

SEASONABLE NEW BOOKS.

I. A Russian Novel.—Fathers and Sons.

Translated from the Russian of IVAN SERGHEIEVITCH TURGENEF,
by EUGENE SCHUYLER, Ph.D. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50.

The publishers would state that this work has been issued upon its literary merits, without regard to the fact of its being, in some sense, a 'curiosity.' Purely as a novel, they believe it fit to rank with the best productions of our time. As a picture of Russian life and institutions, it of course possesses more value than any work yet published in America.

II. Critical and Social Essays.

Reprinted from the NEW YORK NATION. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50.

Some of the most valuable and successful books recently issued in England, have consisted of essays reprinted from the high-toned critical and literary weekly newspapers, which have hitherto been almost peculiar to that country. The publishers present this volume, composed from an American journal which the first scholars of the country have thought worthy to rank with the *Spectator*, the *Examiner*, and the *Saturday Review*, in the full assurance that it will obtain, as it deserves, equal favor and equal permanence with the English reprints of the same description. THE NATION'S staff of contributors embraces so many distinguished names in our literature, that a dull or worthless collection could scarcely be made from the files of the paper.

III. The Man with the Broken Ear.

Translated from the French of EDMOND ABOUT. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50.

One of those peculiar novels based on scientific theories, in which M. About has been distinctively successful. The chief feature of the book is a very humorous, though philosophical illustration of the fact that when a man dies, he will be apt to find it more comfortable to remain dead, than to return to life fifty years after his demise. The speculation in Natural Science on which the story is founded, is more interesting in itself, more elaborately developed, and more entertaining in its supposed consequences, than in any other of M. About's books. Another equally interesting feature is a humorous contrast of the spirit of the Napoleon era with that of the present age. The whole book is written in M. About's best vein.

Copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT, PUBLISHERS,

451 Broome Street, New York.

FATHERS AND SONS

A NOVEL

BY

IVAN SERGHEÏEVITCH TURGENEF

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE AUTHOR

BY

EUGENE SCHUYLER, Ph. D.

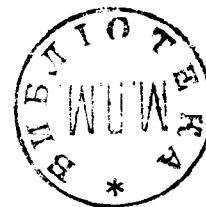


NEW YORK
LEYPOLDT & HOLT

1867

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by
EUGENE SCHUYLER, Ph. D.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

JOHN P. TROW & Co.,
PRINTERS, STEREOTYPERS, AND ELECTROTYPERS,
30 Greene Street, New York.



PREFACE.

RUSSIAN literature is of recent growth. The writers who enjoyed the patronage of the second Catherine, though many of them were learned and even brilliant men, gave to their writings no national tone, and were imitators and translators of what was then current in the rest of Europe. Lomonosof and Derzhavin, the two greatest writers of the last century, find no readers to-day, save those few who are interested in them from historical reasons. Of those belonging to the present century, even Karamzin and Zhukovski are seldom read, though one was the first of Russian prose-writers, and the second a really remarkable poet. With Pushkin Russian literature first became truly national. He was born in 1799 and died in 1837, in a duel: the duel has ended the lives of too many of Russia's brilliant young men. Pushkin has been often called the Russian Byron; he was indeed strongly under Byron's influence, and in his finest poem, *Evgeni Onegin*, he imitated in form and in style Byron's *Don Juan*. Pushkin freed Russian poetry from the shackles of classicality which had been imposed on it by the Court poets of the preceding generation; he adopted new metres and chose for his subjects Russian themes, especially old legends and traditions of popular life. At the age of twenty-one he published *Ruslan and Ludmila*, a romantic poem, which gained him great reputation and popularity. After this came his drama of *Boris Godunof*, his master-piece *Evgeni Onegin*, a novel of modern Russian life, in verse, the *Gypsies (Tsigani)*, and various prose tales, of which the best is *The Captain's Daughter (Kapitanskaya Detchka)*, and some historical works. When he died he was the historiographer of the Government, and was engaged on a history

of Peter the Great. The reign of Nicholas was adverse to literary eminence, but another writer of European fame soon followed. This was Lermontof, who was born in 1811, and first became known by a poem on the death of Pushkin, which was circulated for some time in manuscript, and caused his banishment to the Caucasus, where he served in the army until his death in 1841. Here most of his poems were written, all of them inspired by the surroundings. Many of them are very beautiful, but a more remarkable work is his melancholy novel, *A Hero of our Time* (*Geroi nashevo Vremeni*), which is generally considered as being in the nature of an autobiography. Its chief character, Petchorin, is a man who while still young has lost all the freshness of life, and who rushes into dangers merely for the sake of the excitements they yield. The story ends with a duel in a mountain pass between two precipices, so arranged that the wounded party necessarily falls over and is killed. A brother officer, thinking himself portrayed in Petchorin, challenged Lermontof to a duel of exactly this character, in which he killed the poet.

The continuator of Pushkin's and Lermontof's reputation was Nicholas Gogol, born in 1808 in Little Russia. He published several short stories, of which one, *Tarass Bulba*, a sketch of Cossack life, is remarkable for its power and beauty. His popularity and reputation were greatly increased by his witty and satirical comedy of *Revisor* or the *Inspector General*. In this he reviewed the series of Russian office-holders, and exposed their corruption. This comedy was often acted, the Government being apparently willing to allow public opinion to spend itself against vices of administration which it had vainly tried to correct. Soon after this appeared the first part of his great novel *Dead Souls* (*Mertviya Dushi*), which is full of humor, satire, and excellent delineations of character, and is in no way inferior to a novel of Dickens. *Souls* was the technical name for *serfs*; and at that time the Government, through the Board of Guardians, lent money to proprietors on a mortgage of their serfs. This story tells the adventures of one Tchitchikof, who went about buying up dead souls, i. e., the right to serfs who had recently died but whose

names had not yet been taken off of the registers, for the purpose of defrauding the Government by a fictitious mortgage. Russians first began to know themselves through Gogol's pictures. Owing to difficulties with the censure, Gogol soon left Russia, and went to Rome, where he resided several years. He finally returned home, bringing several works in manuscript, among them the concluding part of the *Dead Souls*. He soon died, very suddenly, and, it is said, by his own hand. Before his death, which was in 1851, he burned all his manuscripts.

The success of Gogol brought out a large number of romance-writers, who abandoned all imitation of German, French, and English novelists, and have founded a truly national school of romance. Among them are the Count Sollohub, though he is properly a little earlier in date; the Count Tolsloi, a writer chiefly of military novels; Grigorovitch, whose *Anton Gorenika*, and *Fishermen* (*Ribaki*), are pictures of the life of the lower classes; Gontcharof, the author of *Oblomof*; Pisemski, the satirical novelist; and Turgenev, who is easily their chief.

Ivan Sergheïevitch Turgenev was born at Orel, on October 28 (Nov. 3), 1818, of noble parents who were in easy circumstances. He was educated at first at home, and afterwards at school at Moscow, subsequently passing three years at the University of St. Petersburg. In 1838 he went to Berlin, where he devoted himself to the study of metaphysics, especially the Hegelian philosophy, the classics, and history. He began his literary career in the year 1843, by the publication of *Panasha*, a small volume of poems, many of them of considerable merit. Turgenev's life on his estate, where he lived quietly for some years, devoted to reading and shooting, and various journeys and sporting tours through the interior of Russia, had familiarized him with the condition of the serfs, and had greatly interested him in their welfare. He contributed to the *Contemporary* (*Sovremennik*), a literary journal and review of Moscow, at various times from 1846 to 1851, sketches of serf-life, which were afterwards, with others, collected into a volume called *Memoirs of a Sportsman* (*Zapiski Okhotnika*). This

book had a very large circulation, and created an intense excitement in Russia—an excitement without parallel in that country, and only to be equalled in any other by that caused at about the same time by Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It was somewhat strange that in two great countries, so diverse in character and then so utterly unacquainted with each other, the appearance of a popular novel should be raised to the importance of a public event. On two opposite sides of the world, in two countries popularly said, the one to be the freest, the other the most despotic government on the globe, human slavery received most vigorous blows dealt in a similar way. "These two books are however quite different in form. The work of Turgenev is a collection of twenty-two sketches and stories, which from the freshness of their descriptions and the ease of their style had excited attention in the journal in which they were published, though from an unknown pen. Yet the effect which they were about to produce when brought together in a book was very far from being foreseen. These sketches presented a striking picture of Russian manners and life, when there was the least knowledge on the part of the Russian public, and in some way revealed the Russians to themselves. Each story helped the others, and the whole made a strong cumulative argument against serfdom. Yet there is no formal accusation, no declamation, no exaggeration for effect; simple photographs. The author writes in simple and sober style and is only seen in his work. The *Memoirs of a Sportsman* did much to stimulate Russian thought and exertion on the subject of emancipation, and its author may justly feel, as he does, that the happiest event of his life was the reading of this book by the present Emperor, who himself declared that it was one of the first incitements to the decree which gave freedom to thirty millions of serfs."

The amount of local color and veiled allusions in this book makes it almost untranslatable; yet it has been translated into German, twice into French, and a portion of it badly into English, under the title of "Russian Life in the Interior," by J. D. Meiklejohn, Edinburgh, 1855.

In 1852, nominally on account of a eulogy on Gogol, who had just died, but really on account of objectionable passages in his book, Turgenev was ordered by the Emperor Nicholas to be confined to his estate. After two years he was released at the earnest intercession of the crown-prince Alexander, the present Emperor. Since then he has resided chiefly abroad, in France and Germany. Meanwhile Turgenev continued writing short tales, and dramas, for various Russian reviews, and also for the *Revue des deux Mondes*—for he writes well in French; the most remarkable of which are perhaps *Faust*, *Mumu*, and *Asya*, though it is difficult choosing where all are good. In 1858 he published a longer novel called *A Nest of Noblemen* (*Dvoryanskoe Gnezdo*), a French translation of which was published in the *Revue Contemporaine*; in 1859 another called *The Evening before* (*Nakanunye*), and in 1860 a charming little tale called *First Love* (*Perbaya Liubov*).

The novel which is here presented, *Fathers and Sons* (*Otsi i Dyeti*), was published first in 1861 in the *Russian Messenger* (*Russkii Vvestnik*), a Moscow review, and subsequently in book form. A tempest was raised in Russia by its appearance; passionate criticisms, calumnies, and virulent attacks abounded. Russians are not the least susceptible people in the world, and a true picture of two generations of any society would scarcely please those whose portraits were drawn. Each generation found the picture of the other very life-like, but their own very badly drawn. The fathers protested, and the sons were enraged to see themselves personified in the positive Bazarof. Yet some, the party of action, were proud of the appellation of *nihilists* and chose it as their watchword; even these, however, were indignant at the human weakness and susceptibilities with which Bazarof had been endowed by the author. The Government took up the word, and used *nihilism* to stigmatize all revolutionary, and ultra democratic and socialistic tendencies; and we have seen it play its part in the recent investigations into the attempted assassination of the Emperor.

Of course the more the book was abused, the more it was read. Its success has been greater than that of any other Russian book.

It has therefore been selected as the best specimen of modern Russian literature to present to the American public. The author expresses his satisfaction at the choice, and his gratification if it shall in any way conduce to the more intimate acquaintance of two great nations. Mr. Turgenev has published nothing since this, but he has just finished a long romance which will soon be published at Moscow. This, with the favor of the public, will also soon be presented in an English dress.

The translator has endeavored to preserve as far as possible the flavor of the original, though he is conscious of only partial success. With the exception of some few more usual names, he has preserved the Russian sound of all the proper names. One change he has made which he now regrets, too late to correct it,—the change of the second person singular to the plural.

E. S.

NEW YORK, May 21, 1867.

FATHERS AND SONS.

I.

"WELL, Peter, do you see nothing yet?" asked, on the 20th of May, 1859, a man of forty odd years, dressed in a rusty overcoat and plaid pantaloons, who stood bare-headed on the threshold of an inn, on the high road of X., in Russia. The servant to whom he put this question was a young fellow with chubby cheeks, small, dull eyes, and a round chin, covered with a colorless down.

This domestic, in whom every thing, from his greased hair and his turquoise ear-rings to his studied gestures, revealed a servant of the new generation of progress, threw his eyes carelessly down the road, in deference to his master, and gravely replied :

"Nothing at all ! there is nothing coming."

"Nothing ?" asked the master.

"Nothing at all !" repeated the domestic.

The master sighed and sat down on a bench.

While he remains there, with his legs crossed and looking around him with a pensive air, let us introduce him to the reader.

His name is Nicholas Petrovitch Kirsanof, and he owns, at fifteen versts from the inn, a fine property of two hundred souls ; or, to speak as he does since he has made his