Aleksandr Pushkin



A Novel in Verse



Translated by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

VOLUME I
Introduction and Translation

BOLLINGEN SERIES LXXII





Pushkin
painted by Orest Kiprenski in 1827

Eugene Onegin

A NOVEL IN VERSE BY Aleksandr Pushkin TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN, WITH A COMMENTARY, BY Vladimir Nabokov

IN FOUR VOLUMES

1

 $\label{thm:constraint} Translator's \ Introduction$ $Eugene \ Onegin: \ The \ Translation$



Bollingen Series LXXII Pantheon Books

Copyright © 1964 by Bollingen Foundation Published by Bollingen Foundation, New York, N. Y. Distributed by Pantheon Books, a Division of Random House, Inc., New York, N. Y.

THIS FOUR-VOLUME WORK IS
THE SEVENTY-SECOND IN A SERIES OF BOOKS
SPONSORED BY BOLLINGEN FOUNDATION

The two stanzas on pp. 9–10 copyright © 1955 by Vladimir Nabokov Stanza xxx of Chapter Six copyright © 1963 by Bollingen Foundation

Library of Congress catalogue card No. 63–10708 Set and printed in the United States of America by Clarke & Way, Inc., New York, N. Y. Bound by Russell Rutter Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. Designed by Bert Clarke



Foreword

The novel in verse Eugene Onegin, by Aleksandr Pushkin (1799–1837), was begun in 1823 and completed in 1821. It came out in parts between February, 1825, and January, 1832; this accumulation of eight chapters (the first two of which are represented by two editions of their own) is considered to form a "first" edition. A complete edition in one volume ("second" edition) appeared in March, 1833, and was followed by the editio optima ("third" edition) of January, 1837, published less than a month before Pushkin's fatal duel.*

Can Pushkin's poem, or any other poem with a definite rhyme scheme, be really translated? To answer this we should first define the term "translation." Attempts to render a poem in another language fall into three categories:

(1) Paraphrastic: offering a free version of the original, with omissions and additions prompted by the exigencies of form, the conventions attributed to the consumer, and the translator's ignorance. Some para-

^{*}My thanks are due to the Houghton Library, Harvard University, for permission to reproduce its copy of this rare edition. See vol. 4.

Foreword

phrases may possess the charm of stylish diction and idiomatic conciseness, but no scholar should succumb to stylishness and no reader be fooled by it.

- (2) Lexical (or constructional): rendering the basic meaning of words (and their order). This a machine can do under the direction of an intelligent bilinguist.
- (3) Literal: rendering, as closely as the associative and syntactical capacities of another language allow, the exact contextual meaning of the original. Only this is true translation.

Let me give an example of each method. The opening quatrain of *Eugene Onegin*, transliterated and prosodically accented, reads:

Moy dyádya sámïh chéstnih právil, Kogdá ne v shútku zanemóg, On uvazháť sebyá zastávil, I lúchshe vídumať ne móg...

This can be paraphrased in an infinite number of ways. For example:

My uncle, in the best tradition, By falling dangerously sick Won universal recognition And could devise no better trick . . .

The lexical or constructional translation is:

My uncle [is] of most honest rules [:] when not in jest [he] has been taken ill, he to respect him has forced [one], and better invent could not . . .

Now comes the literalist. He may not want to overstress the more or less implied present tense in these lines by keeping the "he . . . has forced" and substituting "now that he has been" for "when . . . [he] has been"; he may toy with "honorable" instead of "honest" and waver between "seriously" and "not in jest"; he will replace "rules" by the more evocative "principles" and rearrange the order of words to achieve some semblance

of English construction and retain some vestige of Russian rhythm, arriving at:

My uncle has most honest principles: when he was taken gravely ill, he forced one to respect him and nothing better could invent . . .

And if he is still not satisfied with his version, the translator can at least hope to amplify it in a detailed note. (See also Comm. to Eight: XVII-XVIII.)

We are now in a position to word our question more accurately: can a rhymed poem like Eugene Onegin be truly translated with the retention of its rhymes? The answer, of course, is no. To reproduce the rhymes and yet translate the entire poem literally is mathematically impossible. But in losing its rhyme the poem loses its bloom, which neither marginal description nor the alchemy of a scholium can replace. Should one then content oneself with an exact rendering of the subject matter and forget all about form? Or should one still excuse an imitation of the poem's structure to which only twisted bits of sense stick here and there, by convincing oneself and one's public that in mutilating its meaning for the sake of a pleasure-measure rhyme one has the opportunity of prettifying or skipping the dry and difficult passages? I have been always amused by the stereotyped compliment that a reviewer pays the author of a "new translation." He says: "It reads smoothly." In other words, the hack who has never read the original, and does not know its language, praises an imitation as readable because easy platitudes have replaced in it the intricacies of which he is unaware. "Readable." indeed! A schoolbov's boner mocks the ancient masterpiece less than does its commercial poetization, and it is when the translator sets out to render the "spirit," and not the mere sense of the text, that he begins to traduce his author.

Foreword

In transposing Eugene Onegin from Pushkin's Russian into my English I have sacrificed to completeness of meaning every formal element save the iambic rhythm: its retention assisted rather than hindered fidelity; I put up with a greater number of enjambments, but in the few cases in which the iambic measure demanded a pinching or padding of sense, without a qualm I immolated rhythm to reason. In fact, to my ideal of literalism I sacrificed everything (elegance, euphony, clarity, good taste, modern usage, and even grammar) that the dainty mimic prizes higher than truth. Pushkin has likened translators to horses changed at the posthouses of civilization. The greatest reward I can think of is that students may use my work as a pony.

Perfect interlinear correspondence, however, has not been achieved. In some cases, for the translation to make sense, certain requirements of construction had to be taken into consideration, calling for changes in the cut and position of the English sentence. The line numbers in the Commentary refer to the lines of the translation, not necessarily to the lines of the Russian text.

One of the complications attending the translation of Eugene Onegin into English is the necessity of coping with a constant intrusion of Gallicisms and borrowings from French poets. The faithful translator should be aware of every such authorial reminiscence, imitation, or direct translation from another language into that of the text; this awareness may not only save him from committing howlers or bungling the rendering of stylistic details, but also guide him in the choice of the best wording where several are possible. Terms that are stilted or antiquated in Russian have been fondly rendered in stilted or antiquated English, and a point has been made of preserving the recurrence of epithets (so characteristic of a Russian romanticist's meager and

overworked vocabulary), unless a contextual shade of meaning demanded the use of a synonym.

I have tried to explain many special matters in the Commentary. These notes are partly the echoes of my high-school studies in Russia half a century ago and partly the outcome of many pleasant afternoons spent in the splendid libraries of Cornell, Harvard, and the City of New York. Nothing, of course, approaching an exhaustive study of the variants to *Eugene Onegin* could be accomplished without photostats of Pushkin's manuscripts, but for obvious reasons these could not be obtained.

In many instances it was necessary to quote the Russian text. Pushkin, and his printers, used, of course, the old orthography (an illustration of it is provided by the reproduction of the 1837 edition). A method of transliteration not only based on that spelling but also reflecting Pushkin's personal departures from it would have conformed better to my notion of accuracy in these matters; but in a work not intended to baffle the foreign student of Russian, I thought it wiser to base transliteration on the new orthography introduced after the Revolution of February, 1917 (especially since all Pushkin's texts, with no concession to scholarship whatsoever, are so printed in Soviet Russia). Some of his drafts lack punctuation, and this has been supplied. His deletions are always enclosed in pointed brackets, and I have square-bracketed my own explanatory intrusions.

The writing of the book now in the hands of the reader was prompted about 1950, in Ithaca, New York, by the urgent needs of my Russian-literature class at Cornell and the nonexistence of any true translation of Eugene Onegin into English; but then it kept growing—in my moments of leisure, with many interruptions caused by the demands of other, more complicated, pursuits—for about eight years (during one of which I received the support of a Guggenheim Foundation award). Since

1957, after most of the book was completed, I have had little contact with current Pushkiniana.

In connection with my translation and annotations, several papers of mine have appeared: "Problems of Translation: Onegin in English," Partisan Review (New York), XXII (fall, 1955); "Zametki perevodchika" (A Translator's Notes), I, Noviy zhurnal (New Review; New York), XLIX (1957); "Zametki perevodchika," II, Opiti (Essays; New York), VIII (1957); and "The Servile Path," in the collection On Translation, ed. R. Brower (Cambridge, Mass., 1959).

The two stanzas on pp. 9–10 of my Introduction, besides appearing in *The New Yorker*, were reprinted in my collected *Poems* (New York, 1959; London, 1961), likewise in my collected *Poesie* (Milan, 1962) *en regard* of an Italian translation. My version of stanza XXX of Canto Six of *Eugene Onegin*, with part of its commentary, was published in *Esquire* (New York), July, 1963. Appendix One, on Abram Gannibal, was published in a somewhat abridged form, entitled "Pushkin and Gannibal," in *Encounter* (London), XIX: 3 (September 1962). Appendix Two, my notes on prosody, was privately issued as an offprint by Bollingen Foundation in spring 1963.

I have always envied the writer who ends this kind of foreword with a glowing tribute to Professor Advice, Professor Encouragement, and Professor Every-Assistance. The extension of my own thanks is more limited, but their temperature just as high. I owe them to my wife, who suggested many improvements, and to my son, who made a preliminary index. For undertaking the publication of this work, I am grateful to the officers and staff of Bollingen Foundation and, in particular, for their choice of Mr. Bart Winer as copyeditor, to whom I am indebted for a meticulous and brilliant job.

Montreux, 1963

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Contents

VOLUME ONE

FOREWORD	vii
METHOD OF TRANSLITERATION	xvii
CALENDAR	xxiv
ABBREVIATIONS AND SYMBOLS	xxv
Translator's Introduction	
DESCRIPTION OF THE TEXT	3
THE "EUGENE ONEGIN" STANZA	9
THE STRUCTURE OF "EUGENE ONEGIN"	15
THE GENESIS OF "EUGENE ONEGIN"	6o
PUSHKIN ON "EUGENE ONEGIN"	68
THE PUBLICATION OF "EUGENE ONEGIN"	74
PUSHKIN'S AUTOGRAPHS: BIBLIOGRAPHY	84
Eugene Onegin A Novel in Verse by Aleksandr Pushkin	
PREFATORY PIECE	91
CHAPTER ONE	93
CHAPTER TWO	127

Contents

Contents	
CHAPTER THREE	151
CHAPTER FOUR	179
CHAPTER FIVE	207
CHAPTER SIX	233
CHAPTER SEVEN	259
CHAPTER EIGHT	289
NOTES TO "EUGENE ONEGIN"	321
FRAGMENTS OF "ONEGIN'S JOURNEY"	331
VOLUME TWO	
Commentary	
FOREWORD	3
PRELIMINARIES	5
CHAPTER ONE	27
CHAPTER TWO	217
CHAPTER THREE	317
CHAPTER FOUR	413
CHAPTER FIVE	488
VOLUME THREE	
Commentary	
(concluded)	
CHAPTER SIX	3
CHAPTER SEVEN	68
CHAPTER EIGHT	129
NOTES TO "EUGENE ONEGIN"	252
FRAGMENTS OF "ONEGIN'S JOURNEY"	² 53
"CHAPTER TEN"	311
TRANSLATOR'S EPILOGUE	376
THE WORK ["TRUD"]	384

Co	+	-	. + .
し	$n\iota$	en	$\iota\iota s$

Appendixes

APPENDIX	ONE:	ABRAM	GANNIBAL	387
APPENDIX	TWO:	NOTES	ON PROSODY	448

VOLUME FOUR

index $\begin{tabular}{ll} $\bf 1$ & reproduction of the 1837 edition of \\ "evgeniy onegin" \\ \end{tabular}$

Except when otherwise stated, I have followed in all my transcriptions of Russian texts the new spelling adopted in Russia after the Revolution. The reform did not affect, or at least was not supposed to affect, anything in the pronunciation. Its main object was to get rid of certain superfluous ornamental letters. Thus (to mention a few of the changes), it retained only one of the vowels, identically pronounced but differently spelled, corresponding to the English e in "yes"; abolished the so-called "hard sign" that used to follow all nonpalatalized consonants at the end of words; and substituted for the nonaccented ain the ago of genitive endings (pronounced like the a in the ava of Cavalleria) an o, which, being unaccented, is pronounced, or should be pronounced, exactly like the a it replaces. Below is a table of the transliterations used in the present work.

	sian acter	Transliterated	l PRONOUNCED
A	a		Like the Italian a. Resembles the a of "art" (never pronounced as in "man" or "male").
Б	б		As in "Byron." Exceptions: medial b before a voiceless consonant and final b tending to p. Thus próbka, "cork," rhymes with knópka, "tack,"

Russian	- Transliterate	d pronounced
oner dolor	Transmer are	and lob, "forehead," rhymes with pop, "priest" (but volshébno, "magically," and velikolépno, "splendidly," do not rhyme).
Вв	Ÿ	As in "Victoria." Exceptions: medial v before a voiceless consonant and final v tending to f . Thus $bulåvka$, "pin," rhymes with "Kafka," and $nrav$, "temper," rhymes with $telegråf$ (but $svoenråvniy$, "capricious," and $telegråfniy$, "telegraphic," do not rhyme).
Гг	g	As the hard g of "go" (never as in "gentle" and never mute before n). Exceptions: medial g before a voiceless consonant and, in a few words, final g tending to aspirated h as in myágkiy, "soft," and bog, "god." Otherwise, final g tends to k. Thus rog, "horn," rhymes with urók, "lesson." In terminations of adjectives and pronouns in the genitive singular, g is pronounced v. Thus nemógo, "of the mute," rhymes with slóvo, "word."
Дд	d	As in "Dante." Exceptions: medial d before a voiceless consonant and final d tending to t. Thus vódka rhymes with glótka, "throat," and sled, "trace," with let, "of years" (but ládno, "all right," does not rhyme with besplátno, "gratis").
Е е	е	As ye in "yellow."
Ëë	yo	As yo in "yonder" (never as in "yoke").
Жж	zh	As s in "measure" or z in "azure" (never as in "zeal") and as the French j in "Jacques" or the second g in

Russian Character Transliterated

PRONOUNCED

"garage." Exceptions: medial zh before a voiceless consonant and final zh
tending to sh. Thus lózhka, "spoon,"
rhymes with kóshka, "cat," and
krazh, "of thefts," rhymes with
karandásh, "pencil" (but lózhniy,
"false," does not rhyme with roskóshniy, "luxurious").

3 g z

As in "zebra" (never as in "mezzosoprano" or "azure"). Exceptions: medial z before a voiceless consonant and final z tending to s. Thus skázka, "fairy tale," rhymes with láska, "caress," and glaz, "eye," with nas, "us" (but ráznïy, "different," does not rhyme with prekrásnïy, "beautiful").

Ии

As the first e in "scene" (never as i in "mine"), but as $\ddot{\imath}$ (see p. xxi) after the three letters zh, ts, and sh.*

Йй -у

A semivowel existing only in diphthongs:

thus táyna, "mystery," in which ay is like an English long i or, more exactly, the French aille;

ey, it her," which sounds like the end of a long-drawn English "away!" in the mist and the distance; very close to the French eille;

kiy, "billiard cue," in which iy is like the French ille in quille;

^{*}In Pushkin's time, and generally before the new orthography was introduced (in 1918), M, when preceding a vowel, was replaced by the identically pronounced i. There were also other differences: thus e was written as & in a number of words (this letter, although pronounced exactly as e, I have transliterated by ye whenever the necessity to mention it arose, for the sake of differentiation), and words terminating in consonants had the useless "hard sign," To, affixed at the end. When medial, it acts as a medial b (see further) and is marked thus, '.

Russian	
Character	Transliterated

PRONOUNCED

boy, "battle," in which oy sounds like the oy in the English "boy" (in which, however, the o has greater duration and the y is not so strident);

duy, "blow" (imperative), in which uy sounds like the French ouille as in andouille; and

-iy, the ending of adjectives (masc. sing.), which sounds like the French æil.

K K As in English, but never mute before n.

 $\begin{bmatrix}
\Pi & \Pi & I \\
M & M & m \\
H & H & n
\end{bmatrix}$ As in English.

o

r

O o

Pp

Like the Italian o; close to the first o in "cosmos" when accented and close to the second o when not (never as in "go"). In Moscow speech the unaccented o (as, for example, in Moskva) is pronounced in a manner about as "ah"-like as the accented o in New York English ("jahb," "stahp"). In ordinary good Russian the unaccented o (as, for example, in koróva, "cow") is pronounced like the final a, which sounds like the ultima of "Eva."

 Π Π p As in English, but never mute before n or s.

A clean, clear vibration that is closer to the Italian than to the English (never amplifying the preceding vowel as it does sometimes in English). When burred (by old-fashioned Peterburgians), it is undistinguishable from a French r and then very annoying to the Moscow ear.

	ssian racter	Transliterate	d PRONOUNCED
С	c	s	Like the first c in "cicada" (never like the second).
Т	Т	t	As in "Tom" (but never as in "ritual" or "nation").
У	у	u	As oo in "boom." Similar to the French ou (never as the u of "buff" or of "flute").
Φ	ф	\mathbf{f}	As in English.
X	x	h or kh	Close to ch in the German ach or the Scottish "loch." There is no k sound about it, as the usual kh transliteration unfortunately suggests to the English eye. I have used kh only in one or two cases when s precedes it (for example, $skhodtl$, "descended"), to avoid confusion with sh .
Ц	ц	ts	As ts in "tsetse" or the German z in Zermatt. It should be observed, however, that in many words such as otsyúda, "from here," in which ot is a prefix, kázhetsya, "it seems," in which sya is the suffix, and détskiy, "childish," in which skiy is the suffix, the transcription ts corresponds to these two separate letters in Russian.
Ч	ч	ch	As in English.
Ш	ш	sh	As in English.
Щ	щ	shch	A fusion of sibilants that can be imitated in English by such combinations as "fish chowder," "cash check," "hush child," "plush chair," and so forth.
Ы	ы	ï	A medial or final nonpalatal vowel pronounced as a very blunt, short i by trying to say ee while keeping the tensed tongue back so as not to touch

Russian	
Character	Transliterated

PRONOUNCED

the inner side of the lower teeth, as it would do in a palatal vowel. The result is a kind of cross between a dull short *i* and a grunt. (The character chosen to represent this difficult letter should not be mistaken for the sharp French *i* bearing the same diacritical sign, as in *naif*.)

Э э е

As in "Edinburgh." Apart from foreign words and geographical names, it is found only in étot, "this," and its derivations and in a few interjections such as e, ey, eh, and so forth.

Ю ю уч

As u in "use" but of less duration.

Яя уа

As in the German ya.

Ъъ ,

A palatal sign modifying (softening) the preceding consonant, so that t' sounds somewhat like ts, d' like tz, and so on. A usual termination of infinitives (govortt', "to speak"; pet', "to sing"; pisát', "to write"). When placed after a medial letter it indicates not only palatization but also a very slight pause. Thus the n'e of pen'e is like the nie of the French dernierement. Consequently Il'ya, "Elijah," sounds very like the French il y a pronounced rapidly.

Although rigid consistency would require that in transliteration all Russian names ending in nn should end in iy (such as surnames—e.g., Vyazemskiy—and first names—e.g., Grigoriy—as well as the names of avenues, lanes, and boulevards, all of which are masculine in Russian), I have had to make certain concessions to accepted spellings as given in works of reference.

All surnames lose the y after the i in transliteration (e.g., Vyazemski). All first names retain the y (e.g.,

Grigoriy), except in the case of one or two Russian names that have lost it in English usage (e.g., Dmitri instead of Dmitriy). The same goes for the names of boulevards, avenues, and lanes, except in the case of the Nevski, or Nevski Avenue (instead of Nevskiy). The word "street," ulitsa, is feminine in Russian, and the feminine ending of the adjective to it is completely transliterated in English (e.g., Morskaya Street). All names ending in oit (Shahovskoy, Bolshoy) retain the γ in transliteration.

Except for the surnames of female performers, such as dancers, singers, actresses, and so on, which traditionally retain these feminine endings (Istomina, Pavlova), all feminine surnames, although ending in α in Russian, take a masculine ending in transliteration (Anna Sidorov, Anna Karenin, Princess Vyazemski).

I omit the soft sign in Russian names (Bolshoy instead of Bol'shoy, Olga instead of Ol'ga, Gogol instead of Gogol'), unless such names appear in lines of Russian or in other phrases that require exact transliteration in my Commentary.

Not a few Russians have German surnames, and there occur borderline cases in which a transliteration is preferred to the German original. But, generally speaking, I use the simple German spelling of such names whenever this does not clash with tradition (thus, Küchelbecker instead of Kyuhel'beker).

No accents are used in Russian, but I use them to indicate the correct stress whenever it might help the reader in scanning a verse.

In capitalizing the first word of each line when quoting verse, given that it is capitalized in the original, I have adhered to the following principles: it is capitalized in translations when the lines render exactly the form of the original, including rhymes and rhyme pattern; it is also capitalized in lines that are metrically faithful translations of blank verse or rhymeless dactylic hexameters.

Calendar

The Julian calendar (Old Style), introduced by Julius Caesar in 46 B.C. and adopted by the First Council of Nicaea in A.D. 325, was used in Russia up to the Revolution of 1917. The Gregorian calendar (New Style), now in general use, was introduced by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582. The date October 5, 1582, was called October 15, 1582; thus ten days were dropped. In Great Britain, however, the Old Style lasted till 1752, when, in September, eleven days were dropped.

The years 1700 and 1800 were not leap years by the Gregorian rules (whereas 1600, being divisible by 400, was); therefore, the difference between the two calendars was increased in each of those years by one day, bringing it to eleven days from 1700 to 1800, twelve from 1800 to 1900, and thirteen from 1900 to 1917. Thus the middle of July in Russia would be the end of July elsewhere, while January 12, 1799, and January 13, 1800, in the world at large would both be New Year's Day in Russia.

In the present work all dates pertaining to events in Russia are Old Style unless stated otherwise. Dates pertaining to events in the rest of the world are New Style. When there exists a possibility of confusion, both styles are given thus: 1/13 January.

Abbreviations and Symbols

Acad 1937	A. S. Pushkin. Polnoe sobranie sochineniy
	(Complete Collected Works), vol. VI, ed.
	B. Tomashevski. Akademiya nauk SSSR
	(U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences), Lenin-
	grad, 1937. (The so-called "akademiches-
	koe izdanie," or academic edition.)
Acad 1938	A. S. Pushkin. Polnoe sobranie sochineniy
	(Complete Collected Works), vol. XIII,
	ed. M. A. Tsyavlovski. Akademiya nauk
	SSSR (U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences),
	Leningrad, 1938. (The so-called "akade-
	micheskoe izdanie," or academic edition.)
Acad 2018	A. S. Pushkin. Polnoe sobranie sochineniy
Acad 1948	
	(Complete Collected Works), vol. V, ed. S.
	M. Bondi. Akademiya nauk SSSR (U.S.S.R.
	Academy of Sciences), Moscow and Lenin-
	grad, 1948. (The so-called "akademiches-
	koe izdanie,'' or academic edition.)
EO	Eugene Onegin.
$Lit.\ nast.$	Literaturnoe nasledstvo (Literary Heri-
	tage), nos. 16–18. Moscow, 1934.
MA	Moscow Central Archives.
MB	Lenin Public Library, Moscow.
PB	St. Petersburg, later Leningrad, Public
	Library.
PD	Pushkinskiy Dom (Pushkin House), Len-
	ingrad.

Abbreviations and Symbols

[]

P. i ego sovr. Pushkin i ego sovremenniki (Pushkin and His Contemporaries), nos. 1–39. St. Petersburg, 1903-30. Vremennik Pushkinskoy komissii (Annals Vremennik of the Pushkin Commission), vols. I-VI. Moscow, 1936-41. A. S. Pushkin. Polnoe sobranie sochineniy Works 1936 (Complete Collected Works), ed. Yu. G. Oksman, M. A. Tsyavlovski, and G. O. Vinokur. Akademiya nauk SSSR (U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences), Moscow and Leningrad, 1936. 6 vols. Works 1949 A. S. Pushkin. Polnoe sobranie sochineniy (Complete Collected Works), vol. V, ed. B. Tomashevski. Akademiya nauk SSSR (U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences), Moscow and Leningrad, 1949. Works 1957 A. S. Pushkin. Polnoe sobranie sochineniy (Complete Collected Works), vol. V, ed. B. Tomashevski. Akademiya nauk SSSR (U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences), Moscow,

Translator's interpolations.

Canceled readings.

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

... Il' k devstvennïm lesam Mladoy Ameriki...
... Or to the virgin woods Of young America...

Pushkin, from a rough draft of Autumn (1830–33)

Nowadays—an unheard-of case!—the first of French writers is translating Milton word for word and proclaiming that an interlinear translation would be the summit of his art, had such been possible.

Pushkin, from an article (late 1836 or early 1837) on Chateaubriand's translation *Le Paradis perdu*, Paris, 1836

Description of the Text

In its final form (1837 edn.) Pushkin's novel in verse (Evgeniy Onegin, roman v stihah) consists of 5541 lines, all of which, except a set of eighteen, are in iambic tetrameter, with feminine and masculine rhymes. The 5523 iambic lines (only three of which are incomplete) break up into the following groups:

(1) Prefatory Piece, rhymed ababececediidofof (2) Eight Cantos (termed "chapters," glavi"), the basic component of which is a fourteen-line	Lines 17
stanza rhymed ababeecciddiff:	
One: 54 stanzas numbered I-LX (IX, XIII, XIV, and XXXIX-XLI missing)	756
Two: 40 stanzas numbered I-XL (VIII: 10-14	75-
and xxxv: 5-11 missing)	548
Three: 41 stanzas numbered I-XLI (III: 9-14	
missing), with	568
"Tatiana's Letter to Onegin," freely rhymed, between XXXI and XXXII*	
Four: 43 stanzas numbered I–LI (I–VI, XXXVI,	79
XXXVII: 13 [in part]-14, and XXXVIII missing)	601
Five: 42 stanzas numbered I-XLV (XXXVII, XXXVIII, and XLIII missing)	588
, 6/	3

^{*}See below for "The Song of the Girls" between XXXIX and XL.

Translator's Introduction

	Lines
Six: 43 stanzas numbered I—XLVI (XV, XVI, XXXVIII missing), plus 24 lines in Pushkin's	602
n. 40, of which 10 repeat text lines, and 14 are additional	14.
Seven: 52 stanzas numbered I–LV (VIII, IX,	•
XXXIX missing)	728
Eight: 51 stanzas numbered I-LI (II: 5-14,	·
xxv: 9-14 missing), with "Onegin's Letter	698
to Tatiana," freely rhymed, between xxxII	•
and XXXIII, and additional lines quoted in	6o
prefatory remarks to the appendix entitled	
"Fragments of Onegin's Journey"	5
(3) Fragments of Onegin's Journey: 21 unnum-	
bered stanzas, 4 of which are incomplete	
(IX : 1-2 [in part], X : 1 [in part]-14, XV : 1-8,	
XXX: 2-14 missing)	259

Thus, in all there are 5523 iambic tetrameters. To this should be added:

- (a) A master motto in French prose (composed by the author but presented as "tiré d'une lettre particulière").
- (b) A song consisting of eighteen lines, in trochaic trimeter with long terminals, "The Song of the Girls" (in Three, between XXXIX and XL).
 - (c) A set of forty-four authorial notes.
- (d) An appendix with some comments in prose on the fragments of *Onegin's Journey*.

Moreover, there are the following chapter mottoes: Chapter One, a line from Vyazemski; Two, a venerable pun, slightly improved (Orus! Horace; ORus'!); Three, a line from Malfilâtre; Four, a sentence from Mme de Staël; Five, two lines from Zhukovski; Six, two (not adjacent but printed as such) lines from Petrarch; Seven, two lines from Dmitriev, one from Baratïnski, and two from Griboedov; Eight, two lines from Byron.

Most of the dropped stanzas are found in early editions or in MS. In some cases their omission may be regarded

as a deliberate structural gap. A large mass of EO material rejected by Pushkin comprises dropped stanzas, variant stanzas, expunged continuations, samples from "Onegin's Album," stanzas referring to Onegin's Journey (the latter expanded into a chapter that was to come after Seven, thus turning the established Eight into a ninth chapter), fragments referring to a tenth chapter, and numerous canceled lines found in drafts and fair copies. I have translated in my notes all the most important and interesting rejections as given in various publications, but I am fully aware that no adequate study of original texts can be accomplished before all Pushkin's MSS preserved in Russia are photographed and made available to scholars, and this, of course, a cagey police state cannot be expected to do without some political reason—and I can see none yet.

For the basic text I have relied as completely as possible (that is, with the correction of obvious misprints, the worst of which are pointed out in my notes) on the last edition published in Pushkin's lifetime. This "third" edition, now exceedingly rare, was printed under the supervision of Ilya Glazunov, bookseller, and brought out in January, 1837—certainly before January 19, when it was advertised for sale in the St. Petersburg Gazette (supp. 14, p. 114). This miniature volume (32mo) was praised in the "New Books" section of the literary review The Northern Bee (Severnaya pchela, no. 16, pp. 61–63), on January 21, for its pretty pocket format.

The fifth page of this edition reads:

Evgeniy Onegin roman v stihah. Sochinenie Aleksandra Pushkina. Izdanie tretie. Sanktpeterburg. V tipografii Ekspeditsii zagotovleniya Gosudarstvennïh bumag.

(EO, a novel in verse. The work of Aleksandr Pushkin. Third edition. St. Petersburg. In the printing shop of the Office of Purveyance of State Papers.)

The sixth page bears the master motto ("Pétri de vanité," etc.), the seventh, the beginning (ll. 1-12) of the Prefatory Piece, and the eighth, its end (13-17).

The numbered pages contain eight chapters, headed by mottoes (One, pp. 1–40; Two, pp. 41–69; Three, pp. 71–105; Four, pp. 107–38; Five, pp. 139–69; Six, pp. 171–202; Seven, pp. 203–40; Eight, pp. 241–80); Pushkin's "Notes," pp. 281–93; and "Fragments of Onegin's Journey" with some comments, pp. 295–310.

After this come two blank pages and the cover, with the modest line, *Izdanie Glazunova*, "Published by Glazunov."

For further details on this edition see "The Publication of EO," item 24.

The novel is mainly concerned with the emotions, meditations, acts, and destinies of three men: Onegin, the bored fop; Lenski, the minor elegiast; and a stylized Pushkin, Onegin's friend. There are three heroines: Tatiana, Olga, and Pushkin's Muse. Its events are placed between the end of 1819, in St. Petersburg (Chapter One), and the spring of 1825, in St. Petersburg again (Chapter Eight). The scene shifts from the capital to the countryside, midway between Opochka and Moscow (Chapter Two to the beginning of Seven), and thence to Moscow (end of Seven). The appended passages from Onegin's Journey (which were to be placed between Chapters Seven and Eight) take us to Moscow, Novgorod, the Volga region, the Caucasus, the Crimea, and Odessa.

The themes and structural devices of Eight echo those of One. Each chapter has at least one peacock spot: a

young rake's day in One (xv-xxxvi), the doomed young poet in Two (VI-XXXVIII), Tatiana's passion for Onegin in Three, rural and literary matters in Four, a fatidic nightmare and a name-day party in Five, a duel in Six, a journey to Moscow in Seven, and Onegin's passion for Tatiana in Eight. Throughout there is a variety of romantic, satirical, biographical, and bibliographical digressions that lend the poem wonderful depth and color. In my notes I have drawn the reader's attention to the marvelous way Pushkin handles certain thematic items and rhythms such as the "overtaking-and-hanging-back" device (One), interstrophic enjambments (Tatiana's flight into the park and Onegin's ride to Princess N.'s house), and the little leitmotiv of a certain phrase running through the entire novel. Unless these and other mechanisms and every other detail of the text are consciously assimilated, EO cannot be said to exist in the reader's mind.

Pushkin's composition is first of all and above all a phenomenon of style, and it is from this flowered rim that I have surveyed its sweep of Arcadian country, the serpentine gleam of its imported brooks, the miniature blizzards imprisoned in round crystal, and the manyhued levels of literary parody blending in the melting distance. It is not "a picture of Russian life"; it is at best the picture of a little group of Russians, in the second decade of the last century, crossed with all the more obvious characters of western European romance and placed in a stylized Russia, which would disintegrate at once if the French props were removed and if the French impersonators of English and German writers stopped prompting the Russian-speaking heroes and heroines. The paradoxical part, from a translator's point of view, is that the only Russian element of importance is this speech, Pushkin's language, undulating and flashing through verse melodies the likes of which had never

Translator's Introduction

been known before in Russia. The best I could do was to describe in some of my comments special samples of the original text. It is hoped that my readers will be moved to learn Pushkin's language and go through EO again without this crib. In art as in science there is no delight without the detail, and it is on details that I have tried to fix the reader's attention. Let me repeat that unless these are thoroughly understood and remembered, all "general ideas" (so easily acquired, so profitably resold) must necessarily remain but worn passports allowing their bearers short cuts from one area of ignorance to another.

The "Eugene Onegin" Stanza

Here are two samples I have written after the meter and rhyme sequence of the *EO* stanza. They first appeared in *The New Yorker* for Jan. 8, 1955.

What is translation? On a platter A poet's pale and glaring head, A parrot's screech, a monkey's chatter, And profanation of the dead. The parasites you were so hard on Are pardoned if I have your pardon, O Pushkin, for my stratagem. I traveled down your secret stem, And reached the root, and fed upon it; Then, in a language newly learned, I grew another stalk and turned Your stanza, patterned on a sonnet, Into my honest roadside prose—All thorn, but cousin to your rose.

Reflected words can only shiver Like elongated lights that twist In the black mirror of a river Between the city and the mist. Elusive Pushkin! Persevering, I still pick up your damsel's earring, Still travel with your sullen rake;

Translator's Introduction

I find another man's mistake;
I analyze alliterations
That grace your feasts and haunt the great
Fourth stanza of your Canto Eight.
This is my task: a poet's patience
And scholiastic passion blent—
The shadow of your monument.

The EO stanza, as a distinct form, is Pushkin's invention (May 9, 1823). It contains 118 syllables and consists of fourteen lines, in iambic tetrameter, with a regular scheme of feminine and masculine rhymes: ababeecciddiff. The abab part and the ff part are usually very conspicuous in the meaning, melody, and intonation of any given stanza. This opening pattern (a clean-cut sonorous elegiac quatrain) and the terminal one (a couplet resembling the code of an octave or that of a Shakespearean sonnet) can be compared to patterns on a painted ball or top that are visible at the beginning and at the end of the spin. The main spinning process involves eecciddi, where a fluent and variable phrasing blurs the contours of the lines so that they are seldom seen as clearly consisting of two couplets and a closed quatrain. The iddiff part is more or less distinctly seen as consisting of two tercets in only one third of the entire number of stanzas in the eight cantos, but even in these cases the closing couplet often stands out so prominently as to cause the Italian form to intergrade with the English one.

The sequence itself, ababeecciddiff, as a chance combination of rhymes, crops up here and there in the course of the rambling, unstanzaed, freely rhymed verse that French poets used for frivolous narrative and badinage in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among them by far the greatest was La Fontaine, and it is to him that we must go for Pushkin's unconscious source. In La Fontaine's rhymed *Contes* (pt. III, Paris, 1671), poems of the licentious fable type, I have found two passages—and no doubt there are more—where

among the rills and rillets of arbitrarily arranged rhymes the ababeecciddiff sequence chances to be formed, much as those mutations that evolution pounces upon to create an insular or alpine species. One such sequence occurs in the pentapodic La Courtisane amoureuse, ll. 3–16 (miracles, Catons, oracles, moutons, même, Polyphème, assis, soucis, joliette, eau, fuseau, fillette, un, commun), the other is represented in the tetrapodic ll. 48–61 of Nicaise, a slightly salacious piece of 258 lines. The opening "Que" refers to "trésors" in l. 47—these being masculine good looks and youth:

Que ne méprise aucune dame,
Tant soit son esprit précieux.
Pour une qu'Amour prend par l'âme,
Il en prend mille par les yeux.
Celle-ci donc, des plus galantes,
Par mille choses engageantes,
Tâchait d'encourager le gars,
N'était chiche de ses regards,
Le pinçait, lui venait sourire,
Sur les yeux lui mettait la main,
Sur le pied lui marchait enfin.
A ce langage il ne sut dire
Autre chose que des soupirs,
Interprètes de ses désirs.

To a Russian ear the last two lines are fascinatingly like Pushkin's clausules.

La Fontaine's free alternations had a tremendous impact on Russian techniques; and long before the sporadic ababeecciddiff sequence became fixed as a species in the EO stanza Russian versificators, when following their French masters, would now and then, in the process of literary mimicry, evolve that particular pattern. An irregularly rhymed poem in iambic tetrameter, Ermak, composed in 1794 by Ivan Dmitriev (whom his good-natured friend, the historian Karamzin, extravagantly called the russkiy Lafonten), is a case in point. In

this Siberian eclogue we find the sequence ababeecciddiff at least twice: ll. 65–78 (the beginning of the Ancient's sixth speech in his dialogue with the Young One) and ll. 93–106 (part of the Ancient's seventh speech). Twenty-five years later (1818–20) Pushkin used the same sequence in his very Gallic, freely rhymed tetrametric fairy tale, Ruslan and Lyudmila (e.g., Canto Three, ll. 415–28), finished in 1820, three years before EO was begun.

In choosing this particular pattern and meter for his EO stanza Pushkin may have been toying with the idea of constructing a kind of sonnet. The stanza, indeed, may be regarded as (1) an octet consisting of two quatrains (abab and eecc) and a sestet consisting of two tercets (idd and iff), or (2) three quatrains (abab eecc iddi) and a couplet (ff). French tetrapodic sonnets and English tetrametric ones were, of course, common beginning with the end of the sixteenth century; the form has been termed the Anacreontic sonnet. It was parodied by Molière in Le Misanthrope (1667; act I, sc. ii); Shakespeare handled it once (Sonnet CXLV), and Charles Cotton a number of times. The French rhyme scheme might go, for instance: abba ecce ddi fif (Malherbe's A Rabel, Peintre, sur un livre de fleurs, 1630, referring to MS illustrations of flowers made by Daniel Rabel in 1624); the English one: bcbc dfdf ggh jjh (Cotton's "What have I left to doe but dye," pub. 1689).

Shakespeare's tetrametric rarity has the sequence: bcbc dfdf ghgh jj; make-hate-sake-state, come-sweet-doom-greet, end-day-fiend-away, threw-you.

In the EO stanza the only departure from an Anacreontic sonnet is the arrangement of rhymes (eecc) in the second quatrain, but this departure is a fatal one. One shift back from eecc to eccc would have the EO stanza remain within the specific limits of the Anacreontic sonnet. Actually, ll. 5–8 of the EO stanza are

not a quatrain at all, but merely two couplets (of which the masculine one, 7-8, is sometimes a discrete element, similar in intonation to 13-14). The intrusion of these two adjacent couplets and the completely arbitrary interplay of phrase and pause within the eecciddi part of the EO stanza combine to make it sound quite different from the most freakish tetrametric sonnet, even if, as in a number of cases, the cut is that of a sonnet (e.g., three quatrains and couplet, as in st. II and eight others in Chapter One; octet and two tercets, as in One: VI; two quatrains and two tercets, as in One: xvi, a rare case); or if, as in one striking case, the rhymes of the octet are limited to two, as in the Petrarchan typical subspecies of the sonnet (see Four: XXXI: pishet-molodóy-dishetostrotóy, uslíshit-píshet-zhivóy-rekóy, vdohnovénniysvoegó-kogó-dragotsénnïy-tebé-sud'bé; see also Commentary).

A device introducing a good deal of variation is the enjambment, which can be intrastrophic or interstrophic. In the first case, we find an extreme example in which the usually autonomic first quatrain is unexpectedly and brilliantly run into the second, with the phrase sometimes stopping abruptly in the middle of l. 5 (e.g., Five: I, XXI; Six: III; Seven: xv). In the second case, the whole stanza is run into the next one, and the phrase is pulled up short in the very first line (see Three: XXXVIII—XXXIX, and Eight: XXXIX—XL).

On the other hand, we find certain stanzas in which our poet takes advantage of the couplet intonation to make a mechanical point, or he overdoes the tabulatory device by listing emotional formulas, or cataloguing objects, in monotonous sequences of three-word verses. This is a drawback characteristic of the aphoristic style that was Pushkin's intrinsic concession to the eighteenth century and its elegant rationalities.

The only approach to the EO rhyme scheme that I can

think of in English poetry is the sequence in the first fourteen lines of the stanza of eighteen unequal lines in which Wordsworth wrote the *Ode to Lycoris* (three stanzas) of May, 1817. The rhymes go: bcbcddffghhgiijjkk. Here are the first fourteen lines of the middle stanza:

In youth we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owlet's wing;
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.
Lycoris (if such name befit
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)
When Nature marks the year's decline,
Be ours to welcome it;
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder suns . . .

The Structure of "Eugene Onegin"

When, in May, 1823, Pushkin began EO, he probably had some idea of the kind of picture that the rural frame of Chapter Two might provide; a dim heroine no doubt haunted the avenues of his thought; but we have reason to assume that he reached the middle of Chapter Two before that dim figure split into two distinct sisters, Olga and Tatiana. The rest of the novel was a mere cloud. Chapters and parts of chapters were planned one way and came out another. But when we say "structure" we are not thinking of the workshop. Rough drafts, false scents, half-explored trails, dead ends of inspiration, are of little intrinsic importance. An artist should ruthlessly destroy his manuscripts after publication, lest they mislead academic mediocrities into thinking that it is possible to unravel the mysteries of genius by studying canceled readings. In art, purpose and plan are nothing; only the result counts. We are concerned only with the structure of a published work, for which the author is alone responsible insofar as it was published within his lifetime. Last-minute alterations or those forced by circumstances—no matter what motives affected him should stand if he let them stand. Even obvious misprints

should be treated gingerly; after all, they may be supposed to have been left uncorrected by the author. Why and wherefore he did this or that is beside the point. We can invoke a change of plan, or an absence of plan, and—instead—the teleological intuition of genius; but these are matters of a metaphysical order. It is, let me repeat, the structure of the end product, and of the end product only, that has meaning for the student—or at least this student—confronted with a master artist's work.

The structure of EO is original, intricate, and marvelously harmonious, despite the fact that Russian literature stood in 1823 at a comparatively primitive level of development, marked by uncontrollable and perfectly pardonable leanings toward the most hackneyed devices of Western literary art still in use by its most prominent exponents. I have already discussed the basic brick of its structure, the stanza especially invented for EO, and shall return to it in my Commentary. Intrastrophic and interstrophic enjambments are often functional enough in EO to merit a place in our catalogue of structural items. But it is in the distribution of the subject matter, the balance of parts, the switches and swerves of the narrative, the introduction of characters, the digressions, the transitions, and so forth that the technique of our artist is fully revealed.

EO, as published in its final form by Pushkin, is a model of unity (despite certain structural flaws within this or that chapter, e.g., in Four). Its eight chapters form an elegant colonnade. The first and the last are linked up by a system of subthemes responding to each other in a pleasing interplay of built-in echoes. The St. Petersburg of Chapter One is antiphonally doubled by the St. Petersburg of Chapter Eight (minus the ballet and the good cheer, plus a melancholy love and a faro deal of motley memories). The Moscow theme, richly adumbrated in Chapter Two, is developed in Chapter Seven

The entire set of chapters is felt to consist of two parts, with four chapters in each, these parts consisting of 2552 and 2676 iambic tetrameters respectively (the actual center is Five: v:6-7, "mysteriously all objects foretold her something"). Onegin's speech to Tatiana in the last chapter of the first batch is answered by Tatiana's speech to him in the last chapter of the second batch. The bloom-doom, heart-dart Lenskian theme is commenced and concluded, respectively, in the second chapters of both batches, and there are other symmetrical combinations of a less striking, though not less artistic, kind. For example, the lyrical letter of Tatiana to Onegin in Chapter Three not only is answered in Chapter Eight by Onegin's letter, but finds its subtle counterpart in Lenski's elegy to Olga in Chapter Six. Olga's voice is heard only three times, every time in brief interrogation (Five: XXI: 12-14; Six: XIV: 1; Six: XIX: 13).

This "classical" regularity of proportions is beautifully relieved by the "romantic" device of prolonging or replaying a structural theme in the chapter following the one introducing it. This device is used for the theme of The Countryside in One and Two; for the theme of Romances in Two and Three: for the theme of The Meeting in the Avenue in Three and Four; for the theme of Winter in Four and Five: for the theme of The Name Day in Five and Six; for the theme of The Poet's Grave in Six and Seven; and for the theme of The Social Whirl in Seven and Eight, which clinches the circle, since this last theme reoccurs (for the rereader) in One. It will be noted that these dovetailings and overlappings repeat, in terms of chapters, the device of enjambment from stanza to stanza, which in its turn repeats, in terms of strophes, the functional and ornamental run-ons from verse to verse.

Turning to structural devices within the chapters, we should examine first of all Pushkin's handling of transi-

tion; i.e., the complex of devices a writer uses for switching from one subject to another. When examining the transitions in the structure of a work, and in passing esthetic and historical judgment upon them, we must distinguish, of course, between the what and the how, between the kind of transition chosen for this or that purpose by the artist and the way it is applied by him. In the study of transition a clear perception of matter and manner leads to an appreciation of one of the most important elements of a story in verse or prose.

Roughly, there are two main types of transition, the narrational, or natural, and the authorial, or rhetorical. No rigid distinction is possible. The extreme type of rhetorical is the abrupt apostrophization by the author, and the most natural transition is a logical flow of thought from one thing to a related thing. Both types are used by Pushkin, and both had been used before him, from the day of the most ancient romances to the era of Byron. I purposely select a poet rather than a prose novelist because the fact that a novel is written in verse affects the manner of the transitions in it, even though the cantos are called chapters. Thus the rhetorical type (e.g., "Let us return to our hero," "Allow me now, reader,") is emphasized by its being transposed from prose to verse and in the process may acquire a tinge of parody; or, conversely, the new medium, evocative music, may restore the freshness of the ancient term; and the natural narrative forms of transition in verse often seem more delicate and even more "natural" than in prose.

The simplest transitions are from the general to the particular or vice versa: they are transitions from a general statement to a specific instance (often brought in by means of a "but") or from a specific case to a didactic generalization (often brought in by means of a "thus"). A favorite formula is the temporal transition, which in-

troduces a new subject with the phrase "meanwhile" or "time passed." If we replace the notions story, character, landscape, recollection, and didactic digression by the letters S, C, L, R, and D, then we can define all types of transition as more or less distinctly expressed switchings from S to C, from C to S, from S to L, from S to R, from S to D, from C to D, and so forth, in all possible combinations and successions, with inner or outer doors and natural or artificial bridges providing passages from one theme to another.

The term digression is inevitable, I suppose; and Pushkin himself employs the term (otstuplenie), and does so in a more or less disparaging sense (Five: XL: 14). Actually, digression is only one form of authorial participation. This digressive participation may be a brief intrusion hardly distinguishable from a conventional rhetorical transition ("Let me now turn"), or, at the other extreme, it may be an elaborate functional treatment of "I" as a character in the novel, a stylized first person enjoying all the rights of expression and confession that the third-person characters have. Stylized Pushkin conversing with imagined Onegin and sharing recollections with him, or Pushkin's stylized Muse quietly admiring a St. Petersburg rout to which the poet escorts her—while Prince N. escorts thither his wife—are as much part of the plot as Onegin and Tatiana are. When we break Pushkin's Participation into its various components we find: autobiographical matters (more exactly, stylized autobiographizations) that can be classified under such headings as musings, lyrical, amorous, nostalgic; matterof-fact remarks on the author's mode of life at the time of writing or at former times; melancholy or jocose allusions to real circumstances and real people; promises or memories of fictional events; and assumed friendships with invented characters. Autobiographizations merge and mingle with professional matters, which include re-

marks on the author's actual work of composing, on his characters as characters, on his other products, past, present, or anticipated, on his habits of writing, on the writings of others, and so forth. Finally, a form of participation is presented by "philosophizings," which are more or less didactic, serious, semiserious, or facetious asides, sometimes in the form of parenthetical remarks, often in that of brief aphoristic formulas. Pushkin was a brilliant wit (especially so in his correspondence); but he did not shine in the didactic genre, and his indebtedness to the elegant generalities of his time, or more exactly of a period just previous to his time, is sometimes painfully evident in the rather trivial observations of the Social Whirl, Women, Custom, and Mortality that occur throughout EO.

Let us now examine the chapters one by one.

CHAPTER ONE

Chapter One consists of fifty-four stanzas: I-VIII, X-XII, XV-XXXVIII, and XLII-LX (the gaps denote dropped stanzas, of which XXXIX-XLI are not known to have ever existed). The main characters are "I" (a more or less stylized Pushkin) and Eugene Onegin. The focal point of the chapter, its bright, rapid hub, is represented by twelve stanzas (XV-XVII, XXI-XXV, XXVII-XXVIII, XXXV-XXXVI), sixteen hours in the town life of Onegin, a twenty-four-year-old dandy. The historical time is the winter of 1819, and the place, St. Petersburg, capital of Russia. It is Onegin's eighth year of fashionable life; he is still fond of foppish dress and rich food, but is getting bored with the theater and has already abandoned ardent love-making. This Day of a Dandy is interrupted at three points (XVIII-XX, XXVI, XXIX-XXXIV) by Pushkin's recollections and reflections and is inserted between an account of Onegin's education and a description of his

spleen. The former is preceded by a glimpse of Onegin's posting to his uncle's countryseat (in May, 1820), and the latter is followed by an account of the friendship between Onegin and Pushkin and of Onegin's arrival in the country—to find his uncle dead. The chapter ends with another set of "Pushkin" stanzas (LV-LX).

Development of Themes in One

1: Onegin's mental monologue while on his way from St. Petersburg to his uncle's estate.

II: A conventional transition, "Thus a young scape-grace thought." Pushkin introduces his hero (this "informal" introduction will be supplemented much later by a kind of "formal" one, the parody of a belated preamble in the last stanza of Chapter Seven). St. II also contains some professional matter—namely, an allusion to Ruslan and Lyudmila (1820)—and the formula "The hero of my novel" (this formula will be repeated, with a slight change, in Five: XVII: 12, where Tatiana sees with emotion "the hero of our novel" presiding at the feast of ghouls in her dream). The autobiographical strain is represented in II: 13–14 by a jocose allusion to the author's own banishment from the capital.

III-VII: This description of Eugene's childhood and youth is permeated by the theme of desultory education and forms a more or less continuous flow. A philosophizing note can be distinguished in the various facetious references to Onegin's upbringing (v: 1-4, "All of us"; IV: 13, "what would you more?" VI: 2, "to tell you the truth"), and a professional intrusion comes in the quatrain of VII, where "we" could never make Onegin master the mysteries of prosody. The theme of Onegin's indifference to poetry will be taken up again in the sestet of Two: XVI (when Lenski reads Ossian to Onegin), and Onegin will almost understand at last "the mechanism of Russian verses" in Eight: XXXVIII: 5-8. The picture

of Onegin's youth is that of a Frenchified Russian dressed like an English fop, who at sixteen or seventeen is out in the world. He is a drawing-room automaton. The brilliancy of his epigrams is noted, but none are quoted in this chapter, and later samples of his wit do not live up to its description.

VIII, x—XII: A rhetorical transition from the mental to the sentimental part of Onegin's general education is represented by the "but" of VIII: 3. The "art of soft passion" in 9 leads to Ovid, and there is an obvious autobiographical allusion in the parenthetical digression on his exile in Moldavia with which VIII closes. Pushkin cut down to three stanzas (x—XII) his final account of Onegin's philanderings.

XV-XXXVI: This is the centerpiece of the chapter, an account (interrupted by digressions) of one day in Onegin's life in St. Petersburg. The absence of any technically distinct transition between the account of Onegin's way with women and the beginning of his day in XV is curiously compensated for by the artificial pause owing to the cancellation of the two stanzas between XII and XV. This brings into proper narrational relief the "Time and again" or "It happened" (Bïvalo) formula introducing the story of Onegin's day.

XV-XVII: There is an uninterrupted flow of themes here (XV: 9-14, morning stroll; XVI, dinner; XVII, departure for the theater).

XVIII—XX: Pushkin's participation. A nostalgic digression on the theater starts with the opening of XVIII, which ends with a lyrical recollection of green-room dallyings in the forbidden city ("there, there...my young days sped"—echoing in a more melancholy key the closing couplet of II). This is followed by the autobiographical XIX, with its nostalgic evocation of stage nymphs and the anticipation of change and disillusion. We can consider XX as a crystallization of these theatrical memories.

Pushkin forestalls Onegin and is first to enter the theater, where he witnesses Istomina's performance, which is over by the time Onegin arrives in the next stanza. This is the overtaking device (to be repeated in XXVII). The natural transition from Pushkin to Onegin is beautifully timed and toned here.

XXI—XXII: The account of Onegin's movements continues. The theater bores him. French cupids and Franco-Chinese dragons are still in full swing, but Onegin leaves the playhouse and drives home to change.

XXIII—XXVI: Pushkin, still an incorporeal participant, inspects Onegin's dressing room. The theme is formally introduced with the time-honored rhetorical question, "Shall I...?" A parenthetical piece of facetious philosophizing in XXIV: 9–14 deals with Rousseau, followed by more of the same in the quatrain of the next stanza ("Custom is despot among men," a banality that is to crop up in various forms here and there throughout the novel). St. XXVI presents a professional digression turning on the criticized use of foreign-born words in Russian. The author's self-conscious fondness for Gallicisms will be referred to again in the preliminaries to "Tatiana's Letter" in Three and in Eight: XIV: 13–14.

XXVII: The overtaking device is repeated. Pushkin has lingered too long in the fop's dressing room that he has been describing to his readers, and Onegin is first to set out for the mansion where a ball is already in progress. There is the rhetorical transition, "we'd better hurry to the ball," and then Pushkin, in a batlike, noiseless dash, overtakes his hero (XXVII: 5–14) and reaches the illuminated house first, as he was first to reach the theater.

XXVIII: Now Onegin arrives. His actual presence at the ball is mentioned only here, and later retrospectively, in XXXVI.

XXIX-XXXIV: This set of six stanzas, full of stylized

autobiographical matters, is the most conspicuous digression in the canto. It shall be known as the Pedal Digression. A natural transition leads to it from XXVIII: 10–14, in which two themes are adumbrated: (1) ardent glances following pretty ankles, and (2) whisperings of fashionable ladies. Pushkin, in XXIX, takes the second theme first and develops it in a rather conventional little picture of amorous intrigue in ballrooms. After a nostalgic evocation of those St. Petersburg festivities, the pedal theme proper is taken up in XXX: 8, and goes on through XXXIV, with references to Oriental rugs (XXXII), Terpsichore's instep (XXXII: 2–8), feminine feet in various environments (XXXII: 9–14), a celebrated seascape (XXXIII), a happy stirrup (XXXIV: 1–8), and a disgruntled ironical conclusion (XXXIV: 9–14).

xxxv: The Pedal Digression is closed: "And my Onegin?"—this is the typical rhetorical transition here. Pushkin hastens to keep up with him as he goes home from the ball, but is delayed by the description of a fine frosty morning.

XXXVI: In the meantime Onegin has reached his bed and is fast asleep. A rhetorical and didactic question follows in 9–14: "But was my Eugene happy?" It is answered in the negative in the first line of the next stanza.

XXXVII—XLIV: A set of five stanzas (XXXIX—XLI do not exist) describing Onegin's spleen. The gap left by the omission of XXXIX—XLI produces the impression of a tremendous yawn of ennui. Onegin has lost interest in society belles (XLII) and in courtesans (XLIII: 1–5). He now shuts himself up and, to no avail, tries writing (XLIII: 6–14) and reading (XLIV). Onegin, who could not versify, cannot write prose either and does not join the mettlesome profession to which Pushkin belongs. The theme of Onegin's reading, which began in One: v and vI (Juvenal, two lines from the Aeneid, Adam Smith), is treated in a general way without names or

titles in One: XLIV and will be taken up again in Seven: XXII and Eight: XXXV.

XLV-XLVIII: Here more details concerning Onegin's "chondria" are given, but the main structural significance of these stanzas is their bringing together of the two main characters of the canto. Here (XLV) starts their friendship. Up to this stanza Pushkin had been haunting the canto but not actually appearing in it as a person in a novel. Pushkin's voice had been heard and his presence felt, as he flitted in and out of the stanzas in a ghostly atmosphere of recollection and nostalgia, but Onegin was not aware of his fellow rake at the ballet or in the ballroom. Henceforth Pushkin will be a fullfledged character, and he and Onegin will actually appear as two persons for the space of four stanzas (XLV-XLVIII). The similarities between the two are emphasized in XLV (the differences will be pointed out later-although we already know that Onegin is no poet); Onegin's caustic charm is described in XLVI, and both are seen enjoying a lucent Northern night on the Neva embankment in XLVII-XLVIII. Nostalgic memories of past loves and a burst of music on the Neva now lead to an especially fine digression of two stanzas.

XLIX—L: This is a third sustained lyrical digression (see my notes, in the Commentary, to the Venetian allusions in these stanzas). It amplifies in plangent strains the notes of nostalgia and exile in II, VIII, and XIX. Moreover, it stresses anew the difference between the two characters—between the dry eighteenth-century prosaic hypochondria of free Onegin and exiled Pushkin's rich, romantic, inspired toska (a spiritual yearning rather than the dyspepsia of a hypped rake). Especially to be marked is the urge to fly to a country of exotic liberty, Blueland, fabulous Africa, for the express purpose of excruciatingly regretting there sullen Russia (the very country one had abandoned), thus blending new ex-

perience and redeemed memories in the synthesis of an artistic revaluation.

Pushkin in 1823 in Odessa (see his own note to L: 3) still dreams of visiting Venice (XLIX) and Africa (L), as he apparently had dreamed during his walks with Onegin in the first week of May, 1820, judging by the very natural transition opening LI: "Onegin was prepared with me to see strange lands; but . . ."

LI-LIV: We are now ready to resume the theme of I-II. Pushkin and Onegin part, and, rich with all the information gathered in regard to Onegin's childhood, youth, and dissipated life in St. Petersburg, we again join Onegin in his journey from the capital to his uncle's manor. "And 'tis with this that I began my novel," observes Pushkin in a professional aside (LII: 11). Onegin arrives to find his uncle dead (LII: 12-14). He is now installed in the country (LIII: 9). At first he is amused, then ennui assails him again. The pleasures of the country, listed in LIV as provoking boredom in Onegin, afford a natural transition to the autobiographical and professional digression of the six stanzas that close the chapter (LV-LX).

LV-LVI: Pushkin opposes to his friend's spleen his own creative love for the countryside, which he lauds as the best habitat for his Muse. In LVI the difference between a stylized Pushkin, blissfully dreaming in idyllic wilds, and Onegin, moping in the country, is used to mark the fact that our author does not share the Byronic fad of identifying himself with his hero. A reference to a "sarcastic reader" and to a reviewer engaged in "complicated calumny" is another professional note in this stanza.

LVII—LIX: 1—12: A semilyrical, semiliterary digression, in the course of which Pushkin explains the way inspiration works with him. St. LVII (which will be marvelously echoed and amplified in Eight: IV and Onegin's Journey, XIX) adds, by implication, two more biblio-

graphic references—namely, to *The Caucasian Captive* and *The Fountain of Bahchisaray*, composed by Pushkin in the intervening years between *Ruslan and Lyudmila* (finished 1820) and *EO* (begun 1823).

LIX: 13-14 and LX: 1-2: A rather unexpected professional aside. Pushkin promises to write a big narrative poem unconnected with EO (a somewhat similar promise—this time of a novel in prose—will be made in Three: XIII-XIV).

LX: 3-14: In the meantime he has finished the first chapter of the present novel and, to the pseudoclassical accompaniment of injunctions and anticipations, sends it forth to those "Neva's banks" whose Northern remoteness he had invoked in II, thus elegantly closing the canto.

CHAPTER TWO

Chapter Two consists of forty stanzas; of these, two stanzas (VIII and XXXV) are incomplete, one having only the first nine lines, and the other only the first four and last three. The time is June, 1820; the place, a region of forests and grasslands situated some 250 miles SSE of St. Petersburg and 200 miles W of Moscow, approximately at the intersection of long. 32° and lat. 56° (thus about 150 miles SE of Mihaylovskoe, where Pushkin was to arrive from Odessa, in August, 1824, for a two-year stay while composing the next canto). The constellation of fictional countryseats in EO consists of four properties (with villages inhabited by serfs), each separated from the other by a few miles: Lenski's rich estate (Krasnogórie, as it is named in Chapter Six), the estate of Zaretski (a reformed rake in Chapter Six) some three miles away, Onegin's château and extensive lands, and the Larins' comparatively modest country place with a manor house that is qualified as a humble shelter but can bed fifty guests.

Pushkin saw Chapter Two as dedicated to Lenski, the Göttingen graduate and minor poet, and it is true that the whole canto is swarmed, as it were, around Onegin's country neighbor; but architectonically its central part -although depending on Lenski, proceeding from Lenski, and returning to Lenski—is not Lenski himself but the Larin family. Fifteen stanzas (VI-XX) are devoted to a characterization of Lenski and to his association with Onegin, and this is followed by a kind of steppingstone sequence of seventeen stanzas (XXI-XXXVII): from Lenski's Olga to her sister Tatiana; from Tatiana's favorite novels to a characterization of her parents; from her mother's sentimental education to the Larins' life in the country; from that to Brigadier Larin's death; from his death to Lenski's visit to the cemetery; which in its turn leads to an eschatological and professional epilogue in three stanzas. All this intricate matter turning on the Larin-Lenski theme, which links Arcadia with death and madrigals with epitaphs (thus foreshadowing through a misty but accurate crystal Lenski's own death in Chapter Six), is prefaced by an idyllic description of Onegin's situation in the country (I-V).

Development of Themes in Two

I-V: The story of Onegin's removal to the country (One: LII-LIV) is continued; the generalization of rus (One: XLIV-XLVI) grades now into the specific features of a stylized Rus'. Sts. I-II take us to and into the castle; III characterizes Onegin's late uncle; IV illustrates Onegin's attempt to cure his ennui by improving the conditions of the peasants; and this leads to V, which depicts the attitude of the neighboring squires toward the young fashionable from town and his newfangled liberalism.

VI-XX: The same severe criticism (thus goes the transition to the next theme) is applied to Lenski, another young liberal who has just returned to his country estate

from a German university. Sts. VII—XII deal with his nature, his ways, his studies within the same frame of rural gentry. In XIII—XVIII Lenski and Onegin are brought into contact and juxtaposition. And in XIX—XX Lenski's love is sung in an imitation of Lenski's lines—which leads us to Olga and her family, the centerpiece of the chapter.

Pushkin's participation in this chapter is mostly philosophical: he sides with Onegin; both are blasé, bizarre beaux in their attitude to what moves Lenski. In XIII: 13–14 and XIV: 1–8, friendship, a favorite theme of the day, is commented on by Pushkin's voice. Lenski's discussions with Onegin in XV—XVII lead Pushkin to a philosophic passage concerning the passions (XVII—XVIII). The intonations of XVII: 6–14 will be repeated in the authorial dirge following upon Lenski's death in Six. A series of professional remarks on the moon, heroines of novels, and feminine names are instrumental in switching to the central theme of the chapter, the Larin family. Except for a commentary on doll play at the end of XXVI and a couplet on habit at the end of XXXI, the author's voice is hardly heard until the very end of the chapter.

XXI-XXXIII: The structural hub of this chapter consists of the thirteen consecutive stanzas depicting the Larin family.

XXI: Eighteen-year-old Lenski is in love with a maiden of sixteen named Olga, his childhood playmate. Their fathers, both of whom died while Lenski was at Göttingen, had foreseen a match.

XXII: A stanza in Lenski's own elegiac strain describing the poetical love Olga inspired.

XXIII: Olga's type of beauty bores Pushkin in Chapter Two as much as it will bore Onegin in Chapter Three. The stanza parodies the manner in which a novelist might start to describe his heroine. A rhetorical transition follows.

XXIV: A switch from the sentimental to the romantic,

from Olga the rosy romp to pale, brooding Tatiana. Despite her Frenchified mind, Tatiana will soulfully live up (in Chapter Five) to the folksy associations of her name.

XXV—XXVII: Tatiana's pensive childhood is described. (Note the enjambment from XXVI to XXVII, a technique felt by Pushkin to be characteristic of the new, and thus "romantic," approach. Additional, even more striking, interstrophic enjambments will be given Tatiana in Three: XXXVIII—XXXIX, when she flits into the park to avoid Onegin, and Five: v—vI, when a heavenly portent causes her to shiver in a technically impeccable run-on.)

XXVIII: Although a casement is not specifically mentioned here, this stanza prepares the image of Tatiana (to be later perceived in retrospect by Onegin at the end of Eight: XXXVII, as constantly sitting by the window and peering into a misty remoteness full of fancies).

XXIX: Here comes the first throb of a theme that will be fully developed in Three: IX, that of Tatiana's beloved books. Her library, if not actually dated, is definitely pre-Byronian, with a strong stress on the eighteenth-century sentimental epistolary novel. At this point Pushkin introduces the theme of novels, only to use it as a transition from Tatiana to her mother, who, if not such a voracious reader as her daughter, had also looked in "real life" for the heroes of Richardson's novels. A transitional enjambment takes us to the next stanza.

xxx: Mme Larin's youth is described. She was in love with a dashing young guardsman.

XXXI: But was made to marry a plainer person, a quiet squire.

XXXII: Her practical occupations in the country . . .

XXXIII: . . . have replaced the fads of her young years in Moscow. The transformation of a mannered miss into a mobcapped squiress should be compared to Lenski's

potential future (a comfortable sinking into rural routine after an idealistic youth), as suggested by Pushkin in Four: L and especially in Six: XXXIX.

XXXIV-XXXV: A description of the Larins' old-fashioned habits and customs.

XXXVI: "And thus they both grew old." This intonation leads us in a beautiful transition to the theme of death and doom, which is the Lenskian leitmotiv. Larin is dead; it is his epitaph that tells us his first name. It is Lenski who reads this epitaph.

XXXVII: The inner circle is completed. Through a series of structural transitions (from Lenski to his love, Olga, from Olga to Tatiana, from Tatiana's books to her mother's beau, from the beau to the husband, from maturity to death, from dead Larin to still living Lenski) we are brought back to Lenski. Lenski quotes a footnote from the French version of *Hamlet*, and inscribes a "gravestone madrigal," which combination of terms renders perfectly the merging of his two themes: early death and fugitive poetry.

XXXVIII: 1-3: He also makes an inscription for his parents' monument.

XXXVIII: 4—XL: These stanzas, which close the chapter on a personal, strongly emotional note, are in keeping with the themes of doom and oblivion that give transcendental pathos to Lenski's insipid image.

CHAPTER THREE

Chapter Three consists of forty-one stanzas plus a freely rhymed piece of seventy-nine lines—"Tatiana's Letter to Onegin"—and an eighteen-line song in trochees. "Tatiana's Letter" is the centerpiece of the chapter. It is preceded by a set of twenty-five stanzas (VII—XXXI) gradually leading up to it and is followed by six stanzas dealing with its dispatch and the ensuing wait. Thus thirty-one

stanzas in all, and the central letter, are devoted to the depiction of Tatiana's love for Onegin, and this main part of the canto is symmetrically enclosed between Onegin's two visits to the Larins' countryseat. The visit with which the chapter begins takes up the first six stanzas (I-VI), and the visit with which it ends takes up the last four stanzas (XXXVIII-XXXIX, XL-XLI), with the song in the middle of the final set. It will be noted that the actual sermon addressed by Onegin to Tatiana during this second visit is given only in the middle of the next chapter (Four: XII-XVI). It should also be noted that Chapter Three is the first one in the novel in which conversations are rendered: these are five dialogues, two between Onegin and Lenski, two between Tatiana and her old nurse, and a short exchange between Mme Larin and Lenski.

Development of Themes in Three

I–II and beginning of III: 1: We have heard Onegin's voice in the soliloquy beginning Chapter One, in his bored comment at the theater (One: XXI: 12–14), and in his reflections on Lenski's enthusiasms (Two: XV: 8–14). We have heard Lenski's voice in his little monologue pronounced on the grave of his fiancée's father. Now the two voices, Onegin's and Lenski's, are brought together in the first dialogue of the novel. This is also the outset of Lenski's sad fate: the first knot of doom is tied. Onegin, in an attempt to alleviate boredom, decides to accompany his friend to the Larins', and thenceforth fate takes over. The time is midsummer, 1820.

III: Description of their visit. Pushkin, for reasons of his own, left out the last six lines of the stanza.

IV-V: The second dialogue between Onegin and Lenski on their way home. Onegin's boredom is, if anything, worse. Lenski compares Tatiana to Zhukovski's Svetlana. Onegin is dreadfully rude in his remarks about

Olga. Lenski goes into a huff. It is presumed that this first little unpleasantness is soon patched up (no trace of it remains six months later, at the end of Chapter Four, when another dialogue between the two young men is reproduced, with Olga freely mentioned).

VI: The general impression produced by Onegin's visit to the Larins'.

VII-VIII: The impression produced on Tatiana. It is passionate love at first sight. Note that she has not even spoken to Onegin; she just sits silently by the window.

IX-XIV: This set of six stanzas represents an important professional digression: Pushkin uses Tatiana's state of mind and heart as a natural transition (IX:1, "With what attention . . . now") to a discourse on novels. In X the theme of the letter to the hero (which will be specifically developed in XXI-XXXVI) is introduced. In IX-X the books Tatiana reads in the original French or in French translation are mentioned (the theme has already been inaugurated in Two: xxix). These favorite novels are Rousseau's Julie, Mme Cottin's Mathilde, Mme de Krüdener's Valérie, Mme de Staël's Delphine, Goethe's Werther, and Richardson's Grandison and Clarissa (both already alluded to in Chapter Two: xxix-xxx). As the adolescent reader she is, Tatiana identifies herself with the heroines of these novels and identifies Onegin with their heroes, but the author of EO points out that his Onegin is a very different person from Sir Charles Grandison (x:13-14).

After listing these characters in IX and X, Pushkin, in XI, sums up the Sentimental Novel of the eighteenth century, still read by provincial Tatiana in 1820, and transfers his attention (in XII) to the Romantic Novel read by more sophisticated young ladies "nowadays," i.e., in 1824. These are the works of Byron, in French translation; the novel *Melmoth*, by Maturin, also in French translation; and the novel *Jean Sbogar*, by the

French imitator of Byron, Nodier. In the following stanzas, XIII—XIV, Pushkin promises his readers that in his old age he will write a family novel in prose with a Russian background (instead of the imported stuff). At the end of XIV, a lyrical autobiographical recollection of a past love closes this digression on novels.

XV-XVI: "Tatiana, dear Tatiana!"—with this rhetorical apostrophe Pushkin turns again to his heroine and describes her rambles in the garden avenues, her day-dreaming, her obsession with Onegin. This leads us to nightfall and to the third dialogue in the canto.

XVII-XXI: This conversation, in her room, with her old nurse, leads, in its turn, to Tatiana's asking for paper and pen. The letter to Onegin begins to take definite shape. In the course of the dialogue comes the contrast between Tatiana's romantic "falling in love" and the widowed nurse's recollection of her routine wedding in terms of peasant habitus. (It should be noted that from a purely psychological point of view there is not much difference between the nurse's marriage and the equally "traditional" union between Pauline and Squire Larin, as depicted in Two: xxxI, or Tatiana's conventional marriage to wealthy Prince N. at the end of the novel.) The letter to Onegin is actually written by the end of XXI; whereupon Pushkin asks the rhetorical question, "Whom, then, is it for?"—a transition toward a long professional digression.

XXII—XXXI: This set of ten stanzas, leading up to the text of Tatiana's letter, is one of the longest digressions in the novel. It has a twofold purpose, two problems, one of matter and one of manner: in XXII—XXV the purpose is to explain Tatiana's action by contrasting her candid and ardent soul with that of cold fashionable belles (XXII) or freakish flirts (XXIII), whom Pushkin (and Onegin) had known in St. Petersburg (an autobiographical note recalling One: XLII, in which Onegin became bored by

those capricious ladies); and in XXVI—XXXI the purpose is to explain that the text to be produced presently is only a paraphrase in Russian verse of Tatiana's French prose.

Professional matters of translation are discussed (XXVI-XXXI). Tatiana, like other gentlemen's daughters of her day, "knew Russian badly" and spoke it in a "careless patter" with an admixture of Gallicisms that our poet finds much more charming than the pedantry of bluestockings. In XXIX he evokes the imitation of light French verse in Bogdanovich's Little Psyche (Dushen'ka) and the tender poetry of Evariste Parny (whom he has closely imitated in xxv). St. xxx is a dedication to the poet Baratinski, whom Pushkin deems (quite wrongly) a better expert than himself in putting a girl's Gallicisms into Russian iambics. And, finally, in XXXI both problems -matter and manner-merge, and the text of the letter is introduced by means of a pretty metaphor (great music and its expression by the stumbling fingers of a budding pianist).

"Tatiana's Letter" has seventy-nine lines. Its text is inserted between sts. XXXI and XXXII. Tatiana imitates stylistically the epistles of lovers in her favorite novels, and Pushkin renders this in Russian iambic tetrameters.

XXXII: A charming description of Tatiana's bare shoulder and of daybreak. The night has passed in terms of the love letter she wrote (in Chapter Five, another night, six months later, will pass in a dreadful prophetic dream).

XXXIII-XXXV: Another dialogue with the old nurse, whom Tatiana asks to have the letter transmitted to Onegin.

XXXVI: No answer. (This will be echoed in Chapter Eight, when it is Onegin who waits for an answer to his letter.) Next day Lenski arrives, and there is a brief dialogue between him and Mme Larin, who inquires about Onegin.

XXXVII: Evening tea. Tatiana, pensive at the window, traces the initials E O on the glass.

XXXVIII—XXXIX: Onegin arrives, and before he enters the house Tatiana, from another porch, dashes through garden and park and (in a remarkable enjambment from stanza to stanza) drops on a bench (XXXIX: 1). Slave girls are picking berries near by, and their song is given (eighteen trochaic trimeters with long terminals).

XL: Tatiana continues in a tremor of apprehension, but Onegin does not appear.

XLI: She finally sighs, leaves her bench, turns into the linden avenue—and there he is before her. The stanza and canto end in a professional remark, imitated from Western romances in verse: "I need a little jaunt, a little rest; some other time I'll tell the rest."

CHAPTER FOUR

If Chapter Three, with its eminently functional digressions and vigorous flow of events, constitutes a most harmoniously constructed entity with a streamlined body and symmetrical wings, Chapter Four, on the other hand, compares with Chapter Seven in weak structure and poorly balanced digressions. It consists of forty-three stanzas (of which one is incomplete): VII-XXXV, XXXVII (stopping at 5/8 of l. 13), and XXXIX-LI. Pushkin himself saw its hub in the theme of country life, continuing in a different key the Horatian rus themes of One: LII-LVI and Two: I-II. (It will be noted, incidentally, that now Onegin's indolent life in the country is just as pleasant as that evoked by Pushkin in One, for the express purpose of differentiating between himself and his hero!) But this rural theme comes only at the end of the canto (XXXVII-XLIV) and is preceded by an uncommonly bumpy succession of subthemes, among which the structurally important monologue of Onegin (XII-XVI), continuing the last theme of Three (his meeting with Tatiana), is precariously placed between philosophizings about women and philosophizings about friends, foes, kinsmen, women again, egotism, the consequences of the meeting (XXIII—XXIV), Lenski's love, albums, elegies, odes, and Pushkin's rather dreary life in the country (XXXV). The last, being followed by Onegin's enjoyment of country life, arbitrarily reverses the situation described so pointedly in One (Onegin, in fact, is now given Pushkin's manner of living at Mihaylovskoe!). The Lenski theme, which comes after the rural one, closes the canto with some fine stanzas (see especially the last two, L—LI) repeating the doomful notes to Two: XXXVI—XL.

Development of Themes in Four

VII-VIII: Pushkin judiciously dropped the first six stanzas of the semilyrical, semididactic, and on the whole mediocre discourse on women that opens Four. As a result, the two stanzas he preserved are somewhat redeemed, structurally speaking, by echoing the soliloquy note of One: I, especially since the next stanza here is introduced by means of a similar transition:

IX-X: "Exactly thus my Eugene thought" (cf. One: II, "Thus a young scapegrace thought"). Onegin's state of mind in regard to women, which culminated in his abandoning them in One: XLIII, is again given, with the belated information that his life of dissipation in St. Petersburg had lasted eight years (thus, from May, 1812, to May, 1820).

XI: The transition "But" introduces the little pang of sentimental recognition that he experienced upon receiving Tatiana's letter—and his decision not to give way to what he is to define in his letter of Chapter Eight as a "sweet habit." A rhetorical transition, "Now we'll flit over to the garden where Tatiana encountered him," leads to his monologue.

XII—XVIII: 3: He lectures poor Tatiana on youthful indiscretion and lack of self-control. They walk back to the house. A didactic transition ("You will agree, my reader, that very nicely did our pal act," etc.) leads to a digression.

XVIII: 11—XXII: The reference to Onegin's "foes" (from whom the author defends his hero by pointing out the nobility of his soul) brings about the easy transition, "Foes upon earth has everyone, but God preserve us from our friends!" (XVII: 11—13). In XIX our "friends" are taken to task for repeating slander about us, and the next transition is: your friend tells you, of course, that he loves you like a relative—well, let us look at relatives. These are passed in review in XX, and then the fickle fair are tackled (XXI). Finally, in XXII the rhetorical question, "Whom, then, to love?" is asked, and the answer is yourself; upon which this didactic digression of five stanzas ends.

XXIII—XXIV: The rhetorical question, "What was the consequence of the interview?" leads us back to Tatiana, and in XXIV: 8 comes a curious transition reminding us of Two: XXIII: 13–14, with its "let-me-turn-to-the-other-sister" device. There the switch was from the trite to the strange, from Olga to Tatiana; here it is from the sad to the gay, from Tatiana to Olga.

XXV—XXVII: So we take up Olga and Lenski, in a set of stanzas that describe their walks in the garden, their readings together, and their playing chess. The family novel Lenski reads out loud to Olga (XXVI) belongs to the heavily moralistic kind that, for instance, the German novelist August Lafontaine produced (in Russia he was read in French versions). The French writer of genius, Chateaubriand, is mentioned—somewhat irrelevantly—in XXVI: 4. In XXVII Lenski adorns Olga's album, whose description affords a natural transition to a digression on albums.

XXVIII—XXXI: Provincial albums are praised (XXIX), and the fashionable ones of society belles are disparaged (XXX). The painter Fyodor Tolstoy and the poet Baratinski are mentioned by name (XXX: 6-7). A transition to the next theme is prepared by the reference to the "madrigals" that one is expected to turn out for the albums of modish belles.

XXXI: But Lenski writes not madrigals (see, however, Two: XXXVII) but elegies, and yet another contemporary poet, Yazikov, is addressed. His elegies, like Lenski's, are documents of his destiny. Now the term "elegy" will lead to the next theme.

XXXII–XXXIII: But hush! A certain stern critic (identifiable as the poet Küchelbecker, Pushkin's schoolmate) advises one to abandon the elegy and turn to the ode. Pushkin does not wish to take sides, but reminds the critic, in a regular little dialogue (occupying XXXII: 5–14 and XXXIII: 1–12, with an elegant enjambment between these two stanzas), that the poet Dmitriev (the fourth contemporaneous poet mentioned or alluded to in the course of as many stanzas) had, in a famous satire, ridiculed the makers of odes. The word "ode" will now serve as a transition.

XXXIV: Lenski would have composed odes, perhaps, but Olga would not have read them. Happy is he who reads his verse to his mistress.

XXXV: The simple transition, "But I [read my verse only] to an old nurse," leads to an autobiographical picture of the countryside, amid which is inserted a professional allusion to the tragedy Pushkin was composing at the time (1825), Boris Godunov. With XXXV ends this long, complicated digression on literary matters triggered by the mention of Olga's album in XXVII—eight stanzas dealing with literary matters. A kind of general transition to Onegin's life in the country is now provided by the allusion to Pushkin's life in the country (XXXV)

and dropped xxxvI). Now comes a rhetorical transition. xxxVII, xxxIX: "But what about Onegin?" In an account of Onegin's country life in the summer of 1820, Pushkin describes his own rural pleasures and habits in the summer of 1825. He canceled the very end of xxxVII and the whole of xxxVIII in the published text.

XL-XLIII: An easy transition ("But our Northern summer is a caricature of Southern winters") leads us to a description of autumn and winter. The professional note is represented by a facetious remark on expected rhymes (XLII: 3-4) and by the suggestion addressed to hibernators in the country to read the French political writer Pradt or the Waverley Novels (in French translation, naturally).

XLIV-XLIX: A description of the hero's usual dinner in the afternoon of his usual day in the winter sets the scene for Lenski's arrival. An autobiographic digression on wines (XLV-XLVI) marks Pushkin's mental participation in the dinner and the dusk. The rhetorical transition at the end of XLVII ("Now the two friends converse") introduces a dialogue between Onegin and Lenski (XLVIII-XLIX). The general idea of "winter in the country" is gradually to undergo a specific tapering to a definite day. Next week, on Saturday, is Tatiana's name day. St. Tatiana is honored January 12. The next chapter begins January 2-3. This places the dialogue not later than January 2. The gay chat over wine takes on a fateful shade: had Lenski forgotten to transmit to Onegin the Larins' invitation to the name-day party, or had Onegin refused to accept it, there would have been no discord in Chapter Five and no duel in Chapter Six.

L—LI: Lenski is merry. He thinks that only two weeks remain till his wedding. Actually, a little less than that remains till his death. The lyrical exclamation, "O my poor Lenski," full of melancholy emphasis, resounds in L: 13, and will be repeated in the opening lines of two

stanzas (x and XI) in Chapter Seven, when he is in the grave and Olga has married another. To be noted, too, is the contrast drawn between Lenski, the fond enthusiast, and the bored, blasé character (a shadow of Onegin, a stylization of Pushkin) who in these last two stanzas of Chapter Four is shown to be considering marriage in terms of the dreary didactic novels of Lafontaine (see XXVI) and to be incapable of any dizzy trance, any blissful oblivion.

CHAPTER FIVE

Chapter Five consists of forty-two stanzas: I-XXXVI, XXXIX-XLII, XLIV-XLV. It is beautifully shaped and is one of the two most colorful cantos (the other being One). Its two interrelated subjects are Tatiana's dream (eleven stanzas, XI-XXI) and the name-day party (eighteen stanzas, from xxv to the end of the chapter). The dream prophesies the party; the description of a dream book comes between the two sets of stanzas. The ten stanzas from I to X, which form a harmoniously graded preface to the dream, begin with a description of winter (I-III) and then go through a series of images illustrating the custom of divination (gadanie) about New Year and culminating in the presageful fantasy of Tatiana's dream. A certain dreamlike quality is carried on to the nameday party and later to the duel. (Incidentally, it seems a rather odd waste of energy that some fifty guests were invited to celebrate Tatiana's Day on January 12, when the entire Larin household should have been preparing for the Lenski-Olga wedding scheduled for January 15 or 16.)

The theme of portents is a central one, both in significance and actual position, in EO. It is foreshadowed by the bloom-doom note running through Chapter Two (with Lenski's soliloguy on Larin's tomb preparing the

intonations of his last elegy, his "gravestone madrigal," in Six), pervades Chapter Five at the middle of the novel, and is re-echoed in Eight: xxxvi—xxxviI, where Fancy faces Onegin at the faro table of fate.

Development of Themes in Five

I—III: In the preceding chapter winter had already come; November had been described in Four: XL, and the frosts of December had followed. The first snow mentioned at the end of Four: XLII had been a mere flurry. A blanketing snowfall occurs only now, in Five: I, on the night of January 2 (1821). Tatiana, upon rising on January 3, sees the blanched garden. St. II is a charming Flemish-schoollike picture of winter—a continuation of the November and December landscapes depicted in Chapter Four: XLI—XLII. St. III contains some professional matter. The two literary references in it are to Pushkin's friends, the poet Vyazemski (who will be alluded to again in Seven: XXXIV: 1 and mentioned in Seven: XLIX: 9—11) and the poet Baratinski (mentioned earlier in Three: XXX and Four: XXX: 7).

IV—x: This set of seven stanzas concerns Twelfthnight divination games between Christmas and Epiphany (January 6) and is instrumental in leading up to Tatiana's presageful dream. A bit of didactic philosophizing about youth and old age marks the presence of the author in VII: 5-14, and so does the professional comparison in x:5-8, in which Zhukovski's Svetlana (see Three: v and Five: Motto) is mentioned again. Tatiana places her little looking glass under her pillow and is ready for a dramatic dream. I should date it about January 5.

XI-XXI: 6: The dream. It contains several interesting structural elements. The turbulent torrent is a dream exaggeration of the idyllic brook near the bench upon which Tatiana dropped in her flight from Onegin in Three (XXXVIII: 13). Near a little stream of that idyllic

brook Lenski will be buried in Six (xl: 8). This little river or brook symbolically separates Tatiana and Onegin. She crosses it in her dream with the assistance of a burly bear, who is Onegin's gossip, just as the burly general, Tatiana's husband in Chapter Eight, turns out to be Onegin's kinsman and chum. The ghouls of the dream, sitting at the table where Onegin presides, are thematically repeated in the guise of the grotesque guests at the name-day party. Lenski's quarrel with Onegin is predicted, and its horror causes Tatiana to awake.

XXI: 7-14: It is morning. Instead of the old nurse bringing tea (as in Chapter Three: XXXIII, on that summer morning after a night spent in writing the letter to Onegin), it is Olga who enters Tatiana's room, and asks: Well, what have you dreamed about? The transition to the next theme is: but she—Tatiana—is not listening.

XXII—XXIV: She is engrossed in the book of dream interpretations. While describing the way she acquired it from a book peddler, Pushkin refers in passing to yet another novel, *Malvina*, by Mme Cottin, to epic poems about Peter the Great, and to the French writer Marmontel, author of didactic tales.

XXV—XXXVI, XXXIX—XLII, XLIV—XLV: The rhetorical transition, No vot, "But lo," introduces the second main subject of the canto, the name-day party. The sunrise of January 12 is humorously described in a parody of an eighteenth-century ceremonial ode of Lomonosov. While this good-natured trumpet note seems to establish a deliberate contrast to the tragic intonations of Tatiana's nightmare, the jocularity is but an amiable mask, and at the end of XXV something about the very rhythm of the arrival of the guests reminds us ominously of the sequence of actions (barking, laughing, shouting, etc.) describing the behavior of the monsters of the fantastic feast in Tatiana's dream. A literary reference to Buya-

nov, the hero of a poem by Pushkin's uncle, occurs in XXVI: 9-11. In XXIX the door flies open; Onegin and Lenski arrive. This is Onegin's third visit to the Larins' in the course of at least six months. He seems to be touched by Tatiana's awful embarrassment, and he is bitterly angry with Lenski, who spoke of a quiet family dinner but instead brought him to a huge nightmare feast with the grotesque neighbors Onegin had been avoiding in Chapter Two. The caricatures of these guests that Onegin now draws mentally may not have been unlike the composite animals and the other ghouls of Tatiana's dream. In XXXII, when the champagne appears, there is an autobiographical metaphor referring to a girl Pushkin courted, Zizi, diminutive of Evpraksia, whose name day coincides with that of St. Tatiana. The festive dinner lasts from the end of XXVIII to the beginning of xxxv. There is some card playing after that, and then tea, whereupon, in a professional aside (XXXVI: 9-14), Pushkin remarks that he seems to talk about eating and drinking as much as Homer does. The tone of the canto at this point reminds us of Chapter One, with its sequence of social pleasures, and the word "Bréguet," the faithful timepiece twice used in the first chapter, now rings forth a remindful chime (XXXVI: 8). The ball starts in XXXIX, and in another professional aside in XL Pushkin refers the reader to that passage in Chapter One in which Onegin emerged from his dressing room to go to a ball, which, as the author confesses, he never really described, having been diverted by a digression about the little feet of the ladies he had loved. The promise he makes here of weeding out the digressive element (autobiographic, professional, and philosophical) is not quite kept in Chapter Five, but is reduced to a few brief interruptions (such as the verses devoted to Zizi, for example, or the didactic observations about fashion at the end of XLII). And what is curious to note, there are in this canto practically none

of those abrupt, artificial, rhetorical transitions that occur in the other chapters: the narrative flow of this canto is remarkably natural. The whirl of the waltz and the gay crash of the mazurka, depicted in XLI and XLII, now come as a kind of compensation for the meagerness of the description of the ball in Chapter One: XXVIII, and the dramatic atmosphere of Tatiana's dream is suddenly felt with a shiver of recognition when Lenski, in jealous fury, sees Onegin flirting with Olga (XLIV) and leaves the house (XLV), resolved to challenge Onegin next day to a pistol duel.

CHAPTER SIX

Chapter Six consists of forty-three stanzas: I-XIV, XVII-XXXVII, XXXIX-XLVI. Its hub is the pistol duel between Lenski and Onegin. It takes place on January 14, two days after Tatiana's name-day party and (implicitly) on the eve of Lenski's projected wedding to Olga. The description of the fatal morning starts in XXIII (10-14), and by the end of xxxv Lenski's dead body is removed from the dueling ground—thus, a dozen stanzas of centralized action. The chapter opens with the continuation of the name-day-party theme for three stanzas, after which the preliminaries to the duel start with the appearance on the scene of Lenski's second (IV-XII), Lenski's last interview with Olga (XIII-XIX), and his last night of versemaking (xx-xxIII). The chapter ends, after Lenski's death, with a set of philosophical stanzas (XXXVI-XXXIX), a description of his grave (XL), the visit of a fair vacationist to it (XLI-XLII), and a set of four final stanzas dealing with autobiographical matters, both lyrical and professional.

Development of Themes in Six

I–III: Lenski has left, and after supper Onegin leaves, too. The remaining guests are bedded, from hallway to

attic, in the Larins' house. Tatiana alone is awake at her favorite post, the moonlit window. Her reaction to Onegin's momentary glance of tenderness and to his odd behavior with Olga is described in III.

IV-VII: With the rhetorical apostrophe to his story, "Forward, forward," Pushkin summons a new character, the reformed rake Zaretski, whose turbulent past and peaceful present are depicted in these four stanzas.

VIII—IX: Onegin has little respect for him but likes his conversation and thus is not surprised when on the morning of January 13 Zaretski calls on him. This is the natural transition to the account of the challenge that Lenski has charged his second, Zaretski, to transmit to Onegin.

X-XII: Three stanzas describe Onegin's dissatisfaction with himself at accepting the challenge and Lenski's gleeful relief on learning from Zaretski that Onegin will fight.

XIII—XIX: The account of Lenski's last evening with Olga is interrupted by an authorial aside in XVIII, a fervid invocation of fate: if Tatiana had known that Onegin and Lenski . . . if Lenski had known that Tatiana . . . and so forth.

XX-XXIII: 8: This set of three and a half stanzas is devoted to Lenski's last night of inspiration. He reads his verses aloud just as Pushkin's friend, the poet Delvig, does when drunk. The text of Lenski's last poem to Olga (the epilogue, as it were, to the elegies he wrote in her album, with an appropriate gravestone in the margin) has been preserved by Pushkin, the third man in the novel, and its text, minus the first two lines, is quoted in XXI: 2-14 and XXII. Its position is a very preedy one, in even balance with the two epistles structurally equivalent to it: "Tatiana's Letter" in Three and "Onegin's Letter" in Eight. There follows a professional observation on "what we call romanticism" (XXIII: 2-4).

XXIII: 9-XXVII: This is the fateful morning of January 14. The duel is scheduled for about seven (see XXIII: 13-14). Onegin sets out for the dueling ground at least an hour and a half later than Lenski, who leaves at about 6:30 A.M. Onegin arrives in XXVI. "The two foes stand with lowered eyes."

XXVIII: "Foes!" This ejaculation serves as a conventional transition to another authorial invocation, similar in tone to XVIII. Is it long since they were intimate friends? Should they not make it up? This is clinched by means of a didactic criticism of false shame (XXVIII: 13–14).

XXIX-XXX: Of these two stanzas the first is devoted to the loading of the pistols and the measuring of the ground; the second, to the duel itself.

XXXI-XXXII: Two very interesting stanzas from a technical point of view. Pushkin defines Lenski's death in terms of a deliberate accumulation of classical and romantic metaphors: a mass of snow rolling downhill, the gust of a tempest, the withering of a flower at dawn, the extinguishing of fire on an altar, an abandoned house.

XXXIII—XXXIV: The reader is apostrophized in connection with dueling. This set of two didactic stanzas continues the theme of XXVIII.

xxxv: Lenski's body is removed from the dueling ground.

XXXVI—XXXVII, XXXIX: The rhetorical transition, "My friends, you're sorry for the poet," leads to a set of three stanzas (four in MS) in which various examples are given of what might have been Lenski's future had he lived.

XL: The rhetorical transition, "But, reader, be it as it may," leads to a description of Lenski's tomb—in Arcadia rather than in northwestern Russia.

XLI-XLII: 12: A herdsman plaits his wood-fiber shoe near the tomb, and a young townswoman, spending the summer in the country, stops her horse near the monu-

ment. In XLII: 5–12, Pushkin uses this Amazon to voice the rhetorical question: What has happened to Olga, Tatiana, and Onegin since Lenski's death? The question is rhetorically answered by Pushkin at the end of XLII: I shall tell you all in due time. The transitional remark, "But not now," opens the last set of stanzas.

XLIII—XLVI: In these final four stanzas several professional matters are mentioned: Pushkin confesses he now dallies more sluggishly with mistress rhyme and inclines toward prose (XLIII: 5–10). Elegiac conceits of the past are now gone (note here the XLIV: 5–6 echo of the "accepted-rhyme" theme that formed a little digression in Four: XLII: 3–4). The autobiographical strain, otherwise absent from the chapter, is now heard (chill dreams, stern cares, withering of youth, gratitude to past youth, hope for further inspiration). The poet takes leave of the quiet shelter of country life and closes the chapter with a didactic criticism of the vortex of the world.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Chapter Seven consists of fifty-two stanzas: I-VII, X-XXXVIII, XL-LV. Thus it is only two stanzas shorter than Chapter One (the longest). Pushkin saw the main part of the chapter in the theme of Moscow, which is first mentioned at the end of XXVI. This theme (if we include in it Tatiana's farewells addressed to the countryside and a description of the coming winter) occupies almost the entire second half of the chapter. The first half of the chapter consists of a description of spring (I-IV), an invitation to the countryside where Eugene had lived (V), a redescription of Lenski's grave (VI-VII), already known from Chapter Six, and an account of Olga's marriage to a dashing uhlan (X-XII), perhaps the Company Commander mentioned in Five: XXVIII. Then comes Tatiana's solitude (XIII-XIV), followed by ten stanzas (XV-XXIV)

that esthetically and psychologically form the real hub of the chapter—the story of Tatiana's visit to Onegin's abandoned castle during the summer of 1821. She and her mother set out for Moscow not earlier than January, 1822, and the chapter ends with Tatiana having attracted the notice of her future husband, at a Moscow ball, in the spring of 1822. The time element dominates this chapter rather obsessively, with rhetorical transitions depending on the establishment of this or that season or hour or of the passage of time.

Development of Themes in Seven

I—III: The canto opens with a pseudoclassical little picture of spring (I), followed by romantic meditations, semilyrical, semiphilosophical, on the melancholy of spring. Explanations of this vernal languish and dejection are listed in the form of questions. The "youth-isgone" theme of the four stanzas with which Chapter Six ended is now continued in Seven: III.

IV: With the rhetorical transition, "Now is the time," various people (sage epicures, students of agriculture as expounded by the writer Lyovshin, fathers of large families, and sentimental ladies) are urged to take advantage of the spring and move to the country.

v: The same invitation is extended professionally by Pushkin to his reader, and the country place is specified: it is the region where Onegin has recently dwelt. This establishes two important structural points: (1) that Onegin has already left, and (2) that the spring described in these stanzas is the spring of 1821, following the duel. We also note that Pushkin's Muse, whom the reader accompanies to Krasnogorie, is a kind of substitute for the Amazon of Six: XLI-XLII, whose curiosity will now be satisfied.

VI-VII: Lenski's tomb is described in the same Arcadian terms as it has been described in Six: XL-XLI. However,

the spring mentioned in Six: XLI is not the specific spring of Seven: VI, but a generalized and recurrent one. In other words, the description of Lenski's grave in Six is projected (through a series of seasons and years, with fields being tilled and harvested) beyond the specific spring of 1821. Pushkin wishes to combine two ideas: the idea of duration (Lenski's tomb is always there, in its permanent Arcadia) and the idea of fleeting time (Olga has forgotten him, the trail to the tomb is choked with weeds). Only a few months have passed, and the grass that came up in April is practically the same that overgrew the trail, after Olga's wedding and departure for some garrison town, less than five months or so after poor Lenski's death. In order to stress the idea of duration, Pushkin mentions (VII: 13-14) the herdsman as still sitting by Lenski's tomb. Actually, he begins to sit near it only now, in Seven. His appearance in Six, to which the "as before" refers, was really a series of appearances overlapping his appearance in Seven and projected into future seasons beyond the specific spring of 1821.

X-XI: Both these stanzas begin with the pathetic exclamation, "My poor Lenski!" Olga has married a cavalry officer (x). Is Lenski's shade aware of this? (XI). A didactic bit of philosophizing on oblivion and death, with ironic overtones, closes XI.

XII—XIV: Olga has gone. And for a long time through the mist Tatiana keeps looking after the receding carriage. (The intonation here, Seven: XIII: 1–2, echoes that of Six: XLII: 1–2, in which it is the mysterious Amazon who performs.) Tatiana is now left with her own thoughts—which she never shared with Olga, anyway, but the sharing of thoughts is now implied retrospectively in order to stress her loneliness—a none-too-honest device on the part of Pushkin (a deceiver as all artists are), who in this chapter stops at nothing to

have his story move—and move the reader.

xv-xxv: 2: The temporal transition, "'Twas evening," introduces the theme of Tatiana's visits to Onegin's ahandoned castle. Six stanzas (xv-xx) are devoted to her first visit in early June, 1821, and four to the rest. St. XXII contains a professional explanation of Eugene's library, with a reference to his favorite books—The Giaour, Don Juan, and two or three novels depicting the man of the time (Pushkin lightly dismisses his earlier statement in One about Onegin's denouncing and renouncing books). The notes Onegin has left in the margins of his books tell Tatiana more about him than he learned about her from her letter to him. From the marks of his pencil and thumbnail she reconstructs the man, and when three years later they meet again she will know he is not a fascinating demon or angel but an imitation of fashionable freaks-and still the only love of her life.

XXV—XXVII: The temporal transition, "The hours fly" (XXV: 3), leads to a new theme. Tatiana's mother is anxious to find a husband for her and is advised by friends to take Tatiana to Moscow, the mart of brides. Tatiana's horrified reaction is given in XXVII. Her meek surrender to her mother's decision, despite the horror, is inconsistent with the strongheadedness Pushkin has explicitly bestowed on her (see, for example, Three: XXIV), but on the other hand it does prepare us for her submitting to her mother's choice of a husband, as explained retrospectively in Tatiana's sermon to Onegin in Eight.

XXVIII—XXIX: 7: She bids farewell to her favorite haunts in the country.

XXIX: 8-XXX: The temporal transition, "But the fleet summer flies," leads to a stylized picture of autumn, and then winter and the "winter way" will lead to Moscow.

XXXI-XXXV: Five stanzas describe the departure for

Moscow and the week-long journey, covering some two hundred miles, in a sledded coach, with their own horses. Tatiana's final farewells to her fields at the end of XXXII, when she leaves the rustic shelter for the vanities of the city, not only conclude the elegiac theme of XXVIII and XXIX, but also echo the stylized autobiographical farewells voiced by Pushkin himself in Six: XLVI. A digression on roads occupies XXXIII—XXXV.

XXXVI—XXXVIII, XL: The transition, "But now 'tis near," brings us to the western gates of Moscow. An autobiographical strain permeates XXXVI: 5–14, in which Pushkin recollects his own arrival in Moscow from Mihaylovskoe on Sept. 8, 1826. The two-hour drive from the west gate to the east section of the city ends at the house of Princess Aline, surname withheld, Mme Larin's maiden cousin.

XLI—XLII: These two stanzas contain the dialogue between the two cousins, who have not seen each other for at least eighteen years.

XLIII: Tatiana, in unfamiliar surroundings, takes her usual position by the window.

XLIV-LV: 2: Eleven stanzas are now devoted to sad and indolent Tatiana's debut in Moscow society. A nice professional item is represented by a passage in XLIX in which, at a party given by one of Tatiana's numerous Moscow aunts, Pushkin delegates his friend, Prince Vyazemski, the poet responsible for the motto to Chapter One and already a participant in the novel (see the allusion to his winter scenes in Five: III: 6-12 and Pushkin's note to the description of roads in Seven: XXXIV), to entertain Tatiana. There is (in XLIX) a reference to fashionable youths with soft jobs in the Archives, and another to a writer of cheap elegies. There follow descriptions of the theater (L) and of the Club of the Nobility (LI-LIV). Autobiographical matters re-echo: in L, a theme from Chapter One (a parenthetical recollection

of Terpsichore; see One: XIX); and in LII, an apostrophe to one of our author's numerous loves. In LIII Tatiana's memories go back (as she sits near a marble column in the ballroom) to the linden avenues where she had day-dreamed of Onegin—it is then (in LIV) that two aunts nudge her from either side. Her future husband, a fat general, is looking at her.

LV: As if suddenly realizing that he had never written a formal preface to his work, Pushkin leaves Tatiana to her involuntary conquest and concludes the chapter with an amusing exordium, a parody of classical introductions—leading back to Onegin, who will reappear in the next chapter after three years of travel.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Chapter Eight consists of fifty-one stanzas, of which II (1-4) and XXV(1-8) are incomplete, and a freely rhymed epistle of sixty lines, "Onegin's Letter to Tatiana" (between XXXII and XXXIII). The structural hub of the canto is felt by most readers to be Onegin's visit to Tatiana in the spring of 1825, a set of ten stanzas occupying the entire end of the chapter except for three stanzas formally closing the novel with final farewells addressed by the author to his characters and to his readers. Pushkin himself, however, saw the main part of the chapter in the set of twenty-seven stanzas (VI-XXXII) devoted to a picture of high-life society in St. Petersburg (in the autumn of 1824 by the calendar of the novel), interrupted by reflections on Onegin's arrival in St. Petersburg after three years of travel and on Tatiana's metamorphosis from provincial miss to fashionable lady: she has been married to Prince N. since 1822 (we recall that she made his acquaintance in Moscow at the end of Chapter Seven). This set of beau-monde stanzas culminates in "Onegin's Letter," which is followed by a description of Onegin's

solitary hibernation from the beginning of November, 1824, to sometime in April, 1825, when he dashes off to visit Tatiana. All this rather intricate pattern of situations and events is prefaced by a set of six stanzas (I-VI) in which Pushkin's Muse is the main character.

Development of Themes in Eight

I-V: The subject matter of these first stanzas is not so much biographical as bibliographical. Pushkin introduces a new female character, his Muse, and narrates his relations with her—his juvenile inspirations at school, Derzhavin's "blessing" (in 1817), and his young turbulent songs at feasts (1817-20). In 1820 she follows Pushkin to the Caucasus and the Crimea (the literary allusions in Eight: IV are to his romantic poems The Caucasian Captive and The Fountain of Bahchisaray, referred to earlier in One: LVII). In Eight: v she follows the poet to Moldavia, where the allusion (1-q) is to a third narrative poem, The Gypsies, and at the end of the stanza she appears as Tatiana's metaphysical cousin, the spirit of the present novel, a pensive provincial miss, in the poet's garden, in the province of Pskov. We recall that, very briefly, she guided us to Onegin's park and castle in Seven: v.

VI-VII: Finally, he brings her to a fashionable gathering in St. Petersburg, and this is the transition to a continuation of the novel. The rhetorical question, "But who's that standing in the chosen throng?" (VII: 5), leads to Onegin's reappearance in the novel.

VIII—XI: This is a set of didactic stanzas, of which VIII and IX continue the rhetorical-question intonations of VII: 5-14 and represent a kind of double-talk device: oblique and unspecified references to Onegin's oddities, feigned or otherwise. The technical purpose is to have Onegin win the reader's sympathy (jeopardized by the duel) and to lend additional interest to the drama that is

going to develop in this chapter. Sts. X and XI shift to a series of philosophizings on the routine happiness of average natures (X) and the misery of disillusioned and nonconforming minds (XI).

XII-XIII: The transition to Onegin is complete. The rhetorical formula here is "let me take him up again" (XII: 8), following a professional remark about Pushkin's own Demon, a short poem treating of the spirit of cynicism and negation. These two stanzas inform us of Onegin's life between the day of the duel, Jan. 14, 1821, and the present time, autumn, 1824. We learn that he was twenty-six years of age in 1821, when, soon after the duel, he set out on a long journey. (This journey was to form a special chapter, but Pushkin published only a few fragments of it in an appendix to the novel. We learn from those fragments that Onegin, between 1821 and 1824, visited Moscow, Novgorod, the Volga region, the Caucasus, the Crimea, and, judging by additional MS stanzas, Odessa, where in 1823-24 he met his old friend Pushkin.) Now, in Eight: XIII, Onegin finds himself suddenly at a St. Petersburg ball.

XIV—XVI: 5: A rhetorical formula, "But lo!" leads to the next scene. Pushkin and his Muse see Princess N. as she enters the ballroom, followed by an imposing general, her husband (XIV: 1–4). Onegin, absorbed in bitter thought, does not see her enter. The subdued grace of her manner is described, and there are two professional asides: in the first aside (XIV: 13–14) Pushkin begs the pardon of Shishkov, champion of Slavisms, for employing the French term comme il faut, and in the second aside (XV: 14–XVI: 5) he humorously invokes his inability to translate the English term "vulgar" (and implies the possibility of playing on the name of a detested critic, Bulgarin-Vulgarin).

XVI: The rhetorical transition, "But to our lady let me turn," leads to the following situation: Tatiana has sat

down next to a glamorous lady of fashion, who, however, cannot eclipse her. Her husband has gone over to the group where Onegin stands. Only now, from afar, does Onegin see the lady, and he notices her baffling resemblance to Tatiana.

XVII-XVIII: Onegin now turns to an old friend and kinsman, whom he has not seen since 1820, and inquires about the lady in the *framboise* beret now conversing with the Spanish ambassador. The friend is no other than the imposing general, Prince N., who had come in with Tatiana. In the course of a dialogue (XVII: 8-XVIII: 5) the identity of the lady, now Princess N., is settled, and Onegin meets her again.

XIX-XX: Her cold demeanor and her emotions are described.

XXI: Next morning he receives an invitation from Prince N. to a soirce and is perturbed.

XXII: Onegin can hardly wait till 10:00 P.M. The theme of her calm behavior and his perturbed mood is continued.

XXIII-XXVI: Here comes a set of four stanzas devoted to the high-life salon of Princess N. It is the weakest part of the chapter.

XXVII—XXXII: "But my Onegin"—the rhetorical formula leads to a sequence of reflections and actions that culminate in Onegin's writing Tatiana a love letter. Sts. XXVII—XXIX belong to the didactic philosophizing order, and the seasonal metaphors with which XXIX is crammed are repetitious and conventional. Sts. XXX—XXXI deal with Onegin's dogged but unsuccessful pursuit of Tatiana; and XXXII introduces his letter to her, with the formula "You have here his letter word for word," reminding us of the introductions to Tatiana's letter and to Lenski's last elegy.

"Onegin's Letter": This epistle is based on French literary models. It is also a kind of mirror image of Ta-

tiana's letter of four years before. The roles are reversed. Onegin's letter ends with a phrase similar to that with which her letter began. It is now he who must submit to her will.

XXXIII: 1-4: "There is no answer." This is a revenge-ful echo of Tatiana's former torments (Three: XXXVI: 1-4).

XXXIII: 5-XXXIV: 4: Yet another glimpse of Tatiana in the world of fashion is marked on Onegin's part by the wishful reflection (providing an interstrophic enjambment) that fear of exposure might be lurking behind the severity of her countenance.

XXXIV: 5-XXXVIII: This is the marvelous description of Onegin's seclusion during the winter of 1824. The theme of chondria, which we remember from One: XXXVIII and LIV; the theme of "locking oneself up and reading," which was dealt with in One: XLIV; and the theme of writing, which was treated in connection with verse in One: VII: 1-4 and in connection with prose in One: XLIII: 7-14—all these themes of Chapter One are now given new life and are modulated in a new key. A delightful autobiographical and professional aside follows the list of authors in XXXV, Pushkin recalling the compliments of critics in 1824—25 and contrasting that praise with the way they now (1830) disparage his writings. Sts. XXXVI—XXXVII depicting Onegin's hallucinations are the greatest in the entire novel.

XXXIX—XL: 1: "Days rushed." This temporal transition takes us to the April day in 1825 when Onegin, in a frenzy of bizarre haste, drives unbidden to the house of Princess N. The enjambment from stanza to stanza beautifully repeats the run-on in the passage of Three (XXXVIII—XXXIX), in which it was Tatiana who made the dash. That garden, those shadows of leaves, that avenue of limes, will presently arise again, in retrospective evocation.

XL-XLI: As in a fairy tale, door after door magically opens, and magically he finds Tatiana in her boudoir rereading his letter of October, 1824.

XLII—XLVIII: 6: This last scene between them contains her monologue (XLII: 8—XLVII), which echoes his sermon in Four. Tatiana's emotion is artistically rendered by the spasmodic enjambments from verse to verse, with pauses within the lines. Tatiana concludes her speech with the words, "I love you... but to another I belong: to him I shall be faithful all my life." The first six lines of XLVIII represent the end of the story: Tatiana leaves the room, Onegin stands alone, and the clink of the husband's spurs is heard—upon which Pushkin abandons his hero forever.

In XLIX he bids his readers farewell, in L he takes leave of his book, and in LI he recalls old friends and concludes this epilogue with the rhetorical remark:

Blest... who never read life's novel to the end and all at once could part with it as I with my Onegin.

PUSHKIN'S NOTES AND "ONEGIN'S JOURNEY"

A set of forty-four authorial notes and passages from Onegin's Journey, in seventeen complete and four incomplete stanzas, with some brief comments to them, represent an additional small structure unattached compositionally to the main body of the novel. Editors are tempted to fill the gaps in the Journey with a number of MS stanzas that belong to it, but if this temptation is yielded to, then, naturally, all of the dropped stanzas must also be added to the text of the eight preceding chapters. I have collected and translated all the canceled material I could find in Russian editions, but I keep it strictly separate from the established text of the editio

optima (1837). From many points of view, historical and human, psychological and philosophical, the omitted verses are of tremendous interest, and some of them rival, and perhaps surpass, the greatest passages in the established text. As Pushkin's historian, I gloat over them. As a fellow writer, I deplore the existence of many trivial scribblings, stillborn drafts, and vague variants that Pushkin should have destroyed. In a number of instances an omitted line, the place of which seems still warm and throbbing in the established text, explains or amplifies something of great artistic value, but I insist that these specious additions should be discounted in our judgment of EO as Pushkin published it. In a few instances we feel dreadfully certain that only the grotesque requirements of a despotic regime forced our poet to delete passages, to alter lines of development, to abolish whole sets of marvelous stanzas; but we are also aware that if today, in modern Russia, discarded stanzas such as the fragment of "Chapter Ten" are affixed by editors to the established text this is done under the pressure of an even more despotic and grotesque regime. We are acutely conscious of the fact that a living author's work may be published in a form he would have objected to under conditions of political freedom. And still the established text must stand. Indeed, there would be scarcely one masterpiece left untampered with and unchanged from beginning to end if we started to republish a dead author's works in the form we think he might have wished them to appear and endure.

The Genesis of "Eugene Onegin"

Without a direct personal study of the EO manuscripts, wherein Pushkin had the good habit of dating the stages of his work (besides leaving other invaluable marginalia), I cannot hope to describe the process of composition of EO in a way that would satisfy me. I have studied all the published photographs of the drafts; but these are few, and until reproductions of all Pushkin's manuscripts are printed (as advocated by Pushkinists fifty years ago) I have to rely on the writings of those who have glimpsed them. For the following rather vague account I have consulted G. Vinokur (Works 1936), B. Tomashevski (Acad 1937, 1949), and M. Tsyavlovski (*Letopis*', 1951). The most careful and cautious work is Tomashevski's. I have ignored the hopelessly unreliable data published before 1936, as well as the worthless compilations (such as N. Brodski's, 1950, or D. Chizhevski's, 1953) that added their own blunders to those of their obsolete sources.

Pushkin's work on EO went on, with intermissions, for more than eight years: from May 9, 1823, to Oct. 5, 1831, in Kishinev (Bessarabia), Odessa, Mihaylovskoe (Nadezhda Pushkin's estate near Opochka, in the prov-

ince of Pskov), Moscow, Petersburg, Malinniki and Pavlovskoe (estates belonging to Praskovia Osipov and Pavel Vulf, respectively, near Torzhok, in the province of Tver), Boldino (Sergey Pushkin's estate near Lukoyanov, in the province of Nizhni Novgorod), and Tsarskoe Selo (near Petersburg).

In a broad sense it can be said that Pushkin's preoccupation with EO lasted longer (1822-35) than the span of life actually devoted to its composition (1823-31). As early as 1822, Pushkin was contemplating a long poem, Tauris (based on his Crimean impressions of 1820), in which, judging by the fragments that have been preserved, certain lyrical themes were conceived that he incorporated later in EO. As late as mid-September, 1835, in the last and least productive of his Mihaylovskoe autumns, we find our poet toying with a continuation of EO (see vol. 3, p. 376). And in summation of Onegiana we should ponder the following passage from a letter our poet wrote on Nov. 10, 1836 (only eighty days before his death), to Prince N. Golitsin: "Oue je vous envie votre beau climat de Crimée.... C'est le berceau de mon Onegin, et vous aurez sûrement reconnu certains personnages." One wonders whom Pushkin meant.

The first batch of stanzas was composed between May 9 and 28, 1823, in Kishinev. For his drafts Pushkin used a large notebook bound in black morocco and stamped with the letters OV within a Masonic triangle. This ledger (now numbered 2369) was among a number of other unused ones, originally designed for bookkeeping, that Pushkin, a Mason since May 4, 1821, was given on May 27, 1822, by one Nikolay Alekseev, treasurer of the Kishinev lodge "Ovid," after it was disbanded, in common with other "secret associations," by governmental decree on Dec. 9, 1821. The present numbers of the cahiers, listed in the order of Pushkin's use of them, are

2369, 2370, 2368; they are full of these and other drafts, short and long poems, letters, pen drawings, and so forth. I cannot make out from published material whether the rest of Pushkin's notebooks containing EO's drafts, Cahiers 2371 and 2382, also stemmed from the "Ovid" lodge storeroom. Vulf, in his diary (entry of Sept. 16, 1827), speaks of two black morocco cahiers: "On the larger one I noticed a half-effaced Masonic triangle." According to him, the smaller book (cover unmarked) contained the beginning of the historical novel about Pushkin's African ancestor (App. I, vol. 3, p. 396).

The first stanza in the draft of EO (2369) is headed "May 9," with the numeral portentously shaped. It was one of Pushkin's fatidic days, the anniversary of his expulsion from the province of St. Petersburg three years before (in a diary he kept in Kishinev the entry under May 9, 1821, reads: "It is now exactly one year since I left Petersburg"). It is curious that on the very day that our poet started to compose EO his lifelong friend and protector, Aleksandr Turgenev, * wrote from St. Petersburg to Vyazemski (see n. to Chapter One: Motto) that Count Vorontsov had just been made Governor General of New Russia and Bessarabia and that he (Turgenev) hoped Pushkin would be transferred to Vorontsov's headquarters in Odessa.

I have studied a reproduction of Pushkin's draft of the first stanza, and (as was conclusively shown in 1910 by P. Shchyogolev†) the initial date should be taken to be "May 9," not "May 28 [as written below it, with both words underscored] at night." Furthermore, Pushkin himself in his recapitulation (Sept. 26, 1830) noted that he had begun EO on May 9, 1823.

At least eight stanzas (probably more) were ready by

^{*}Jurist and historian (1784–1845), Director of the Department of Foreign Faiths.

[†]In P. i ego sovr., XIII, 165.

the time Pushkin moved to Odessa (at the beginning of July, 1823), where, by Sept. 5, he had written sts. I—XVII and XX—XXII. By the second week of September he had reached XXXI. Except for three stanzas, he finished Chapter One on Oct. 22, 1823 (and went on straight to Chapter Two). St. XXXIII was written (partly with the aid of the two-year-old draft of another composition) probably in the first half of June, 1824, in Odessa; he copied it out in the last days of September at Mihaylovskoe and added XVIII and XIX in the first week of October, 1824.

Chapter Two took him less than two months to compose. By Nov. 3, 1823, he had written seventeen stanzas, and by Dec. 1 ten more. The next batch, eleven stanzas, were composed in a week, and by Dec. 8, 1823, he had finished the chapter except for XL and XXXV, which he added sometime in the course of the next three months.

January, 1824, was marked by an intermission devoted to another poem (The Gypsies). Sts. I-XXXI (except xxv, added Sept. 25, 1824) of Chapter Three and, I think, "Tatiana's Letter" were composed in the spring of 1824, from Feb. 8 to May 31, in Odessa. On the back of a letter, dated June 13, we find the already-mentioned One: XXXIII (the complicated history of which is discussed in my notes to that stanza). Personal troubles and his official banishment to the familial estate in the province of Pskov (he left Odessa July 31 and arrived in Mihaylovskoe Aug. 9, 1824) were responsible for another interruption. He resumed the writing of EO (presumably at Three: XXXII) only on Sept. 5, 1824, in Mihaylovskoe (where he was to remain confined for two years), and finished the canto (with the exception of XXXVI, added later) on Oct. 2, 1824.

Sometime during that month he went on to Chapter Four. By the end of 1824 he had written twenty-three stanzas of it, and he reached XXVII by Jan. 5, 1825. Then, turning to his Odessa recollections, he composed the

stanzas that much later were to become a part of Onegin's Journey (XX-XXIX). Other compositions (such as the drama Boris Godunov) intervened. By Sept. 12, 1825, he had given what he then thought was its final form to his first concept of Chapter Four, but then he rearranged it, omitting and adding stanzas, and had Chapter Four completely ready only by the first week of 1826.

He began Chapter Five on Jan. 4, 1826, and seems to have had at least twenty-four stanzas of Chapter Five ready when he set out for Moscow on Sept. 4, 1826, for his crucial conversation with the new tsar. Back at Mihaylovskoe by Nov. 2, he completed the chapter in a week's time (Nov. 15–22, 1826).

The MS of Chapter Six is lost; most of it seems to have been ready by the beginning of December, 1826, before he returned from Mihaylovskoe to Moscow (Dec. 19). He seems to have written a large part of it on Nov. 22–25, 1826. On Aug. 10, 1826 (or 1827), he composed sts. LIII–LV.

The composing and reshuffling of Chapter Seven (which was to include, tentatively, "Onegin's Album" and, still more tentatively, a description of Onegin's travels) gave Pushkin a lot of trouble. He began it during his next stay at Mihaylovskoe (July-October, 1827), after which he lived in Petersburg (from mid-October, 1827, to Oct. 19, 1828), where, by Feb. 19, 1828, he had a dozen stanzas ready and, by April 5, was working on the "Album" interpolation. In the small hours of Oct. 20, after a Lyceum reunion, he left for Malinniki and there completed Chapter Seven, making a fair copy of it (lost except for the two last stanzas; PD 157) on Nov. 4, 1828.

Upon returning to Moscow from a trip to the Caucasus in the summer of 1829, where he refreshed his impressions of 1820, he finished, on Oct. 2, 1829, five stanzas with which he intended to begin Onegin's Journey (i.e., "Chapter Eight"), but which later were either

scrapped or assigned to the final Chapter Eight, becoming X, XI, and XII of the latter. He worked on it in mid-October, 1829, at Pavlovskoe and finished *Onegin's Journey* (which includes the Odessa stanzas composed more than five years earlier) at Boldino, the last batch of five being dated Sept. 18, 1830.

The chapter (now Eight) that at the time he regarded as "Nine" (to follow "Chapter Eight," i.e., Onegin's Journey) had been begun on Christmas Eve, 1829, in Petersburg. In August, 1830, he went to Boldino, where a God-sent epidemic of cholera kept him marooned for three months, during which he wrote a miraculous number of masterpieces. He finished copying out Eight (then "Chapter Nine") there on Sept. 25, 1830. Next day he summed up his work on EO in a celebrated page of jottings (PD 129; facsimile facing p. 248 in the collection Rukoyu Pushkina, 1935; deletions given in $\langle \rangle$; Pushkin underscored the deleted titles, here printed in italic):

Onegin

Part First	Foreword
1 canto	$\langle Hypochondria \rangle$ * Kishinev, Odessa
II ——	(The Poet) Odessa 1824
ш —	⟨The Damsel⟩+ Odessa. Mih[aylovskoe].
	1824
Part Second	
IV canto	⟨The Countryside⟩ Mihaylov. 1825
v ——	$\langle The \ Name \ Day \rangle \ddagger Mih. \ 1825 \ 1826$
vi	$\langle The Duel \rangle$ Mih. 1826
Part Third	
VII canto	(Moscow) Mih. P[eters].B[urg]. Malinn-
	[iki]. 1827. [182]8

^{*}The titles are struck out with a vertical slash from "Hypochondria," to "The Grand Monde." +Barishnya, the "young lady," the "miss," la demoiselle.

Before writing the word *Imenini*, "The Name Day," Pushkin began to write *Pra*, or *Pro*, which may have been meant as *Prazdnik*, "Fete," or *Prorochestvo*, "Prophecy."

VIII canto \(\langle The Wandering \rangle * Mosc[ow]. \\
Pavl[ovskoe]. 1829 Bold[ino]. \\
IX \(\text{The Grand Monde} \) Bold[ino].

Notes

1823 9 May Kishinev-1830 25 Sep. Boldino

26 Sep. AP [A. Pushkin]

To live it hurries and to feel it hastes†
A. P.‡

P[rince]. V[yazemski].

7 ye[ars]. 4 mo[nths]. 17 d[ays].

Another set of autograph dates—those on the copy (PD 173) of the 1833 edition of EO presented by Pushkin to Baroness Evpraksia Vrevski on Sept. 22, 1833—reads:

Chapter One: was written in Kishinev and Odessa,

1823

" Two: Written in Odessa in 1823 and 24

Three: Written in 1824 in Odessa and

Mihaylovskoe

" Four: In Mihayl. in 1825

Five: in Mih. in 1826

" Six: in Mih. 1826

" Seven: in Mih. and in P[eters]B[urg], 1827

and 1828

" Eight: In Boldino, 1830

^{*}I translate *Stranstvie* (the word here) as "Wandering" and *Puteshestvie* (the word used by Pushkin later for this chapter) as "Journey."

[†] I zhit' toropitsya i chuvstvovat' speshit. The first word is made out of a Russian capital P. I suggest that Pushkin started to write the preceding line, Po zhizni, "O'er life."

[‡]I further suggest that Pushkin wrote his initials here in order to mark the French motto (which became the master motto), of which he was the author. The initials under the Russian motto (which became the chapter motto) are "K[nyaz']. V[yazemskiy]" in the original.

The Genesis of "Eugene Onegin"

In October, 1830, in Boldino, Pushkin composed at least eighteen stanzas of what was to be a tenth chapter, soon canceled. In Tsarskoe Selo, in the summer of 1831, he revised and completed Chapter Eight, and on Oct. 5, 1831, he composed "Onegin's Letter"; the remnants of Onegin's Journey were removed to an appendix.

Pushkin on "Eugene Onegin"

Pushkin's epistolary references to his work on EO are considerably more frequent in 1824–25 than in 1823 or 1826–31. Regarding the complete editions of 1833 and 1837 there reigns a rather eerie silence in his correspondence. In the following notes I have covered the ground prior to the publication of Chapter One fairly completely. Other excerpts will be found in the Commentary.

The first mention is in a letter from Odessa to the man who is alluded to or mentioned four times in the complete edition of EO, the poet and critic Prince Pyotr Vyazemski, who lived mainly in Moscow, near which he had a large estate (Ostafievo). The letter is dated Nov. 4, 1823. By that time (half a year after starting EO) Chapter One and at least seventeen stanzas of Two had been completed. The relevant passage reads: "As to my occupations, I am writing now—not a novel—but a novel in verse—a deuced difference [or "a devil of a difference," d'yavol'skaya raznitsa, une diable de différence]." Pushkin repeats the same expression in another connection, when writing to Vyazemski, on Dec. 13, 1825, from Mihaylovskoe, that his friends prevent him from com-

plaining about his banishment "not in verse but in prose—a deuced difference." The passage continues:

It is in the genre of Don Juan [Byron's poem, the first five cantos of which Pushkin had read in Pichot's French prose]. Publication is unthinkable. I write without restraining myself [spustya rukava, an idiom that connotes otherwise a careless manner]. Our censorship is so whimsical that it is impossible to shape a course of action—better not to think about it at all.

(In the draft of the letter: "The first canto or chapter is finished—I shall send it to you. I write it with rapture, which has not happened to me in a long time.")

On Nov. 16 of the same year, 1823, he writes from Odessa to St. Petersburg to the poet Baron Anton Delvig, an old schoolmate of his, thus:

I am now writing a new poema ["long poem," "narrative poem"], in which I permit myself to babble beyond all limits. Biryukov [the censor] shall not see it because he is a fie-baby, a capricious child. God knows when we shall read it together.

On Dec. 1, 1823, from Odessa, to Aleksandr Turgenev in St. Petersburg:

I, in my leisure hours, am writing a new poema, Eugene Onegin, wherein I choke on my bile. Two cantos are now ready.

From Odessa to St. Petersburg, in the second part of January or the beginning of February, 1824, to his brother Lev Pushkin:

Perhaps I shall send Delvig excerpts from Onegin—it is my best work. Do not believe Nikolay Raevski, who berates it: he expected Romanticism from me, found Satire and Cynicism, and did not make out sufficiently [what it was all about].

From Odessa to St. Petersburg, Feb. 8, 1824, to the writer Aleksandr Bestuzhev-Marlinski:

As to [printing] my poema, no use thinking of it. [After this in the draft of the letter: "Its stanzas are perhaps

even more licentious (vol'nee) than those of Don Juan."] If it is to be published, this surely will be not in Moscow and not in St. Petersburg.

From Odessa to Moscow, at the beginning of April, 1824, to Vyazemski:

Slyonin [a publisher] offers me as much as I want for Onegin. What say you about Russia—verily she is in Europe, and I thought it was a mistake of the geographers. The obstacle is censorship, and this to me is no joking matter, for it is the question of my future fate, of the independence I need. In order to publish Onegin I am ready to . . . [my prudish Soviet sources expurgate an obscene phrase and a lewd proverb, which I cannot reconstruct exactly]. Anyway, I am ready to hang myself if necessary.

In a letter (intercepted by the police and known only from a fragment), written in Odessa, presumably in early May, 1824, and addressed, perhaps, to the poet Küchelbecker, a Lyceum schoolmate: "I am writing the motley strophes of a romantic poem" (romanticheskoy poemi, "poème romantique," as Pichot translated Byron's term "romaunt," in Childe-Harold, 1822; Œuvres de Lord Byron, 4th edn., vol. II).

From Odessa to Moscow, June 7, 1824, to Vyazemski: I shall send you with your wife* the first canto of *Onegin*. Mayhap [avos'] the cabinet change† will lead to its getting published.

From Odessa to St. Petersburg, June 13, 1824, to Lev Pushkin:

I shall attempt to knock at the holy gate of the censorship with the first chapter or canto of *Onegin*. Mayhap we may wriggle through. You demand of me details anent *Onegin*. The matter bores me, my dear old fellow.

^{*}Vera Vyazemski, who had arrived that day and was to spend three months in Odessa; actually, Pushkin left before she did. †Admiral Aleksandr Shishkov, a man of letters, had replaced Prince A. Golitsin as Minister of Public Education, which post he was to occupy till 1828.

Another time. I am not writing anything now—have worries of a different kind.

(Pushkin had quarreled with Count Vorontsov, the Governor of New Russia, to whose chancery he was attached.)

From Odessa to Moscow, June 29, 1824, to Bestuzhev-Marlinski:

My Onegin is growing;* yet the devil knows who will publish it; I thought censorship had become more intelligent under Shishkov but now I see that under the old [some kind of slip here] everything remains as of old.

From Odessa to St. Petersburg, July 14, 1824, to A. Turgenev:

Knowing your ancient affection for the pranks of my outcast Muse, I was about to send you several stanzas of my *Onegin* but was too lazy to do so. I do not know if they will let my poor *Onegin* into the Heavenly Kingdom of Publication; in any case I will try.

A fortnight later Pushkin was expelled from Odessa to his mother's country estate, Mihaylovskoe, in the province of Pskov. From there, in the autumn of 1824, he dispatched Chapter One of EO with Lev Pushkin to Pletnyov in St. Petersburg for publication. In my Commentary, I quote the accompanying letter as well as some other letters of that period.

On Jan. 25, 1825, from Mihaylovskoe, in a letter to the poet Kondratiy Rileev in St. Petersburg, he complains about Bestuzhev-Marlinski's not understanding EO, of which he had seen the Chapter One transcript: Bestuzhev writes me a lot about Onegin. Tell him he is wrong: does he really want to banish from the domain of poetry all that is light and gay? Whither then should satires and comedies go? In result, one would have to abolish Orlando furioso [by Ariosto] and Gudibras [Hudibras, by Samuel Butler], and the Pucelle [by Voltaire], and Ver-ver [Vert-Vert, by Gresset], and Renike-

^{*}Which surely means that Pushkin had been continuing Chapter Three, after his gloomy letter of June 13.

fuks [Reineke Fuchs, by Goethe], and the best part of Little Psyche [by Bogdanovich] and the tales [Contes] of La Fontaine, and Krïlov's fables, etc., etc., etc., etc., this is rather strict. Pictures of society life also enter the domain of poetry; but enough of Onegin.

To Bestuzhev in St. Petersburg he writes from Mihaylovskoe on Mar. 24, 1825:

Your letter is very clever, but still you are wrong, still you regard Onegin from the wrong point of view, still it is my best work. You compare the first chapter with Don Juan. None esteems Don Juan (its first five cantos [in Pichot's French I—I have not read the rest) more than I, but it has nothing in common with Onegin. You speak of a satire by an Englishman, Byron, and you compare it with mine, and demand one like it from me! No, my dear old fellow, you ask too much. Where do I have a satire? There is not the ghost of it in Eugene Onegin. With me, the embankment would crack [idiom for, say, "the earth would rumble" if I touched satire. The very word "satirical" should not have occurred in my preface. Wait till you see the other cantos. Ah, if only I could lure you to Mihaylovskoe! You would see that if one really must compare Onegin with Don Juan it should be done in one respect only: who is more winsome and more charming, gracieuse [Fr.], Tatiana or Julia? Canto One is merely a rapid introduction, and I am pleased with it (which very seldom happens to me).

Vyazemski, as already mentioned, was Pushkin's first correspondent to learn of EO (Nov. 4, 1823). At the end of March, 1825, from Mihaylovskoe, our poet informs his old friend (whom by now he has not seen for more than five years) that he is doing something quite special for him—copying out Chapter Two:

I wish it might help to make you smile.* This is the first time a reader's smile me sourit (pardon this platitude:

^{*}Vyazemski had just lost a child, little Nikolay, and had been seriously ill himself; it is curious to note that in a kind of poetical compensation Vyazemski cheers up Tatiana in the imaginary Moscow of Chapter Seven.

'tis in the blood).* Meantime, be grateful to me—never in my life have I copied out anything.

This is followed up by a letter of Apr. 7, "the anniversary of Byron's death," in which Pushkin, from Mihaylovskoe, informs Vyazemski that he has had the village pope sing a Requiem Mass for God's slave, boyarin Georgiy, complete with an apportioned piece of blessed bread, prosvira, which he sends Vyazemski, also a great admirer of Pichot's author. "I am transcribing Onegin. He too will soon reach you."

With Delvig, who visited him in Mihaylovskoe in mid-April, 1825, Pushkin sent this MS copy of Chapter Two to Vyazemski, "made for you and only for you" (letter to Vyazemski of c. Apr. 20). Delvig took it to Petersburg; Vyazemski was expected to come there from Moscow, but his arrival was postponed. Throughout May Chapter Two was eagerly read by Pushkin's and Delvig's literary friends, and the MS ("only for you") reached Vyazemski in Moscow only in the first week of June. To him Pushkin wrote from Mihaylovskoe a year later (May 27, 1826):

If the new tsar [Nicholas I] grants me my freedom, I will not stay [in Russia] another month. We live in a sorry era, but when I imagine London, railroads, steamships, the English reviews or the theaters and bordellos of Paris—then my Mihaylovskoe backwoods make me sick and mad. In Canto Four of *Onegin* I have depicted my life [at Mihaylovskoe].

In a letter to Vyazemski, dated Dec. 1, 1826, from an inn in Pskov, where he stopped for a few days on his way to Moscow, after a sojourn of three weeks at Mihaylovskoe, Pushkin says of this same Canto Four: "In Pskov, instead of writing Chapter Seven of *Onegin*, I go and lose Chapter Four at stuss—which is not funny."

^{*}Both Pushkin's father and uncle, Vasiliy Pushkin, were incorrigible punsters.

The Publication of "Eugene Onegin"

Note: The place of publication is St. Petersburg unless otherwise indicated. Except in the titles of separate printings, *Eugene Onegin* is abbreviated as *EO*, and Aleksandr Pushkin as AP.

- (1) Mar. 3, (O.S.), 1824.
 - One: xx: 5-14, quoted by Fadey Bulgarin in the section "Literary News" in *Literaturnïe listki* (Literary Leaflets), no. 4 (Mar. 3, 1824), 148-49.
- (2) Last week of December, 1824.
 - Two: VII: 1-8, VIII: 1-9, IX-X: 1-12, published as "Passages from EO, a long poem by AP," in Baron Anton Delvig's annual anthology (al'manah), Severnïe tsvetï (Northern Flowers; 1825), pp. 280-81.
- (3) Feb. 16, 1825; first separate edition of Chapter One. *Evgeniy Onegin*... In the printing shop of the Department of Public Education, 1825.
 - 12°. xxiv+60 pp. Contents: i, half title; iii, title; iv, permission to print; v, dedication to Lev Pushkin; vii—viii, foreword; ix, divisional title of "Conversation of Bookseller with Poet"; xi—xxii, text of "Conversa-

tion...," 192 ll. in iambic tetrameter and one eightword line of prose; xxiii, divisional title; xxiv, motto, "Pétri de vanité..."; 1–49, text, sts. I–VIII, X–XII, XV–XXXVIII, XLII–LX; 51–59, nn.; 60, erratum and note, "NB. All the omissions in this work, marked by dots, have been made by the author himself."

(4) Apr. 7, 1826.

Two: xxiv-xxix: 1-12, xxxvii-xL; printed as "Passages from the Second Canto of EO, a long poem by AP," in the poetry section of Delvig's Northern Flowers (1826), pp. 56-62.

(5) C. Oct. 20, 1826; first separate edition of Chapter Two. Evgeniy Onegin... Moscow: In the printing shop of Avgust Semen, at the Imperial Medicochirurgical Academy, 1826.

12°. 42 pp. Contents: 1, half title; 3, title; 4, permission to print, "September 27, 1826. This book was inspected by the associate [ekstraordinarniy] professor, civil servant of the 7th rank [nadvorniy sovetnik] and knight [kavaler], Ivan Snegiryov"; * 5, divisional title with note, "Written in 1823"; 6, motto, "O rus!... Hor."; 7–42, text, sts. I–VIII: 1–8, IX–XXXV: 1–4 and 12–14, XXXVI–XL.

On the paper wrapper is engraved a small stylized nymphalid butterfly, with half-closed wings and oversized abdomen, in profile.

(6) Mar. 19, 1827.

Seven: xx-xxx: 1 ["Onegin's Journey"]; published as "Odessa (From the Seventh Chapter of EO)"; unsigned; in *Moskovskiy vestnik* (Moscow Herald), pt. 2, no. 6 (Mar. 19, 1827), pp. 113–18.

(7a) C. Mar. 25, 1827.

"Tatiana's Letter (From the Third Canto of EO),"

^{*}See n. to Two: xxxv:10.

79 ll.; signed; in Delvig's Northern Flowers (1827), pp. 221-24.

(7b) Same as 7a.

Three: xVII-xx; printed as "A passage from the Third Chapter of EO. The night conversation between Tatiana and the nurse"; signed; in the same publication as 7a, pp. 282-84.

(8) C. Oct. 10, 1827; first separate edition of Chapter Three.

Evgeniy Onegin . . . In the printing shop of the Department of Public Education, 1827.

12°. 52 pp. Contents: 1, half title; 3, title; 4, "With the permission of the Government"; 5, "The first chapter of EO, written in 1823, came out in 1825. Two years later, the second was published. This slowness proceeded from extrinsic circumstances. Henceforth publication will follow an uninterrupted order, one chapter coming immediately after another"; 7, divisional title; 8, motto, Elle était fille . . . "; 9–51, text, sts. I–III: 1–8, IV–XXXI, "Tatiana's Letter to Onegin" (79 ll.), XXXII–XXXIX, "The Song of the Girls" (18 trochaic ll.), XL–XLI.

(9) Last week of October, 1827.

Four: I-IV, published as "Women. A passage from EO"; signed; in *Moskovskiy vestnik*, pt. 5, no. 20 (Oct., 1827), pp. 365-67.

(10) Jan. 9-18, 1828.

Seven: XXXV-LIII, published as "Moscow (From EO)"; signed; text preceded by the three mottoes to Seven (see no. 19 below); in Moskovskiy vestnik, pt. 7, no. 1 (Jan. 9–18, 1828), pp. 5–12.

(11) Jan. 31-Feb. 2, 1828; first separate edition of Chapters Four and Five.

Evgeniy Onegin... In the printing shop of the Department of Public Education, 1828.

12°. 94 pp. Contents: 1, half title; 3, title; 4, "With the permission of the Government"; 5, "Petru Aleksandrovichu Pletnyovu"; 7, dedication, "Not thinking to amuse... December 29, 1827"; 9, divisional title for Four; 10, motto, "La morale est..."; 11–50, text of Four: VII—XXXVII: 1–13, XXXIX—LI; 51, divisional title for Five; 52, motto, "Never know these frightful dreams..."; 53–92, text of Five: I—XLII, XLIII: 5–14, XLIV—XLV; 93, "Note. In the 13th verse of p. 48 [Four: L:7] the misprinted zaveti [the precepts] should be zevoti [of yawning]."

(12) Feb. 1, 1828.

Four: XXVII—XXX, published as "Albums (From the Fourth Chapter of EO)"; signed; in *Moskovskiy vestnik*, pt. 7, no. 2 (Feb. 1, 1828), pp. 148–50.

(13) Feb. 9, 1828.

Seven: same stanzas as no. 10 above, prefaced by the three mottoes, published as "Moscow (From EO)"; in Severnaya pchela (Northern Bee), no. 17 (Feb. 9, 1828), pp. 3–4. Footnote to the title: "This fragment was printed in a magazine with unseemly mistakes. By the wish of the esteemed Author, we insert it in the Northern Bee with corrections. The iteration of A. S. Pushkin's verses (N.B. with his permission) can never be superfluous. Ed. [Fadey Bulgarin]."

(14) Mar. 23, 1828; first separate edition of Chapter Six. *Evgeniy Onegin*... In the printing shop of the Department of Public Education, 1828.

12°. 48 pp. Contents: 1, half title; 3, title; 4, "With the permission of the Government"; 5, divisional title; 6, motto, "Là sotto giorni . . ."; 7–46, text, I–XIV, XVII–XXXVII, XXXIX–XLVII; 46–48, "Note. In the course of the publication of Part First of *EO* [at the time this meant Chapters One to Five] there have crept into it several

(15) C. Jan. 20, 1829.

Passages from EO reprinted as legends to six engravings by Aleksandr Notbek, purporting to illustrate scenes from EO,* as follows: One: XLVIII: 5-12, Two: XII, Three: XXXII, Four: XLIV: 9-14, Five: IX: 1-8, and Six: XLI: 5-14; published by Egor Aladyin in Nevskiy al'manah (Nevski Almanac, 1829), pp. v-x.

(16) Mar. 27–28, 1829; second separate edition of Chapter One.

Evgeniy Onegin... In the printing shop of the Department of Public Education, 1829.

12°. xxiv+60 pp. Contents as in no. 3 above, except that p. 60 is blank and its erratum and author's note do not appear.

(17) Last week of December, 1829.

Seven: I—IV, published as "A Passage from the Seventh Chapter of EO"; signed; in the poetry section of Delvig's Northern Flowers (1830), pp. 4–6.

(18) Jan. 1, 1830.

Eight: XVI—XIX: 1-10, published as "A Passage from the Eighth Chapter of EO" ["Onegin's Journey"]; signed; in Delvig's Literaturnaya gazeta (Literary Gazette), vol. I, no. 1 (Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1830), pp. 2-3.

^{*}See n. to One : XLVIII : 2.

(19) Mar. 18–19, 1830; first separate edition of Chapter Seven.

Evgeniy Onegin... In the printing shop of the Department of Public Education, 1830.

- 12°. 58 pp. Contents: 1, half title; 3, title; 4, "By the permission of the Government"; 5, divisional title; 6, three mottoes, "Moscow . . . ," "How can one . . . ," "Antagonism to Moscow . . ."; 7–53, text, sts. I–VII, X–XXXVIII, XI–LV; 55–57, notes [to IV: 4, XXXIV: 1, and XXXV: 8; these are nn. 41, 42, and 43 of the 1837 edn.].
- (20) May 7-8, 1830; second separate edition of Chapter Two.

Evgeniy Onegin . . . In the printing shop of the Department of Public Education, 1830.

- 12°. 42 pp. Contents: 1, half title; 3, title; 4, "By permission of the Government"; 5, divisional title; 6, two mottoes, "O rus!... Hor." and "O Rus'!"; 7–42, text, stanzas I-VIII: 1–9, IX-XL.
- (21) C. Jan. 10, 1832; first separate edition of Chapter Eight.

Evgeniy Onegin... In the printing shop of the Department of Public Education, 1832.

12°. viii+52 pp. Contents: i, half title; iii, title; iv, permission to print, "Censor . . . Nov. 16, 1831"; v-vi, foreword, "The dropped stanzas . . . [quoting XLVIIIa: 1-5]"; vii, divisional title; viii, motto, "Fare thee well . . ."; 1-51, text, sts. I-II: 1-4, III-XXV: 1-8, XXVI-XXXII, "Onegin's Letter to Tatiana" (60 ll.), XXXIII-LI; 51, after the last line of text, "The end of the eighth and last chapter."

The paper wrapper bears the legend, "The last chapter of EO."

(22) Apr. 20, 1832.

Eight: XXXIX: 4-14, XL-XLVIII: 1-4, published as

"A Passage from the last chapter of EO, a novel in verse, composed by A. S. Pushkin"; in literary supplement to Russkiy invalid (Disabled Soldier), no. 32 (Apr. 20, 1832), pp. 253–54.

(23) C. Mar. 23, 1833; first complete edition.

Evgeniy Onegin . . . In the printing shop of Aleksandr Smirdin, 1833.

8°. vi+288 pp. Contents: i, half title; iii, title; iv, "By the permission of the Government," "Edition of the bookseller Smirdin"; vi, master motto, "Pétri de vanité..."; 1-37, One, with motto, "To live it hurries . . . ," and text, sts. I-VIII, X-XII, XV-XXXVIII, XLII-LX; 39-66, Two, with mottoes, "O rus! Hor." and "O Rus'!," and text, sts. I-VIII: 1-0, IX-XXXV: 1-4 and 12-14, XXXVI-XL; 67-99, Three, with motto, "Elle étoit fille . . . ," and text, sts. I-III: 1-8, IV-XXXI, "Tatiana's Letter to Onegin' (70 iambic ll.), XXXII-XXXIX, "The Song of the Girls" (18 trochaic ll.), XL-XLI; 101-30, Four, with motto, "La morale est . . . ," and text, sts. VII-XXXV, XXXVII: 1-13, XXXIX-LI; 131-59, Five, with motto, "Never know . . . ," and text, sts. I-XXXVI, XXXIX-XLII, XLIV-XLV; 161-90, Six, with motto, "Là sotto giorni...," and text, sts. I-XIV, XVII-XXXVII, XXXIX-XLVI; 191-226, Seven, with three mottoes, "Moscow, of Russia . . . ," "How can one not . . . ," "Antagonism to Moscow . . . ," and text, sts. I-VII, X-XXXVIII, XL-LV; 227-64, Eight, with motto, "Fare thee well...," and text, sts. I-II: 1-4, III-XXV: 1-8, XXVI-XXXII, "Onegin's Letter to Tatiana" (60 iambic ll.), XXXIII-LI; 265-72, "Notes to EO" [as follows: in Chapter One, n. 1, II: 14; n. 2, IV: 7; n. 3, XV: 10; n. 4, XVI: 5; n. 5, XXI: 14; n. 6, XXIV: 12; n. 7, XLII: 14; n. 8, XLVII: 3; n. 9, XLVIII: 4; n. 10, L: 3; n. 11, L: 11, "The author, on his mother's side, is of African descent"; in Chapter Two, n. 12, XII: 14; n. 13, XXIV: 1; n. 14, XXX: 4; n. 15,

XXXI: 14; n. 16, XXXVII: 6; in Chapter Three, n. 17, IV: 2; n. 18, IX: 10; n. 19, XII: 11; n. 20, XXII: 10; n. 21, XXVII: 4; n. 22, XXX: 1; in Chapter Four, n. 23, "Chapters Four and Five came out with the following dedication to P. A. Pletnyov: Not thinking to amuse the haughty world ..." (17 ll.); n. 24, XLI: 12; n. 25, XLII: 7; n. 26, XLV: 5; n. 27, L: 12; in Chapter Five, n. 28, III: 8; n. 29, III: 14; n. 30, VIII: 14; n. 31, IX: 13; n. 32, XVII: 8; n. 33, XX: 5; n. 34, XXII: 12; n. 35, XXV: 1; n. 36, XXVI: 10; n. 37, XXVIII: 9; in Chapter Six, n. 38, V: 13; n. 39, XI: 12; n. 40, XXV: 12; n. 41, XLVI: 14; in Chapter Seven, n. 42, IV: 4; n. 43, XXXIV: 1; n. 44, XXXV: 8; in Chapter Eight, n. 45, VI: 2]; 273-87, "Passages from Eugene Onegin's Journey" [containing the following: 273, "The Last Chapter (Eight) of EO was published separately with the following preface"; followed by text of pp. v-vi of no. 21 above; 274-87, fragments of "Journey" with preface beginning "P. A. Katenin . . . " and text, sts. IX : 2-14, X : 1, XII-XV : 9-14, XVI-XXX: 1, with brief interpolations in prose].

Wrapper: "For sale at the bookshop of A. Smirdin. Price 12 rubles."

(24) January (not later than 19), 1837; second complete edition.*

Evgeniy Onegin... Third edition... In the printing shop of the Office of Purveyance of State Papers, 1837.

16° in eights. viii+310 pp. Contents: iii, half title; iv, permission to print, "November 27, 1836"; v, title; vi, master motto, "Pétri de vanité..."; vii-viii, prefatory piece, "Not thinking to amuse..." (17 ll.); 1–280, mottoes and text as in no. 23 above [the chapters paged as follows: 1–40, One; 41–69, Two; 71–105, Three; 107–38, Four; 139–69, Five; 171–202, Six;

^{*}For a photographic reproduction, see vol. 4.

203-40, Seven; 241-80, Eight]; 281-93, "Notes to EO" [the same as in no. 23 above, except that n. 11 (One: L: 11) has been changed to read, "See the first edition of EO," and the substance of n. 23 has been printed in the preliminaries as pp. vii-viii, so it is omitted and the following nn. originally numbered 24-45 are here numbered 23-44]; 295-310, "Passages from Onegin's Journey," same text as in no. 23 above.

Wrapper: (front) "Eugene Onegin" (back) "Published by Ilya Glazunov."

A copy of this edition has recently come to light (see the collection *Pushkin*, ed. A. Ergolin, I, 379) with a dedication by Pushkin to Lyudmila Shishkin (wife of the usurer who lent him money) dated Jan. 1, 1837.

It would take too much space to enumerate even the main editions of EO published after Pushkin's death. One can judge of the popularity of the novel in Russia by the avalanche of editions it went through between, say, 1911 and 1913. I borrow this information from A. Fomin's Pushkiniana for 1911–1917 (published by the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., 1937). Fifty kopecks equaled twenty-five cents. You could buy a loaf of bread for a couple of cents and a copy of EO for ten cents.

Place	Year	Publisher	Price	Copies
St. Petersburg	1911	Stasyulevich	40 kop.	5000
Moscow	1912	Sïtin	20 kop.	10,000
St. Petersburg	1912	Suvorin	1.50 kop.	2000
Moscow	1912	Panafidin	20 kop.	10,000
Kiev	1912	Ioganson	35 kop.	5000
Warsaw	1913	Shkola	20 kop.	10,000

There were also several new editions in 1914–16, not to mention numerous editions of the complete works (as many as five in 1911).

The only satisfactory modern edition of EO is the one edited by B. Tomashevski and published as vol. VI (1937) of the sixteen-volume *Works* published by the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. This is referred to in the Commentary as "Acad 1937." A prefatory note in this edition describes the contents as follows:

The present volume contains the text of EO and all variants in MSS and in editions printed during the poet's lifetime. In the basic text of this volume the novel is given in the version that was decided upon by Pushkin himself in the editions of 1833 and 1837, with the censored passages restored. In the section entitled "Other Redactions and Variants" appears all that material which was not included in the final version of the novel, such as all that has been preserved of two chapters not included in the final text: namely, what was initially the eighth chapter, known as "Onegin's Journey," and the tenth chapter, preserved only in small fragments coded by Pushkin and saturated with political subject matter. The material pertaining to these chapters is in each case collected in one place, since the absence of a unifying final text did not allow for the distribution of the chapter variants in various subdivisions of the second section of the volume. The text of these chapters is reproduced in the first subdivision of the section "Other Redactions and Variants' ("Draft Variants in the MSS"), where the text of the MSS is presented in full. The present volume is edited by B. V. Tomashevski. Control recensionist, G. O. Vinokur.

The volume also contains a reproduction of the watercolor portrait of Pushkin by P. F. Sokolov, 1830, and seven facsimiles of leaves of various autograph MSS.

Pushkin's Autographs: Bibliography

For the discarded stanzas and MS variants pertaining to *EO*, I have relied mainly on the *only* satisfactory modern edition, that edited by B. Tomashevski in 1937, referred to as Acad 1937.

I have also had to consult vol. V (containing EO and dramatic works) of two much inferior (in fact, very poor) editions of Pushkin's works in ten volumes brought out by Akademiya nauk SSSR, Institut Literaturi (Pushkinskiy Dom), in Moscow, 1949 (621 pp.) and 1957 (639 pp.), where considerable pressure must have been exerted on the annotator (Tomashevski) by the governmental publishers, in the course of presenting deleted readings as noncanceled ones and leaving without any comment a number of new recensions. I refer to these editions as "Works 1949" and "Works 1957." Some of Pushkin's autographs are described by L. B. Modzalevski and Tomashevski in Rukopisi Pushkina hranyashchiesya v Pushkinskom dome (Leningrad, 1937), but otherwise considerable ingenuity has to be exercised in tracking down references to the location of MSS and their description. Other works to which abbreviated reference is made in my Commentary are *P. i ego sovr.* (the series *Pushkin i ego sovremenniki* [Pushkin and His Contemporaries], nos. 1–39, 1903–30) and its continuation *Vremennik* (*Vremennik Pushkinskoy komissii* [Annals of the Pushkin Commission], vols. I–VI, 1936–41); and the collection *Lit. nasl.* (*Literaturnoe nasledstvo* [Literary Heritage], especially nos. 16–18, 1934).

When I started about 1950 on the present work, the autographs of Pushkin pertaining to EO were preserved (according to Acad 1937, p. 660) mainly in four places: (1) the Rumyantsov Museum (termed after the Revolution Publichnaya Biblioteka Soyuza SSR imeni V. I. Lenina or Leninskava Biblioteka) in Moscow, which I refer to in my notes as "MB" (Moscow Biblioteka); (2) the Moscow Tsentrarhiv (Central Archives), referred to further as "MA"; (3) the St. Petersburg, later Leningrad, Public Library, also known as Publichnaya Biblioteka imeni Saltïkova-Shchedrina,* referred to further as "PB"; and (4) Pushkinskiy Dom (the Pushkin House), also known as Institut Literaturi Akademii nauk SSSR, in Leningrad, and referred to as "PD." By the time I had completed my work all these MSS had been concentrated in PD, but for purposes of co-ordination I have preserved the key ciphers in my references to them.

The main body of the EO drafts is found in Cahiers 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, and 2382, with additional material numbered 1254, 2366, 2387, 3515, and 8318. All these were formerly preserved in MB. Most of the fair copies were preserved in PB (8, 9, 10, 14, 18, 21–26, 42, 43). PD had 46, 108, 155–73, collection (fond) 244, and inventories (opisi) 1 and 5–45. MA had only 22 / 3366 and an unnumbered MS (the second fair copy of Chapter Two). The drafts are distributed as follows:

^{*}Mihail Saltïkov, pen name Shchedrin (1826–89), a second-rate writer of politico-satirical fiction.

Translator's Introduction

Chapter One

The drafts of the first chapter begun in May, 1823, in Kishinev, are in Cahier 2369 (ff. 4^v-22^v), excepting those of sts. XXXIII (1254, f. 24^v, 2366, ff. 13^v, 17^v, and 2370, f. 4^r) and XVIII-XIX (2370, f. 20^v). The fair copy (a transcript) is numbered 8 (PB).

Chapter Two

The drafts are in 2369 (ff. 23^r-43^v). There is a first fair copy numbered 9 (PB) and a second fair copy, unnumbered, preserved (according to Acad 1937) in MA.

Chapter Three

The drafts are in 2369 (f. 39°, ff. 48^v-51^v , first six sts.) and 2370 (ff. 2^r-7^r , 11^v , 12^r , 17^v-20^r , 28), a cahier he began using in May, 1824, in Odessa. The fair copy is numbered 10 (PB), and there is an additional fair copy of four sts. (XVII, XVIII, XIX, XX: 1-12) in PD 154.

Chapter Four

The drafts are in 2370 (ff. $28^{v}-29^{v}$, $31^{r}-34^{r}$, 39, 41, $50^{v}-54^{r}$, 58^{r} , 64^{v} , $70^{r}-79^{r}$). The fair copy (with that of Five) is numbered 14 (PB). A fair copy of I–IV is in MB 3515 (pp. 415–17), which is a letter from Pushkin to Mihail Pogodin, Aug. 15, 1827.

Chapter Five

The drafts are in 2370 (ff. 70^{v} –84^r, I–xx; ff. 38^{v} –40, xxxII–xxxVIII; and ff. 64, 68, 50, xXI), and the rest in 2368 (ff. 3^{r} , 41^{r} – 43^{v} , 49^{v} , 50^{r}), which he began in 1826. The fair copy is PB 14.

Chapter Six

Only very few autographs of this canto have come down to us. The drafts of XLIII—XLV are contained in 2368

(f. 24). Drafts of X-XXIV, a, b, and the first line of c, are in PD 155; and a final draft (or first fair copy) of XXXVI-XXXVII exists (or existed in 1937) in a private collection abroad. Excepting a fragment of XLVI in an album, no fair copies exist.

Chapter Seven

The drafts are in 2368 (ff. 21^r-23^v , 27^r , 30^r-32^r , 35) and 2371 (ff. 2^r-10^r , 17^r , 68^r-69^r , 71^v-75^r). The only fair copies are in PB 43 and consist of alt. XXI–XXII and "Onegin's Album." Drafts of VIII–IX are in MB 71 (f. 4).

Onegin's Journey (initially Chapter Eight)

The drafts of sts. XX—XXIX, composed immediately after Four (1825), are in 2370 (ff. 65^r–68^v). The drafts of I—XIX, composed at the end of 1829, are in PD 161–62 (I—III); 2382 (ff. 90^r, 98^r, 111^r–112^r, 115^v–119^r, V—XII, not in this order); PD 168 (XIIa, b); 2382 (f. 39^v, XIIc; f. 116^r, XIII; ff. 111^v and 115, XV; ff. 111^r and 112^r, XVI—XVII); PB 18 (XVIII); 2382 (f. 90^r, XIX); with a last batch, finished Sept. 18, 1830, in 2368 (f. 30^r, XXX; f. 17^v, XXXII) and PB 18 (XXXI). The fair copies are in 2382 (f. 100^r, IV; ff. 119^r–120^r, I—III), PB 18 (V—XII, XIII—XXXIII), and PD 169 (XXXIV).

Chapter Eight (initially Chapter Nine)

Little is left of the drafts of this canto. In 2382 are found the drafts of Ia and Ib (f. 25°) and of xxVIa (f. 32°); other drafts are 2387A (f. 17°, frags. of VI); PD 159 and 160 (frags. of IX); PD 163 (XVIII: 9–14, XIX); PD 164 (XXV); 2371 (f. 88°, XXVIIa, 1st alt.); PD 165 ("Onegin's Letter"); and PD 166 (XXXVII). The fair copy, PB 21–26, entitled *Evgeniy Onegin*, *Pes[nya] IX* (Canto Nine), and dated (st. LI) "Boldino, Sept. 25 [1830], 3¼," comprises sts. (numbered differently; see Commentary) Ia,

Translator's Introduction

Id, Ie, If, II—VIII, XVII—XXIV, XXVII, XXX—XXXVI (marked "XXXIII"), XXXVIII—LI (this last batch unnumbered).

Chapter Ten

The fragments of this canto are in PD $_{170}$ and $_{171}$ (see Commentary).

Pushkin's Notes to EO

A draft made in 1830 is in PD 172.

EUGENE ONEGIN

A Novel in Verse by Aleksandr Pushkin

Pétri de vanité il avait encore plus de cette espèce d'orgueil qui fait avouer avec la même indifférence les bonnes comme les mauvaises actions, suite d'un sentiment de supériorité, peut-être imaginaire.

Tiré d'une lettre particulière

[PREFATORY PIECE]

Not thinking to amuse the haughty world, having grown fond of friendship's heed, I wish I could present you with a gage

- that would be worthier of you—
 be worthier of a fine soul
 full of a holy dream,
 of live and limpid poetry,

 of high thoughts and simplicity
- 8 of high thoughts and simplicity. But so be it. With partial hand take this collection of pied chapters: half droll, half sad,
- plain-folk, ideal, the careless fruit of my amusements, insomnias, light inspirations, unripe and withered years,
- the intellect's cold observations, and the heart's sorrowful remarks.

CHAPTER ONE

To live it hurries and to feel it hastes.

Prince Vyazemski

Chapter One

I

"My uncle has most honest principles: when he was taken gravely ill, he forced one to respect him

- and nothing better could invent.

 To others his example is a lesson;
 but, good God, what a bore to sit
 by a sick person day and night, not stirring
- 8 a step away!
 What base perfidiousness
 to entertain one half-alive,
 adjust for him his pillows,
- sadly serve him his medicine, sigh—and think inwardly when will the devil take you?"

ΤI

Thus a young scapegrace thought as with post horses in the dust he flew, by the most lofty will of Zeus

- the heir of all his kin.
 Friends of Lyudmila and Ruslan!
 The hero of my novel,
 without preambles, forthwith,
- 8 I'd like to have you meet:
 Onegin, a good pal of mine,
 was born upon the Neva's banks,
 where maybe you were born,
- or used to shine, my reader!

 There formerly I too promenaded—
 but harmful is the North to me.¹

III

Having served excellently, nobly, his father lived by means of debts; gave three balls yearly

- 4 and squandered everything at last. Fate guarded Eugene: at first, Madame looked after him; later, Monsieur replaced her.
- The child was boisterous but charming.

 Monsieur l'Abbé, a poor wretch of a Frenchman,
 not to wear out the infant,
 taught him all things in play,
- bothered him not with stern moralization, scolded him slightly for his pranks, and to the Letniy Sad took him for walks.

[¹ For Pushkin's notes, see below, pp. 323-30.]

ΙV

Then, when the season of tumultuous youth for Eugene came, season of hopes and tender melancholy,

- Monsieur was ousted from the place.

 Now my Onegin is at large:
 hair cut after the latest fashion,
 dressed like a London Dandy—2
- 8 and finally he saw the World. In French impeccably he could express himself and write, danced the mazurka lightly, and
- bowed unconstrainedly—
 what would you more? The World decided
 that he was clever and most charming.

ν

All of us had a bit of schooling in something and somehow: hence in our midst it is not hard,

- thank God, to flaunt one's education.
 Onegin was, in the opinion
 of many (judges resolute and stern),
 a learned fellow but a pedant.
- 8 He had the happy talent,
 without constraint, in conversation
 slightly to touch on everything,
 keep silent, with an expert's learned air,
- during a grave discussion, and provoke the smiles of ladies with the fire of unexpected epigrams.

VΙ

Latin has gone at present out of fashion; still, to tell you the truth, he had enough knowledge of Latin

- to make out epigraphs, expatiate on Juvenal, put at the bottom of a letter vale, and he remembered, though not without fault,
- 8 two lines from the Aeneid.
 He had no inclination
 to rummage in the chronological
 dust of the earth's historiography,
- but anecdotes of days gone by, from Romulus to our days, he did keep in his memory.

VII

Lacking the lofty passion not to spare life for the sake of sounds, an iamb from a trochee—

- 4 no matter how we strove—he could not tell apart.
 Theocritus and Homer he disparaged,
 but read, in compensation, Adam Smith,
 and was a deep economist:
- 8 that is, he could assess the way a state grows rich, what it subsists upon, and why it needs not gold
- when it has got the simple product. His father could not understand him, and mortgaged his lands.

VIII

All Eugene knew besides
I have no leisure to recount;
but where he was a veritable genius,

- what he more firmly knew than all the arts, what since his prime had been to him toil, torment, and delight, what occupied the livelong day
- 8 his fretting indolence was the art of soft passion which Naso sang, wherefore a sufferer
- his brilliant and unruly span he ended, in Moldavia, deep in the steppes, far from his Italy.

IX

4

1

8

12

 \mathbf{x}

How early he was able to dissemble, conceal a hope, show jealousy, shake one's belief, make one believe,

- seem gloomy, pine away,
 appear proud and obedient,
 attentive or indifferent!
 How languorously he was silent,
- how fierily eloquent,
 in letters of the heart, how casual!
 With one thing breathing, one thing loving,
 how self-oblivious he could be!
- How quick and tender was his gaze, bashful and daring, while at times it shone with an obedient tear!

ΧI

How he was able to seem new, in jest astonish innocence, alarm with ready desperation,

- amuse with pleasant flattery, capture the minute of softheartedness; the prejudices of innocent years conquer by means of wits and passion,
- 8 wait for involuntary favors, beg or demand avowals, eavesdrop upon a heart's first sound, pursue love—and all of a sudden
- obtain a secret assignation, and afterward, alone with her, amid the stillness give her lessons!

XII

How early he already could disturb the hearts of the professed coquettes! Or when he wanted to annihilate

- his rivals,
 how bitingly he'd tattle!
 What snares prepare for them!
 But you, blest husbands,
- 8 you remained friends with him: him petted the sly spouse, Faublas' disciple of long standing, and the distrustful oldster,
- and the majestical cornuto, always pleased with himself, his dinner, and his wife.

XIII

1

8

12

XIV

1

4

8

12

xv

It happened, he'd be still in bed when little billets would be brought him. What? Invitations? Yes, indeed,

to a soiree three houses bid him: 4, here, there will be a ball; elsewhere, a children's So whither is my scamp to scurry? fete.

Whom will he start with? Never mind:

- 'tis simple to get everywhere in time. 8 Meanwhile, in morning dress, having donned a broad bolivar,3 Onegin drives to the boulevard
- and there goes strolling unconfined 12 till vigilant Bréguet to him chimes dinner.

XVI

'Tis dark by now. He gets into a sleigh. The cry "Way, way!" resounds. With frostdust silvers

- his beaver collar.

 To Talon's he has dashed off: he is certain that there already waits for him [Kavérin]; has entered—and the cork goes ceilingward,
- the flow of comet wine spurts forth, a bloody roast beef is before him, and truffles, luxury of youthful years, the best flower of French cookery,
- and a decayless Strasbourg pie between a living Limburg cheese and a golden ananas.

XVII

Thirst is still clamoring for beakers to drown the hot fat of the cutlets; but Bréguet's chime reports to them

- that a new ballet has begun.
 The theater's unkind
 lawgiver; the inconstant
 adorer of enchanting actresses;
- an honorary citizen of the coulisses,
 Onegin has flown to the theater,
 where, breathing criticism,
 each is prepared to clap an *entrechat*,
- hiss Phaedra, Cleopatra, call out Moëna—for the purpose merely of being heard.

XVIII

A magic region! There in olden years the sovereign of courageous satire, sparkled Fonvízin, freedom's friend,

- and imitational Knyazhnín; there Ózerov involuntary tributes of public tears, of plaudits shared with the young Semyónova;
- 8 there our Katénin resurrected Corneille's majestic genius; there caustic Shahovskóy brought forth the noisy swarm of his comedies;
- there, too, Didelot did crown himself with glory; there, there, beneath the shelter of coulisses, my young days sped.

XIX

My goddesses! What has become of you? Where are you? Hearken to my woeful voice: Are all of you the same? Have other maidens

- taken your place without replacing you?
 Am I to hear again your choruses?
 Am I to see Russian Terpsichore's soulful volation?
- 8 Or will the mournful gaze not find familiar faces on the dreary stage, and at an alien world having directed a disenchanted lorgnette,
- shall I, indifferent spectator of merriment, yawn wordlessly and bygones recollect?

XX

By now the house is full; the boxes blaze; parterre and stalls—all seethes; in the top gallery impatiently they clap, and, soaring up, the curtain swishes.

- and, soaring up, the curtain swishes.
 Resplendent, half ethereal,
 obedient to the magic bow,
 surrounded by a throng of nymphs,
- 8 Istómina stands: she, while touching with one foot the floor, gyrates the other slowly, and lo! a leap, and lo! she flies,
- she flies like fluff from Eol's lips, now twines and now untwines her waist and beats one swift small foot against the other.

XXI

All clap as one. Onegin enters: he walks—on people's toes—between the stalls; askance, his double lorgnette trains

- 4 upon the loges of strange ladies; he has scanned all the tiers; he has seen everything; with faces, garb, he's dreadfully displeased;
- 8 with men on every side he has exchanged salutes; then at the stage in great abstraction he has glanced, has turned away, and yawned,
- and uttered: "Time all were replaced; ballets I long have suffered, but even of Didelot I've had enough."⁵

XXII

Amors, diaboli, and dragons still on the stage jump and make noise; still at the carriage porch the weary footmen

- on the pelisses are asleep;
 still people have not ceased to stamp,
 blow noses, cough, hiss, clap;
 still, outside and inside,
- 8 lamps glitter everywhere;
 still, chilled, the horses fidget,
 bored with their harness,
 and round the fires the coachmen curse their
 12 and beat their palms together; [masters
 and yet Onegin has already left;
 he's driving home to dress.

XXIII

Shall I present a faithful picture of the secluded cabinet, where fashions' model pupil

- 4 is dressed, undressed, and dressed again? Whatever, for the lavish whim, London the trinkleter deals in and o'er the Baltic waves to us
- ships in exchange for timber and for tallow; whatever hungry taste in Paris, choosing a useful trade, invents for pastimes,
- for luxury, for modish mollitude; all this adorned the cabinet of a philosopher at eighteen years of age.

XXIV

Amber on Tsargrad's pipes, porcelain and bronzes on a table, and—joyance of the pampered senses—

- 4 perfumes in crystal cut with facets; combs, little files of steel, straight scissors, curvate ones, and brushes of thirty kinds—
- 8 these for the nails, those for the teeth. Rousseau (I shall observe in passing) was unable to understand how the dignified Grimm dared clean his nails in front of him,
- the eloquent crackbrain.⁶
 The advocate of liberty and rights
 was in the present case not right at all.

XXV

One can be an efficient man and mind the beauty of one's nails: why vainly argue with the age?

- 4 Custom is despot among men. My Eugene, a second [Chadáev], being afraid of jealous censures, was in his dress a pedant
- and what we've called a fop.
 Three hours, at least,
 he spent in front of glasses,
 and from his dressing room came forth
- akin to giddy Venus when, having donned a masculine attire, the goddess drives to a masqued ball.

XXVI

With toilette in the latest taste having engaged your curious glance, I might before the learned world

- describe here his attire; this would, no doubt, be daring; however, 'tis my business to describe; but "dress coat," "waistcoat," "pantaloons"—
- in Russian all these words are not; in fact, I see (my guilt I lay before you) that my poor idiom as it is might be diversified much less
- with words of foreign stock, though I did erstwhile dip into the Academic Dictionary.

XXVII

Not this is our concern at present: we'd better hurry to the ball whither headlong in a hack coach

- 4 already my Onegin has sped off. In front of darkened houses, alongst the sleeping street in rows the twin lamps of coupés
- 8 pour forth a cheerful light and project rainbows on the snow. Studded around with lampions, glitters a splendid house;
- across its whole-glassed windows shadows move: there come and go the profiled heads of ladies and of modish quizzes.

XXVIII

Up to the porch our hero now has driven; past the hall porter, like a dart, he has flown up the marble steps,

- has run his fingers through his hair, has entered. The ballroom is full of people; the music has already tired of dinning; the crowd is occupied with the mazurka;
- there's all around both noise and squeeze; there clink the cavalier guard's spurs; the little feet of winsome ladies flit; upon their captivating tracks
- flit flaming glances, and by the roar of violins is drowned the jealous whispering of fashionable women.

XXIX

In days of gaieties and desires
I was mad about balls:
there is no safer spot for declarations
and for the handing of a letter.

- o you, respected husbands!
 I'll offer you my services;
 pray, mark my speech:
- 8 I wish to warn you. You too, mammas: most strictly follow your daughters with your eyes; hold up your lorgnettes straight!
- Or else . . . else—God forbid!

 If this I write it is because
 I have long ceased to sin.

XXX

Alas, on various pastimes I have wasted a lot of life!

But to this day, if morals did not suffer,

- I'd still like balls.
 I like riotous youth,
 the crush, the glitter, and the gladness,
 and the considered dresses of the ladies;
- I like their little feet; but then 'tis doubtful that in all Russia you will find three pairs of shapely feminine feet.

 Ah me, I long could not forget
- two little feet!... Despondent, fervorless, I still remember them, and in sleep they disturb my heart.

XXXI

So when and where, in what desert, will you forget them, madman? Little feet, ah, little feet! Where are you now?

- Where do you trample vernant blooms?
 Brought up in Oriental mollitude,
 on the Northern sad snow
 you left no prints:
- 8 you liked the sumptuous contact of yielding rugs.Is it long since I would forget for you the thirst for fame and praises,
- the country of my fathers, and confinement?
 The happiness of youthful years has vanished as on the meadows your light trace.

IIXXX

Diana's bosom, Flora's cheeks, are charming, dear friends! Nevertheless, for me something about it makes more charming the small foot of Terpsichore.

By prophesying to the gaze an unpriced recompense, with token beauty it attracts the willful swarm of desires.

I like it, dear Elvina, beneath the long napery of tables, in springtime on the turf of meads, in winter on the hearth's cast iron, on mirrory parquet of halls, by the sea on granite of rocks.

XXXIII

I recollect the sea before a tempest: how I envied the waves running in turbulent succession with love to lie down at her feet! How much I wished then with the waves to touch the dear feet with my lips! No, never midst the fiery days of my ebullient youth did I long with such anguish to kiss the lips of young Armidas, or the roses of flaming cheeks, or bosoms full of languor—no, never did the surge of passions thus rive my soul!

XXXIV

I have remembrance of another time: in chary fancies now and then I hold the happy stirrup

- and feel a small foot in my hand.

 Again imagination seethes,
 again that touch has kindled
 the blood within my withered heart,
- again the ache, again the love! But 'tis enough extolling haughty ones with my loquacious lyre: they are not worth either the passions
- or songs by them inspired; the words and gaze of the said charmers are as deceptive as their little feet.

XXXV

And my Onegin? Half asleep, he drives from ball to bed, while indefatigable Petersburg

- 4 is roused already by the drum.

 The merchant's up, the hawker's out, the cabby to the hack stand drags, the Okhta girl hastes with her jug,
- the morning snow creaks under her.
 Morn's pleasant hubbub has awoken,
 unclosed are shutters, chimney smoke
 ascends in a blue column, and the baker,
- a punctual German in a cotton cap, has more than once already opened his *vasisdas*.

XXXVI

But by the tumult of the ball fatigued, and turning morning into midnight, sleeps peacefully in blissful shade

- the child of pastimes and of luxury.
 He will awake past midday, and again
 till morn his life will be prepared,
 monotonous and motley, and tomorrow
- 8 'twill be the same as yesterday.
 But was my Eugene happy—
 free, in the bloom of the best years,
 amidst resplendent conquests,
- amidst delights of every day?Was it to him of no availmidst banquets to be rash and hale?

XXXVII

No, feelings early cooled in him. Tedious to him became the social hum. The fairs remained not long

- 4 the object of his customary thoughts. Betrayals had time to fatigue him. Friends and friendship palled, since plainly not always could he
- 8 beefsteaks and Strasbourg pie sluice with a champagne bottle and scatter piquant sayings when he had the headache;
- and though he was a fiery scapegrace, he lost at last his liking for strife, saber and lead.

XXXVIII

A malady, the cause of which 'tis high time were discovered, similar to the English "spleen"—

- in short, the Russian "chondria"—
 possessed him by degrees.
 To shoot himself, thank God,
 he did not care to try,
- but toward life became quite cold.
 He like Childe Harold, gloomy, languid,
 appeared in drawing rooms;
 neither the gossip of the *monde* nor boston,
 neither a winsome glance nor an immodest sigh,
 nothing touched him;

XXXIX

he noticed nothing.

8

1

4

12

Chapter One

XL

XLI

4.

XLII

Capricious belles of the *grand monde*! Before all others you he left; and it is true that in our years

- the upper ton is rather tedious.

 Although, perhaps, this or that dame interprets Say and Bentham, in general their conversation
- is insupportable, though harmless tosh.
 On top of that they are so pure,
 so stately, so intelligent,
 so full of piety,
- so circumspect, so scrupulous, so inaccessible to men, that the mere sight of them begets the spleen.⁷

XLIII

And you, young beauties, whom at a late hour daredevil droshkies carry away over the pavement

- of Petersburg,
 you also were abandoned by my Eugene.
 Apostate from the turbulent delights,
 Onegin locked himself indoors;
- yawning, took up a pen; wanted to write; but persevering toil to him was loathsome: nothing from his pen issued, and he did not get
- into the cocky guild of people on whom I pass no judgment—for the reason that I belong to them.

XLIV

And once again to idleness consigned, oppressed by emptiness of soul, he settled down with the laudable aim

- to make his own another's mind; he crammed a shelf with an array of books, and read, and read—and all for nothing: here there was dullness; there, deceit and raving;
- this one lacked conscience; that one, sense; on all of them were different fetters; and outworn was the old, and the new raved about the old.
- As he'd left women, he left books and, with its dusty tribe, the shelf with funerary taffeta he curtained.

XLV

Having cast off the burden of the *monde*'s convenhaving, as he, from vain pursuits desisted, [tions, with him I made friends at that time.

- 4 I liked his traits, to dreams the involuntary addiction, nonimitative oddity, and sharp, chilled mind;
- 8 I was embittered, he was gloomy; the play of passions we knew both; on both, life weighed; in both, the heart's glow had gone out;
- for both, there was in store the rancor of blind Fortuna and of men at the very morn of our days.

XLVI

He who has lived and thought cannot help in his soul despising men; him who has felt disturbs

- the ghost of irrecoverable days; for him there are no more enchantments; him does the snake of memories, him does repentance gnaw.
- 8 All this often imparts
 great charm to conversation.
 At first, Onegin's language
 would disconcert me; but I grew
 12 accustomed to his biting argument
 and banter blent halfwise with bile
 and virulence of somber epigrams.

XLVII

How oft in summertide, when limpid and luminous is the nocturnal sky above the Neva,⁸ and the gay

- 4 glass of the waters does not reflect Diana's visage rememorating intrigues of past years, rememorating a past love,
- 8 impressible, carefree again,
 the breath of the benignant night
 we mutely quaffed!
 As to the greenwood from a prison
 12 a slumbering clogged convict is transferred,
 so we'd be carried off in fancy
 to the beginning of young life.

XLVIII

With soul full of regrets,
and leaning on the granite,
Eugene stood pensive—as himself
the Poet⁹ has described.
'Twas stillness all; only night sentries
to one another called,
and the far clip-clop of some droshky
resounded suddenly from Million Street;
only a boat, oars swinging,
swam on the dozing river,
and, in the distance, captivated us
a horn and a brave song.
But, 'mid the night's diversions, sweeter

is the strain of Torquato's octaves.

XLIX

Adrian waves,

O Brenta! Nay, I'll see you and, filled anew with inspiration, I'll hear your magic voice!
'Tis sacred to Apollo's nephews; through the proud lyre of Albion to me 'tis known, to me 'tis kindred. In the voluptuousness of golden

In the voluptuousness of golden
Italy's nights at liberty I'll revel,
with a youthful Venetian,
now talkative, now mute,

with her my lips will find the tongue of Petrarch and of love.

 \mathbf{L}

Will the hour of my freedom come? 'Tis time, 'tis time! To it I call; I roam above the sea, 10 I wait for the right

- I beckon to the sails of ships. [weather, Under the cope of storms, with waves disputing, on the free crossway of the sea when shall I start on my free course?
- 7 Tis time to leave the dull shore of an element inimical to me, and sigh, 'mid the meridian swell, beneath the sky of my Africa, 11
- for somber Russia, where I suffered, where I loved, where I buried my heart.

LI

4.

Onegin was prepared with me to see strange lands; but soon we were to be by fate sundered for a long time.
'Twas then his father died.

'Twas then his father died. Before Onegin there assembled a greedy host of creditors.

- Each has a mind and notion of his own.
 Eugene, detesting litigations,
 contented with his lot,
 abandoned the inheritance to them,
- perceiving no great loss therein, or precognizing from afar the demise of his aged uncle.

LII

All of a sudden he indeed
got from the steward
a report that his uncle was nigh death in bed
and would be glad to bid farewell to him.
Eugene, the sad epistle having read,
incontinently to the rendezvous
drove headlong, traveling post,
and yawned already in anticipation,
preparing, for the sake of money,
for sighs, boredom, and guile
(and 'tis with this that I began my novel);
but when he reached apace his uncle's manor,

LIII

He found the grounds full of attendants; to the dead man from every side came driving foes and friends,

he found him laid already on the table

as a prepared tribute to earth.

- enthusiasts for funerals.
 The dead man was interred,
 the priests and guests ate, drank,
 and solemnly dispersed thereafter,
- 8 as though they had been sensibly engaged. Now our Onegin is a rural dweller, of workshops, waters, forests, lands, absolute lord (while up to then he'd been
- an enemy of order and a wastrel), and very glad to have exchanged his former course for something.

LIV

For two days new to him seemed the secluded fields, the coolness of the somber park,

- the bubbling of the quiet brook; by the third day, grove, hill, and field did not engage him any more; then somnolence already they induced;
- then plainly he perceived that in the country, too, the boredom was the although there were no streets, no palaces, [same, no cards, no balls, no verses.
- The hyp was waiting for him on the watch, and it kept running after him like a shadow or faithful wife.

LV

I was born for the peaceful life, for country quiet: the lyre's voice in the wild is more resounding,

- creative dreams are more alive. To harmless leisures consecrated, I wander by a wasteful lake and far niente is my rule.
- 8 By every morn I am awakened unto sweet mollitude and freedom; little I read, a lot I sleep, volatile fame do not pursue.
- Was it not thus in former years, that in inaction, in the [shade], I spent my happiest days?

LVI

Flowers, love, the country, idleness, ye fields! my soul is vowed to you. I'm always glad to mark the difference between Onegin and myself, lest a sarcastic reader or else some publisher of complicated calumny, collating here my traits, repeat thereafter shamelessly that I have scrawled my portrait like Byron, the poet of pride—as if we were no longer able to write long poems on any other subject than ourselves!

LVII

In this connection I'll observe: all poets are friends of fancifying love.

It used to happen that dear objects I'd dream of, and my soul preserved their secret image; the Muse revived them later: thus I, carefree, would sing a maiden of the mountains, my ideal, as well as captives of the Salgir's banks. From you, my friends, at present not seldom do I hear the question: 'For whom does your lyre sigh?'

To whom did you, among the throng of jealous maidens, dedicate its strain?

LVIII

"Whose gaze, while stirring inspiration, with a dewy caress rewarded your pensive singing? Whom did your verse idolize?"

- Faith, nobody, my friends, I swear!
 Love's mad anxiety
 I cheerlessly went through.
- 8 Happy who blent with it the fever of rhymes: thereby the sacred frenzy of poetry he doubled, striding in Petrarch's tracks;
- as to the heart's pangs, he allayed them and meanwhile fame he captured too but I, when loving, was stupid and mute.

LIX

Love passed, the Muse appeared, and the dark mind cleared up.

Once free, I seek again the concord

- of magic sounds, feelings, and thoughts;
 I write, and the heart does not pine;
 the pen draws not, lost in a trance,
 next to unfinished lines.
- feminine feet or heads; extinguished ashes will not flare again; I still feel sad; but there are no more tears, and soon, soon the storm's trace
- will hush completely in my soul: then I shall start to write a poem in twenty-five cantos or so.

LX

I've thought already of a form of plan and how my hero I shall call. Meantime, my novel's

- 4 first chapter I have finished; all this I have looked over closely; the inconsistencies are very many, but to correct them I don't wish.
- 8 I shall pay censorship its due and give away my labors' fruits to the reviewers for devourment. Be off, then, to the Neva's banks,
- newborn work! And deserve for me fame's tribute: false interpretations, noise, and abuse!

CHAPTER TWO

O rus!

Horace

O Rus'!

Chapter Two

1

The country place where Eugene moped was a charming nook; a friend of innocent delights

- might have blessed heaven there.

 The manor house, secluded,
 screened from the winds by a hill, stood
 above a river; in the distance,
- before it, freaked and flowered, lay meadows and golden grainfields; one could glimpse hamlets here and there; herds roamed the meadows;
- and its dense coverts spread
 a huge neglected garden, the retreat
 of pensive dryads.

II

8

12

The venerable castle
was built as castles should be built:
excellent strong and comfortable
in the taste of sensible ancientry.
Tall chambers everywhere,
hangings of damask in the drawing room,
portraits of grandsires on the walls,
and stoves with varicolored tiles.
All this today is obsolete,
I really don't know why;
and anyway it was a matter
of very little moment to my friend,

since he yawned equally amidst

modish and olden halls.

TII

old-timer had for forty years or so squabbled with his housekeeper,
looked through the window, and squashed flies. It all was plain: a floor of oak, two cupboards, a table, a divan of down, and not an ink speck anywhere. Onegin opened the cupboards; found in one a notebook of expenses and in the other a whole array of fruit liqueurs, pitchers of eau-de-pomme,
and the calendar for eighteen-eight:

having a lot to do, the old man never

looked into any other books.

He settled in that chamber where the rural

ΙV

Alone midst his possessions, merely to while away the time, at first conceived the plan our Eugene

- of instituting a new system.
 In his backwoods a solitary sage,
 the ancient *corvée*'s yoke
 by the light quitrent he replaced;
- 8 the muzhik blessed fate, while in his corner went into a huff, therein perceiving dreadful harm, his thrifty neighbor.
- Another slyly smiled, and all concluded with one voice that he was a most dangerous eccentric.

v

At first they all would call on him, but since to the back porch habitually a Don stallion

- for him was brought as soon as one made out along the highway the sound of their domestic runabouts outraged by such behavior,
- they all ceased to be friends with him.
 "Our neighbor is a boor; acts like a crackbrain; he's a Freemason; he
 drinks only red wine, by the tumbler;
- he won't go up to kiss a lady's hand; 'tis all 'yes,' 'no'—he'll not say 'yes, sir,' or 'no, sir.' "This was the general voice.

VΙ

At that same time a new landowner had driven down to his estate and in the neighborhood was giving cause

- for just as strict a scrutiny.

 By name Vladimir Lenski,

 with a soul really Göttingenian,

 a handsome chap, in the full bloom of years,
- 8 Kant's votary, and a poet.
 From misty Germany
 he'd brought the fruits of learning:
 liberty-loving dreams, a spirit
- impetuous and rather queer, a speech always enthusiastic, and shoulder-length black curls.

VII

From the world's cold depravity not having yet had time to wither, his soul was warmed by a friend's greeting,

- by the caress of maidens. He was in matters of the heart a charming dunce. Hope nursed him, and the globe's new glitter and noise
- still captivated his young mind.
 With a sweet fancy he amused his heart's incertitudes.
 The purpose of our life to him
- was an enticing riddle; he racked his brains over it and suspected marvels.

VIII

He believed that a kindred soul to him must be united; that, cheerlessly pining away,

- she daily kept awaiting him;
 he believed that his friends were ready to accept
 chains for his honor
 and that their hands would falter not in smashing
 the vessel of his slanderer;
- that there were some chosen by fate

12

IX

Indignation, compassion, pure love of Good, and fame's delicious torment

- early had stirred his blood.
 He wandered with a lyre on earth.
 Under the sky of Schiller and of Goethe, with their poetic fire
- 8 his soul had kindled; and the exalted Muses of the art he, happy one, did not disgrace: he proudly in his songs retained
- always exalted sentiments, the surgings of a virgin fancy, and the charm of grave simplicity.

x

To love submissive, love he sang, and his song was as clear as a naïve maid's thoughts,

- as the sleep of an infant, as the moon in the untroubled deserts of the sky, goddess of mysteries and tender sighs. He sang parting and sadness,
- and a vague something, and the dim remoteness, and romantic roses.
 He sang those distant lands where long into the bosom of the stillness
- flowed his live tears.

 He sang life's faded bloom

 at not quite eighteen years of age.

Χĭ

4

In the wilderness where Eugene alone was able to appreciate his gifts, he cared not for the banquets of the masters of neighboring manors; he fled their noisy concourse.

Their reasonable talk of haymaking, of liquor,

- of kennel, of their kin,
 no doubt did not sparkle with feeling,
 or with poetic fire,
 or sharp wit, or intelligence,
- or with the art of sociability; but the talk of their sweet wives was much less intelligent.

XII

Wealthy, good-looking, Lenski everywhere was as a marriageable man received: such is the country custom;

- all for their daughters planned a match with the half-Russian neighbor.
 Whenever he drops in, at once the conversation broaches a word, obliquely,
- about the tedium of bachelor life; the neighbor is invited to the samovar, and Dunya pours the tea; they whisper to her: "Dunya, mark!"
- Then the guitar (that, too) is brought, and she will start to shrill (good God!):
 "Come to me in my golden castle! . . . ''12

XIII

4

But Lenski, having no desire, of course, to bear the bonds of marriage, wished cordially to strike up with Onegin a close acquaintanceship.

- They got together; wave and stone, verse and prose, ice and flame, were not so different from one another.
- 8 At first, because of mutual disparity, they found each other dull; then liked each other; then met riding every day on horseback,
- and soon became inseparable.

 Thus people—I'm the first to own it—
 out of do-nothingness are friends.

XIV

But among us there's even no such friendship: having destroyed all prejudices, we deem all men naughts

- 4 and ourselves units.
 We all aspire to be Napoleons;
 for us the millions
 of two-legged creatures are but tools;
- 8 feeling to us is weird and ludicrous. More tolerant than many was Eugene, though he, of course, knew men and on the whole despised them;
- but no rules are without exceptions: some people he distinguished greatly and, though estranged from it, respected feeling.

xv

He listened with a smile to Lenski: the poet's fervid conversation, and mind still vacillant in judgments,

- and gaze eternally inspired—
 all this was novel to Onegin;
 the chilling word
 on his lips he tried to restrain,
- 8 and thought: foolish of me to interfere with his brief rapture; without me just as well that time will come; meanwhile let him live and believe
- in the perfection of the world; let us forgive the fever of young years both its young ardor and young ravings.

XVI

Between them everything engendered discussions and led to reflection: the pacts of bygone races,

- the fruits of learning, Good and Evil, and centuried prejudices, and the grave's fateful mysteries, destiny and life in their turn—
- 8 all was subjected to their judgment. The poet in the heat of his contentions recited, in a trance, meantime, fragments of Nordic poems,
- and lenient Eugene, although he did not understand them much, would dutifully listen to the youth.

XVII

But passions occupied more often the minds of my two anchorets. Having escaped from their tumultuous power,

- Onegin spoke of them
 with an involuntary sigh of regret.
 Happy who knew their agitations
 and finally detached himself from them;
- still happier who did not know them, who cooled love with separation, enmity with obloquy; sometimes with friends and wife yawned, undisturbed
- by jealous torment,and the safe capital of forefathersdid not entrust to a perfidious deuce!

XVIII

4

8

When we have flocked under the banner of sage tranquillity, when the flame of the passions has gone out and laughable become to us their waywardness or surgings and belated echoes; reduced to sense not without trouble, sometimes we like to listen to the tumultuous language of the passions of others, and it stirs our heart;

exactly thus an old disabled soldier
does willingly bend an assiduous ear
to the yarns of young mustached braves,
[while he remains] forgotten in his shack.

XIX

Now flaming youthhood, on the other hand, cannot hide anything: enmity, love, sadness, and joy

- 4 'tis ready to blab out.

 Deemed invalided as to love,
 with a grave air Onegin listened
 as, loving the confession of the heart,
- the poet his whole self expressed.
 His trustful conscience
 naïvely he laid bare.
 Eugene learned without trouble
- the youthful story of his love a tale abounding in emotions long since not new to us.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

Ah, he loved as one loves no longer in our years; as only the mad soul of a poet

- 4 is still condemned to love: always, and everywhere, one reverie, one customary wish, one customary woe!
- 8 Neither the cooling distance, nor the long years of separation, nor hours given to the Muses, nor foreign beauties,
- nor noise of merriments, nor studies, had changed in him a soul warmed by a virgin fire.

XXI

When scarce a boy, by Olga captivated, not having known yet torments of the heart, he'd been a tender witness

- of her infantine frolics.

 He, in the shade of a protective park,
 had shared her frolics,
 and for these children wedding crowns
- their fathers, who were friends and neighbors, des-In the backwoods, beneath a humble roof, [tined. full of innocent charm, she under the eyes of her parents
- bloomed like a hidden lily of the valley which is unknown in the dense grass to butterflies or to the bee.

XXII

She gave the poet the first dream of youthful transports, and the thought of her animated

- his pipe's first moan.
 Farewell, golden games! He
 began to like thick groves,
 seclusion, stillness, and the night,
- 8 and the stars, and the moon the moon, celestial lamp, to which we dedicated walks midst the evening darkness,
- and tears, of secret pangs the solace . . . But now we only see in her a substitute for bleary lanterns.

IIIXX

Always modest, always obedient, always as merry as the morn, as naïve as a poet's life,

- as winsome as love's kiss;
 her eyes, as azure as the sky,
 smile, flaxen locks,
 movements, voice, light waist—everything
- 8 in Olga . . . but take any novel, and you will surely find her portrait; it is very sweet; I liked it once myself,
- but it has come to bore me beyond measure. Let me, my reader, take up the elder sister.

XXIV

Her sister
was called Tatiana.¹³
For the first time a novel's tender pages
with such a name we willfully shall grace.
What of it? It is pleasing, sonorous,
but from it, I know, is inseparable
the memory of ancientry
or housemaids' quarters. We must all

- or housemaids' quarters. We must all admit that we have very little taste even in our names (to say nothing of verses);
- enlightenment does not suit us, and what we have derived from it is affectation—nothing more.

XXV

So she was called Tatiana. Neither with her sister's beauty nor with her [sister's] rosy freshness would she attract one's eyes.

- Sauvage, sad, silent, as timid as the sylvan doe, in her own family
- she seemed a strangeling.
 She knew not how to snuggle up to her father or mother;
 a child herself, among a crowd of children,
- she never wished to play and skip, and often all day long, alone, she sat in silence by the window.

XXVI

Pensiveness, her companion, even from cradle days, adorned for her with dreams

- 4 the course of rural leisure. Her delicate fingers knew needles not; over the tambour bendin with a silk pattern she
- 8 did not enliven linen.
 Sign of the urge to domineer:
 the child with her obedient doll
 prepares in play
- for etiquette, law of the *monde*, and gravely to her doll repeats the lessons of her mamma;

XXVII

but even in those years Tatiana did not take in her hands a doll; about town news, about the fashions,

- 4 did not converse with it; and childish pranks to her were foreign; grisly tales in winter, in the dark of nights,
- 8 charmed more her heart.
 Whenever nurse assembled
 for Olga, on the spacious lawn,
 all her small girl companions,
- she did not play at barleybreaks, dull were to her both ringing laughter and noise of their giddy diversions.

XXVIII

She on the balcony liked to prevene Aurora's rise, when, in the pale sky, disappears

- the choral dance of stars, and earth's rim softly lightens, and, morning's herald, the wind whiffs, and rises by degrees the day.
- 8 In winter, when night's shade possesses longer half the world, and longer in the idle stillness, by the bemisted moon,
- the lazy orient sleeps, awakened at her customary hour she would get up by candles.

XXIX

She early had been fond of novels; for her they replaced all; she grew enamored with the fictions

- of Richardson and of Rousseau. Her father was a kindly fellow who lagged in the precedent age but saw no harm in books;
- 8 he, never reading,
 deemed them an empty toy,
 nor did he care
 what secret tome his daughter had
 dozing till morn under her pillow.
 - As to his wife, she was herself mad upon Richardson.

xxx

The reason she loved Richardson was not that she had read him, and not that Grandison

- to Lovelace she preferred;¹⁴
 but anciently, Princess Alina,
 her Moscow maiden cousin,
 would often talk to her about them.
- 8 Her husband at that time still was her fiancé, but against her will. She sighed after another whose heart and mind
- were much more to her liking; that Grandison was a great dandy, a gamester, and an Ensign in the Guards.

XXXI

Like him, she always dressed in the fashion and becomingly; but without asking her advice

- they took the maiden to the altar; and to dispel her grief the sensible husband repaired soon to his countryseat, where she,
- 8 God knows by whom surrounded, tossed and wept at first, almost divorced her husband, then got occupied with household matters, grew
- habituated, and became content.
 Habit to us is given from above:
 it is a substitute for happiness.¹⁵

IIXXX

Habit allayed the grief that nothing else could ward; a big discovery soon came

- to comfort her completely.

 Between the dally and the do
 a secret she discovered: how to govern
 her husband monocratically,
- 8 and forthwith everything went right. She would drive out to supervise the farming, she pickled mushrooms for the winter, she kept the books, "shaved foreheads,"
- to the bathhouse would go on Saturdays, walloped her maids when cross all this without asking her husband's leave.

IIIXXX

Time was, she wrote in blood in tender maidens' albums, would call Praskóvia "Polína,"

- and speak in singsong tones; very tight stays she wore, and knew how to pronounce a Russian n as if it were a French one, through the nose;
- but soon all this ceased to exist; stays, album, Princess [Alina], cahier of sentimental verselets, she forgot, began to call
- "Akúl'ka" the one-time "Selína," and finally inaugurated the quilted chamber robe and mobcap.

XXXIV

But dearly did her husband love her, he did not enter in her schemes, on every score lightheartedly believed her

- whilst in his dressing gown he ate and drank
 His life rolled comfortably on;
 at evenfall sometimes assembled
 a kindly group of neighbors,
- 8 unceremonious friends, to rue, to tattle, to chuckle over this or that. Time passed; meanwhile
- Olga was told to prepare tea; then supper came, and then 'twas bedtime, and off the guests would drive.

XXXV

They in their peaceful life preserved the customs of dear ancientry: with them, during fat Butterweek Russian pancakes were wont to be.

8

kvas was as requisite to them as air, and at their table dishes were presented to guests in order of their rank.

XXXVI

And thus they both grew old, and the grave's portals opened at last before the husband,

- and a new crown upon him was bestowed. He died at the hour before the midday meal, bewailed by neighbor, children, and faithful wife,
- 8 more candidly than some.

 He was a simple and kind squire,
 and there where lies his dust
 the monument above the grave proclaims:
- "The humble sinner Dmitri Larin, slave of our Lord, and Brigadier, enjoyeth peace beneath this stone."

XXXVII

Restored to his penates, Vladimir Lenski visited his neighbor's humble monument,

- and to the ashes consecrated
 a sigh, and long his heart was melancholy.
 "Poor Yorick!" mournfully he uttered, "he hath borne me in his arms.
- 8 How oft I played in childhood with his Ochákov medal! He destined Olga to wed me; he used to say: 'Shall I be there
- to see the day?"" and full of sincere sadness, Vladimir there and then set down for him a gravestone madrigal.

XXXVIII

And with a sad inscription, in tears, he also honored there his father's and mother's patriarchal dust.

- 4 Alas! Upon life's furrows, in a brief harvest, generations by Providence's secret will rise, ripen, and must fall;
- 8 others in their tracks follow.... Thus our giddy race waxes, stirs, seethes, and tombward crowds its ancestors.
- Our time likewise will come, will come, and one fine day our grandsons out of the world will crowd us too.

XXXIX

Meanwhile enjoy your fill of it—of this lightsome life, friends! Its insignificance I realize

- 4 and little am attached to it; to phantoms I have closed my eyelids; but distant hopes sometimes disturb my heart:
- without an imperceptible trace, I'd be sorry to leave the world.
 I live, I write not for the sake of praise; but my sad lot, meseems,
- I would desire to glorify, so that a single sound at least might, like a faithful friend, remind one about

me.

 $_{\rm XL}$

And it will touch the heart of someone; and preserved by fate, perhaps in Lethe will not drown

- the strophe made by me;
 perhaps—flattering hope!—
 a future dunce will point
 at my famed portrait
- 8 and utter: "That now was a poet!"
 So do accept my thanks, admirer
 of the peaceful Aonian maids,
 O you whose memory will preserve
- my volatile creations,
 you whose benevolent hand will pat
 the old man's laurels!

XLI

4

1

8

12

XXXVIII

And with a sad inscription, in tears, he also honored there his father's and mother's patriarchal dust.

- 4 Alas! Upon life's furrows, in a brief harvest, generations by Providence's secret will rise, ripen, and must fall;
- 8 others in their tracks follow.... Thus our giddy race waxes, stirs, seethes, and tombward crowds its ancestors.
- Our time likewise will come, will come, and one fine day our grandsons out of the world will crowd us too.

XXXIX

Meanwhile enjoy your fill of it—of this lightsome life, friends! Its insignificance I realize

- 4 and little am attached to it; to phantoms I have closed my eyelids; but distant hopes sometimes disturb my heart:
- without an imperceptible trace, I'd be sorry to leave the world.
 I live, I write not for the sake of praise; but my sad lot, meseems,
- I would desire to glorify, so that a single sound at least might, like a faithful friend, remind one about

[me.

XL

And it will touch the heart of someone; and preserved by fate, perhaps in Lethe will not drown

- the strophe made by me;
 perhaps—flattering hope!—
 a future dunce will point
 at my famed portrait
- 8 and utter: "That now was a poet!"
 So do accept my thanks, admirer
 of the peaceful Aonian maids,
 O you whose memory will preserve
- my volatile creations,
 you whose benevolent hand will pat
 the old man's laurels!

XLI

4

1

8

12

CHAPTER THREE

 $Malfil \hat{a}tre$

Elle était fille; elle était amoureuse.

Chapter Three

- "Whither? Ah me, those poets!"
- "Good-by, Onegin. Time for me to leave."
- "I do not hold you, but where do
- you spend your evenings?" "At the Larins"."
 - "Now, that's a fine thing. Mercy, manand you don't find it difficult thus every evening to kill time?"
 - "Not in the least." "I cannot understand.
 - From here I see what it is like:
 - first-listen, am I right?a simple Russian family,
- a great solicitude for guests, 12 jam, never-ending talk
 - of rain, of flax, of cattle yard."

H

"So far I do not see what's bad about it."
"Ah, but the boredom—that is bad, my friend."
"Your fashionable world I hate;

- dearer to me is the domestic circle in which I can . . . '' "Again an eclogue!

 Ah, that will do, old boy, for goodness' sake.

 Well, so you're off; I'm very sorry.
- Oh, Lenski, listen—is there any way for me to see this Phyllis, subject of thoughts, and pen, and tears, and rhymes, et cetera?
- Present me." "You are joking." "No."
 "I'd gladly." "When?" "Now, if you like.
 They will be eager to receive us."

III

- "Let's go." And off the two friends drove; they have arrived; on them are lavished the sometimes onerous attentions
- of hospitable ancientry.

 The ritual of the treat is known:
 in little dishes jams are brought,
 on an oilcloth'd small table there is set
- 8 a jug of lingonberry water.

ΙV

They by the shortest road fly home at full career.¹⁷ Now let us eavesdrop furtively

- upon our heroes' conversation.
 "Well now, Onegin, you are yawning."
 "A habit, Lenski." "But somehow
 - "A habit, Lenski." "But somehow you are more bored than ever." "No, the same.
- 8 I say, it's dark already in the field; faster! come on, come on, Andryushka! What silly country! Ah, apropos: Dame Larin
- is simple but a very nice old lady;
 I fear that lingonberry water
 may not unlikely do me harm.

v

"Tell me, which was Tatiana?"
"Oh, she's the one who, sad
and silent like Svetlana,

- 4 came in and sat down by the window."

 "Can it be it's the younger one
 that you're in love with?" "Why not?" "I'd have
 the other, had I been like you a poet. [chosen
- 8 In Olga's features there's no life, just as in a Vandyke Madonna: she's round and fair of face as is that silly moon
- up in that silly sky."

 Vladimir answered curtly
 and thenceforth the whole way was silent.

VΙ

Meanwhile Onegin's apparition at the Larins' produced on everyone a great impression and regaled all the neighbors. 4. Conjecture on conjecture followed. All started furtively to talk, to joke, to comment not without some malice, a suitor for Tatiana to assign. 8 Some folks asserted even that the wedding was quite settled, but had been stayed because of fashionable rings' not being got. 12 Concerning Lenski's wedding, long ago they had it all arranged.

VII

Tatiana listened with vexation to gossip of that sort; but secretly she with ineffable elation

- 4 could not help thinking of it; and the thought sank into her heart; the time had come—she fell in love. Thus, dropped into the earth, a seed
- 8 is quickened by the fire of spring. For long had her imagination, consumed with mollitude and anguish, craved for the fatal food;
- for long had the heart's languishment constrained her youthful bosom; her soul waited—for somebody.

VIII

And not in vain it waited. Her eyes opened; she said: "'Tis he!" Alas! now both the days and nights, and hot, lone sleep, 4 all's full of him; to the dear girl unceasingly with magic force all speaks of him. To her are tedious alike the sounds of friendly speeches 8 and the gaze of assiduous servants. Immersed in gloom, to visitors she does not listen, and imprecates their leisures, 12 their unexpected arrival and protracted sitting down.

IX

With what attention does she now read some delicious novel, with what vivid enchantment

- 4 imbibe the ravishing illusion! Creations by the happy power of dreaming animated, the lover of Julie Wolmar,
- 8 Malek-Adhel, and de Linar, and Werther, restless martyr, and the inimitable Grandison,¹⁸ who brings upon us somnolence—
- all for the tender, dreamy girl have been invested with a single image, have in Onegin merged alone.

 \mathbf{X}

Imagining herself the heroine of her beloved authors— Clarissa, Julia, Delphine—

- Tatiana in the stillness of the woods alone roams with a dangerous book; in it she seeks and finds her secret ardency, her dreams,
- the fruits of the heart's fullness; she sighs, and having made her own another's ecstasy, another's woe, she whispers in a trance, by heart,
- a letter to the amiable hero.
 But our hero, whoever he might be,
 was certainly no Grandison.

ΧI

His style to a grave strain having attuned, time was, a fervid author used to present to us

- his hero as a model of perfection. He'd furnish the loved object always iniquitously persecuted with a sensitive soul, intelligence,
- 8 and an attractive face.
 Nursing the ardor of the purest passion, the always enthusiastic hero was ready for self-sacrifice,
- and by the end of the last part, vice always got punished, and virtue got a worthy crown.

XII

But nowadays all minds are in a mist, a moral brings upon us somnolence, vice is attractive in a novel, too,

- and there, at least, it triumphs.

 The fables of the British Muse disturb the young girl's sleep, and now her idol has become
- 8 either the pensive Vampyre, or Melmoth, gloomy vagabond, or the Wandering Jew, or the Corsair, or the mysterious Sbogar.¹⁹
- Lord Byron, by an opportune caprice, in woebegone romanticism draped even hopeless egotism.

IIIX

My friends, what sense is there in this? Perhaps, by heaven's will, I'll cease to be a poet; a new demon

- will enter into me;
 and having scorned the threats of Phoebus,
 I shall descend to humble prose:
 a novel in the ancient strain
- 8 will then engage my gay decline. There, not the secret pangs of crime shall I grimly depict, but simply shall detail to you
- the legends of a Russian family, love's captivating dreams, and manners of our ancientry.

XIV

I shall detail a father's, an old uncle's, plain speeches; the assigned trysts of the children

- by the old limes, by the small brook;
 the throes of wretched jealousy,
 parting, reconciliation's tears;
 once more I'll have them quarrel, and at last
 conduct them to the altar. I'll recall
- the accents of impassioned languish, the words of aching love, which in days bygone at the feet
- of a fair mistress came to my tongue; from which I now have grown disused.

xv

Tatiana, dear Tatiana!
I now shed tears with you.
Into a fashionable tyrant's hands

- your fate already you've relinquished.
 Dear, you shall perish; but before,
 in dazzling hope,
 you summon somber bliss,
- 8 you learn the dulcitude of life, you quaff the magic poison of desires, daydreams pursue you: you fancy everywhere
- retreats for happy trysts; everywhere, everywhere before you, is your fateful enticer.

xvI

The ache of love chases Tatiana, and to the garden she repairs to brood, and all at once her moveless eyes she lowers

- and is too indolent farther to step;
 her bosom has risen, her cheeks
 are covered with an instant flame,
 her breath has died upon her lips,
- and there's a singing in her ears, a flashing before her eyes. Night comes; the moon patrols the distant vault of heaven, and in the gloam of trees the nightingale intones sonorous chants.
- 12 intones sonorous chants.

 Tatiana in the darkness does not sleep and in low tones talks with her nurse.

XVII

- "I can't sleep, nurse: 'tis here so stuffy!

 Open the window and sit down by me."
 "Why, Tanya, what's the matter with you?" "I
- 4 Let's talk about old days." [am dull. "Well, what about them, Tanya? Time was, I stored in my memory no dearth of ancient haps and never-haps
- 8 about dire sprites and about maidens; but everything to me is dark now, Tanya: I have forgotten what I knew. Yes, things have come now to a sorry pass!
- 12 I'm all befuddled." "Nurse, tell me about your old times. Were you then in love?"

XVIII

- "Oh, come, come, Tanya! In those years we never heard of love; elsewise my late mother-in-law
- would have chased me right off the earth."
 "But how, then, were you wedded, nurse?"
 "It looks as if God willed it so. My Vanya
 was younger than myself, my sweet,
- 8 and I was thirteen. For two weeks or so a woman matchmaker kept visiting my kinsfolk, and at last my father blessed me. Bitterly
- I cried for fear; and, crying, they unbraided my tress and, chanting, they led me to the church.

XIX

- "And so I entered a strange family. . . . But you're not listening to me."
 "Oh, nurse, nurse, I feel dismal,
- I'm sick at heart, my dear,
 I'm on the point of crying, sobbing!"
 "My child, you are not well;
 the Lord have mercy upon us and save us!
- What would you like, do ask.

 Here, let me sprinkle you with holy water,
 you're all a-burning." "I'm not ill;
 I'm . . . do you know, nurse . . . I'm in love."
- "My child, the Lord be with you!"
 And, uttering a prayer, the nurse crossed with decrepit hand the girl.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

"I am in love," anew she murmured to the old woman mournfully.

"Sweetheart, you are not well."

4 "Leave me. I am in love."

And meantime the moon shone
and with dark light irradiated
the pale charms of Tatiana

and her loose hair,
and drops of tears, and, on a benchlet,
before the youthful heroine,
a kerchief on her hoary head, the little

old crone in a long "body warmer"; and in the stillness everything dozed by the inspirative moon.

XXI

And far away Tatiana's heart was ranging as she looked at the moon. . . .

All of a sudden in her mind a thought was

- 4 "Go, let me be alone. [born.... Give me, nurse, a pen, paper, and move up the table; I shall soon lie down. Good night." Now she's alone,
- 8 all's still. The moon gives light to her.
 Tatiana, leaning on her elbow, writes,
 and Eugene's ever present in her mind,
 and in an unconsidered letter
- the love of an innocent maid breathes forth.
 The letter now is ready, folded.
 Tatiana! Whom, then, is it for?

XXII

I've known belles inaccessible, cold, winter-chaste; inexorable, incorruptible, unfathomable by the mind; I marveled at their modish morgue, at their natural virtue, and, to be frank, I fled from them, and I, meseems, with terror read 8 above their eyebrows Hell's inscription: "Abandon hope for evermore!"20 To inspire love is bale for them, to frighten folks for them is joyance. 12 Perhaps, on the banks of the Neva similar ladies you have seen.

XXIII

Amidst obedient admirers, other odd females I have seen, conceitedly indifferent

- to sighs impassioned and to praise.
 But what, to my amazement, did I find?
 While, by austere demeanor,
 they frightened timid love,
- 8 they had the knack of winning it again, at least by their condolence; at least the sound of spoken words sometimes would seem more tender,
- and with credulous blindness again the youthful lover pursued sweet vanity.

XXIV

Why is Tatiana, then, more guilty? Is it because in sweet simplicity deceit she knows not and believes

- in her elected dream?
 Is it because she loves without art, being obedient to the bent of feeling?
 Is it because she is so trustful
- 8 and is endowed by heaven with a restless imagination, intelligence, and a live will, and headstrongness,
- and a flaming and tender heart?
 Are you not going to forgive her
 the thoughtlessness of passions?

xxv

The coquette reasons coolly; Tatiana in dead earnest loves and unconditionally yields

- to love like a sweet child.

 She does not say: Let us defer;
 thereby we shall augment love's value,
 inveigle into toils more surely;
- 8 let us first prick vainglory with hope; then with perplexity exhaust a heart, and then revive it with a jealous fire,
- for otherwise, cloyed with delight, the cunning captive from his shackles hourly is ready to escape.

XXVI

Another problem I foresee: saving the honor of my native land, undoubtedly I shall have to translate

- 4 Tatiana's letter. She
 knew Russian badly,
 did not read our reviews,
 and in her native tongue expressed herself
 8 with difficulty. So,
- with difficulty. So,she wrote in French.What's to be done about it! I repeat again;as yet a lady's love
- has not expressed itself in Russian, as yet our proud tongue has not got accustomed to postal prose.

XXVII

I know: some would make ladies read Russian. Horrible indeed! Can I image them

- with The Well-Meaner²¹ in their hands?
 My poets, I appeal to you!
 Is it not true that the sweet objects for whom, to expiate your sins,
- 8 in secret you wrote verses, to whom your hearts you dedicated did not they all, wielding the Russian language poorly, and with difficulty,
- so sweetly garble it, and on their lips did not a foreign language become a native one?

XXVIII

The Lord forbid my meeting at a ball or at its breakup, on the porch, a seminarian in a yellow shawl

- or an Academician in a bonnet!
 As vermeil lips without a smile,
 without grammatical mistakes
 I don't like Russian speech.
- 8 Perchance (it would be my undoing!) a generation of new belles, heeding the magazines' entreating voice, to Grammar will accustom us;
- verses will be brought into use. Yet I . . . what do I care? I shall be true to ancientry.

XXIX

An incorrect and careless patter, an inexact delivery of words, as heretofore a flutter of the heart

- will in my breast produce; in me there's no force to repent; to me will Gallicisms remain as sweet as the sins of past youth,
- 8 as Bogdanóvich's verse.
 But that will do. 'Tis time I busied myself with my fair damsel's letter;
 my word I've given—and what now? Yea, yea!
- I'm ready to back out of it.
 I know: tender Parny's pen in our days is out of fashion.

XXX

Bard of *The Feasts* and languorous sadness,²² if you were still with me, I would have troubled you,

- dear fellow, with an indiscreet request:
 that into magic melodies
 you would transpose
 a passionate maiden's foreign words.
- Where are you? Come! My rights I with a bow transfer to you. . . . But in the midst of melancholy rocks, his heart disused from praises,
- alone, under the Finnish sky he wanders, and his soul hears not my worry.

XXXI

Tatiana's letter is before me; religiously I keep it; I read it with a secret heartache

- 4 and cannot get my fill of reading it. Who taught her both this tenderness and amiable carelessness of words? Who taught her all that touching tosh,
- 8 mad conversation of the heart both fascinating and injurious? I cannot understand. But here's an incomplete, feeble translation,
- the pallid copy of a vivid picture, or *Freischütz* executed by the fingers of timid female learners.

TATIANA'S LETTER TO ONEGIN

I write to you—what would one more? What else is there that I could say? 'Tis now, I know, within your will

- 4 to punish me with scorn.

 But you, preserving for my hapless lot at least one drop of pity,
 you'll not abandon me.
- 8 At first, I wanted to be silent; believe me: of my shame you never would have known if I had had the hope but seldom,
- to see you at our country place, only to hear you speak, to say a word to you, and then
- to think and think about one thing, both day and night, till a new meeting. But, they say, you're unsociable; in backwoods, in the country, all bores you,
- while we . . . in no way do we shine, though simpleheartedly we welcome you.

Why did you visit us? In the backwoods of a forgotten village,

- I would have never known you
 nor have known this bitter torment.
 The turmoil of an inexperienced soul
 having subdued with time (who knows?),
- 28 I would have found a friend after my heart, have been a faithful wife

and a virtuous mother.

- Another! ... No, to nobody on earth
 would I have given my heart away!
 That has been destined in a higher council,
 that is the will of heaven: I am thine;
 my entire life has been the gage
 of a sure tryst with you;
- of a sure tryst with you;

 I know that you are sent to me by God,
 you are my guardian to the tomb....
 You had appeared to me in dreams,
- your wondrous glance would trouble me, your voice resounded in my soul long since.... No, it was not a dream!
- Scarce had you entered, instantly I knew you,
 I felt all faint, I felt aflame,
 and in my thoughts I uttered: It is he!
 Is it not true that it was you I heard:
- 48 you in the stillness spoke to me when I would help the poor or assuage with a prayer the anguish of my agitated soul?
- 52 And even at this very moment
 was it not you, dear vision,
 that slipped through the transparent darkness
 and gently bent close to my bed head?
- 56 Was it not you that with delight and love did whisper words of hope to me?

- Who are you? My guardian angel or a perfidious tempter?
- 60 Resolve my doubts.

 Perhaps, 'tis nonsense all,
 an inexperienced soul's delusion, and there's
 something quite different. . . . [destined]
- 64 But so be it! My fate
 henceforth I place into your hands,
 before you I shed tears,
 for your defense I plead.
- 68 Imagine: I am here alone, none understands me, my reason sinks, and, silent, I must perish.
- 72 I wait for you: revive my heart's hopes with a single look or interrupt the heavy dream with a rebuke—alas, deserved!
- 76 I close. I dread to read this over.

 I'm faint with shame and fear . . . But to me your honor is a pledge,

 and boldly I entrust myself to it.

XXXII

By turns Tatiana sighs and ohs. The letter trembles in her hand; the rosy wafer dries

- 4 upon her fevered tongue. Her poor head shoulderward has sunk; her light chemise has slid down from her charming shoulder.
- 8 But now the moonbeam's radiance already fades. Anon the valley grows through the vapor clear. Anon the stream starts silvering. Anon the herdsman's horn
- wakes up the villager.

 Here's morning; all have risen long ago:
 to my Tatiana it is all the same.

XXXIII

She takes no notice of the sunrise; she sits with lowered head and on the letter does not

- impress her graven seal. But, softly opening the door, now gray Filatievna brings her tea on a tray.
- 8 "'Tis time, my child, get up; why, pretty one, you're ready! Oh, my early birdie! I was so anxious yesternight—
- but glory be to God, you're well!
 No trace at all of the night's fret!
 Your face is like a poppy flower."

XXXIV

- "Oh, nurse, do me a favor."
- "Willingly, darling, order me."
- "Now do not think . . . Really . . . Suspicion . . .
- But you see . . . Oh, do not refuse!"
 - "My dear, to you God is my pledge."
 - "Well, send your grandson quietly with this note to O... to that... to
- the neighbor. And let him be told that he ought not to say a word, that he ought not to name me."
 "To whom, my precious?
- 12 I'm getting muddled nowadays.

 Neighbors around are many; it's beyond me
 even to count them over."

XXXV

- "Oh, nurse, how slow-witted you are!"
 "Sweetheart, I am already old,
 I'm old; the mind gets blunted, Tanya;
- but time was, I used to be sharp:
 time was, one word of master's wish . . ."
 "Oh, nurse, nurse, is this relevant?
 What matters your intelligence to me?
- You see, it is about a letter, to
 Onegin." "Well, this now makes sense.
 Do not be cross with me, my soul;
 I am, you know, not comprehensible . . .
- "Never mind, nurse, 'tis really nothing. Send, then, your grandson."

XXXVI

But the day lapsed, and there's no answer. Another came up; nothing yet. Pale as a shade, since morning dressed,

- Tatiana waits: when will the answer come?
 Olga's adorer drove up. "Tell me,
 where's your companion?" was to him
 the question of the lady of the house;
- 8 "He seems to have forgotten us entirely."
 Tatiana, flushing, quivered.
 "He promised he would be today,"
 Lenski replied to the old dame,
- "but evidently the mail has detained him."

 Tatiana dropped her eyes
 as if she'd heard a harsh rebuke.

XXXVII

'Twas darkling; on the table, shining, the evening samovar hissed as it warmed the Chinese teapot;

- 4 light vapor undulated under it. Poured out by Olga's hand, into the cups, in a dark stream, the fragrant tea already
- 8 ran, and a footboy served the cream;
 Tatiana stood before the window;
 breathing on the cold panes,
 lost in thought, the dear soul
- on the bemisted glass the cherished monogram: an O and E.

XXXVIII

And meantime her soul ached, and full of tears was her languorous gaze. Suddenly, hoof thuds! Her blood froze.

- Now nearer! Coming fast . . . and in the yard is Eugene! "Ach!"—and lighter than a shade Tatiana skips into another hallway, from porch outdoors, and straight into the garden;
 she flies, flies—dares not glance backward; in a moment has traversed
- glance backward; in a moment has traversed the platbands, little bridges, lawn, the avenue to the lake, the bosquet;
- she breaks the lilac bushes as she flies across the flower plots to the brook, and, panting, on a bench

XXXIX

she drops. "He's here! Eugene is here! Good God, what did he think!" Her heart, full of torments, retains

- an obscure dream of hope; she trembles, and she hotly glows, and waits: does he not come? But hears not. In the orchard girl servants, on the beds,
- were picking berries in the bushes and singing by decree in chorus (a decree based on that sly mouths would not in secret
- eat the seignioral berry and would be occupied by singing; a device of rural wit!):

Maidens, pretty maidens, darling girl companions, romp unhindered, maidens, have your fling, my dears!
Start to sing a ditty, sing our private ditty, and allure a fellow
to our choral dance.

When we lure a fellow,
when afar we see him,
let us scatter, dearies,
pelting him with cherries,
cherries and raspberries,
and red currants too.

"Do not come eavesdropping on our private ditties, do not come a-spying on our girlish games!" XL

They sing; and carelessly attending to their ringing voice, Tatiana with impatience waits

- for the heart's tremor to subside in her, for her cheeks to cease flaming; but in her breasts there's the same trepidation, nor ceases the glow of her cheeks:
- yet brighter, brighter do they burn. Thus a poor butterfly both flashes and beats an iridescent wing, captured by a school prankster; thus
- a small hare trembles in the winter corn upon suddenly seeing from afar the shotman in the bushes crouch.

XLI

But finally she sighed and from her bench arose; started to go; but hardly had she turned

- into the avenue when straight before her, eyes blazing, Eugene stood, similar to some grim shade, and as one seared by fire
- 8 she stopped.
 But to detail the consequences
 of this unlooked-for meeting I, dear friends,
 have not the strength today;
- after this long discourse I need a little jaunt, a little rest; some other time I'll tell the rest.

CHAPTER FOUR La morale est dans la nature des choses. Necker

Chapter Four

I

,

4

8

III

Chapter Four

IV

v

VI

1

4

8

12

VII

The less we love a woman the easier 'tis to be liked by her, and thus more surely we undo her among bewitching toils. 4. Time was when cool debauch was lauded as the art of love, trumpeting everywhere about itself, taking its pleasure without loving. 8 But that grand game is worthy of old sapajous of our forefathers' vaunted times; the fame of Lovelaces has faded 12 with the fame of red heels and of majestic periwigs.

VIII

Who does not find it tedious to dissemble; diversely to repeat the same; try gravely to convince one

- of what all have been long convinced; to hear the same objections, annihilate the prejudices which never had and hasn't
- 8 a little girl of thirteen years! Who will not grow weary of threats, entreaties, vows, feigned fear, notes running to six pages,
- betrayals, gossiping, rings, tears, surveillances of aunts, of mothers, and the onerous friendship of husbands!

IX

4.

Exactly thus my Eugene thought.
In his first youth
he had been victim of tempestuous errings
and of unbridled passions.
Spoiled by a habitude of life,
with one thing for a while
enchanted, disenchanted with another,
irked slowly by desire

- 8 irked slowly by desire, irked, too, by volatile success, hearkening in the hubbub and the hush to the eternal mutter of his soul,
- smothering yawns with laughter: this was the way he killed eight years, having lost life's best bloom.

 \mathbf{x}

With belles no longer did he fall in love, but dangled after them just anyhow; when they refused, he solaced in a twinkle;

- when they betrayed, was glad to rest.

 He sought them without rapture,
 while he left them without regret,
 hardly remembering their love and spite.
- Exactly thus does an indifferent guest drive up for evening whist: sits down; then, when the game is over, he drives off from the place,
- at home falls peacefully asleep, and in the morning does not know himself where he will drive to in the evening.

ΧI

But on receiving Tanya's missive, Onegin was profoundly touched: the language of a maiden's daydreams

- stirred up in him a swarm of thoughts; and he recalled winsome Tatiana's pale color, mournful air; and in a sweet and sinless dream
- 8 his soul became absorbed. Perhaps an ancient glow of feelings possessed him for a minute; but he did not wish to deceive
- an innocent soul's trustfulness.

 Now we'll flit over to the garden where Tatiana encountered him.

XII

For a few seconds they were silent; Onegin then went up to her and quoth: "You wrote to me.

- Do not deny it. I have read a trustful soul's avowals, an innocent love's outpourings; your candidness appeals to me,
- 8 in me it has excited
 emotions long grown silent.
 But I don't want to praise you—
 I will repay you for it
- with an avowal likewise void of art; hear my confession; unto your judgment I submit.

XIII

- "If I by the domestic circle had wanted to bound life; if to be father, husband,
- a pleasant lot had ordered me;
 if with the familistic picture
 I were but for one moment captivated;
 then, doubtlessly, save you alone
- no other bride I'd seek.
 I'll say without madrigal spangles:
 my past ideal having found,
 I'd doubtlessly have chosen you alone
- of all that's beautiful, and would have been happy—in so far as I could!

XIV

"But I'm not made for bliss; my soul is strange to it; in vain are your perfections:

- 4 I'm not at all worthy of them.
 Believe me (conscience is thereof the pledge),
 wedlock to us would be a torment.
 However much I loved you,
- 8 having grown used, I'd cease to love at once; you would begin to weep; your tears would fail to touch my heart they merely would exasperate it.
- Judge, then, what roses
 Hymen would lay in store for us—
 and, possibly, for many days!

xv

- "What in the world can be worse than a family where the poor wife frets over an undeserving husband
- and day and evening is alone; where the dull husband, knowing her worth (yet cursing fate), is always sullen, silent, cross,
- 8 and coldly jealous? Thus I. And is it this you sought with pure flaming soul when with such simplicity,
- with such intelligence, to me you wrote?
 Can it be true that such a portion
 is by stern fate assigned to you?

XVI

"For dreams and years there's no return; I shall not renovate my soul. I love you with a brother's love

- and maybe still more tenderly.
 So listen to me without wrath:
 a youthful maid will more than once
 for dreams exchange light dreams;
- a sapling thus its leaves changes with every spring.
 By heaven thus 'tis evidently destined.
 Again you will love; but . . .
- learn to control yourself; not everyone as I will understand you; to trouble inexperience leads.''

XVII

Thus Eugene preached. Nought seeing through her tears, scarce breathing, without protests,

- Tatiana listened to him.

 His arm to her he offered. Sadly
 (as it is said: "mechanically"),
 Tatiana leaned on it in silence,
- 8 bending her languid little head;
 homeward [they] went around the kitchen gartogether they arrived, and none [den;
 dreamt of reproving them for this:
- its happy rights
 has country freedom
 as well as haughty Moscow has.

XVIII

You will agree, my reader, that very nicely did our pal act toward melancholy Tanya;

- 4 not for the first time here did he reveal a real nobility of soul, though people's ill will spared nothing in him:
- 8 his foes, his friends
 (which, maybe, are the same)
 upbraided him this way and that.
 Foes upon earth has everyone,
- but God preserve us from our friends!

 Ah me, those friends, those friends!

 Not without cause have I recalled them.

XIX

What's that? Oh, nothing. I am lulling empty black reveries; I only in parenthesis observe

- that there's no despicable slander spawned in a garret by a babbler and by the rabble of the *monde* encouraged, that there's no such absurdity,
- 8 nor vulgar epigram,
 that with a smile your friend
 in a circle of decent people
 without the slightest malice or design
- will not repeat a hundred times in error; yet he professes to stand up for you: he loves you so! . . . Oh, like a kinsman!

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

8

Hm, hm, gent reader,
are all your kindred well?
Allow me; you might want, perhaps,
to learn from me now what exactly
is meant by "kinsfolks"?
Well, here's what kinsfolks are:
we are required to pet them, love them,
esteem them cordially,
and, following popular custom,
come Christmas, visit them, or else
congratulate them postally,

so that for the remainder of the year they will not think about us. So grant them, God, long life!

XXI

As to the love of tender beauties, 'tis surer than friendship or kin: even mid restless tempests you retain

- 4 rights over it.
 No doubt, so. But one has to reckon
 with fashion's whirl, with nature's waywardness,
 with the stream of the *monde*'s opinion—
- 8 while the sweet sex is light as fluff.
 Moreover, the opinions of her husband should by a virtuous wife be always honored;
- your faithful mistress thus may in a trice be swept away: with love jokes Satan.

XXII

Whom, then, to love? Whom to believe? Who is the only one that won't betray us? Who measures all deeds and all speeches

- obligingly by our own foot rule?
 Who does not sow slander about us?
 Who coddles us with care?
 To whom our vice is not so bad?
- 8 Who never bores us? Efforts in vain not wasting (as would a futile phantom-seeker), love your own self,
- my worthly honored reader.

 A worthy object! Surely, nothing more amiable exists.

XXIII

What was the consequence of the interview? Alas, it is not hard to guess! Love's frenzied sufferings

- 4 did not stop agitating the youthful soul avid of sadness; nay, poor Tatiana more intensely with joyless passion burns;
- 8 sleep shuns her bed;
 health, life's bloom and its sweetness,
 smile, virginal tranquillity—
 all, like an empty sound, have ceased to be,
 and gentle Tanya's youth is darkling:
- and gentle Tanya's youth is darkling: thus a storm's shadow clothes the scarce-born day.

XXIV

Alas, Tatiana fades away, grows pale, is wasting, and is mute! Nothing beguiles her

- or moves her soul.
 Shaking gravely their heads,
 among themselves the neighbors whisper:
 Time, time she married! . . .
- 8 But that will do. I must make haste to cheer the imagination with the picture of happy love. I cannot help, my dears,
- being constrained by pity; forgive me: I do love so much my dear Tatiana!

xxv

From hour to hour more captivated by the attractions of young Olga, Vladimir to delicious thralldom

- fully gave up his soul.

 He's ever with her. In her chamber they sit together in the dark; or in the garden, arm in arm,
- 8 they stroll at morningtide; and what of it? With love intoxicated, in the confusion of a tender shame, he only dares sometimes,
- by Olga's smile encouraged, play with an unwound curl or kiss the border of her dress.

XXVI

Sometimes he reads to Olya a moralistic novel in which the author

- 4 knows nature better than Chateaubriand and, meanwhile, two-three pages (empty chimeras, fables, for hearts of maidens dangerous)
- 8 he blushingly leaves out.
 Retiring far from everybody,
 over the chessboard they,
 leaning their elbows on the table,
- and Lenski in abstraction takes with a pawn his own rook.

XXVII

When he drives home, at home he also is with his Olga occupied, the volatile leaves of an album

- assiduously adorns for her: now draws therein agrestic views, a gravestone, the temple of Cypris, or a dove on a lyre
- 8 (using a pen and, slightly, colors); now on the pages of remembrance, beneath the signatures of others, he leaves a tender verse—
- mute monument of reverie, an instant thought's light trace, still, after many years, the same.

XXVIII

You have, of course, seen more than once the alof a provincial miss, by all her girl friends [bum scrawled over from the end,

- from the beginning, and around.

 Here, in defiance of orthography,
 lines without meter, [passed on] by tradition,
 in token of faithful friendship are entered,
- 8 diminished, lengthened.
 On the first leaf you are confronted with:
 Qu'écrirez-vous sur ces tablettes?
 signed: toute à vous Annette;
 and on the last one you will read:
 - "Whoever more than I loves you, let him write farther than I do."

XXIX

Here you are sure to find two hearts, a torch, and flowerets; here you will read no doubt

- love's vows "Unto the tomb slab"; some military poetaster here has dashed off a roguish rhyme. In such an album, to be frank, my friends,
- 8 I too am glad to write, at heart being convinced that any zealous trash of mine will merit an indulgent glance
- and that thereafter, with a wicked smile, one will not solemnly examine if I could babble wittily or not.

XXX

But you, odd volumes from the bibliotheca of the devils, the gorgeous albums,

- the rack of fashionable rhymesters; you, nimbly ornamented by Tolstoy's wonder-working brush, or Baratïnski's pen,
- 8 let the Lord's levin burn you!
 Whenever her in-quarto a resplendent lady proffers to me,
 a tremor and a waspishness possess me,
 12 and at the bottom of my soul there stirs an epigram—
 but madrigals you have to write for them!

XXXI

Not madrigals does Lenski write in the album of young Olga; his pen breathes love—

- 4 it does not glitter frigidly with wit. Whatever he notes, whatever he hears concerning Olga, this he writes about; and full of vivid truth
- flow, riverlike, his elegies.

 Thus you, inspired Yazīkov,
 sing, in the surgings of your heart,
 God knows whom, and the precious code
- of elegies
 will represent for you someday
 the entire story of your fate.

XXXII

But soft! You hear? A critic stern commands us to throw off the sorry wreath of elegies;

- and to our brotherhood of rhymesters cries: "Do stop whimpering and croaking always the same thing, regretting 'the foregone, the past';
- enough! Sing about something else!"—
 You're right, and surely you'll point out
 to us the trumpet, mask, and dagger,
 and everywhence a dead stock of ideas
- bid us revive.Thus friend?—"Nowise!Far from it! Write odes, gentlemen,

IIIXXX

- "as in a mighty age one wrote them, as was in times of yore established." Nothing but solemn odes?
- 4 Oh, come, friend; what's this to the purpose? Recall what said the satirist! Does the shrewd lyrist in "As Others See It" seem more endurable to you
- 8 than our glum rhymesters?—
 "But in the elegy all is so null; its empty aim is pitiful; whilst the aim of the ode is lofty
- and noble." Here I might argue with you, but I keep still:
 I do not want to make two ages quarrel.

XXXIV

A votary of fame and freedom, in the excitement of his stormy thoughts, Vladimir might have written odes,

- only that Olga did not read them.

 Have ever chanced larmoyant poets
 to read their works before the eyes
 of their beloved ones? It is said, no higher
- 8 rewards are in the world.
 And, verily, blest is the modest lover reading his daydreams to the object of songs and love,
- a pleasantly languorous belle!
 Blest—though perhaps by something quite different she is diverted.

XXXV

But I the products of my fancies and of harmonious device read but to an old nurse,

- 4 companion of my youth; or after a dull dinner, when a neighbor strays in to see me—having caught him by a coat skirt unexpectedly—
- 8 I choke him in a corner with a tragedy, or else (but that's apart from jesting), haunted by yearnings and by rhymes, roaming along my lake,
- I scare a flock of wild ducks; they, on heeding the chant of sweet-toned strophes, fly off the banks.

XXXVI

1

4

8

12

XXXVII

But what about Onegin? By the way, brothers! I beg your patience: his daily occupations in detail

- 4 I shall describe to you. Onegin anchoretically lived; he rose in summer between six and seven and, lightly clad, proceeded to the river
- that ran under the hillside. Imitating the songster of Gulnare, across this Hellespont he swam, then drank his coffee, while he flipped
- through some wretched review, and dressed

XXXVIII

1

1

8

12

XXXIX

Rambles, and reading, and sound sleep, the sylvan shade, the purl of streams, sometimes a white-skinned, dark-eyed girl's

- young and fresh kiss, a horse of mettle, bridle-true, a rather fancy dinner, a bottle of bright wine,
- 8 seclusion, quiet this was Onegin's saintly life; and he insensibly to it surrendered, the fair summer days
- in carefree mollitude not counting, oblivious of both town and friends and of the boredom of festive devices.

$_{ m XL}$

But our Northern summer is a caricature of Southern winters; it will glance by and vanish: this is known, though to admit it we don't wish.

- though to admit it we don't wish.
 The sky already breathed of autumn,
 the sun already shone more seldom,
 the day was growing shorter,
- the woods' mysterious canopy with a sad murmur bared itself, mist settled on the fields, the caravan of clamorous geese
- was tending southward; there drew near a rather tedious period; November stood already at the door.

XLI

Dawn rises in cold murk; stilled in the grainfields is the noise of labors; with his hungry female, the wolf

- 4 comes out upon the road; the road horse, sensing him, snorts, and the wary traveler goes tearing uphill at top speed;
- 8 no longer does the herdsman drive at sunrise the cows out of the shippon, and at the hour of midday in a circle his horn does not call them together;
- in her small hut singing, the maiden²³ spins and, the friend of winter nights, in front of her the splintlight crackles.

XLII

And now the frosts already crackle and silver 'mid the fields (the reader now expects the rhyme "froze-

- here, take it quick!). [rose"—
 Neater than modish parquetry,
 the ice-clad river shines.
 The gladsome crew of boys²⁴
- 8 cut with their skates resoundingly the ice; a heavy goose with red feet, planning to swim upon the bosom of the waters, steps carefully upon the ice,
- slidders, and falls. The gay first snow flicks, whirls, falling in stars upon the bank.

XLIII

What can one do at this time in the wilds? Walk? But the country at that time is an involuntary eyesore

- 4 in its unbroken nakedness. Go galloping in the harsh prairie? But, catching with a blunted shoe the treacherous ice, one's mount
- 8 is likely any moment to come down. Stay under your desolate roof, read; here is Pradt, here's Walter Scott! Don't want to? Verify expenses,
- grumble or drink, and the long evening somehow will pass; and next day the same thing, and famously you'll spend the winter.

XLIV

Onegin like a regular Childe Harold lapsed into pensive indolence: right after sleep he takes a bath with ice,

- and then, at home all day,
 alone, absorbed in calculations, armed
 with a blunt cue,
 using two balls,
- ever since morn plays billiards.
 The country evening comes; abandoned are billiards, the cue is forgot.
 Before the fireplace the table is laid;
- Eugene waits; here comes Lenski, borne by a troika of roan horses; quick, let's have dinner!

XLV

Of Veuve Clicquot or of Moët the blesséd wine in a chilled bottle for the poet

- 4 is brought at once upon the table. It sparkles Hippocrenelike;²⁵ with its briskness and froth (a simile of this and that)
- 8 it used to captivate me: for its sake my last poor lepton I was wont to give away—remember, friends? Its magic stream engendered
- no dearth of foolishness, but also lots of jokes, and verses, and arguments, and merry dreams!

XLVI

But with its noisy froth it plays false to my stomach, and nowadays sedate Bordeaux already I've preferred to it. For Ay I'm no longer fit, Ay is like a mistress, brilliant, volatile, vivacious, and whimsical, and shallow. 8 But you, Bordeaux, are like a friend who in grief and misfortune is always, everywhere, a comrade, ready to render us a service 12 or share our quiet leisure. Long live Bordeaux, our friend!

XLVII

The fire is out; barely with ashes is filmed the golden coal; in a barely distinguishable stream

- 4 the vapor weaves, and the grate faintly exhales some warmth. The smoke of pipes goes up the chimney. The bright goblet amid the table fizzes yet.
- 8 The evening gloam comes on (I'm fond of friendly prate and of a friendly bowl of wine at that time which is called
- though why, I do not see).

 Now the two friends converse.

XLVIII

- "Well, how are the fair neighbors? How's Tatiana? How is your sprightly Olga?"
- "Pour me half a glass more. . . .
- That'll do, dear chap. . . . The entire family is well; they send you salutations. . . . Ah, my dear chap, how beautiful the shoulders of Olga have become!
- Ah, what a bosom! What a soul! . . . Someday let's visit them; they will appreciate it; or else, my friend, judge for yourself—you dropped in twice, and after that
- you never even showed your nose.
 In fact—well, what a dolt I am!
 You are invited there next week."

XLIX

- "I?" "Yes, Tatiana's name day is Saturday. Ólinka and the mother bade me ask you, and there's no reason
- 4 you should not come in answer to their call."
 "But there will be a mass of people and all kinds of such scum."
 - "Oh, nobody, I am quite certain.
- 8 Who might be there? The family only.
 Let's go, do me the favor.
 Well?" "I consent." "How nice you are!"
 And with these words he drained
- his glass, a toast to the fair neighbor and then waxed voluble again, talking of Olga. Such is love!

L

Merry he was. A fortnight hence the blissful date was set, and the nuptial bed's mystery

- and love's sweet crown awaited his transports.
 Hymen's cares, woes, yawnings' chill train,
- 8 he never visioned.
 Whereas we, enemies of Hymen, perceive in home life but a series of tedious images,
- a novel in the genre of Lafontaine.²⁶
 O my poor Lenski! For the said
 life he at heart was born.

LI

He was loved—or at least he thought so—and was happy. Blest hundredfold is he who is devoted

- to faith; who, having curbed cold intellect, in the heart's mollitude reposes as, bedded for the night, a drunken traveler, or (more tenderly) as a butterfly
- 8 absorbed in a spring flower; but pitiful is he who foresees all, whose head is never in a whirl, who hates all movements and all words
- in their interpretation,
 whose heart is by experience
 chilled and forbidden to get lost in dreams.

CHAPTER FIVE

Never know these frightful dreams, You, O my Svetlana!

Zhukovski

Chapter Five

Ι

That year autumnal weather was a long time abroad; nature kept waiting and waiting for winter.

- Snow only fell in January, on the night of the second. Waking early, Tatiana from the window saw at morn the whitened yard,
- 8 flower beds, roofs, and fence; delicate patterns on the panes; the trees in winter silver, gay magpies outside,
- and the hills softly overspread with winter's brilliant carpeting. All's bright, all's white around.

II

Winter! The peasant, celebrating, in a flat sledge inaugurates the track; his naggy, having sensed the snow,

- shambles at something like a trot.
 Plowing up fluffy furrows,
 a bold kibitka flies:
 the driver sits upon his box
- 8 in sheepskin coat, red-sashed.

 Here runs about a household lad,
 upon a hand sled having seated "blackie,"
 having transformed himself into the steed;
- the scamp already has frozen a finger.
 He finds it both painful and funny—while
 his mother, from the window, threatens him..

III

But, maybe, pictures of this kind will not attract you; all this is lowly nature;

- 4 there is not much refinement here. Warmed by the god of inspiration, another poet in luxurious language for us has painted the first snow
- and all the shades of winter's delectations.²⁷
 He'll captivate you, I am sure of it,
 when he depicts in flaming verses
 secret promenades in sleigh;
- but I have no intention of contending either with him at present or with you, singer of the young Finnish Maid!²⁸

ΙV

Tatiana (being Russian at heart, herself not knowing why) loved, in all its cold beauty,

- a Russian winter:
 rime in the sun upon a frosty day,
 and sleighs, and, at late dawn,
 the radiance of the rosy snows,
- 8 and gloam of Twelfthtide eves. Those evenings in the ancient fashion were celebrated in their house: the servant girls from the whole stead
- told their young ladies' fortunes and every year made prophecies to them of military husbands and the march.

v

Tatiana credited the lore of plain-folk ancientry, dreams, cartomancy,

- prognostications by the moon. Portents disturbed her: mysteriously all objects foretold her something,
- 8 presentiments constrained her breast.

 The mannered tomcat sitting on the stove,
 purring, would wash his muzzlet with his paw:
 to her 'twas an indubitable sign
- that guests were coming. Seeing all at once the young two-horned moon's visage in the sky on her left,

VI

she trembled and grew pale. Or when a falling star along the dark sky flew

- and dissipated, then in agitation Tanya hastened to whisper, while the star still rolled, her heart's desire to it.
- 8 When anywhere she happened a black monk to encounter, or a swift hare amid the fields would run across her path,
- so scared she knew not what to undertake, full of grievous forebodings, already she expected some mishap.

VII

Yet—in her very terror she found a secret charm: thus has created us

- 4 nature, inclined to contradictions.
 Yuletide is here. Now that is joy!
 Volatile youth divines—
 who nought has to regret,
- 8 in front of whom the faraway of life extends luminous, boundless; old age divines, through spectacles, at its sepulchral slab,
- all having irrecoverably lost; nor does it matter: hope to them lies with its childish lisp.

IIIV

Tatiana with a curious gaze looks at the submerged wax: with its wondrously cast design,

- to her a wondrous something it proclaims. From a dish full of water rings come out in succession; and when *her* ring turned up,
- 'twas to a ditty of the ancient days:

 'There all the countrymen are rich;
 they heap up silver by the spadeful!
 To those we sing to will come Good
- and Glory!" But portends bereavements the pitiful tune of this dit: to maidens' hearts sweeter is "Kit."²⁹

IX

The night is frosty; the whole sky is clear; the splendid choir of heavenly luminaries so gently, so unisonally flows....

- 4 Tatiana, in her low-cut frock, into the wide courtyard comes out; she trains a mirror on the moon; but in the dark glass only
- 8 the sad moon trembles....

 Hark!...the snow creaks...a passer-by; the
 flits up to him on tiptoe—
 and her little voice sounds

 [maiden
- more tender than a reed pipe's strain:
 "What is your name?"³⁰ He looks,
 and answers: "Agafón."

X

On the nurse's advice, Tatiana, planning that night to conjure, has ordered in the bathhouse secretly

- a table to be laid for two.
 But suddenly Tatiana is afraid....
 And I—at the thought of Svetlana—I am afraid; so let it be ...
- 8 we're not to conjure with Tatiana.

 Tatiana has removed
 her silken sash, undressed,
 and gone to bed. Lel hovers over her,
 12 while under her pillow of down
 there lies a maiden's looking glass.
 Now all is hushed. Tatiana sleeps.

x_I

And dreams a wondrous dream Tatiana. She dreams that she over a snowy lawn is walking,

- surrounded by sad gloom.
 In front of her, between the snowdrifts, dins, swirls its wave
 a churning, dark, and hoary torrent,
- by the winter not chained; two thin poles, glued together by a piece of ice (a shaky, perilous small bridge), are laid across the torrent; and before
- the dinning deep, full of perplexity, she stopped.

$_{\rm XII}$

As at a vexing separation,
Tatiana murmurs at the brook;
sees nobody who from the other side

- might offer her a hand.

 But suddenly a snowdrift stirred,
 and who appeared from under it?
 A large bear with a ruffled coat;
- 8 Tatiana uttered "Ach!" and he went roaring and a paw with sharp claws stretched out to her. Nerving herself, she leaned on it with trembling hand 2 and worked her way with apprehensive steps
- and worked her way with apprehensive steps across the brook; walked on and what then? The bear followed her.

XIII

She, to look back not daring, accelerates her hasty step; but from the shaggy footman

- 4 can in no way escape; grunting, the odious bear keeps lumbering on. Before them is a wood; the pines are stirless in their frowning beauty;
- 8 all their boughs are weighed down by snow flocks; through the summits of aspens, birches, lindens bare the beam of the night luminaries shines;
- there is no path; shrubs, precipices, all are drifted over by the blizzard, plunged deep in snow.

XIV

8

Into the forest goes Tatiana; the bear follows; up to her knee comes yielding snow; now by the neck a long branch suddenly catches her, or by force it tears out of her ears their golden pendants; now in the crumbly snow sticks fast a small wet shoe come off her charming foot; now she lets fall her handkerchief—she has no time to pick it up, is frightened, hears the bear behind her, and even is too shy to raise

with tremulous hand the hem of her dress; she runs; he keeps behind her; and then she has no force to run.

xv

Into the snow she's fallen; the bear deftly snatches her up and carries her; she is insensibly submissive;

- stirs not, breathes not;
 he rushes her along a forest road;
 sudden, 'mongst trees, there is a humble hut;
 dense wildwood all around; from every side
- 7 'tis drifted over with desolate snow, and brightly glows a window; and in the hut are cries and noise; the bear quoth: "Here's my gossip,
- do warm yourself a little in his home!" and straight he goes into the hallway and on the threshold lays her down.

XVI

Tatiana comes to, looks: no bear; she's in a hallway; behind the door there's shouting and the jingle of glasses as at some big funeral. Perceiving not a drop of sense in this, she furtively looks through the chink -and what then? She sees . . . at a table monsters are seated in a circle: 8 one horned and dog-faced; another with a rooster's head; here is a witch with a goat's beard; here, prim and proud, a skeleton; 12 yonder, a dwarf with a small tail; and there, something half crane, half cat.

XVII

More frightful still, and still more wondrous: there is a crab astride a spider; there on a goose's neck

- twirls a red-calpacked skull; there a windmill the squat-jig dances and rasps and waves its vanes. Barks, laughter, singing, whistling, claps,
- 8 the parle of man, the stamp of steed!³¹
 But what were the thoughts of Tatiana
 when 'mongst the guests she recognized
 him who was dear to her and awesome—
- the hero of our novel!
 Onegin at the table sits
 and through the door stealthily gazes.

XVIII

He gives the signal—and all bustle; he drinks—all drink and all cry out; he laughs—all burst out laughing;

- 4 knits his brows—all are silent; he is the master there, 'tis plain; and Tanya is already not so awestruck, and being curious now she opens
- 8 the door a little....
 Sudden the wind blows, putting out
 the light of the nocturnal flambeaux;
 the gang of goblins flinches;
- Onegin, his eyes flashing, making a clatter rises from the table; all rise; he marches to the door.

XIX

And fear assails her; hastily Tatiana strains to flee: not possible; impatiently

- tossing about, she wants to scream—cannot; Eugene has pushed the door, and to the gaze of the infernal specters the girl appears; ferocious laughter
- 8 wildly resounds; the eyes of all, hooves, curved proboscises, tufted tails, tusks, mustaches, bloody tongues,
- horns, and fingers of bone—
 all point as one at her,
 and everybody cries: "Mine! Mine!"

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

- "Mine!" Eugene fiercely said, and in a trice the whole gang vanished; the youthful maid remained with him
- 4 twain in the frosty dark; Onegin gently draws Tatiana³² into a corner and deposits her upon a shaky bench
- and lets his head sink on her shoulder; all of a sudden Olga enters, followed by Lenski; light gleams forth; Onegin brings back his raised arm
- and wildly his eyes roam, and he berates the unbidden guests; Tatiana lies barely alive.

XXI

The argument grows louder, louder: Eugene suddenly snatches a long knife, and Lenski forthwith is felled; the shadows awesomely

- have thickened; an excruciating cry resounds . . . the cabin lurches . . . and Tanya wakes in terror. . . . She looks—'tis light already in the room;
- 8 dawn's crimson ray plays in the window through the frozen pane; the door opens. Olga flits in to her rosier than Northern Aurora
- and lighter than a swallow. "Well," she says, "do tell me, whom did you see in dream?"

XXII

But she, not noticing her sister, lies with a book in bed, page after page

- 4 keeps turning over, and says nothing. Although that book displayed neither the sweet inventions of a poet, nor sapient truths, nor pictures,
- 8 yet neither Virgil, nor Racine, nor Scott, nor nor Seneca, nor even [Byron, the Magazine of Ladies' Fashions ever engrossed anybody so much:
- it was, friends, Martin Zadeck,³³ head of Chaldean sages, divinistre, interpreter of dreams.

XXIII

This profound work a roving trader had one day peddled into their solitude,

- and for Tatiana finally with a broken set of Malvina had ceded for three rubles fifty, moreover taking for them a collection
- of vulgar fables,
 a grammar,
 two "Petriads," plus Marmontel, tome three.
 Later with Tanya Martin Zadeck
- became a favorite. He gives her joyance in all her sorrows and beside her, never absenting himself, sleeps.

XXIV

The dream disturbs her. Not knowing what to make of it, the import of the dread chimera

- Tatiana wishes to discover.

 Tatiana finds in the brief index,
 in alphabetic order,
 the words: bear, blizzard, bridge,
- dark, fir, fir forest, hedgehog, raven, storm, and so forth. Martin Zadeck will not resolve her doubts, but the ominous dream portends to her a lot of sad adventures.
 - For several days thereafter she kept worrying about it.

XXV

But lo, with crimson hand³⁴ Aurora from the morning dales leads forth, with the sun, after her

- the merry name-day festival.
 Since morn Dame Larin's house is full
 of guests; in entire families
 the neighbors have converged, in sledded coaches,
- 8 kibitkas, britskas, sleighs.
 There's in the vestibule jostling, commotion;
 there's in the drawing room the meeting of new
 the bark of pugs, girls' smacking kisses, [people,
- noise, laughter, a crush at the threshold, the bows, the scraping of the guests, wet nurses' shouts, and children's cry.

XXVI

With his well-nourished spouse there came fat Pustyakóv; Gvozdín, an admirable landlord,

- owner of destitute muzhiks; a gray-haired couple, the Skotínins, with children of all ages, counting from thirty years to two;
- 8 the district fopling, Petushkóv; Buyánov, my first cousin, covered with fluff, in a peaked cap³⁵ (as he, of course, is known to you);
- and the retired counselor Flyánov, a heavy scandalmonger, an old rogue, glutton, bribetaker, and buffoon.

XXVII

With the family of Panfíl Harlikóv there also came Monsieur Triquét, a wit, late from Tambóv,

- bespectacled and russet-wigged.
 As a true Frenchman, in his pocket
 Triquet has brought a stanza for Tatiana
 fitting an air to children known:
- 8 "Réveillez-vous, belle endormie."

 Among an almanac's decrepit songs this stanza had been printed;

 Triquet—resourceful poet—
- out of the dust brought it to light and boldly in the place of "belle Niná" put "belle Tatianá."

XXVIII

And now from the near borough, the idol of ripe misses, the joy of district mothers,

- a Company Commander has arrived; he enters. . . . Ah, news—and what news! there will be regimental music: "the Colonel's sending it himself."
- What fun! There is to be a ball!
 The young things skip beforehand.³⁶
 But dinner's served. In pairs,
 they go to table, arm in arm.
- The misses cluster near Tatiana, the men are opposite; and the crowd buzzes as all, crossing themselves, sit down to table.

XXIX

Talks for a moment have subsided; mouths chew. On all sides plates and covers clatter, and the jingle

- of rummers sounds.

 But soon the guests raise by degrees a general hullabaloo.
 - None listens; they shout, laugh,
- 8 dispute, and squeal. All of a sudden—
 the door leaves are flung open: Lenski
 comes in, and with him [comes] Onegin. "Oh, my
 Maker!"

cries out the lady of the house. "At last!"

The guests make room, each moves aside covers, chairs quick; they call, they seat the pair of friends

XXX

- —seat them directly facing Tanya, and paler than the morning moon, and more tremulous than the hunted doe,
- her darkening eyes she does not raise. In her stormily pulses a passionate glow; she suffocates, feels faint; the two friends' greetings
- she hears not; the tears from her eyes are on the point of trickling; the poor thing is on the point of swooning; but will and reason's power
- prevailed. A word or two she uttered through her teeth in a low voice and managed to remain at table.

XXXI

Tragiconervous scenes, the fainting fits of maidens, tears, long since Eugene could not abide:

- 4 enough of them he had endured.
 Finding himself at a huge feast,
 the odd chap was already cross. But noting
 the languid maid's tremulous impulse,
- out of vexation lowering his gaze, he went into a huff and, fuming, swore he would madden Lenski, and thoroughly, in fact, avenge himself.
- Now, in advance exulting, he inwardly began to sketch caricatures of all the guests.

IIXXX

Of course, not only Eugene might have seen Tanya's confusion; but the target of looks and comments at the time

- was a rich pie
 (unfortunately, oversalted);
 and here, in bottle sealed with pitch,
 between the meat course and the blancmangér,
- 8 Tsimlyanski wine is brought already, followed by an array of narrow, long wineglasses, similar to your waist, Zizí, crystal of my soul, object
- of my innocent verse, love's luring vial, you, of whom drunken I used to be!

XXXIII

Ridding itself of its damp cork, the bottle pops; the wine fizzes; and now with solemn mien,

- 4 long tortured by his stanza, Triquet stands up; before him the assembly maintains deep silence.
 - Tatiana's scarce alive; Triquet,
- 8 addressing her, a slip of paper in his hand, proceeds to sing, off key. Claps, acclamations, salute him. She must drop the bard a curtsy;
- whereat the poet, modest although great, is first to drink her health and hands to her the stanza.

XXXIV

4

8

12

Now greetings come, congratulations; Tatiana thanks them all.

Then, when the turn of Eugene arrived, the maiden's languid air, her discomposure, lassitude, engendered pity in his soul: he bowed to her in silence, but somehow the look of his eyes was wondrous tender. Whether because he verily was touched or he, coquetting, jested, whether unwillfully or by free will,

but tenderness this look expressed:

it revived Tanya's heart.

XXXV

The chairs, as they are pushed back, clatter; the crowd presses into the drawing room: thus bees out of the luscious hive

- fly meadward in a noisy swarm. Pleased with the festive dinner, neighbor in front of neighbor wheezes; the ladies by the hearth have settled;
- the maidens whisper in a corner; the green-baized tables are unfolded: to mettlesome cardplayers call boston and omber of the old,
- and whist, up to the present famous: monotonous family, all sons of avid boredom.

XXXVI

Eight rubbers have already played whist's heroes; eight times they have changed their seats—

- and tea is brought. I like defining the hour by dinner, tea, and supper. In the country we know the time without great fuss:
- the stomach is our accurate Bréguet; and, apropos, I'll parenthetically note that in my strophes I discourse as frequently on feasts, on various
- dishes and corks, as you, divine Homer, you, idol of thirty centuries!

XXXVII

4

8

12

XXXVIII

1

4

8

12

XXXIX

But tea is brought: scarce have the damsels demurely of their saucers taken hold when from behind the door of the long hall

- bassoon and flute sound suddenly. Elated by the thunder of the music, leaving his cup of tea with rum, the Paris of the surrounding townlets, Petushkóv,
- goes up to Olga; Lenski, to Tatiana; Miss Harlikov, a marriageable maid of overripe years, is secured by my Tambovan poet;
- Buyánov has whirled off Dame Pustyakóv; and all have spilled into the hall, and in full glory shines the ball.

XL

At the beginning of my novel (see the first fascicle) I wanted in Albano's manner a Petersburg ball to describe;

- a Petersburg ball to describe;
 but, by an empty reverie diverted,
 I got engrossed in recollecting
 the little feet of ladies known to me.
- Upon your narrow tracks, O little feet, enough roving astray!
 With the betrayal of my youth
 'tis time I grew more sensible,
 improved in doings and in diction
- improved in doings and in diction, and this fifth fascicle cleansed from digressions.

XLI

Monotonous and mad like young life's whirl, the noisy whirl of the waltz revolves,

- pair after pair flicks by.
 Nearing the minute of revenge,
 Onegin, chuckling secretly,
 goes up to Olga, rapidly with her
- spins near the guests,
 then seats her on a chair,
 proceeds to talk of this and that;
 a minute or two having lapsed, he then
- again with her the waltz continues; all are amazed. Lenski himself does not believe his proper eyes.

XLII

There the mazurka sounds. Time was, when the mazurka's thunder dinned, in a huge ballroom everything vibrated,

- the parquetry cracked under heel, the window frames shook, rattled; now 'tis not thus: we, too, like ladies, glide o'er the lacquered boards.
- But in [small] towns
 and country places, the mazurka
 has still retained its pristine charms:
 saltos, heel-play, mustachios
- remain the same; them has not altered highhanded fashion, our tyrant, sickness of the latest Russians.

XLIII

4

1

8

12

XLIV

Buyánov, my mettlesome cousin, toward our hero leads Tatiana with Olga; deft

- 4 Onegin goes with Olga.

 He steers her, gliding nonchalantly,
 and, bending, whispers tenderly to her
 some common madrigal, and squeezes
- 8 her hand—and brighter glows on her conceited face the rosy flush. My Lenski has seen it all; flares up, beside himself;
- in jealous indignation, the poet waits for the end of the mazurka and invites her for the cotillion.

XLV

But no, she cannot. Cannot? But what is it? Why, Olga has given her word already to Onegin. Ah, good God, good God!

- What does he hear? She could . . .

 How is it possible? Scarce out of swaddling
 and a coquette, a giddy child! [clothes—
 Already she is versed in guile,
- 8 has learned already to betray! Lenski has not the strength to bear the blow; cursing the tricks of women, he leaves, calls for a horse,
- and gallops off. A brace of pistols, two bullets—nothing more shall in a trice decide his fate.

CHAPTER SIX

Là, sotto i giorni nubilosi e brevi, Nasce una gente a cui 'l morir non dole.

Petr.

Chapter Six

1

On noticing that Vladimir had vanished, Onegin, by ennui pursued again, by Olga's side sank into meditation,

- 4 pleased with his vengeance. After him Ólinka yawned too, sought Lenski with her eyes, and the endless cotillion
- 8 irked her like an oppressive dream.
 But it has ended. They go in to supper.
 The beds are made. Guests are assigned night lodgings—from the entrance hall
 even to the maids' quarters. Restful slee
- even to the maids' quarters. Restful sleep by all is needed. My Onegin alone has driven home to sleep.

11

All has grown quiet. In the drawing room the heavy Pustyakov snores with his heavy better half.

- 4 Gvozdin, Buyanov, Petushkov, and Flyanov (who is not quite well) have bedded in the dining room on chairs, with, on the floor, Monsieur Triquet
- in underwaistcoat and old nightcap. All the young ladies, in Tatiana's and Olga's rooms, are wrapped in sleep. Alone, sadly by Dian's beam
- illumined at the window, poor Tatiana is not asleep and gazes out on the dark field.

III

12

With his unlooked-for apparition, the momentary softness of his eyes, and odd conduct with Olga,

- to the depth of her soul she's penetrated. She is quite unable to understand him. Jealous anguish perturbs her,
- as if a cold hand pressed
 her heart; as if beneath her an abyss
 yawned black and dinned....
 "I shall perish" saws Tanys
 - "I shall perish," says Tanya,
 - "but perishing from him is sweet.

 I murmur not: why murmur?

 He cannot give me happiness."

IV

Forward, forward, my story! A new persona claims us. Five versts from Krasnogórie,

- 4 Lenski's estate, there lives and thrives up to the present time in philosophical reclusion Zarétski, formerly a brawler,
- 8 the hetman of a gaming gang, chieftain of rakehells, pothouse tribune, but now a kind and simple bachelor paterfamilias,
- a steadfast friend, a peaceable landowner, and even an honorable man: thus does our age correct itself!

v

Time was, the *monde*'s obsequious voice used to extol his wicked pluck: he, it is true, could from a pistol

- at twelve yards hit an ace,
 and, furthermore, in battle too
 once, in real rapture, he distinguished
 himself by toppling from his Kalmuk steed
- boldly into the mud, swine drunk, and to the French fell prisoner (prized hostage!) a modern Regulus, the god of honor,
- ready to yield anew to bonds so as to drain on credit at Véry's³⁷ two or three bottles every morning.

VΙ

Time was, he bantered drolly, knew how to gull a fool and capitally fool a clever man,

- for all to see or on the sly;
 though some tricks of his, too,
 did not remain unchastised;
 though sometimes he himself, too, got
- 8 trapped like a simpleton. He knew how to conduct a gay dispute, make a reply keen or obtuse, now craftily to hold his tongue,
- now craftily to raise a rumpus, how to get two young friends to quarrel and place them on the marked-out ground,

VII

or have them make it up so as to lunch all three, and later secretly defame them

- with a gay quip, with prate....

 Sed alia tempora! Daredevilry
 (like love's dream, yet another caper)
 passes with lively youth.
- 8 As I've said, my Zarétski, beneath the racemosas and the pea trees having at last found shelter from tempests, lives like a true sage,
- plants cabbages like Horace, breeds ducks and geese, and teaches [his] children the ABC.

VIII

He was not stupid; and my Eugene, while rating low the heart in him, liked both the spirit of his judgments

- and his sane talk of this and that. He would frequent him with pleasure, and therefore was not at all surprised at morn
- 8 when he saw him; the latter, after the first greeting, interrupting the started conversation, with eyes atwinkle, to Onegin
- handed a billet from the poet.

 Onegin went up to the window
 and read it to himself.

IX

It was a pleasant, gentlemanly, brief challenge or cartel: politely, with cold clearness, to a duel

- 4 Lenski called out his friend.
 Onegin, on a first impulsion
 to the envoy of such an errand
 turning, without superfluous words
- said he was "always ready."

 Zaretski got up without explanations—
 did not want to stay longer,
 having at home a lot of things to do—
- and forthwith left; but Eugene, alone remaining with his soul, felt ill-contented with himself.

X

And serve him right: on strict examination, he, having called his own self to a secret court, accused himself of much:

- first, it had been already wrong of him
 to make fun of a timid, tender love
 so casually yesternight;
 and secondly: why, let a poet
 indulge in nonsense! At eighteen
 'tis pardonable. Eugene,
 loving the youth with all his heart,
 ought to have shown himself to be
 no bandyball of prejudices.
 - no bandyball of prejudices, no fiery boy, no scrapper, but a man of honor and of sense.

ΧI

He might have manifested feelings instead of bristling like a beast; he ought to have disarmed

- the youthful heart. "But now too late; the time has flown away. . . . Moreover," he reflects, "in this affair an old duelist has intervened;
- 8 he's wicked, he's a gossip, he talks glibly....
 Of course, contempt should be the price
 of his droll sallies; but the whisper,
 the snickering of fools..."
- And here it is—public opinion!³⁸
 Honor's mainspring, our idol!
 And here is what the world turns on!

XII

The poet, with impatient enmity boiling, awaits at home the answer. And here the answer solemnly

- by the grandiloquent neighbor is brought. Now, what a boon 'tis for the jealous one! He had kept fearing that the scamp might joke his way out somehow,
- a trick devising and his breast averting from the pistol.
 The doubts are now resolved: tomorrow to the mill they must drive before daybreak,
 - at one another raise the cock, and at the thigh or at the temple aim.

XIII

Having decided to detest the coquette, boiling Lenski did not wish to see before the duel Olga.

- The sun, his watch he kept consulting; at last he gave it up— and found himself at the fair neighbors'. He thought he would embarrass Ólinka,
- 8 confound her by his coming; but nothing of the sort: just as before to welcome the poor songster Olinka skipped down from the porch,
- akin to giddy hope, spry, carefree, gay—in fact, exactly the same as she had been.

XIV

"Why did you vanish yesternight so early?" was Olinka's first question.
In Lenski all the senses clouded,

- and silently he hung his head.

 Jealousy and vexation disappeared before this clarity of glance, before this soft simplicity,
- before this sprightly soul! . . . He gazes with sweet tenderness; he sees: he is still loved! Already, by remorse beset,
- he is prepared to beg her pardon, he quivers, can't find words: he's happy, he is almost well....

xv

1

4.

8

12

XVI

1

4

8

12

8

12

XVII

And pensive, spiritless again
before his darling Olga,
Vladimir cannot make himself remind her
of yesterday;
"I," he reflects, "shall be her savior.
I shall not suffer a depraver
with fire of sighs and compliments
to tempt a youthful heart,
nor let a despicable, venomous
worm gnaw a lily's little stalk,
nor have a blossom two morns old
wither while yet half blown."

All this, friends, meant: I have a pistol duel with a pal.

243

XVIII

If he had known what a wound burned the heart of my Tatiana! If Tatiana had been aware, if she

- 4 could have known that tomorrow
 Lenski and Eugene
 were to compete for the tomb's shelter,
 ah, then, perhaps, her love
- 8 might have united the two friends again!
 But none, even by chance, had yet discovered that passion.

Onegin about everything was silent;

Tatiana pined away in secret; alone the nurse might have known—but she was slow-witted.

XIX

All evening Lenski was abstracted, now taciturn, now gay again; but he who has been fostered by the Muse

- is always thus; with knitted brow he'd sit down at the clavichord and play but chords on it; or else, his gaze directing toward Olga,
- 8 he'd whisper, "I am happy, am I not?" But it is late; time to depart. In him the heart contracted, full of anguish; as he took leave of the young maiden,
- it seemed to break asunder.
 She looks him in the face. "What is the matter with
 "Nothing." And he makes for the porch. [you?"

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

On coming home his pistols he inspected, then back into their case he put them, and, undressed,

- by candle opened Schiller; but there's one thought infolding him; the sad heart in him does not slumber: Olga, in beauty
- 8 ineffable, he sees before him.
 Vladimir shuts the book,
 takes up his pen; his verses—
 full of love's nonsense—sound
- and flow. Aloud
 he reads them in a lyric fever,
 like drunken D[elvig] at a feast.

XXI

The verses chanced to be preserved; I have them; here they are: "Whither, ah! whither are ye fled,

- 4 my springtime's golden days? What has the coming day in store for me? In vain my gaze attempts to grasp it; in deep gloom it lies hidden.
- 8 It matters not; fate's law is just.
 Whether I fall, pierced by the dart, or whether it flies by—all is right:
 of waking and of sleep
- comes the determined hour; blest is the day of cares, blest, too, is the advent of darkness!

XXII

"The ray of dawn will gleam tomorrow, and brilliant day will scintillate; whilst I, perhaps—I shall descend

- into the tomb's mysterious shelter, and the young poet's memory slow Lethe will engulf; the world will forget me; but thou,
- 8 wilt thou come, maid of beauty, to shed a tear over the early urn and think: he loved me, to me alone he consecrated
- the doleful daybreak of a stormy life! . . . Friend of my heart, desired friend, come, come: I'm thy spouse!"

XXIII

Thus did he write, "obscurely and limply" (what we call romanticism—though no romanticism at all

- do I see here; but what is that to us?),
 and finally, before dawn, letting sink
 his weary head,
 upon the fashionable word
- 8 "ideal," Lenski dozed off gently; but hardly had he lost himself in sleep's bewitchment when the neighbor entered the silent study
- and wakened Lenski with the call,
 "Time to get up: past six already.
 Onegin's sure to be awaiting us."

XXIV

But he was wrong: at that time Eugene was sleeping like the dead.

The shadows of the night now wane,

and Vesper by the cock is greeted;
Onegin soundly sleeps away.
By now the sun rides high,

and shifting flurries

8 sparkle and spin; but still his bed Onegin has not left, still slumber hovers over him. Now he awakes at last

and draws apart the curtain's flaps; looks—and sees that already it is long since time to drive off.

XXV

Quickly he rings—and his French valet, Guillot, comes running in, offers him dressing gown and slippers,

- and hands him linen.
 Onegin hastes to dress,
 orders his valet to get ready
 to drive together with him and to take
- 8 along with him also the combat case. The racing sleigh is ready; in he gets; flies to the mill. Apace they come. He bids his valet carry after him
- Lepage's³⁹ fell tubes and has the horses moved away into a field toward two oaklings.

XXVI

On the dam leaning, Lenski had been waiting impatiently for a long time; meanwhile Zaretski, a rural mechanic,

- with the millstone was finding fault.
 Onegin with apologies came up.
 "But where," quoth with amazement
 Zaretski, "where's your second?"
- In duels classicist and pedant, he liked method out of feeling and allowed to stretch one's man not anyhow but by the strict rules of the art
- according to all the traditions of ancientry (which we must praise in him).

XXVII

- "My second?" Eugene said.
- "Here's he: my friend, Monsieur Guillot.
 I don't foresee
- objections to my presentation:
 although he is an unknown man,
 quite surely he's an honest chap."
 Zaretski bit his lip. Onegin
- 8 asked Lenski: "Well, are we to start?"
 "Let's start if you are willing," said
 Vladimir. And they went
 behind the mill.
- While, at a distance, our Zaretski and the "honest enter into a solemn compact, [chap" the two foes stand with lowered eyes.

XXVIII

Foes! Is it long since bloodthirst turned them away from one another? Is it long since they shared their hours of leisure,

- 4 meals, thoughts, and doings in friendliness? Now, wickedly, similar to hereditary foes, as in a frightful, enigmatic dream,
- 8 in silence, for each other they prepare destruction coolly.... Should they not burst out laughing while their hand is not yet crimsoned?
- Should they not amiably part?...
 But wildly beau-monde enmity
 is of false shame afraid.

XXIX

The pistols now have gleamed. The mallet clanks against the ramrod. The balls go into the polyhedral barrel,

- 4 and the cock clicks for the first time.

 The powder in a grayish streamlet now pours into the pan. The jagged, securely screwed-in flint
- 8 anew is drawn back. Disconcerted
 Guillot behind a near stump takes his stand.
 The two foes shed their cloaks.
 Zaretski paces off thirty-two steps
- with excellent accuracy; his friends apart he places at the farthest mark, and each takes up his pistol.

XXX

"Now march." The two foes, coolly, not aiming yet, with firm tread, slowly, steadily

- traversed four paces, four mortal stairs.
 His pistol Eugene then, not ceasing to advance,
- 8 gently the first began to raise. Now they have stepped five paces more, and Lenski, closing his left eye, started to level also—but right then
- Onegin fired.... The clock of fate has struck: the poet in silence drops his pistol.

XXXI

Softly he lays his hand upon his breast and falls. His misty gaze expresses death, not pain.

- Thus, slowly, down the slope of hills, shining with sparkles in the sun, a lump of snow descends.

 Deluged with instant cold,
- 8 Onegin hastens to the youth, looks, calls him . . . vainly: he is no more. The young bard has found an untimely end!
- The storm has blown; the beauteous bloom has withered at sunrise; the fire upon the altar has gone out! . . .

XXXII

Stirless he lay, and strange was his brow's languid peace.
Under the breast he had been shot clean through;

- steaming, the blood flowed from the wound.
 One moment earlier
 in this heart inspiration,
 enmity, hope, and love had throbbed,
- 8 life effervesced, blood burned; now, as in a deserted house, all in it is both still and dark, it has become forever silent.
- The window boards are shut. The panes with are whitened over. The chatelaine is gone. [chalk But where, God wot. All trace is lost.

XXXIII

With an insolent epigram 'tis pleasant to enrage a bungling foe; pleasant to see how, bending stubbornly

- his buttsome horns, he in the mirror looks at himself involuntarily and is ashamed to recognize himself; more pleasant, friends, if, as the fool he is,
- 8 he howls out: It is I! Still pleasanter—in silence to prepare an honorable grave for him and quietly at his pale forehead
- aim, at a gentlemanly distance; but to dispatch him to his fathers will hardly pleasant be for you.

XXXIV

What, then, if by your pistol be smitten a young pal who with a saucy glance or repartee

- or any other bagatelle insulted you over the bottle, or even himself, in fiery vexation, to combat proudly challenged you?
- 8 Say: what sensation
 would take possession of your soul
 when, motionless upon the ground,
 in front of you, with death upon his brow,
- he by degrees would stiffen, when he'd be deaf and silent to your desperate appeal?

XXXV

In anguish of the heart's remorse, his hand squeezing the pistol, at Lenski Eugene looks.

- 4 "Well, what—he's dead," pronounced the neigh-Dead!... With this dreadful interjection [bor. smitten, Onegin with a shudder walks hence and calls his men.
- 8 Zaretski carefully lays on the sleigh the frozen corpse; home he is driving the dread lading. Sensing the corpse,
- the horses snort and jib, with white foam wetting the steel bit, and like an arrow off they fly.

XXXVI

My friends, you're sorry for the poet: in the bloom of glad hopes, not having yet fulfilled them for the world,

- scarce out of infant clothes,
 withered! Where is the ardent stir,
 the noble aspiration
 of young emotions and young thoughts,
- 8 exalted, tender, bold? Where are love's turbulent desires, the thirst for knowledges and work, the dread of vice and shame,
- and you, fond musings, you, [token] of unearthly life, you, dreams of sacred poetry!

XXXVII

Perhaps, for the world's good or, at the least, for glory he was born; his silenced lyre might have aroused

- a resonant, uninterrupted ringing throughout the ages. There awaited the poet, on the stairway of the world, perhaps, a lofty stair.
- 8 His martyred shade has carried away with him, perhaps, a sacred mystery, and for us dead is a life-creating voice,
- and to his shade beyond the tomb's confines will not rush up the hymn of races, the blessing of the ages.

XXXVIII

1

4

8

12

XXXIX

And then again: perhaps, an ordinary lot awaited the poet. Years of youth would have elapsed:

- in him the soul's fire would have cooled.

 He would have changed in many ways,
 have parted with the Muses, married,
 up in the country, happy and cornute,
- have worn a quilted dressing gown;
 learned life in its reality,
 at forty, had the gout,
 drunk, eaten, moped, got fat, decayed,
 and in his bed, at last,
 - died in the midst of children, weepy females, and medicos.

$_{ m XL}$

But, reader, be it as it may, alas, the young lover, the poet, the pensive dreamer, has been killed

- by a friend's hand!

 There is a spot: left of the village where inspiration's nursling dwelt, two pine trees grow, united at the roots;
- beneath them have meandered streamlets of the neighboring valley's brook.'Tis there the plowman likes to rest and women reapers come to dip
- their ringing pitchers in the waves; there, by the brook, in the dense shade a simple monument is set.

XLI

Beneath it (as begins to drip spring rain upon the herb of fields) the herdsman, plaiting his pied shoe of bast,

- 4 sings of the Volga fishermen; and the young townswoman who spends the summer in the country, when headlong on horseback, alone,
- she scours the fields, before it halts her steed, tightening the leathern rein; and, turning up the gauze veil of her hat,
- she reads with skimming eyes the plain inscription—and a tear dims her soft eyes.

XLII

And at a walk she rides in open champaign, sunk in a reverie; a long time, willy-nilly,

- her soul is full of Lenski's fate; and she reflects: "What has become of Olga? Did her heart suffer long? Or did the season of her tears soon pass?
- And where's her sister now? And where, that of people and the world, [shunner of modish belles the modish foe, where's that begloomed eccentric,
- the slayer of the youthful poet?"

 In due time I shall give you an account in detail about everything.

XLIII

But not now. Though with all my heart I love my hero; though I'll return to him, of course;

- but now I am not in the mood for him. The years to austere prose incline, the years chase pranksome rhyme away, and I—with a sigh I confess—
- 8 more indolently dangle after her. My pen has not its ancient disposition to mar with scribblings fleeting leaves; other chill dreams,
- other stern cares, both in the social hum and in the still disturb my soul's sleep.

XLIV

I have learned the voice of other desires, I've come to know new sadness; I have no expectations for the first,

- and the old sadness I regret.

 Dreams, dreams! Where is your dulcitude?

 Where is (its stock rhyme) juventude?

 Can it be really true
- 8 that withered, withered is at last its garland?
 Can it be true that really and indeed,
 without elegiac conceits,
 the springtime of my days is fled
- (as I in jest kept saying hitherto),and has it truly no return?Can it be true that I'll be thirty soon?

XLV

So! My noontide is come, and this I must, I see, admit.
But, anyway, as friends let's part,

- 4 O my light youth!
 My thanks for the delights,
 the melancholy, the dear torments,
 the hum, the storms, the feasts,
- 8 for all, for all your gifts
 my thanks to you. In you
 amidst turmoils and in the stillness
 I have delighted . . . and in full.
- I now set out on a new course to rest from my old life.

XLVI

Let me glance back. Farewell now, coverts where in the backwoods flowed my days, fulfilled with passions and with indolence

- and with the dreamings of a pensive soul.
 And you, young inspiration,
 stir my imagination,
 the slumber of the heart enliven,
- 8 into my nook more often fly, let not a poet's soul grow cold, callous, crust-dry, and finally be turned to stone
- in the World's deadening intoxication in that slough where with you I bathe, dear friends!40

CHAPTER SEVEN

Moscow! Russia's favorite daughter! Where is your equal to be found?

Dmitriev

How not to love one's native Moscow?

Baratinski

"Reviling Moscow! This is what comes from seeing the world! Where is it better, "Where we are not." [then?"

Griboedov

Chapter Seven

1

Chased by the vernal beams, down the surrounding hills the snows already have run in turbid streams

- onto the inundated fields.

 With a serene smile, nature
 greets through her sleep the morning of the year.
 Bluing, the heavens shine.
- 8 The yet transparent woods as if with down are greening.
 The bee flies from her waxen cell after the tribute of the field.
- The dales grow dry and varicolored.

 The herds are noisy, and the nightingale has sung already in the hush of nights.

ΙI

How sad your apparition is to me, spring, spring, season of love! What a dark stir there is

- in my soul, in my blood!
 With what oppressive tenderness
 I revel in the whiff
 of spring fanning my face
- or is enjoyment strange to me, and all that gladdens, animates, all that exults and gleams,
- casts spleen and languishment upon a soul long dead and all looks dark to it?

III

Or gladdened not by the return of leaves that perished in the autumn, a bitter loss we recollect,

- harking to the new murmur of the woods; or with reanimated nature we compare in troubled thought the withering of our years,
- 8 for which there is no renovation?
 Perhaps there comes into our thoughts,
 midst a poetical reverie,
 some other ancient spring,
- which sets our heart aquiver with the dream of a distant clime, a marvelous night, a moon....

IV

Now is the time: good lazybones, epicurean sages; you, equanimous fortunates;

- you, fledglings of the Lyóvshin⁴¹ school; you, country Priams; and sentimental ladies, you; spring calls you to the country,
- season of warmth, of flowers, of labors, of inspired rambles,
 and of seductive nights.
 Friends! to the fields, quick, quick;
- in heavy loaden chariots; with your own horses or with posters; out of the towngates start to trek!

V

And you, indulgent reader, in your imported calash, leave the indefatigable city

- where in the winter you caroused; let's go with my capricious Muse to hear the murmur of a park above a nameless river, in the country place,
- 8 where my Eugene, an idle and despondent recluse, but recently dwelt in the winter, in the neighborhood of youthful Tanya,
- of my dear dreamer; but where he is no longer now . . . where a sad trace he left.

VI

'Mid hills disposed in a half circle, let us go thither where a rill, winding, by way of a green meadow,

- runs to the river through a linden bosquet.
 The nightingale, spring's lover,
 sings there all night; the cinnamon rose
 blooms, and the babble of the fount is heard.
- 8 There a tombstone is seen in the shade of two ancient pines.
 The scripture to the stranger says:
 "Here lies Vladimir Lenski,
- who early died the death of the courageous, in such a year, at such an age.

 Repose, boy poet!"

VII

On the inclined bough of a pine, time was, the early breeze above that humble urn

- swayed a mysterious wreath; time was, during late leisures, two girl companions hither used to come; and, by the moon, upon the grave,
- 8 embraced, they wept; but now . . . the drear memorial is forgot. The wonted trail to it, weed-choked. No wreath is on the bough.
- Alone, beneath it, gray and feeble, the herdsman as before keeps singing and plaiting his poor footgear.

Chapter Seven

VIII

IX

x

My poor Lenski! Pining away, she did not weep for long. Alas! The young fiancée

- is to her woe untrue.

 Another ravished her attention,
 another managed with love's flattery
 to lull to sleep her suffering:
- 8 an uhlan knew how to enthrall her, an uhlan by her soul is loved; and lo! with him already at the altar she modestly beneath the bridal crown
- stands with bent head, fire in her lowered eyes, a light smile on her lips.

xI

My poor Lenski! Beyond the grave, in the confines of deaf eternity, was the despondent bard perturbed

- by the fell news of the betrayal?
 Or on the Lethe lulled to sleep,
 blest with insensibility, the poet
 no longer is perturbed by anything,
- 8 and closed and mute is earth to him? . . .
 'Tis so! Indifferent oblivion
 beyond the sepulcher awaits us.
 The voice of foes, of friends, of loves abruptly
- falls silent. Only over the estate the angry chorus of the heirs starts an indecent squabble.

XII

And soon the ringing voice of Olya was in the Larin family stilled. A captive of his lot, the uhlan

- had to rejoin his regiment with her. Bitterly shedding floods of tears, the old dame, as she took leave of her daughter, seemed scarce alive,
- but Tanya could not cry; 8 only a deadly pallor covered her melancholy face. When everybody came out on the porch, and one and all, taking leave, bustled 12 around the chariot of the newly wed, Tatiana saw them off.

XIII

And long did she, as through a mist, gaze after them....

And now Tatiana is alone, alone!

- Alas! Companion of so many years, 4, her youthful doveling, her own dear bosom friend, has been by fate borne far away,
- has been from her forever separated. 8 She, like a shade, roams aimlessly; now into the deserted garden looks. . . . Nowhere, in nothing, are there joys for her,
- and she finds no relief 12 for tears suppressed, and torn asunder is her heart.

XIV

And in the cruel solitude stronger her passion burns, and louder does her heart of distant

- Onegin speak to her.
 She will not see him;
 she must abhor in him
 the slayer of her brother;
- the poet perished . . . but already none remembers him, already to another his promised bride has given herself.

 The poet's memory has sped by
- as smoke across an azure sky;
 perhaps there are two hearts that yet
 grieve for him. . . . Wherefore grieve?

xv

'Twas evening. The sky darkened. Waters streamed quietly. The beetle churred. The choral throngs already were dispersing.

- Across the river, smoking, glowed already the fire of fishermen. In open country by the moon's silvery light, sunk in her dreams,
- 8 long did Tatiana walk alone. She walked, she walked. . . . And suddenly before her from a she sees a manor house, a village, [hill a grove below hill, and a garden
- above a luminous river.

 She gazes, and the heart in her faster and harder has begun to beat.

xvI

Doubts trouble her:

- "Shall I go on? Shall I go back? . . . He is not here. They do not know me. . . . I shall glance
- at the house, at that garden."
 And so downhill Tatiana walks,
 scarce breathing; casts around
 a gaze full of perplexity...
- 8 and enters a deserted courtyard.

 Dogs toward her

 dash, barking. . . . At her frightened cry
 a household brood of serf boys
- has noisily converged. Not without fighting the boys dispersed the hounds, taking the lady under their protection.

XVII

- "I wonder, can one see the master house?" asked Tanya. Speedily the children to Anisia ran
- 4 to get the hallway keys from her. Anisia came forth to her promptly, and the door before them opened, and Tanya stepped into the empty house,
- 8 where recently our hero had been living. She looked: in the reception room forgotten, a cue reposed upon the billiard table; upon a rumpled sofa lay
- a riding crop. Tanya went on.

 The old crone said to her: "And here's the firehere master used to sit alone. [place;

XVIII

- "Here in the winter the late Lenski, our neighbor, used to dine with him. This way, please, follow me.
- This was the master's study; he used to sleep here, take his coffee, listen to the steward's reports, and in the morning read a book. . . .
- 8 And the old master lived here too; on Sundays, at this window here, time was, donning his spectacles, he'd deign to play 'tomfools' with me.
- God grant salvation to his soul and peace to his dear bones in the grave, in damp mother earth!"

XIX

Tatiana looks with melting gaze at everything around her, and all to her seems priceless,

- all quickens her languorous soul with a half-painful joyance: the desk with its extinguished lamp, a pile of books, and at the window
- 8 a carpet-covered bed, and from the window the prospect through the lunar gloom, and this pale half-light, and Lord Byron's porand a small column [trait,
- with a cast-iron statuette with clouded brow under a hat, with arms crosswise compressed.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

Tatiana in the modish cell stands long as one bewitched. But it is late. A cold wind has arisen.

- It's dark in the dale. The grove sleeps above the misted river; the moon has hid behind the hill, and it is time, high time,
- 8 that the young pilgrimess went home; and Tanya, hiding her excitement, and not without a sigh, starts out on her way back;
- but first she asks permissionto visit the deserted castleso as to read books there alone.

XXI

Beyond the gate Tatiana parted with the housekeeper. A day later, early at morn this time, again she came

- 4 to the abandoned shelter, and in the silent study, for a while to all on earth oblivious, she remained at last alone,
- and long she wept.
 Then to the books she turned.
 At first she was not in a mood for them,
 but their choice seemed to her
- bizarre. Tatiana fell to readingwith avid soul; and there revealed itselfa different world to her.

XXII

Although we know that Eugene had long ceased to like reading, still, several works

- he had exempted from disgrace: the singer of the Giaour and Juan and, with him, also two or three novels in which the epoch is reflected
- and modern man rather correctly represented with his immoral soul, selfish and dry,
- to dreaming measurelessly given, with his embittered mind boiling in empty action.

XXIII

Many pages preserved the trenchant mark of fingernails; the eyes of the attentive maiden

- 4 are fixed on them more eagerly. Tatiana sees with trepidation by what thought, observation Onegin would be struck,
- 8 what he agreed with tacitly. The dashes of his pencil she encounters in their margins. Unconsciously Onegin's soul
- has everywhere expressed itself—
 now by a succinct word, now by a cross,
 now by an interrogatory crotchet.

XXIV

And my Tatiana by degrees begins to understand more clearly now—thank God—

- him for whom by imperious fate she is sentenced to sigh.
 A sad and dangerous eccentric, creature of hell or heaven,
- this angel, this proud fiend, what, then, is he?
 Can it be, he's an imitation,
 an insignificant phantasm, or else
 a Muscovite in Harold's mantle,
- a glossary of alien vagaries,a complete lexicon of words in vogue? . . .Might he not be, in fact, a parody?

xxv

Can she have solved the riddle? Can "the word" have been found? The hours run; she has forgotten

- 4 that she is long due home where two neighbors have got together, and where the talk is about her.
 - "What should one do? Tatiana is no infant,"
- 8 quoth the old lady with a groan.
 "Why, Olinka is younger... It is time, yea, yea, the maiden were established;
 but then—what can I do with her?
- She turns down everybody with the same curt 'I'll not marry,' and keeps brooding, and wanders in the woods alone.''

XXVI

- "Might she not be in love?" "With whom, then? Buyánov offered: was rejected. Same thing with Ivan Petushkóv.
- There guested with us a hussar, Pihtín; oh my, how sweet he was on Tanya, how he bestirred himself, the coax!
 Thought I: perchance, she will accept;
- 8 far from it! And again the deal was off."

 "Why, my dear lady, what's the hindrance?

 To Moscow, to the mart of brides!

 One hears, the vacant places there are many."

 12 "Och, my good sir! My income's scanty."
 - "Sufficient for a single winter; if not, just borrow—say, from me."

XXVII

Much did the old dame like the sensible and sound advice; she checked accounts—and there and then de-

- in winter to set out for Moscow; [cided and Tanya hears this news. . . .
 Unto the judgment of the exacting beau monde to present
- 8 the clear traits of provincial simplicity, and antiquated finery, and antiquated turns of speech; the mocking glances
- of Moscow fops and Circes to attract . . .
 O terror! No, better and safer,
 back in the woods for her to stay.

XXVIII

With the first rays arising she hastens now into the fields and, with soft-melting eyes

- surveying them, she says:
 "Farewell, pacific dales,
 and you, familiar hilltops,
 and you, familiar woods!
- Farewell, celestial beauty,
 farewell, glad nature!
 I am exchanging a dear quiet world
 for the hum of resplendent vanities! . . .
- 12 And you, my freedom, farewell, too! Whither, wherefore, do I bear onward? What does my fate hold out for me?"

XXIX

Her walks last longer. At present, here a hillock, there a brook, cannot help stopping

- Tatiana with their charm.
 She, as with ancient friends,
 with her groves, meadows,
 still hastens to converse.
- 8 But the fleet summer flies.
 The golden autumn has arrived.
 Nature, tremulous, pale,
 is like a victim richly decked. . . .
- Now, driving clouds along, the North has blown, has howled, and now herself Winter the sorceress comes.

XXX

She came, scattered herself; in flocks hung on the limbs of oaks; in wavy carpets lay

- amid the fields, about the hills; the banks with the immobile river made level with a puffy pall. Frost gleamed. And we are gladdened
- by Mother Winter's pranks. By them not gladdened is but Tanya's heart: she does not go to meet the winter, inhale the frostdust,
- and with the first snow from the bathhouse roof wash face, shoulders, and breast.

 Tatiana dreads the winter way.

XXXI

The day of leaving is long overdue; the last term now goes by. Inspected, relined, made solid is the sledded coach

- that to oblivion had been cast.
 The usual train of three kibitkas carries the household chattels:
 pans, chairs, trunks, jams in jars,
- 8 mattresses, feather beds, cages with roosters, pots, basins, et cetera— well, plenty of all kinds of goods.
- And now, among the servants in the log hut, a hubbub rises, farewell weeping: into the courtyard eighteen nags are led.

XXXII

They to the master coach are harnessed; men cooks prepare lunch; the kibitkas are loaded mountain-high;

- 4 serf women, coachmen brawl.
 Upon a lean and shaggy jade a bearded postilion sits. Retainers at the gate have gathered, running,
- to bid their mistresses farewell. And now they've settled, and the venerable sleigh-coach beyond the gate creeps, gliding. "Farewell, pacific sites!
- Farewell, secluded refuge!
 Shall I see you?" And from the eyes
 of Tanya flows a stream of tears.

XXXIII

When we the boundaries of beneficial enlightenment move farther out, in due time (by the computation

- of philosophic tabulae, in some five hundred years) roads, surely, at home will change immeasurably. Paved highways at this point and that
- 8 uniting Russia will traverse her; cast-iron bridges o'er the waters in ample arcs will stride; we shall part mountains; under water
- dig daring tunnels; and Christendom will institute at every stage a tavern.

XXXIV

The roads at home are bad at present;⁴² forgotten bridges rot; at stages the bedbugs and fleas

- 4 do not give one a minute's sleep. No taverns. In a cold log hut there hangs for show a highfalutin but meager bill of fare, and teases
- 8 one's futile appetite, while the rural Cyclopes in front of a slow fire treat with a Russian hammer
- Europe's light article, blessing the ruts and ditches of the fatherland.

XXXV

Now, on the other hand, driving in winter's cold season is agreeable and easy.

As in a modish song a verse devoid of thought,

- 4 smooth is the winter track.
 Alert are our Automedons,
 our troikas never tire,
 and mileposts, humoring the idle gaze,
- before one's eyes flick like a fence.⁴³ Unluckily, Dame Larin dragged along, fearing expensive stages, with her own horses, not with posters,
- and our maid tasted
 viatic tedium in full:
 they traveled seven days and nights.

XXXVI

But now 'tis near. Before them the ancient tops of white-stone Moscow already glow

- with golden crosses, ember-bright.
 Ah, chums, how pleased I was
 when, all at once, the hemicircle
 of churches and of belfries,
- 8 of gardens, domes, opened before me! How often during woeful separation, in my wandering fate, Moscow, I thought of you!
- Moscow! . . . How much within that sound is blended for a Russian heart!

 How much is echoed there!

XXXVII

Here is, surrounded by its park, Petrovskiy Castle. Somberly it prides itself on recent glory.

- 4 In vain Napoleon, intoxicated with his last fortune, waited for kneeling Moscow with the keys of the old Kremlin: no,
- to him my Moscow did not go with craven brow; not revelry, not gifts of bienvenue a conflagration she prepared
- for the impatient hero.

 From here, in meditation sunk,
 he watched the formidable flame.

XXXVIII

Good-by, witness of fallen glory, Petrovskiy Castle. Hup! Don't stop, get on! The turnpike posts already

- show white. Along Tverskaya Street the coach now hies across the dips.

 There flicker by: watch boxes, peasant women, urchins, shops, street lamps,
- 8 palaces, gardens, monasteries, Bokharans, sledges, kitchen gardens, merchants, small shacks, muzhiks, boulevards, towers, Cossacks,
- pharmacies, fashion shops, balconies, lions on the gates, and flocks of jackdaws on the crosses.

XXXIX

4.

1

8

12

XL

In this exhausting promenade an hour elapses, then another, and in a lane hard by St. Chariton's the sleigh-coach at a gate before a house now stops. To an old aunt,

- now stops. To an old aunt,
 for the fourth year ill with consumption,
 at present they have come.
- The door is opened wide for them by a bespectacled gray Kalmuk, in torn caftan, a stocking in his hand. There meets them in the drawing room
- the cry of the princess on a divan prostrated. The old ladies, weeping, embrace, and exclamations pour:

XLI

8

"Princess, mon ange!" "Pachette!" "Aline!"
"Who would have thought?" "How long it's
"For how much time?" "Dear! Cousin!" [been!"

- 4 "Sit down—how queer it is! I'd swear the scene is from a novel!" "And this is my daughter Tatiana."
 - "Ah, Tanya! Come up here to me— I seem to be delirious in my sleep.
- Coz, you remember Grandison?"
 "What, Grandison? Oh, Grandison!
 Why, yes, I do, I do. Well, where is he?"
- "In Moscow—dwelling by St. Simeon's; on Christmas Eve he called on me: got a son married recently.

XLII

- "As to the other . . . But we'll tell it all later, won't we? To all her kin straightway tomorrow we'll show Tanya.
- 4 Pity that paying visits is for me too much—can hardly drag my feet.
 But you are worn out from the journey; let's go and have a rest together. . . .
- 8 Oh, I've no strength . . . my chest is tired . . . now even joy, not only woe, oppressive is to me. My dear, I am already good for nothing. . . .
- When one starts getting old, life is so horrid."
 And here, exhausted utterly,
 in tears, she broke into a coughing fit.

XLIII

The invalid's kindness and gladness touch Tatiana; but in her new domicile she's ill at ease,

- 4 used as she is to her own chamber. Beneath a silken curtain, in a new bed sleep does not come to her, and the early peal of church bells,
- forerunner of the morning tasks, arouses her from bed.
 Tanya sits down beside the window.
 The darkness thins; but she
- does not discern her fields: there is before her a strange yard, a stable, kitchen house, and fence.

XLIV

And now, on rounds of family dinners Tanya they trundle daily to present to grandsires and to grandams

- her abstract indolence.
 For kin come from afar
 there's everywhere a kind reception,
 and exclamations, and good cheer.
- 8 "How Tanya's grown! Such a short while it seems since I godmothered you!""And since I bore you in my arms!""And since I pulled you by the ears!"
- "And since I fed you gingerbread!"

 And the grandmothers keep repeating in chorus: "How our years do fly!"

XLV

But one can see no change in *them*; in them all follows the old pattern: the spinster princess, Aunt Eléna,

- has got the very same tulle mob; still cerused is Lukéria Lvóvna; the same lies tells Lyubóv Petróvna; Iván Petróvich is as stupid;
- 8 Semyón Petróvich as tightfisted; and Palagéya Nikolávna has the same friend, Monsieur Finemouche, and the same spitz, and the same husband—
- while *he* is still the sedulous clubman, is just as meek, is just as deaf, still eats and drinks enough for two.

XLVI

Their daughters embrace Tanya. Moscow's young graces at first in silence

- from head to foot survey Tatiana; find her somewhat bizarre, provincial, and affected, and somewhat pale and thin,
- but on the whole not bad at all; then, to nature submitting, they befriend her, lead her to their rooms, kiss her, squeeze tenderly her hands,
- fluff up her curls after the fashion, and in their singsong tones impart the secrets of the heart, secrets of maidens,

XLVII

conquests of others and their own, hopes, pranks, daydreams. The innocent talks flow,

- 4 embellished with slight calumny. Then, in requital for their patter, her heart's confession they sweetly request.
- 8 But Tanya in a kind of daze their speeches hears without response, understands nothing, and her heart's secret,
- fond treasure of both tears and bliss, she mutely guards meantime and shares with none.

XLVIII

Tatiana wishes to make out the talks, the general conversation; but there engages everybody in the drawing room

- such incoherent, common rot; all about them is so pale, neutral; they even slander dully. In this sterile aridity of speeches,
- 8 interrogations, talebearing, and news, not once in four-and-twenty hours does thought flash forth, even by chance, even at random; the languid mind won't smile,
- the heart even in jest won't quiver; and even some droll foolishness in you one will not meet with, hollow monde!

XLIX

The "archival youths" in a crowd look priggishly at Tanya and about her among themselves

- 4 unfavorably speak.
 One melancholy coxcomb finds she is "ideal" and, leaning 'gainst a doorpost,
- 8 prepares an elegy for her.
 At a dull aunt's having met Tanya,
 once V[yazemski] sat down beside her
 and managed to engage her soul;
- and, near him having noticed her, an old man, straightening his wig, inquires about her.

 \mathbf{L}

But where stormy Melpomene's protracted wail resounds, where she her spangled mantle waves

- before the frigid crowd; where dozes quietly Thalia and hearkens not to friendly plaudits; where at Terpsichore alone
- the young spectator marvels
 (as it was, too, in former years,
 in your time and in mine),
 toward her did not turn
- either jealous lorgnettes of ladies or spyglasses of modish connoisseurs from boxes or the rows of stalls.

LI

To the Sobránie, too, they bring her: the crush there, the excitement, heat, the music's crash, the tapers' glare,

- the flicker, whirl of rapid pairs, the light attires of belles, the galleries freaked with people, of marriageable girls the ample hemicycle,
- 8 at once strike all the senses. Here finished fops display their impudence, their waistcoats, and negligent lorgnettes.
- Hither hussars on leave haste to arrive, to thunder by, flash, captivate, and wing away.

LII

The night has many charming stars, in Moscow there are many belles; but brighter in the airy blue

- than all her skymates is the moon; but she, whom with my lyre disturb I dare not, like the majestic moon,
- 8 'mid dames and maidens shines alone.With what celestial pridethe earth she touches!With what voluptuousness her breast is filled!
- How languorous her wondrous gaze! . . .
 But 'tis enough, enough; do cease:
 to folly you have paid your due.

LIII

Noise, laughter, scampering, bows, galope, mazurka, waltz... Meantime, between two aunts, beside a column,

- 4 noted by none,
 Tatiana looks and does not see,
 detests the agitation of the monde;
 she stifles here . . . she strains in fancy
- 8 toward campestral life, the country, the poor villagers, to that secluded nook where flows a limpid brooklet,
- toward her flowers, toward her novels, and to the gloom of linden avenues, thither where *he* used to appear to her

LIV

Thus does her thought roam far away: high life and noisy ball are both forgotten, but meantime does not take his eyes off her

- a certain imposing general. The aunts exchanged a wink and both as one nudged Tanya with their elbows, and each whispered to her:
- 8 "Look quickly to your left."
 "My left? Where? What is there?"
 "Well, whatsoever there be, look. . . .
 In that group, see? In front. . . .
- There where you see those two in uniform....

 Now he has moved off... now he stands in pro"Who? That fat general?"

 [file."

LV

But here we shall congratulate my dear Tatiana on a conquest and turn our course aside,

- 4 lest I forget of whom I sing. . . . And by the way, here are two words about it: "I sing a youthful pal and many eccentricities of his.
- 8 Bless my long labor,
 O you, Muse of the Epic!
 And having handed me a trusty staff,
 let me not wander aslant and askew."
- 12 Enough! The load come off my shoulders! To classicism I have paid my respects: though late, but there's an introduction.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Fare thee well, and if for ever, Still for ever, fare thee well.

Byron

Chapter Eight

Ι

4

In those days when in the Lyceum's gardens I bloomed serenely, would eagerly read Apuleius, did *not* read Cicero; in those days, in mysterious valleys, in springtime, to the calls of swans,

8 the Muse began to visit me. My student cell was all at once radiant with light: in it the Muse opened a banquet of young fancies,

near waters shining in the stillness,

sang childish gaieties, and glory of our ancientry, and the heart's tremulous dreams.

Π

And with a smile the world received her; the first success provided us with wings; the aged Derzhavin noticed us—and blessed us as he descended to the grave.

8

4

1 2

4.

8

12

III

And I, setting myself for law only the arbitrary will of passions, sharing emotions with the crowd, I led my frisky Muse into the hubbub of feasts and turbulent discussions—the terror of midnight patrols; and to them, in mad feasts, she brought her gifts, and like a little bacchante frisked, over the bowl sang for the guests; and the young people of past days

would turbulently dangle after her; and I was proud 'mong friends of my volatile mistress. ΙV

But I dropped out of their alliance and fled afar . . . she followed me. How often the caressive Muse

- for me would sweeten the mute way with the bewitchment of a secret tale! How often on Caucasia's crags,
 Lenorelike, by the moon,
- 8 with me she'd gallop on a steed! How often on the shores of Tauris she in the gloom of night led me to listen the sound of the sea,
- Nereid's unceasing murmur, the deep eternal chorus of the billows, the praiseful hymn to the sire of the worlds.

V

And the far capital's glitter and noisy feasts having forgotten in the wilds of sad Moldavia,

- she visited the humble tents of wandering tribes; and among them grew savage, and forgot the language of the gods
- for scant, strange tongues, for songs of the steppe dear to her. Suddenly everything around changed, and lo! in my garden she appeared
- as a provincial miss,
 with a sad thought in her eyes, with a French
 book in her hands.

VΤ

And now my Muse for the first time I'm taking to a high-life rout;⁴⁴ at her steppe charms

- with jealous apprehensiveness I look.
 Through a dense series of aristocrats,
 of military fops, of diplomats
 and haughty dames, she glides; now quietly
- 8 she has sat down and looks, admiring the noisy crush, the flickering of dress and speech, the apparition of slow guests
- in front of the young hostess, and the dark frame of men around ladies, as about pictures.

VII

She likes the stately order of oligarchic colloquies, and the chill of calm pride,

- and this mixture of ranks and years.

 But who's that standing in the chosen throng, silent and nebulous?

 To everyone he seems a stranger.
- 8 Before him faces come and go like a series of tedious specters. What is it—spleen or smarting morgue upon his face? Why is he here?
- Who is he? Is it really—Eugene?He, really? So, 'tis he, indeed.—Since when has he been blown our way?

VIII

Is he the same, or grown more peaceful? Or does he still play the eccentric? Say, in what guise has he returned?

- What will he stage for us meanwhile? As what will he appear now? As a Melmoth? a cosmopolitan? a patriot? a Harold? a Quaker? a bigot?
- Or will he sport some other mask? 8 Or else be simply a good fellow like you and me, like the whole world? At least here's my advice:
- to drop an antiquated fashion. 12 Sufficiently he's gulled the world . . .
 - -You know him?-Yes and no.

IX

- -Why so unfavorably then do you report on him? Because we indefatigably
- fuss, judge of everything? Because of fiery souls the rashness to smug nonentity is either insulting or absurd?
- Because, by liking room, wit cramps? 8 Because too often conversations we're glad to take for deeds, because stupidity is volatile and wicked?
- Because to grave men grave are trifles, 12 and mediocrity alone
 - is to our measure and not odd?

X

Blest who was youthful in his youth; blest who matured at the right time; who, with the years, the chill of life

- was gradually able to withstand;
 who never was addicted to strange dreams;
 who did not shun the fashionable rabble;
 who was at twenty fop or dasher,
- and then at thirty, profitably married; who rid himself at fifty of private and of other debts; who gained repute, money, and rank calmly in turn;
 - about whom lifelong one kept saying: N. N. is an excellent man.

XI

But it is sad to think that youth was given us in vain, that we betrayed it every hour,

- that it duped us; that our best aspirations, that our fresh dreamings, in quick succession have decayed
- 8 like leaves in putrid autumn. It is unbearable to see before one only of dinners a long series, to look on life as on a rite,
- and in the wake of the decorous crowd to go, not sharing with it either the general opinions or the passions.

XII

When one becomes the subject of noisy comments, it's unbearable (you will agree) to pass among

- sensible people for a feigned eccentric or a sad crackbrain, or a satanic monster, or even for my Demon.
- 8 Onegin (let me take him up again), having in single combat killed his friend, having without a goal, without exertions, lived to the age of twenty-six,
- irked by the inactivity of leisure, without employment, wife, or occupation, could think of nothing to take up.

XIII

A restlessness took hold of him, the inclination to a change of places (a most excruciating property,

- a cross that few deliberately bear). He left his countryseat, the solitude of woods and fields, where an ensanguined shade
- 8 daily appeared to him, and started upon travels without aim, accessible to one sensation; and to him journeys,
- like everything on earth, grew boring. He returned and found himself, like Chatski, come from boat to ball.

XIV

But lo! the throng has undulated, a murmur through the hall has run. . . . Toward the hostess there advanced a lady,

- followed by an imposing general.
 She was unhurried,
 not cold, not talkative,
 without a flouting gaze for everyone,
- without pretensions to success, without those little mannerisms, without mimetic artifices. . . . All about her was quiet, simple.
- She seemed a faithful reproduction du comme il faut. . . . ([Shishkov,] forgive me: I do not know how to translate.)

xv

Closer to her the ladies moved; old women smiled to her; the men bowed lower, sought

- to catch her gaze;
 maidens before her passed more quietly
 across the room; and higher
 than anyone lifted his nose and shoulders
- 8 the general who had come in with her. None could have called her a beauty; but from head to foot none could have found in her
- what is by autocratic fashion in the high London circle called ''vulgar.'' (I'm unable—

XVI

—of that word I am very fond, but am unable to translate it; in our midst for the time being it is new

- and hardly bound to be in favor; it might do nicely in an epigram....
 But to our lady let me turn.)
 Winsome with carefree charm,
- she at a table sat
 with brilliant Nina Voronskóy,
 that Cleopatra of the Neva;
 and, surely, you would have agreed
- that Nina with her marble beauty could not—though dazzling eclipse her neighbor.

XVII

- "Can it be possible?" thinks Eugene.
 "Can it be she? . . . But really . . . No
 What! From outback steppe villages . . ."
- and a tenacious quizzing glass he keeps directing every minute at her whose aspect vaguely has recalled to him forgotten features.
- 8 "Tell me, Prince, you don't know who is it there in the framboise beret talking with the Spanish ambassador?" The prince looks at Onegin:
- "Aha! Indeed, long have you not been in the monde.
 Wait, I'll present you."
 "But who is she?" "My wife."

XVIII

- "So you are married! Didn't know before. How long?" "About two years."
- "To whom?" "The Larin girl." "Tatiana!"
- 4 "She knows you?" "I'm their neighbor."
 "Oh, then, come on." The prince goes up
 to his wife and leads up to her
 his kin and friend.
- The princess looks at him . . . and whatsoever troubled her soul, however greatly she was surprised, astounded,
- nothing betrayed her, her ton remained the same, her bow was just as quiet.

XIX

Forsooth! It was not merely that she didn't flinch, or blanch suddenly, or flush—she simply never moved an eyebrow,

- 4 did not even compress her lips. Though he looked with the utmost care, not even traces of the old Tatiana could Onegin find.
- With her he wished to start a conversation and . . . and could not. She asked: How long had he been there? And whence came he from their own parts, maybe?
- Then on her spouse she turned a look of lassitude; glided away. . . .

 And moveless he remained.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

Could it be that the same Tatiana to whom, alone with her, at the beginning of our novel

- back in a stagnant, distant region, in the fine fervor of moralization precepts he once had preached; the one from whom a letter he preserves
- where the heart speaks, where all is out, all unrestrained; that little girl—or is he dreaming? that little girl whom in her humble state
- he had passed over—could it be that now she had been so indifferent, so bold with him?

XXI

He leaves the close-packed rout, he drives home, pensive; by a fancy now sad, now charming,

- 4 his first sleep is disturbed.
 He wakes; is brought
 a letter: Prince N. begs the honor of his presence
 at a soiree. Good God—to her?
- 8 I will, I will! And rapidly a courteous reply he scrawls. What is the matter with him? In what strange daze is he?
 What has stirred at the bottom of that cold
- and sluggish soul?

 Vexation? Vanity? Or once again youth's worry—love?

XXII

Once more Onegin counts the hours, once more he can't wait for the day to end. But ten strikes: he drives off,

- he has flown forth, he's at the porch; with tremor he goes in to the princess: he finds Tatiana alone, and for some minutes
- they sit together. From Onegin's lips the words come not. Ill-humored, awkward, he barely, barely replies to her. His head
- is full of a persistent thought.

 Persistently he looks: she sits
 easy and free.

XXIII

The husband comes. He interrupts this painful tête-à-tête; he with Onegin recollects

- the pranks, the jests of former years.

 They laugh. Guests enter.

 Now with the large-grained salt of high-life the conversation starts to be enlivened. [malice
- 8 Before the lady of the house, light nonsense flashed without stupid affectation, and meantime interrupted it sensible talk, without trite topics,
- eternal truths, or pedantry, nor did its free vivacity shock anybody's ears.

XXIV

Yet here was the flower of the capital, both high nobility and paragons of fashion; the faces one meets everywhere,

- the fools one cannot go without;
 here were, in mobcaps and in roses,
 elderly ladies, wicked-looking;
 here were several maidens—
- 8 unsmiling faces;
 here was an envoy, speaking
 of state affairs;
 here was, with fragrant hoary hair,
 12 an old man in the old way joking—
 with eminent subtility and wit,

which is somewhat absurd today!

XXV

Here was, to epigrams addicted a gentleman cross with everything: with the too-sweet tea of the hostess,

- the ladies' platitudes, the ton of men, the comments on a foggy novel, the badge two sisters had been granted, the falsehoods in reviews, the war,
- 8 the snow, and his own wife.

XXVI

Here was [...], who had gained distinction by the baseness of his soul and blunted in all albums,

- 4 Saint-P[riest], your pencils; in the doorway another ball dictator stood like a fashion plate, as rosy as a Palm Week cherub,
- 8 tight-coated, mute and motionless; and a far-flung traveler, an overstarched jackanapes, provoked a smile among the guests
- by his studied deportment, and an exchange of silent glances was his universal condemnation.

XXVII

But my Onegin the whole evening heeds only Tatiana: not the shy little maiden,

- enamored, poor and simple but the indifferent princess, the inaccessible goddess of the luxurious, queenly Neva.
- 8 O humans! All of you resemble ancestress Eve: what's given to you does not lure, incessantly the serpent calls you
- to him, to the mysterious tree: you *must* have the forbidden fruit supplied to you, for paradise without that is no paradise to you.

XXVIII

How changed Tatiana is! Into her role how firmly she has entered! The ways of a constricting rank

- 4 how fast she has adopted! Who'd dare to seek the tender little lass in this majestic, this careless legislatrix of salons?
- And he had stirred her heart!

 About him in the dark of night,
 as long as Morpheus had not come flying,
 time was, she virginally brooded,
- raised to the moon a dying eye, dreaming that someday she might make with him life's humble journey!

XXIX

All ages are to love submissive; but to young virgin hearts its impulses are beneficial

- as are spring storms to fields. They freshen in the rain of passions, and renovate themselves, and ripen, and vigorous life gives
- both rich bloom and sweet fruit.
 But at a late and barren age,
 at the turn of our years,
 sad is the trace of a dead passion. . . .
- Thus storms of the cold autumn into a marsh transform the meadow and strip the woods around.

xxx

There is no doubt: alas! Eugene in love is with Tatiana like a child. In throes of amorous designs

- 4 he spends both day and night. Not harking to the mind's stern protests, up to her porch, glass vestibule, daily he drives.
- 8 He chases like a shadow after her; he's happy if he casts the fluffy boa on her shoulders, or touches torridly
- her hand, or if he parts in front of her the motley host of liveries, or picks up her handkerchief.

XXXI

She does not notice him, no matter how he strives—even to death; receives him freely at her house; at those

- of others says two or three words to him; sometimes welcomes with a mere bow, sometimes does not take any notice: there's not a drop of coquetry in her,
- 8 the high world does not tolerate it. Onegin is beginning to grow pale; she does not see or does not care; Onegin wastes away:
- he's practically phthisical.
 All send Onegin to physicians;
 in chorus these send him to spas.

11XXX

Yet he's not going. He beforehand is ready to his forefathers to write of an impending meeting; yet Tatiana

- 4 cares not one bit (such is their sex).
 But he is stubborn, won't desist,
 still hopes, bestirs himself;
 a sick man bolder than one hale,
- he with a weak hand to the princess writes an impassioned missive.
 Though generally little sense in letters he saw, not without reason;
 but evidently torment of the heart
- but evidently torment of the hearthad now passed his endurance.Here you have his letter word for word.

ONEGIN'S LETTER TO TATIANA

I foresee everything: the explanation of a sad secret will offend you.

What bitter scorn

- 4 your proud glance will express!

 What do I want? What is my object
 in opening my soul to you?

 What wicked merriment
- 8 perhaps I give occasion to!

Chancing to meet you once, noting in you a spark of tenderness, I did not venture to believe in it:

12 did not give way to a sweet habit; my tedious freedom

I did not wish to lose. Another thing yet separated us:

a hapless victim Lenski fell. . . .

From all that to the heart is dear then did I tear my heart away; alien to everybody, tied by nothing,

20 I thought: liberty and peace are a substitute for happiness. Good God! How wrong I was, how I am punished!

No—every minute to see you; to follow
you everywhere;
the smile of your lips, movement of your eyes,
to try to capture with enamored eyes;
to listen long to you, to comprehend
all your perfection with one's soul;
to melt in agonies before you,
grow pale and waste away . . . that's rapture!

And I'm deprived of that; for you

I drag myself at random everywhere;
to me each day is dear, each hour is dear,
while I in futile dullness squander
the days told off by fate—they are
sufficiently oppressive anyway.
I know: my span is well-nigh measured;
but that my life may be prolonged
I must be certain in the morning
of seeing you during the day.

I fear: in my meek plea your severe gaze will see the schemes of despicable cunning and I can hear your wrathful censure.

and I can hear your wrathful censure.

If you but knew how terrible it is
to languish with the thirst of love,
burn—and by means of reason hourly

48 subdue the tumult in one's blood;
wish to embrace your knees
and, in a burst of sobbing, at your feet
pour out appeals, avowals, plaints,

all, all I could express,

and in the meantime with feigned coldness

arm speech and gaze,

maintain a placid conversation,

56 glance at you with a cheerful glance! . . .

But let it be: against myself
I've not the force to struggle any more;
all is decided: I am in your power,
and I surrender to my fate.

6 o

XXXIII

4

There is no answer. He sends a new missive. To the second, to the third letter—there is no answer. He drives out to some reception. Hardly has he entered—there she is coming in his direction. How severe!

- coming in his direction. How severe!

 He is not seen, to him no word is said.

 Ugh! How surrounded she is now
 with Twelfthtide cold!
- with Twelfthtide cold!
 How anxious are to hold back indignation her stubborn lips!
 Onegin peers with a keen eye:
- where, where are discomposure, sympathy, where the tearstains? None, none!

 There's on that face but the imprint of wrath . . .

XXXIV

plus, possibly, a secret fear lest husband or *monde* guess the escapade, the casual foible,

- all my Onegin knows. . . .

 There is no hope! He drives away, curses his folly—
 and, deeply plunged in it,
- the *monde* he once again renounces and in his silent study comes to him the recollection of the time when cruel chondria
- pursued him in the noisy *monde*, captured him, took him by the collar, and shut him up in a dark hole.

XXXV

Again, without discrimination, he started reading. He read Gibbon, Rousseau, Manzoni, Herder,

- 4 Chamfort, Mme de Staël, Bichat, Tissot. He read the skeptic Bayle, he read the works of Fontenelle, he read some [authors] of our own,
- 8 without rejecting anything the "almanacs" and the reviews where sermons into us are drummed, where I'm today abused so much
- but where *such* madrigals addressed to me I used to meet with now and then: *e sempre bene*, gentlemen.

XXXVI

And lo—his eyes were reading, but his thoughts were far away; chimeras, desires, sorrows

- 4 kept crowding deep into his soul. Between the printed lines he with spiritual eyes read other lines. It was in them
- 8 that he was utterly absorbed.
 These were the secret legends of the heart's dark ancientry;
 dreams unconnected
- with anything; threats, rumors, presages; or the live tosh of a long tale, or a young maiden's letters.

XXXVII

And by degrees into a lethargy of feelings and of thoughts he falls, while before him Imagination

- deals out her motley faro deck.

 Now he sees: on the melted snow,
 as at a night's encampment sleeping,
 stirless, a youth lies; and he hears
- 8 a voice: "Well, what—he's dead!" Now he sees foes forgotten, calumniators, and malicious cowards, and a swarm of young traitresses,
- and a circle of despicable comrades; and now a country house, and by the window sits *she* . . . and ever she!

XXXVIII

He grew so used to lose himself in this that he almost went off his head or else became a poet. (Frankly,

- 4 that would have been a boon, indeed!)
 And true: by dint of magnetism,
 the mechanism of Russian verses
 my addleheaded pupil
- 8 at that time nearly grasped.

 How much a poet he resembled
 when in a corner he would sit alone,
 and the hearth blazed in front of him,
- and he hummed "Benedetta"
 or "Idol mio," and into the fire
 dropped now a slipper, now his magazine!

XXXIX

Days rushed. In warmth-pervaded air winter already was resolving; and he did not become a poet,

- 4 he did not die, did not go mad. Spring quickens him: for the first time his close-shut chambers, where he had been hibernating like a marmot,
- 8 his double windows, inglenook he leaves on a bright morning, he fleets in sleigh along the Neva's bank. Upon blue blocks of hewn-out ice
- the sun plays. In the streets the furrowed snow thaws muddily: whither, upon it, his fast course

XL

directs Onegin? You beforehand have guessed already. Yes, exactly: apace to her, to his Tatiana,

- my unreformed eccentric comes.
 He walks in, looking like a corpse.
 There's not a soul in the front hall.
 He enters the reception room. On! No one.
- 8 A door he opens.... What is it that strikes him with such force?

 The princess before him, alone, sits, unadorned, pale, reading
- some kind of letter, and softly sheds a flood of tears, her cheek propped on her hand.

XLI

Ah! Her mute sufferings—
in this swift instant who would not have read!
Who would not have the former Tanya,

- 4 poor Tanya, recognized now in the princess? In throes of mad regrets, Eugene falls at her feet; she gives a start,
- and is silent, and looks, without surprise, without wrath, at Onegin. . . . His sick, extinguished gaze, imploring aspect, mute reproof,
- she takes in everything. The simple maid, with the dreams, with the heart of former days again in her has resurrected now.

XLII

She does not bid him rise and, not taking her eyes off him, does not withdraw

- 4 her limp hand from his avid lips. . . . What is her dreaming now about? A lengthy silence passes, and finally she, softly:
- 8 "Enough; get up. I must frankly explain myself to you. Onegin, do you recollect that hour when in the garden, in the avenue, fate brought
- together and so meekly [us your lesson I heard out.
 Today it is my turn.

XLIII

- "Onegin, I was younger then, I was, I daresay, better-looking, and I loved you; and what then, what
- 4 did I find in your heart? What answer? Mere severity. There wasn't—was there?—novelty for you in a meek little maiden's love?
- 8 Even today—good heavens!—my blood freezes as soon as I remember your cold glance and that sermon.... But I do not accuse you; at that awful hour
- you acted nobly, you in regard to me were right, to you with all my soul I'm grateful. . . .

XLIV

- "Then—is it not so?—in the wilderness, far from vain Hearsay,
 I was not to your liking. . . . Why, then, now
- 4 do you pursue me? Why have you marked me out? Might it not be because I must now move in the grand monde;
- because I have both wealth and rank; because my husband has been maimed in battles; because for that the Court is kind to us? Might it not be because my disrepute
- would be remarked by everybody now and in society might bring you scandalous honor?

XLV

- "I'm crying. . . . If your Tanya you've not forgotten yet, then know: the sharpness of your blame,
- 4 cold, stern discourse, if it were only in my power I'd have preferred to an offensive passion, and to these letters and tears.
- For my infantine dreams you had at least some pity then, at least consideration for my age. But now! . . . What to my feet
- has brought you? What a trifle! How, with your heart and mind, be the slave of a trivial feeling?

XLVI

- "But as to me, Onegin, this magnificence, a wearisome life's tinsel, my successes in the world's vortex,
- my fashionable house and evenings, what do I care for them? . . . At once I'd gladly give all the frippery of this masquerade, all this glitter, and noise, and fumes,
- for a shelfful of books, for a wild garden, for our poor dwelling, for those haunts where for the first time, Onegin, I saw you,
- and for the humble churchyard where there is a cross now and the shade of branches over my poor nurse.

XLVII

- "Yet happiness had been so possible, so near! . . . But my fate is already settled. Imprudently,
- perhaps, I acted. My mother with tears of conjurement beseeched me. For poor Tanya all lots were equal.
- I married. You must,
 I pray you, leave me;
 I know: in your heart are
 both pride and genuine honor.
- I love you (why dissimulate?); but to another I belong: to him I shall be faithful all my life."

XLVIII

She has gone. Eugene stands as if by thunder struck. In what a tempest of sensations

- 4 his heart is now immersed! But there resounds a sudden clink of spurs, and there appears Tatiana's husband, and here my hero,
- 8 at an unfortunate minute for him, reader, we now shall leave for long . . . forever. . . . After him sufficiently along one path
- we've roamed the world. Let us congratulate each other on attaining land. Hurrah! It long (is it not true?) was time.

XLIX

Whoever, O my reader, you be—friend, foe—I wish to part with you at present as a pal.

- 4 Farewell. Whatever in these careless strophes you might have looked for as you followed me—tumultuous recollections, relief from labors,
- live images or witticisms,
 or faults of grammar—
 God grant that in this book, for recreation,
 for dreaming, for the heart,
 for jousts in journals,
 - you find at least a crumb.

 Upon which, let us part, farewell!

L

You, too, farewell, my strange traveling comand you, my true ideal, [panion, and you, my live and constant,

- though small, work. I have known with you all that a poet covets:
 obliviousness of life in the world's tempests, the sweet discourse of friends.
- 8 Rushed by have many, many days since young Tatiana, and with her Onegin, in a blurry dream appeared to me for the first time—
- and the far stretch of a free novel I through a magic crystal still did not make out clearly.

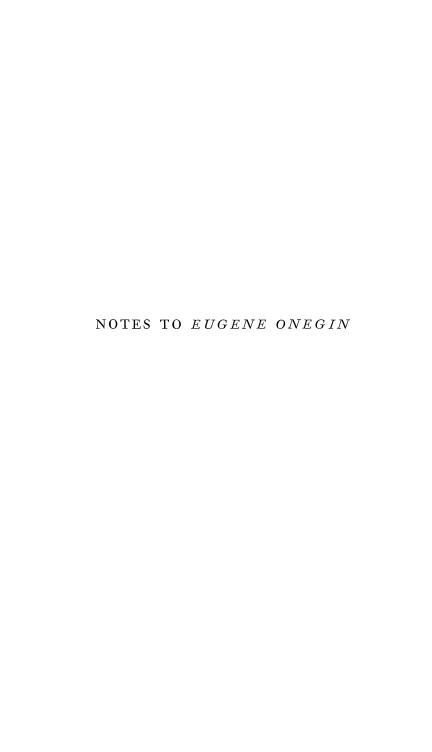
LI

But those to whom at amicable meetings its first strophes I read—

"Some are no more, others are distant,"

- as erstwhiles Sadi said.
 Without them was Onegin's picture finished.
 And she from whom was fashioned
 the dear ideal of "Tatiana"...
- 8 Ah, much, much has fate snatched away!
 Blest who left life's feast early,
 not having to the bottom drained
 the goblet full of wine;
- who never read life's novel to the end and all at once could part with it as I with my Onegin.

THE END



Notes to Eugene Onegin

[These are Pushkin's notes, pp. 281–93 of the 1837 edition. My own notes to them will be found in the Commentary, to which refer the bracketed citations.]

- 1. Written in Bessarabia. [One: II: 14.]
- 2. Dandy [Eng.], a fop. [One: IV: 7.]
- 3. Hat à la Bolívar. [One: xv:10.]
- 4. Well-known restaurateur. [One: xvi: 5.]
- 5. A trait of chilled sentiment worthy of Childe Harold. The ballets of Mr. Didelot are full of liveliness of fancy and extraordinary charm. One of our romantic writers found in them much more poetry than in the whole of French literature. [One: XXI: 14.]
- 6. "Tout le monde sut qu'il mettoit du blanc, et moi qui n'en croyois rien je commençai de le croire, non seulement par l'embellissement de son teint, et pour avoir trouvé des tasses de blanc sur sa toilette, mais sur ce qu'entrant un matin dans sa chambre, je le trouvai

brossant ses ongles avec une petite vergette faite exprès, ouvrage qu'il continua fiérement devant moi. Je jugeai qu'un homme qui passe deux heures tous les matins à brosser ses ongles peut bien passer quelques instans à remplir de blanc les creux de sa peau." (Les Confessions de Jean-Jacques Rousseau.)

Grimm was ahead of his age: nowadays people all over enlightened Europe clean their nails with a special brush. [One: xxiv: 12.]

- 7. The whole of this ironical stanza is nothing but a subtle compliment to our fair compatriots. Thus Boileau, under the guise of disapprobation, eulogizes Louis XIV. Our ladies combine enlightenment with amiability, and strict purity of morals with the Oriental charm that so captivated Mme de Staël (Dix ans d'exil). [One: XLII: 13.]
- 8. Readers remember the charming description of a Petersburg night in Gnedich's idyl:

Here's night; but the golden stripes of the clouds do not darken.

Though starless and moonless, the whole horizon lights up.

Far out in the [Baltic] gulf one can see the silvery sails

Of hardly discernible ships that seem in the blue sky to float.

With a gloomless radiance the night sky is radiant, And the crimson of sunset blends with the Orient's gold,

As if Aurora led forth in the wake of evening Her rosy morn. This is the aureate season

When the power of night is usurped by the summer days;

When the foreigner's gaze is bewitched by the Northern sky

Where shade and ambrosial light form a magical union

Which never adorns the sky of the South: A limpidity similar to the charms of a Northern maiden

Whose light-blue eyes and rose-colored cheeks
Are but slightly shaded by auburn curls undulating.
Now above the Nevá and sumptuous Petropolis
You see eves without gloom and brief nights
without shadow.

Now as soon as Philomel ends her midnight songs She starts the songs that welcome the rise of the day. But 'tis late; a coolness wafts on the Nevan tundras; The dew has descended; . . .

Here's midnight; after sounding all evening with thousands of oars,

The Nevá does not stir; town guests have dispersed; Not a voice on the shore, not a ripple astream, all is still.

Alone now and then o'er the water a rumble runs from the bridges,

Or a long-drawn cry flies forth from a distant suburb

Where in the night one sentinel calls to another. All sleeps. . . .

[One: xLVII: 3.]

9. Not in dream the ardent poet the benignant goddess sees as he spends a sleepless night leaning on the granite.

Muravyov, "To the Goddess of the Neva." [One: XLVIII: 1-4.]

- 10. Written in Odessa. [See Translator's Introduction: "The Genesis of Eugene Onegin."]
- 11. See the first edition of *Eugene Onegin*. [One:L:10-11; see Appendix I.]
- From the first part of *Dneprovskaya Rusalka*. [Two: XII: 14.]

- 13. The most euphonious Greek names, such as, for instance, Agathon, Philetus, Theodora, Thecla, and so forth, are used with us only among the common people. [Two: xxiv: 1-2.]
- 14. Grandison and Lovelace, the heroes of two famous novels. [Two:xxx:3-4.]
- 15. "Si j'avais la folie de croire encore au bonheur, je le chercherais dans l'habitude." Chateaubriand. [Two: XXXI:14.]
- 16. Poor Yorick!—Hamlet's exclamation over the skull of the fool (see Shakespeare and Sterne). [Two: xxxvII: 6.]
- 17. A misprint in the earlier edition [of the chapter] altered "homeward they fly" to "in winter they fly" (which did not make any sense whatsoever). Reviewers, not realizing this, saw an anachronism in the following stanzas. We venture to assert that, in our novel, the chronology has been worked out calendrically. [Three: IV:2.]
- 18. Julie Wolmar, the New Héloïse; Malek-Adhel, hero of a mediocre romance by Mme Cottin; Gustave de Linar, hero of a charming short novel by Baroness Krüdener. [Three: IX: 7, 8.]
- 19. The Vampyre, a short novel incorrectly attributed to Lord Byron; Melmoth, a work of genius, by Maturin; Jean Sbogar, the well-known romance by Charles Nodier. [Three: XII: 8, 9, 11.]
- 20. Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate. Our modest author has translated only the first part of the famous verse. [Three: XXII: 10.]
- 21. A periodical that used to be conducted by the late A.

Izmaylov rather negligently. He once apologized in print to the public, saying that during the holidays he had "caroused." [Three: xxvII: 4.]

- 22. E. A. Baratinski. [Three: xxx: 1.]
- 23. Reviewers wondered how one could call a simple peasant girl "maiden" when, a little further, genteel misses are called "young things." [Four: XLI: 12.]
- 24. "This signifies," remarks one of our critics, "that the urchins are skating." Right. [Four: XLII: 8.]
- 25. In my rosy years the poetical Ay pleased me with its noisy foam, with this simile of love, or of frantic youth . . .

("Epistle to L. P.") [Four : XLV : 1-7.]

- 26. August Lafontaine, author of numerous family novels.
 [Four: L: 12.]
- 27. See "First Snow," a poem by Prince Vyazemski. [Five: III: 6.]
- 28. See the descriptions of the Finnish winter in Baratinski's "Eda." [Five: III: 14.]
- 29. Tomcat calls Kit to sleep in the stove nook.

The presage of a wedding; the first song foretells death. [Five: VIII: 14.]

- 30. In this manner one finds out the name of one's future fiancé. [Five: IX: 6-13.]
- 31. Reviewers condemned the words hlop [clap], molv'

[parle], and top [stamp] as indifferent neologisms. These words are fundamentally Russian. "Bova stepped out of the tent for some fresh air and heard in the open country the parle of man and the stamp of steed" ("The Tale of Bova the Prince"). Hlop and ship are used in plain-folk speech instead of hlópanie [clapping] and shipénie [hissing]: "he let out a hiss of the snaky sort" (Ancient Russian Poems). One should not interfere with the freedom of our rich and beautiful language. [Five: XVII: 7–8.]

- 32. One of our critics, it would seem, finds in these lines an indecency incomprehensible to us. [Five: xx: 5-7.]
- 33. Divinatory books in our country come out under the imprint of Martin Zadeck—a worthy person who never wrote divinatory books, as B. M. Fyodorov observes. [Five: XXII: 12.]
- 34. A parody of Lomonosov's well-known lines:

Aurora with a crimson hand from morning stilly waters leads forth with the sun after her, etc.

[Five: xxv: 1-4.]

[Five: xxvi: 9.]

- 36. Our critics, faithful admirers of the fair sex, strongly blamed the indecorum of this verse. [See n. 23 above.]
- 37. Parisian restaurateur. [Six: v: 13.]
- 38. Griboedov's line. [Six: XI: 12.]

- 39. A famous arms fabricator. [Six: XXV: 12.]
- 40. In the first edition Chapter Six ended in the following:
 - 5 And you, young inspiration, stir my imagination, the slumber of the heart enliven,
 - 8 into my nook more often fly, let not a poet's soul grow cold, callous, crust-dry, and finally be turned to stone
 - in the World's deadening intoxication, amidst the soulless proudlings, amidst the brilliant fools,

XLVII

amidst the crafty, the fainthearted, crazy, spoiled children, villains both ludicrous and dull,

- 4 obtuse, caviling judges; amidst devout coquettes; amidst the voluntary lackeys; amidst the daily modish scenes,
- 8 courtly, affectionate betrayals; amidst hardhearted vanity's cold verdicts; amidst the vexing emptiness
- of schemes, of thoughts and conversations; in that slough where with you I bathe, dear friends!

[Six: xLVI: var. 13-14.]

- 41. Lyovshin, author of numerous works on rural economy. [Seven: IV: 4.]
- 4.2. Our roads are for the eyes a garden:
 trees, ditches, and a turfy bank;
 much toil, much glory,
 but, sad to say, no passage now and then.
 The trees that stand like sentries
 bring little profit to the travelers;
 the road, you'll say, is fine,
 but you'll recall the verse: "for passers-by!"

Driving in Russia is unhampered on two occasions only: when our McAdam—or McEve—winter—accomplishes, crackling with wrath, its devastating raid and with ice's cast-iron armors roads while powder snow betimes as if with fluffy sand covers the tracks; or when the fields are permeated with such a torrid drought that with eyes closed a fly can ford a puddle.

(The Station, by Prince Vyazemski)

[Seven: xxxiv: 1.]

- 43. A simile borrowed from K., so well known for the playfulness of his fancy. K. related that, being one day sent as courier by Prince Potyomkin to the Empress, he drove so fast that his épée, one end of which stuck out of his carriage, rattled against the verstposts as along a palisade. [Seven: xxxv: 7–8.]
- 44. Rout [Eng.], an evening assembly without dances; means properly crowd [tolpa]. [Eight: VI: 2.]



Fragments of Onegin's Journey

[PUSHKIN'S FOREWORD]

The last [Eighth] Chapter of *Eugene Onegin* was published [1832] separately with the following foreword:

"The dropped stanzas gave rise more than once to reprehension and gibes (no doubt most just and witty). The author candidly confesses that he omitted from his novel a whole chapter in which Onegin's journey across Russia was described. It depended upon him to designate this omitted chapter by means of dots or a numeral; but to avoid ambiguity he decided it would be better to mark as number eight, instead of nine, the last chapter of *Eugene Onegin*, and to sacrifice one of its closing stanzas [Eight: XLVIIIa]:

'Tis time: the pen for peace is asking nine cantos I have written; my boat upon the joyful shore

4 by the ninth billow is brought out. Praise be to you, O nine Camenae, etc.

"P[avel] A[leksandrovich] Katenin (whom a fine poetic talent does not prevent from being also a subtle critic) observed to us that this exclusion, though perhaps advanta-

geous to readers, is, however, detrimental to the plan of the entire work since, through this, the transition from Tatiana the provincial miss to Tatiana the grande dame becomes too unexpected and unexplained: an observation revealing the experienced artist. The author himself felt the justice of this but decided to leave out the chapter for reasons important to him but not to the public. Some fragments [XVI—XIX, 1—10] have been published [Jan. 1, 1830, Lit. Gaz.]; we insert them here, subjoining to them several other stanzas."

[For the expunged stanzas and lines that fill the gaps between these fragments, see my Comm. on the fragments of Onegin's Journey, vol. 3, pp. 259-66. For the notes commenting on the following stanzas, see ibid., pp. 267-310.—V. N.]

[THE FRAGMENTS]

E. [sic] Onegin drives from Moscow to Nizhni Novgorod:

[IX]

1

before him Makariev bustlingly bestirs itself,

- with its abundance seethes.

 Here the Hindu brought pearls,
 the European, spurious wines,
 the breeder from the steppes
- 8 drove a herd of cast steeds, the gamester brought his decks, fistful of complaisant dice, the landowner ripe daughters,
- and daughterlings, the fashions of last year; each bustles, lies enough for two, and everywhere there's a mercantile spirit.

[x] Ennui!...

4

8

12

Onegin fares to Astrahan [XI], and from there to the [XII]

He sees the wayward Térek eroding its steep banks; before him soars a stately eagle,

- a deer stands, with bent horns; the camel lies in the cliff's shade; in meadows courses the Circassian's steed, and round nomadic tents
- 8 the sheep of Kalmuks graze. Afar [loom] the Caucasian masses. The way to them is clear. War penetrated beyond their natural divide,
- across their perilous barriers.

 The banks of the Arágva and Kurá
 saw Russian tents.

[XIII]

Now, the eternal watchman of the waste, Beshtú, compressed around by hills, stands up, sharp-peaked,

- and, showing green, Mashúk, Mashúk, of healing streams dispenser; around its magic brooks a pallid swarm of patients presses,
- 8 the victims, some of martial honor, some of the Piles, and some of Cypris. In waves miraculous the sufferer plans to make firm the thread of life.
- To leave the wicked years' offenses at the bottom [plans] the coquette, and the old man [plans] to grow young—if only for a moment.

Fragments of Onegin's Journey

[xiv]

Onegin, nursing bitter meditations, among their sorry tribe, with a gaze of regret

- 4 looks at the smoking streams and muses, bedimmed with rue: Why in the breast am I not wounded by a bullet? Why am I not a feeble oldster
- 8 like that poor farmer-general? Why like a councilman from Túla am I not lying paralyzed? Why in the shoulder do I not
- at least feel rheumatism? Ah, Lord,
 I'm young, life is robust in me,
 what have I to expect? Ennui, ennui! . . .

Onegin then visits the Tauris [Crimea]:

[xv]

4

- 9 land sacred unto the imagination: there with Orestes argued Pylades; there Mithridates stabbed himself;
- there sang inspired Mickiéwicz and in the midst of coastal cliffs recalled his Lithuania.

[xvi]

Beauteous are you, shores of the Tauris, when from the ship one sees you by the light of morning Cypris, as I saw you

- for the first time.
 You showed yourselves to me in nuptial splendor.
 Against a blue and limpid sky
 shone the amassments of your mountains.
- The pattern of valleys, trees, villages was spread before me.

 And there, among the small huts of the Tatars . . . What ardency awoke in me!
- With what magical yearnfulness my flaming bosom was compressed! But, Muse, forget the past!

[XVII]

Whatever feelings then lay hidden within me—now they are no more: they went or changed....

- Peace unto you, turmoils of former years!
 To me seemed needful at the time
 deserts, the pearly rims of waves,
 and the sea's rote, and piles of rocks,
- and the ideal of "proud maid," and nameless pangs. . . .
 Other days, other dreams; you have become subdued,
- my springtime's high-flung fancies, and unto my poetic goblet I have admixed a lot of water.

[XVIII]

Needful to me are other pictures: I like a sandy hillside slope, before a small isba two rowans,

- a wicket gate, a broken fence, up in the sky gray clouds, before the thrash barn heaps of straw, and in the shelter of dense willows
- 8 a pond—the franchise of young ducks. I'm fond now of the balalaika and of the trepak's drunken stomping before the threshold of the tavern;
- now my ideal is a housewife, my wishes, peace and "pot of *shchi* but big myself."

[XIX]

The other day, during a rainy spell, as I had dropped into the cattle yard—Fie! Prosy divagations,

- the Flemish School's variegated dross!
 Was I like that when I was blooming?
 Say, Fountain of Bahchisaray!
 Were such the thoughts that to my mind
- your endless purl suggested when silently in front of you Zaréma I imagined? . . .
 Midst the sumptuous deserted halls
- after the lapse of three years, in my tracks in the same region wandering, Onegin remembered me.

[xx]

I lived then in dusty Odessa.... There for a long time skies are clear. There, stirring, an abundant trade

- 4 sets up its sails. There all exhales, diffuses Europe, all glitters with the South, and brindles with live variety.
- The tongue of golden Italy resounds along the gay street where walks the proud Slav,
 Frenchman, Spaniard, Armenian,
 and Greek, and the heavy Moldavian, and the son of Egyptian soil,
 the retired Corsair, Moralí.

[XXI]

Odessa in sonorous verses our friend Tumanski has described, but at the time with partial eyes

- 4 he gazed at it.
 Upon arriving, he, like a true poet, went off to roam with his lorgnette alone above the sea; and then
- with an enchanting pen
 he glorified the gardens of Odessa.
 All right—but there, in point of fact,
 is a bare steppe around;
- in a few places recent labor has forced young boughs on sultry days to give compulsory shade.

[XXII]

But where, pray, was my rambling tale?"In dusty Odessa," I had said.

I might have said "in muddy

- 4 Odessa"—and indeed would not have lied there For five—six weeks a year [either. Odessa, by the will of stormy Zeus, is flooded, is stopped up,
- s is in thick mud immersed.
 Some two feet deep all houses are embedded.
 Only on stilts does a pedestrian
 dare ford the street. Chariots and people
- sink in, get stuck; and hitched to droshkies the ox, horns bent, replaces the debile steed.

[XXIII]

But the sledge-hammer breaks up stones already, and with a ringing pavement soon the salvaged city will be covered

- as with an armor of forged steel.

 However, in this moist Odessa
 there is another grave deficiency,
 of—what would you think? Water.
- 8 Grievous exertions are required....
 So what? This is not a great sorrow!
 Particularly since wine is
 imported free of duty.
- But then the Southern sun, but then the sea . . . What more, friends, could you want?
 Blest climes!

[xxiv]

Time was, no sooner did the sunrise gun roar from the ship than, down the steep shore running,

- I would be on my way toward the sea.
 Then, sitting with a glowing pipe,
 enlivened by the briny wave,
 like in his paradise a Moslem, coffee
- 8 with Oriental grounds I quaff.
 I go out for a stroll. Already the benevolent
 Casino's open: the clatter of cups
 resounds there; on the balcony
- the marker, half asleep, emerges with a broom in his hands, and at the porch two merchants have converged already.

[xxv]

Anon the square grows freaked [with people]. All is alive now; here and there they run, on business or not busy;

- 4 however, more on businesses. The child of Calculation and of Venture, the merchant goes to glance at ensigns, to find out—are the skies
- 8 sending to him known sails?
 What new wares have
 entered today in quarantine?
 Have the casks of expected wines arrived?
- And how's the plague, and where the conflagraand is not there some famine, war, [tions, or novelty of a like kind?

Fragments of Onegin's Journey

[XXVI]

But we, fellows without a sorrow, among the careful merchants, expected only oysters

- from Tsargrad's shores.

 What news of oysters? They have come. O glee!

 Off flies gluttonous juventy
 to swallow from their sea shells
- 8 the plump, live cloisterers, slightly asperged with lemon. Noise, arguments; light wine onto the table from the cellars
- by complaisant Automne* is brought.
 The hours fly by, and the grim bill meantime invisibly augments.

[xxvii]

But the blue evening grows already darker. Time to the opera we sped: there 'tis the ravishing Rossini,

- darling of Europe, Orpheus.

 To severe criticism not harking, he is ever selfsame, ever new;
 he pours out melodies, they effervesce,
- 8 they flow, they burn
 like youthful kisses, all
 in mollitude, in flames of love,
 like the stream and the golden spurtles of Ay
- starting to fizz; but, gentlemen, is it permitted to compare do-re-mi-sol to wine?
 - *Well-known restaurateur in Odessa [Pushkin's footnote].

[XXVIII]

And does that sum up the enchantments there? And what about the explorative lorgnette? And the assignments in the wings?

- The prima donna? The ballet?
 And the loge where, in beauty shining, a trader's young wife, vain and languorous,
- 8 is by a crowd of thralls surrounded? She lists and does not list the cavatina, the entreaties, the banter blent halfwise with flattery,
- while in a corner naps behind her her husband; wakes up to cry "Fuora!"; yawns, and snores again.

[XXIX]

There thunders the finale. The house empties; with noise the outfall hastes; the crowd onto the square

- Tuns by the gleam of lamps and stars.
 The sons of fortunate Ausonia hum
 a playful tune
 involuntarily retained—
- 8 while we roar the recitative. But it is late. Sleeps quietly Odessa; and breathless and warm is the mute night. The moon has risen,
- a veil, diaphanously light, enfolds the sky. All's silent; only the Black Sea sounds.

Fragments of Onegin's Journey

[xxx]

And so I lived then in Odessa . . .

4

8

12