

**THE NOVELS AND STORIES
OF IVÁN TURGÉNIEFF;
VIRGIN SOIL, PART II**

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The novels and stories of Iván Turgéniéff; Virgin Soil, Part II by Iván Turgéniéff & Isabel F. Hapgood

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IVÁN TURGÉNIEFF & ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

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*A few of the poems pleased her.
From a drawing by S. IVANOWSKI.*

THE NOVELS AND STORIES OF
IVÁN TURGÉNIEFF

VIRGIN SOIL

PART II

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
ISABEL F. HAPGOOD



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VIRGIN SOIL

(1876)

1876/20

PART SECOND

XXIII

THE glow of dawn was already beginning in the sky when, on the night following the dinner at Golúshkin's, Solómin, having briskly walked about five versts, tapped at the wicket-gate in the tall fence which surrounded the factory. The watchman immediately admitted him—and accompanied by three watch-dogs, of the sheep-dog breed, who wagged their shaggy tails in broad sweeps, conducted him with solicitous respect to his detached wing.—He was, evidently, delighted at the safe return of his superior.

“What made you come home by night, Vasíly Feodótitch? We did not expect you until to-morrow.”

“Never mind, Gavrílo; it is pleasanter walking by night.”

Good, although not altogether usual, relations existed between Solómin and the factory-hands; they respected him as their superior—and they treated him like an equal, like one of themselves: only, he was knowing in their eyes!—“What Vasíly Feodótoff has said,”—they were wont to explain,—“is sacred! for he has passed through

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all wisdom—and there is n't an Englishman alive whom he cannot outdo!"—As a matter of fact, an important English manufacturer once visited the factory; and, either because Solómin talked English with him,—or because he really was struck by his knowledge,—he slapped him on the shoulder, and laughed, and invited him to go to Liverpool with him;—and to the factory-hands he said, in his broken Russian: "This is a good man you have here! Ou! good!" . . . at which the hands laughed a good deal in their turn, not without pride: "See now, that 's what our fellows all like!—And he 's one of us!"

And he really was theirs—and one of them.

Early the next morning, his favourite, Pável, entered Solómin's room; he waked him, gave him washing materials, made some remark, narrated some fact, asked some question. Then they hastily drank tea together—and Solómin, drawing on his greasy, grey working-jacket, went off to the factory—and his life began to revolve again, like a huge fly-wheel.

But a new stoppage was decreed.

Five days after Solómin's return home a handsome little phaëton, drawn by four fine horses, drove into the factory-yard,—and a lackey, clad in yellowish-grey livery, on being conducted by Pável to the wing, solemnly handed to Solómin a letter with an armorial seal—from "His Excellency, Borís Andréévitch Sipyágin."—In that