

【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】



A Sportsman's Sketches

猎人笔记

上篇

[俄] 屠格涅夫 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译



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藏书

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内 容 简 介

《猎人笔记》是世界文学史上的经典之作，它是一部形式独特的随笔集，由 25 个独立的故事构成，本册是上篇，共 14 个故事。该作品集以一个猎人的狩猎活动为线索，叙述了 19 世纪中叶俄罗斯的农村生活，在描写乡村风貌、生活习俗的同时，深刻揭露了地主表面上仁慈实际上丑恶的本性，揭示了农民的悲苦命运以及他们的善良、勤劳、纯朴和智慧的品质，生动地刻画了地主、管家、磨房主妇、医生、贵族知识分子、农奴、农家孩子等众多人物形象。《猎人笔记》因其辛辣老到地描写地主阶级而受到了沙皇政府的禁止，但是却开启了俄罗斯一代人的心灵反思，并为世界文艺长廊中增添了许多感人至深的形象。

该书自出版以来，已被译成世界上几十种文字。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。

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伊凡·谢尔盖耶维奇·屠格涅夫 (Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev, 1818—1883), 俄国著名作家、诗人和剧作家, 是享有世界声誉的“现实主义艺术大师”。

1818年11月9日, 屠格涅夫出生在俄国奥廖尔省一个世袭的贵族之家。他的父亲是一个骑兵团团长, 母亲是农场主。1833年, 15岁的屠格涅夫进入莫斯科大学文学系学习, 一年后转入彼得堡大学哲学系学习俄国文学与哲学。大学毕业后, 他进入德国柏林大学攻读哲学、历史和希腊文与拉丁文。在德国学习期间, 屠格涅夫见到了更加现代化的社会制度, 他主张俄国学习西方, 废除包括农奴制在内的封建制度, 因此被视为“欧化”的知识分子。

屠格涅夫的创作生涯始于大学求学期间。1834年, 他发表了处女作诗剧《斯杰诺》, 该作品带有鲜明的浪漫主义色彩。1843年, 他与他的导师合作出版了叙事诗《巴拉莎》, 该作品受到俄国著名哲学家、文学评论家别林斯基的好评, 同时也标志着他的文学创作从浪漫主义转向现实主义。1847—1851年间, 他在俄国进步刊物《现代人》上发表其成名作《猎人笔记》。《猎人笔记》是一部故事集, 包括25个短篇故事, 以一个猎人在狩猎时所写的随笔形式呈现。《猎人笔记》揭露农奴主的残暴, 描写了农奴的悲惨生活。该作品反农奴制的倾向触怒了当局, 当局借故把他拘留, 后被流放近两年, 流放期间他写了著名的反农奴制短篇小说《木木》。19世纪50~70年代是屠格涅夫创作的旺盛时期, 他陆续发表了长篇小说: 《罗亭》(1856)、《贵族之家》(1859)、《前夜》(1860)、《父与子》(1862)、《烟》(1867)、《处女地》(1859)。从19世纪60年代起, 屠格涅夫大部分时间在西欧度过, 在此期间他结交了许多著名作家、艺术家, 如左拉、莫泊桑、都德、龚古尔等。他参加了在巴黎举行的“国际文学大会”, 并被选为副主席(主席为维克多·雨果)。屠格涅夫对俄罗斯文学和欧洲文学的沟通交流起到了桥梁作用。

屠格涅夫是一位有独特艺术风格的作家, 他既擅长细腻的心理描写, 又长于抒情。他的小说结构严整, 情节紧凑, 人物形象生动, 尤其善于细



致雕琢女性艺术形象，而他对大自然的描写也充满诗情画意。他的小说不仅反映了当时的俄国社会现实，而且善于通过生动的情节和恰当的语言、行动，通过对大自然情境交融的描述，塑造出许多栩栩如生的人物形象。他的语言简洁、朴质、精确、优美，为俄罗斯语言的规范化做出了重要贡献。

在屠格涅夫的众多作品中，随笔集《猎人笔记》是其中的杰出代表，该作品使他进入俄国杰出作家的行列。一个多世纪以来，《猎人笔记》已被译成数十种文字，风靡全世界。在中国，《猎人笔记》是读者最熟悉、最喜爱的外国文学名著之一。时至今日，这部被世界公认的文学名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《猎人笔记》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT，还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵玲、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

啄木鸟教育 (www.zmnedu.com)

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CONTENTS

霍里和卡里内奇/ Hor And Kalinitch	1
叶尔莫莱与磨坊主的妻子/ Yermolai And The Miller's Wife	17
莓泉往事/ Raspberry Spring	32
小城大夫/ The District Doctor	44
我的邻居拉季诺夫/ My Neighbour Radilov	56
独院地主奥夫夏尼科夫/ The Peasant Proprietor Ovsyanikov	67
利戈夫村/ Lgov	89
牧场夜话/ Byezhin Prairie	103
梅恰河畔的卡西扬/ Kassyan of Fair Springs	128
总管/ The Agent	151
办事处/ The Counting-House	169
林中“孤狼”/ Biryuk	191
两个地主/ Two Country Gentlemen	202
列别江/ Lebedyan	214

霍里和卡里内奇

Hor And Kalinitch



并不是所有的村庄都是从一个模子里刻出来的，卡卢加省¹的村庄弥漫着一股温馨而恬静的田园气氛。农民们穿着简朴而合适的衣装，夕阳的余晖笼罩着每一家屋后那整齐的树林，悠远的牧歌伴着禽鸟的鸣叫，在一片炊烟袅袅中飘荡向远方。猎人是这里的常客，他在打猎的途中遇到了一位当地的小地主，这位名叫波鲁特金的地主充分展现了他热情好客的特质，他邀请猎人到他的佃户霍里家去参观。霍里家像一幅被细致描画过的田园风景画，独幢的小屋散发出松木特有的芳香，干净整洁的场

院显示出主人一丝不苟的生活态度。迎接这两位来客的是霍里的儿子们，他们都像小牛犊一样强壮而富有生机，他们在椴木的桌子上摆上酸甜可口的菜蔬，眼睛里透露出忠厚而又聪慧的光芒。霍里是一位奇人，他早已过上了富足的生活，但是却坚持不肯赎身，这其中自然有他认可的人生哲学。第二日，猎人在随波鲁特金打猎的过程中又遇到了另外一位佃户——卡里内奇。他是一位和善而又快活的汉子，同时又是一位打猎的好手，他一边哼唱着轻快的小调，一边身手敏捷地帮波鲁特金捕获猎物。他对丛林中的法则谙熟于心，他细心地割下蜂蜜，为两位老爷调制出甘甜的蜜汁。

霍里与卡里内奇是至交好友，在猎人的眼里他们之间散发出浓浓的温

¹ province of Kaluga 卡卢加省 位于俄罗斯东欧平原上的一个省



霍里和卡里内奇

情，听着两个人的谈话也能感受到彼此之间的默契。不过他们两人的性格却完全不同，霍里如水一般理智冷静，而卡里内奇却如火一般温暖热情。霍里的每一根花白的胡须中都写满了生活的智慧，这种智慧包括如何建屋修房，如何积累家产，如何维护人际关系等等。卡里内奇因为笑容而堆起的皱纹中充斥着自然的玄机，他庞学杂用无所不知，大到打猎养蜂，小到咒语驱虫，他都做得游刃有余。老霍里并不识字，但是他那双深邃的眼睛却看透很多社会问题，他常常向猎人询问国外的政治制度，并用简洁的话语道出优劣。卡里内奇能够识字读书，不过他的心常常驰骋在自然的鬼斧神工中。他并不爱思考艰深的社会问题，远山、峡谷、瀑布、幽径、密林常常令他心驰神往。霍里在家中犹如一位至高无上的国王，他那蛮横的老婆见了他也唯唯诺诺，他的一群儿子也个个矫健顺从。卡里内奇却生性惧内，至今膝下还没有一男半女。夜深人静的时候，两位老朋友开着无伤大雅的玩笑，卡里内奇弹着悠扬的三弦琴，伴着老霍里低沉而悲怆的歌声，在静谧的夜里飘向远方。

Anyone who has chanced to pass from the Bolhovsky district into the Zhizdrinsky district, must have been impressed by the striking difference between the race of people in the province of Orel and the population of the province of Kaluga. The peasant of Orel is not tall, is bent in figure, sullen and suspicious in his looks; he lives in wretched little hovels of aspen-wood, labours as a serf in the fields, and engages in no kind of trading, is miserably fed, and wears slippers of bast: the rent-paying peasant of Kaluga lives in roomy cottages of pine-wood; he is tall, bold, and cheerful in his looks, neat and clean of countenance; he carries on a trade in butter and tar, and on holidays he wears boots. The village of the Orel province (we are speaking now of the eastern part of the province) is usually situated in the midst of ploughed fields, near a water-course which has been converted into a filthy pool. Except for a few of the ever-accommodating willows, and two or three gaunt birch-trees, you do not see a tree for a mile round; hut is huddled up against hut,

their roofs covered with rotting thatch.... The villages of Kaluga, on the contrary, are generally surrounded by forest; the huts stand more freely, are more upright, and have boarded roofs; the gates fasten closely, the hedge is not broken down nor trailing about; there are no gaps to invite the visits of the passing pig.... And things are much better in the Kaluga province for the sportsman. In the Orel province the last of the woods and copses will have disappeared five years hence, and there is no trace of moorland left; in Kaluga, on the contrary, the moors extend over tens, the forest over hundreds of miles, and a splendid bird, the grouse, is still extant there; there are abundance of the friendly larger snipe, and the loud-clapping partridge cheers and startles the sportsman and his dog by its abrupt upward flight.

On a visit to the Zhizdrinsky district in search of sport, I met in the fields a petty proprietor of the Kaluga province called Polutikin, and made his acquaintance. He was an enthusiastic sportsman; it follows, therefore, that he was an excellent fellow. He was liable, indeed, to a few weaknesses; he used, for instance, to pay his addresses to every unmarried heiress in the province, and when he had been refused her hand and house, broken-hearted he confided his sorrows to all his friends and acquaintances, and continued to shower offerings of sour peaches and other raw produce from his garden upon the young lady's relatives; he was fond of repeating one and the same anecdote, which, in spite of Mr. Polutikin's appreciation of its merits, had certainly never amused anyone; he admired the works of Akim Nahimov and the novel Pinna; he stammered; he called his dog Astronomer; instead of 'however' said 'howsomever'; and had established in his household a French system of cookery, the secret of which consisted, according to his cook's interpretation, in a complete transformation of the natural taste of each dish; in this artiste's hands meat assumed the flavour of fish, fish of mushrooms, macaroni of gunpowder; to make up for this, not a single carrot went into the soup without taking the shape of a rhombus or a trapeze. But, with the exception of these few and insignificant failings, Mr. Polutikin was, as has been said already, an excellent fellow.

On the first day of my acquaintance with Mr. Polutikin, he invited me to stay the night at his house.

‘It will be five miles farther to my house,’ he added; ‘it’s a long way to walk; let us first go to Hor’s.’ (The reader must excuse my omitting his stammer.)

‘Who is Hor?’

‘A peasant of mine. He is quite close by here.’

We went in that direction. In a well-cultivated clearing in the middle of the forest rose Hor’s solitary homestead. It consisted of several pine-wood buildings, enclosed by plank fences; a porch ran along the front of the principal building, supported on slender posts. We went in. We were met by a young lad of twenty, tall and good-looking.

‘Ah, Fedya! is Hor at home?’ Mr. Polutikin asked him.

‘No. Hor has gone into town,’ answered the lad, smiling and showing a row of snow-white teeth. ‘You would like the little cart brought out?’

‘Yes, my boy, the little cart. And bring us some kvas.’

We went into the cottage. Not a single cheap glaring print was pasted up on the clean boards of the walls; in the corner, before the heavy, holy picture in its silver setting, a lamp was burning; the table of linden-wood had been lately planed and scrubbed; between the joists and in the cracks of the window-frames there were no lively Prussian beetles running about, nor gloomy cockroaches in hiding. The young lad soon reappeared with a great white pitcher filled with excellent kvas, a huge hunch of wheaten bread, and a dozen salted cucumbers in a wooden bowl. He put all these provisions on the table, and then, leaning with his back against the door, began to gaze with a smiling face at us. We had not had time to finish eating our lunch when the cart was already rattling before the doorstep. We went out. A curly-headed, rosy-cheeked boy of fifteen was sitting in the cart as driver, and with difficulty holding in the well-fed piebald horse. Round the cart stood six young giants, very like one another, and Fedya.

‘All of these Hor’s sons!’ said Polutikin.

'These are all Horkies' (i.e. wild cats), put in Fedya, who had come after us on to the step; 'but that's not all of them: Potap is in the wood, and Sidor has gone with old Hor to the town. Look out, Vasya,' he went on, turning to the coachman; 'drive like the wind; you are driving the master. Only mind what you're about over the ruts, and easy a little; don't tip the cart over, and upset the master's stomach!'

The other Horkies smiled at Fedya's sally. 'Lift Astronomer in!' Mr. Polutikin called majestically. Fedya, not without amusement, lifted the dog, who wore a forced smile, into the air, and laid her at the bottom of the cart. Vasya let the horse go. We rolled away. 'And here is my counting-house,' said Mr. Polutikin suddenly to me, pointing to a little low-pitched house. 'Shall we go in?' 'By all means.' 'It is no longer used,' he observed, going in; 'still, it is worth looking at.' The counting-house consisted of two empty rooms. The caretaker, a one-eyed old man, ran out of the yard. 'Good day, Minyaitch,' said Mr. Polutikin; 'bring us some water.' The one-eyed old man disappeared, and at once returned with a bottle of water and two glasses. 'Taste it,' Polutikin said to me; 'it is splendid spring water.' We drank off a glass each, while the old man bowed low. 'Come, now, I think we can go on,' said my new Friend. 'In that counting-house I sold the merchant Alliluev four acres of forest-land for a good price.' We took our seats in the cart, and in half-an-hour we had reached the court of the manor-house.

'Tell me, please,' I asked Polutikin at supper; 'why does Hor live apart from your other peasants?'

'Well, this is why; he is a clever peasant. Twenty-five years ago his cottage was burnt down; so he came up to my late father and said: "Allow me, Nikolai Kouzmitch," says he, "to settle in your forest, on the bog. I will pay you a good rent." "But what do you want to settle on the bog for?" "Oh, I want to; only, your honour, Nikolai Kouzmitch, be so good as not to claim any labour from me, but fix a rent as you think best." "Fifty roubles a year!" "Very well." "But I'll have no arrears, mind!" "Of course, no arrears"; and so he settled on the bog. Since then they have called him Hor' (i.e. wild cat).

‘Well, and has he grown rich?’ I inquired.

‘Yes, he has grown rich. Now he pays me a round hundred for rent, and I shall raise it again, I dare say. I have said to him more than once, “Buy your freedom, Hor; come, buy your freedom.” ... But he declares, the rogue, that he can’t; has no money, he says.... As though that were likely....’

The next day, directly after our morning tea, we started out hunting again. As we were driving through the village, Mr. Polutikin ordered the coachman to stop at a low-pitched cottage and called loudly, ‘Kalinitch!’ ‘Coming, your honour, coming’ sounded a voice from the yard; ‘I am tying on my shoes.’ We went on at a walk; outside the village a man of about forty over-took us. He was tall and thin, with a small and erect head. It was Kalinitch. His good-humoured; swarthy face, somewhat pitted with small-pox, pleased me from the first glance. Kalinitch (as I learnt afterwards) went hunting every day with his master, carried his bag, and sometimes also his gun, noted where game was to be found, fetched water, built shanties, and gathered strawberries, and ran behind the droshky; Mr. Polutikin could not stir a step without him. Kalinitch was a man of the merriest and gentlest disposition; he was constantly singing to himself in a low voice, and looking carelessly about him. He spoke a little through his nose, with a laughing twinkle in his light blue eyes, and he had a habit of plucking at his scanty, wedge-shaped beard with his hand. He walked not rapidly, but with long strides, leaning lightly on a long thin staff. He addressed me more than once during the day, and he waited on me without, obsequiousness, but he looked after his master as if he were a child. When the unbearable heat drove us at mid-day to seek shelter, he took us to his beehouse in the very heart of the forest. There Kalinitch opened the little hut for us, which was hung round with bunches of dry scented herbs. He made us comfortable on some dry hay, and then put a kind of bag of network over his head, took a knife, a little pot, and a smouldering stick, and went to the hive to cut us out some honey-comb. We had a draught of spring water after the warm transparent honey, and then dropped asleep to the sound of the monotonous humming of the bees and the rustling chatter of the leaves. A slight gust of

wind awakened me.... I opened my eyes and saw Kalinitch: he was sitting on the threshold of the half-opened door, carving a spoon with his knife. I gazed a long time admiring his face, as sweet and clear as an evening sky. Mr. Polutikin too woke up. We did not get up at once. After our long walk and our deep sleep it was pleasant to lie without moving in the hay; we felt weary and languid in body, our faces were in a slight glow of warmth, our eyes were closed in delicious laziness. At last we got up, and set off on our wanderings again till evening. At supper I began again to talk of Hor and Kalinitch. 'Kalinitch is a good peasant,' Mr. Polutikin told me; 'he is a willing and useful peasant; he can't farm his land properly; I am always taking him away from it. He goes out hunting every day with me.... You can judge for yourself how his farming must fare.'

I agreed with him, and we went to bed.

The next day Mr. Polutikin was obliged to go to town about some business with his neighbour Pitchukoff. This neighbour Pitchukoff had ploughed over some land of Polutikin's, and had flogged a peasant woman of his on this same piece of land. I went out hunting alone, and before evening I turned into Hor's house. On the threshold of the cottage I was met by an old man—bald, short, broad-shouldered, and stout—Hor himself. I looked with curiosity at the man. The cut of his face recalled Socrates; there was the same high, knobby forehead, the same little eyes, the same snub nose. We went into the cottage together. The same Fedya brought me some milk and black bread. Hor sat down on a bench, and, quietly stroking his curly beard, entered into conversation with me. He seemed to know his own value; he spoke and moved slowly; from time to time a chuckle came from between his long moustaches.

We discussed the sowing, the crops, the peasant's life.... He always seemed to agree with me; only afterwards I had a sense of awkwardness and felt I was talking foolishly.... In this way our conversation was rather curious. Hor, doubtless through caution, expressed himself very obscurely at times.... Here is a specimen of our talk.

"Tell me, Hor," I said to him, "why don't you buy your freedom from your

master?"

"And what would I buy my freedom for? Now I know my master, and I know my rent.... We have a good master."

"It's always better to be free," I remarked. Hor gave me a dubious look.

"Surely," he said.

"Well, then, why don't you buy your freedom?" Hor shook his head.

"What would you have me buy it with, your honour?"

"Oh, come, now, old man!"

"If Hor were thrown among free men," he continued in an undertone, as though to himself, "everyone without a beard would be a better man than Hor."

"Then shave your beard."

"What is a beard? a beard is grass: one can cut it."

"Well, then?"

"But Hor will be a merchant straight away; and merchants have a fine life, and they have beards."

"Why, do you do a little trading too?" I asked him.

"We trade a little in a little butter and a little tar.... Would your honour like the cart put to?"

"You're a close man and keep a tight rein on your tongue," I thought to myself. "No," I said aloud, "I don't want the cart; I shall want to be near your homestead to-morrow, and if you will let me, I will stay the night in your hay-barn."

"You are very welcome. But will you be comfortable in the barn? I will tell the women to lay a sheet and put you a pillow.... Hey, girls!" he cried, getting up from his place; "here, girls!... And you, Fedya, go with them. Women, you know, are foolish folk."

A quarter of an hour later Fedya conducted me with a lantern to the barn. I threw myself down on the fragrant hay; my dog curled himself up at my feet; Fedya wished me good-night; the door creaked and slammed to. For rather a long time I could not get to sleep. A cow came up to the door, and breathed heavily twice; the dog growled at her with dignity; a pig passed by, grunting



pensively; a horse somewhere near began to munch the hay and snort.... At last I fell asleep.

At sunrise Fedya awakened me. This brisk, lively young man pleased me; and, from what I could see, he was old Hor's favourite too. They used to banter one another in a very friendly way. The old man came to meet me. Whether because I had spent the night under his roof, or for some other reason, Hor certainly treated me far more cordially than the day before.

'The samovar is ready,' he told me with a smile; 'let us come and have tea.'

We took our seats at the table. A robust-looking peasant woman, one of his daughters-in-law, brought in a jug of milk. All his sons came one after another into the cottage.

'What a fine set of fellows you have!' I remarked to the old man.

'Yes,' he said, breaking off a tiny piece of sugar with his teeth; 'me and my old woman have nothing to complain of, seemingly.'

'And do they all live with you?'

'Yes; they choose to, themselves, and so they live here.'

'And are they all married?'

'Here's one not married, the scamp!' he answered, pointing to Fedya, who was leaning as before against the door. 'Vaska, he's still too young; he can wait.'

'And why should I get married?' retorted Fedya; 'I'm very well off as I am. What do I want a wife for? To squabble with, eh?'

'Now then, you ... ah, I know you! you wear a silver ring.... You'd always be after the girls up at the manor house.... "Have done, do, for shame!"' the old man went on, mimicking the servant girls. 'Ah, I know you, you white-handed rascal!'

'But what's the good of a peasant woman?'

'A peasant woman—is a labourer,' said Hor seriously; 'she is the peasant's servant.'

'And what do I want with a labourer?'

‘I dare say; you’d like to play with the fire and let others burn their fingers: we know the sort of chap you are.’

‘Well, marry me, then. Well, why don’t you answer?’

‘There, that’s enough, that’s enough, giddy pate! You see we’re disturbing the gentleman. I’ll marry you, depend on it.... And you, your honour, don’t be vexed with him; you see, he’s only a baby; he’s not had time to get much sense.’

Fedya shook his head.

‘Is Hor at home?’ sounded a well-known voice; and Kalinitch came into the cottage with a bunch of wild strawberries in his hands, which he had gathered for his friend Hor. The old man gave him a warm welcome. I looked with surprise at Kalinitch. I confess I had not expected such a delicate attention on the part of a peasant.

That day I started out to hunt four hours later than usual, and the following three days I spent at Hor’s. My new friends interested me. I don’t know how I had gained their confidence, but they began to talk to me without constraint. The two friends were not at all alike. Hor was a positive, practical man, with a head for management, a rationalist; Kalinitch, on the other hand, belonged to the order of idealists and dreamers, of romantic and enthusiastic spirits. Hor had a grasp of actuality—that is to say, he looked ahead, was saving a little money, kept on good terms with his master and the other authorities; Kalinitch wore shoes of bast, and lived from hand to mouth. Hor had reared a large family, who were obedient and united; Kalinitch had once had a wife, whom he had been afraid of, and he had had no children. Hor took a very critical view of Mr. Polutikin; Kalinitch revered his master. Hor loved Kalinitch, and took protecting care of him; Kalinitch loved and respected Hor. Hor spoke little, chuckled, and thought for himself; Kalinitch expressed himself with warmth, though he had not the flow of fine language of a smart factory hand. But Kalinitch was endowed with powers which even Hor recognised; he could charm away haemorrhages, fits, madness, and worms; his bees always did well; he had a light hand. Hor asked him before me to introduce a newly bought