

【 名著双语读物 · 中文导读+英文原版 】



A Sportsman's Sketches

猎人笔记

下篇

[俄] 屠格涅夫 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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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，本册是下篇，共 11 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，揭示了农民的悲惨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言语、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、宋亨、张灵羚、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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塔基亚娜与她的侄子

Tatyana Borissovna And Her Nephew



阳光明媚，微风如丝，五月的天空犹如蓝宝石一般澄澈透明。在阳光的炙烤下初萌的青草散发出清新的香味，马儿奔驰在这毛茸茸的草地上，不时欢快地打着响鼻。猎人的马车停在了一座小屋子的面前，一位中年妇女热情地站在窗口招手，她就是女地主塔基亚娜。这是一位生活在平凡时代的不平凡的女性，她没受过什么教育，但是她的生活中却充满了积极的哲学。她能够看透每个人背后的灵魂，同时她以一颗质朴与慈悲的心去关怀着他们，她的小屋常常挤满了年轻的后生，她温柔的微笑犹

如春雨里洗过的太阳一样温暖。她是一个颇具有男子气概的女性，在她的胸腔中跳动着一颗勇敢的心，她总是面向未来毫不退缩。塔基亚娜并不像无所事事的中年妇女那样喜爱搬弄是非，她十分厌恶喋喋不休地嚼舌头，对于邻居家的秘闻轶事她总是一笑置之，这样的优点也使得不少人向她吐露心中的秘密。塔基亚娜似乎更加喜欢和青年男子交朋友，她并不善于和女人打交道，一听到她们叽叽喳喳的聊天她就忍不住睡眼昏昏。一次一位老处女慕名而来，絮絮叨叨地和塔基亚娜聊了半个小时，这可折磨坏了可怜的塔基亚娜，她不得不表现出礼貌得体的姿态，同时压抑着内心的厌烦。在没有客人造访的时候，塔基亚娜过着悠闲舒适的生活，伺候她的一个是一位上了年纪的管家婆，另一个是一位退伍的会拉小提琴的小老头，他们生活得简朴平静。但是世界上并没有永恒的安宁，塔基亚娜家温馨的氛围



向姑母献上画作

很快被她的侄儿打破了。

这件事还要从七八年前说起，塔基亚娜收养了亡兄的孤儿——一位叫做安德留沙的十一二岁的男孩。安德留沙寄居在姑母家中，他表现出的并不是一个孩童应有的天真烂漫，而是一种与他年龄并不相符的少年老成。他长得英俊可人，在客人来访的时候他总是抢着为他们搬上椅子，在客人谈话的过程中，他总是安安静静地坐着听，犹如一只温顺的小猫一样谦卑。安德留沙酷爱绘画，一有机会他就在空白的纸片上涂涂抹抹。在他的姑母的命名日时，他恭恭敬敬地献上了自己的画作——一颗在祭坛上燃烧的红心，塔基亚娜吻了吻他，并给予一个银卢布作为奖励。不过塔基亚娜并不喜欢安德留沙的这种表达方式，因为她看出了这个孩子并不是出于真的爱，而是一种阿谀奉承。为了让侄儿有一个更好的前程，塔基亚娜允许安德留沙跟着一位彼得堡的先生学习绘画，安德留沙的命运就此改变了。刚开始几年安德留沙还会常常来信，但是后来信就如冬日里的绿叶一样几乎不见踪迹了，这让塔基亚娜感到十分不安。不过一封短信让塔基亚娜知道了侄儿依旧活在人间，不过他十分落魄，需要姑妈的经济支援。一笔笔的钱打过去，塔基亚娜终于受不了了，她要求安德留沙回到村子中养病。安德留沙变了，他犹如被吹了气一般胖了起来，他那宽大的脸上已经看不到曾经的那种谦逊，取而代之的是一种病态的傲慢。他常常粗鲁地对待仆人，他并不看书也不绘画，他总是呼唤着自然，呼唤着灵感，而他最后往往是在酒精的麻痹下走向癫狂，谁也不知道他到底想要什么。听，塔基亚娜家又传来安德留沙痛苦的悲号，或许只有艺术家才能体会到这种艺术带来的痛苦吧。

Give me your hand, gentle reader, and come along with me. It is glorious weather; there is a tender blue in the May sky; the smooth young leaves of the willows glisten as though they had been polished; the wide even road is all covered with that delicate grass with the little reddish stalk that the sheep are so fond of nibbling; to right and to left, over the long sloping hillsides, the green rye is softly waving; the shadows of small clouds glide in thin long streaks over it. In the distance is the dark mass of forests, the glitter of ponds,

yellow patches of village; larks in hundreds are soaring, singing, falling headlong with outstretched necks, hopping about the clods; the crows on the highroad stand still, look at you, peck at the earth, let you drive close up, and with two hops lazily move aside. On a hill beyond a ravine a peasant is ploughing; a piebald colt, with a cropped tail and ruffled mane, is running on unsteady legs after its mother; its shrill whinnying reaches us. We drive on into the birch wood, and drink in the strong, sweet, fresh fragrance. Here we are at the boundaries. The coachman gets down; the horses snort; the trace-horses look round; the centre horse in the shafts switches his tail, and turns his head up towards the wooden yoke above it... the great gate opens creaking; the coachman seats himself.... Drive on! the village is before us. Passing five homesteads, and turning off to the right, we drop down into a hollow and drive along a dyke, the farther side of a small pond; behind the round tops of the lilacs and apple-trees a wooden roof, once red, with two chimneys, comes into sight; the coachman keeps along the hedge to the left, and to the spasmodic and drowsy baying of three pug dogs he drives through the wide open gates, whisks smartly round the broad courtyard past the stable and the barn, gallantly salutes the old housekeeper, who is stepping sideways over the high lintel in the open doorway of the storehouse, and pulls up at last before the steps of a dark house with light windows.... We are at Tatyana Borissovna's. And here she is herself opening the window and nodding at us.... 'Good day, ma'am!'

Tatyana Borissovna is a woman of fifty, with large, prominent grey eyes, a rather broad nose, rosy cheeks and a double chin. Her face is brimming over with friendliness and kindness. She was once married, but was soon left a widow. Tatyana Borissovna is a very remarkable woman. She lives on her little property, never leaving it, mixes very little with her neighbours, sees and likes none but young people. She was the daughter of very poor landowners, and received no education; in other words, she does not know French; she has never been in Moscow—and in spite of all these defects, she is so good and simple in her manners, so broad in her sympathies and ideas, so little infected with the ordinary prejudices of country ladies of small means, that one positively cannot

help marvelling at her.... Indeed, a woman who lives all the year round in the country and does not talk scandal, nor whine, nor curtsey, is never flurried, nor depressed, nor in a flutter of curiosity, is a real marvel! She usually wears a grey taffetas gown and a white cap with lilac streamers; she is fond of good cheer, but not to excess; all the preserving, pickling, and salting she leaves to her housekeeper. 'What does she do all day long?' you will ask.... 'Does she read?' No, she doesn't read, and, to tell the truth, books are not written for her.... If there are no visitors with her, Tatyana Borisovna sits by herself at the window knitting a stocking in winter; in summer time she is in the garden, planting and watering her flowers, playing for hours together with her cats, or feeding her doves.... She does not take much part in the management of her estate. But if a visitor pays her a call—some young neighbour whom she likes—Tatyana Borisovna is all life directly; she makes him sit down, pours him out some tea, listens to his chat, laughs, sometimes pats his cheek, but says little herself; in trouble or sorrow she comforts and gives good advice. How many people have confided their family secrets and the griefs of their hearts to her, and have wept over her hands! At times she sits opposite her visitor, leaning lightly on her elbow, and looks with such sympathy into his face, smiles so affectionately, that he cannot help feeling: 'What a dear, good woman you are, Tatyana Borisovna! Let me tell you what is in my heart.' One feels happy and warm in her small, snug rooms; in her house it is always, so to speak, fine weather. Tatyana Borisovna is a wonderful woman, but no one wonders at her; her sound good sense, her breadth and firmness, her warm sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others—in a word, all her qualities are so innate in her; they are no trouble, no effort to her.... One cannot fancy her otherwise, and so one feels no need to thank her. She is particularly fond of watching the pranks and follies of young people; she folds her hands over her bosom, throws back her head, puckers up her eyes, and sits smiling at them, then all of a sudden she heaves a sigh, and says, 'Ah, my children, my children!'... Sometimes one longs to go up to her, take hold of her hands and say: 'Let me tell you, Tatyana Borisovna, you don't know your own value; for all your simplicity and lack of

learning, you're an extraordinary creature!' Her very name has a sweet familiar ring; one is glad to utter it; it calls up a kindly smile at once. How often, for instance, have I chanced to ask a peasant: 'Tell me, my friend, how am I to get to Gratchevka?' let us say. 'Well, sir, you go on first to Vyazovoe, and from there to Tatyana Borissovna's, and from Tatyana Borissovna's any one will show you the way.' And at the name of Tatyana Borissovna the peasant wags his head in quite a special way. Her household is small, in accordance with her means. The house, the laundry, the stores and the kitchen, are in the charge of the housekeeper, Agafya, once her nurse, a good-natured, tearful, toothless creature; she has under her two stalwart girls with stout crimson cheeks like Antonovsky apples. The duties of valet, steward, and waiter are filled by Policarp, an extraordinary old man of seventy, a queer fellow, full of erudition, once a violinist and worshipper of Viotti, with a personal hostility to Napoleon, or, as he calls him, Bonaparty, and a passion for nightingales. He always keeps five or six of the latter in his room; in early spring he will sit for whole days together by the cage, waiting for the first trill, and when he hears it, he covers his face with his hands, and moans, 'Oh, piteous, piteous!' and sheds tears in floods. Policarp has, to help him, his grandson Vasya, a curly-headed, sharp-eyed boy of twelve; Policarp adores him, and grumbles at him from morning till night. He undertakes his education too. 'Vasya,' he says, 'say Bonaparty was a scoundrel.' 'And what'll you give me, granddad?' 'What'll I give you?... I'll give you nothing.... Why, what are you? Aren't you a Russian?' 'I'm a Mtchanin, granddad; I was born in Mtchensk.' 'Oh, silly dunce! but where is Mtchensk?' 'How can I tell?' 'Mtchensk's in Russia, silly!' 'Well, what then, if it is in Russia?' 'What then? Why, his Highness the late Prince Mihalo Ilarionovitch Golenishtchev-Kutuzov-Smolensky, with God's aid, graciously drove Bonaparty out of the Russian territories. It's on that event the song was composed: "Bonaparty's in no mood to dance, He's lost the garters he brought from France."... Do you understand? he liberated your fatherland.' 'And what's that to do with me?' 'Ah! you silly boy! Why, if his Highness Prince Mihalo Ilarionovitch hadn't driven out Bonaparty, some mounseer

would have been beating you about the head with a stick this minute. He'd come up to you like this, and say: "Koman voo porty voo?" and then a box on the ear!' 'But I'd give him one in the belly with my fist' 'But he'd go on: "Bonzhur, bonzhur, veny ici," and then a cuff on the head.' 'And I'd give him one in his legs, his bandy legs.' 'You're quite right, their legs are bandy.... Well, but suppose he tied your hands?' 'I wouldn't let him; I'd call Mihay the coachman to help me.' 'But, Vasya, suppose you weren't a match for the Frenchy even with Mihay?' 'Not a match for him! See how strong Mihay is!' 'Well, and what would you do with him?' 'We'd get him on his back, we would.' 'And he'd shout, "Pardon, pardon, seevooplay!"' 'We'd tell him, "None of your seevooplays, you old Frenchy!"' 'Bravo, Vasya!... Well, now then, shout, "Bonaparty's a scoundrel!"' 'But you must give me some sugar!' 'You scamp!'

Of the neighbouring ladies Tatyana Borissovna sees very little; they do not care about going to see her, and she does not know how to amuse them; the sound of their chatter sends her to sleep; she starts, tries to keep her eyes open, and drops off again. Tatyana Borissovna is not fond of women as a rule. One of her friends, a good, harmless young man, had a sister, an old maid of thirty-eight and a half, a good-natured creature, but exaggerated, affected, and enthusiastic. Her brother had often talked to her of their neighbour. One fine morning our old maid has her horse saddled, and, without a word to any one, sallies off to Tatyana Borissovna's. In her long habit, a hat on her head, a green veil and floating curls, she went into the hall, and passing by the panic-stricken Vasya, who took her for a wood-witch, ran into the drawing-room. Tatyana Borissovna, scared, tried to rise, but her legs sank under her. 'Tatyana Borissovna,' began the visitor in a supplicating voice, 'forgive my temerity; I am the sister of your friend, Alexy Nikolaevitch K—, and I have heard so much about you from him that I resolved to make your acquaintance.' 'Greatly honoured,' muttered the bewildered lady. The sister flung off her hat, shook her curls, seated herself near Tatyana Borissovna; took her by the hand... 'So this is she,' she began in a pensive voice fraught with feeling: 'this is that sweet, clear,

noble, holy being! This is she! that woman at once so simple and so deep! How glad I am! how glad I am! How we shall love each other! I can breathe easily at last... I always fancied her just so,' she added in a whisper, her eyes riveted on the eyes of Tatyana Borissovna. 'You won't be angry with me, will you, my dear kind friend?' 'Really, I'm delighted!... Won't you have some tea?' The lady smiled patronisingly: 'Wie wahr, wie unreflectirt', she murmured, as it were to herself. 'Let me embrace you, my dear one!'

The old maid stayed three hours at Tatyana Borissovna's, never ceasing talking an instant. She tried to explain to her new acquaintance all her own significance. Directly after the unexpected visitor had departed, the poor lady took a bath, drank some lime-flower water, and took to her bed. But the next day the old maid came back, stayed four hours, and left, promising to come to see Tatyana Borissovna every day. Her idea, please to observe, was to develop, to complete the education of so rich a nature, to use her own expression, and she would probably have really been the death of her, if she had not, in the first place, been utterly disillusioned as regards her brother's friend within a fortnight, and secondly, fallen in love with a young student on a visit in the neighbourhood, with whom she at once rushed into a fervid and active correspondence; in her missives she consecrated him, as the manner of such is, to a noble, holy life, offered herself wholly a sacrifice, asked only for the name of sister, launched into endless descriptions of nature, made allusions to Goethe, Schiller, Bettina and German philosophy, and drove the luckless young man at last to the blackest desperation. But youth asserted itself: one fine morning he woke up with such a furious hatred for 'his sister and best of friends' that he almost killed his valet in his passion, and was snappish for a long while after at the slightest allusion to elevated and disinterested passion. But from that time forth Tatyana Borissovna began to avoid all intimacy with ladies of the neighbourhood more than ever.

Alas! nothing is lasting on this earth. All I have related as to the way of life of my kind-hearted neighbour is a thing of the past; the peace that used to reign in her house has been destroyed for ever. For more than a year now there

has been living with her a nephew, an artist from Petersburg. This is how it came about.

Eight years ago, there was living with Tatyana Borissovna a boy of twelve, an orphan, the son of her brother, Andryusha. Andryusha had large, clear, humid eyes, a tiny little mouth, a regular nose, and a fine lofty brow. He spoke in a low, sweet voice, was attentive and coaxing with visitors, kissed his auntie's hand with an orphan's sensibility; and one hardly had time to show oneself before he had put a chair for one. He had no mischievous tricks; he was never noisy; he would sit by himself in a corner with a book, and with such sedateness and propriety, never even leaning back in his chair. When a visitor came in, Andryusha would get up, with a decorous smile and a flush; when the visitor went away he would sit down again, pull out of his pocket a brush and a looking-glass, and brush his hair. From his earliest years he had shown a taste for drawing. Whenever he got hold of a piece of paper, he would ask Agafya the housekeeper for a pair of scissors at once, carefully cut a square piece out of the paper, trace a border round it and set to work; he would draw an eye with an immense pupil, or a Grecian nose, or a house with a chimney and smoke coming out of it in the shape of a corkscrew, a dog, en face, looking rather like a bench, or a tree with two pigeons on it, and would sign it: 'Drawn by Andrei Byelovzorov, such a day in such a year, in the village of Maliya-Briki.' He used to toil with special industry for a fortnight before Tatyana Borissovna's birthday; he was the first to present his congratulations and offer her a roll of paper tied up with a pink ribbon. Tatyana Borissovna would kiss her nephew and undo the knot; the roll was unfolded and presented to the inquisitive gaze of the spectator, a round, boldly sketched temple in sepia, with columns and an altar in the centre; on the altar lay a burning heart and a wreath, while above, on a curling scroll, was inscribed in legible characters: 'To my aunt and benefactress, Tatyana Borissovna Bogdanov, from her dutiful and loving nephew, as a token of his deepest affection.' Tatyana Borissovna would kiss him again and give him a silver rouble. She did not, though, feel any very warm affection for him; Andryusha's fawning ways were not quite to her taste.

Meanwhile, Andryusha was growing up; Tatyana Borissovna began to be anxious about his future. An unexpected incident solved the difficulty to her.

One day eight years ago she received a visit from a certain Mr. Benevolensky, Piotr Mihalitch, a college councillor with a decoration. Mr. Benevolensky had at one time held an official post in the nearest district town, and had been assiduous in his visits to Tatyana Borissovna; then he had moved to Petersburg, got into the ministry, and attained a rather important position, and on one of the numerous journeys he took in the discharge of his official duties, he remembered his old friend, and came back to see her, with the intention of taking a rest for two days from his official labours 'in the bosom of the peace of nature.' Tatyana Borissovna greeted him with her usual cordiality, and Mr. Benevolensky.... But before we proceed with the rest of the story, gentle reader, let us introduce you to this new personage.

Mr. Benevolensky was a stoutish man, of middle height and mild appearance, with little short legs and little fat hands; he wore a roomy and excessively spruce frock-coat, a high broad cravat, snow-white linen, a gold chain on his silk waistcoat, a gem-ring on his forefinger, and a white wig on his head; he spoke softly and persuasively, trod noiselessly, and had an amiable smile, an amiable look in his eyes, and an amiable way of settling his chin in his cravat; he was, in fact, an amiable person altogether. God had given him a heart, too, of the softest; he was easily moved to tears and to transports; moreover, he was all aglow with disinterested passion for art: disinterested it certainly was, for Mr. Benevolensky, if the truth must be told, knew absolutely nothing about art. One is set wondering, indeed, whence, by virtue of what mysterious uncomprehended forces, this passion had come upon him. He was, to all appearance, a practical, even prosaic person... however, we have a good many people of the same sort among us in Russia.

Their devotion to art and artists produces in these people an inexpressible mawkishness; it is distressing to have to do with them and to talk to them; they are perfect logs smeared with honey. They never, for instance, call Raphael, Raphael, or Correggio, Correggio; 'the divine Sanzio, the incomparable di

Allegri,' they murmur, and always with the broadest vowels. Every pretentious, conceited, home-bred mediocrity they hail as a genius: 'the blue sky of Italy,' 'the lemons of the South,' 'the balmy breezes of the banks of the Brenta,' are for ever on their lips. 'Ah, Vasya, Vasya,' or 'Oh, Sasha, Sasha,' they say to one another with deep feeling, 'we must away to the South... we are Greeks in soul—ancient Greeks.' One may observe them at exhibitions before the works of some Russian painters (these gentlemen, it should be noted, are, for the most part, passionate patriots). First they step back a couple of paces, and throw back their heads; then they go up to the picture again; their eyes are suffused with an oily moisture.... 'There you have it, my God!' they say at last, in voices broken with emotion; 'there's soul, soul! Ah! what feeling, what feeling! Ah, what soul he has put into it! what a mass of soul!... And how he has thought it out! thought it out like a master!' And, oh! the pictures in their own drawing-rooms! Oh, the artists that come to them in the evenings, drink tea, and listen to their conversation! And the views in perspective they make them of their own rooms, with a broom in the foreground, a little heap of dust on the polished floor, a yellow samovar on a table near the window, and the master of the house himself in skull-cap and dressing-gown, with a brilliant streak of sunlight falling on his cheek! Oh, the long-haired nurslings of the Muse, wearing spasmodic and contemptuous smiles, that cluster about them! Oh, the young ladies, with faces of greenish pallor, who squeal; over their pianos! For that is the established rule with us in Russia; a man cannot be devoted to one art alone—he must have them all. And so it is not to be wondered at that these gentlemen extend their powerful patronage to Russian literature also, especially to dramatic literature.... The Jacob Sannazars are written for them; the struggle of unappreciated talent against the whole world, depicted a thousand times over, still moves them profoundly....

The day after Mr. Benevolensky's arrival, Tatyana Borissovna told her nephew at tea-time to show their guest his drawings. 'Why, does he draw?' said Mr. Benevolensky, with some surprise, and he turned with interest to Andryusha. 'Yes, he draws,' said Tatyana Borissovna; 'he's so fond of it! and