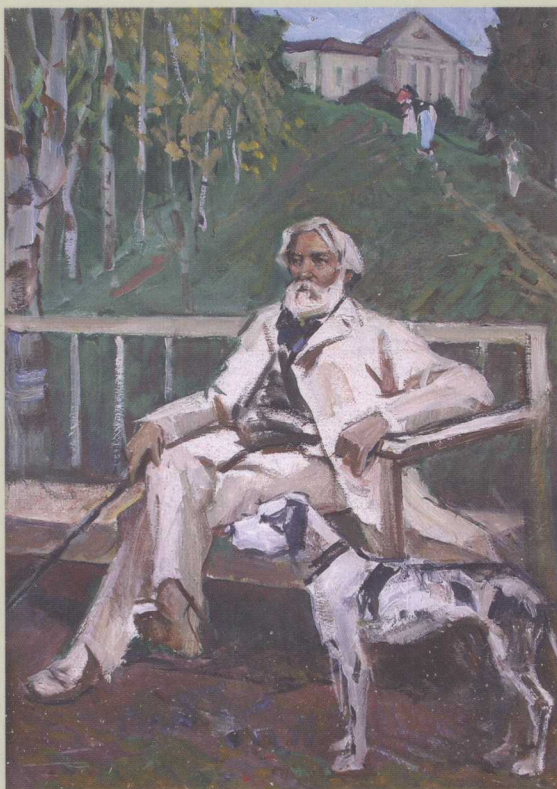


FATHERS AND CHILDREN

IVAN TURGENEV



TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY
MICHAEL R. KATZ

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION
SECOND EDITION

A NORTON CRITICAL EDITION

Ivan Turgenev
FATHERS AND CHILDREN



AN AUTHORITATIVE TEXT
THE AUTHOR ON THE NOVEL
THE CONTEMPORARY REACTION
CRITICISM

Second Edition

Translated and Edited by

MICHAEL R. KATZ
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

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Preface to the Second Edition and Note on the English Title

The English translation of the title of Turgenev's most famous novel has been problematic since the work was first published in 1862. As several notebooks and variants reveal, the author himself never considered any alternatives to the original *Ottsy i deti*, literally "Fathers and Children."

The first translation into a Western language was French, published only one year after the novel's appearance in Russia (1863). Undertaken by a man named Fulwar Skipwith (1765–1839), an American diplomat and statesman who served as U.S. Consul in Martinique, and later as U.S. Consul-General in France, this translation was published under the title *Pères et enfants* [*Fathers and Children*].

Writing (in Russian) from Baden Baden in September 1867 Turgenev informed his friend, the literary critic Pavel Annenkov, in a brief P.S. that a certain "Mr. Zarudnyi will transmit a copy of the English translation of *Ottsy i deti* published in New York."¹ This first rendition of the work in English had the following title:

Fathers and Sons. A Novel by Ivan Sergheïevitch Turgenev.
Translated from the Russian with the Approval of the Author By
Eugene Schuyler, Ph. D.

Schuyler (1840–90) was an American lawyer and scholar who in 1867 entered upon a career in diplomacy and was appointed American Consul to Moscow, only *after* the publication of his translation. His version was published in England under the title *Fathers and Children*, but in the United States as *Fathers and Sons* (1867).

Writing to the Russian philosopher and writer Prince Vladimir Odoevsky (in French) on that same day in September 1867 to introduce Eugene Schuyler to his Moscow friends, Turgenev describes his translator thus:

Le porteur de cette lettre, M-r Eugene Schuyler de New-York, récemment nommé au Consulat d'Amérique à Moscou, s'intéresse

1. Turgenev, I. S. *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii i pisem* [henceforth, PSSP]. Academy of Sciences: Moscow-Leningrad, 1963, VI, 309. [All translations are my own.]

vraiment a tout ce qui est russe, connaît notre langue et a traduit dernièrement mes “Pères et enfants” [*Fathers and Children*].²

However, only one week later, after hosting a brief visit from Mr. Schuyler, Turgenev writes to the critic Vasily Botkin (in Russian):

Mr. Schuyler himself, my American translator, stopped here en route and delivered 4 copies of *Ottsy i deti*, so you don't have to go to any trouble for me. From his translation it's apparent that it was made from the French and that Mr. Schuyler's knowledge of Russian is rather limited. He's been appointed North-American Consul to Moscow and has already left to take up his post.³

A survey of existing English and American translations indicates that about half have appeared under the title *Fathers and Children*, including those by Constance Garnett (1917), Isabel Hapgood (1903), Richard Hare (1948), and Avril Pyman (1962); the other half, as *Fathers and Sons*, including Constance Garnett (1984), Richard Freeborn (1991), and Rosemary Edmonds (1965), whose own version contains an excellent Introduction to the novel by Sir Isaiah Berlin, curiously entitled *Fathers and Children*.

A search on WorldCat shows the following results for the most common European languages: French translations are all called *Pères et fils*; German, *Väter und Söhne*; Italian, *Padri e figli*;⁴ and Spanish, *Padres e hijos*; all sons, no children. Only the two Yiddish translations, one published in New York in 1921, the other in Vilnius in 1922, are both entitled *Foters un Kinder*.

The recent invitation to revise the Norton Critical Edition (NCE) of *Fathers and Sons* has once more raised the possibility of altering the English translation of the title. The editor of the first Turgenev NCE, Professor Ralph Matlaw (Chicago), had considered the question but came down on the side of “sons” instead of “children,” arguing that the English word “sons” “better implies the notion of spiritual and intellectual generations conveyed by the Russian *deti*.” In the first edition I edited (1991), I too had considered changing the title to the more literal *Fathers and Children*, but at the last minute decided “for reasons of tradition and euphony” to retain Matlaw's choice; I opted to address the role of women in the novel by my own modest contribution to the critical apparatus, “*Fathers and Sons* (and Daughters).”

Now, almost fifteen years after that translation first appeared, prompted by suggestions from colleagues and students, intrigued by

2. Turgenev, *PSSP*, VI, 310. “The bearer of this letter, Mr. Eugene Schuyler of New York, recently appointed to the American consulate, is sincerely interested in everything Russian, knows our language, and has recently translated my ‘Fathers and Children’ [my underscore].”

3. Turgenev, *PSSP*, VI, 321–2.

4. Italian is problematic: “figlio” is the normal word for son, “bambini” for children; but in certain phrases “figli” can also mean children: e.g., “children of Israel” = “figli di Israele.”

the author's letter containing the French title (*Pères et enfants*), inspired by several recent essays including David Lowe's "Father and Daughter . . ." which argues that Turgenev's illegitimate daughter Pauline⁵ may have served as the prototype for one of the characters in the novel, we are persuaded by the evidence to "restore" the more fitting *Fathers and Children* as the title of the novel in this revised edition.

It is my contention that this change of title is not insignificant, nor is it being undertaken for reasons of political correctness. On the contrary, I believe it offers us an invitation to take a new look at this "canonical" text of nineteenth-century Russian literature, and that it provides significant opportunities for the reinterpretation of this novel.

In addition to minor corrections to the Text, I have added several new essays to the Criticism (in addition to David Lowe's): on the historical background of the work and the so-called woman question in nineteenth-century Russia; on the recently discovered manuscript of the novel; on the issue of genre; and on the relevance of the parable of the Prodigal Son to the work. Finally, I have updated the Selected Bibliography.

I am deeply grateful to those colleagues, especially Elizabeth Cheresch Allen (Bryn Mawr), Michael Denner (Stetson), Stephen Donadio (Middlebury), Robert Louis Jackson (Yale), David Lowe (Vanderbilt), Stephano Mula (Middlebury), Joy Pile (Middlebury), and William Mills Todd (Harvard), and to the many students who, over the years, have raised so many good questions and offered such valuable suggestions about this novel.

Michael R. Katz
Middlebury College

5. According to Eugene Schuyler, it was a sarcastic remark by Tolstoy concerning Pauline's education that resulted in the legendary dispute between the two authors, lasting some sixteen years. See *Schuyler's Selected Essays*, 261-3.

Preface to the First Edition

In the preface to the first Norton Critical Edition of *Fathers and Sons*, the editor began as follows:

Translating Turgenev's novel poses many problems, beginning with the title. The literal translation is *Fathers and Children*. But "sons" in English better implies the notion of spiritual and intellectual generations conveyed by the Russian *deti* (vii).

Perhaps that is the case, or has become the case as a result of English usage. During the preparation of this Norton Critical Edition of Turgenev's classic, I considered changing the title to the more literal *Fathers and Children*. Just when I had persuaded my eminently reasonable editor of the wisdom (and marketability) of this alteration, I myself had a change of heart. In spite of the explicit sexism of the accepted English title, *Fathers and Sons*, I decided for reasons of tradition and euphony to retain Ralph Matlaw's choice, but to address the role of women in the novel through the inclusion of several articles in the critical apparatus that deal directly with the subject, including one of my own written for this occasion entitled "*Fathers and Sons* (and Daughters)." It is to my own daughter that my work on this new edition of Turgenev's novel is dedicated.

The background material begins with Turgenev's reflections on the controversy aroused by the publication of this novel in 1862. Entitled "Apropos of *Fathers and Sons*," the piece was first published in the author's "Literary and Autobiographical Reminiscences" (1869). It provides an interesting account of the genesis of the work, as well as a poignant portrait of his consternation at the critical storm it provoked.

This essay is followed by a selection from Turgenev's letters where the reader can follow the process of creation, writing, and revision, as well as the author's attempts to respond to specific questions and objections raised by his critics. The section called "The Contemporary Reaction" provides a representative sample of the diversity of critical opinion by the most influential writers of Turgenev's own day; these excerpts should be read in conjunction with the author's letters and his own *apologia* that precedes them.

The "Essays in Criticism," the majority of which are new in this edition, are organized around several themes: (1) the issue of translation, addressed in a brief excerpt from an essay by Edmund Wilson; (2) political concerns, including Turgenev's liberalism (variously defined as "civic responsibility" and "hesitation"), his view of revolution, his attitude toward nihilism; (3) literary aspects, including the author's use of imagery, his depiction of time, the role of women, the portrayal of love, the conflict of generations, the impact of science, the use of discourse; and finally (4) Turgenev's "influence," to which both Donald Fanger and Robert L. Jackson address themselves in different ways.

Throughout these critical essays the reader will find a complex interweaving of local, specific issues characteristic of mid-nineteenth-century Russian literature and culture, as well as a discussion of broader, universal themes pertaining to the human experience. More than anything else, this mix guarantees that Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* will continue to be read and enjoyed as a masterpiece of world literature.

The "Essays in Criticism" are followed by "Ivan Turgenev: A Chronology" as well as by a "Selected Bibliography," which provides a list of suggestions for further reading.

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The Text of
FATHERS AND CHILDREN



Translated by Michael R. Katz

Fathers and Children

Dedicated to the memory of Vissarion Grigorevich
BELINSKY¹

I

"Well, Peter, still no sign of them?" asked the gentleman on the twentieth of May 1859,² as he came out onto the low porch of a carriage inn on * * * highway.³ The man, in his early forties, wearing a dustcovered coat, checked trousers, and no hat, directed the question to his servant, a chubby young fellow with whitish down on his chin and small dull eyes.

The servant, about whom everything—the turquoise ring in his ear, styled multicolored hair, ingratiating movements, in a word, everything—proclaimed him to be a man of the new, advanced generation, glanced condescendingly down the road and replied, "No, sir, no sign of them."

"No sign?" repeated the gentleman.

"No sign," replied the servant a second time.

The gentleman sighed and sat down on the bench. Let's acquaint the reader with him while he's sitting there, feet tucked under him, gazing thoughtfully around.

His name is Nikolai Petrovich Kirsanov. He owns a fine estate, located twelve miles or so from the carriage inn,⁴ with two hundred serfs, or, as he describes it, since negotiating the boundaries with his peasants and establishing a "farm,"⁵ an estate with about five thousand acres of land. His father, a general who fought in 1812,⁶ was a semiliterate, coarse Russian, not in the least malicious, who worked hard all his life—first in command of a brigade, then a division—and who always lived in the provinces, where, as a result of his rank, he came to play quite an important role. Nikolai Petrovich was born in

1. Vissarion Belinsky (1811–48) was the most influential literary critic of his day, a staunch Westernizer, and an enthusiastic supporter of Turgenev.

2. The novel is set before the emancipation of the serfs, which took place in February 1861.

3. Russian literary convention typically omits place names and abbreviates surnames (e.g., Princess Kh. and Princess R.).

4. An establishment where travelers could procure fresh horses and find food and lodging.

5. Kirsanov wishes to be seen as a progressive landowner who's taken steps to improve conditions for the peasants on his estate.

6. The year Napoleon initiated his disastrous military campaign against Russia.

the south of Russia, just like his older brother, Pavel, about whom more later, and was brought up at home until the age of fourteen, surrounded by underpaid tutors, free-and-easy but obsequious adjutants, and other regimental and staff people. His mother, a member of the Kolyazin family, called *Agathe* as a girl, then Agafokleya Kuzminishna Kirsanova as a general's wife, belonged to a group of "lady commandants"; she wore splendid caps and silk dresses that rustled, was the first one in church to approach the cross, spoke a great deal and in a loud voice, allowed her children to kiss her hand in the morning, and gave them her blessing at night—in a word, she lived life just as she pleased. In his role as the general's son, Nikolai Petrovich—not only was he undistinguished by bravery, but he'd even earned a reputation as something of a coward—was required, just like his brother, Pavel, to enter military service; but he managed to break his leg the very day he received news of his commission, and, after spending two months in bed, retained a slight limp for the rest of his life. His father gave up on him and allowed him to enter the civil service. He brought him to Petersburg as soon as he turned eighteen and enrolled him in the university. By the way, just about the same time, his brother became an officer in a guards regiment. The two young men shared an apartment under the distant supervision of a cousin on their mother's side, Ilya Kolyazin, an important man. Their father returned home to his division and his spouse, and only upon occasion would he send his sons large quarto sheets of gray paper covered with a sweeping clerkly scrawl. On the bottom of these sheets appeared the words "Piotr Kirsanoff, Major-General," painstakingly surrounded by flourishes. In 1835 Nikolai Petrovich left the university with a candidate's degree,⁷ in the same year General Kirsanov, involuntarily retired after an unsuccessful review, arrived in Petersburg with his wife to take up residence. He was just about to move into a house near the Tauride Garden and join the English Club when he died suddenly from a stroke. Agafokleya Kuzminishna followed soon afterward: she couldn't get used to the dull life in the capital—she was consumed by the ennui of retirement. In the meantime Nikolai Petrovich, during his parents' lifetime, and to their considerable dismay, had managed to fall in love with the daughter of a certain Prepolovensky, a low-ranking civil servant and the previous owner of their apartment. She was an attractive and, as they say, progressive young woman: she used to read serious journal articles published in the section called "Science." He married her right after the period of mourning, and, forsaking the Ministry of Crown Domains⁸ where his father had secured him a

7. The lowest academic rank, roughly equivalent to the bachelor's degree.

8. The branch of the tsarist government created to oversee property belonging to the Romanov family.

position, he led a blissful life with his Masha, first in a country cottage near the Forestry Institute; later in town, in a small, comfortable apartment, with a clean staircase and a chilly living room; and finally, in the country, where he settled down once and for all and where, a very short time afterward, his son, Arkady, was born. The couple lived very happily and peacefully: they were hardly ever apart, read together, played pieces for four hands at the piano, sang duets; she planted flowers and looked after the poultry; every so often he went off hunting and busied himself with estate management, while Arkady kept on growing—also happily and peacefully. Ten years passed like a dream. In 1847 Kirsanov's wife died. He hardly survived the blow and his hair turned gray in the course of a few weeks; he was hoping to go abroad to distract himself a bit . . . but then came the events of 1848.⁹ He returned to the country against his will and, after a rather long period of inactivity, occupied himself with the reorganization of his estate. In 1855 he brought his son to the university; he spent three winters there with him in Petersburg, going almost nowhere and trying to make the acquaintance of Arkady's young companions. The last winter he was unable to come—and now we see him in May 1859, completely gray, stout, and somewhat stooped; he's waiting for his son, who just received his candidate's degree, as he himself had some time before.

The servant, out of a sense of propriety, or perhaps because he didn't want to remain under his master's eye, had gone to the gate and lit his pipe. Nikolai Petrovich bent his head and began staring at the decrepit porch steps; nearby, a large mottled young chicken strutted with a stately gait, treading firmly with its big yellow legs; a scruffy cat, curled up in a most affected manner against the railing, observed the chicken with hostility. The sun was scorching; a smell of warm rye bread wafted from the dark passage of the carriage inn. Our Nikolai Petrovich fell into a reverie. "My son . . . a graduate . . . Arkasha . . ." constantly ran through his head; he tried to think about something else, but the same thoughts returned. He recalled his late wife . . . "She didn't live to see it!" he whispered gloomily . . . A plump, blue-gray dove flew down onto the road and went off to drink from a puddle near the well. Nikolai Petrovich stared at it, but his ear had already caught the sound of approaching wheels . . .

"Seems they're coming, sir," announced the servant, darting in from the gate.

Nikolai Petrovich jumped up and fixed his gaze on the road. A coach appeared, drawn by a troika of posthorses harnessed three

9. A series of unsuccessful revolutionary uprisings in Western Europe that led to a period of extreme reaction in Russia.

abreast; in the coach could be seen the band of a student cap and the familiar profile of a beloved face . . .

"Arkasha! Arkasha!" cried Kirsanov and ran down waving his arms . . . A few moments later his lips were pressed against the beardless, dusty, sunburnt cheek of the young graduate.

II

"Let me shake myself off first, Papa," said Arkady in a voice a bit hoarse from the road, but still strong and youthful, as he cheerfully responded to his father's caresses. "I'm getting you all covered with dust."

"Never mind, never mind," Nikolai Petrovich replied, smiling tenderly, and twice brushed off the collar of his son's overcoat and his own jacket. "Let me have a look at you, then, let me have a look," he said stepping back; then he set off in haste toward the carriage inn, calling out, "This way, over here, bring the horses at once."

Nikolai Petrovich seemed much more excited than his son; he seemed to have become a little flustered, grown timid as it were. Arkady stopped him.

"Papa," he said, "let me introduce you to my friend Bazarov, about whom I've written so often. He's kindly agreed to pay us a visit."

Nikolai Petrovich turned around quickly and, advancing toward a tall man in a long, loose garment with tassels who had just climbed out of the coach, warmly shook his bare, ruddy hand, which hadn't been immediately extended.

"I'm very glad," he began, "and grateful you've decided to visit us; I hope that . . . may I ask your name and patronymic?"¹

"Evgeny Vasilev," replied Bazarov in a lazy but steadfast voice; turning down the collar of his loose garment, he showed Nikolai Petrovich his entire face. Long and thin, with a broad forehead, a nose that was flat at the top but sharp at the tip, large greenish eyes, and drooping side whiskers of a sandy color, it was enlivened with a serene smile and reflected both self-confidence and intelligence.

"I hope, dear Evgeny Vasilich, you won't be bored here," continued Nikolai Petrovich.

Bazarov's thin lips moved slightly, but he made no reply and merely raised his cap. His dark blond hair, long and thick, didn't conceal the prominent bulges in his capacious skull.

"Well then, Arkady," Nikolai Petrovich began again, turning to his son, "shall we have the horses harnessed at once, or do you want to rest a little?"

"We'll rest at home, Papa; have the horses harnessed."

1. A middle name formed by adding a suffix to the father's first name; it is often contracted in conversation and therefore appears in various forms in the text.

"At once, at once," agreed the father. "Hey, Peter, do you hear? Get a move on, lad, faster."

Peter, who in his role as enlightened servant hadn't gone up to kiss the young master's hand and had merely nodded to him from a distance, once again withdrew beyond the gate.

"I'm here with a small carriage, but there's a troika of horses for your coach as well," said Nikolai Petrovich with some concern, while Arkady had a drink of water from an iron dipper brought by the woman in charge of the carriage inn, and Bazarov lit his pipe and walked over to the driver, who was unharnessing the horses. "But our carriage only seats two, and I don't know how your friend will . . ."

"He'll go in the coach," Arkady said, interrupting him in a low voice. "Please don't stand on ceremony with him. He's a splendid fellow, very simple—you'll see."

Nikolai Petrovich's coachman led out the horses.

"Well, get a move on, bushy beard!" Bazarov said, addressing the driver.

"Hear that, Mityukha," said another driver who was standing nearby, hands thrust into the rear slit of his sheepskin coat. "Hear what the gentleman called you? You bushy beard, you."

Mityukha merely shook his hat and pulled the reins off the sweaty shafthorse.²

"Let's go, let's go, lads, give them a hand," cried Nikolai Petrovich. "There'll be money for vodka!"

In a few minutes the horses were harnessed; father and son got into the carriage; Peter climbed onto the box; Bazarov jumped into the coach, buried his head in a leather cushion—and both vehicles set off.

III

"So, here you are, a graduate at last, and you've come home," said Nikolai Petrovich, touching Arkady first on the shoulder, then on the knee. "At long last!"

"How's Uncle? In good health?" asked Arkady, who, in spite of the genuine, almost childlike rapture that filled him, wanted to shift the subject of conversation as quickly as possible from high emotion to everyday matters.

"In good health. He wanted to come and meet you, but, for some reason, he changed his mind."

"Did you have to wait long?" asked Arkady.

"Almost five hours."

"Dear Papa!"

2. Shafthorses run within the shafts on a Russian troika; tracehorses, outside.