Darya wrote :

DEAR ONE,

Come to us. You were our joy and comfort. It is dull and wearisome without you. It is only to your sweet young nature that country life is not burdensome in winter, and I still wonder how you could find any pleasure in it and animate us old people besides by your presence.

Dmitri Dyakov himself wrote to Tanya :

DEAR TANYA,

You ought to be ashamed to imagine that we have forgotten you. Evidently you do not know, since you do not feel it, how fond we are of you and how often we think about you, and how we

¹ " Tanya has tears in her voice."

² *Roslavleva* is a story of Napoleon's invasion of Russia (the same subject as Tolstoy's *War and Peace*) by Zagoskin, a contemporary of Pushkin's

miss you. If however you require a proof, and care to see us in Cheremoshnya, drop a word, and almost before your letter arrives, I shall appear at Yasnaya But really, come and visit us. . . . It will be a kind action.

Tanya first went to Yasnaya Poly ana, and then to Cheremoshnya, where she was as gladly welcomed as before.

Life had once more asserted its rights ; her old liveliness returned to Tanya, though her former boisterous gaiety was gone for ever. It was a pleasant and merry summer at Cheremoshnya. My mother, my sister Lisa, and I went there often for long visits.

The large mansion with its garden and beautiful surroundings inclined one to all sorts of country pleasures. In the evenings my mother and Darya Alexandrovna sometimes played duets, and I still remember how they played some of Mozart's best symphonies. We arranged living pictures and charades in fancy dress, and all the " grown-ups " took part in them. The charades were chiefly arranged by my mother and Tanya. Uncle Leo and Sonya used to come, and added to the high spirits. When they wished to take Tanya back with them, her hosts would not let her go, and she stayed on at Cheremoshnya.

Towards autumn Darya Alexandrovna's health became worse, she grew visibly thinner and weaker. The house became depressing. Tanya, who was great friends with Darya Alexandrovna, often nursed her when she was ill.

The nature of their friendship is described in *War and Peace* as existing between Natasha and Princess Mary, though Darya Alexandrovna did not in the least resemble the portrait there given of the Princess Mary.

From that day a tender and passionate friendship, such as exists only between women, was established between Princess Mary and Natasha. They were continually kissing and using endearing expressions to one another, and they spent the greater part of their time together.¹

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. iii, p. 422. World's Classics series.

One day, kissing and caressing Darya Alexandrovna as usual, Tanya was trying to persuade her to go abroad for a cure.

But Darya Alexandrovna, looking earnestly at Tanya, said :
" Little one " (she often called her so), " when I die, marry Dmitri. Promise me. Give me your word ! "

Tanya fell on Darya Alexandrovna's neck.

" Dolly," she cried, " never say that to me ! Never ! "

These words greatly affected Tanya. " Is that possible ? And I am living with them !" she asked herself. She recalled a conversation she had once had with Dmitri Alexeevich one evening on the veranda, when he had asked her whether she could ever love again. She had told him that, having been engaged, it would hardly be possible for her to marry any other man. " Besides, who would marry me, knowing of my infatuation ? " added she with a blush.

" Were I young and free, I should think it was happiness to be your husband," he had replied in agitation. And he began to censure my uncle Sergius severely for his thoughtlessness towards her.

Tanya had told Uncle Leo of that conversation, but he did not seem surprised, and only said :

" Don't be disturbed, Dmitri loves his wife very much.*"

In *War and Peace* Pierre says to Natasha :

" If I were not I, but the handsomest, cleverest, and best man in the world, and were free, I would this moment ask on my knees for your hand and your love."¹

Towards the winter Tanya went home and Darya Alexandrovna was taken to Moscow. It was impossible for her to go abroad.

New troubles, like black clouds, were gathering above them. Darya Alexandrovna's condition was hopeless, and she died early in spring.

¹ *War and Peace*, vol. iii, p. 336. Wqrld's Classics series.

Her husband attended her unceasingly during her illness, and mourned deeply when she died. About a year later, Tanya again visited Yasnaya Polyana. There she learned that Alexander Mikhaylovich Kuzminsky had been transferred to Tula, and often came to Yasnaya Polyana, and that Dmitri Alexeevich did the same.

Everybody began to notice Dmitri's affection for Tanya, and to wish that she would marry that good and affectionate man.

Dmitri asked Uncle Leo's advice whether he should propose to Tanya, and Uncle said to him : " I advise you to hurry up, because I believe she is going back to her first love."

Tanya, with aching heart, as was always the case when she could not reciprocate the feelings of those who loved her, declined his offer through Uncle Leo, though she was very much attached to Dmitri Alexeevich.

In July of that year she married Alexander Mikhaylovich Kuzminsky.

Her first child was born in the first year of her marriage, and all her passion and love were turned towards her family. Influenced by Uncle Leo she considered the family to be a holy thing. During the first two years she did not go out into the world. Balls and finery appeared impossible to her. She was completely absorbed in her children and her husband. She nursed her children herself, remained awake for whole nights, and was almost morbidly attached to them. No one could understand how a girl like her could turn into such a woman ; but Uncle Leo said that passion could manifest itself in entirely different varieties of soil according to circumstances, and that he had not expected anything else of Tanya.

From that time onwards she regularly for twenty-three years spent the summer with her family at Yasnaya Polyana, where she established her household in the large, white, three-storied and detached wing of the Tolstoy's house.

I will now conclude this short biographical account **which** I have drawn up as well as I could from letters, diaries, my mother's statements, and from Tanya herself.

I will add only that till old age Tanya has kept alight within her that inner flame which helps one to live and to attract others. Our friendly relations with one another **have** not altered even now, and whenever she, I and Sonya met at Yasnaya Polyana, our old reminiscences, in which Uncle Leo sometimes took part, were endless.

TOLSTOY AND DICKENS

BY NIKOLAY APOSTOLOV

TOLSTOY AND DICKENS

THE interest Tolstoy felt in Dickens as a writer shows itself already in his very earliest works.

As far back as 1851 he was enchanted by *David Copperfield*. This is indicated by the remark in his diary September 2, 1852 : " How delightful *David Copperfield* is! " It may be surmised that he first read that novel in a translation which appeared in *Notes of our Fatherland* in 1851, for it was only in December 1853 that Tolstoy, presumably wishing to read Dickens's novel in the original, wrote to his brother, S. N. Tolstoy, " Buy me Dickens's *David Copperfield* in English, and send me *Sadler's English Dictionary*, which is among my books." Probably it was not easy for Tolstoy to read Dickens in the original, for at that time his knowledge of English was far from complete.

In 1905, when talking to friends at Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy happened to recall the " influence " Dickens had had on him when he began writing. He added that it was Stendhal who had, however, the " chief " influence on him, and that Dickens came next. When Tolstoy visited Western Europe the second time, he found himself in London, and though he " did not dare " to call on Dickens, he saw him lecturing. " I have seen Dickens in a large hall. He was lecturing on education. At that time I did not understand spoken English well, but only knew it theoretically—to read." Tolstoy expressed astonishment that Turgenev believed a certain critic who declared that Dickens was " artificial " and suffered from " mannerism." " Turgenev allowed himself to be deceived. Dickens was a genius such as is met with but once in a century, while his critic has long been forgotten," said he.

Once, in the Crimea, Tolstoy happened to have a conversation with the writer Elpatyev. The latter said that Dickens, among others, had had a great influence on him.

" So you, too, were influenced by Dickens ? " Tolstoy put in vivaciously. " Did you read him in Russian ? It comes out incomparably better in English. . . . On me he had a great influence, and was my favourite author. I read him through several times. And you ? "

I had only just re-read *The Pickwick Papers*, having previously read it I do not know how many times, and I told Tolstoy so. He brightened, doubled his leg under him, and settled down in his favourite position.

" Well, and whom do you like best of the characters ? "

I replied that Mr. Pickwick himself was the most charming gentleman.

" Of course. . . . But who among the secondary characters ? "

I like all the characters in *The Pickwick Papers* including the secondary ones so much that I hesitated, and then named Mr. Weller.

" The younger ? But I like the elder Weller—the father—best. You remember ? "

He thrust his hand into his pocket, which seemed bottomless, and in a killingly funny way went on fumbling in it, frowning, and said :

" You remember, first he drew out a string, then some straps, and only afterwards the money. . . . "

I never imagined that Tolstoy could laugh so loudly, merrily, and infectiously.

He recalled the Pickwickians' ride in the coach with the irresponsible Bob Sawyer ; then, with particular fondness, the Christmas in the country, at the house of the respected Squire, and the charming scene in the kitchen—and he jumped up cheerful and satisfied.

Dickens's portrait always hung (and of course still hangs) in the upper storey of the Yasnaya Polyana house, and everyone, from Tolstoy's relations down to his old servant Ilya Vasilich, looked on it as the picture of " the favourite author. "

A Tale of Two Cities, *The Chimes*, *The Pickwick Papers*, etc., were all read and re-read in Yasnaya Polyana by the members of the household and by visitors staying there.

Tolstoy himself was extremely fond of sometimes "treating" his visitors to Dickens. He used to laugh whole-heartedly when he related scenes from *Pickwick* or from other works by Dickens, and he imitated the characters in *The Mudfog Papers* very humorously, recalling the procession for which the drunkard Twigger, noted for "his unconquerable attachment to strong beer and spirits/" was dressed up in brass armour of gigantic dimensions, and so on.

In his daily life Tolstoy continually turned to Dickens, now quoting him as a literary model, now advising people to read him, now simply going into raptures about him. One day Dr. Makovitski, his friend and medical attendant, went to his room when he was ill, and found him reading *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

In conversation with all sorts of people, Tolstoy advised *A Child's History of England*, or related the contents of a story by Dickens he had just read, or read him aloud, and more than once referred to him as "a universal genius," "a true master of literary language," and so forth.

When the Publishing Company, "The Mediator," was being started, Tolstoy was concerned to find suitable material for it, and he first thought of the works of Dickens, which he wished that firm to adapt for the people. He insistently advised that they should start publishing "the whole of Dickens." "In him you will find much that is splendid—his short stories and novels." He mentions *Oliver Twist*, *Edwin Drood*, and others; and in a letter on February 22, 1886, he says, "Dickens interests me more and more. I have asked Orlov to translate *A Tale of Two Cities*, and I will ask Ozmidov to do *Little Dorrit*. *Our Mutual Friend* is delightful, but one must treat the original as boldly as possible, placing God's truth above the authority of the author. I would undertake

FAMILY VIEWS *tiF* TOLSTOY

***Our Mutual Friend* if it were not that I have something else to do, but it would be good if one of us did it."**

Countess Tolstoy, in a letter, told us :

My husband valued *David Copperfield* highly, and always spoke with approval of other works by Dickens. Thackeray he also read with pleasure, but I never heard him express an opinion of him.

But it is in *What is Art ?* that Tolstoy most definitely expressed his opinion of Dickens as an artist. Among **the** few examples he gives of the highest art, he mentioned *The Christmas Carol*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and to some extent, as examples of the best productions of art of the " upper classes," *David Copperfield* and *The Pickwick Papers*.¹

All the indication we find in Tolstoy's private letters and in the books published about him, show his undoubted and constant interest in Dickens. We should add that the external similarity between some pages of Tolstoy and Dickens certainly arose from serious inner causes. A slight swell on the surface of the sea is often an indication of stormy movements below.

In the works of Dickens, amid the manifold records of human thought and artistic expression, Tolstoy sympathized with the broad humanitarian attitude Dickens held towards life. The author of *Dombey and Son* not only moved Tolstoy the writer by his artistically idealistic prose, but touched Tolstoy the thinker by his morally educative and socially satirical interests.

In *What Then Must We Do?* (1886) Tolstoy declared with inspired fervour that " self-sacrifice and suffering will be the lot of a thinker and an artist, because their aim is the welfare of man. People are unhappy : they suffer and perish. There is no time to wait and refresh oneself. . . . Plump, self-satisfied thinkers and artists, enjoying themselves, do not exist." *

¹ See *Tolstoy on Art*, pp. 288 and 290. Oxford University Press, 1924.

² *What Then Must We Do?* pp. 323-4. World's Classics series.

Dickens seemed to Tolstoy a type of those writers who by their creations help to promote man's welfare. This was the "inner" side of their resemblance. Dickens's activity was at its height when Tolstoy's was just dawning and, as Tolstoy more than once acknowledged, Dickens exerted an influence on him; so that Tolstoy was not merely interested in Dickens but was under some obligation to him as an inspirer of his works. It is interesting to see to what extent this was so.

In Russia translations filled the big monthly magazines of those days, chiefly with versions of the English and French masters. But it was particularly Charles Dickens who crowded out and crushed the others by the size and importance of his works. Following Bulwer Lytton, he gained a popularity in Russia which rivalled his popularity in England and America. From *The Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist*, and onward to *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, and *Great Expectations*, nothing of his was omitted by the eager translators of the period.

This keen interest in Charles Dickens was at its height in the forties and fifties of last century. Together with Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and Bulwer Lytton's *The Caxtons*, *The Pickwick Papers* were published in 1850 in *The Contemporary*¹ and the following year the same magazine published *David Copperfield* which was given simultaneously by *The Muscovite*. This race for priority is ample proof of Dickens's popularity with Russian readers, and that popularity had full support from the Russian critics.

Belinski and Druzhinin, who were then chiefly responsible for the literary opinions prevalent in Russia, despite the difficulty of promptly discerning what was really valuable amid the swarm of novels that were then appearing, were prompt and cordial in recognizing the merits of Dickens.

In *A Letter from a County Town*, Druzhinin, while com-

¹ *Oliver Twist* had already appeared in book form in Russia in 1841.

paring the children created by Dickens with Dostoevski's *Netochka Nezvanova* and asking whether the Russian novelist (then only a beginner) had imitated Dickens, declared that "one need not be ashamed of imitating him," and added that "Dickens is a great artist." After reading *David Copperfield*, he summed up his profound veneration for Dickens :

The irresistible and noble force of the author of *The Cricket on the Hearth* and *David Copperfield* does not lie in his sly humour, as many imagine, nor in his ability to deal with a modern idea, nor in the fascinating presentation of his stories, nor even in his sympathy with our disasters and sorrows. That last conclusion would be true were it not one-sided. Dickens is really humane, but his humanity is not the exclusive humanitarianism that merges into mournful irony. The strength of Dickens lies in his soul, which is able to love as souls do that are singled out and pre-ordained by Providence to spread happiness, mirth, and good thoughts around them. We are all of us people belonging to some circle, though many of us laugh at "circles." We do not wish to know the human family in its whole manifold magnitude. We push towards those who are better, cleverer, or richer than we, and do not wish to know the very youthful, the very ridiculous, or the very insignificant. But for Dickens only one circle exists—all men and all things beloved of man, and as a result, how inexhaustible and multiform he is !

Having himself passed through a long and arduous school of life, Dickens, living during his boyhood and youth in the atmosphere of the Chatham Docks and dismal parts of London, developed in full measure a love for all that lives, and this feeling was deepened and received its literary shape by thought and by the meditative perusal of Smollett, Fielding, Cervantes (*Don Quixote*), Goldsmith (*The Vicar of Wakefield*), Defoe (*Robinson Crusoe*), Le Sage, *The Arabian Nights*, etc.

His tender sensitiveness towards his parents' poverty and towards all manifestations of social injustice, shaped his attitude towards public affairs in general, and he more than once

exerted an influence in the healing of social sores in Great Britain. It is justly claimed that thanks to his pen the debtors' prison in London, in which his father had been confined, a prison he described in *Little Dorrit* and *David Copper fields* was abolished. Thanks to the same pen great changes were effected in the type of Yorkshire schools vividly depicted in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Students of the works of Dickens have shown by a study of his life that the spiritual inheritance he has left, great as is its ardour and social importance, carries in it a fine reproduction of his personal experiences, and that many of his novels present fairly transparent pictures drawn from his own life. But (as with Tolstoy) his "autobiographical" works are very conditional, and are far from being simple copies of his own experiences, which are much obscured by artistic details and poetic inventions, so that in most cases only the general colouring of certain episodes in his life remain "autobiographic"—episodes he remembered as a man while engraving as an artist.

During Dickens's thirty-five years of literary activity (he was born in 1812 and died in 1870), many works came from his pen which aroused the conscience of society. In *Dombey and Son*, *Little Dorrit*, *David Copperfield*, *Hard Times*, and *Bleak House*, we find similar motives and see that Dickens, possessed as he was of a powerful creative temperament, could not depict the passions with an artistic aim and deal with man's psychology and his public and private life with interest or use them merely as material for the production of beautiful works, without being also actuated by the feelings of a seeker after truth.

Appraising the greatness of Dickens's creative efforts, one must class him among the elect who regard their art through the prism of its social-ethical importance. In this respect it is not difficult to draw a parallel between him and Tolstoy.

As fate would have it, the immediate aim of Dickens's

literary efforts was often to procure payment from his publishers, but the ultimate aim of his creative activity was always to act upon the mind of society and to produce works which would have a moral and intellectual influence on innumerable readers.

This aim was rapidly achieved by the author's ability to concentrate the essence of life, and to enchant the reader by his loving attitude to man, to nature, and to human suffering—which often went together with an idyllic and a humorous treatment.

This last element—humour—so characteristic of Tolstoy, is evident throughout Dickens, both in his novels and in his numerous letters ; but his humorous tone unquestionably springs from his sorrow ; his hidden joy is bound up in his unconcealable sorrow (as was the case with the author of *Childhood*). We know that he jests, that he always jests, that he jests on the eve of death—but how much of bitterness his jests enfold !

These two elements in the writings of Dickens—his interest in the welfare of mankind, and his humorous treatment even of matters that aroused his pity and profound indignation—made him specially attractive to Tolstoy.

Among Dickens's novels, *David Copperfield* particularly interests us because of the part it played in Tolstoy's literary development.

Written in 1849 and 1850 and published in separate parts, it is the most autobiographical of Dickens's novels. Outwardly it shines with artistic elegance, and it is also remarkable for the inner warmth and grace with which the author reveals a child's soul to us.

To find any evident instance of Tolstoy's dependence on Dickens or any other novelist is an impossible task, for the simple reason that, as far as we know, no such case exists. We have nothing to prove any definite and absolute influence of Dickens, or Topffer, or Sterne, or Stendhal, on Tolstoy,

nothing for example such as we have when examining the influence of Pushkin's early works on Lermontov—the former being a direct spring from which the latter slaked his creative thirst.

Apart from the fact that the word "influence" has no definite and fixed meaning, but is still one of the enigmas of the psychology of creative art, in the case of Tolstoy and Dickens we might more correctly speak of the homogeneity (of literary tastes, creative inclinations, and inspiring motives) of these two writers; the kind of homogeneity which existed between Pushkin and Chateaubriand, or between Lermontov and Byron. It would of course be enough to explain this homogeneity by saying that Tolstoy, during the early days of his artistic career, sought for "masters," literary educators, who might influence his literary moods more deeply than others and accord more fully (in content and form) to the themes that were ripening within him, as one in whom definite images and subjects were already maturing.

Tolstoy always affirmed the existence of this kind of link between himself and many models of universal literature of the middle of the last century, and in conversation with his friends often alluded to Stendhal and Dickens, as well as to the eighteenth-century Sterne, and other writers and thinkers.

His first published work, *Childhood*, as well as *Boyhood* and *Youth* which followed it, shows evident traces of the influence on Tolstoy of Dickens in general and of *David Copperfield* in particular.

It is sufficient to read those works to notice a general similarity in tone in the artless, graceful, genial, and slightly humorous, narration of Davy's and Nikolenka's lives. . . . The tender womanly care with which the heroes both of Tolstoy and of Dickens were surrounded, and the childish, egotistical whims and real griefs which troubled the course of their family lives, all show the kinship between the two stories. There are, moreover, scenes and passing episodes

and moods in Davy's and Nikolenka's lives, which **involuntarily challenge** comparison.

Of course Tolstoy was far from being an imitator. His psychological analysis arose from his personal talent and was based (as we now know) on many facts in the life of his family and in life in general, which served him as raw material. The difference of thought, and the depth of Nikolenka's "philosophizing," which distinguished him from Davy, are too evident and definite for us to suspect Tolstoy of any crude dependence on the English novelist whom he so respected.

It is well known that many relatives and intimates served the author as living models for the characters in *Childhood*. Countess S. A. Tolstoy (the great writer's wife) mentioned in a letter that:

All the types described in *Childhood* were taken from members of the Count Tolstoy's family and from that of Alexander Islenyev, my mother's father. It is he whom Leo Tolstoy describes in the chapters "Papa" and "What kind of man my father was." L. Tolstoy did not remember his mother, who died before he was three. Besides my grandfather, he describes Madame Koperwein, a Swede by marriage, the governess of my grandfather's daughters (my mother among them). Her nickname was Mimi. Her daughter lived with her, and is called "Katenka" in *Childhood*. My grandfather's second wife, *La belle Flamande*, is described in *Youth*. Karl Ivanovich and St. Jerome were the tutors of the Tolstoy boys, but Karl Ivanovich's real name was Theodore Ivanovich and St. Jerome's, St. Thomas. Natalya Savishna was a serf of the family's. Lyuba is L. Tolstoy's sister Mary. "Grandmother" is L. Tolstoy's father's mother, and Prince Ivan is Prince Gorchakov, a relative of hers. Princess Korna, with the large family of daughters, is another relative of the Gorchakovs. Sonya is Sonya Kaloshina, who never married, and who was L. Tolstoy's first love as a boy.

Tolstoy was therefore chiefly concerned to convey feelings he had experienced and to do so by describing people such

as **he had** known **personally**. One must **not exaggerate the influence** exerted on him by the English writer, **but nevertheless** an influence was exerted the effect **of which can be** discerned in many passages.

Dickens's hero, who is absorbed in recollections **of his** mother and of the surroundings of his childhood, calls to mind the minutest circumstances of daily life which impressed themselves on his young mind: the ground floor, the top floor of the house, the backyard and the pigeons, the long passage, and the tremendous perspective it presented to him; a storeroom opening out of it with tubs and old tea-chests in it, and its smell of soap, pepper, coffee, and candles—all these things implanted themselves in Davy's mind, as the dressing-gown and tasseled smoke-cap of Karl Ivanovich, his watch with the picture of the Jager, his snuff-box, the snuffers, and Natalya Savishna's blue trunk "with thousands of things in it", did on the mind of Tolstoy's Nikolenka.

Little Davy recalls the churchyard, the family pew in the church, the parishioners who had lately died, and the doctor who attended them. From the doctor "my mind turns mechanically to the pulpit and to various other objects. . . . My eyes gradually close, the dim sounds no longer reach my ears. A minute or two after, I fall off the seat." While reading about crocodiles and rattlesnakes, Davy, already tired out, risked falling into the natural slumbers of childhood as he sat in front of Peggotty, "but I would have died rather than gone to bed." "Sleep overpowered me so that I gradually reached that stage of sleepiness when Peggotty seemed to swell and grow immensely large."

This dreamy condition of a boy fills a significant page in Tolstoy's tale also. Nikolenka, having had his fill of romping, falls asleep while his "Mama" is talking. "My eyes dim with sleepiness, I gaze intently at her face, and suddenly she seems to me tiny, tiny; her face is no bigger than **a button**. 'You **will fall** asleep again, Nikolenka; you had **better go**

upstairs.' 'I don't want to sleep, Maman,' you answer, and dim sweet fancies rise in your imagination. Childhood's healthy sleep closes your eyes, and in a few moments oblivion comes and you sleep till someone wakes you." The matter ends by mama's again waking Nikolenka and carrying him, half unconscious, to his room, where he falls asleep crying with joy and love for mama. Davy and Nikolenka call to mind in these touching pictures the moments of leaving their childhood's shelter, and the parting from their mothers. As they start on their way they gaze till the last at the spot where the parting scene has taken place and they got into the vehicles. Davy intently watches his mother who continues to stand by the roadside, and in the same way Nikolenka watches his mama who stands on the path and follows him with her eyes: a trifling detail, but characteristic of the nature of both writers.

Nikolenka's relations with Sonya remind one clearly of the natural childlike playful love which Davy feels for Little Em'ly. The torments of egotism which Nikolenka and Davy suffer when subjected to corporal punishment are depicted with similar clearness in each case. When, holding Davy's head "as in a vice", Murdstone strikes him, Davy catches between his teeth the hand with which Murdstone holds his switch, and bites it through. "Then he was gone, and the door locked outside, and I was lying, fevered and hot and torn and sore and raging in my puny way, upon the floor." Nikolenka experiences in the main the same hopeless torments after St. Jerome has flogged him with a rod.

The state Davy is in after his mother's death and funeral has much in common with Nikolenka's suffering at his mother's death. Peggotty tells Davy about the last moments of his mother's life, how she invoked God's blessing on her children and always turned to Peggotty in her sufferings. Natalya Savishna recounts to Nikolenka her painful memories of his mother's death, of her prayer for her children and her great

physical sufferings. The feelings that had accumulated in the souls both of Davy and of Nikolenka after their mothers' funerals, when they were left to themselves and began to bring their disconnected thoughts into order, are interesting to compare.

After the funeral and Peggotty's sorrowful tale, Davy felt that "from that moment of my knowing of the death of my mother, the idea of what she had been of late had vanished from me. . . . The mother who lay in the grave was the mother of my infancy; the little creature in her arms was myself, hushed for ever on her bosom." Nikolenka thought after his mother's funeral, that "after such a misfortune everything must change/" but no, "we went to bed and got up at the usual time, in the same room, breakfast, tea, dinner, and supper, and everything, took place at the usual hours: tables and chairs stood in their old places, nothing in our manner of life had changed, only she was not there."

Of course such examples as the above of resemblances of the moods, thoughts and feelings of the hero of Tolstoy's tale and of Dickens's novel (many more such examples could be cited) are such as occur often enough in daily life, and it would be difficult for a writer to show any exclusive independence in his treatment of them.

The grief of a boy on losing his mother, his love of her, his realization of loneliness, the egotistic dreams of a child when leaving home, or the state of drowsiness before falling asleep are, one might think, all so well known and must be experienced in such a similar manner by innumerable present and future Copperfields and Irtenyevs, that we ought not to be misled by such resemblances (things could not have been otherwise than as Dickens and Tolstoy described them. Then where is the analogy?). And yet, not only is the colouring (an almost intangible thing) by which the above-mentioned events of childhood and the fluctuations of child-psychology are tinged, unquestionably similar (in their external expression)

in both works, but the characteristics of conduct and even **the** grouping of characters and the selection of facts of which whole chapters of *David Copperfield* and of *Childhood* consist, also prove in many ways that Tolstoy, perhaps almost unconsciously, drew an inspiration from *David Copperfield* which he had read with such enthusiasm.

To sum up : there can be no doubt that certain Western writers exerted an influence on Tolstoy, signs of which are especially noticeable in his earliest works. Among those writers, Dickens undoubtedly occupied a leading position.

**HOW MY FATHER AND I DEALT WITH
THE LAND QUESTION**

BY COUNTESS TATIANA TOLSTOY

HOW MY FATHER AND I DEALT WITH THE LAND QUESTION

MY father's love of the land and reverence for work on it were not only matters of principle, but were innate. Before the so-called ¹ change or break in his life he was passionately concerned with agriculture, improving it in all branches to the utmost of his power. He had always been in close contact with the peasants' work on the land, and often took personal part in it. When the "break" occurred, my father renounced possession of property either in money or in land. He wished to own nothing, and with characteristic ardour and passion strove with all his might to get rid of the burden that oppressed him.

This was not easy to accomplish—he had a wife and nine children, whom he had accustomed to the manner of life usual in the society to which he belonged.

My mother, who at eighteen had married a man her superior

¹ I write "so-called," because I do not consider that anything new was then born in my father's soul that had not been in it previously. All he expressed later in his religious and philosophic works had always existed in him, and had been often expressed in his diaries, his artistic writings, and his life. Only temporary pre-occupation with various interests—literary, family, material, and other—had hindered the complete manifestation of what was fundamental in his soul. But when a certain mysterious inner labour had accomplished itself and had filled his whole soul—it easily broke through that crust and threw it off. Without changing his course, till his death he firmly held to the activity he had felt drawn to early in life when he had written in his Diary: "A conversation about the Deity suggested to me a great, a stupendous idea, to the realisation of which I feel myself capable of devoting my life. This idea is the founding of a new religion corresponding to the present development of mankind."

in experience, age, social position and wealth, had been partly educated by him. She used, for instance, to tell how he did not allow her to travel second-class by rail, but only first-class. We children were educated and brought up most carefully. No less than five tutors and governesses lived in our house, and as many more, including a priest, visited us to give lessons. The boys were taught six, and I was taught five, languages, besides music, drawing, history, geography, mathematics, and religious instruction.

My father was opposed to our entering a secondary-school, and this applied even to his sons.

Almost from the birth of the first children it was decided that when the eldest son, Sergius, reached the age of eighteen we should move to Moscow, and Sergius would enter the University, while I, the eldest daughter—a year and a half younger than he—should be taken into society.

All went as arranged. My father wrote novels and occupied himself with estate-management ; my mother bore and nursed children, taught the eldest ones, copied out my father's writings, and controlled the household. Life flowed smoothly and happily. My father was head of the family, and to him every one submitted absolutely.

But then, in 1879, doubts began to torment him. What is the meaning of life ? Was he living as he should do ? Was he doing what he ought to for his own happiness and for that of others ?

These doubts and the intolerable mental sufferings he passed through in his search for the meaning of life, brought him at that time almost to the verge of suicide. He described it all with amazing power of truth in his books: *Confession*, *What I Believe*, and the unfinished story *Memories of a Madman*. I will not repeat them. But I will only say that the disturbance of his spiritual equilibrium was reflected in the family's whole way of life. My father was completely absorbed by the interests his new outlook on life opened up to him. New people, quite

strange to the family, began to interest him and to be interested in him.

Owing to the inertia of long-established custom my father not only did not immediately try to change the family's external way of life, but even in 1882 himself purchased and furnished a house in Moscow, in Weaver's Street. He also bought us a carriage, a calash, a droshky, and two sledges, and decided which three horses were to be brought for us from Yasnaya Polyana.

My eldest brother went to the University and I was taken into society—my father himself taking me to my first ball.

But little by little such a way of life became more and more unendurable to him. It became specially irksome to him to be a landed proprietor—and he invited the family to give away the whole of our property and live as peasants.

The family, with my mother at our head, not having travelled the path he had gone could not understand his motives, and were quite perplexed at the proposals made by him, the head of the family. For so many years he had led us in one direction—and suddenly everything was to be upset and we were to travel a quite new, unexplored road. Especially was my mother perplexed, grieved, irritated, frightened, and dismayed.

She could not see why we should abandon our way of life, in which she had been happy and which had arranged itself so fortunately. " We all love one another. He is loved and respected by us all. All submit to him and live happily with such a wise and loving guide. He is occupied with the literary work he loves ; it brings him the people's affection, and fame, and money ! What more is he looking for ? "

From the time his " ideas " began, as my mother expressed it, everything was spoilt. The children, seeing that their father no longer managed them, ceased to be submissive. The Government scented harmful influences, pricked up its ears and, though it did not decide to touch Tolstoy himself,

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exiled and imprisoned people who were in sympathy with him. Instead of a well-regulated happy family life—there was conflict, accompanied by tears and mutual reproaches. For whom, and why, was this wanted? And moreover—what right had he to demand of us a change in the way of life to which he had for years accustomed us? So argued my mother.

We children did not well understand what was going on, and only suffered from the disagreement between our father and mother. We saw that they were both suffering severely, and that they often wept. How to help matters was beyond us.

At last my father definitely announced that he did not wish to be a proprietor, and he offered my mother the whole property. She refused to take it. Then my father devised another way: he proposed that the property should be dealt with as though he were dead. The heirs should, as in the case of his decease, divide it among them.

So it was arranged. In 1891, in Passion Week, all my brothers assembled at Yasnaya Polyana to effect the distribution. In my diary, on May 13, 1891, I wrote:

Papa wished this, or else, of course, no one would have done it.

But even then I understood how hard it was for him. We three eldest children—Sergius, Ilya, and I—once went to my father's study to ask him to make a valuation of all his property. We knocked at the door—"Who is there?" "It is we, who have come to you. . . ." My father, without waiting for us to say what we wanted, quickly exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, I know . . . I must sign a renunciation of everything, in your favour. . . ."

He said that, because it was what was hardest for him, and he was impatient to throw off that burden as quickrjT as possible. I understood how hard it was for him to sign a

deed-of-gift disposing of what he had long not considered to be his own. By giving up his lands, house, and money, he, as it were, admitted that it was his property. Like a condemned man he hastened to thrust his head into the noose which he knew had been prepared for him, and we three, who stood before him, were that noose.

My father's property, which by the valuation he then made amounted to 580,000 roubles (about £58,000) was divided into ten equal parts, and distributed by lot between my mother and us nine children. This division pained us all very much. My heart ached at taking part in what distressed my father. I only did it hoping that this distribution would end many unpleasant quarrels and disputes in the family. My sister Masha¹ resolutely declined her share of the property.²

Every one has his own spiritual characteristics. There are people who decide everything quickly under the influence of a momentary impression without considering the consequences. Of such people N. Gusev in his book *Two Years With Tolstoy* quotes the following words of my father's, which well express my own thought:

One is always alarmed for a man who at once decides so hotly. He gives away his property . . . and afterwards, if his strength fails him, he does not condemn himself but condemns the teaching he had desired to follow ; he will say it is impracticable. . . .

Other people fear to trust their own strength, fear to trust their impressions, fear that they will change their convictions later on and repent of their actions, and therefore remain in their former conditions, burdened by them and ashamed of them.

¹ The pet name of Mary, Tolstoy's second daughter, who after Tatiana's marriage, and up to the time of her own death in 1906, was her father's chief helper and support, besides being a peace-maker in the family and trusted by all.—A. M.

² My mother nevertheless had the foresight to put this portion aside and gave it to Masha when she married and no longer refused it.—T. T.

I belonged to the latter class. I did not at all wish to take part in the distribution. It would at the time have been far easier for me to decline my inheritance than to accept it. But it is not in my nature to act under the impulse of the moment, and I decided first to consider my position and weigh my strength. In my diary at that time I wrote :

I envy Masha for not having taken part in the matter and for having declined to take her share. I have tried most conscientiously to consider how I should act and have come to the following decision : *In the first place* I have no right to refuse my part because I know that all the same they will set it apart for me and put it down to my mother's name, who will give me the revenue from it and will also look after me. *Secondly*, I have so many needs and am of so little use, that I shall be on somebody's neck and shall be burdensome to them. I must first of all learn to diminish my needs, and I shall always be able to part with the money. As yet I deal so badly with what I have and so often wish for more money, that how can I refuse my share ?

I then thought that it would be easier for me to diminish my needs and to part with my property than in reality it turned out to be. I argued in this way. The chief aim of my life should be to consume for myself as little as possible of the products of human toil, and to give as much as possible in exchange. If under a direct feeling of dislike I now refuse to take my share, it may happen—it is even sure to happen—that I shall be tempted, and to satisfy those temptations shall be capable of some bad action : marrying for money, doing work I disapprove of, or something of the kind.

And so I accepted my share of the inheritance, 40,600 roubles and an estate of 80 desyatinas¹ near the village of Ovsyannikovo. At first our coachman's son managed the property at Ovsyannikovo, but afterwards I sold off the stock and rented the land to the peasants of the nearest villages.

I remember the peasants bringing me payment for *tbja-iirst* time. It was in our kitchen in the presence of our man-cook,

¹ About 216 acres.

Semen Nikolaevich. Three peasants came with the money. One of them untying a knotted handkerchief, laid out on the table the roubles, the twenty-kopek pieces, and even the copper five-kopek pieces, and was quite engrossed in counting them, that there should be no error. I stood while he finished counting, and waited to take these roubles earned by heavy toil and to put them in my pocket. Next day I rode to Ovsyannikovo to sign the agreement with the peasants.

I felt so uncomfortable that I decided at any cost to alter the position. I settled down in solitude to consider the means of freeing myself from this burden. The money I had received from the peasants I decided to return to them, but what to do with the land at Ovsyannikovo I could not imagine. I had not consulted my father, as I wished first to consider the question and to weigh my strength with my own conscience alone.

But I could not hide the mood I was in from my father's sensitive loving heart. He immediately felt that I was pre-occupied with something. This is what he wrote to my sister Masha on August 29, 1894 :

Tanya yesterday rode to Ovsyannikovo with the peasants to sign the agreement. I was distressed for her, but tried to keep silent. When she returned, she was very sad. This morning, passing through her room, I asked her why she was sad. She said, " About everything. But no, there is one thing." " What ? " " Ovsyannikovo. Why should one do nasty things, especially when no one needs them ? " And her lips pouted and she burst out crying. When she recovered she said that she would talk it over with me. I planned for her what she should do, and my heart rejoiced, but then a day passed and she did not talk it over with me. Perhaps she thinks that I have forgotten, while I am living only in that, or perhaps she feels ashamed, but it will all go well with her for she does not try not to see what she does not wish to see.

In the next letter to her he wrote :

I have spoken with Tanya about Ovsyannikovo, and I greatly wish uPSrrange for her that the money for the land should go to the common use, *a la* Henry George.

Having poured out to my father all the burden which was tormenting me, I was tranquillized. He explained to me his plan of how to deal with the land, and we drove with him to Ovsyannikovo to propose it to the peasants. My father's conversation with the peasants is pretty correctly given in his novel *Resurrection*. (See Chap. I I, Book I I, of Mrs. Maude's version.)

The heavy burden fell from my soul.

The plough-land and the forest passed to the peasants. The homestead I retained for myself, chiefly in order to let Mary a Alexandrovna Schmidt settle there, who was an old friend of ours and a faithful follower of my father's views. Many other people who needed a shelter lived in the Ovsyannikovo homestead.

I received much praise and gratitude for my action, which yet again showed me how often people are praised or blamed for what deserves neither the one nor the other.

Among others I received from L. I. Veselitski¹ the following letter :

INVALUABLE TATIANA LVOVNA,—

Do not be angry with me, my dear wise beauty, that Yakubovski has secretly told me about you. I am so glad and in such an ecstasy that I do not know where my heart is, or whether my head is in order. I hear nothing that is said to me, and cannot write or speak or read before I have said to you, " Thank you for all the feelings you have evoked by your deed."

I kiss you and am frightfully happy to have seen you and to know you. At Yasnaya² that becomes clearer and clearer which must become clear to all.

I again kiss you warmly.

She who loves you with her soul,

LYDIA VESELITSKI.

Receiving this letter some months after I had given my land to the peasants, I did not at first understand to what

¹ L. I. Veselitski under the pseudonym of "V. Mikulick wrote a series of talented stories, *The Darling Bride*, *Darling at a Watering Place*, etc. ² Yasnaya Polyana means " clear (or bright) glade."

deed Lydia Ivanovna was referring. Since then fresh occurrences and fresh interests had arisen and that episode had passed into the background. Besides which, what I had done to ease my own conscience was one of the easiest actions of my life and therefore least of all deserving of praise. There were many others which caused me far greater exertion and not only failed to evoke praise, but often caused me to be blamed.

At the time when my father and I were arranging the Ovsyannikovo affair I was quite indifferent to what was said about me, and was occupied with my father in drawing up the conditions with the Ovsyannikovo and Skuratovski peasants. The rough draft of those conditions, written in my father's hand, has interpolations made by me at his indication. I have kept it as a memento of those moments of exceptional nearness and love between my father and myself which I sometimes experienced. In this agreement I placed the whole of the arable-land and meadow-land at the full disposal and use of the two peasant communes, so that they should have the right to plough, sow, and take the harvest of the arable-land and of the meadows, and to feed their cattle on the fields and meadows, and in the forests have the use every five years of the clearings and the felling of the dry wood. The peasants undertook to pay into a communal fund a rent of six roubles per *desyatina*, to manure the ground, to guard the wood, and to pay the taxes. The peasants bound themselves to use for communal needs the money received for rent, in accord with the decision of the meetings of the Communes of the two villages.

Finally, I requested my heirs in case of my death, to hand over the land to the absolute ownership of the peasants. Although my father explained the land system of Henry George to me, I then felt but little interest in it. My soul was well satisfied, because I saw that my father was pleased and the peasants contented. Only some years later did I

take to Henry George's books and study them conscientiously. When I had understood his system I was seized with such a wave of enthusiasm at the clear justice of his masterly teaching, that I wished to communicate what I had experienced to everyone else as quickly as possible.

I am convinced that no sincere unprejudiced man can fail to succumb to the magic of the powerful logic displayed in Henry George's teaching, based—as everything great is—on a religious principle. The man developed his system not by detailed work in the study, but by his life as a common workman who had on one occasion been driven to ask a stranger in the streets for money, to buy medicine for his sick wife. He reached the truth by his personal sufferings, by the genius of his brain, and the nobility of his warm heart. In all that happens in life, that truth is proclaimed by Nature herself with all her unlimited resources, though till now people are afraid to trust to that holy solution of the land question at which Henry George arrived. Nevertheless, I do not doubt that humanity will some day open its eyes to this simple method of universal welfare, and that the riches of mankind will be so increased that there will no longer be, as now, people dying of hunger.

Moral life founded on a religious principle is the most advantageous, but age after age passes and people still fear to acknowledge it.

Is it surprising that, reading the powerful words of the author of *Progress and Poverty*, another great soul, filled with the same love for truth and for men, on the opposite side of the globe, was moved and responded to the call?

From the time my father read the books of Henry George he never omitted an opportunity of disseminating that teaching. Conversations often took place in my presence on this theme, and I listened to them with sympathy.

One thing perplexed me. Although for the accomplishment

of that system in life no rude seizure * was necessary, of the kind that, like all violence, was repulsive to my father, yet the tax on land will have to be collected by the Government, and government is based on violence.

I spoke of this to my father. He replied that that was what sometimes perturbed him, but that with the existing order it was, nevertheless, the best solution of the land question. My father imagined to himself a future social order in which the guidance of the people would be different from the present kind of government, and would be voluntary.

Meanwhile at Ovsyannikovo the peasants accurately fulfilled the obligations they had taken on themselves. They collected the rent and paid it into a bank, expending it for the communal needs. On one occasion they helped people who had been burnt out at Skuratovo. Once, when there was a failure of harvest, they bought oat-seeds, and dug a pond.

Rumours reached me to the effect that the peasants did not yet quite trust me, and were afraid that some day I should suddenly demand from them the rent for all the years. But before long they saw that I not only did not demand money from them, but did not even control the sums they paid in.

When they had assured themselves of this they ceased to pay in the rent, and began making use of the land for nothing. Some of them even began to speculate in the land, obtaining it for nothing and renting it to their neighbours.

Statements and complaints and scandalous reports began to reach me. By that time I was already married and lived far from Yasnaya Polyana. I used to go there for short periods and could not occupy myself with Ovsyannikovo affairs. Besides that, I became vexed with the peasants for their speculations, and decided to agree to their request to

¹ Under Henry George's system a single tax is put on the land, as on something not produced by human toil. All other taxes are abolished. Anyone unable to pay the single tax on the land he has, must pass the land over to a common fund, from which it may be taken by anyone who can pay for it.—T. T.

sell to them, through the Peasant Bank, the land which **they** were cultivating.

This I did, leaving only the homestead unsold.

Having ceased to interest myself in Henry George's system in its application to Ovsyannikovo, I began to concern myself with the theoretical side of it with yet greater interest.

At Yasnaya Polyana papers were received specially devoted to the propaganda of Henry Georgeism as well as many of his books, which at my father's instigation were translated into Russian. I read everything that came to hand on that subject.

Having read all Henry George's books I began to read works by other authors relating to the same question, thinking that perhaps I should find in them something new or something that refuted his theory. Then I obtained and read criticisms of Henry George, thinking that there might be refutations that had not occurred to my father or to me ; but on the land question I found nothing comparable to Henry George, and in the Russian criticisms of him I found only glaring ignorance of his works. Having read a pile of books I remained of the same opinion—that I had found nothing simpler, clearer, more profitable, or more just, than Henry George's system.

How I wished that the whole world would become acquainted with it! I did not doubt that to know it meant to accept it ; but what could one do to direct people's eyes towards it ?

I decided to write a popular book expounding his teaching. It seemed to me that I should be able to do this. I knew by my own experience how difficult it is for one unacquainted with the science of political economy and undeveloped on that side, immediately to seize and assimilate the thought of the great American economic philosopher.¹ Many technical terms are obscure to the uninitiated. Knowing how much

¹ English readers usually find Henry George very easy to read, but allowance must be made for the difficulty that would naturally

I had had to read, to meditate, and to ask, before I clearly understood Henry George, I wished to express his views in popular language intelligible to any ordinary reader.

Many times I re-wrote and rearranged the commencement of my book, trying simply clearly and intelligibly to expound the thoughts I prized. I was often seized by doubt as to whether I was writing what was wanted, and as it was wanted, and whether in general my work was required.

Of course the best judge of this would have been my father, but I was hindered from submitting my work to his criticism by the knowledge that, receiving it from me, he would not be able to judge of it freely and impartially. So I decided to send him the first part of the book anonymously.

I typed out my manuscript on a Remington, and also typed a letter in which I asked L. N. Tolstoy to reply to me in Moscow to a given address. I signed with the first name that occurred to me, "P. A. Polilov." To Moscow I wrote a letter asking a friend to forward to me, to my address in the country, his letter as soon as it arrived. I awaited a reply with the greatest impatience, but it did not come. It happened that just at that time there was some upset with the Post Office notification of registered letters,¹ and instead of being delivered to us they reached our neighbours. I grew impatient and excited, reproached everybody, and did not know what to do with myself.

At last I decided to go to Yasnaya Polyana.

I arrived in the morning, but as my father was busy I did not interrupt his work. I asked my sister, Sasha, what had been happening at Yasnaya, what visitors had come, and

be encountered by a Russian lady reading an American work on economics, either in English or in a Russian translation, which latter might be by no means equally simple.—A. M.

In Russia the procedure with a registered letter was that the **Post Office** sent a notification of arrival, and personal application **had to be made at the Post Office.**—A. M.

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what letters had been received. She said that among other interesting letters papa had received a manuscript from a certain Polilov, with which he had been very pleased. She told me that he praised the article highly and had written Polilov a long letter, a kind of essay, which he had revised several times. She handed me the letter from the pseudo-Polilov enclosing my article. On the envelope in my father's hand was written "Answered," and lower down he had written "Interesting." I asked Sasha for the copy of my father's reply. She got it out and handed it me. With a quickly beating heart and the greatest excitement I read the following :

YASNAYA POLYANA,
November 6, 1909.

PETER ALEXANDROVICH,

Your article, with your letter to me, has afforded me great pleasure. I have long ceased to interest myself—and in fact I never interested myself—in political questions ; but the question of the land, that is of land slavery, though it is considered a political question, is, as you quite correctly say, a moral question, a question of the violation of the most elementary demands of morality, and therefore that question not only occupies my mind but torments me. I am tormented by the stupid cynical decision of that question accepted by our unfortunate Government, and by the complete misunderstanding of it by people who are considered advanced.

You can therefore imagine the joy I experienced on reading your admirable article, which so clearly and powerfully states the essence of the matter.

This question so torments me that I recently had a vivid dream in which, being in a company of "the learned," disputing their views, I expounded just the view of the existing crying injustice of private property in land which is so admirably expressed in your article. I jotted that dream down roughly and wished, after correcting it, to have it printed, but my dream has been accomplished in you and in your article.¹

¹ Had Tolstoy's exposition of the unfairness of the relative positions of the landowners and peasants received attention, and had

God help you to complete your work, and the sooner the better.

Do you know Nikolaev ?¹ Get to know him. He is such a *connoisseur* of Henry George, such a passionate partisan of his teaching, and such an admirable man, as one seldom meets.

I am very grateful to you for the pleasure you have afforded me.

It seems to me that the question of the injustice of land slavery, and the necessity of emancipation from it, now stands at the same stage of recognition at which the question of the emancipation of the serfs stood in the fifties of the last century ; there is the same conscious indignation on the part of the people vividly aware of the injustice done to them, and the same consciousness of this injustice among the few best representatives of the wealthy classes, and the same coarse, partly unintentional and partly intentional, misunderstanding of the question by the Government.

The difference is only that then, to help the emancipation of the serfs, the Government had the example of Europe and above all of America. Now such an example is lacking, or, if it exists, the example given consists in the formation of small private landed property, which not only does not free the people from land slavery but, on the contrary, strengthens it ; and our Government class, standing as usual on the lowest moral and intellectual stage, at the present time having become particularly self-confident and bold, particularly after their triumph over the revolution (1905-6), and being unable to think independently or to understand the immorality of landed property, are recklessly breaking up the age-long supports of Russian life, in order to bring the Russian people to that horrible immoral and ruinous condition in which the peoples of Europe are. These people in their limitations and immorality do not understand that the Russian people are not now in a position in which it would be natural to compel them to imitate Europe and

this injustice been modified by lightening the taxation of the people by the imposition of a considerable land-tax on landed estates, recent Russian history would have been entirely altered and the main cry that enabled the Bolsheviki to obtain peasant support and to seize power would have lacked efficacy.—A. M.

¹ I was not only acquainted with S. D. Nikolaev, but had received from him much help both in advice and in books. He placed at my disposal his whole library on the land question, and from it I had drawn much of my information.—T. T.

America, but in one in which they should show other nations the path along which the emancipation of people from land slavery—can be accomplished.¹

If the Government were, I do not say wise **or** moral, but if it were at least to some degree what it boasts of being, namely *Russian*, it would understand the Russian people with their ingrained consciousness that the land is God's and may be common property, but can in no way be an object of private possession. It would understand that the Russians stand in this important question of our day far ahead of other nations. If our Government was not **a** coarse and stupid institution quite estranged from the people, it would understand not only the great role it is called upon to perform by formulating the advanced ideals of the people, but it would understand also that the tranquillization and pacification of the people—which *it* is now trying to attain by executions unheard of since the time of Ivan the Terrible, and by all kinds of horrors—might certainly be attained just by one thing, the realization of the general popular ideal : the emancipation of land from private ownership. It would then not be necessary for the Tsar or for his Ministers, like criminals, to hide themselves from the people behind three rows of Guards. Only announce in a Manifesto, as was done at the time of the Emancipation of the Serfs, that the Government is occupied with emancipation from land slavery, and the people, better than any other guards, would defend the Government which they would then acknowledge as being their own. The blindness of the members of our so-called highest society is amazing.

" The Duma ? " At all my encounters with members of the Duma I have considered it my duty to beg them at least to raise in the Duma the question of the emancipation of the land from the claims of private property and to introduce a land-tax in the manner of Henry George. Their reply is always one and the same : " We have not occupied ourselves with that question and are not acquainted with it. Above all, that matter would in no case be accepted for

¹ The question whether, in order to progress, Russia had to learn to follow paths already traversed by the Western nations, or whether she could find a short cut to a superior organization of life, was one which divided two schools of thought. Unfortunately for Russia, Tolstoy distrusted the Constitutional movement which was the only practical alternative to an autocracy or a dictatorship. He hoped for reforms from the Tsar, rather than from **a** Parliament.—A. M.

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discussion." Evidently those gentlemen are too ardently occupied with thrashing empty straw to find leisure to think of that which *alone* is important and necessary. They are blind and—what is worst of all—are convinced that they see.

So how can I help rejoicing at your activity? Please write me of the success of your work.

I press your hand in friendship and gratitude.

LEO TOLSTOY.

Very complex and mixed feelings arose in me on reading that letter. I was in ecstasy at my father's approval.

But at the same time I had a feeling of shame and repentance at the mystification I had practised. I only now realized that on learning who the real author was, my father would be grieved and disappointed that it was not from a new hearth that the knowledge and propaganda of Henry George's idea had arisen, but that it had come from one of his own flesh and blood.

When my mother got up, she also told me that papa was always talking of an article he had received from someone named Polilov and praising it very much, and that talk about Henry George had again started, of which she was quite tired.

I awaited my father's appearance with agitation. At last he came out of his study into the large room. We greeted him, and he sat down at table. He was very merry and narrated what letters he had received that morning. After a little silence, I asked him :

" You were pleased by Polilov's article ? "

" Yes, very pleased. Why ? Do you know him ? "

" Yes. I . . . You know that is a pseudonym ? Polilov is a woman."

My father stopped eating and raised his head.

" Impossible ! "

" No. It's true."

" Who is it ? "

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I laughed:

" And a woman who is very near to you."

" Impossible !! "

" No, it is true."

" Who is it ? "

" I."

" Impossible !!! "

Then I told him all about it. What I had thought, and why I sent him the article under a pseudonym.

He did not reproach me, but I felt I had guessed right when I feared he would be disappointed. He did not show it, but between people so near to one another as we were no shadow can pass unnoticed.

I discussed very seriously with him how the book ought to be written, and explained to him my plan for it.

The book, he said, should consist of three parts. First the principles, the immorality of land-ownership ; secondly, an exposition of the existing agrarian programmes and a criticism of them ; and thirdly, an exposition of the economic system of Henry George.

I remonstrated about the second part. It would be difficult to select what was considered important on the question. I had obtained a pile of books, but many as I had read, there were still other competent authors whom I had not yet read. I had read or glanced through Marx, Kautsky, Conrad Schmidt, Herzenstein, Chernov, Tugan Baranovski, and many other authors, but not being specially educated in that direction it was difficult for me to steer my course among the great number of such authors.

My father, as usual, did not give me any advice, but at the end of our talk he laughed and said :

" But where is Polilov ? I imagined him to myself so clearly. Neat, and dressed in a dark blue pea-jacket."

Then he added, patting me on the head :

" Well, if you don't finish that book you will be a real woman."

Alas ! I was not false to my sex. I have remained a real woman, and my manuscript remains till to-day unfinished !

Tolstoy's warm approval of Henry George's land policy referred to in the above article is also expressed in two letters of his in the volume entitled *Essays and Letters*, in the World's Classics series, Oxford University Press.

TOLSTOY'S HUMOUR
BY COUNT SERGIUS TOLSTOY

TOLSTOY'S HUMOUR

MY father had a strong sense of humour, and he highly prized that quality in literature—in Moliere, Dickens, Gogol and others. Flashes of humour are scattered in many of his works: remember "The Story of Karl Ivanych" in *Childhood*, *Recollections of a Billiard Marker*, the advocate who caught moths in *Anna Karenina*,¹ the dinner at the Korchagins in *Resurrection*² and other passages. However, only in a few of his works did he give full play to his sense of humour—in *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, *The Story of Ivan the Fool*, *The Re-establishment of Hell*, and some others. Though he observed the humorous side of life keenly, and knew how to depict it, I think that, as a writer, he avoided humour, and restrained himself in it. It was as if he considered that to have recourse to humour implied too frivolous an attitude towards his subject and his thoughts. But in conversation he did not adopt that attitude; when in a cheerful mood he was fond of noticing the funny side of life, and often humorously expressed profound thoughts and thoughts he prized.

His humour expressed itself in penetrating observation—he often detected humour that others had not noticed—expressing it in unexpected comparisons and by generalizing various characteristics of comic cases. When he had seized on some inconsistency in the life around him, or some funny occurrence, he would generalize it and give it a suitable name—a sort of title—and would class analogous happenings under the

¹ *Anna Karenina*, vol. i, pp. 414-19. World's Classics series.

² *Resurrection*, pp. 90-100. World's Classics series.

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

same heading. In this way he, and through him his family, adopted a series of characteristic expressions or sayings, intelligible only to those who knew the anecdote from which the sayings arose. Such were the expressions "Ankov cake," "the architect's fault," "woman washing," "feeds himself," and others. I will explain these terms in due course.

I will give examples of my father's humour in a few small stories. They do not of course exhaust the subject, but are just those that I happened to remember and note down at various times.

ANKOV CAKE

My maternal grandfather, Audrey Evstafevich Behrs, had a friend—a medical man and a professor—Dr. Anke. Anke taught the Behrs' cook, who was with them many years, to make a special and tasty almond cake. This cake, in honour of its inventor, was called "Ankov cake." The cook taught our (the Tolstoys') man-cook, Nicholas Rumyantsev, to make this cake, and Nicholas passed on the recipe as an inheritance to his son Simon, who after his father's death succeeded him as cook in our house. So the Ankov cake passed from the Behrs to the Tolstoys. It was a tasty, crumbly cake with jam inside and almonds outside ; it was served on exceptional occasions—on holidays, Name-Days, or for favourite guests.

But for my father Ankov cake served as the emblem of a certain view of life which it is difficult to sum up in a word. "Ankov cake" is housewifery and a particular way of life, faith in the necessity of material well-being, and a rooted assurance of the immovability of the existing order. When my mother busied herself to see that there should be clean napkins for a dinner to which guests were coming, and in general that the dinner should be properly prepared and served, that clean sheets should be prepared for guests who were staying the night, and that there should be a* Christmas Tree at Christmas, pancakes at Carnival, and *kulich* (a sort

of dough cake) at Easter—and in general that everything should be done in the accepted manner—my father called it "Ankov cake." My mother's devotion to "Ankov cake" afflicted my father, and my father's negative attitude towards "Ankov cake" afflicted my mother.

In the following extract from a letter of my father's to my mother's sister, Tatiana Andreevna Kuzminsky (October 17, 1884), he foretold the impending destruction of the "Ankov cake." This is what he wrote :

All goes well with us and things are very peaceful. To judge by letters we receive, so it is with you and with all Russia and all Europe. But do not rely on this tranquillity. The dumb struggle against Ankov cake does not cease but grows, and here and there rumblings are heard of the disturbance that is breaking up the cake. I live only in the assurance that Ankov cake is not eternal, but that man's reason is eternal.

To-day the destruction of "Ankov cake" has been accomplished, but I do not think that my father, were he alive, would have welcomed that destruction ; and personally I do not think that all was bad in the "Ankov cake."

THE ARCHITECT'S FAULT

When we were children my brother Ilya had a large and handsome cup and saucer given him from the Christmas Tree. It was a present he had long desired. In his delight he seized the cup and ran to show it to someone—probably to his nurse, but there was at that time a raised threshold between the rooms, and running from the drawing room to the hall Ilya stumbled over the threshold, fell, dropped his cup, and only fragments of it remained.

Ilya wept loudly, and when our mother reproached him for his carelessness he became angry and, amid his tears, exclaimed :," It is not my fault ; it is the architect's fault—why did he make a threshold ? "

Our father heard this and laughed. Indeed Ilya's conclusion was an unexpected one : he had fallen down and broken a cup, but it was the architect's fault!

My father remembered the remark, and used to apply it in cases when anyone devised excuses for their slips or misconduct, by putting the blame on someone else : " shifting it from the sick to the healthy," as the saying is. When we failed to learn a lesson and excused ourselves by saying that the tutor had explained it badly ; when, out hunting, I carelessly let my horse stick in a bog and excused myself by saying that I had not been told where the bog was ; when my brother or I tumbled off a horse and complained that the coachman had not saddled it well, my father would remark : " Yes, I know how it happened : it's ' *the architect's fault** " But in our hearts we had to admit that perhaps the architect did not come into the picture.

FOR PROKHOR

When we were children my brother Ilya, like my sister and myself, was taught to play the piano. He had little capacity for music, however, and shirked the lessons. To encourage him our music master, Alexander Grigorevich Michurin, set him to learn one of Chopin's valse—a piece much too difficult for him ; and so Ilya was told to play it very slowly. But suddenly one day my father, who was in his study, heard Ilya upstairs in the dining-room hammering away at the valse in quick time and fortissimo. And how he was playing it ! It was a continuous discord !

My father could not stand it, but went to the dining-room. There, besides Ilya, was the carpenter Prokhor, putting in the double window-frames for the winter.¹ My father guessed at once why Ilya had suddenly wished to rise to the role of

¹ In Russia it is usual to have double windows to keep out the cold in winter. The second frame is taken out in spring and put back in autumn.—A. M.

a virtuoso. He was playing " for Prokhor " ; he wanted to surprise Prokhor by his performance.

From that time the expression " for Prokhor " meant to do something not for yourself, but to astonish others, so that people should think highly of you.

WE'LL LIE WITH OUR NOSES UP

In the seventies of the last century, when my father was *giving* much thought to death and trying to overcome the fear of death that tormented him, he asked many people whether they feared death, or what their attitude towards it was. He addressed such a question to a neighbour of ours, an old, flabby, uncultured, good-natured, landed proprietor. His name was Vasily Alexeevich Khomyakov—but he was no relation of the well-known author, Alexey Stepanovich Khomyakov.

V. A. Khomyakov did not like this conversation about death, and to stop it he said : " Why talk of death, Leo Nikolaevich ? *We will lie yet awhile with our noses up.*" My father quoted these words as an example of a frivolous, one might say a vegetable, relation to the question of death, the dislike of speaking or thinking of it : Why think of death ? Live while life lasts. We still have time to lie with our noses up. That is the attitude of many people to the subject.

TALK OF THE COMTESSE APRAKSINE

My mother's uncle, Konstantin Alexandrovich Islavin (Uncle Kostya), a good-natured man of " most honourable conduct," was what is called " a snob." That is to say, he had a passion for aristocratic society and high life, in which all his life long he loved to mix. He based his claim to this—though he was an illegitimate son—on the fact that his mother was by birth a Countess Zavodovski, and his grandmother a Countess Apraksine. In season and out of season he liked to

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

mention this, and in general to drag in his relationship with, and the genealogy of, various society families. When Uncle Kostya started a conversation the chief aim of which was to refer to his relationship, or his acquaintance, with notable families, my father ironically called such conversations, " talks about Comtesse Apraksine."

I must, however, remark that my father was himself sometimes pleased to listen to stories about his ancestors and relations and about the connections of his society acquaintances ; but of course this was not out of vanity, but because he was interested in the lives of his predecessors and their inherited characteristics, the fate of people he had met in his youth, and in general because he loved and valued the past. He often availed himself of such material for his writings.

TRULY BLESSED MOMENTS

Long ago, in the 'sixties, there lived near Yasnaya Polyana a Government forester, Sub-Lieutenant Gimbut. He had been educated in the old Cadet Corps before that institution was reformed, and he told my father how badly they fared there and what hardships and humiliations they suffered. However, he added : " But all the same, Leo Nikolaevich, even in the Cadet Corps I experienced *truly blessed moments*. It was when after being flogged and flogged they stopped flogging me ! "

My father used to recall that tale in cases when some unpleasantness came to an end—for instance, when unpleasant visitors departed, or when an unpleasant conversation came to an end.

" LA BIENFAITRICE DU CHATEAU "

In trivial French novels of former days a beneficent type of marquise or comtesse is frequently presented : " the lady bountiful of the castle," who extends a cheap charity to the

people around, in the form of village fetes, gifts of sweets to the children, bounties to the old folk, and so forth.

My father always disliked the sort of charity that costs the benefactor nothing. Help, in his conviction, was valuable only in as far as it involved personal work or deprivation for the benefactor. I remember his once telling of a fete a rich proprietor arranged in a village he owned. He distributed sweetmeats among the women and children, supplied the peasants with several barrels of beer, arranged sack-races, greasy-pole-climbing competitions, and similar amusements. "It was revolting," said my father of that landed proprietor. "He played the role of *bienfaitrice du chdteau*" (lady bountiful of the castle).

As an example of pseudo-charity my father told of how a charitable English lady distributed packets to old people. I do not know whether he had seen it himself or had only read of it. The old people smiled in an affected way and came up in turn to the elegant lady, and the old men bowed and the old women curtsied. Having received their packets, the old men again bowed and the old women again curtsied. "It was an humiliating game of *bienfaitrice du chateau*" said my father. He applied the same expression to any attempt made by anyone of his family or his acquaintances to bestow charity on the peasants in that English lady's way.

AN ORDINARY WOMAN'S FACE

In the eighties of the last century the Bishop of Tula was the Right Reverend Nikander, an octogenarian and a simple good-natured man. I may remark in passing that he was not at all a stupid man and was in his own way a liberal, though said to be overfond of good wine. It happened one day in his presence that someone expressed astonishment that the daughter of the Governor (who was N. A. Zinovev) failed to **get** married. Someone else remarked: "But she is very

plain." The Bishop took her part, and said : " Is she so plain ? I think she has *an ordinary woman's face*" For him, an octogenarian, all women's faces had long become ordinary.

My father laughingly told the story, and when anyone began to criticize the appearance of this or that woman, especially if she were an ugly woman, he would remark : " But is she really so plain ? *She has an ordinary woman's face.*"

He wished by that remark to imply : in the first place woman's excellence does not lie in beauty, and, secondly, don't let us sit in judgment on people. In the same way he had the following dialogue with my sister Tatiana. When my sister remarked to someone : " X is a stupid man " or " Y is ugly," my father would ask : " Stupider than you ? " or " Uglier than you ? " My sister, sticking to her point, would sometimes reply : " Yes, stupider than I , " or " uglier than I , " but for all that she understood what my father meant by his question, namely : " Don't judge other people but turn your criticism rather on yourself."

A WOMAN WASHING

In the 'eighties, a nice little seven-year-old girl from the village of Yasnaya Polyana used to come to my sister Tatiana for lessons. My sister was showing her an album of pictures and sculpture, and the little girl was interested in many of the pictures, but was quite uninterested in pictures of nude women. Pages with such pictures she turned over quickly, remarking : " A woman washing." Such pictures only reminded her of women washing at home or in the bath-house.

Afterwards my father, when looking at illustrated editions, used also to turn rapidly over pictures of *le nu*, and would smilingly remark : " A woman washing." This whole province of painting and sculpture was relegated by him to the class of " women washing." To most of such productions he was more than indifferent.

FEEDS HIMSELF

Once in the early years of this century, at a concert given by the two sisters Kristman, I met a violinist of the orchestra whom I knew, Semen Ivanovich Stolyarov, and I asked him how he liked the sisters Kristman.

"All right," replied he, "*they feed themselves.*"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you see, I feed myself by my work as a violinist, and they by their singing. There are many such artists and artistes. Perhaps you think they are devoted to holy art? Nothing of the kind. They simply—feed themselves."

I recounted this to my father. He liked Stolyarov's simplified Marxism, and often applied his expression "feed themselves" to many writers and artists, especially to such as he did not care for, or whose works he disliked. "They feed themselves," he would say. Thereby he implied: "But about what else they accomplish let us be silent."

THE SAUSAGE TEMPLE

While living in Moscow my father generally took a daily walk through the town on business, or went out simply for the sake of the walk. At home at dinner he would tell us the impressions he had gathered. Once he said: "To-day I went past the Sausage Temple." That was how he named the gastronomic shop, kept by Eliseev, on the Tverskoy Street.

Those who remember the shop in question will recognize the aptness of the title. Indeed, by its luxurious appearance, its gilding, the imposing demeanour of the attendants—like that of priests in a temple—the display of magnificent fruit, meat, fish, and delicacies of all kinds—as though they were prepared to be offered up as a sacrifice—Eliseev's shop resembled a pagan temple. The title my father bestowed upon it indicated his attitude towards the eating habits indulged in by Eliseev's[^]wealthy customers.

In a passage in his Diary he says :

I must write a book on gorging. Belshazzar's feast, bishops, kings, restaurants, meetings, partings, jubilees. People think they are occupied with affairs of importance, but they are occupied in gorging. And what goes on behind the scenes? How is it all prepared?^x

A NEW MATHEMATICAL LAW

One day, in Moscow, my father on returning from his walk remarked : "I have to-day discovered a new mathematical law : The quicker a man drives, the less necessary is the business to which he is driving. In other words : *The rapidity of a drive is in inverse proportion to its utility.*"

Indeed, if we knew whither and why, in pre-Revolutionary days, people flew with fast trotting horses, in expensive *shubas* and fur caps, my father's words would be confirmed. (And in the present post-Revolutionary days, noticing the tense countenances of the men who fly by on motor-cycles and in big motor-cars which run people down, I think he would have said the same, and his new mathematical law would have retained its validity.)

PULLING UP ONE'S TROUSERS

One day in the early 'nineties, some fifteen or twenty American tourists came to see my father at our house in the Weaver's Street in Moscow. Having looked at the Tsar Cannon, the Big Bell, and the Tretyakov Gallery, to complete their inspection of Moscow they considered it necessary to see Leo Tolstoy. They did not even express a desire to converse with him. They only wished to see him and, in the American manner, to shake hands with him.

¹ How Tolstoy subsequently developed this theme is seen on pp. 78-84 of his *Essays and Letters* in the World's Classics series

My father met them in our dining-room. Each of them in turn came up to him and pressed his hand. He asked them to sit down and they did so, and each man as he seated himself pulled up his trousers, taking hold of them with his fingers a little above the knee. (This, as is known, is done to preserve the crease in the trousers ; if it is not done the trousers soon get baggy at the knee.)

When the Americans had gone, my father said : " Americans are all made to a pattern. Why when they sat down did they all, as at a word of command, pull at their trousers ? "

I suspect that he knew the meaning of the Americans' monotonous gesture ; but at any rate I think that by his remark, he expressed his attitude to the monotonous bourgeois arrangement of the life of those idle people who had come to see him quite needlessly.

THE RUDE OFFICER

In 1906 I was favourably inclined to the Revolution that was then in progress, but my father, who was always opposed to violence and compulsion, did not expect any good results from a Revolution. Once I asked him : Was it possible that he denied that any advantage was gained by that first Revolution ? Was it not true that the Manifesto of October 1 (o.s.), 1905 (which resulted from the Revolutionary movement), secured more liberty of speech and more religious toleration ?

In reply he said : *' That reminds me of a journey I took to Moscow before the railway was built. A rude and drunken officer travelled with me ; he beat drivers and coarsely abused the post-station masters. Thanks to this they provided us with horses without any delay. We travelled fast and were well fed-at the post-stations. The officer's coarseness made me uncomfortable, but thanks to him I secured comforts which but for him I should not have had. Perhaps the

Revolution may secure some advantages, but at what a price, and by what means will they be obtained ? "

I often heard my father ironically employ the expression : " They have organized the fate of the unfortunate people.*" I don't know whence he took the expression. He applied it generally to the organization of life under which the workers suffered, and in particular to special acts of the Government—for instance, to the vodka monopoly. It meant the ill arrangement of other people's lives by violence. He called that " The sin of organization." Of that sin, in his opinion, not only was the Tsar's Government guilty, but also those Revolutionaries who by measures of their own wished to force the people into artificial forms of life.

(I think were my father now alive, he would ironically exclaim to-day, as he did then : " They have organized the life of the unfortunate people.")

From the foregoing stories it maybe seen that for his sayings, or the humorous illustration of his thoughts, my father took his material from all sides—from literature, from stories he heard, and most of all from his own recollections and observations. It used to happen when he heard some amusing story, that he remarked to those who appreciated humour : " There is food for the satiric mind." Expressing it in his own words, " food for his satiric mind " was often obtained from insignificant incidents, little snatches of life, or from anecdotes. But as he illuminated them, those insignificant incidents, those anecdotes, evoke in us not merely a laugh or a smile, but serious thoughts also ; they oblige us to direct attention to those sides of life which, but for his illumination, we should probably have overlooked.

SOME SAYINGS OF TOLSTOY

By SOFYA STAKHOVICH

SOME SAYINGS OF TOLSTOY

ONE evening Leo Tolstoy came out of his study with a book in his hand. His face showed that he was agitated. He approached the table, waited till we stopped talking, and opening the book, *Pensees de Pascal*, began to read. At the first words his voice began to tremble. He handed the book to me to read out the following : "*Le dernier acte est sanglant, quoique belle que jut la comédie en tout le reste. On jette enfin de la terre sur la tête et en voilà pour jamais*"¹ At the words " for ever " Tolstoy nodded affirmatively, and his look seemed to say " that is how it will be."

Later on I happened to hear him quote these words, but he did not remember them quite exactly, and said sometimes : " *Et puis c'est fini* " or " *et pour toujours*"²

On another evening, also coming in from his study (Leo Tolstoy always came to read or tell us anything that had moved or struck him) he said : "*Ce n'est pas pour vous faire un compliment* " ³ (he knew how much I loved Pushkin) " but what a master of beauty your Pushkin is ! " He said the words " master of beauty " slowly and emphatically. " While I was riding to-day, and ever since, these words keep revolving in my head : ' Without motion he lay, and strange was the placid look on his brow.' ' Look on his brow ' is incorrect, yet it's fine ! So fine that one is ready to take no notice of the mistake and understand what is meant."

¹ " The last act is always bloody, however beautiful the comedy was in every other way. Earth is thrown on one's head at last, and that is all for ever."

² " And then all is over," or " and for ever."

³ " It is not for the sake of complimenting you."

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

I reminded him that the words were: " The peace of his brow." Tolstoy lifted his hands. " Why, of course! Pushkin made no mistake. Wonderful I It's just what strikes one in a dead body : the peace of the brow^—that strange calm of the smooth forehead.*"

Tanya and I exchanged glances, realizing that he was thinking of his daughter Mary. This took place a month after her death.¹

" Yes, yes/' Tolstoy continued, " what is so surprising in Pushkin is that not a word of his can be altered ; and not only so, but no word can be omitted or added. It could not be said better than he said it."

Leo Tolstoy came up to me with an open volume of Tyuchev in his hand and pointed to the poem : *The World of Invisible Spirits*. With his hand thrust into his belt he stood beside me while I read it.

The last verse runs :

Unfathomed depth lies bared before us
With all its terrors, without light ;
Betwixt ourselves and it no safeguard—
That's why we are afraid of night.

I finished and handed the book to him. He pointed to the last line, and in a low, significant tone, as if expressing to himself his own thought, he said : " That's why we are afraid of death "—saying " death " instead of " night."

A volume of *War and Peace* was lying in the drawing-room one day. I took it up and became engrossed in it, but I could still hear Leo Tolstoy speaking at the table.

After a while he said : " Do you remember the time when the game of *Combles*² was in fashion ? Well, now, *Quel est*

¹ In 1906.

² *Combles*—French for "extremes,"

SOME SAYINGS OF TOLSTOY

*le comble de Vimpolitesse*¹²; ¹ and he himself replied : " *C'est de lire dans un salon*" ²

Then I asked : " *Et quand est-ce que de lire dans un salon cesse d'être le comble de Vimpolitesse ? Quand le maître de ceans est Vauteur d'un livre qui absorbe* / " ³

Leo Tolstoy bowed, and remarked : " *C'est le comble de la flatterie !* " ⁴

Tolstoy says that a sense of proportion is valuable in an artist, and a good writer can be recognized by his sense of proportion : " Sober style, brevity—in these the French are masters. I don't remember who the Frenchman was who finished a letter : ' *Excusez la longueur de ma lettre. Je n'ai pas eu le temps d'être bref.*' " ⁵ " Gold is obtained by sifting." "

" ' Real talent," Tolstoy said " can be felt at once. It rushes to your nose, as when you drink Seltzer water out of a bottle just opened," and he puckered his nose and shut his eyes. " Guy de Maupassant's talent struck me in the nose like that when I first read his stories. Turgenev gave me the book without any comment. He did that intentionally, and very wisely gave me no warning."

" If you sift the world's prose literature," said Tolstoy, " Dickens will remain : sift Dickens, *David Copperfield* will remain : sift *David Copperfield*; the description of the storm at sea will remain."

When Leo Tolstoy began writing his reminiscences (in the winter of 1903) the past, rising up in his memory, visibly

¹ " What is the extreme rudeness ? "

² " It is reading in a drawing-room."

³ " And when does reading in a drawing-room cease to be the extreme of rudeness ? When the master of the house is the author of an absorbing book."

⁴ " That is the extreme of flattery."

⁵ *' Excuse the length of my letter. I hadn't time to be brief."

agitated him. He spoke feelingly about his work, with a peculiarly gentle expression in his eyes which made them look as if tears might appear in them at any moment. He spoke of the value of old letters and the significance of reminiscences. He bade me tell my father " to be sure and take this matter in hand. It is a splendid thing for one's own sake and for others. You have lived . . . then say how you lived ! Own up. But write so that you would be ashamed to dictate it. "

Leo Tolstoy came in to dinner when all were already seated at table. He had a brown jersey thrown over his shoulders as usual. He sat down, unfolded his napkin and took the plate of soup his wife handed to him, looked merrily round at everybody, and lowered his head, shaking with laughter.

" What is it ? What ? " everybody shouted, infected by his laughter without knowing the cause of it. And he told us how, when he left home that day to go for a ride, a cab from Tula drew up to the pond and the driver handed him a letter and said that a gentleman had come from Petersburg and was very " desirous to visit the Count, but hesitated because he had no permission—and had given orders to bring back an answer." " When I began reading the note," said Tolstoy, " the cabman added in a loud voice, ' He too is a composer, just the same as you,' " and Leo Tolstoy again burst out laughing. " You see he was doing his best for his protege ! "

In the 'eighties as we were passing through Moscow in spring on our way from Petersburg to the country, my mother let me visit the Tolstoys in the interval between our two trains. Of course I was extremely glad. Leo Tolstoy was at home. That was a great joy. We were on our way to the country and it was spring—another joy—and how delighted I was ! They gave me coffee, and then I went to Taf/ya's ¹ room.

¹ Countess Tatiana Tolstoy.

SOME SAYINGS OF TOLSTOY

She chattered without stopping, and made plans for **the** summer, arranged when we should go to Yasnaya Polyana, **and** when they would visit us. Meanwhile she was rummaging in her drawers to find a present for me.

" Which would you like—a portrait of papa or a railway candlestick ? " she asked.

" The candlestick ! " I answered.

" Yes, but it is spoilt and won't hold on by suction.*'

" Well then, your father's portrait."

So a large lithograph copy of Tolstoy's portrait by Levitsky, rolled up into a tube, accompanied me to the country. It hung, mounted in a mahogany frame with bronze wreaths in the corners, above the old sofa in my room, together with Peter the Great and Pushkin, and was consumed by fire when our old home was burnt down.

Many years after, in Yasnaya Polyana, Tanya and I happened to recall how she gave me her father's portrait. Leo Tolstoy laughed when I spoke about it. "A broken candlestick or papa's portrait ? " he said as he went into his study. " And do you still like presents ? " he said, stopping in the doorway. " I do, awfully 1 " I answered.

A few minutes later he came back. " I looked through all my drawers, but could find nothing but a note-book. But **then** it is a new one, and not spoilt, and has an inscription in it."

" And you don't grudge it me ? You're sure you don't want it ? " I asked.

" No, no," he replied. " Tchertkov always keeps me provided with them, and all different ones."

So I received the note-book, and am writing in it some scraps of my reminiscences of Leo Tolstoy.

MUSIC IN TOLSTOY'S LIFE
BY HIS SON, COUNT SERGIUS TOLSTOY

MUSIC IN TOLSTOY'S LIFE

NEVER in my life have I met anyone who felt music so intensely as my father. He could not help listening to it; when he heard music that pleased him he became excited, there was a contraction in his throat, he sobbed and shed tears. The feelings aroused in him were unreasoning emotion and excitement. Sometimes it excited him against his will and even tormented him, and he would say : "*Que me veut cette musique?*") (What does that music want of me ? ") This effect, independent of a rational relation to it, is vividly depicted in *The Kreutzer Sonata* :

In general, music is a dreadful thing (says Pozdnyshev). What is it ? I don't understand. What is music ? What does it do ?

Such was the direct action of music on my father throughout his life, beginning in boyhood and finishing in his last year, when he said to V. F. Bulgakov that if all European civilization were to perish he would regret only the music.

Therefore, in view of his complete frankness and his constant effort, to understand the meaning of the feelings and impressions he experienced, his opinion concerning the importance of music in general and the place music occupies in the life of humanity, and in particular his opinions about certain composers and certain musical works, are of special interest.

I

What were the first musical impressions of Tolstoy's childhood ? First of all, impressions of folk-songs sung in the

villages near Yasnaya Polyana ; then of piano playing **and** singing in the Tolstoys' house and among their acquaintances. At that time, in the thirties and forties of the last century, few concerts were given—apart from the fact that till 1841 the Tolstoys lived in the country—but on the other hand amateur music flourished in educated families : the amateurs of those days really loved music, and some of them were well acquainted with it. One such amateur was V. I. Yushkov, the husband of my father's aunt who played the piano well and brought my father up. T. A. Ergolskaya, another aunt, also played the piano well. Her repertoire included Haydn, Mozart, Field, Dussek, and Beethoven's earlier sonatas. In *Boyhood and Youth* my father seems to have had her playing in view when he describes the impressions produced on Nikolenka by his mother's playing. I may remark that Tolstoy's mother (who died when he was quite a baby) was also musical, judging by the report of those who knew her. Tolstoy's sister Mary a Nikolaevna also played the piano from her childhood. In *Boyhood and Youth* my father apparently remembered her playing when he wrote of Lyubochka :

Lyubochka plays Field's concertos and some of Beethoven's sonatas very distinctly.

While at Kazan University Tolstoy himself began to study music, partly by himself and partly from poor teachers. In the chapter of *Youth*, " My Occupations," Nicholas Irtenyev feels a passion for music, but as he, the hero of the story, says :

In this matter I acted without any true vocation and without the smallest understanding of what the art could yield me, or of how to approach it so that it should yield anything. For me music, or rather piano-playing, was a means of attracting girls with my feelings. . . . The choice of pieces was the usual one—vales, gallops, songs, arrangements, and so forth. But . . . imagining that classical music was easier, and partly for the sake of originality, I suddenly decided that I was fond of classical

German music, and began to go into ecstasies when Lyubochka played the *Sonata pathttique* (though to tell the truth I had long been thoroughly sick of that sonata) and I myself began to play Beethoven, and to pronounce his name with the German accent. Penetrating all this confusion and pretence there was however in me, as I now remember, something in the nature of talent, for music often impressed me to the point of tears, and the pieces I liked I was able somehow, without the book, to pick out on the piano ; so that if anyone had then taught me to consider music as an aim and an enjoyment in itself and not as a means of attracting girls by the rapidity and sentimentality of my performance, I might perhaps have really become a tolerable musician.

Probably Tolstoy began his own musical education in the way that Nicholas Irtenyev did in *Youth*. In 1847 he wrote in his Diary that one of the aims of his life was to " attain a moderate degree of excellence in music and in painting " ; and during the following three years of his youthful quest (1848-51), before he had yet decided on his future activity and when he was living now at Moscow, now at Petersburg, and now in the country, he did actually devote much time to music. He took with him to Yasnaya Poly ana a German pianist named Rudolph and had lessons in music from him. Rudolph was a talented musician of a Bohemian type—a frivolous, dissipated man. Some traits of his character are depicted in *Albert*. He left some compositions, of which I know the *Hexengalop* (which was published) and two *Cavalry Trots*. One of these my father knew by heart and often used to play. At that period of his life Tolstoy gave very serious attention to his musical occupations. He then wrote in his Diary a whole dissertation on music, " The Fundamental Bases of Music, and Rules for its Study." Therein among other things occur the following definitions :

Music is a combination of sounds which strike our auditory capacity in *b^{ree} ways : (1) In regard to space, (2) in regard to time, (3) in regard to strength. Music is a means of arousing certain feelings and conveying them to others by sound.

In those years my father, partly influenced by his **elder brother** Sergey Nikolaevich, was enchanted by the singing of the Gipsy choirs, and contemplated writing a story about Gipsy life. In those days operatic airs and fashionable vales did not yet fill the Gipsy repertoires. They sang either real Gipsy songs or, most of all, Russian folk-songs which in their performance acquired a peculiar charm. To those songs my father always referred sympathetically ; to many of them he refers in his writings, for instance in *Two Hussars* and in *The Live Corpse*. Here are the names of some of them : *Do you hear, do you understand ? Young one, I am sad ; Evening Gloaming ; If I go along the Street ; Flax*, etc. My father always considered that the feelings expressed in the Gipsy singing were sincere and infected the hearers, so that the Gipsy singing is true art which attains its aim—though it may be art of an inferior order.

In the following five years of his life, when my father was in the army, he had little opportunity to practise music or to hear it, but he did not neglect opportunities of doing so when they presented themselves. During that time he heard chiefly Cossack and soldier songs. In many places in his military tales and in *The Cossacks*, he refers to them lovingly. During the siege of Sevastopol, as is well known, he composed a soldiers' song, *How in August on the Fourth*, and himself, with other officers, sang it to the air, somewhat modified, of the song *I'm a Gipsy Lassie Young*. It was a satire on the military operation of the day (See Appendix I). He composed several couplets to one and the same air.

Already at that period my father tried to explain to himself why music acts so strongly on its hearers. In an original draft of *Boyhood and Youth* he delivers the following opinion, which is almost identical with one he expressed much later, in 1906 :

Music acts neither on reason nor on imagination. When I listen to music I think of nothing and¹ do not imagine anything,

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but some strange, delightful feeling fills my soul to such an extent that I lose consciousness of my existence. It is a memory-feeling. But a memory of what? Though the sensation is powerful, the recollection is obscure. It seems as if one were remembering something that never occurred. Is not memory the basis of the feeling aroused in us by any art? . . . Does not the feeling aroused by music result from memory of feelings and of transitions from one feeling to another? . . . Plato, in his *Republic*, laid down as an absolute condition that music should express noble feelings. Every musical phrase expresses some feeling—pride, joy, sorrow, despair, and so on—or it expresses one of the innumerable combinations of those feelings. Combinations that do not express any feeling and are composed in order to show off, to explain, or to earn money—in music as in everything else—are abortions which one cannot take into account (among such abortions are attempts by means of music to express forms and pictures). If one admits that music is the memory of emotions, it is easy to understand why it acts differently on different people. The cleaner and happier a man's past has been, the more he loves his memories and the more strongly does music act on him; on the other hand, the more depressing a man's memories are, the less will he sympathize with it.

During the next period of his life (1856-62), when he had returned from Sevastopol and was already a famous writer, my father lived at Moscow and at Petersburg and twice went abroad. During this time he neglected no opportunities of making himself acquainted with all that was important in the sphere of music. Many of his friends and acquaintances were keen amateurs. Such were the two brothers Islavin, Zybin, V. Perfilov, A. D. Stolypin, Kireeva, Prince Odoevsky, and others. Some of them were themselves competent performers, others organized musical evenings and invited the best artists. To this period belongs Tolstoy's acquaintance with Nicholas Rubinstein, whose gifts he highly esteemed and with whom he discussed the establishment of the Moscow Musical Society. That idea the brothers Rubinstein eventually realized by the establishment of the Imperial Musical Society. As a

relic of this period may be mentioned a little valse composed in Lanner's style, which Tolstoy afterwards often used to play. Its composition has been attributed to my father, but so far as I know that is not quite correct; he and his friend Zybin probably composed it together. It was eventually written down by S. I. Taneev who heard my father play it (Appendix II). That musical thoughts fermented in my father's head at this time is evident from the following entry (May 29, 1856) in his note-book :

I sto dva - ad • tsat ce . e . m

(which means : And a hundred and twenty-seven).

He explains : " When I reached the fourth mile I caught myself singing this thing."

In two stories written at that period, *Lucern* and *Albert*, musicians appear among the chief characters. The description of the impression produced on his hearers by Albert's performance on the violin is noteworthy. He played the *Melancholie*, G Major, by Prume. That description itself is music.

Clear, melodious sound swept through the room, and complete silence prevailed. The sounds of the theme flowed freely and exquisitely, suddenly illuminating the listeners' inner world with some unexpectedly clear and tranquillizing light. Not a single false or over-stressed sound disturbed the enthrallment of those who heard it. All the sounds were clear, exquisite, and impressive, every one following their development in silence, with hopeful agitation. From a state of dullness, of noisy inattention and spiritual slumber in which these people had been, they were suddenly, imperceptibly, carried into quite another world that they had forgotten. Now a feeling of quiet contemplation of the past, now of passionate recollection of something joyful, now a boundless

demand for power and glory, now a feeling of submission to ungratified love.

Sounds now mournfully tender, now impetuous, despairing, freely mingling with one another, poured forth and poured forth one after another so exquisitely, so powerfully and so unconsciously, that it was not the sounds that one heard but some beautiful flood of long-familiar poetry, now expressed for the first time, which poured itself into every soul.

At this time two operas particularly impressed Tolstoy—Weber's *Der Freischütz* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, especially the latter. Altogether during his life he saw but few operas; he was not fond of that form of art and considered that it was impossible to unite two arts—music and the drama, or even three arts if we consider that painting (decoration) also plays a part. In his opinion such a conjunction enfeebled the arts concerned. However, he made an exception for such an opera as *Don Giovanni*, as in it the music depicts the feelings of the characters. In his view the lyricism of that opera redeems the defect common to all operas, of the conjunction of music with drama. In this he was at one with Tchaikovsky who is known to have been very fond of Mozart and to have considered *Don Giovanni* the best of all operas.

When he was conducting primary schools at Yasnaya Polyana and in its neighbourhood, my father paid attention to the teaching of singing, and himself gave lessons in it, and even went with the boys to church to sing in the choir. I have noted down a song *The Brook*, which my father used to sing with his pupils. That harmonious song in the Italian style, by a composer unknown to me, is also referred to in *War and Peace*. It was sung in the Rostovs' house (as mentioned in Book I, Chapter XX—page 82, of the World's Classics series). {See Appendix III.) Incidentally, when teaching singing to his pupils, my father was the first to introduce into Russia Chevet's numerical system of notation, with which he had become acquainted when travelling in France.

In his account of the school at Yasnaya Polyana in November and December 1862, there is a short article in which we catch a glimpse of his later views of art. He writes :

I made observations regarding two spheres of art best known to me and which at one time I loved passionately—music and poetry. And strange to say I arrived at the conviction that all that we have accomplished in those two spheres has been done along a falsely-exclusive path, which has no importance or future, and is insignificant in comparison with that which is needed, and of which models are offered us by folk-art. I became convinced that lyric poetry such, for instance, as Pushkin's / *Remember the Wonderful Moment*, or such as Beethoven's last symphonies, are not so indisputably and universally excellent as the song of *Vanka the Steward* or the chorus of *Down Along Our Mother Volga*, and that Pushkin and Beethoven please us not because they present absolute beauty, but because we too, like Pushkin and Beethoven, are spoilt.

These paradoxical thoughts are somewhat softened in his book *What is Art?* but essentially they are one and the same.

Thoughts as to what music is, wherein the secret of its influence lies, and what service it renders, occupied my father at this period of his life also. While abroad, referring to his conversation with the novelist Auerbach, he noted in his Diary on April 21, 1861, the words of Kant that music is *phlichtloses Genuss* (pleasure exempt from duty).

After 1862 my father settled at Yasnaya Polyana, where he remained almost constantly till 1881. During that time he had few opportunities of hearing concert music. Amateur music, on the other hand, flourished at Yasnaya Polyana. K. A. Islavin, who was a good musician and a tolerable pianist, used to pay prolonged visits, as did my father's sister, Marya Nikolaevna, and others. Every summer my father's sister-in-law, T. A. Kuzminsky, used to come, and she sang very charmingly. My father was enchanted by the timbre of her voice, and by her way of singing, and he generally

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played her accompaniments. Her repertoire consisted especially of songs by Glinka, and also by Dargomyzhsky, Tchaikovsky, Schumann, and the Italians.

In the 'seventies my father was so carried away by music that he played for three or four hours a day. The impression produced by his playing is one of the most vivid of my childish recollections. When we children went to bed he used to sit down at the pianoforte and play till midnight and after, sometimes taking part in four-handed pieces with my mother. I well remember how at that time he played sonatas by Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven (of his first period), some things of Chopin's, Schumann's "*Jugendalbum*," the "*Acceleration Walzer*" of Strauss, Rudolph's "*Trot*," and others ; how he tried to play pieces of which the technical demands were too great for him, such as Chopin's *Scherzo in B flat minor*, Schumann's "*Symphonic Etudes*," or Henselt's "*Poeme d'Amour*," and how he played (in duet arrangements with my mother) Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies, Beethoven's *Septuor*, and other pieces. I remember my first sweet impressions of music heard by me from afar—from the upper story where my father was playing—impressions mingling with childish half-unconscious dreams, merging gradually into sleep. For some reason I specially remember the first bars of Weber's *Sonata in A flat major*, of which he was particularly fond. Subsequently he expressed to N. Rubinstein his astonishment that this sonata and other pieces by Mozart and Haydn were scarcely ever performed at concerts. Rubinstein replied that they are difficult, because they must be played faultlessly.

Remembering now my father's playing, I should say it was rhythmical and expressive, but sometimes interpreted in a way of his own rather than as the composer intended ; and insufficient technical mastery hindered him from fully expressing what he himself intended.

In playing the pianoforte he had to exert himself greatly.

His undeveloped fingers were not sufficiently obedient; he used to bend his body and perspire, but he played with much enthusiasm.

Early in the 'seventies a great event in the musical world of Yasnaya Polyana was the arrival of my father's kinsman, I. M. Nagorny, a remarkable violinist, who rarely performed at concerts in Russia but had at one time achieved success in Italy and France. He played a great deal at Yasnaya Polyana, among other things the " Kreutzer " Sonata, a work with which he produced a particularly powerful impression on my father. Perhaps the ideas and images subsequently so vividly expressed in his story *The Kreutzer Sonata* were then conceived. I remember that he was also delighted by Nagorny's performance of other sonatas by Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, and Mozart (especially the *Andante* of the E flat major Sonata), and ballads, polonaises, and mazurkas, by Wieniawski.

In 1876, on one of his visits to Moscow, through N. Rubinstein, my father made P. I. Tchaikovsky's acquaintance.

From the time he was a young law-student, when my father's first works were appearing, Tchaikovsky had preferred them to any others. " When I made L. N. Tolstoy's acquaintance," wrote Tchaikovsky ten years later—

... I was seized by fear and a feeling of awkwardness before him. . . . But he, who in his writings showed himself the profoundest reader of the human heart, appeared in his behaviour with others to be a simple, genuine, and frank man, who showed very little of the omniscience I had feared. . . . He simply wanted to chat about music, in which he was then interested. Among other things he was fond of decrying Beethoven, about whose genius he had doubts. This was a trait not at all characteristic of a great man; to degrade a universally acknowledged genius to the level of one's own incapacity is a characteristic of limited minds.

I will not discuss how far Tchaikovsky was right in uttering that reproach, but will only remark that he himself, in his

Diary, admits that he was **not** fond of Beethoven though he bowed down to him.

During this visit of my father's, Tchaikovsky with N. Rubinstein's assistance arranged a musical evening which **made a** great impression on him. "Never perhaps in my **life** have I felt so flattered," writes Tchaikovsky, "as when Tolstoy, listening to the *Andante* of my Quartet and sitting by my side, burst into tears."

After his return to Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy sent Tchaikovsky a collection of folk-songs, begging him to "work them up in a Mozart-Haydn style, and not in a Beethoven-Schumann-Berlioz-artificial style which aims at the unexpected." This, in all probability, was Kirsh Danilov's collection.

Tchaikovsky replied that—

. . . the songs have been taken down by an incompetent hand, and only retain traces of their original beauty. The chief defect is that they have been artificially and forcibly squeezed into a regular, measured rhythm. Moreover, most of these songs have been taken down in a solemn D major, which again is not in accord with the structure of real Russian songs ; these almost always have an indefinite tonality, most nearly resembling old Church chants. . . . To take down folk-songs in accord with the people's way of singing them is an extraordinarily difficult thing, and needs the most delicate musical feeling and great historico-musical erudition. . . . But your songs can serve as material for symphonic elaboration and are even very good material, of which I will make use in one way or other.

After this, the intercourse between Tolstoy and Tchaikovsky soon ceased, partly because the latter felt disillusioned at finding in Tolstoy little of the dictator he had expected, and partly because in general he avoided people with whom he was not closely acquainted :

I reached t1* conviction (he wrote in a letter to Madame Mein) **that** Tolstoy is a somewhat paradoxical person, but direct, kindly,

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and even in his own way sensitive to music, but **nevertheless** acquaintance with him did not afford me anything but a burden and a torment, as every acquaintanceship does.

In his correspondence Tchaikovsky repeatedly wrote about Tolstoy.

It is noteworthy that Tchaikovsky, who wrote ten operas, held the same critical opinion of the operatic form as Tolstoy. Writing to Madame Mein, he says :

Leo Tolstoy advised me to abandon the pursuit of theatrical success, and in *War and Peace* he makes his heroine feel perplexed and suffer at the false conventionality of operatic action. One who, like you, does not live in society (and who, therefore, abjures all conventionality) or, like Tolstoy, has lived many years constantly in the country, occupied exclusively with family, literary, and school affairs, must feel more acutely than others all the falsity of operatic forms. Similarly when I write an opera I feel myself cramped and lack freedom. Nevertheless one must admit that much first-rate musical beauty exists in dramatic form, and that its authors were inspired by dramatic motives.

Tchaikovsky also agreed with Tolstoy in his love of Mozart's *Don Juan* and in dislike of the libretti to Wagner's operas. He also agreed with Tolstoy that an artist should not be anxious about the opinion of the crowd.

Tolstoy has convinced me (writes Tchaikovsky) that the artist who works not from an inner impulse but for a carefully calculated effort—he who forces his talent in order to please the public, and compels himself to gratify it—is not fully an artist; his labours are not permanent, and their success is ephemeral. I have fully assimilated that truth.

Despite a certain disillusionment after their first acquaintance, Tchaikovsky, on reading *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, writes in one of his letters :

I become more convinced than ever that the greatest of all artistic writers who ever lived—is Tolstoy.

II

From 1881 to 1901 Tolstoy spent almost every winter in Moscow. The crisis in his soul that reversed his whole previous outlook on life had already occurred. In 1897 he produced his book, *What is Art ?* answering questions which, as he himself wrote, had occupied him for fifteen years. In that work he considered art in general and music in particular from a religious point of view. In those years, despite the fact that his whole spiritual and mental activity was directed to religious questions, music continued to act directly on him as strongly as before. Only perhaps its action was somewhat modified. Music came to agitate and even to irritate him rather than to rouse his tender emotions. In *The Kreutzer Sonata* Pozdnyshev says of music :

In general, music is a dreadful thing. . . . They say music exalts the soul. Nonsense, it is not true 1 . . . It has neither an exalting nor a debasing effect, but it agitates.

And further on :

Take that " Kreutzer " Sonata. . . . To hear that first *Presto* played, to clap a little, and then to eat ices and talk of the latest scandal. Such things should only be played on certain important, significant occasions, and when certain actions answering to such music are wanted ; play it, and then do what the music has moved **you** to. Otherwise an awakening of energy and feeling unsuited both to the time and the place and to which no outlet is given, cannot but act harmfully.

I remember how while he was writing *The Kreutzer Sonata* my father tried to elucidate to himself what feelings the first *Presto* of that Sonata expressed. He said that the introduction to the first part warns us of the importance of what is to follow ; then the indefinite agitation expressed by the first theme and the restrainedly tranquillizing feeling expressed by the second theme both lead to the powerful, clear, and even

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coarse, melody of the concluding part, which simply **expresses** sensuality. Afterwards however my father rejected the idea that that melody expressed sensuality, for in his opinion music cannot express this or that emotion; it merely expresses emotion in general, but it is impossible to define what emotion in particular.

I do not know when my father first heard *The Kreutzer Sonata*, but not long before he wrote the story he had heard it imperfectly performed by myself with the violinist Lyasotta.

In that Moscow-period of his life Tolstoy hardly attended any concerts, considering that it is difficult at concerts to listen to the music—there is so much that is unnecessary and artificial in the surroundings, and that present-day concerts are arranged merely to provide a pleasant pastime for rich and idle people. Of operas, if I remember right, he saw only Mozart's *Magic Flute* and two acts of *Siegfried*, to which latter his attitude was quite disparaging. For all that, he heard much music during those years: and many "musicians visited him and sang or played for him. Among those I remember were: Anton Rubinstein, Arenski, Igumnov, C. I. Taneev, Goldenweizer, Hofmann, Shalyapin, Mme Muromtsev-Klimentov, Skryabin, Brandukov, and Grzhimali. A singer whom Tolstoy particularly liked to hear was Nikolay Mikhaylovich Lopatin. Lopatin together with Prokunin at one time used to note down Russian folk-songs, and he sang them himself as the people do, in what is called "an open-air voice."

In summer non-professional music flourished at Yasnaya Polyana. My father's relation to such music was not merely tolerant, but he sometimes even preferred amateur music to professional. In this regard he occasionally went to an extreme. I remember his once saying that he particularly liked to listen to those who sang or played the piano, guitar, or balalayka, without having learnt their notes, because such people's hearing and memory was unquestionably well

developed, and because they certainly knew well, and loved, what they played or sang.

He often listened with pleasure to the singing of his two eldest daughters (especially when they sang local village songs) ; to the singing of his sister-in-law, T. A. Kuzminsky ; to the improvised choirs and the balalayka playing of the Yasnaya Polyana youths, and to my, or someone else's, amateur piano-playing. Sometimes in the evening he would say to me : " Play something.*" Then I used to sit down to the piano and he would open his study door, laying out cards for a game of patience, reading, or simply resting, while he listened. Sometimes, if he did not know a piece he would ask what it was. Sometimes he told me to play this or that piece, for instance, old-time gavottes, Chopin, or Schumann (e.g. *Waldesgesprach*, or *Nachtstück*) ; Schubert (e.g. *Impromptu*, *A flat major*) ; Greig (" I love you "), Godard (*Au Matin*), etc. I remember his once saying to me : " Play three polonaises: Chopin's *C sharp minor*, Monushko's *Bflat major* and Weber's *E major*."

However, I must add that our amateur music at Yasnaya Polyana was far from always affording him pleasure, especially as he could not resist listening to the sound of music even when it reached him through three closed doors. And this hindered his working, thinking, and writing. One remembers how in *The Fruits of Enlightenment* he ridiculed rich and idle people who occupy themselves with music " for the destruction of time " :

The young lady used to sit down to the pianoforte as soon as she opened her eyes, and off she'd go ! (says the cook in that play). And that other one who lives here, the teacher, stands and waits. " When will the pianoforte be free ? " When one has finished, off rattles the other, and sometimes they'd put two pianofortes near one another, and four of them would burst out at once.

In the last years of his life (1901-10) my father settled down definitely at Yasnaya Polyana. Music, as formerly,

agitated and touched him, but irritated and tormented him less than in the years when *The Kreutzer Sonata* was written. During this last period many musicians visited him at Yasnaya Polyana. Among others came the Czech Quartet, Sibor, Shor with his Trio, Vanda Landovska, Olenina d'Alheim, V. Filosofova, S. I. Taneev, Arenski, and others ; and every summer Prof. A. B. Goldenweizer, of the Moscow Conservatoire, lived near Yasnaya Polyana and frequently played for my father.

As we have seen, all his life long Tolstoy was passionately fond of music and had the opportunity to know, and did actually know, almost everything remarkable in the sphere of music, except perhaps the newest composers. So that his opinion of these or those composers and these or those pieces is of interest. What kind of music, then, acted most strongly on him ? What music did he love best ?

This question is complicated by the fact that Tolstoy was far from always considering the music that pleased him most to be the best. He said that, *' besides being insufficiently informed in all branches of art, I belong to the class of people whose taste has, by false training, been perverted, and I may therefore mistake for absolute merit the impression a work produced on me in my youth."

Personally he was fond of much in musical literature that he did not consider to be real " universal art."

The following are some conclusions I have arrived at as a result of my personal observation of the opinions my father expressed in his writing and conversation. First of all he loved simple, clear melody, and was not afraid of hackneyed melodies. Harmony and elaboration he only felt in so far as they coloured the melodic canvas of the piece. He was rather indifferent to orchestral colouring, and even said that pianoforte pieces were often better than orchestral pieces, just as drawings are frequently better than oil-paintings. Stringed instruments played with a bow, and the pianoforte, stirred him most; this however did not prevent his listening

with pleasure even to a balalayka or a guitar. Vocal music, especially songs, he loved not less than instrumental music. The opera, in his opinion a false kind of art uniting the ununitable—music and drama, he did not like. To him it did not convey an illusion, and he could not help seeing on the stage "a fat singer in tights." It is well known how sarcastically he dealt with *Siegfried*, especially with the subject of that opera. In general he did not like Wagner. On one occasion having listened to two Acts of *Lohengrin* he left the theatre dissatisfied. I only remember that I once played the "Wedding March" from *Tannhduser* and that that march pleased him, but, he remarked, "It is music reminiscent of Weber." He made exception in favour of very few operas. Besides *Don Juan*, *The Magic Flute*, and *Der Freischiltz*, I only know that he saw *Orfeo* and *Le Barbier de Seville* with pleasure.

To the question what sort of music did Tolstoy like best, I think I ought to say that he loved clear, energetic music, chiefly of a major kind, with distinct rhythm. Even among Russian pieces he preferred dance and *khorovod*¹ songs of a major character. It was chiefly such songs that he mentions in his stories: *My Lady*, *Seni moi Seni* (Bower, oh my Bower), *Down the Street*, *Last Night Fell the Snow*, *Oh you Hussars*, *Under an Appletree*, and others.

In his essay *What is Art?* Tolstoy mentions some musical productions which he considers to be the best. These are—folk-music, and of classical music—

very few productions: Bach's violin aria, Chopin's nocturne in E flat major, and perhaps a dozen bits (not whole pieces, but parts) selected from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, and Chopin.

But these works, which Tolstoy considered as fulfilling the demands of universal art, were far from exhausting the number

¹ The *khorovod* is a ring of village singers and dancers that assembles at village festivities in Russia.

of those he himself loved to hear. To them many others must be added. For instance, **one** of **the** composers **who** was congenial to him by the brisk, major character of his music was Weber. Certain pieces by various composers also pleased him, for instance he liked some pieces by Schumann and Schubert. Dances, but not banal ones, pleased him very much. He listened with pleasure to Strauss's waltzes, Hungarian dances, Monushko's polonaises, not to mention the mazurkas, polonaises and waltzes by Chopin.

It may seem that his particular partiality for Chopin contradicts the opinion that Tolstoy preferred major, energetic music, but I think that there is no contradiction, for of Chopin's works what chiefly pleased him were just his major pieces, or his minor but energetic pieces, such, for example, as the *Nocturne in E flat major*, the *Valse in A flat major*, the *Polonaises* > the *Preludes in C major* and *D minor*, the *Ballades in A flat major* and *G minor*. In general in minor pieces it was often the second major themes, standing out particularly vivid on the minor background, which pleased him best.

My father's relation to Beethoven was somewhat complex. This composer—apart from his last period—produced a very strong impression on him. In *Boyhood* he describes the effect produced by the "Pathetic" Sonata on his hero; in *Family Happiness* he refers lovingly to the "Moonlight" Sonata; *The Kreutzer Sonata* borrows its title from Beethoven's work; the *Appassionata* always excited him, and finally, he himself often played Beethoven's sonatas and orchestral pieces (four-handed). But adopting, in this instance as in other cases, a critical attitude towards accepted idols, he always protested against the exceptional cult of Beethoven, considering his predecessors Haydn and Mozart to be equal if not superior to him. He considered Beethoven not as the culminator of the period of music's greatest development, but as the forefather of a decline which continues till now.* I remember his saying in the 'seventies that an artist of genius gives us

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in his works not merely a new content but a new" form ; Haydn created the forms of the sonata and the symphony, Mozart of the opera, but that Beethoven created in previously existing forms—those of Haydn and to some extent of Mozart; therefore he asked himself whether he ought to consider Beethoven a genius. It seems to me that my father was mistaken in his judgment of Beethoven. His symphonic forms are so distinct from those of his predecessors that they may be considered as new forms. Beethoven's construction is broader and freer ; it presents something quite new (e.g. his *Scherzo*), so that if it is true that genius creates in new forms, this is fully applicable to Beethoven. Further my father considered that Beethoven is comprehensible to a comparatively small number of people and that the listener has somewhat to pamper himself in music and spoil his taste in order to understand Beethoven, as there is much that is artificial in him.

For Wagner, Liszt (with the exception of some of his arrangements), Berlioz, Brahms, Richard Strauss, and others of the more modern composers, my father had no great liking.¹ He accepted only a few of Grieg's pieces. It is true that he was not well acquainted with the newer composers, but there is a large measure of truth in what he said about the innovators in music. He said :

When you listen to the new music, it frequently seems that something good and melodious is just beginning, but before that good matter has had time to start it is already finished and sunk in unintelligent and unnecessary dissonances. The composer torments and torments his hearers with these dissonances until

¹ The well-known critic Strakhov explained my father's attitude towards Wagner by the fact that he felt melody acutely but was not so susceptible to harmony. Whether that was so I will not undertake to judge. Wagner may have repelled my father by his fondness for grandiose effects as well as by the subjects he selected and by his way of using the orchestra and not the singers for the presentation of the theme.

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again there is a flash of something intelligible, which again **becomes** submerged. One is left with an unsatisfied **and** disconnected impression.

Among Russian composers my father was fond of hearing some of Glinka's songs, but was not enthusiastic about his operas. He set little value on Tchaikovsky, except a few of his pieces, and he was not well acquainted with Mussorgsky, Borodin, Arenski, Korsakov, and Balakirev, and was rather indifferent to them. I only know that he was greatly pleased by Balakirev's song *Do I hear thy Voice ?* (the words are Lermontov's). I once showed him my harmonization of Burns' songs, and some of them pleased him. Of the song *Corn Rigs are Bonny* he said : " Yes, that is quite a Russian song."

Finally he decidedly disliked the works of Beethoven's last period, in which opinion he coincides with Ulybyshev in *Beethoven et ses glossateurs*, which appeared in 1857 and achieved a certain reputation.

One may not agree with my father's judgment of certain pieces or composers, and especially with his negative opinions, but it cannot be denied that he had a true and a fine taste, and that he valued only music that was really good. This is not my own opinion merely, but that of the musicians who knew him, such, for instance, as S. I. Taneev and A. B. Goldenweizer.

III

In addition to what I have already said I will give some extracts from my own recollections, from A. B. Goldenweizer's notes, and from those of D. I. Makovitski. I will also give, in an appendix, two lists of pieces my father was fond of ; these lists supplement one another, one having been drawn up by me and the other by A. D. Goldenweizer (Appendices IV and V).

My father's opinions about music, quoted from his words, sometimes appear contradictory and sometimes paradoxical, as of course was bound to happen since they were uttered in conversation *ad hoc*. Nevertheless they give a vivid idea of his relation to music.

A

{From my Recollections.}

My father was very fond of Chopin. For instance, of the D minor Prelude he said : " *Das ist Musik !* And what a simple and novel way of finishing the piece—those three *re* in the bass."

Of one of Chopin's waltzes he once said :

Chopin, like all composers, has some banal passages, but he has few of them, and is good even in those places ; he is banal, but somehow banal in his own way.

Once when I remarked to him that Chopin is not understood by people little acquainted with music, for instance by the peasants, he agreed with this and said that unfortunately he had to admit that a certain musical preparation is necessary for an understanding of Chopin. " But I love him," he added, " probably because my taste is already spoiled."

In addition to what has been said above about Beethoven, I remember my father said of the Sonata in G major (Op. 14, No. 2), that in the first part one hears, as it were, the conversation of a husband and wife, and in general that it is a toy sonata. In the Sonata in E flat major (Op. 7) he considered the *Trio* from the *Scherzo* (in E flat minor) its best part; the Sonata in C major (Op. 53), he considered artificial and brain-spun. Of the last sonatas he liked only the *Adagio* with variations (E major) in Sonata Op. 109.

In Schumann's song *Ich grolle nicht* he was delighted by the chords of the accompaniment. " They remind one of Bach's first prelude " said he (No. 1 of *4.8 Preludes and Fugues*),

We may say that his favourite duet was *La ci darem*, from Mozart's *Don Juan*. In a letter to his daughter (March 11, 1894) he wrote :

Yesterday at Berg's, after an absurd [I] Quartet of Tchaikovsky's, I started talking with a violinist who is a student at the Conservatoire. Just then they began singing. Not to disturb them we went into another room, and I demonstrated warmly that music had taken a wrong road. Suddenly something interrupts my thought, seizes it, draws it to itself—and demands surrender. They had just then begun to sing the duet from *Don Juan*, *La ci darem*. I ceased speaking and listened, and then felt glad and smiled at something. What is that terrible power ?

My father's attitude towards Tchaikovsky's music was cold. It has been mentioned above that on one occasion Tchaikovsky's *Andante* moved him to tears. I think that was the strongest impression he ever received from that composer's music. I remember that he listened with pleasure to only a few of Tchaikovsky's songs, and to one or two other things of his (e.g. to his first symphony). He did not rank him high in comparison with other composers.

In general he was not enthusiastic about Russian composers. One day when I was playing the Overture from Glinka's " *Ruslan*," he remarked, " It is good, but not first class ; for instance, the Overture of *Der Freischütz* is better."

Of Anton Rubinstein he said :

Rubinstein knows too much of other people's music; that prevents his standing on his own feet. He has only a few sincere though rather banal pieces (e.g. his songs for the pianoforte, E major and F major, " *Valse caprice*, and some others).

He liked some pieces of Grieg's ; he felt Grieg's originality, but having listened to the *Trolls' March*, he said : " That is really too Griegic."

B

(From Notes made by A. B. Goldenweizer.)

A. B. Goldenweizer of the Moscow Conservatoire, an eminent musician, always prized Tolstoy's opinions about music. In a lecture on that theme, while not agreeing with many of my father's negative judgments concerning certain compositions, he acknowledged that he had true and fine musical taste and that he loved only truly good music.

13 July, 1905.—Tolstoy remarked : " In Glinka's work I feel that he was an unclean, sensual man. In music you always feel what a man is like : the bright sincere youth—Mozart, the naive Haydn, the stern, egotistic Beethoven—are heard in their music."

25 August, 1905.—" What I value almost more than anything in Haydn is his cheerfulness." . . . Tolstoy said that Haydn's symphonies please him more when played four-handed on the pianoforte, than by an orchestra. In reply to the question why this was so, he said : " The first reason is that the possibility of perfection in the performance is in inverse proportion to the number of performers. The more instruments there are, the more is the purity of the sound dissipated, since absolutely pure accord and intonation are impossible : finally, rhythmic exactitude is almost unattainable when there are many performers. The second reason is a subjective one of my own : for me the brightness of colours does not aid, but hinders, the strength of the impression."

12 February, 1906.—I played much with S. I. Taneev on two pianos. We played Arenski's second Suite and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. S. I. T. played Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, and we accompanied one another. Contrary to my expectations Tolstoy was very pleased with Schumann's Concerto, and comparatively little pleased with Beethoven's. The Ninth Symphony produced a great impression on him.

17 July, 1908.—In Liszt there is an absence of the completeness of the old masters, of the clearness of the whole, which makes one feel "so it must be and it can't be otherwise." But with him it is all invented and not clear. Tolstoy said that the new music, since Chopin, is strange to him—it is the decline of art . . .

I am always afraid that this is a sign of old age—only to recognize the old things. However, the same is happening in literature.

31 *August*.—Opera is inferior to pure music : in it extraneous elements are mixed in with the music.

4 *September*.—The understanding of music comes with time. Forty years ago K. A. Islavin played Chopin as something perfectly new, and it seemed obscure.

6 *September*.—In art the chief thing is to say something new—something of your own. All the great artists can be distinguished by that. Take Mendelssohn—his music is beautiful, but still it is like everybody's. But it is necessary to say something that is one's own. Beethoven—I do not like him, but he possesses that quality. You never know in advance what he is going to say.

29 *July*, 1909.—Do you remember what Schopenhauer said about music ? When you listen to music it is as if something remained unsaid, there is something unsatisfying. That is perfectly true.

6 *August*.—It is astonishing what music is ! Why do certain auditory combinations gladden one, agitate one, grip one, while to others we remain perfectly indifferent ? In other arts that is more intelligible. In painting and literature an element of rationality is involved, here there is nothing but a combination of sounds ; but what power ! I think that music is the most vivid practical proof of the spirituality of our nature.

C

{From the Notes of D. I. Makovitski}

Dr. Makovitski when living at Yasnaya Polyana kept a detailed Diary. The following extracts from it relate to music at Yasnaya Polyana :

22 *December*', 1907.—This morning Sibor (violinist), Bukinik (violoncellist), and Goldenweizer played. In the evening we had a concert. They played Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Arenski. Tolstoy liked Mozart, and still more Haydn. He said: " I particularly love Haydn. He has modesty—that artistic self-denial when an author does not show himself .V He was specially pleased

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with the *Finale*, in which Hungarian melodies are heard. "I think Haydn was of Croatian origin, lived among the Croats, and made use of their folk-tunes." Goldenweizer confirmed this. After listening to Beethoven, Tolstoy remarked: "I remained unmoved and admired the artist's performance." When those present began to be enthusiastic about Beethoven, he said: "I think that you are pretending. Mozart did not do it, but Beethoven began to combine the inner content with external effects, and among his followers only external effects are left."

Arenski's Trio also pleased him. On Sibor's remarking that Tchaikovsky's fame would not last long, Tolstoy said:

Tchaikovsky has admirable things and has poor ones. You know that Beethoven also had poor things. But the public cries up everything that Beethoven wrote!

5 January, 1908.—Tanev and Goldenweizer played Beethoven's Fourth Concerto. "Horrible," said Tolstoy, "but they played it splendidly." Of the *C sharp minor Sonata* he said: "Charming." Mozart's variations to the child's song, *Ah, vous dirai-je, maman* which Tanev played, also pleased him very much.

6 January.—Tanev played Bach, Chopin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Arenski. About Chopin's pieces Tolstoy remarked: "The more you hear these things the more you like them." Of Arenski's intermezzo he said: "That is very pleasing." Of Mendelssohn: "There you have Mendelssohn's trait—modesty. He does not want to say more than he can." Of Beethoven's variations in the sonata with the funeral march, he said, "Delightful."

24 December.—During the day Vanda Landovska played on the clavicin the songs of various Eastern and Western folk: old French, English, Italian, and Polish *Kolendy* (Christmas folk-songs), and Armenian, Jewish, Persian, and Lesghian songs. "It carries one into quite a different world," said Tolstoy. "There was a moment when I forgot myself. It is music of the working folk, serious and gay. Beethoven and Wagner grew up on it." After the singing of Polish songs, Landovski (the husband of Vanda Landovska) said that Polish and in general Western Slav songs are merry, while Russian—Eastern Slav—songs are sad. "Great Russian songs are also merry," said Tolstoy. "All folk-music is under-

standable to every one ; a Persian will understand a Russian peasant, and the Russian folk will understand the Persian. But the last humbug of Richard Strauss no one, not even the gentry themselves, can understand. It is as in religion, where every one can understand truth and kindness, but dogmas, ritual, and church services, no one understands."

Landovska also played old French dances, *La chasse* of John Bull and the old Italians. "A return to the old does not narrow, but widens music's domain," said Tolstoy. In the evening he remarked that Landovska had confirmed his opinion that "the flowering period of music was in the seventeenth, eighteenth and up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. But from that time began its decline."

That day Tolstoy as it were surfeited himself on music. As he went off to bed he said : "Music is a good thing—but it is still better to be without music."

Among other things he said : "Sculpture, music, painting, and the art of oratory, will not endure mediocrity."

3 May% 1910.—They started the gramophone. Tolstoy entered the room when Varya Panina (a Gipsy woman) was singing. He asked to have it put on again, listened attentively and praised it : "What transitions from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo* ! " remarked he. They then put on Vyalitseva.¹ "Ah, it's not good," he remarked.

21 May.—The singing of Plevitskaya² (on the gramophone) not only failed to please Tolstoy, but was positively repulsive to him, though he praised the tunes.

IV

We have seen that throughout his life Tolstoy was concerned with the questions : (1) What is music ? And why does it so act on people : wherein lies the secret of its effect ? (2) What purpose should music serve ? Is its effect on people a good one ?

We have seen that already in early youth he wrote : "Music is a means of arousing and transmitting certain feelings by

¹ A singer of light sentimental songs.

³ A singer of Russian folk-songs.

means of sounds." In *Childhood and Youth* he calls* music the recollection of feelings. Sometimes he said music is the recollection of what has never been.

In 1906, when he was an old man, he expressed the same thought in a letter to his wife.

The other day I thought this about music : Music is the stenography of feeling. When we speak we express the feelings which accompany what we are saying by the lowering, the raising, the strength, and the rapid or deliberate sequence of sounds—we express by words the objects and the events we witness. But music transmits only the combinations and sequences, of those feelings, without ideas, forms, or events. This thought explained to me what I experience when listening to music.

In this explanation of music's action on its hearers Tolstoy comes nearest to Schopenhauer, who says that music never expresses the phenomenal world—concrete appearances—but only the essence of phenomena—in a word, *will* itself. It does not express some definite joy or sorrow, this or that pleasure or suffering, fear or impulse, but merely joy, grief, pleasure, suffering, terror, impulse, and so on, in general—that it is the abstract and general essence of those spiritual movements, irrespective of the circumstances of time and place.

In Tolstoy's explanation of the action of music on the hearer, Schopenhauer's influence is felt. However, Tolstoy himself did not seem satisfied with his explanation. Some measure of perplexity remained in his soul : Why do sounds touch us, agitate us, delight us ? When quite old, in 1907, he said to Dr. Makovitski, " Old as I am, I still do not know how to define music."

Feeling doubtful as to *the cause of the action* of music on mankind, Tolstoy felt no doubt about *the importance of music*, the aim towards which music should strive. About that he expressed himself definitely both in private conversation and in his work on art. In the latter he gives art in general two

aims : either to serve the religious understanding of life, the establishment of the relation between God and man, or to serve as a means of union among men. The former category of works of art he called " religious art," the second " universal art." Music he classifies as belonging to the latter category. Music promotes the union and intercourse of men with one another, but it is foreign to the calls of duty ; it is *pflchtloses Genuss*, as Kant phrased it—it is not religious art. Having said to Makovitski that he did not know how to define music, he added : " But music is good in that it unites people in one and the same feeling." In his opinion, in the fact that it " unites people in one and the same feeling " lies the purpose of music. Hence his demand that music should embrace a wide circle of people, especially those of the working classes. For that reason he mentions as pre-eminently real art the musical creations springing from the people, and after that the music of various composers. That was why he considered songs and dance-tunes, folk-songs, the vales of Strauss, and Gipsy songs, playing on the balalayka and even on the concertina, and so on, to be real art ; he considered that if such art of the lower order infected the hearers with certain feelings, it achieved its purpose. Nor did he fear to love and to praise what are called hackneyed pieces. Of course he acknowledged that there is music and music—music of a high and of a low kind, trivial music, and even music that serves base ends. But first of all he demanded that it should be accessible to the great mass of hearers. In his opinion music serves its fundamental purpose the less the narrower is the circle of those who comprehend it. He even classed himself among those who have spoilt their taste with erudite and exceptional music, and he therefore distrusted his own likings.

If I may express my own opinion, it seems to me that there is some exaggeration in the demand that every musical production should be intelligible to a wide circle of people. In order to feel music properly, it is necessary to be somewhat

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familiar with musical language. And as long as that language is **but** little diffused, the circle of those who understand it must necessarily be narrow. In order that serious music should become accessible to the great mass of the people, the mass must learn to understand that music.

But I think my father was right in indicating that composers who make their musical language obscure in their search for interesting but artificial effects take a wrong road. Those far-fetched productions, even if they some day become intelligible to the great mass, will not afford them pleasure. The future belongs to those musicians who manifest their inspiration in a serious, clear, and intelligible musical language. And we must also agree with Tolstoy that to amuse a small group of idle people should not be the aim of art. Art is a serious and important matter and necessary to all men.

APPENDIX I

SEVASTOPOL SONG

AIR, WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

*Introductory.**Allegro.*

Kak chel-ver - tu - vo chis - la — Nan na - leg - ka -

CHORUS

ya nes - la - Go - ry za - ni - mat - Go - ry za - ni - mat -

Variation of the accompaniment.

Chis - to vpi - ano v bu - ma - gi, Da za - by - lo pro ov - ra - gi.

CHORUS

Kak po nim kho - dit - Kak po nim kho - dit -

'Twas in August, on the fourth,
That the devil sent us forth
To attack those hills!
To attack those hills!

Definite the plans they got,
But th' ravines they clean forgot
Which we had to cross!
Which we had to cross!

APPENDIX II
TOLSTOY'S VALSENOTED DOWN BY S. I. TANEEV, AT YASNAYA POLYANA, IN
FEBRUARY, 1906

APPENDIX III

THE BROOK (QUARTET)

THIS OLD ITALIAN SONG WAS SUNG AT TOLSTOY'S HOME AND SCHOOL.
IT IS ALSO MENTIONED IN *WAR AND PEACE* (BOOK I, CHAP. XX).

Moderato.

Soprano.
Contralto

S toboy vdu - em, Kol schast - iv ya,

Tenor.
Bass.

Pa - eeh ty luch - she so - lov ya. I kluch po ka - mesh.

kam le - chel, Ky - e - di - nen - u nas vie - chel.

When we're alone how I rejoice,
No nightingale can match thy voice :
And gurgling o'er its stones the brook
Invites us to a quiet nook.

APPENDIX IV

MUSICAL WORKS TOLSTOY WAS FOND OF

As RECOLLECTED BY COUNT S. L. TOLSTOY

(A) Folk-music, especially Russian songs as sung by the people themselves (chiefly in the *major* key), and also as performed by musicians (i.e. by N. M. Lopatin, Olenina d'Alheim, Troyanovski and Andreeva [balalayka]. Some Gipsy songs. Russian songs and ballads performed by the Gipsy choirs. Hungarian dances (as arranged by Brahms) and others.

(B) Composers : Rameau (e.g. *Tambourin*), Scarlatti, Handel (e.g. *Variations in E major*), Bach (especially his aria for the violin, some preludes—the First Prelude in C major, the Fugue C sharp major, gavottes and others), Gluck (*Orfe'e*, the overture to *Iphigénie en Aulide* and others), Haydn (almost all—symphonies, quartets, the trio, and some sonatas), Mozart (especially *Don Juan*)—symphonies, especially *G minor*, some sonatas, especially *Andante*, the sonata for the violin in *E flat major*. Some arias from *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *The Magic Flute*. The variations to the song *Ah, vous dirai-je, maman*. Beethoven (the sonatas—except those of the last period—e.g. *Quasi una Fantasia*—C sharp minor, D minor, *appassionata*, the third part of the sonata in *E flat major*, the trio, and others. The sonatas for the violin, especially *A minor*, dedicated to Kreutzer. *Adelaide*. The Second, Fourth, Fifth and Eighth Symphonies, the Septuor *E flat major*).

SCHUBERT. Impromptu Aflat major, Op. 90, No. 4, and others. Many songs : *Der Wanderer*, *Doppelgänger*, *Aufenthalt*, *Erlkönig*, and others.

SCHUMANN, *Des Abends*, *Grillen*, *Aufschwung*, *Warum*, *Nachstücke*, the second part of *Jugend-album* (e.g. *Winterzeit*, *Scheherezade*, and others), *Dichterliebe*, especially *Ich grolle nicht*, *Waldesgespräch*, *Nussbaum*.

WEBER. Sonatas for the piano, *C major* (adagio) and *A flat major*, the *Polonaise E major*, the opera *Freischütz*, the overtures to *Freischütz*, *Oberon*, *Peter Schmitt*.

CHOPIN. Almost everything ; especially the ballade in *G minor*, the valse : in *A flat major*, Op. 34, *F minor*, *D flat-major*, the mazurkas in *A minor*, Op. 17 ; *B minor*, Op. 33; *E minor*, Op. 41; the

preludes, especially the first in *C major* and the last in *D minor*. The nocturnes in *E flat major*, *C minor*, the *etudes E major*, Op. 10, and others.

GLINKA. Songs: / *Remember the Wonderful Moment, How Sweet, I Have But Got to Know You, When in a Merry Hour*, etc.

BALAKIREV. *DO I Hear Your Voice ?*

GRIEG. *Ich Hebe dich*, arranged by its author for the piano, *Waldesstille*.

RUBINSTEIN. *Romances F flat major (piano) and F major. Valse Caprice*.

GODARD. *Chanson de Florian, Valse B major, Au matin*.

GOUNOD. *Ah, si tu savais. Arditi, Valse, Il baccio*.

ROSSINI. *Overture to Guillaume Tell. Il Barbiere di Seviglia*.

I. STRAUSS. *Valses : Juristenballeldnge, Accel er ationen, Friihlingstimme*.

HENSELT. *Petite Valse. Pohne d'amour*.

RUDOLPH. *Cavalry Trot*.

DAVIDOV. *Romance sans paroles (G dur)*.

WIENIAWSKI. *Ugende. Mazurkas*.

LISZT. Some arrangements, e.g. the overture to *Freischutz*, and *Hungarian Rhapsodies* (for instance, No. 12).

APPENDIX V

MUSICAL WORKS TOLSTOY WAS FOND OF

COMPILED BY A. B. GOLDENWEIZER

BACH.—Aria. Fantasia C minor and other things from the repertoire of Vanda Landovska. For instance old French dances ; *La chasse*, by the English composer John Bull. *Tambour in Rameau*, and Variations in E major by Handel.

HAYDN. Trio No. 1 (LitolfFs edition). Symphony : B major (No. 6 of the six symphonies in the full score edition by Peters), G major, F sharp minor (Abschied Symphonie), and others.

Pianoforte capriccio B minor, and some piano sonatas, for instance D major, No. 7.

MOZART.—Violin sonatas : B major, No. 10 ; E flat major, No. 16 ; D major, No. 3. Variations of the Sonata F major, No. 9 (the numbers are given as in Peters' edition) and others. Symphony G minor. Piano sonatas, for instance, C major, No. 2 (Peters) ; A major (with variations), and of them especially the Rondo *Alia Turca*. The opera of *Don Juan* (one of Tolstoy's few strong impressions from operatic performances, as he was in general indifferent to operas).

BEETHOVEN.—Sonatas for the piano: E flat major, Op. 7 (especially the third part, *Allegro*) ; C sharp minor, Op. 27 (Quasi una Fantasia) ; D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 ; F minor, Op. 57 (appassionata) ; the second part of the Sonata in E minor, Op. 90, and others. Almost all the sonatas for the piano and violin. Especially the A major (dedicated to Kreutzer), C minor, F major, E flat major. Trio : the great B major and the C minor. Some of the symphonies, especially the Fifth and in it the *Andante*.

SCHUBERT.—Impromptu A-flat major, Op. 90, No. 4, and the violin Sonata G minor.

WEBER.—Pianoforte Sonata A flat major. Sonatas for the piano and violin. Overtures to *Freischütz* and to *Oberon*.

SCHUMANN.—*Des Abends, Grillen, Aufschwung, Warum*. Some numbers of *David'sbinder* (especially 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, ii, 12, 13, 15). Many from *Carpaval* (for instance *Priambule, Eusebius. Reconnaissance, Valse Allemande, Finale*).

CHOPIN.—Ballades in G minor and A flat major Sonatas in

B minor. Valse A flat major, Op. 35, No. 1. *Polonaises* : C sharp minor, E flat minor, A flat major. *Mazurkas* : F minor, Op. 7, No. 3 ; A minor, Op. 17, No. 4 ; C major, Op. 24, No. 2 ; C minor, Op. 30, No. 1 ; B minor, Op. 30, No. 2 ; G sharp minor, Op. 33, No. 1 ; B minor, Op. 33, No. 4 ; E minor, Op. 41, No. 2 ; A flat major, Op. 50, No. 2 ; C sharp minor, Op. 50, No. 3.

Twenty-four preludes, of which especially : C major, C minor, F sharp major, F minor, *D minor*.

Nocturnes : E flat major, No. 2 ; F sharp major, C minor.

Many *Studes*, especially E major, Op. 10 ; A flat major, C sharp minor and E minor, Op. 25.

ARENSKI.—*Esquisse F major*. Barcarolle and others. Trio D minor.

RAKHMANINOV.—*Moment musical B minor*. *Prelude G minor*.

SKRYABIN.—*Mazurka F sharp major*, Op. 40.

BRAHMS.—*Hungarian dances*.

TOLSTOY'S HOME-LEAVING AND DEATH
BY THE COUNTESS ALEXANDRA LVOVNA TOLSTOY

TOLSTOY'S HOME-LEAVING AND DEATH

SOME articles have recently been written about Tolstoy's leaving Yasnaya Polyana. That subject, connected as it is with my father's whole life, his outlook on life, and his relations to his family, is so complex and requires such serious and many-sided consideration, that all the attempts made up to now to throw light on it in short articles and pamphlets appear to me quite unsuccessful. It is impossible while dealing solely with the last period of my father's life with my mother (who, on the evidence of the medical specialists, was suffering from acute nervous disorder) to arrive at deductions and conclusions about their whole long, complex life together. In these recollections of mine I omit all intimate family matters, considering that I have no right to deal with the relations between my father and mother.¹

On the evening of October 27th,- we all felt conscious of a particularly oppressive and strained atmosphere. I and Varya 3 were long unable to sleep that night. We were continually imagining that someone was walking about and talking upstairs in my father's study.

Towards morning there was a knock at our door.

" Who's there ? "

¹ Further details, and an account of the Will secretly drawn up, which was closely connected with his home-leaving and death, are given in *Leo Tolstoy*, by Aylmer Maude, published by Methuen & Co., London, and Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

² The dates in this article throughout are old style, so that to arrive at the new style, thirteen days must be added in each case.

³ Varvara Mikhaylovna Feokritov, who had been living for some years at Yasnaya Polyana, helping my father and mother.

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

" **It's I**, Leo Nikolaevich.¹ I am going away **for good**. Come and help me pack."

" Are you really going away alone ? " I asked in terror.

" No, I am taking Dushan Petrovich² with me."

We dressed hastily, went upstairs, and began to help my father to pack. My heart beat strongly. My hand shook and I was constantly doing the wrong thing, taking up what was not wanted, hurrying, and dropping things. . . .

I had been expecting him to go away, awaiting it every day and every hour, but none the less when he said, " I am going away for good," it struck me as something fresh and unexpected. I shall never forget his appearance at the door, in his blouse, carrying a candle which lit up his fine serene face, full of firmness and decision.

D. P. Makovitski was already upstairs. He seemed to be as disturbed and excited as I was, and also hurried and, bustled over the packing of the things.

My father, however, appeared quite calm. He was putting things carefully into cardboard boxes and tying them up with string. He indicated to me a pile of manuscripts lying folded on an arm-chair by the writing-table.

" There, Sasha,³ I have taken all my manuscripts out of the drawers. Please take them and keep them. I have written to mama that I am giving them into your custody."

His face was rosy, his movements calm, no hurry was noticeable, and only the appealing tones of his voice betrayed his terrible excitement.

I carried off the manuscripts to my own room and asked whether he had taken his diary. He replied that he had taken it, and asked me to pack his pencils and pens. I wished to add some medical appliances necessary for his health, but he said that was quite superfluous.

¹ It is usual in Russian to employ the Christian name and patronymic instead of the Christian name and surname.*

² D. P. Makovitski, a Slovak doctor, who shared my father's views.

³ " Sasha " is the pet name for Alexandra.

We moved very quietly, and constantly checked one another: "Quieter, quieter. Don't make a noise." The doors were closed and when I asked who had shut them, my father said that he had crept quietly to my mother's bedroom and had closed her door and the corridor door.

We were packing the things for about half an hour. My father had by then become excited, and hurried us, but our hands trembled, straps would not fasten, and the portmanteaux would not close.

My father said that he could not wait longer, and putting on his blue overcoat, his goloshes, his brown knitted cap, and his mittens,¹ went to the stable to tell them to harness the horses. I went downstairs with him, dragging the things that were ready. D. P. Makovitski was hurrying to pack* what remained. Varvara Mikhaylovna was putting up some provisions for the journey.

We were ready to carry the things out of the house when the outer door opened and my father re-entered the hall without his cap.

"What has happened?"

"It is so dark that you can't see your own hand. I went along the path, lost it, knocked up against an acacia, fell down, lost my cap, hunted for it but could not find it, and had to come back. Get me another cap, Sasha."

I ran to fetch a cap and brought two, of which my father selected the plainer; and he again went out, taking with him an electric torch.

While we were collecting the things I had been struck by the fact that my father did not wish to take anything with him except what was absolutely necessary. I had difficulty in persuading him to take the electric torch, a few medicines, and a fur coat. He went out, and after a few minutes we followed him to the stables, dragging the heavy packages and

¹ Literally *rukavitsy*, which are bag-shaped gloves with undivided fingers.

portmanteaux with us. It was muddy, one's **feet slipped**, **and** we advanced with difficulty in the dark. Near **the** detached wing of the house **a** bluish light flickered. It **was** my father coming to meet us.

" Oh, that's you," said he. " Well this time I got to the stables successfully and they are already harnessing for us. Well, I will go in front and light the path for you."

" Ah, why have you let Sasha take the heaviest things ? " he said reproachfully to Varvara Mikhaylovna.

He took a basket from her hands and carried it, and Varvara Mikhaylovna helped me drag the portmanteau. He went on in front and occasionally pressed the button of the electric torch and then at once relaxed it, which made things seem still darker. My father always grudged wasting the fruits of human labour, and such products as electric torches he treated with special consideration. Now, as always, he grudged wasting the store of electricity.

So we advanced, now in complete darkness, now guided by the light of the torch which my father, grudging to waste, immediately switched off. When we reached the stables Adrian Pavlovich, the coachman, was attaching the second horse to the pole. My father took the bridle and put it on, but his hands shook and would not obey him and he could not manage to buckle it. At first he urged on the coachman, but then sat down on a portmanteau in a corner of the coach-house and his spirits immediately seemed to sink.

I felt that we should be caught directly, and everything would be lost. He would then not get away without **a** scene.

But now the horses are ready and the coachman is dressed. Filya, the stable lad, with a lantern, has jumped on to the horse.

" Drive on ! "

" Wait, wait ! " shouted I. " Wait, papa, let me kiss you."

" Good-bye, darling, but we shall soon see one **another** again. Drive on."

«

The carriage moved on, not driving past the house but straight along the road which runs through the apple-orchard and emerges on what was called " the prishpekt."¹

All this happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I had not had time to render account to myself of what had occurred, and now, standing in the darkness near the stable, I realized for the first time that my father had quite left Yasnaya Poly ana, and perhaps for ever. The thought flashed through my mind : " Suppose I never see him again. . . ."

It was already nearly five o'clock in the morning when Varvara Mikhaylovna and I returned to the house. With quickly beating hearts we went to our room and there, counting the hours, sat till eight o'clock. Then we breathed with relief, calculating that the train by which my father was to leave would already have started. I went to Ilya Vasilevich.²

" Where is Leo Nikolacvich ? "

Ilya Vasilevich was taken aback and remained silent.

" You know that Leo Nikolaevich has left for good ? "

" I know ; he told me he wanted to go away, and this morn-
ing I guessed by the clothes that he was no longer here."

The coachman who had taken my father to the station brought me back a letter :

I got here safely. We shall probably go to Optino. Read letters that come for me. Tell Tchertkov that if in the course of a week (by the 4th proximo) I do not alter the arrangement, he may send *³ the announcement " 3 to the papers.

Please, darling, as soon as you know where I am—and you will know that very soon—send me news of everything ; how my leaving was taken, and everything, the more fully the better.

SHEKINO.

28th October, '10.

¹ A mispronunciation of " prospect."

² I. V. Sidorkov, who served my father.

³ " The announcement " was a letter from my father to the papers stating that he had never sold, or authorized the sale of, the copyright in his works.

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

I continued till eleven o'clock in the morning very restless and in terrible excitement. It is intolerably hard to have to inform my mother of my father's having left, but now there is a noise from her bedroom, steps are heard ; it means she is getting up. I went into the dining-room, and a few minutes later my mother entered.

" Where is papa ? " she asked me in a frightened voice.

" My father has gone away."

" Where to ? "

" I don't know."

" How is it you don't know where he has gone ? Has he gone for good ? "

" He has left a letter for you. Here it is."

I handed her the letter. She hastily seized it and rapidly 'ran it through. This is what the letter contained :

4 A.M. *zStk October*, 1910.

My departure will grieve you. I regret that, but do understand and believe that I could not act otherwise. My position at home was becoming, and had become, intolerable. Besides all the other troubles, I cannot live longer in the conditions of luxury in which I have been living, and I am doing what old men of my age usually do, retiring from worldly life to live out their last days in solitude and quiet. Please try to understand this, and do not follow me if you should learn where I am. Your coming would only make your position and my own worse, but would not alter my decision.

Thank you for your honourable forty-eight years' life with me, and forgive me for everything in which I was to blame towards you, as I on my part forgive you with my whole soul for everything in which you may have been to blame towards me. I advise you to reconcile yourself to the new position in which my departure places you, and not to bear me any ill-feeling. If you wish to inform me of anything, do so through Sasha. She will know where I am, and will send on to me what is necessary. She cannot tell you where I am, because I have made her promise not to tell that to anyone.

LEO TOLSTOY.

I have commissioned Sasha to collect my things and manuscripts and to send them on to me.

" **He's gone, quite gone,***" cried my mother. " Good-bye, I **cannot continue** to live without him. I will drown myself ! "

She threw the letter on the floor and ran out. I called Bulgakov, who, arriving from the Tchertkovs, had just entered the room, and I asked him to help me watch my mother. Bulgakov at once ran after her, and she, just as she was without goloshes and with nothing over her dress, ran into the alley and further and further on in the direction of the pond. I watched her from the window of the dining-room, and saw that she drew nearer and nearer to the pond. I rushed downstairs at top speed and ran after her. Just then my mother saw Bulgakov who was running after her, and rushed to one side to avoid him. I ran to intercept her, overtook Bulgakov, and got there just at the moment my mother reached the pond. She ran along the boards of the platform at the pond bank, where women rinse the clothes, but slipped and fell down. I rushed to her. She rolled over the side of the platform and fell into the water before I could hold her back. She began to sink, but I had already leapt into the water after her, and Bulgakov, who had now arrived, followed me in. Standing up to my breast in the pond I dragged my mother out and handed her to Bulgakov and to our servant Vanya, who had run to help us. And then arrived Semen Nikolaevich, the cook, who, running on to the platform, slipped **and** fell down heavily.

" I slipped and fell, too," said my mother.

They lifted her up under the arms and led her off. Reaching home I changed my clothes and, having learned that my mother also had put on dry things, I again went upstairs and walked about the rooms feeling excited and not knowing what to do, and then through the window I saw that my mother, in a dressing-gown, was running down the alley towards the pond. I shouted to Bulgakov and Vanya, who again ran after her»and brought her home by force. So things continued all that endless and nightmarish day. My mother

wept unceasingly, beat her breast now with a heavy paper-weight and now with a hammer, and pricked herself with knives, scissors and pins. When I took all these from her by force she wished to throw herself out of the window, throw herself down the well, and so on.

I decided to watch her day and night till the rest of the family arrived, to whom I at once despatched urgent telegrams. My brother Andrew was at Krapivna * and should reach Yasnaya Polyana that same day. I also sent to Tula for a nerve specialist. My mother several times implored me to tell her where my father had gone and, seeing that she could get nothing out of me, sent to the station to inquire for what station tickets had been taken. Learning that tickets had been issued to him for train No. 9, she sent a telegram addressed to my father :

Return immediately—SASH A.

The servant to whom she entrusted this telegram brought it to me in confusion, not knowing whether to obey my mother's orders or not.

Towards evening my brother Andrew arrived. An hour later came the doctor from Tula. He at once went to my mother and talked to her a long time, trying to calm her. He told my brother and me that he detected signs of acute nervous disorder in her, and asked us to watch her, saying that there was some danger of her committing suicide. That night Marya Alexandrovna Schmidt² and Bulgakov watched my mother.

I rose several times to learn what was happening. My mother walked from room to room all night, now sobbing loudly and now growing calmer. She no longer tried to kill herself, but said : " I will find him ; I will escape. How will you stop me ? I will jump out of the window, go to

¹ A district town twenty miles from Yasnaya Polyana.

² M. A. Schmidt, a near follower and friend of Leo Nikolaevich's.

the station, and what will you do with me ? Ah ! if I only knew where he is ! Then I would not let him go, I would watch him day and night ; I would sleep at his door. . . ."

In the evening that day I received a telegram sent to the Tchertkovs :

We are spending the night at Optino. To-morrow Shamardino. Address to Podborki. Am well.—NIKOLAEV.

(Nikolaev was a pseudonym my father had devised for himself.)

The next day, October 29th, my sister Tatiana arrived, and all my brothers except Leo.¹

They all, excepting Sergius, considered that my father ought to return home, and wrote letters to him to that effect. My brother Sergius, however, wrote my father a short but kind and sympathetic letter in which he said my father ought to have gone away twenty years ago, that he understood him and did not blame him for what he had done.

In the night from the 29th to the 30th, I and Varvara Mikhaylovna left home. We went via Tula, Kaluga, Sukhinichi and Kozelsk. At Kozelsk we took two post-chaises, one for ourselves and the other for our things, and drove to Shamardino. The road was terrible, dark, and muddy—and the horses could hardly get along. We drove for two and a half hours, but at last saw lights twinkling in front of us. It was uncanny ; my heart thumped. What if we did not find my father at Shamardino and he had gone further to an unknown destination ? We drove up to the Convent Hotel.

" Who is staying here ? " I asked an elderly, dignified nun who came out to meet us.

" Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy," the nun replied with some pride.

" Is he in ? "

¹ Leo Lvovich, Tolstoy's third son, who was abroad at the time.

" No, he has gone to his sister's, Marya Nikolaevna."

I went at once, without taking off my things, to my aunt Masha's,¹ asking the nun to show me the way. We passed the large Convent yard and the church and some other buildings, and at last the nun showed me a little house. I knocked. A young novice opened the door.

" Who do you want ? "

" Ah, let me in," said I, growing every moment more agitated. " Let me in. I am Marya Nikolaevna's niece."

" Well, please enter."

I quietly entered the house, passed through one room and another where all was quiet. I called for Aunt Masha, and she asked in a frightened voice : " Who is it—who ? "

" It is I, Sasha. Where's papa ? "

" Ah, you ! "

She was lying on the bed in her room. We embraced and kissed warmly. Papa had only just gone out.

" Is he well ? "

" Yes, he is well."

" Thank God. Then I will stay a little while with you," said I to her, " and then go to him at the hotel."

" But how have you managed to miss him ? He has only just gone out." (It afterwards appeared that D. P. Makovitski had taken my father by a short-cut and we had missed one another.)

Lisa Obolensky,⁴ who was staying with my aunt Masha, came in. They were both terribly excited, questioning me and in turn telling me of the painful impression my father's position produced on them.

After talking with them I prepared to go, when suddenly the door opened and I was face to face with my father. He kissed me and at once asked :

" Well, and how are things there ? "

¹ Masha is the pet name for Marya, Mary.

² Elizaveta Valcrianovna Obolensky, my aunt's daughter.

" Things **are** all right now. My brothers, as well as Tanya, have assembled there. Mama has quieted down *i* little," replied I, understanding what he referred to. " I have brought you some letters."

" Well, give them here."

He sat down at the table and began reading them attentively. Varvara Mikhaylovna came in and my aunt Masha and Elizaveta Valerianovna began asking her about what was going on at Yasnaya Polyana. Varvara Mikhaylovna replied in a whisper, fearing to disturb my father, but he said :

" Please speak louder. You don't interrupt me at all. On the contrary, it interests me very much."

" Yes," said he thoughtfully, having finished the letters, " however alarmed I may be, I cannot return. . . . No, I will not return," he said decidedly. " The letter from Sergius¹ is very good, short and kindly and wise. I am grateful to him. Well, tell me everything in detail."

I began to tell him about what had happened in his absence. How my mother had taken his departure, what she had said, who was with her, and what the doctor had said.

" So that's what the doctor said ! However, what do they know ? " said he with a wave of the hand. " I wrote to you, but the letters can't have reached you. I wanted you to tell Tanya and Sergius that it is unthinkable for me to return to her."¹

I will quote here in full the two letters from my father which were forwarded to me later at Astapova. They vividly express my father's state of mind after his departure from Yasnaya Polyana.

KOZELSK STATION,
28th October, 1910.

We have arrived, darling Sasha, satisfactorily. Oh, if only things are not very unsatisfactory where you are. It is now half-

¹ That is to Sofya Andreevna, his wife.

past seven. We shall spend the night here and go on to-morrow, i.l.l. (if 'I live), to Shamardino. I try to be quiet, but confess that I am experiencing the same unrest as usual, expecting everything painful, but no longer experiencing that shame, that uneasiness and lack of freedom, which I have been experiencing always at home. We had to travel from Gorbachev third class ; it was inconvenient, but spiritually very pleasant and instructive. I ate well both on the journey and at Beleva. We are now just going to have tea and to sleep—try to sleep. I am hardly tired at all, even less so than usual. I will not decide anything about you till I have news from you. Write to Shamardino and send telegrams there if there is anything special. Tell " daddy " ¹ that he should write, and that I have read the passage marked in his article, but did so hastily and want to re-read it. Let him forward it to me. Tell Varya that I thank her, as I always do, for her love of you, and I beg and hope she will take care of you, and check you in your outbursts. Please, darling, use few words but mild ones and firm.

Send me, or bring me, the pen-filler (I have taken some ink), and the book of Montaigne's ³ I began, volume ii.

NIKOLAEV.

Tell Vladimir Grigorievich that I am very glad, but very much afraid, of what I have done. I will try to write on the subjects of the dreams and the artistic articles that are demanding expression. The dreams I gave him it will be better to hold back for the present. He will understand me as he always does.

Good-bye, darling. I kiss you.

L. T.

Send me the small scissors, pencils, and a dressing-gown.

OPTINO PUSTYN,
29th October, 1910.

Sergeenko 3 will be telling people everything about me, dear Sasha. It is hard, I cannot help feeling much oppressed. The great thing is to avoid sinning, and therein lies the difficulty. Of

¹ This means Vladimir Grigorievich Tchertkov. It is the name by which Tchertkov's son called him,

² *The Conception of God as a Perfect Foundation of Life.*

³ Alexey Petrovich Sergeenko, V. G. Tchertkov's secretary, whom he had sent with a message to Tolstoy.

course I have sinned and do sin, but I wish to do so less. That chiefly and first of all is what I desire for you, especially as I know that a terrible task has fallen on you ; one that is too heavy for a girl of your age.

I have decided nothing and don't want to decide anything. I try to do only what I can't help doing, and not to do anything it is possible to avoid doing. From the letter to Tchertkov you will see not how I regard things but how I feel about them.

I hope much from the good influence of Tanya and Serezha ¹ (twenty-two lines of the letter are here omitted). I do not conceal this from you. I am not yet writing for you to come, but shall do so as soon as ever it is possible, and very soon. Write about the health.²

I kiss you.

L. TOLSTOY.

This evening we are going to Shamardino. Dushan (Makovitsk) does his utmost, and physically things are excellent with me.

As is evident from these letters, my father was not able, and did not wish, to return to Yasnaya, and therefore the letters from members of the family which showed their dissatisfaction with his having left our mother were particularly trying to him.

" I cannot return and will not return to her," he repeated. " I wished to remain here and even wanted to hire a cottage, but it is not necessary to forecast the future."

He seemed to me to be unwell and sad, and it was evident that he was distressed by the letters I brought him and by what I had to tell. He realized that if it was not already known where he was, it very soon *would* be, and that he would not be left in peace.

We sat at my aunt Masha's, silently drinking tea and feeling agitated and frightened.

" Can you possibly regret what has been done, or blame yourself should anything happen to mother ? " I asked him.

¹ His eldest son, Sergius.

² This evidently relates to his wife's health.

"Of course not," said he. "Can one regret an action when one *could not* act differently? But should anything happen to her, it will be very, very hard for me."

My aunt Masha thoroughly understood my father's position and felt profoundly for him.

"Let Levochka¹ travel further. If Sonya² comes here I will meet her," said she firmly and decisively.

My father, after sitting a little while, rose, said good-bye to Aunt Masha, and made ready to leave the house.

"Levochka, you won't go off to-morrow without saying good-bye to me?" asked my aunt Masha.

"No no. 'Morning is wiser than evening'"³ said he. "We will see about it to-morrow."

"Please don't go away without saying good-bye to me," repeated my aunt again.

"No no. Everything must be considered," said my father, evidently thinking of something else, and he left for the hotel.

But Aunt Masha called Dushan Petrovich and me back, and asked us, in case my father should prepare to leave in the morning, to be sure to send to let her know, whatever the hour might be. We promised to do so, and accompanied my father to the hotel. Elizaveta Valerianovna Obolensky went with us.

On reaching the hotel my father said that he wished to be alone. It was stuffy in his room. He opened the *fortochka*⁴ and sat down at the table to write a letter. We went into Dushan Petrovich's room, got out a railway-guide, unfolded the map and, to be ready for any event, began to discuss where we could travel to. I felt that the news I had brought had so upset my father that at any moment he might decide

¹ Her pet name for Tolstoy, her brother.

² A pet name for Tolstoy's wife, Sofya Andreevna.

³ A common Russian proverb.

⁴ A *fortochka* is a small section of a window, opening separately in order to be able to freshen the air of a room without letting in much cold. This arrangement is very common in Russia.

to go further. I was uneasy about the open *fortochka* in his room and went in a couple of times to ask whether he was not cold and would not allow me to shut it.

"No, I am hot. Let it be," he replied each time.

He was writing something, and it was evident that my entry disturbed the current of his thoughts.

A little later I asked Dushan Petrovich to go to him, but my father asked to be left in peace.

Half an hour later he came to us carrying the letter in his hand.

"I have written to mama," said he. "Let it be sent off by the next post."

This is what he had written :

31st October, '10.

A meeting between us, and yet more my return, is now quite impossible. For you it would be, as every one tells me, in the highest degree harmful. For me it would be terrible, as my position, in consequence of your excitement, irritation, and illness, would become if possible worse than it is. I advise you to reconcile yourself to what has happened and to settle down in what is, for the time being, your new position, and above all to take care of your health.

If you, I do not say love me, but just do not hate me, you should at least enter a little into my position, and if you do that you will not blame me, but will try to help me to find some peace and some possibility of human existence—help me by efforts to control yourself and you will not now desire my return. Your state of mind now, your wish to attempt suicide, more than anything else, by showing your lack of control over yourself, makes a return unthinkable for me. It is only you yourself who can free those near to you, me, and above all yourself, from the sufferings you are experiencing. Try to direct your whole energy not to having everything that you desire (at present, my return), but to calming yourself, your own spirit, and you will obtain what you desire.

I have spent two days at Shamardino and Optino, and am travelling on. My letter will be posted *en route*. I do not say

where I am going, because I consider that both for yourself and for me separation is necessary. Do not suppose that I left because I do not love you. I love you and pity you with my whole soul, but I cannot act otherwise than I am doing. Your letter, I know, is written sincerely, but you have not the strength to carry out what you wish to ; it is not a case of fulfilling some desires or demands of mine, but only of your own balance and a calm reasonable relation to life ; while that is lacking, my life with you is unthinkable. To return to you while you are in such a condition would be for me to renounce life. I do not consider that I have a right to do that.

Good-bye, dear Sonya. May God help you. Life is not a jest, and we have not the right to throw it away at our own wish, and to measure it by length of time is also unreasonable. Possibly the months which remain for us to live may be more important than all the previous years, and we must live them well.

L. T.

We were sitting at the table and looking at the open map. Our *fartochka* was open. I wanted to close it.

"Leave it alone," said my father. "It is hot. What are you looking at ?"

"A map," said Dushan Petrovich. "If we are to go, we must know where to go to."

"Well, show it me," and we all, bending over the table, began to consult about where to go.

Taking advantage of this, I closed the *fortochka* with one hand without my father's noticing it. He had got too hot and might easily catch cold.

We thought of going to Novocherkassk and stopping there with Elena Sergeevna Denisenko (a daughter of my aunt Marya's) and trying to obtain a passport for abroad by the aid of Ivan Vasilevich Denisenko,¹ and if that succeeded, of going to Bulgaria.

If it did not succeed, we thought of going to the Caucasus, to some people who shared my father's views*.

¹ Elena Sergeevna's husband.

Talking these things over, without noticing it ourselves, we **were** more and more carried away by our plans, and we discussed them warmly.

" Well, that's enough," said my father, rising from **the** table. " It isn't necessary to make plans. We will see about it to-morrow."

He suddenly felt that to talk about it was unpleasant, and it was unpleasant that he and we were beginning to form plans, and forgetting his favourite maxim, " Live only in the present."

" I am hungry," he remarked. " What can I have to eat ? '*

Varvara Mikhaylovna and I had brought with us some Hercules oatmeal, dried mushrooms, eggs, and a spirit-stove, and we soon prepared some oatmeal for him. He ate it with a good appetite and praised our cooking. Nothing more was said about leaving. My father only sighed deeply several times, and in reply to my inquiring glance said :

" It's hard."

My heart contracted as I looked at him, so sad and disturbed was he. He said little, sighed, and soon went to bed. We at once dispersed to our rooms, and as we were very tired after the journey we slept like the dead.

Towards four o'clock in the morning I heard someone knocking at our door. I jumped up and opened it. Before me, as a few days previously, stood my father, candle in hand. He was fully dressed.

" Dress quickly, we shall leave at once," he said. " I have begun packing my things already. Come and help me."

He had slept badly. He was tormented by the fact **that** he had been discovered. At four o'clock he woke Dushan Petrovich and sent him for the drivers we had retained in case of need, who were sleeping in the village. My father had not forgotten to arrange also for a conveyance for Varvara Mikhayfovna and me, and had sent a novice from **the** Convent Hotel to fetch a local driver.

Remembering my promise to Aunt Masha, I at **once sent** for her. It was quite dark. By candle light I hastened to collect the things and tied up the portmanteaux. Dushan Petrovich came in. The local drivers brought the horses, but ours had not yet come from the village. I asked my father to go on without waiting for us. He was much excited, sent several times to the village for the horses, and at last decided to start without waiting for Aunt Masha and her daughter, to whom he wrote the following letter :

SHAMARDINSK CONVENT,

31st October, 1910, 4 A.M.

DEAR FRIENDS, MASHENKA AND LIZENKA,

Do not be surprised and do not condemn us—me—for leaving without saying good-bye to you properly. I cannot express to you both, especially to you, darling Mashenka, my gratitude for your love and sympathy in my trial. Though I always loved you, I do not remember ever having felt so tenderly towards you as I have felt these days and feel now that I am leaving. We are starting so unexpectedly because I am afraid that I may be overtaken here by Sofya Andreevna, and there is only one train, at eight o'clock. Forgive me for carrying off your booklets and *The Circle of Reading*.¹ I am writing to Tchertkov to send you copies of *The Circle of Reading* and *For Every Day*,² and I will return your booklets.

I kiss you, dear friends, and love you very joyfully.

L. T.

Ten minutes after my father and Dushan Petrovich had started, Aunt Masha drove up.

" Where is Levochka ? "

" He has gone."

" Ah, my God, my God ! And we haven't said good-bye

¹ *The Circle of Reading* was a compilation of sentences, aphorisms, etc., on the preparation of which Tolstoy spent much time during the last years of his life.

² The name of one volume of the same work.

to one another. Well, it can't be helped, it can't be helped ! If only things go well with him."

She sat down on the bench in the porch and we were all silent.

" Never mind if Sonya comes here. I shall know how to meet her," said she after a sigh.

She was very sad, but her spirit was firm and she thought only of what would be best for her brother.

The horses from the village had even yet not arrived. Varvara Mikhaylovna and I were terribly excited and hardly hoped to catch the train, and just then the driver came on foot without the horses.

" Where are the horses ? "

" Why, my carriage has broken down, lady."

" Good Heavens ! What are we to do ? It's only two hours till the train goes, and it's ten miles over terrible roads. We have missed it ! " I thought.

" What have you got ? A peasant-cart ? "

" Of course I have. I have even a britzska, but not on springs."

" Oh, that's all the same, only be quick, harness up quickly, there's a good fellow. Quick, quick, for Heaven's sake be quick ! "

I don't know whether the kindly fellow understood my position and noticed the despair which had seized me, but before fifteen minutes had passed a pair of shaggy well-fed little horses were standing at the entrance.

All the way the lad urged on his horses, which were all in a lather. But he left off whipping them and only urged them pityingly in a despairing voice.

" Gee up, little dears, gee up, gee up. Please gee up ! "

Drawing near to Kozelsk we saw our two conveyances in front of us, and at the same time the train already approaching the station. We got into the train without tickets, hardly having time to get the luggage in.

My father was also quite excited and in a great hurry.

"If you had missed it I should not have gone on without you, but should have put up at the hotel in Kozelsk," said he to me.

In the carriage inquisitive people kept sitting down now near Varvara Mikhaylovna, now near Dushan Petrovich, and now near me.

"Who is travelling with you? Is it Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy? Where is he going?" and so on, and so on.

We asked them not to question us. In the coupe where we were seated there was a gentleman. He at once recognized my father and began to speak to him. I drew him aside and asked him not to disturb my father as he was very tired.

"Yes, I know. Excuse me."

A few minutes later, having collected his things, he moved out into the other part of the carriage, leaving the whole coupe* to us.

"You see I know a good deal about it from the papers," he said to me. "I am a sincere admirer of Leo Nikolaevich. Please command me as you please. If Leo Nikolaevich will accept it I can offer him my house at Belev. No one will disturb him there."

My father was lying down. When we asked him about his health, he said he was tired, but felt all right. He asked for a newspaper. At the next big station I bought him several papers. Having looked at them he was distressed.

"It is all known already. All the papers are full of my leaving home," said he.

He asked us to cover him with a plaid, and said that he would try to sleep a little. I went out into the other part of the carriage. All the passengers, some of whom had only just entered, were reading newspapers and talking about Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy's having left Yasnaya Polyana. Opposite to me sat two young men in foolishly foppish dress with

cigarettes in their mouths. Their words hurt me, so coarsely and frivolously did they speak of my father.

" See what the old man has been up to," said one of them. " You bet it won't particularly please Sofya Andreevna," and he laughed stupidly. " Got up in the night and hooked it."

" There you are. She'd been taking care of him all his life," said the other. " One sees that her watchfulness was not very pleasant to him," and so on.

But they soon learnt that Tolstoy was travelling with them in the adjoining coupe and, looking at me in confusion, they became silent.

The news that Tolstoy was travelling by that train spread through all the carriages with the rapidity of lightning. Several times inquisitive people tried to force their way into my father's coupe, but I turned them away abruptly, and as far as possible safeguarded him from the inquisitive.

Before long the conductors, who were very friendly, came to my relief.

" What are you bothering me for ? " said one of the conductors, a grey-headed man of dignified appearance, with a wise, keen face, to one of the passengers. " Really, why are you bothering me ? Haven't I told you that Tolstoy got out at the station before last ? "

My father, when he woke up, asked for something to eat. I spoke to the conductors, asking them to show me where I could cook oatmeal on a spirit-stove, and they were very ready to help. They took me into the compartment reserved for the attendants, where some five conductors were sitting who helped me as much as they could, questioning me and showing sympathy.

I cooked the oatmeal successfully, and my father praised it and ate up all there was in the saucepan with a good appetite. After that he again fell asleep. At four o'clock he called one of us and asked to be covered up, saying that he felt chilled.

" Tuck it in well round my back. My back **for some** reason is quite cold."

We were not much alarmed, for it was cold in the carriage. We were all chilled, and wrapped ourselves up in warm things. We covered my father up with an overcoat, a plaid, and another coat, but he felt more and more chilly especially in his back. Dushan Petrovich Makovitski took his temperature, and after a quarter of an hour the thermometer showed just over 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Never before had I experienced such a feeling of agitation as then. My feet failed me. I sat down on the seat opposite to him and involuntarily began to repeat the words " Lord have mercy upon us, save us, help us. . . ." My father, having noticed the condition I was in, drew my hand to him, and pressing it said :

" Do not be downcast, Sasha. Everything is good, very good."

At Gorbachev I went out on to the platform. A gentleman in spectacles was asking the conductor whether Tolstoy was there and, when he learnt that he was he jumped into our train, but it was not that gentleman in spectacles who attracted our attention. We noticed that another man took a seat, and throughout the rest of our journey this man with a reddish moustache walked up and down our carriage. For some reason his face struck us. We soon noticed that he appeared in various kinds of clothes, now dressed in railway uniform and now in civilian clothes. One of the conductors, with an air of mystery, informed me that this man, having learnt that Tolstoy was travelling on the train, had telegraphed something to the Governor of Tula from Gorbachev. I then understood that we were under police observation.

Meanwhile my father's temperature continually increased. We made tea and gave him some with claret, but it did not help, and the shivering fits continued. I cannot describe the horror we experienced. For the first time in my life I felt

that we had no anchorage, no home : a smoky second-class railway carriage with strangers all round and no home, nowhere to seek refuge with a sick old man. We passed Dankov and stopped at a large station. This was Astapovo. Dushan Petrovich ran off, and in a quarter of an hour returned with a gentleman dressed in railway uniform. This was the station-master. He promised to let us have a room in his house where the sick man could be put to bed, and we decided to stop there.

My father got up, we dressed him, and he left the carriage, supported by Dushan Petrovich and the station-master. Varvara Mikhaylovna and I stayed behind to collect the things. When we entered the station we found my father sitting on a sofa in the ladies' room, in his brown overcoat, his stick in his hand. He was shaking from head to foot all over, and his lips were moving feebly. He declined my suggestion that he should lie down on the sofa. The door from the ladies' room in which we were into the hall was closed and round it a crowd of inquisitive people were waiting for my father to pass out. Some women forced their way into the room, excused themselves, adjusted their hair and hats before the looking-glass, and went out. Dushan Petrovich, Varvara Mikhaylovna, and the station-master, went to get a room ready. I sat with my father and waited. At last they came for us. Again my father was supported under the arm and **led** out. As we passed, the public who were crowding in the hall took off their hats. My father raised his hand to his hat and answered all their bows. I saw how difficult it was for him to move. He tottered and almost hung on the arms of those who were leading him.

In the station-master's room, which served as his drawing-room, a spring-bed had been placed against the wall, and Varvara Mikhaylovna and I, having unpacked the portmanteaux, began to make up the bed. My father sat in his overcoat and **still** shivered. When the bed was ready we suggested to him

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that he should undress and lie down, but he refused, saying that he could not lie down until everything was prepared for the night as usual. When he spoke, I realized that he was about to faint, as he had sometimes done before. At such moments he lost his memory and muttered unintelligible words. He evidently thought he was at home, and was surprised that everything was not arranged in the way to which he was accustomed.

" I cannot lie down yet. Arrange it all in the usual way. Place the bedside-table and a chair, by the bed."

When this was done he began to ask that a candle, matches, note-book, and small lamp, should be put on the table by his bed, and everything arranged as he had it at home. When we had done this, we again asked him to lie down, but he still declined. We understood that his condition was very serious, and that, as had previously happened, he might at any moment become unconscious.

Dushan Petrovich, Varvara Mikhaylovna, and I, began gradually to undress him without asking his consent, and almost carried him to the bed. I sat down near him and before fifteen minutes had passed noticed that his left arm and left leg had begun to twitch convulsively. The same thing was noticeable at times with the left side of his face. We were all terribly frightened. It was plain to us that his condition was very, very serious, and that things might end badly at any moment.

We asked the station-master to send for the station doctor, who in case of need might assist Dushan Petrovich. We gave my father strong wine and began to administer an enema. He did not speak, but groaned, his face was pale, and the spasms continued, though they were now weaker.

Towards ten o'clock things became better. My father groaned feebly, but his breathing was peaceful and regular. The station doctor, who was himself quite ill, could not help

us at all, but his presence evidently pleased Dushan Petrovich, as it lightened his responsibility.

With the doctor came his wife. She caused us much trouble, as she was always wanting to sit in the patient's room, worried us with advice and questions, and was always in the way.

When he awoke, my father was fully conscious. Calling me to him he smiled and asked sympathetically :

" Well, Sasha ? "

" Well, you see things are going badly." There were tears in my eyes and in my voice.

" Don't be downcast. What could be better ? Aren't we together ? "

Towards night his condition showed further improvement. His temperature was taken, his fever began quickly to abate, and at night he slept well. Of course none of us undressed, and we all in turn sat by the patient's bed watching his every movement. In the middle of the night he called me and said :

" What do you think ? Shall we be able to travel further to-morrow ? "

I said that I thought it would be impossible. We should at best have to wait another day. He sighed deeply and did not reply.

Suffering mentally and physically as he did, he always thought of others.

" Ah, why do you sit up ? You should go to bed," he said to us several times during the night.

At times he was delirious in his sleep, and his delirium always expressed itself in fear that he might not be able to travel further.

" To get away . . . to get away . . . and they will overtake us. . . ."

He asked us not to inform the papers of his illness and in general to give no information about him. I tried to comfort him.

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Next day on taking his temperature we brightened **up**. The thermometer showed 97.1 Fahrenheit. His condition was fairly satisfactory. My father was always saying that it was necessary to travel further. He was evidently very anxious lest people should get to know where he was, and calling me to him he dictated the following telegram to Tchertkov :

Yesterday I fell ill. Passengers saw me. Having become weak I left the train. Fear publicity. To-day am better and we are going further. Take steps, inform me.

Taking advantage of my father's better state of health I decided to ask him what to do should his illness continue and become dangerous and protracted. I was conscious all the time of the fact that an enormous responsibility lay upon me. I considered it my duty to inform the family, as I had promised to do in case my father fell ill. That was why I asked him whether he wished me to inform them should his illness prove prolonged and serious. He was much upset by my question and urgently and repeatedly asked me in no case to inform the family of where he was or of his illness.

" But I should like to see Tchertkov," he added.

I immediately sent Tchertkov the following telegram :

Yesterday we stopped at Astapovo. High fever, unconsciousness. This morning temperature was normal. Now there is again shivering. Impossible to travel. Has expressed wish to see you.—FROLOVA (my pseudonym).

A few hours later came a reply that Tchertkov would be at Astapovo next morning. That day my father dictated to me the following thoughts for his note-book :

God is the illimitable All. Man is but the limited manifestation of God.

I wrote this down and waited for what he would dictate further.

" Nothing more."

He remained silent some time as if considering something and then called me again to him and said :

" Take the note-book and pen and write,

Or it would be better said thus : God is that unlimited **All** of which man is conscious of being a limited part.

Only God truly exists ; man is His manifestation in matter, time, and space. The more the manifestation of God in man (life) unites with the manifestations (lives) in other beings, the more alive man is. This union of his life with the lives of others is accomplished by love.

God is not love, but the more love a man has the more he manifests God—the more he really exists.

We are conscious of God only through consciousness of His manifestation in ourselves. All we deduce from that consciousness, as well as the guidance based upon it, yields man entire satisfaction, both as to the consciousness of God Himself and as to the guidance for life based on that consciousness.

A little later he again called me and said :

" Now I want to write to Tanya and Serezha."

He was evidently troubled by the fact that he had asked me not to telegraph for them, and he wished to explain to them the reason why he had decided not to see them. Several times he had to stop dictating on account of the tears that choked him, and at times it was hardly possible to hear his voice, so feebly did he speak. I took it down in shorthand, and afterwards transcribed it and brought it to him for signature.

" Give them this after my death," said he, and again wept.

After ten o'clock, shiverings again began and the fever increased. He groaned very much, tossed about, and complained of headache. By four o'clock his temperature was already 103.6 Fahrenheit. The station doctor called several times, but he inspired little confidence and worst of all always came with his tiresome, talkative and tactless wife, whom we

found very trying, so that at last we endeavoured to avoid his visits.

The station-master, Ivan Ivanovich Ozolin, the nicest of men, whose help, kindness, and hearty sympathy I shall never forget, was always ready to assist us in the intervals of his official duties. Their three little children the Ozlins placed in one tiny room, which they did not at all object to. Their laughter and merry voices were constantly heard, and the smallest daughter of all used to sing, in a true, clear voice, and hearing the sounds of that merry, naive chant, one felt yet more sorrowful, so great was the contrast between those careless, joyous sounds and the oppressive, mournful state of mind we were in.

That day my father asked I. I. Ozolin and his wife to come and see him. He thanked them for the hospitality they had shown, and questioned them about their children, how many they had and of what ages.

The Ozolins left the room with faces that showed they were pleased and touched.

In the evening a mishap occurred which might have had very serious consequences. We noticed that we all had headaches and that there was a smell of charcoal fumes. When Varvara Mikhaylovna and the Ozolins looked into the stove they found that in it there lay a large smouldering log, which the girl who waited on us had put there to dry for kindling wood. The chimney had already been closed.¹ It was at once opened, and the *fortochkas* in the next room, and even in my father's room, were opened, after we had screened the bed and drawn something over his head.

When Dushan Petrovich, together with the station doctor, sounded my father, they detected crepitations in the lungs. Inflammation of the lungs had set in. Besides that, we were

¹ The ordinary Russian stove has a damper, which is closed to retain the heat as soon as there is no longer any flame.

much alarmed by the fact that he began coughing and threw up phlegm and blood.

After consultation, we decided to send a telegram to my eldest brother, Sergius, asking him to send Dr. Nikitin¹ to us. I found it very hard to decide on this step—hard because I had promised my father not to summon anyone to him, but on the other hand I could not undertake the responsibility of not calling in a good and competent doctor when it was possible to do so. After much hesitation I sent an urgent telegram to my brother Sergius to the effect that he should bring the doctor.

Later in the evening the temperature diminished to 99.1, though my father groaned continually and asked for something to drink. He seemed very depressed. In the night from the 1st to the 2nd of November the fever increased, and at five o'clock in the morning of November 2nd it reached 102.4. His heart was working feebly, his pulse was 90 with frequent interruptions, and his breathing 38 to 40. My father was troubled all the time by a terrible thirst. Once having asked for a cup of tea with a slice of lemon he drank it with great satisfaction and said :

" That's very good. Perhaps things will be better now."

I was administering it to him with a small spoon, and he asked to have a larger one brought.

" It's very small. Little gets in."

Varvara Mikhaylovna brought a larger one and raised his head, and I used the larger spoon.

" That's good, and we haven't spilt any," said he in a fairly firm voice, as if the tea had really improved his condition.

Every time he said anything to us in a firm voice, or we noticed by a smile or the expression of his face that he was better, we began to believe he would recover ; on the other

¹ Dmitri Vasilevich Nikitin was for some time house-doctor with my father. He was a close friend of our whole family.

hand when he groaned more loudly or complained of anything our spirits again fell, and it seemed to us that all was over. So things went on all those days. At one time we hoped and then our spirits fell and we despaired.

All morning my father groaned loudly. To his other sufferings heartburn was added, which troubled him very much.

At seven we again took his temperature. It was 102.5. My father himself looked at the thermometer and said :

" Yes, that's bad. It is higher."

In general during the first days of his illness he often by his own wish used the thermometer and looked at it, asking for a light when it was dark.

" How do you diagnose it ? " he asked Dushan Petrovich.
" What illness is it ? "

" I think it is catarrh of the lungs," said Dushan Petrovich.

" Does that produce such fever ? "

" Yes."

But it was perfectly clear to us all that it was not catarrh, but the beginning of creeping inflammation of the lungs.

At nine in the morning Vladimir Grigorievich Tchertkov arrived, with his secretary, A. P. Sergeenko.

Very touching was their meeting (Tolstoy's with Tchertkov) after some months of separation. They both wept. I could not restrain my tears when I looked at them, and I cried in the adjoining room. It was plain that my father was very, very glad to see Tchertkov, and, collecting his remaining strength, he long questioned him about my mother, about how she was getting on, and what Tchertkov had heard of her. He also asked after the health of Tchertkov's wife, about his mother, and so on.

His condition, however, became more and more serious. Several times my father coughed up blood-coloured phlegm, and the fever continually increased. At eleven o'clock in the morning his temperature was 103.3, and his heart beat feebly,

with interruptions. They gave him champagne, which he drank very unwillingly, fearing it would cause heartburn.

But despite high fever and tormenting heartburn, perhaps under the influence of his joyful meeting with his friend, my father's condition that day was not so depressed ; he even made jokes ; a propos of something, he remembered how funnily Dushan Petrovich had pronounced the words "*Poroshki, proshu dat mne pdkoi.*"¹

My father laughed at this so merrily and good-humouredly that despite our oppressed and mournful state of mind we could none of us refrain from smiles.

About three o'clock his temperature began to fall a little, but he groaned all the time, complaining of pain in his side. I asked him whether he was suffering much. He replied under the impression that I was asking not about his physical, but about his mental sufferings :

" Of course it is hard. One still has no real life."

We arranged a more or less regular attendance on the invalid. One or two watchers were always in the room to feel his pulse, administer medicines that stimulated the heart, give him wine, and take his temperature often—this last being done at my father's own wish. We all procured soft slippers so as not to disturb the invalid by the noise of heels. We* were conscious that his condition was very, very serious, and we did all we could to ease his sufferings and enable his organism to resist the disease.

All except the newly arrived were worn out by sleepless nights and by excitement such as I had never experienced before.

About three o'clock the station-master, I. I. Ozolin, came in. This man, who had, it seemed, previously read my

¹ The Slovak language is much like Russian, except that the accent is frequently thrown on other syllables. The result of this is that when Slovaks speak Russian it often sounds to a Russian very absurd. The sentence given above means, " Powders, please give me rest," but was spoken with the accent wrong on three of the words.

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father's work very attentively, had in those few hours been able fully to realize our position and was glad to help in whatever way he could. He was evidently agitated and upset, and came to inform us that a telegram had been received from Shekino saying that a special train had started, which should reach Astapovo about nine o'clock in the evening. My mother and the whole family had started from Yasnaya Polyana ! It was plain to us all that an interview between my father and mother might have a disastrous effect on his health, and so it was decided to ask Dushan Petrovich to speak to the whole family and persuade my mother not to come in to see my father.

During the day my father had used the thermometer several times and taken his own temperature. In reply to my question whether his side was hurting him, he said it was not.

At four o'clock his condition grew worse ; he groaned loudly, his breathing was rapid and difficult. Varvara Mikhaylovna asked whether it was painful.

" Yes, it is painful."

" Do you feel hot ? "

" Yes, hot."

He again asked for the thermometer and when Varvara Mikhaylovna placed it and said aloud, " It is five minutes past three," my father at once added, " That means it must be taken out at ten past."

I was not in the room when he took out the thermometer and seeing that it showed 102.5, exclaimed loudly :

" Well, it's checkmate. Don't be vexed," and when she asked what he had said, he replied, " Well, it's checkmate, don't be vexed."

At eight in the evening my brother Sergius arrived. He was very much upset, was determined to see my father, and at the same time admitted that such an interview would disturb and agitate him. We long hesitated. My brother stood in

the next room and looked at my father. Then he suddenly **said with** decision :

" No, **I will go in.** I will tell him that I accidentally heard **from the conductor** at Gorbachev that he was here, and have come."

My father was very much disturbed when he saw him, and specially asked how my brother had learned where he was and of his illness, and what he knew about his mother, and where she was, and with whom. Sergius replied that he had come from Moscow, but knew my mother was at Yasnaya Polyana and had a doctor with her and a Sister of Mercy, as well as our younger brothers.

" I see that we must not let my mother in to him," said my brother when he came out of the room. " It would agitate him too much."

When Sergius left him, my father called me.

" What a fellow Sergius is ! "

" Why, papa ? "

" How he found me. I am very glad to see him. It is pleasant with him. He kissed my hand," said my father with difficulty, amid sobs.

That same evening the district doctor, Semenovski, whom we had sent for, arrived. He, together with Dushan PetrovicV and the station doctor, sounded my father, and he too diagnosed inflammation of the lungs. My father good-humouredly let the doctors tap and sound him, and when they had finished asked Dr. Semenovski whether he would be able to travel further in two days' time. Semenovski replied that it would hardly be possible even in a fortnight. My father seemed very much grieved at this, and turned his face to the wall without replying.

At nine o'clock the special train arrived. Dushan Petrovich went to meet it. As usual, people began bustling about and running along the platform, and in a few minutes I saw my mother at the window, arm in arm with one of my brothers.

She asked to be shown the house where my father was. Dushan Petrovich, on returning, informed us that the whole family agreed that my mother ought not to enter my father's room, as they considered that the excitement of such an interview might endanger his life.

On the morning of November 3rd Dr. Nikitin arrived. As soon as my father saw him he began to ask who had sent for him. Nikitin told him I had done so. Nikitin's arrival appeared to grieve my father ; he felt that his whereabouts had become known. We, however, were all extremely glad of Nikitin's arrival, and in general that morning we were all cheerful and full of hope. His temperature fell to 98.2, but his heart worked feebly, and his pulse was about 100 with frequent interruptions. My father willingly allowed himself to be sounded, and Nikitin, like the other doctors, diagnosed inflammation of the lower part of the left lung. To all our questions Nikitin replied that, though his condition was very serious, there still was hope.

Several times during the day my brothers came to ask about my father's health. Sometimes they cautiously entered the house, sometimes came to the window and tapped at it, and I opened the *fortochka* and told them what course the illness was taking. My brothers all tried to take turns beside my mother, watching her and persuading her not to enter my father's room. There was also a nerve doctor, a specialist, with my mother (he, however, soon left) and a Sister of Mercy.

That day Dushan Petrovich wished to put under my father's Head a pillow my mother had brought. She had made it herself for him, and he always slept with it at home. It did not occur to Dushan Petrovich that the sight of this pillow might agitate my father. He, however, at once asked :

" Where is this from ? "

Dushan Petrovich lost his presence of mind, did not know what to say, and replied :

" **Tatiana** Lvovna brought it."

Having in this way learned that my sister was at Astapovo, my father was both agitated and pleased. Having waited till Tchertkov came, he questioned him as to how Tatiana had come there.

" Probably Tatiana told Sofya Andreevna that she would go to Kochety,¹ but really came on here," said Tchertkov.

All the time my father was uneasy lest it should become known where he was ; and it never entered his head that the whole station was full of correspondents and that all the newspapers had long been publishing details of his illness in Astapovo.

My sister came in ; he greeted her joyfully and as we expected at once began asking about my mother. Tanya answered him, but when my father asked whether it was possible that his wife would come to Astapovo, my sister tried to turn the conversation, and said she did not wish to talk to him about her mother as it excited him too much, but he, with tears in his eyes, said to her :

" Why don't you wish to give me an answer ? Don't you understand how necessary it is for me—for my soul—to know about it ? "

My sister was confused, said something, and quickly left the room. My father was long unable to calm down, not understanding why Tanya did not wish to answer him. At four o'clock, having heard that Gorbunov² and Goldenweizer³ had arrived, my father wished to see them. Dushan Petrovich tried to dissuade him, and said that he would tire himself, but my father insisted on seeing them, saying :

" When I get tired they will notice it, and will go away of their own accord."

¹ The estate of M. S. Sukhotin, Tatiana Lvovna's husband.

² A founder of the publishing firm of "The Mediator" (*Posrednik*), a friend of Tolstov's.

³ Alexander Bonsovich Goldenweizer, a pianist who often stayed with us at Yasnaya Polyana.—A. T.

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I was*not present at the interview. Someone afterwards told me that Ivan Ivanovich Gorbunov talked long with my father about *The Path of Life* booklets " The Mediator " was publishing, and on leaving said to my father :

" Well, shall we carry on the fight, Leo Nikolaevich ? "

" You will, but I shall not any more," replied my father.

At five o'clock he asked us to call my brother Sergius in. He, however, was not within reach. Then he asked us to call Tchertkov in. Tchertkov and Nikitin entered, and my father began to dictate a telegram to my brothers whom he supposed to be at Yasnaya Poly ana with their mother, asking them to deter her from coming. The text of the telegram was approximately as follows :

Condition better, but heart so weak that a meeting with mama would be dangerous for me.

" You understand," he said to Tchertkov, " if she should wish to see me I should not be able to refuse her, but at the same time an interview with her would be dangerous for me," he repeated again, and he burst into tears.

Half an hour later he called Varvara Mikhaylovna and asked whether the telegram had been sent off, and who paid the money. Varvara Mikhaylovna said that probably I had.

" Yes, yes. Why should Vladimir Grigorievich (Tchertkov) pay for me ? I have money of my own. Take the purse from the little table drawer. There are about ten roubles in small change there, and in the note-book are some fifty roubles. Use them. Tell Sasha so."

During' his whole illness I was struck by the fact that, despite his fever, the great weakness of the heart action, and his depressing physical sufferings, my father's mind always worked with remarkable clearness. For instance, when every one had gone away he began to reckon how many people had come to Astapovo, and he counted that there were nine of them.

On one occasion he asked the maid who every day wiped the floor of his room whether she was married, how old she was, and whether she got on all right there. She answered him bashfully. He never forgot to wind up his watch. Once he took it up from the table wishing to wind it up, but was prevented by the fact that the cord was twisted round the winder. Varvara Mikhaylovna, who was in the room at the time, offered to remove the cord.

"Yes, take it off, for my hands are weak and I cannot untwist it," and he wound up the watch.

During the day Tchertkov read to him from the papers, and read four letters he had received addressed to my father, which he had brought with him. My father listened to them attentively and, as he always did at home, asked to have a note made on the envelopes of what was to be done with them. In the evening his temperature was 99.8. My father himself had quite ceased asking to have the thermometer used, though he did not resist it when we wished to do so.

Terrible hiccupping began. We gave my father sugar-water to drink and milk and soda water, but nothing was of any use. He hiccupped very loudly and evidently painfully. His heart was weaker and his condition in general grew considerably worse. We all lost heart except Nikitin and Dushan Petrovich ; they, though considering his condition very serious, still continued to hope. That day the Ozolin family moved into the watchman's small room, giving up their whole house to us. Only L I . Ozolin himself remained with us.

The night from the 3rd to the 4th of November was one of the hardest to bear. In the evening things were still fairly quiet. My father's mind was clear. I remember that evening, when someone was smoothing his bed, my father said :

"And think of the peasants, the peasants, how they die," and he wept.

About eleven o'clock he became delirious. He asked us to write something down at his dictation, but it was impossible

to do so as he uttered detached and unintelligible words. When he asked us to read what he had dictated, we were confused and did not know what to read, but he kept asking us :

" Well, read it. Do read it."

We tried to write down what he said in his delirium and to read it to him, but noticing that something was wrong, he was dissatisfied and again asked us to read it to him. Not knowing what to do I woke Vladimir Grigorievich, and when my father addressed the same request to him—namely, to read what had been taken down—I advised Vladimir Grigorievich to read something out of *The Circle of Reading*, This succeeded, and my father became tranquil. Almost all night, turn and turn about, we read *The Circle of Reading*, and my father was silent and listened attentively, sometimes stopping the reader, asking to have words repeated that he had not caught, and sometimes inquiring whose thought it was that had been read.

The morning was also disturbing. My father said something those about him were quite unable to make out, groaned loudly, moaned, and begged us to understand his thought and to help him. . . . It seemed to me that we failed to understand his thoughts not because they were senseless—I clearly saw by his serious, inspired face, that for him they had profound meaning and that we did not understand them only because he was no longer strong enough to express them in language comprehensible to us. At moments he still spoke firmly and clearly. So, for instance, he said to Vladimir Grigorievich :

" I think I am dying—but perhaps not."

Afterwards he said something we did not understand, and added :

" I must, however, still strive a little longer."

During the day we aired the room and carried my father out into the adjoining room. When he was again brought

into the bedroom he looked attentively at the glass door opposite his bed and asked Varvara Mikhaylovna, **who** was watching beside him, where that door led to. She replied that it led into the corridor.

" And what is there beyond the corridor ? "

She said, the ante-room and the porch. Just then I entered the room.

" Is that door locked ? " asked my father, addressing me.

I said it was.

" It is strange. I clearly saw that from that door two women's faces were looking at me."

We said it could not be so, for the door from the corridor to the ante-room was also locked. It was evident that he was not satisfied, and he continued to look with anxiety at the glass door. Varvara Mikhaylovna and I took a plaid and screened it.

" Ah, now it's all right," said my father, with relief, and turning to the wall he was quiet for a while.

Another bad sign appeared. My father began continually to fumble with his fingers. He began at one corner of the blanket and passed the edge through his fingers till they reached the opposite corner, and back again, and went on continually. This disturbed me terribly. I remembered that two days before the death of my sister Mary this movement of the fingers had occurred. At times my father lay quite motionless and silent, without even groaning, looking straight before him. There seemed to me to be in that look something new and far off. " The end " flashed through my brain.

At times he tried to prove something, to express some persistent thought. He tried to speak, but feeling that he was not saying the right thing, groaned aloud, sighed heavily and groaned again.

" Don't go on thinking," I said to him.

" Ah, how can one not think ? One must, one must, think."

Again he tried to say something, tossed about, and **was** evidently in great suffering. Having worn himself **out he fell** asleep. He woke up about three in the morning as if in a quieter condition, and asked for something to drink. Varvara Mikhaylovna gave him tea with a slice of lemon. When she had left the room, my father said, turning to me :

" What a good nurse Varichka is! Only women can look after one like that."

I suggested that he should be washed. He agreed. I got some warm water, added some eau-de-cologne to it and began to wash his face with cotton wool. He smiled and grimaced, and his face was kindly and tranquil. Apparently this rubbing was very pleasant to him. When I had finished rubbing one side, he turned the other to me and said affectionately :

" Well, now the other, and don't forget to wash the ears."

He passed several hours quietly, and we again plucked up courage and began to hope.

As the constant presence of a doctor with the patient was necessary and Semenovski, the district doctor from Dankov, could not always come, and Dushan Petrovich was worn out by the preceding excitement and sleepless nights, I proposed to Nikitin and Dushan Petrovich to call in to their aid Dr. Gregori Moiseevich Berkenheim, to which they readily agreed.

Towards evening delirium again began, and my father asked us and begged us to understand his thoughts and to help him. . . .

" Sasha, come, look here. How will this end ? " said he to me.

I tried to divert him.

" Perhaps you would like something to drink ? "

" Ah, no, no. . . . How is it you don't understand ? It is so simple," and again he asked us : " Come here, what are you afraid of ? You don't wish to help me. I ask you all. . . ."

What would I not have given to understand and to help,

but concentrate my thoughts as I would, I could not understand what he wanted and could not help him. He continued to say something unintelligible to us.

"To seek. Always to seek. . . ."

Varvara Mikhaylovna entered the room. My father raised himself on the bed, stretched out his arms and in a loud, glad voice, looking straight at Varvara Mikhaylovna cried :

"Masha, Masha."¹

It was as if he had been seeking her and expecting her. Varvara Mikhaylovna rushed from the room, frightened and upset.

I did not leave my father all that night. He was continually tossing about, groaning, and exclaiming. He again asked me to write something down. I took a pencil and paper but there was nothing to write down, though he asked me to read what he had dictated.

"Read what I have written. Why are you silent ? What have I written ? " he repeated, becoming more and more excited.

All this time we tried to watch in couples, but just then it happened that I had remained alone at my father's bed. He seemed to be drowsing, when suddenly with a strong movement he lifted himself on the pillows and began to let down his legs from the bed. I went to him.

"What do you want, papa ? "

"Don't hinder me," and he made a movement to get off the bed.

I knew that if he rose I should not be able to support him **and** that he would fall, and I tried in every way to tranquillize him and keep him on the bed, but he tore himself from me with his whole strength and said :

"**Let go, let go !** You dare not hold me. Let go ! "

¹ Masha was the pet name of his second daughter, Mary, who had died in 1906, and had always been in very close sympathy with her father and a great help to him.

FAMILY VIEWS OF TOLSTOY

Seeing that I could not manage him as my remonstrances and petitions had no effect and I could not bring myself to hold him down by force, I began to shout:

" Doctor, doctor, come quickly."

I think Dr. Semenovski was in attendance at that time. He entered with Varvara Mikhaylovna, and we succeeded in quieting my father and keeping him on the bed. It was evident that he was suffering terribly, and I suffered with him, unable to help him.

I awoke Vladimir Grigorievich who, as he had done the night before, read *The Circle of Reading* to my father, who quieted down, only occasionally groaning and hiccupping. In the morning he said in a weary, tormented voice :

" I am very tired, and above all you torture me."

Varvara Mikhaylovna asked him whether he would not have some water. He was hiccupping strongly all the time.

" That is no use," he said kindly. " But give me some."

He took the little glass from her hand and began to drink, but spilt it.

" Ah, ah, ah," groaned he. " It all spills."

Dr. Berkenheim arrived from Moscow that day and, as we had asked in our telegram, brought a new bed, the one on which my father was lying being a very old and poor one with broken springs which stuck out in places. Nikitin asked my father to move on to the new bed, but he declined. In general during the last days he was unwilling to do what the doctors and those in attendance on him wanted. He not merely did not any longer ask to use the thermometer himself, but only agreed unwillingly when others wished to take his temperature. He evidently longed for complete quiet, and it was unpleasant to him to be disturbed. A little later however he allowed himself to be carried over to the other bed, saying in a kindly voice to Nikitin :

" Well, take me across, if it gives you any satisfaction."

Berkenheim was in the room when the bed was being

arranged. My father watched what was being done, and then suddenly asked :

" Who hasn't yet said ' how-do-you-do ' to me ? "

When told that all had done so, he said :

" No, someone has not greeted me."

Then Gregori Moiseevich Berkenheim, who till then had not ventured to disturb my father, went up to him. My father said to him in a kindly voice :

" Thank you, my dear fellow."

Berkenheim kissed my father's hand and left the room sobbing.

Although Gregori Moiseevich was less hopeful of a favourable outcome of the illness than Nikitin and the other doctors, he exerted himself more than any of them. He insisted that all the pictures and soft furniture that were in the patients room should be taken out. He promptly ordered me to cook some oatmeal, and insisted that at any rate a little of it should be given to my father. He had brought with him from Moscow some *kefir*,¹ and my father, hearing this, asked for it and drank half a glass. Having boiled some oatmeal and added the yolk of an egg, as he always had it at home, I brought it him and we were all much cheered and relieved to find that he ate a little of it.

While we were absorbed in looking after my father, watching the slightest setbacks, now losing spirit and now again reviving, a separate life was going on outside the walls of our house. Newspaper correspondents swarmed, catching every word ; the telegraphists were unable to keep pace with the telegrams handed in to them. There were so many of them that express telegrams went as ordinary ones.

Cinematographers arrived and were continually snapping anything they could : my mother, my brothers, our little house, and the station. An Elder had arrived from Optina Pustyn, Father Varsanofi, and he asked my relations to let

¹ A preparation of fermented milk.

him see my father in order to restore him, before his death, to the bosom of the Orthodox Church, as Father Varsanofi expressed it.

My sister Tatiana and I sat by my father. He was constantly hiccupping. Tanya asked me whether we should not give him something to drink.

"That hiccupping must be so tormenting," Ashe added.

It had seemed to us that my father was semi-conscious.

"No, not at all tormenting," said he, hearing our conversation.

During the day we all sat in the dining-room. My sister and Dr. Semenovski were with my father. My sister thought that my father in his delirium uttered the word "Sonya" or "soda." She did not hear it distinctly, and asked him :

"Do you want to see Sonya ?"

My father did not reply, and turned to the wall.

When the doctors were putting on a compress, my brother Sergius said he thought it was badly placed. My father asked :

"What ? Are matters going badly ?"

"No, no ; matters are not bad, but the compress is badly arranged," replied my brother.

" Ah, ah, ah ! "

During that day his condition changed decidedly for the worse. All were conscious that there was hardly any hope. It seemed to me that the treatment, the injections, the oxygen, the enemas, were all useless and only disturbed my father's peace, impeding that inner labour which fully absorbed him—preparing for death.

In the evening my father fell asleep tranquilly. When he woke up I offered to wash him. He said : " Please wash me," and when I was wiping his beard and moustache, he caught some of the cotton-wool in his teeth and tried to draw it into his mouth. His mouth probably was very dry. When I had finished, I asked him to have something to eat. At first he

refused, but afterwards agreed, and ate half a glass of oatmeal and drank some almond milk.

The night from the 5th to the 6th of November passed comparatively quietly. In the morning his temperature was 99.1. His heart was very feeble but better than it had been the day before. All the doctors, except Berkenheim who had from the first regarded the illness as hopeless, gained hope and said in reply to our questions, that though his condition was serious there was still hope.

At ten o'clock in the morning Drs. Shurovski and Usov, who had been summoned from Moscow by my relations and by the other doctors, arrived. When they entered my father's room, he asked :

" Who has come ? "

He was told that Shurovski and Usov had arrived. He said :

" I remember them," and then after a short silence, added in a kindly voice, " Nice fellows." •

When the doctors had examined my father he, evidently taking Usov for Dushan Petrovich, embraced and kissed him, and then, noticing his error, said :

" No, not that one, not that one."

Shurovski and Usov found his condition almost hopeless. I had been aware of this before. Since the morning every one had been more cheerful, but nevertheless I had hardly any hope. All spiritual and physical strength suddenly deserted me ; I could hardly force myself to do what was necessary, and could no longer restrain the sobs that choked me. . . .

It is difficult for me to write more. I hardly remember anything further. Everything merged into a general sense of suffering.¹

During that day he seemed to be taking leave of us all. The doctors busied themselves with something near him. My

¹ I have been able to set down some particulars thanks only to notes taken by A. P. Sergeenko, who kept a detailed account of all occurrences, and O. my father's words, from what we told him.

father looked affectionately at Dushan Petrovich **and** with profound tenderness in his voice said :

" Dear Dushan, dear Dushan."

Another time, when they were changing his sheets, I supported my father's back and felt that his hand was seeking mine. I thought he wished to lean on me, but he pressed my hand closely, closely, once and again. I pressed his hand and put my lips to it, trying to restrain the sobs that choked me. That day my father uttered some words to my sister and myself which roused me from the despair into which I had fallen, and reminded me that life is given us for some purpose, and that it is our duty in whatever circumstances to continue living as far as our weak powers allow, endeavouring to serve Him who sent us, and mankind.

The bed stood in the middle of the room. My sister and I sat beside it. Suddenly my father raised himself with a strong movement, and almost sat up in bed. I went to him.

" Shall I arrange your pillows ? "

" No," said he, uttering each word firmly and clearly. " No, I only ask you to remember that there are many people besides Leo Tolstoy in the world, but you only regard that one Leo," and he again sank on his pillows.

These were the last words he addressed to us.

His condition suddenly became worse. The action of his heart grew much weaker, his pulse could hardly be felt. His lips, nose, and hands turned blue, and his face suddenly grew thin as if it had shrunk. His breathing was hardly perceptible. We all thought the end had come, but the doctors still did not lose (or pretended not to lose) hope. They injected something, administered oxygen, placed hot bags at his extremities, and life again began to return ; the pulse grew stronger, the breathing deeper. Nikitin was holding the bag with oxygen. My father motioned him away.

" That's quite useless," he said.

In the evening someone told me that Father Varsanofi

wished to see me. All my relations and the doctors had decidedly rejected his wish to see my father, but he still considered it necessary to put the same request to me. I could not and did not want to see him, and therefore wrote him the following letter :

Excuse me, Father, for not complying with your request, and not coming to talk with you. I cannot at present leave my sick father, who may at any moment need me. Nor can I add anything to what our whole family have told you. We, the whole family, have unanimously decided, above all, to submit to the wishes and will of my father whatever they may be. Next to his wish we submit to the advice of the doctors, who consider that at the present time to propose anything to him, or to go counter to his will, would be dangerous to his health.

With sincere respect to you,

ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY.

ASTAPOVO.

6th November, 1910.

To this letter I received a reply from Father Varsanofi, which I quote here:

YOUR EXCELLENCY, MOST HONOURABLE COUNTESS ALEXANDRA
LVOVNA,

I wish you peace and joy from our Lord Jesus Christ.

I respectfully thank your Excellency for the letter in which you write that for you and for the whole family the will of your parent occupies the first place. But you, Countess, know that the Count expressed to his sister, your aunt, the nun Mother Marya, a wish to see us and converse with us in order to obtain the peace he desired for his soul, and that he profoundly grieved that his wish was not fulfilled. In view of this, I respectfully ask you, Countess, not to refuse to inform the Count of my arrival at Astapovo, and should he wish to see me, though but for two or three minutes, I would at once come to him. In the event of a negative reply from the Count, I would return to Optina Pustyn, submitting the matter to the will of God.

The sinful monk Varsanofi, who unworthily prays to God for you.

ASTAPOVO.

1910, November 6th.

To this letter of the monk Varanofi I did not reply ; I had other things to attend to.

It seemed to us all that my father's condition had improved. For the last time a feeble hope sprang up. They administered an enema of salt solution. Apparently it was unpleasant to my father when the doctors disturbed him, as he several times remarked. When Nikitin proposed to him to administer the enema, saying that it would cause the hiccups to pass, my father said :

" God will arrange it all."

Another time he said :

" That is all nonsense, all trifles. What is the use of doctoring ? "

In the evening my brothers and the doctors came into the dining-room. Shurovski talked much with Vladimir Grigorievich about my father's illness, and did not despair, saying that the patient still had some strength. Then they all went to bed, and only Berkenheim and Usov remained. I fell asleep. They woke me up at ten o'clock. My father was worse. He began to gasp. They raised him on the pillows and he, supported by us, sat with his legs hanging from the bed.

" It is hard to breathe," he uttered hoarsely and with difficulty.

Every one was aroused. The doctors gave him oxygen to breathe and proposed to inject morphia. My father did not agree.

" No, it's not necessary. I don't want it," said he.

Having consulted among themselves, they decided to inject camphor in order to increase the enfeebled action of the heart. When they wished to make the prick, my father drew away his arm. They told him that it was not morphia but camphor, and he agreed. After the injection it seemed to be easier for my father. He called Sergius.

" Serezha," and when Sergius went up to him, " the truth. . . I love much. . . How are they ? "

Those were his last words.

It seemed to us then that the danger had passed. All were tranquillized and again dispersed to sleep, and only those remained with my father whose turn it was to watch. All those days I had not undressed and had hardly slept, but now I was so tired that I could not refrain. I lay down on the sofa and at once slept like the dead. I was aroused about twelve o'clock. They had all collected. My father was again worse. At first he groaned, tossed about, and his heart hardly beat. The doctors injected morphia and he fell asleep. He slept till half-past four in the morning. The doctors were again injecting something. He lay on the bed breathing rapidly and hoarsely. The expression on his face was stern, serious, and as it seemed to me, not his own. He was quietly dying. Someone said that Sofya Andreevna ought to be admitted. I went up to him ; he was hardly breathing. I kissed his face and hands for the last time. . . .

My mother was brought in. He was already unconscious. I went aside and sat down on the sofa. Nearly all in the room were sobbing quietly. My mother began to lament. They asked her to be quiet. There was one last gasp and all was over.

There was complete silence in the room. Suddenly Shurovski said something in a loud, abrupt voice. My mother answered him, and they all began speaking aloud. I understood that he no longer heard them. . . .

I could not then, and still cannot, reconcile myself to the fact that my father, who gave all his strength to the service of God and man and bearing his heavy cross suffered so profoundly and undeservedly all his life, was not allowed to end his days in simple quiet conditions among the people, surrounded by those who loved him. I cannot reconcile myself to the fact that I shall never more see his kindly smile,

his deep grey eyes, the grey hair curling at his temples, or hear his voice, and only the thought that his whole spiritual world, his spiritual riches, are left to us, dwell with us, and will not and cannot die, comforts me in my grief and gives me strength and energy to live, hoping in the measure of my feeble strength at least partially to fulfil his will.

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