IVAN TOURGUENIEFF.

The Work and Life of the Great Russian Novelist who Invented the Word Nihilist.

PARIS, Sept. 4.—Ivan Sergevitch Tourguénieff, who died yesterday at Bougival, near Paris, after a very long and painful illness, was born Nov. 9, 1818, in the district of Orel. His parents were noble, and he was sent to study at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and afterward at Berlin, where he acquired an admiration for Goethe, which he never lost. At the age of 25 he entered the civil service, which, with the army, was the only career open to young Russians of his time and of his station. Tourguénieff obtained a place in the Ministry of the Interior, and devoted his leisure to literature. Naturally, Tourguénieff's first attempts were in verse. His verses were published, but had no success; he was all at ease in the bureau of the Ministry; he was discouraged, and on the point of returning to Germany to devote himself to philosophy, when unexpected encouragement came to him from the critic Belinski, whom his countrymen delight to call the Russian Lessing and who certainly exercised a decisive influence on Russian literature. Belinski's authority was perhaps more extended and more powerful than that of any critic before or since. At the time of which we are speaking Belinski was editor of a review called the Contemporary, and was persuaded by his friend Tourguénieff to contribute a short prose story.

Tourguénieff was young, ardent, and liberal. He had been brought up at Orel, so to speak, in the midst of the serfs. In a naked plain with twenty birch trees, four or six birch houses forming the village, a little pond, some wretched peasants' huts, and the Seigneur's house with its wooden roof painted red, its porticoes and its gates always open. There he had seen the serfs, women as well as sufferers and serfs, strike labors, in his serfdom and his misery, and his heart was filled with pity for his humble and patient toiler, and with indignation against his oppressors. In a few pages he described for the *Contemporary* the miseries of the serfs, and the story was full of intelligence and brilliancy of style that his sketch created a great commotion. Encouraged by this success, he wrote another and yet another short study of serf life in the country, and, like so many arrows, each went to the point and struck mortally the odious institution of serfdom and seigneurial domination. In this way was composed the volume called Memoires of a Russian Seigneur," a title henceforward historic, and which rendered Tourguénieff the idol of the Russian youth.

Unfortunately, the volume did not please the Government. The official who gave the necessary authorization for its publication lost his post and was disgraced, while Tourguénieff, who had already enjoyed considerable high position by a service only on Gogol, was arrested, detained for a month in the common prison in company with vagabonds and highway robbers, and then exiled by the Czar Nicholas. His pardon, although demanded often by the more enlightened Czarewitch, afterwards Czar and Emperor Alexander II., was yet long in coming, and when finally Tourguénieff obtained the authorization to return to Russia, he rarely took advantage of it. After traveling for some time all over Europe, he finally settled in Paris, where the greater part of his life has been passed, where he felt himself freer, and where his reputation, thanks to the elegant translations of his works, which he revised when he did not make them himself, had become almost as great as it was in Russia.

In the "Memoirs of a Russian Seigneur" Tourguénieff painted in a series of remarkable tableaux the sad condition of the Russian peasant, and his object was to hasten the movement of opinion that ended in the enfranchisement of the serfs. He showed himself the knight and paladin of all that are unfortunate and oppressed, and he has this in common with that other great humanitarian writer, Charles Dickens, that he might well write on his tombstone, "Qui lit me console." Finally, on Feb. 19, 1861, the Emperor Alexander, son of Nicholas, proclaimed the abolition of serfdom, and an annual commemorative banquet was instituted. Well, at one of these banquets, at which were present all who had taken part in this great political act, a celebrated Russian statesman, Milutine, in proposing the health of Ivan Tourguénieff, said to him:

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After the abolition of serfdom, Tourguénieff, whose [illegible] and realistic writings had caused him to be recognized as the chief of the natural school of Russian novelists, began to study the moral situation of his compatriots, and the different currents of ideas between which they were divided. "Dmitri Roudine" and a "Nest of Gentlemen" are studies of the *nuées* of the generation of 1840, men who, full of enthusiasm, contented themselves with talking, they were incapable of acting. "Eve," in 1861, came "Fathers and Sons," in which the name "Nihilist" appeared for the first time, and in which, in the character of Baranoff, Tourguénieff described the type of early Nihilism, which was still in a cloudy state, philosophico-Socialist conception. Tourguénieff invented the word Nihilist; he was the first to notice this sect, which has since had such strange fortunes, and it was he who, so to speak, legally baptized it. Thanks to his profession of a man of letters, he constantly observed everything around him, and not only in Russia, but at Baden, at Heidelberg, and at the seaside in the Isle of Wight he remarked in his compatriots that now political and philosophical fermentation which was destined to agitate all Russia. Tourguénieff might almost be said to have divined the existence of Nihilism, for when he wrote "Fathers and Sons" it was a thing floating, intangible, vague, in the air, and it was Tourguénieff who first described their mental attitude and gave them a name, that the Nihilists became conscious of their existence and their strength, became a formidable party, and formulated their doctrine in a determined manner.

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Russia was characterized by many Russians as a pamphlet against Russia; it was felt to be a thing of the sort. In the character of Litvinof, the author had simply personified the disenchantment he had experienced through the successes of the young progressist party in Russia. Tourguénieff had even depicted the young generation, that of 1840, to which belong the fathers of young Russia. And in the person of Litvinof young Russia what did he find? Nullities, fools, maniacs, crazy fellows who were preluding by literary Nihilism and preparing for the Nihilism of the assassin's knife and of dynamite. At the very thought that he might be taken for a precursor, perhaps even an accomplice, Tourguénieff became the pitiless critic and satirist of the generation that he had cherished and eulogized while it was in its cradle. He stigmatized its vices, caricatured its weakness, and then, making, as it were, a bonfire of his ideal and his own aspirations, he pours forth the complaint of his mortally wounded soul in the reflections inspired in Litvinof by the smoke of the train that is taking him back to Russia:

"Smoke! smoke!" he repeated, and everything seemed to him suddenly nothing but smoke; everything, his own life, Russian life, everything that was human and everything that was Russian. "Everything is smoke and vapor," he thought; "everything seems to change perpetually, everywhere new images, new apparitions succeed each other, and, in reality, it is always the same thing. Everything hurries and hastens somewhere, and everything disappears, without leaving any trace and without having attained anything. Another wind blows; things are thrown over to the opposite side, and the same game recommences, and it continues ad infinitum and it is useless to begin to be surprised, agitated, and useless even to begin to be angry about it. He then called to mind many things that he had seen happen of late years with much noise and bustle. 'Smoke!' he murmured, 'smoke!' He remembered the hot and noisy discussions that he had heard at restaurants, in great and small salons, among literary and among retrogrades, among young and old. 'Smoke!' he repeated, 'smoke and vapor!' And his own aspirations, his own sentiments and efforts and dreams! He simply shook his hand—'Smoke!'"

This is that in his novels Tourguénieff has assimilated the spirit of the whole Russian people. In his works the historians of the future will have one day to seek for the surest documents in the history of modern Russia, for, indeed, as has been very well said by a French critic, his novels are rather memoirs than novels.

Hitherto I have dwelt more particularly on the politico-philosophic side of Tourguénieff's work. I need not, I think, tell American readers that his literary work is very considerable; they are doubtless familiar both with his larger works and with his exquisite short stories, through many excellent translations that have appeared either in England or in the United States. Tourguénieff is certainly a master of style, and, if it be true that he writes in fear and trembling, and that he never is satisfied with his work, and that he writes it over and over again, he has reaped the reward of his conscientiousness, for his work is full of heart, and its heart was filled with pity for the humble and patient toiler, and with indignation against his oppressors. In a few pages he described for the *Contemporary* the miseries of the serfs, and the story was full of intelligence and brilliancy of style that his sketch created a great commotion. Encouraged by this success, he wrote another and yet another short study of serf life in the country, and, like so many arrows, each went to the point and struck mortally the odious institution of serfdom and seigneurial domination. In this way was composed the volume called "Memoires of a Russian Seigneur," a title henceforward historic, and which rendered Tourguénieff the idol of the Russian youth.

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POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

The True Knight.

We sigh above historic pages,
Brave with the deeds of gallant men,
And wish those peers of earlier ages
In our dull day could live again.
And yet no knight of ancient days began
In chivalry with the American.

He does not frequent joust or tourney,
And flaunt his lady's colors there,
But in the tedium of a journey
He shows that deferential care,
That thoughtful kindness to the sex at large,
Which makes each woman feel herself his charge.

He does not challenge foes to duel
To win his lady's cast-off glove,
But proves in ways less rash and cruel
The truth and fervor of his love.
Not by bold deeds, but by his reverent mien,
He pays his public homage to his queen.

He may not shine with courtly graces,
But yet his kind, respectful air
To woman, whatso'er her place is,
It might be well if kings should share.
So, for the chivalric, true gentleman,
Give me, I say, our own American.

ELLA WHEELER.

Engineers Making Love.

From Life.

Nearly every railroader on the New York and New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain, Conn. Every train we see has a white waiter to wave a signal, and the drivers are to partially eye spooning that the accidents have had it stopped.

It's noon when Thirty-five is due,
An' she comes on time, like a flash of light,
An' you hear her whistle, "Too-toot-toot!"
Long fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddock's doin' her to-day,
An' he's a-leanin' his head out jaty away—
Gertrude Hall—lives down by the mill—
You might see her blushin', she know it's Bill.
"Fu-fu!" Toot-toot! Fu-fu-fu!" Toot!

Six five A. M. there's a local comet—
Make up at Bristol, round east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Lattie Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her lover callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-ie!"

At six fifty-eight you can hear twenty one
"Go thunderin' west, and of all the screams
That ever startle the rosy sun
John Davis sends into your dreams.

But I don't mind it; it makes me grin—
For just down here where the creek lets in,
His wife, I reckon, can hear him call,
Loud as a thread of steam can blow—
"Jee-rooso-shaf! Jee-hum!"

But at one fifty-nine, old Sixty-four—
He's an express runs east, clear through—
Drowns her cattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew.

An' away on the furthest edge of the town,
Sweet sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Givin' her steam at every stride,
An' he touches the whistle low an' clear,
For lookin' over the hill, to hear—
"Lu-ie! Lou-ie!"

So it goes on all day an' all night
Till the old folks have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors says it isn't right
For folk to be disturbin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their ways see will blow
From a whistle valve to the girls they know,
An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell,
With the Bells! Bell! Bell! of the swaying bell.

EDWARD J. BURDETTE.

On the Way.

From the Wheelman.

Soft shadows fall along the wall
That girts the roadway where I run;
The sweet-the light-the sweet-the night
And swift pursues the retreating sun.
I see afar a twinkling star—
The herald of the evening star;
The great waves creep as half asleep,
Along the distant sandy shore.

The world is still, and yet a thrill
Of joy intense pervades my soul;
While Nature seems to my wildest dreams,
As down the gentle hope I roll.
The rifled clouds that drift in crowds
Along the far horizon's rim,
Reflect the ray of distant day
Last lingering sunlight faint and dim.

A sweet wild rose unnoticed grows
Half hidden in the long strong grass;
Sweet thoughts arise of love-lit eyes—
I lean and inhale its fragrance.
My love will wear within her hair
This sweet memento of the hour;
I shall forget the wrong I met
My life has felt its subtle power.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

A New Mother Hubbard.

From St. Nicholas.

Miss Polly Betsey Patterson
Got a Mother Hubbard cloak
And a Mother Hubbard bonnet,
With a most bewitching poke.

One morning met a curly dog.
He was of medium size;
His ears were drooped, his tail was limp,
And the tears stood in his eyes.

Said Polly to the curly dog
"Why what you crying for?"
"Because," replied he, with a sniff,
"The times are very bad.

"You see," said he, "the streets are full
Of little Mother Hubbards,
But though I've wagged my tail 'most off,
They never speak of cupboards."

Said Polly Betsey: "Come with me.
Two wolf not a heart of stone;
I'll give you lots of bread and milk,
And a juicy mutton bone."

She took him home and fed him well;
His ears were turned to a brighter;
And now wherever Polly goes
The curly dog trots after.

ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

Vision.

From the Home Journal.

I look upon the green notched cape
That hems a blithesome sea.
I mark a host of waves take shape
And rush exultingly
Toward a shore, with slopes inclined,
Within a drapery
Of mist, but half defined.
I see it—and I do not see!

Quick here and there and calmly, too,
The billows change their place,
And seek, with a caressing wave,
These sinuous lines of grace.
Where carving in said nestling round,
The landscape shows to me
Fair traits and yet no bound—
I see it—and I do not see!

The day melts in from night and morn,
I greet it joyfully,
And think it glad to share newly born—
I find it mysteriy.
For closing mists life's pathway drape,
As fogs hide shores and sea,
I grope to find its shape,
I see it—and I do not see!

MARY BARTON.

The Hunter's Merry Moon.

From the Wheelman.

Brown October and nut brown woods,
And nobody and no-body
But the partridges, proud of their whirring broods,
And the sun-burnt sportsman with gleaming eye,
And the boy's snare, secure and sly—
October!

Gay October and gilded woods—
What folly now to be sober!
When the foxglove's hanging her yellow hoods,
And there's laughter and rustle of silken gowns,
And the country's full of the folks o' towns—
October!

Late October and frost touched woods—
The children look wondrous sober;
For the squirrel is hiding his chestnut pile,
Scolding away in the chestnut tall,
Where the brown burrs gape and the last nuts fall—
October!

ELAINE GOODALE.

A Change of Style.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

When this old hat was new, The railroad was a stage; And a six-mule team made plenty of steam, For the broadest kind of gauge. You caught a game when you wanted a pen, The fox you used was blue; And the women you loved didn't want to be queen, When this old hat was new. A spade was only a spade, And Jennie was just plain "Jane," For he impudent lip a boy would skip At the end of a rattan cane. There were sixteen ounces in every pound, Four quarts made a gallon true, But things don't seem like they used to be, When this old hat was new.

But we've shortened the time since then, And we're running a faster beat, And the boys of ten are full-blown men, Who run the store and the street. We blush to giggle, and we should smile; We're cute, and we never say die; We're up to snuff, and we're full of guile; And we're just just too awfully fly; And father is governor, old man, dad, And his old day is gone. We run things fast and a little bad, Since we put this new hat on.

R. J. BURDETTE.

DESIGNING CIGAR LABELS.

Novel and Attractive Designs Much Sought After by Cigar Manufacturers.

A lithographing establishment in Pearl street having offered to pay the highest cash prices for first-class cigar-label designs, a reporter found a member of the firm looking over a portfolio of drawings and illustrations cut from periodicals. He selected a couple of drawings, and, turning to a young man, said: "These are good designs, and"—picking up one of the illustrations—"you might make us a design from that. I'll give you $15 for these three in crayon, and $20 if you'll do the last one in colors. That's $5 apiece for your crayon designs, and $10 for that which is to be in colors."

"Can I get the money for the two crayon drawings now?" the young man asked.

"Certainly," Mr. Phelps said, handing $10 to him, "and the rest when you bring the other design. Just leave your address in case I should want you to do some other work before you finish this design."

The young man pocketed the $10 and quitted the office in a very happy frame of mind.

"He seems to be a smart young fellow," Mr. Phelps said, "and I'm glad we got hold of him. If we hadn't advertised we might never have known of him."

"Haven't you artists to design for you?"

"A number of them. But we need more and more because the manufacture of domestic cigars is a constantly growing branch of trade, and we are constantly being called on for labels for new brands. For this reason we want to have as many designers at our disposal as possible. The result of our offer is that men come here with samples of their work, and we can tell at a glance whether it will pay us to add them to our list of designers or not."

"Do you suggest designs yourself, or leave that to the artist?"

"You see, if a cigar manufacturer wants to get out a new brand, he has to work off an old grand under a new label, which is the most usual case, he comes here and tells us what his idea is, or, more frequently, tells our canvassers—for there is so much competition in the business that we have to send around canvassers with books of labels in stock. We find out what price he desires to pay, whether he wants a label in black and white or in colors, and in how many colors, as the expense of getting up a label depends mostly on the number of colors to be printed. If he wants a cheap label we get a crayon design; if he wants a very fancy label we get a design in colors from one of our fifteen-dollar designers. Let me show you how it is done," opening a large book filled with drawings.

"Here is a label on which canvassers in one section of the country alone managed to sell five million cigars. A manufacturer sent us word that he wanted to work the Free Masons, because he thought plenty of them were to be found in every city in the country. So he wanted to get up a Grand Master brand, for which he wished a first-class label. We got up this label for him. The centre is the figure of a Grand Master in full regalia; the side pieces are the implements used in Masonic rites."

"How much do labels like that cost?"

"They are the most expensive—$50 for a thousand sets."

"How many are to a set?"

"A set consists of the large label for the inside of the cover and the centre piece of the large label alone to be pasted on the outside. The success of this label has been so great that several other manufacturers have ordered designs for labels on which to work the Free Masons, and we have lithographed for them thousands of labels with other designs calculated to attract the eyes of Masons. That is the way designs usually originate—with the cigar manufacturer. In this course, we have stock labels so that we can show samples."

"Do you ever give illustrations from periodicals to your artists as bases for designs?"

"Rarely. We usually let them do their own sketching."

"Do you ever see labels of Havana manufacturers on boxes of domestic cigars. Do you sell imitations of Havana labels?"

"Not now, because there is a law against it. Imitating foreign labels used to be an important branch of our business, because when the manufacturing of domestic cigars began most domestic cigars were sold as imported, and the manufacturers required imitation labels. But now domestic cigars are sold on their merits."

"Is any special label most in demand?"

"When a manufacturer gets his name well up in the business, so that people begin to ask for his cigars, he will have his portrait put on his labels and stuck on the inside and outside of the box, like the specimens of personal portraiture which theatrical managers have posted on the fences."

"Do manufacturers get up brands for special sale among certain trades or professions, as did the one who originated the Masonic brand?"

"Yes. You will find here labels with fire engines, ships, steamboats, and the like. During the excitement over six-day walking matches we got up labels with the contestants on the track. Then we have pictures of famous actresses, of race horses, of the Tally Ho, and of winning yachts. In fact, the manufacturers, and we too, read the newspapers, and if any event of great public interest offers any basis for a cigar label design, you may be sure we take advantage of it. After the next Presidential election we hope to get out a label with the portrait of the Hon. William S. Holman."

A DEALER IN MOCKING BIRDS.

How the Birds Are Caught in Louisiana, and the Prices They Bring.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strolling down Market street one day last week we were stopped by a burst of bird notes. The melody came through a door to a side entrance. There were clear pipings and whistlings, alternated with coonings and every other wild-wood note that was ever heard in the forest. The concert was so tempting that we pushed open the door and followed the alley-like entrance to the place of the singing. Instead of the forest filled with songsters, which imagination had conjured up, there were only a few mocking birds singing on a perch. About thirty, it seemed, were in one large cage. Others were confined in smaller ones. Fifteen or twenty canaries occupied a part of the large cage above the mocking birds, but these looked gloomy and dispirited, and only gave utterance to tiny chirps and peepings.

"What is your price for those mocking birds?" we asked of the proprietor.

"They are worth three dollars apiece, and the canaries one dollar and fifty cents. Don't want to sell any but the mocking birds, though."

"Where did you get all these birds?" we asked.

"I am a regular dealer in birds, and have been for the past ten years," was the reply. "I bought these in New Orleans, and brought them up here to sell. I have been here nearly a week, and I am going back to-morrow."

"Have you sold many?"

"All but these you see here, out of about 300 mocking birds and 100 Cuban parrots besides. I have been buying and selling birds for the last ten years. I buy 'em in New Orleans from the slave traders, and now I only come there and to other Northern cities. I only buy mocking birds, as good canaries are worth more there than they are here. These which you see I have swapped my birds for, and am taking them back to sell on my next trip. I will get $3 or $4 for them there, while up here they are worth only about half as much."

"How much do the others cost you?"

"The 'mockers' cost me fifty cents apiece in New Orleans when I buy from the bird merchants. They are Creoles who buy them from the boys who make a business of catching the young ones just before they leave the nest. When I buy from those boys I only have to pay ten or fifteen cents apiece, but it is not often I have the chance, as I do it by long and I must put up a lot as soon as possible."

"Who catch the birds, and where do they find them?"

"The boys, black and white, who live out on the plantations and the coast. They make a regular business of this, and when they catch enough they bring them to the city and sell them to the street bird merchants. It is against the law now to take them off the plantations, and most of them come from the seacoast."

"Where do the old ones build their nests?"

"Everywhere almost, but generally in wild rose bushes, old fences, and low trees. They are not very particular about these nests, and make 'em out of a few sticks, which they lay up together, and fix so they will just hold the eggs. They lay four or five, and every one hatches. When left to themselves they raise only two broods, but when they are taken out by the catchers they lay and hatch three or four. The business is much larger one than you might think, as thousands of young birds are bought and sold every day."

"Where did you get your parrots?"

"I bought them of the New Orleans dealers, too. They get them off boats which are sent out to catch them on the islands and on the coast. They are not real parrots, and can't talk, but they sell well, as lots of people want them. They cost $2 or $3 down there, and here we get $7 or $8, dependin' mostly on the customer."

"Where do you sell your stocks?"

"Oh, most everywhere. I bring 'em here and take 'em to lots of Northern cities. People in Northern towns pay the best prices, but they like canaries better than mockers."

"What sort of people buy the most?"

"Working people. Since I have been here I have sold only two or three to rich customers. It seems like they had rather have dogs than birds;" here a contemptuous expression passed over the dealer's face.

"I presume," suggested the reporter, "that you sell the most to girls and women?"

"No, I don't; men and boys are about the only customers I have. Since I came here I sold one bird to a lady from New Albany, and I had hard work to do that. It's not often a woman ever comes around to buy, and when they do they're troublesome customers."

In a further conversation the dealer said that the birds which he brought here were usually kept till they were three months old before being offered for sale. They are all males, as there is no demand for the females, which are distinguished by black feather markings on their wings. They are very healthy, and few ever die. The trade is not a risky one, there being no difficulty in selling the birds, and the profits are consequently large. Most, if not all, of those dealers are either Germans or Italians.

MR. DAFT'S ELECTRICAL RAILWAY.

An Invention that is Said to do All the Work of Steam at Much Less Cost.

Where the fireworks factory used to be, near Newark Bay, Mr. Leo Daft, electrician, is now demonstrating his discovery of an electrical railway system. His invention has