

condescending contempt (167)

[...] someone condemned to death says or thinks, an hour before his death, that if he had to live on some high rock, on such a narrow ledge that he'd only room to stand, and the ocean, everlasting darkness, everlasting solitude, everlasting tempest around him, if he had to remain standing on a square yard of space all his life, a thousand years, eternity, it were better to live so than to die at once! Only to live, to live and live! Life, whatever it may be!... How true it is! Good God, how true! Man is a vile creature!... And vile is he who calls him vile for that," (2285-89)

I am Rodion Romanovitch Raskolnikov (2494-95)

I am simply marrying for my own sake, because things are hard for me. Though, of course, I shall be glad if I succeed in being useful to my family. (3280-81)

contemptible slanderer (3405)

[...] if the discoveries of Kepler and Newton could not have been made known except by sacrificing the lives of one, a dozen, a hundred, or more men, Newton would have had the right, would indeed have been in duty bound... to eliminate the dozen or the hundred men for the sake of making his discoveries known to the whole of humanity. But it does not follow from that that Newton had a right to murder people right and left and to steal every day in the market. Then, I remember, I maintain in my article that all... well, legislators and leaders of men, such as Lycurgus, Solon, Mahomet, Napoleon, and so on, were all without exception criminals, from the very fact that, making a new law, they transgressed the ancient one, handed down from their ancestors and held sacred by the people, and they did not stop short at bloodshed either, if that bloodshed--often of innocent persons fighting bravely in defence of ancient law--were of use to their cause. It's remarkable, in fact, that the majority, indeed, of these benefactors and leaders of humanity were guilty of terrible carnage. (3650-57)

troubling benevolent Providence (3864-65)

I struck her just twice with a switch--there were no marks even... (3945)

I only used the whip twice in all our seven years (not counting a third occasion of a very ambiguous character. (3954-55)

[...] it's better at home. Here at least one blames others for everything and excuses oneself. (3992-93)

unpardonable impertinence. (4084)

I asked myself one day this question--what if Napoleon, for instance, had happened to be in my place, and if he had not had Toulon nor Egypt nor the passage of Mont Blanc to begin his career with, but instead of all those picturesque and monumental things, there had simply been some ridiculous old hag, a pawnbroker, who had to be murdered too to get money from her trunk (5752-55)

[...] if one waits for everyone to get wiser it will take too long.... Afterwards I understood that that would never come to pass, that men won't change and that nobody can alter it and that it's not worth wasting effort over it. (5792-93)

"She has certainly gone mad!" he said to Raskolnikov, as they went out into the street. "I didn't want to frighten Sofya Semyonovna, so I said 'it seemed like it,' but there isn't a doubt of it. (5880-81)

[...] and if the Tsar drives by, I'll fall on my knees, put the children before me, show them to him, and say 'Defend us father.' He is the father of the fatherless, he is merciful, he'll protect us (5996-97)

"Then... who then... is the murderer?" he asked in a breathless voice, unable to restrain himself. Porfiry Petrovitch sank back in his chair, as though he were amazed at the question. "Who is the murderer?" he repeated, as though unable to believe his ears. "Why, you, Rodion Romanovitch! You are the murderer," he added, almost in a whisper, in a voice of genuine conviction. (6317-20)

She is simply thirsting to face some torture for someone, and if she can't get her torture, she'll throw herself out of a window. (6587-88)

[...] and finally resorted to the most powerful weapon in the subjection of the female heart, a weapon which never fails one. It's the well-known resource--flattery. (6599-6600)

Nothing in the world is harder than speaking the truth and nothing easier than flattery. (6600)

Now good-bye for the present (7219)

To the decisive question as to what motive impelled him to the murder and the robbery, he answered very clearly with the coarsest frankness that the cause was his miserable position, his poverty and helplessness, and his desire to provide for his first steps in life by the help of the three thousand roubles he had reckoned on finding. He had been led to the murder through his shallow and cowardly nature, exasperated moreover by privation and failure. To the question what

led him to confess, he answered that it was his heartfelt repentance.
(7405-09)