

# Fathers And Children

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by  
Anton Chekhov

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By

Anton Chekhov



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# *Fathers and Children*

Ivan Turgenev

Translated by Michael Pursglove



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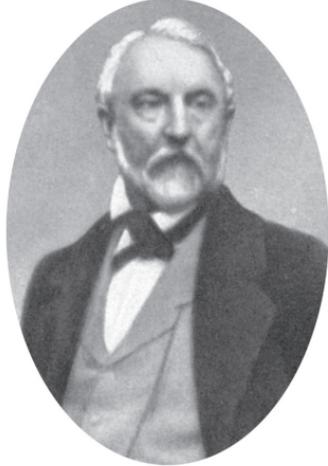
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Ivan Turgenev (1818–83)



Pauline Viardot



Louis Viardot



“Paulinette”,  
Turgenev’s daughter



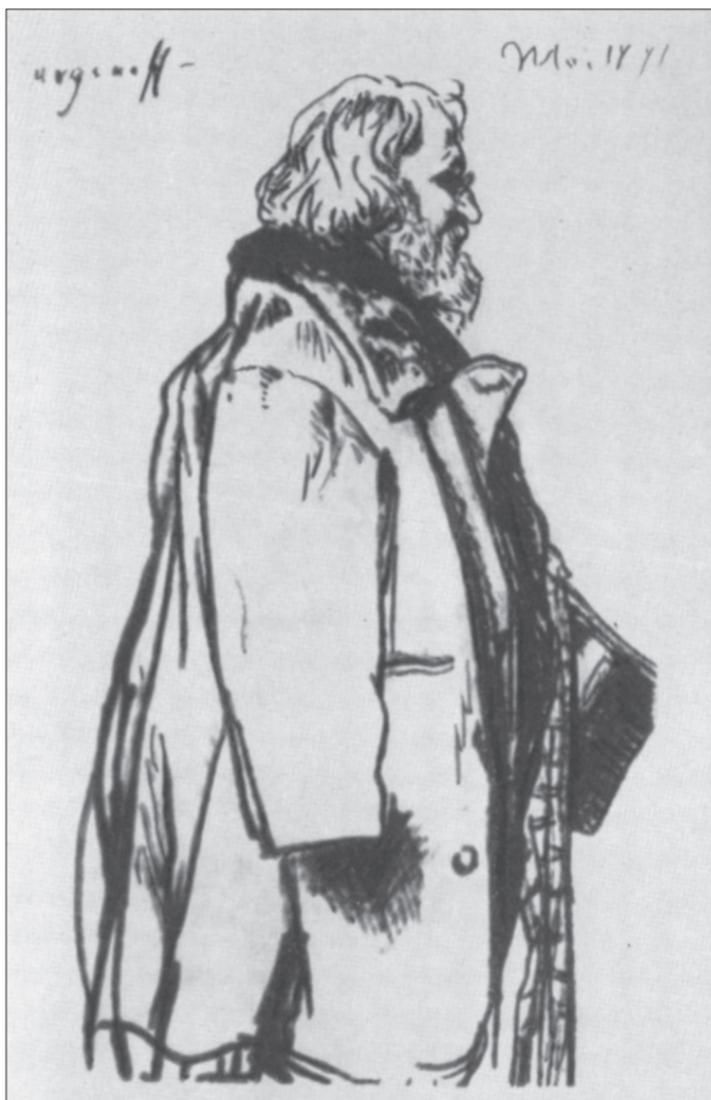
Marya Savina as Verochka in  
*A Month in the Country*



Bougival, France, where Turgenev spent the end of his life



Turgenev's funeral procession in Petersburg in 1883



Drawing of Ivan Turgenev  
by Adolph Menzel

## Introduction

Of the great Russian realist novelists of the nineteenth century, it was neither Leo Tolstoy nor Fyodor Dostoevsky who first caught the imagination of the English-speaking world, but their contemporary Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev. Thanks largely to the work of the critic and translator William Ralston, Turgenev's work quickly became popular in the anglophone world and he was awarded an honorary D.Litt. by Oxford University in 1879. By that time his reputation at home and abroad was assured; it rested largely on his novels, of which he produced six: *Rudin* (1856), *Home of the Gentry* (1859), *On the Eve* (1860), *Fathers and Children* (1862), *Smoke* (1871) and *Virgin Soil* (1877). By common consent the first four of these constitute his major works; the last two, while interesting and in urgent need of a modern translation, have flaws which are not present in the earlier novels. Turgenev, however, did not start his literary career as a novelist, or even as a prose writer, but as a poet. His first poem, *Evening*, dates from 1838 but it was *Parasha* (1843), a long poem in Pushkinian mode, which made his name. In addition, before he ever produced a novel, Turgenev had written a number of plays, most notably *A Month in the Country* (1855). His first short story, *Andrei Kolosov* (1846) passed largely unnoticed, although it later became, reputedly, Lenin's favourite story, but the following year he published a short prose work which was to augment his fame. This was *Khor and Kalynich*, which comprised contrasting portraits of two peasants. In due course Turgenev added a further twenty sketches of peasant life, publishing the whole as a book, *Memoirs of a Hunter*, in 1852 (he later added a further four sketches). The *Memoirs of a Hunter* were the first works in Russian literature in which peasants (who were, until 1861, serfs, who could be bought and sold like any other goods and chattels), were shown to have noble and admirable human qualities which hitherto had been confined, in literature, to the upper classes. Some of the *Sketches* are more polemical or satirical than others, and there is no doubt where Turgenev's sympathies lie. The censors of Nikolai I – of which,

reputedly, there were more than there were books published during the last seven years of his reign – also had no doubts on this score and Turgenev found himself locked up for a month and then confined to his estate. Ostensibly this was for an obituary of Gogol, who had died in 1852, but the real reason was the publication of the *Sketches*, which are said directly to have influenced the decision of the future Alexander II to emancipate the serfs.

Nikolai I died in 1855 and his heir soon set in motion the huge task of reforming Russian society. The principal item on any reforming agenda was, of course, the question of serfdom, which was hotly debated in the succeeding years. This period of fevered speculation coincided with the burst of creative activity which saw Turgenev produce four novels in six years. Turgenev had long hankered after the longer prose form, but *Rudin*, at some 125 pages, is among the shortest of short novels. Nevertheless it is of major importance in any assessment of *Fathers and Children*. The eponymous hero, Dmitry Rudin – charming, garrulous and ineffectual – is a classic example of the “superfluous man”. Turgenev himself had popularized this term with his short story *Diary of a Superfluous Man* (1850) and in 1859 the young radical critic Nikolai Dobrolyubov had drawn up a comprehensive list of such figures in his article ‘What is Oblomovism?’ which was prompted by Goncharov’s famous novel *Oblomov* (1858) with its eponymous “superfluous man”. The following year, however, Turgenev added a second epilogue to *Rudin* which sees the hero dying a heroic death on the Paris barricades in 1848. The 1860 text is now the definitive text of the novel, although the ending still appears to many as a somewhat unmotivated afterthought. Certainly many Soviet critics chose to ignore the second epilogue and saw Turgenev’s literary career from 1856 to 1862 as a progression from, as it were, darkness to light. According to this argument, Turgenev begins with a novel typical of his generation, the “men of the forties”, a novel whose “superfluous” hero has more in common with a bygone age of Romanticism than with what they considered to be the “realities” of the post-Crimean era. With *On the Eve*, so the argument runs, Turgenev came nearer to depicting one of the “new men”, but still felt unable to make his hero, Insarov, a Russian. Instead he is a Bulgarian exile, single-mindedly dedicated to the cause of Bulgarian independence. Finally, in *Bazarov*, Turgenev feels able to depict a Russian version of the “new man”,

a type whose literary descendants can be found in numerous Soviet novels.

Such an approach is somewhat simplistic and ignores several key features of the novel. To begin with, the distinction between “fathers” and “children” is not as clear-cut as may first appear. The obvious “fathers” are the two Kirsanov brothers and Bazarov’s parents, Vasily Ivanovich and Arina Vlashevna. Even here there are important differences. The Kirsanov brothers embody traits of Turgenev’s own biography. Like Nikolai, he too had fathered a child (his daughter Pelageya, known as Paulinette) on a servant girl. Like Pavel, he had nurtured a lifelong passion for a woman, the celebrated Spanish singer Pauline García-Viardot. He met her in Petersburg in 1843 and followed her (and her husband!) round Europe for the rest of his life. Nikolai is “in his early forties”, as was Turgenev when he wrote the novel; Pavel is a little older, “about forty-five” and so was presumably born in 1814, the same year as the arch-Romantic poet Mikhail Lermontov. Vasily Ivanovich, on the other hand, is said to be sixty-one. As for Arina Vlashevna, we are not told her age, but the impression is created that she is about the same age as her husband. The obvious “children” in the novel are Arkady, who is twenty-three and Bazarov, whose age is not precisely specified; clearly the generational gap is far bigger in his case than it is in Arkady’s. His doting mother treats him as a little child, using a string of diminutive variants of his Christian name which defy translation. There are also secondary “fathers” in the novel, notably the pompous government official Kolyazin, whose mindset, rather than his age, puts him in this category. The secondary “children” in the novel are Fenechka, who is “about twenty-three” and Katya who is either “about eighteen” (Chapter 16) or eight years younger than her twenty-eight year old sister (Chapter 15). Odintsova is particularly interesting in this context. She is “slightly older than Arkady” (Chapter 14) but he feels the age difference to be much bigger. Her late husband was forty-six when she married him (i.e. older than either of the Kirsanovs) and the marriage lasted “some six years”. From other clues in Chapter 15 we can ascertain that she was about twenty-two when she married – younger than Arkady’s present age. The fathers/children, young/old theme runs right through the book and embraces, for example, the peasant children who help Bazarov to catch frogs and peasants in general who are seen as, and treated as,



# *Fathers and Children*

*Dedicated to the memory of  
Vissarion Grigoryevich Belinsky\**

# 1

“WELL, PYOTR, any sign yet?”

The question was asked on 20th May 1859 by a forty-something gentleman, dressed in a dust-spattered overcoat and checked trousers, as he emerged hatless on to the low porch of a post station on the \*\*\* highway. It was asked of his servant, a young, chubby-cheeked fellow with whitish down on his chin, and small, dull eyes.

The servant, in whom everything, from the turquoise ring in his ear, to the pomaded, dyed hair and deferential body language, marked him out as a member of the newest, most advanced generation, cast a supercilious look along the road and replied: “Nothing at all, sir. Not a sign.”

“Nothing?” repeated the gentleman.

“Nothing,” replied the servant a second time.

The gentleman sighed and sat down on a bench. Let us introduce the reader to him while he sits, his feet tucked up beneath him, and gazes thoughtfully around.

His name is Nikolai Petrovich Kirsanov. Ten miles from the post station he has a fine estate with two hundred serfs – or, as he has preferred to put it since he divided up the land among his serfs and set up a “farm” – with five thousand acres. His father, who had been a general in the 1812 campaign, was a semi-literate, coarse, but not malicious Russian, who had spent his life in the army, had commanded first a brigade, and then a division, and had always lived in the provinces where, by virtue of his rank, he played a fairly significant role. Nikolai Petrovich was born in southern Russia, like his elder brother Pavel (about whom more anon), and up to the age of fourteen was educated at home, surrounded by cheaply hired tutors, easy-going but servile adjutants and other personages from the regiment and from staff headquarters. His mother, born into the Kolyazin family, was known as Agathe as a girl, but as a general’s wife she was known as Agafokleya Kuzminishna Kirsanova. She was a typical old matriarch and wore splendid caps and rustling silk dresses. In church she was the first to go up to the cross.

She spoke loudly and at length, allowed her children to kiss her hand in the morning, and sent them to bed with her blessing – in a word, she led the life she wanted to lead. As the son of a general, Nikolai Petrovich, who was not noted for his courage and had even earned the nickname “cowardly custard”, had been due to enter military service, like his brother Pavel, but, on the very day when news came through of his commission, he broke his leg and, after being confined to bed for two months, remained “a bit lame” for the rest of his life. His father gave up on him and consigned him to a civilian career. He took his son to Petersburg as soon as he reached his eighteenth birthday, and placed him in the university. Incidentally, around this time, his brother Pavel became an officer in a Guards regiment. The young men began to share a flat, under the distant supervision of a male relative on their mother’s side, Ilya Kolyazin, who held an important official post. Their father returned to his division and his spouse and only occasionally sent his sons large quarto sheets of grey paper, covered with the bold handwriting of a scribe. These sheets were adorned at the foot with the words “Piotr Kirsanoff, Major General”, surrounded with ornate flourishes. In 1835 Nikolai Petrovich graduated from the university, and in the same year General Kirsanov, forcibly retired after an unsuccessful inspection, moved to Petersburg with his wife. He was about to rent a house near the Tauride Gardens and join the English Club when he succumbed to a sudden stroke. Agafokleya Kuzminishna quickly followed him. She never grew accustomed to the dullness of life in the capital and the tedium of retirement drove her to an early grave. Meanwhile, Nikolai Petrovich had found the time, even while his parents were still alive, and to their considerable chagrin, to fall in love with the daughter of his former landlord, a certain Prepolovensky, a minor official. She was a good-looking and, as they say, culturally developed girl, who read serious articles in the science section of journals. Nikolai married her as soon as the period of mourning was over and, abandoning his job at the Ministry of Crown Properties, which his father had wangled for him, led a life of bliss with his Masha,\* first at a dacha near the Institute of Forestry, then in the city, in a pretty little flat with a clean staircase and a chilly drawing room, and finally in the country, where he settled down for good and where his son Arkady was soon born. The happy pair lived quietly and very well: they were hardly ever apart, read together, played the piano and sang duets. She

planted flowers and looked after the chickens while he went hunting from time to time and ran the estate. Arkady grew up, also quietly and also very well. Ten years passed like a dream. In 1847 Kirsanov's wife died. He was scarcely able to withstand this blow and turned grey in a matter of weeks. He was intending to go abroad to try to take his mind off things, if only a little... but then came 1848.\* Reluctantly he returned to his country home and, after a fairly prolonged period of inactivity, began to implement agricultural reforms. In 1855 he took his son to university. He spent three winters with him in Petersburg, hardly ever going out and trying to make the acquaintance of Arkady's young friends. He was not able to go to Petersburg the next winter, and thus we see him in May 1859, already grey-headed, overweight and somewhat stooping. He is waiting for his son, who has received his degree, just as Nikolai had in his time.

His servant, out of a sense of propriety and perhaps not wishing to remain under his master's eye, went out through the gate and lit his pipe. Nikolai Petrovich lowered his gaze and began to examine the decrepit steps of the porch. A well-fed chicken with gaudy plumage was strutting about on them and dealing them hefty blows with its large yellow feet; a mud-spattered cat, striking languid poses on the balustrade, was giving it hostile looks. It was baking hot. From the dingy hallway of the post station came the smell of warm rye bread. Our Nikolai Petrovich fell into a reverie. The words "My son – a graduate... Arkady..." revolved unceasingly in his brain. He tried to think of something else, but the same thoughts kept returning. He remembered his late wife. "She did not live to see this," he whispered mournfully... A fat grey pigeon landed on the road and quickly made for a puddle by the well to have a drink. Nikolai Petrovich began to watch it but his ears had already detected the sound of approaching wheels.

"It must be them, sir," his servant reported, emerging from the gate.

Nikolai Petrovich jumped up and gazed along the road. A tarantass appeared with three post horses in harness. In the tarantass the band of a student's cap could be glimpsed, as could the familiar outline of a well-loved face.

"Arkady! My dear Arkady!" Kirsanov shouted, running forwards and waving his arms... A few minutes later his lips were pressed to the beardless, dusty, sunburnt cheek of the young graduate.

## 2

“LET ME DUST MYSELF DOWN, Papa,” said Arkady in a voice which, though somewhat hoarse with travelling, was still resonant and youthful, as he cheerfully returned his father’s embrace, “I’ll get you all dirty.”

“Never mind, never mind,” Nikolai kept saying with a fond smile as he clapped his hand two or three times against the collar of his son’s greatcoat and against his own overcoat. “Let me have a look at you, let me have a look,” he added, moving away and immediately hurrying up to the post station with the words: “Here, here. Quickly! Horses!”

Nikolai Petrovich seemed much more excited than his son. It was as if he were shy and had become rather flustered. Arkady stopped him. “Papa,” he said, “let me introduce my good friend Bazarov, about whom I’ve written to you so often. He’s very kindly agreed to stay with us.”

Nikolai Petrovich turned round quickly and, going up to a tall man in a long baggy coat with tassels who had just climbed out of the tarantass, shook him firmly by his red, ungloved hand, which he had not offered immediately.

“I’m extremely pleased,” he began, “and most grateful for your kind intention in visiting us. I hope... May I know your name and patronymic?”

“Yevgeny Vasilyev,”\* replied Bazarov in a lazy but strong masculine voice and, turning back the collar of his coat, showed his full face to Nikolai Petrovich. It was long and thin, with a broad forehead, a nose which was flat at the top and pointed at the tip, large greenish eyes and pendent, sandy-coloured side-whiskers; it was animated with a quiet smile and expressive of self-confidence and intelligence.

“My dear Yevgeny Vasilyevich, I hope you won’t find it boring staying with us,” Nikolai Petrovich went on.

Bazarov’s thin lips moved slightly, but he made no reply and merely raised his cap. His dark-blond hair was long and thick but did not conceal the prominent contours of his broad skull.

“What do you think, Arkady?” Nikolai Petrovich began again, turning to his son. “Shall we harness the horses straight away? Or do you want to have a rest?”

“We’ll rest at home, Papa. Tell them to harness the horses.”

“Straight away, straight away,” his father agreed. “Hey, Pyotr! Do you hear? See to it, man, and be quick about it.”

Pyotr, who, as a most advanced servant, did not kiss his master’s hand but merely bowed from a distance, again disappeared into the gateway.

“I came in the carriage, but we’ve got three horses for your tarantass,” said Nikolai Petrovich fussily, while Arkady had a drink of water from an iron ladle, which the landlady of the post station had brought him, and Bazarov lit a pipe and went up to the driver, who was unharnessing the horses. “But the carriage is a two-seater, and I don’t know how your friend...”

“He’ll go in the tarantass,” Arkady interrupted under his breath. “Please don’t stand on ceremony with him. He’s a wonderful fellow, so straightforward. You’ll see.”

Nikolai Petrovich’s coachman led out the horses.

“Well, get a move on, big-beard,” said Bazarov, addressing the driver.

“You hear that, Mityukha?” chimed in another driver, who was standing with his hands thrust into the slits in the back of his sheepskin coat. “What did the gentleman call you? Big-beard is right.”

Mityukha merely shook his hat and pulled the reins off the sweaty shaft horse.

“Help, lads, quickly!” exclaimed Nikolai Petrovich. “There’ll be money for vodka in it!”

In a few minutes the horses were harnessed. Father and son took their places in the carriage. Pyotr climbed up onto the box. Bazarov jumped up into the tarantass, buried his head in a leather cushion, and both vehicles moved off.

### 3

“**T**HERE WE ARE. At last you’ve got your degree and come home,” said Nikolai Petrovich, touching Arkady first on the shoulder, then on the knee. “At last!”

“And how is Uncle? Well?” enquired Arkady who, in spite of his sincere, almost childlike happiness, wanted to change the mood from the exalted to the banal as soon as possible.

“He’s well. He wanted to come with me to meet you, but changed his mind for some reason.”

“Had you been waiting for me long?” enquired Arkady.

“About five hours.”

“You’re so kind, Papa.”

Arkady quickly turned to his father and planted a resounding kiss on his cheek. Nikolai Petrovich gave a quiet laugh.

“What a splendid horse I’ve got ready for you,” he began. “You’ll see. And your room has been wallpapered.”

“But is there a room for Bazarov?”

“We’ll find one for him, too.”

“Papa, please be nice to him. I can’t tell you how much I value his friendship.”

“Have you known him long?”

“Not long.”

“I thought so – I didn’t see him last winter. What’s he studying?”

“His main subject is natural science. But he knows everything. Next year he wants to take his finals in medicine.”

“Ah! He’s in the medical faculty,”\* observed Nikolai Petrovich and fell silent. “Pyotr,” he added, extending his arm, “are those our peasants coming?”

Pyotr looked in the direction indicated by his master. Several carts, with unbridled horses in harness, were bumping along the narrow track. In some carts sat one, in most two peasants with unbuttoned sheepskin coats.

“Where are they going? To town?”

“Exactly so, sir,” said Pyotr. “We must assume they are going to town. To the tavern,” he added contemptuously and bowed slightly to the coachman, as if seeking confirmation from him. But the coachman did not even move. He was a man of the old school who did not share the latest views.

“I’ve had a lot of trouble with the peasants this year,” Nikolai Petrovich went on, addressing himself to his son. “They won’t pay their quit-rent. What can one do with them?”

“But are you happy with the hired workers?”

“Yes,” muttered Nikolai Petrovich through his teeth. “The trouble is that people egg them on, and they still don’t really make much effort. They damage the harness. On the other hand they haven’t done

the ploughing badly. It'll be all right in the end. But are you really interested in the management of the estate at this moment?"

"There's no shade at home, that's the problem," remarked Arkady, without answering the previous question.

"I've put up an awning on the north side, over the balcony," said Nikolai Petrovich. "We can eat in the open air now."

"It'll look awfully like a dacha... However, that's not important. Anyway, how good the air is here! How sweet it smells! Honestly, it seems to me that nowhere does the earth smell so sweet as in these parts! And the sky here..."

Arkady suddenly stopped, threw an oblique glance over his shoulder and fell silent.

"Of course," remarked Nikolai Petrovich, "you were born here so everything must seem somehow special to you."

"Papa, it doesn't matter where you're born."

"Yet..."

"No, it doesn't matter at all."

Nikolai Petrovich looked sideways at his son, and the carriage had gone a quarter of a mile before the conversation between them was renewed.

"I don't remember whether I wrote to tell you," Nikolai Petrovich began, "that your old nanny Yegorovna died."

"Really? Poor old soul. But is Prokofyich still alive?"

"Yes, and he hasn't changed at all. He grumbles just like he always did. In general you won't find any big changes at Marino."

"Have you still got the same bailiff?"

"I did change the bailiff. I've decided not to keep any former house-serfs who've received their freedom, or at least not to give them any duties which involve responsibility." (Arkady indicated Pyotr with his eyes). "*Il est libre en effet*,"\* Nikolai Petrovich observed under his breath, "but he's a valet. Now I have a bailiff who's a townsman. He seems an able fellow. I pay him 250 roubles a year. By the way," Nikolai Petrovich added, rubbing his forehead and eyebrows with his hand, which with him was always a sign of inner agitation. "I've just told you that you won't find changes at Marino... That's not quite right. I consider it my duty to warn you, although..."

He broke off for a moment and then continued in French.

"A strict moralist will find my frankness inappropriate, but firstly, I can't hide the fact and secondly, you know I've always had particular principles regarding relations between father and son. However, you'll be within your rights, of course, to censure me. At my age... In a word... this... the girl about whom you've probably heard already..."

"Fenechka?" asked Arkady casually.

Nikolai Petrovich blushed.

"Please don't say her name out loud... Well, yes... She lives with me now. I've installed her in the house... There were two small rooms there. On the other hand that could all be changed."

"Please, Papa, why?"

"Your friend will be staying with us... It's awkward."

"As far as Bazarov is concerned, please don't worry. He's above all that."

"And what about you? The wing of the house is no good, that's the trouble."

"Please, Papa," Arkady continued, "you seem to be apologizing. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Of course I ought to be ashamed," replied Nikolai Petrovich, turning redder and redder.

"Please, Papa, that'll do, that'll do!" Arkady gave a kindly smile. "Why's he apologizing?" he thought to himself, and a feeling of indulgent tenderness towards his kind and gentle father, allied to a sensation of a certain secret superiority, filled his heart. "Please stop," he repeated once again, involuntarily enjoying the sense of his own maturity and freedom.

Nikolai Petrovich looked at him from under the fingers of the hand with which he was continuing to mop his brow, and he felt a stab of pain in his heart... But he at once blamed himself for that.

"These are our fields already," he said after a long silence.

"And that's our woodland in front, is it?" asked Arkady.

"Yes, it's ours. Only I've sold it. They'll cut it down this year."

"Why did you sell it?"

"I needed the money, and that land is going to the peasants."

"Who don't pay their quit-rent?"

"That's their business; anyway, they'll pay it sometime."

"It's a pity about the woodland," remarked Arkady and began to look around him.

The area through which they were travelling could not be termed picturesque. Fields and more fields stretched right to the horizon, the ground rising gently then falling away again. Here and there small woods could be seen, and winding ravines with scattered low bushes reminded one of their depiction on maps of Catherine's time.\* There were little rivers with eroded banks and diminutive ponds with flimsy dams, and little villages with low huts under dark, often semi-collapsed roofs, and threshing barns leaning at an angle, with wattle walls and gaping doorways beside their deserted threshing floors, and churches, some brick, with peeling plasterwork, some wooden, with crooked crosses and derelict graveyards. Arkady's heart gradually sank. To make things worse, the peasants they met were in tatters, riding broken-down nags. Willows stood along the road like ragged beggars, their bark stripped and their branches broken; emaciated, shaggy, apparently starving cows greedily cropped the grass along the ditches. They seemed to have only just escaped from the clutches of some fearsome deadly claws. And, summoned up by the pitiful sight of these debilitated animals on a beautiful spring day, there arose the white spectre of implacable, endless winter, with its blizzards, frost and snow. "No," thought Arkady, "this isn't a rich area. It doesn't strike one as either prosperous or hardworking. He can't stay here. He can't. There's got to be a transformation. But how can that be achieved? How do we proceed?"

Thus mused Arkady – but while he mused, spring was coming into its own. Everything for miles around – trees, bushes, grass – was a golden green, everything was waving gently and gleaming under the quiet breath of a warm breeze, everywhere larks were singing their ceaseless, resonant song; lapwings were calling as they wheeled above the low-lying meadows then ran silently through the tussocks of grass; rooks, beautiful flashes of black, wandered among the tender green of the low spring corn; they disappeared amongst the rye, which was already slightly dusted with white; only occasionally did their heads appear among its smoky waves. Arkady looked, and looked again, and his musings gradually grew fainter, until they disappeared... He threw off his greatcoat and, just like a little boy, looked so happily at his father that Nikolai Petrovich embraced him again.

"Not far now," remarked Nikolai Petrovich. "We've just got to go up that hill and then we'll see the house. We'll get on fine together,

Arkady. You can help me run the farm, if that won't be too boring for you. We must work together closely, get to know each other well, isn't that right?"

"Of course," said Arkady, "but what a wonderful day it is today."

"In honour of your arrival, dear boy. Yes, spring in all its glory. However, I'm with Pushkin. You remember in *Eugene Onegin*?

How sad for me your coming is,  
O springtime, spring, the time of love!\*

"Arkady!" The voice of Bazarov came from the tarantass. "Give me a match. I've nothing to light my pipe with."

Nikolai Petrovich fell silent while Arkady, who had begun to listen to him not without some dismay, but also not without some sympathy, hurriedly sought out a silver matchbox in his pocket and sent it to Bazarov via Pyotr.

"Do you want a cigar?" Bazarov shouted again.

"Go on," replied Arkady.

Pyotr returned to the carriage and handed him, together with the matches, a thick black cigar, which Arkady at once began to smoke, exuding all around him such a rank smell of old tobacco that Nikolai Petrovich, a non-smoker all his life, involuntarily, but imperceptibly, so as not to hurt his son's feelings, averted his nose.

A quarter of an hour later both vehicles halted in front of the porch of a new wooden house, painted grey and roofed with red iron. This was Marino, also known as New Village or, as the peasants called it, Poor Man's Farm.

## 4

NO CROWD OF SERFS poured out on to the porch to meet the masters; just one girl of about twelve years of age, and after her a young lad, came out of the house. The lad was the servant of Pavel Petrovich Kirsanov. He was dressed in a grey livery jacket with white heraldic buttons, and was very like Pyotr. Without speaking, he opened the carriage door and unfastened the hood of the tarantass. Nikolai Petrovich, his son and Bazarov went through a dark and almost empty hall,