LITERATURE

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DOSTOEVSKY

Reminiscences

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Dinner was very gay. Fyodor Mikhailovich wanted to know all the details of our adventures, and I described them humorously. In view of the lateness of the hour my brother left immediately after dinner, and my husband and I spent a beautiful evening alone together, like the wonderful evenings before our wedding. I asked him prankishly, "Well, tell the truth, now—you must have thought I ran off with somebody today?"

"Now, now, what kind of an idea have you cooked up!" he replied. But his eyes looked guiltily at me, and I understood that my guess was not entirely without foundation.

It is with pleasure that I recall the rest of our stay in Moscow. Every morning we would set out to see the sights of the city—the Kremlin churches, the Palace, the Armory, the house of the Romanov boyars. One bright morning Fyodor Mikhailovich took me to Lazarevskoye Cemetery, the resting place of his mother, for whose memory he retained a heartfelt tenderness. We were very pleased to find that the priest was still in the church and could recite a memorial prayer at her grave.

We also went to the Sparrow Hills. Fyodor Mikhailovich, a Muscovite by birth, was an excellent guide, and he told me many interesting things about the chief sights of our ancient Russian capital.

After the sightseeing we would usually repair—tired and starving—to Testov's for lunch. My husband loved Russian cooking and would order specially for me—a Petersburger—such local delicacies as *selyanka,* a thick, spicy soup; the special open-faced pastries called *rasstegai;* and hearth-baked *pirozhki;* and he would pretend to be horrified at my youthful appetite.

Afterward we would return to the hotel to rest and would go on to the Ivanovs' for dinner. While I was at their house I didn't let Fyodor Mikhailovich stir a step away from me, so as to avoid any outbursts of jealousy. With his help, I really made friends with his sister Vera, with Sonechka and the rest of the young people. I became friendly even with the treacherous Maria Sergeyevna. They all told me in the minutest detail how and why they had taken a dislike to me even before meeting me, and what techniques they had been intending to use to anger