

**THE UNFORTUNATE  
ONE: A NOVEL**

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The Unfortunate One: A Novel by Ivan Turgenev & A. R. Thompson

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**IVAN TURGENEV & A. R. THOMPSON**

**THE UNFORTUNATE  
ONE: A NOVEL**



THE UNFORTUNATE ONE.

THE  
UNFORTUNATE ONE

*A NOVEL*

BY  
IVAN TOORGEYNIEFF

Translated from the Russian

BY  
A. R. THOMPSON

LONDON  
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL

1888

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## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.



IN this translation of "The Unfortunate One," from the Russian of Toorgeynieff, I have adhered as strictly as possible to the text, and have sacrificed elegance of diction, and even, perhaps, in some instances, strict perspicuity (in some cases where Russian proverbs or idiomatical expressions occur), to the literal. This I have done in the hope of perhaps being useful to students of this noble Russian language, while at the same time conveying, as nearly as consistent with literal rendering, the thought of the Author.

I trust that this hope may be realised, and that my feeble effort may assist in making further known the beauties of Russian literature, and lead, even in the smallest degree, to the appreciation of a language which I consider to be one of the grandest in Europe.

THE TRANSLATOR.





## THE UNFORTUNATE ONE.

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"YES, yes," began Peter Gavreelovitch, "they were heavy days; one does not wish to recall them. But I promised you, and I must relate the whole story. Listen.

### I.

I lived then (in the winter of 1835) in Moscow, with my aunt, my late mother's sister. I was eighteen years old. I had just passed from the second to the third form in the literary faculty—so it was then called—in the University of Moscow. My aunt was a quiet, gentle creature, and a widow. She occupied a large wooden house on the Octojenka, very warm, exceedingly warm, such as you will find with difficulty one to match it out of Moscow; she sat from morning to night in the reception-room with two companions, took flower-tea, and occupied herself at the game of patience, which necessitated her smoking. Her companions ran out into the antechamber; a few minutes after an old servant

in a livery-coat brought in a brass basin, with a bunch of mint on a hot brick, and rapidly moving about the narrow floor, sprinkled it with vinegar. A white steam scalded his wrinkled face; he frowned and drew his head back, and the canaries in the dining-room fluttered about, annoyed by the hissing of the fumes.

My aunt was very fond of me, and petted me as a dear orphan. She gave up to me the whole *entresol* for my own occupation. My rooms were furnished most elegantly, not at all student fashion. Rose-coloured curtains adorned the sleeping-room, and muslin mosquito curtains with blue bows were stretched over the bed. These ribbons, I recollect, disturbed me not a little; according to my idea, such delicacies as these must lower me in the eyes of my schoolfellows. Without these they already called me a girl scholar. I could not contrive, try as I would, to smoke tobacco. I did all I could to hide my sin, but with little success, particularly at the beginning of the term; and I travelled about a good deal. My aunt made me a present of a long narrow general's sledge, lined with bearskin, and a pair of trotters. Respectable houses I eschewed, but at the theatre I was at home, and consumed enormous quantities of tarts at the confectioner's. With all this, I never allowed myself to derogate, and behaved myself prudently, "*en*

*jeune homme de bonne maison.*" I would on no account have annoyed my good aunt ; I was, moreover, of a tranquil disposition.

## II.

At a very early age I conceived a passion for chess. I had no idea of the theory, but I did not play badly. One day, at the coffee-house, I happened to be spectator of a game of chess between two players, one of whom, a fair-haired young man about twenty-five, appeared to me to be the stronger. The game ended in his favour. I asked him to play with me. He consented, and in the course of an hour beat me, for fun, three times running.

"You have a decided talent for the game," said he politely, probably remarking my passion for it, and my wounded self-love, "but you do not know the openings ; you ought to read some book on the subject."

"Do you think so ? And where could I get such books ?"

"Come to my place and I will give you one."

He gave me his name and told me his address. On the following day I called on him, and for a whole week we were seldom separated.

## III.

The name of my new acquaintance was Alexander Davidovitch Fustoff. He lived with his mother, a