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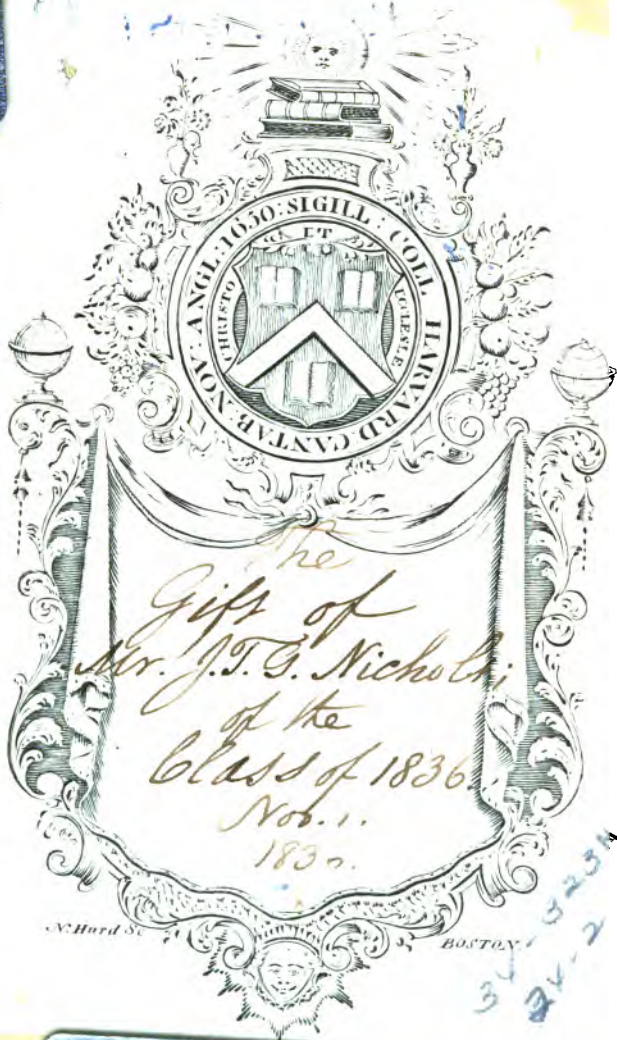
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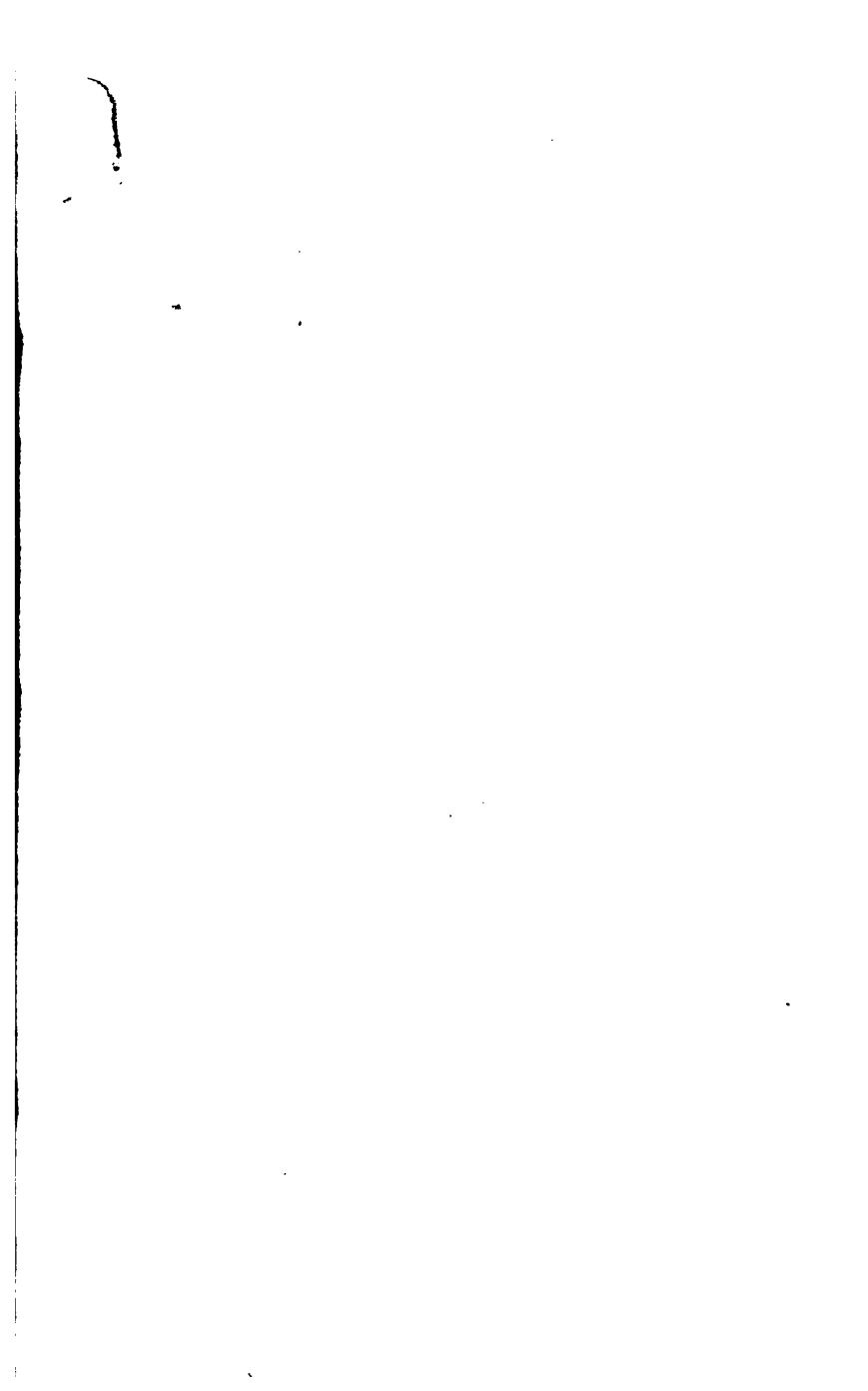
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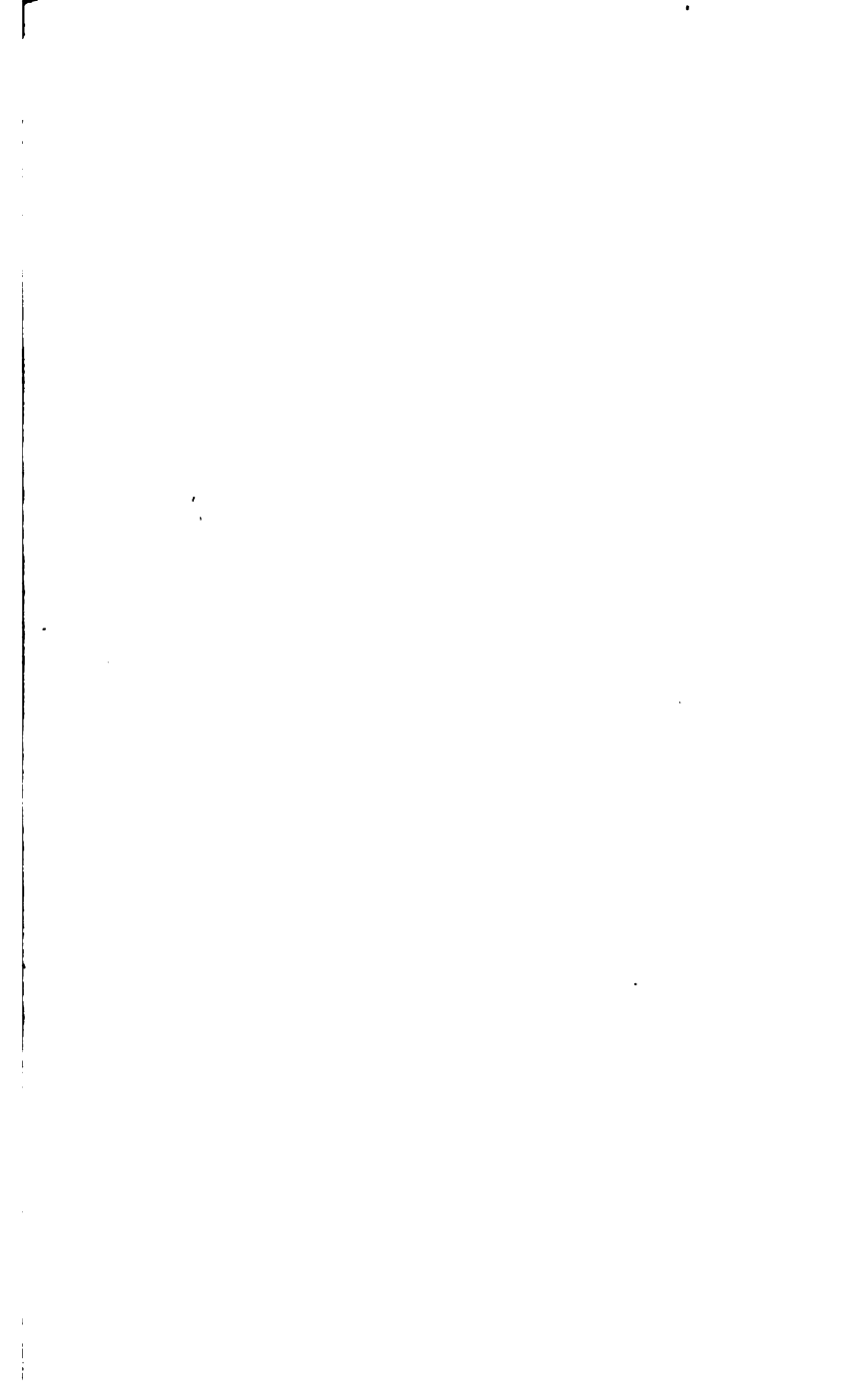


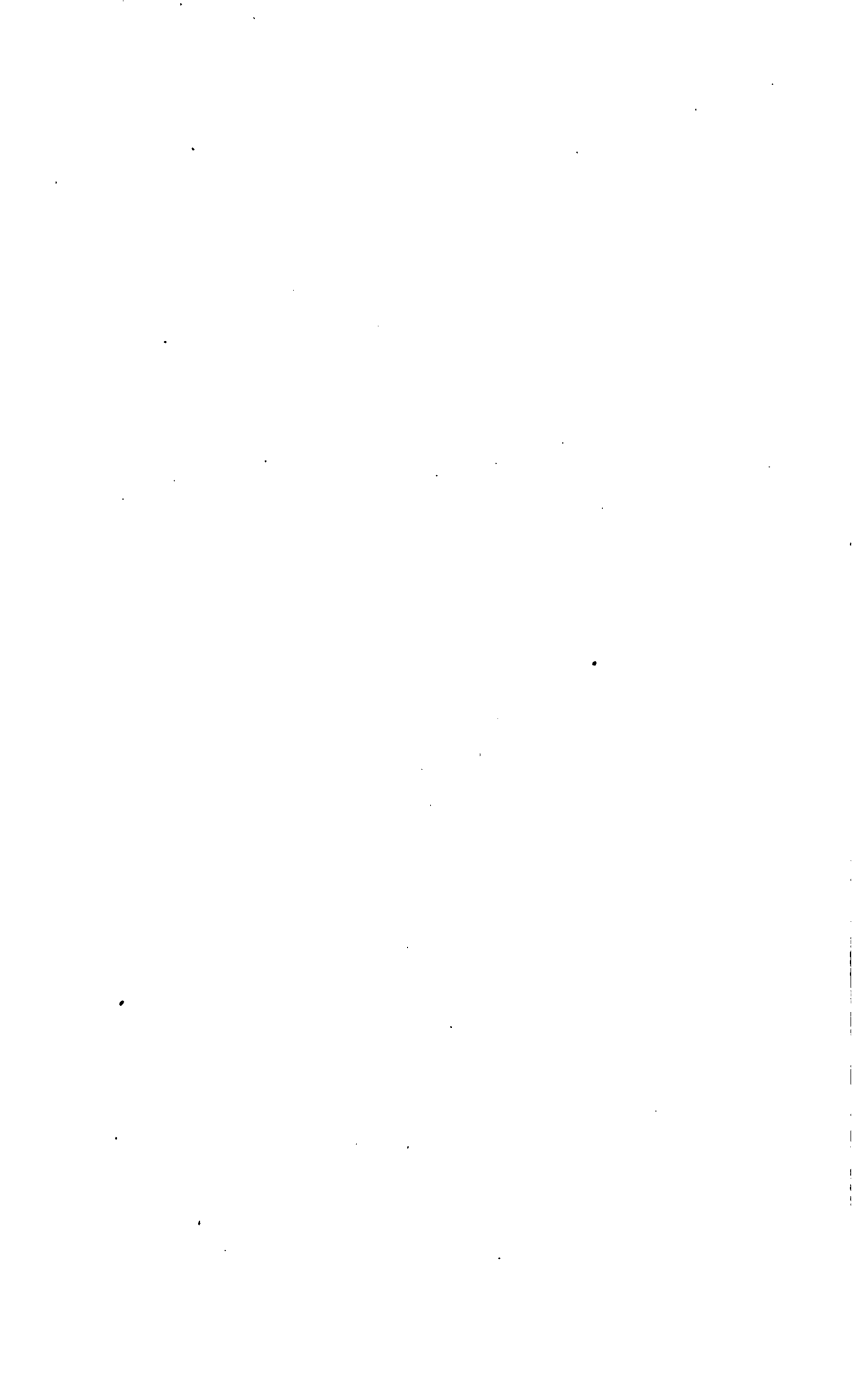
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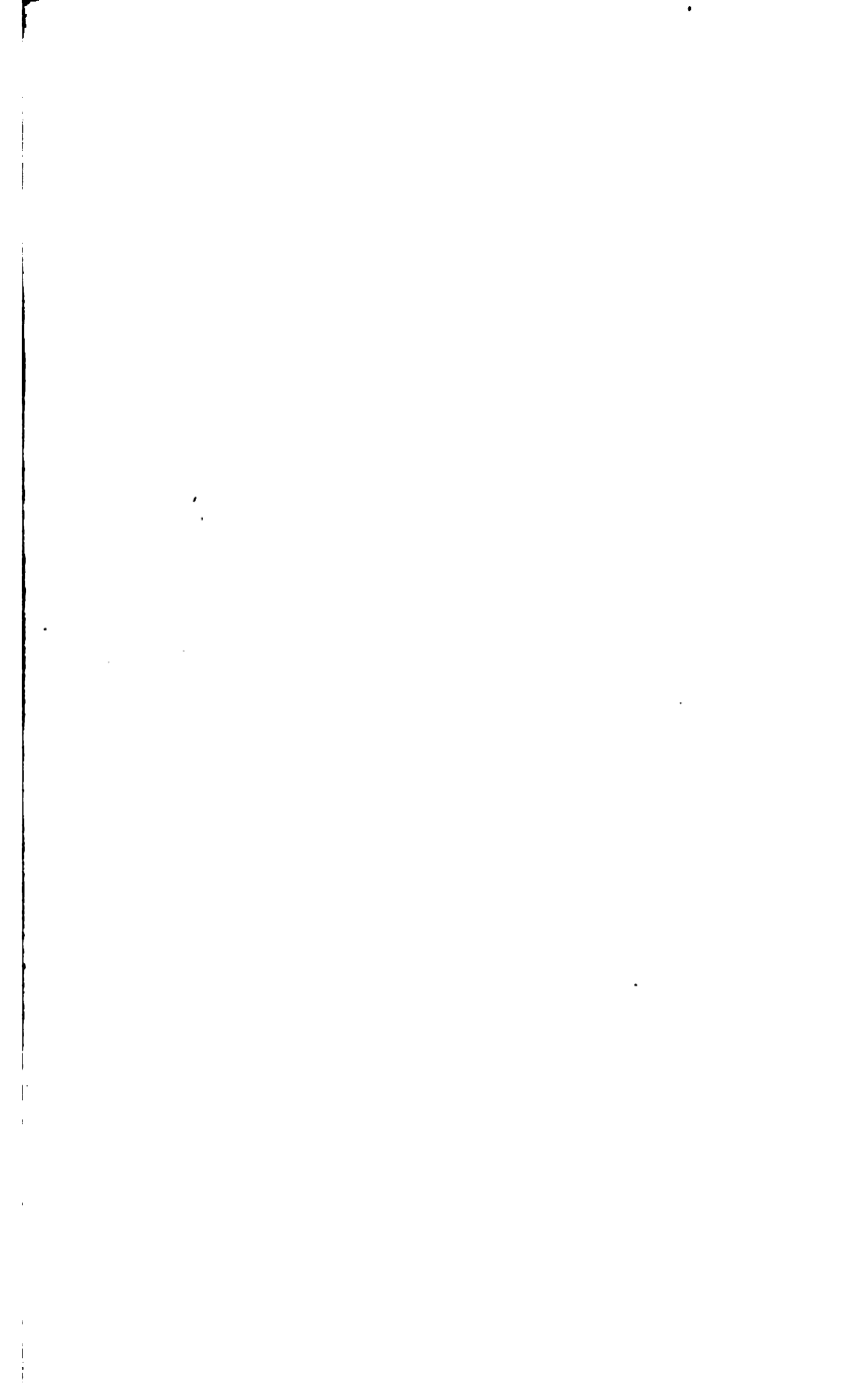
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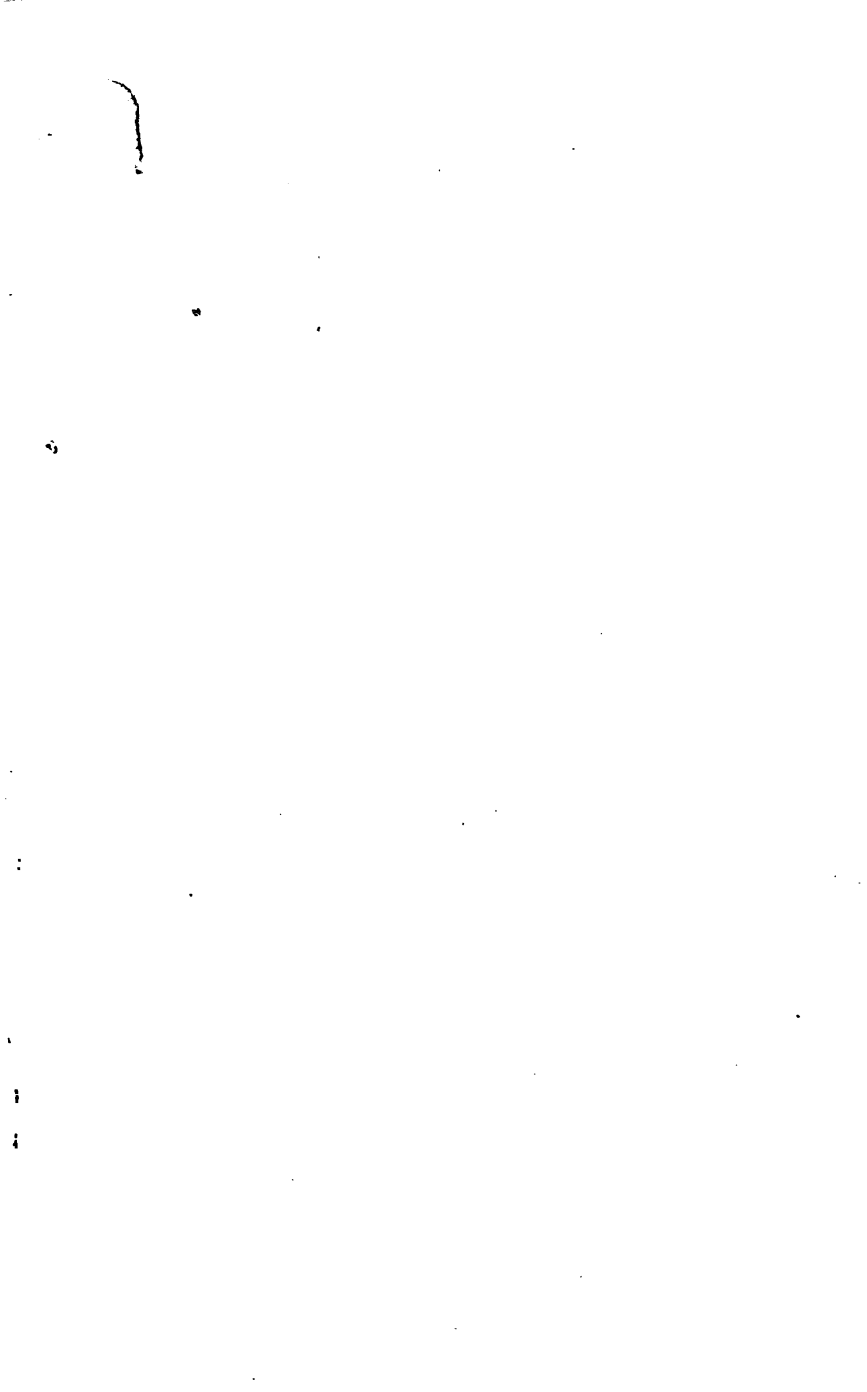
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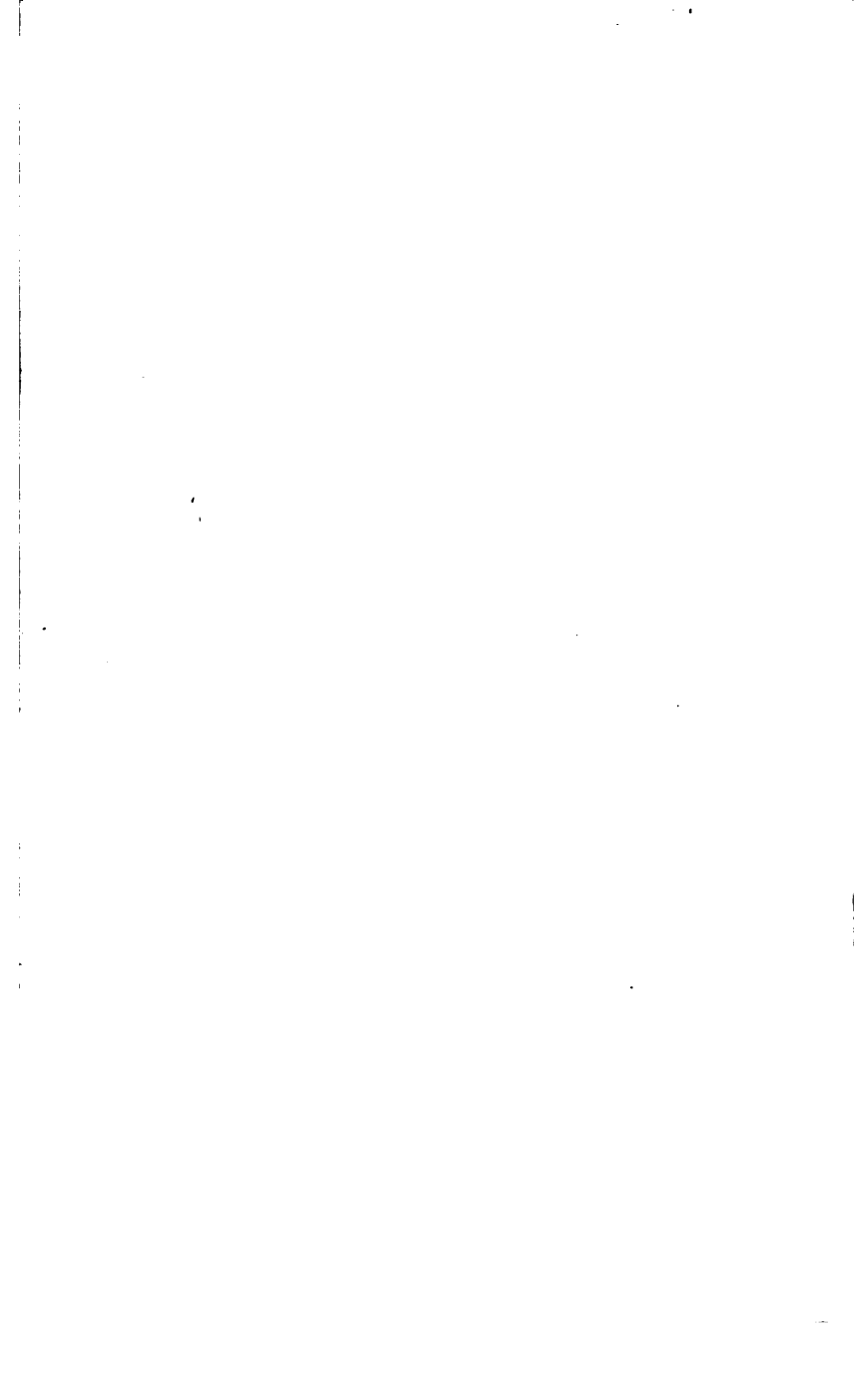
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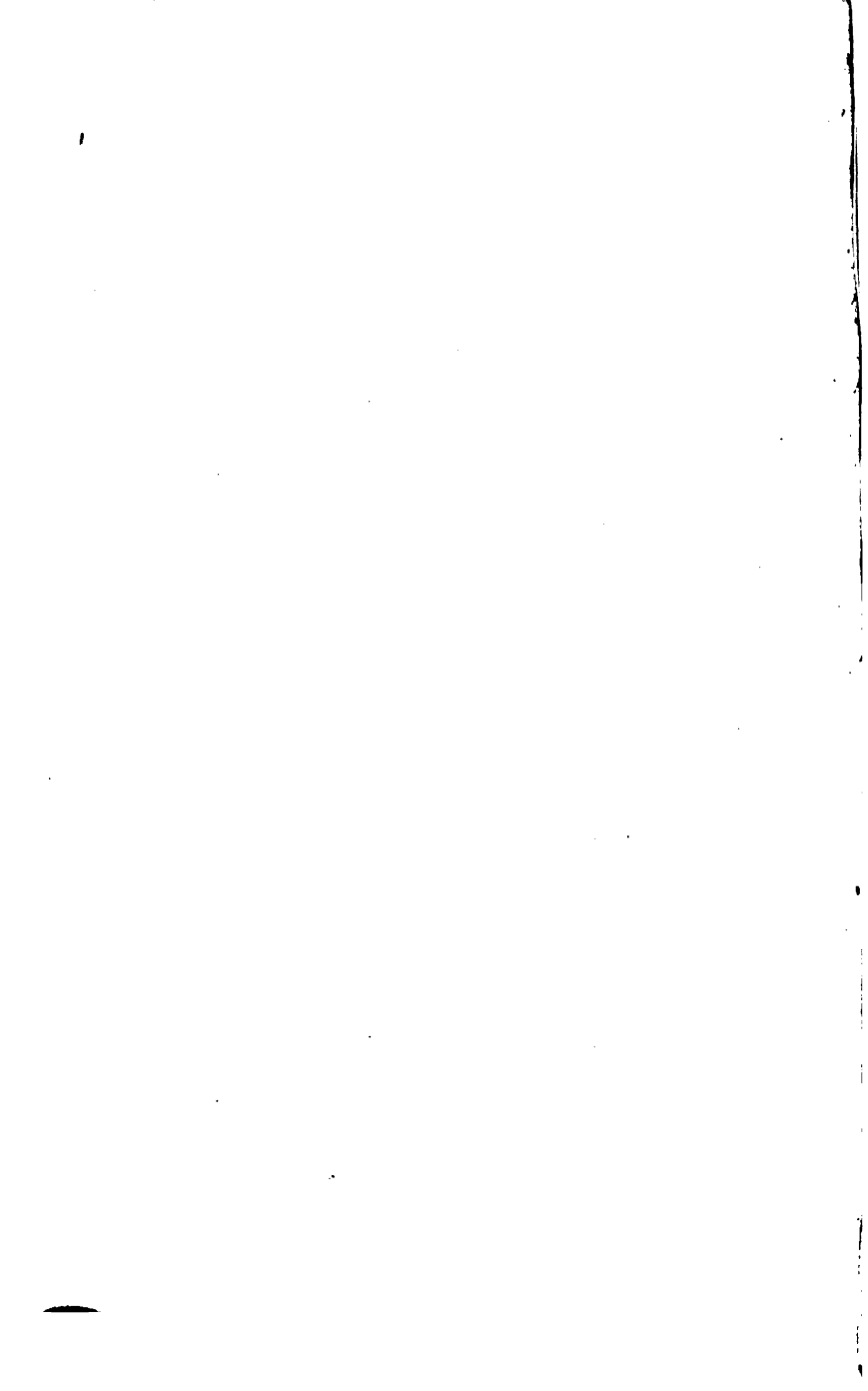
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THE
YOUNG MUSCOVITE;

OR,

THE POLES IN RUSSIA.

By Michael Zakuska
EDITED BY

CAPTAIN FREDERIC CHAMIER, R.N.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF A SAILOR," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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A NEW WORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

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In Three Vols. post 8vo.

LONDON :

**BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON,
JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.**

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P R E F A C E.

A MANUSCRIPT Translation,—by a Russian Lady of high rank and her two amiable daughters,—of an Historical Novel, entitled “*Youry Dmitrich Miloslawsky*,” originally written by Michael Zakosken,—was, about two years since, sent from the City of Moscow to one of the Editors of the present work; accompanied by an urgent request that the same might be published in this country.—The Manuscript in question was Dedicated to our immortal Novelist and Poet, the late Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, in the following terms :—

A
RUSSIAN LADY AND HER DAUGHTERS,
THE TRANSLATORS OF THIS WORK
FROM
THEIR OWN LANGUAGE INTO ENGLISH,
(THE FIRST OF THE KIND EVER WRITTEN IN RUSSIA.)
DEDICATE IT,
BY THE AUTHOR'S DESIRE, AS WELL AS THEIR OWN,
TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT;
HOPING THAT THIS PRODUCTION WILL NOT APPEAR
QUITE UNWORTHY,
IN THE EYES OF THE ENGLISH READER,
IF PLACED UNDER THE
PROTECTION
OF
THE GENIUS OF WAVERLEY!

It seems that the Works of Sir Walter Scott,—in spite of all restrictions from the Russian Censor of the Press,—as well as of the official *espionage* of the Examiners of Foreign Literature at the Custom House,—have, long since, found their way into the houses of every genteel family in that extensive Empire:—indeed, there is no nation which possesses more admirers of the superlative

genius of that charming writer, than Russia.—The best proof of this assertion is the fact, that, *the blending of History with Romance*, has of late years become a favourite style with writers in the great Empire of the North; and to that taste are we indebted for the excellent little work which forms the basis, or connecting chain, of the following Novel.—

Those persons who boast so much of “The March of Intellect” at home, will doubtless hail with rapture the information that “The Schoolmaster is Abroad” in the desert tracts as well as in the cultivated plains of Russia;—that a people, hitherto considered only *demi-civilized*, have at length imbibed a taste for the highest and most useful efforts of imaginative writing;—and that, like the other nations of Europe, the Russians now delight in the successful cultivation of those Arts and Sciences, to which,—little more than a century ago,—they were utter strangers.—Be that as it may, the announcement to

Sir Walter Scott that his Novels had been the means of forming a new school of writing in *Russia*, as well as in England, afforded that gentleman unfeigned satisfaction; and he accepted the above Dedication in a manner which did honour to M. Zakosken and the fair Translators, as well as to himself:—he accepted it with that honest pride which every man ought to feel, when he learns that his Works are as much appreciated by the inhabitants of foreign countries, as by those of his native land. But, alas! the thread of existence of this ornament of British Literature was spun out, ere the labours necessary to present M. ZAKOSKEN'S work to the Public, in its *present shape*, could well be brought to an end:—we have therefore, embodied the DEDICATION in question, in this Preface, instead of inserting it according to its original destination.

We now proceed to give some account of the author of the original work:—

MICHAEL ZAKOSKEN, an Honorary

Member of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, a Counsellor of the Court, and a Knight, was born in the government of Penza, in the year 1791. According to the accounts of his friends, he was early addicted to writing verses, comedies, and tales; but owing to the barbarous severity of the government of the country in which he was born, as well as the restriction on the press of Russia, generally, the world has not been favoured with the early flights of his genius.—In the year 1812, he commenced his military career in the National War: he served in all the campaigns against the French;—was, of course, present in numerous engagements;—and reaped honour and a wound at the capture of Polotzk. At the conclusion of the war he returned to his former occupation of *writing*; but with this difference, that his pen was now devoted,—not to works of taste or fancy,—but to the drawing up of Government Reports and the composition of Ministerial Notes!—At the

end of *eight years* of diplomatic drudgery, M. ZAKOSKEN again commenced Author, and besides "*Youry Dmitrich Miloslawsky*," wrote *eleven dramatic pieces* in prose and verse; all which have been performed with great *eclat*, at the Imperial Theatres of both Capitals.—He has, likewise, been the *Editor* of "*THE NORTHERN OBSERVER*," for several years.

So lively was the sensation excited throughout Russia, by the appearance of "*YOURY DMITRICH MILOSLAWSKY*," that the printing-presses of Moscow and St. Petersburg could not for some time furnish a sufficient supply of copies for the numerous and eager applicants, from all parts of the Empire. The work delighted every body;—but not the least remarkable of its effects, was that produced on the mind of the *AUTOCRAT*, himself.—The Emperor Nicholas, on his first perusal of the Novel, was not only pleased to express his satisfaction to the Author, personally; but,—if the account of the Utopian occupation of His Imperial Ma-

jesty be true,—he must have found something especially engaging in it, afterwards, to have withdrawn him from his laudable, although futile, determination, of becoming actually acquainted with every criminal and civil process in all the law-courts of his vast dominions!—which occupation, according to the calculation of the Author of “*Anecdotes of Russia,*” must have given the Czar no less than *two cases for consideration, during every minute of the night and day, throughout the year!*—We mention this fact, merely for the purpose of giving M. ZAKOSKEN *our* meed of praise, for possessing the talent thus to abstract his Imperial Master from his self-prescribed, although wrongly conceived, line of duty.

It is now proper that the Editors should say something respecting their own labours.—On perusing the Manuscript of “*Youry Dmitrich Miloslawsky,*” their first intention was merely to amend the style, and to soften down the Russian

idioms which abounded in the English version of M. Zakosken's work;—(which idioms were, indeed, inevitable in a translation made by persons whose knowledge of an acquired tongue was necessarily such as hardly to warrant a *literal* publication:)—on reconsideration, however, they took occasion to deviate from their original plan.—They saw so many descriptive beauties,—events of so romantic and heroic a nature,—and so much originality of character,—in M. Zakosken's work, that they could not help considering it to be worthy of extraordinary editorial care and attention.

With this view they set about illustrating the obscure parts of the text, by copious notes on the Manners and Institutions of the Russians, Cossacks, and Poles, of present and former times:—this, they were enabled to effect from the personal residence of one of them, for a considerable time, in Russia; as well as by reference to the best works on Russian History and Topography. They

also added several *new incidents* where M. Zakosken's narrative appeared to be defective and his characters weakly supported; and they supplied an *underplot*, by which,—whilst the main story remains uninjured,—the characters of the chief actors are further developed, and the interest of the whole (it is humbly but confidently hoped) is considerably enhanced.

In effecting these improvements, nothing has been done to deteriorate the sentiments, characters, or incidents of the Original:—on the contrary, great pains have been taken to give all these their due,—and if possible, an increased,—effect.—There is nothing *British*—every thing is *Russian*; for it has constantly been kept in mind that it was a Russian who wrote this *episode* in his country's history, for the instruction and amusement of his *countrymen*.*—the style,

* The Author's *prejudices*, even, have been retained; as may be seen in various parts of the Work:—for example, he always attaches ferocity

however, has undergone such alterations as will enable the English reader to understand the manners of a people with whom he has, hitherto, been but little acquainted; but no farther than, that if the work were translated back into *Russ*, the Russians, themselves, would fully appreciate the utility of the laborious changes which have been made.

With regard to the *sesquipedalian* nomenclature of the original work, the Editors have been compelled to take considerable liberties; but still, they fear, not sufficient to render the names of the personages introduced, perfectly *euphonious* to the ears and tongue of the English reader:—they have changed “*Miloslawsky*” into “*Milolasky*,” and have softened down many other harsh, guttural, and uncouth

and villainy to the possession of *red hair*!—designating his greatest scoundrels as men having that covering of the head and face, in *shaggy abundance* and of the most *fiery hue*!—The English reader will smile at this prejudice among a people with whom such physical marks are so *common*, as in some districts to be almost *characteristic*!

names, into sounds of a more harmonious character; but they could not take the liberty of *absolute change of name*, without violating the Truth of History.

Previously to a perusal of the work; itself, it is necessary that the Reader should be made acquainted with the circumstances under which the Russian Empire was placed, at the period of its commencement; whereby he will better comprehend the nature of the events related, and the characters introduced.—We therefore present him with the following brief summary, gathered from the most authentic historians:—

In the year 1597, at the death of Fedor Ivanowitch, Boris Godounoff succeeded to the throne of Russia. He was a Tartar of noble origin, whom, at the age of twenty, Ivan II. had placed as a companion about the person of his son. By degrees, Boris had mounted to the highest situations in the State; and his power was at length confirmed by the marriage of his sister Irene with the young Czar,

Fedor Ivanowitch. His power and insolence now became beyond all restraint: he placed his own seal, instead of that of the Czar, on every official document; and the poor nominal king had neither the desire nor the courage to assert his own rights.

Fedor Ivanowitch dying without *male* issue, Boris Godounoff was offered, and he accepted, the crown; although Prince Demetrius, brother of the late Czar, was still living. His popular manners,—his large and frequent gifts to the nobility and clergy,—and his constant endeavours to conciliate public opinion,—at first won him the affections of the people; but the fear of sudden dethronement frequently urged him to acts of tyranny and ferocity. The circumstance, however, which contributed most to ruin him in the estimation of his subjects, was a dreadful famine which occurred in 1602, and swept away myriads of the people:—in Moscow alone 127,000 dead were counted in the streets!

Driven to madness by such unlooked-for adversity,—for he had hitherto endeavoured to ingratiate himself with both nobles and people, by governing with justice and firmness,—his ferocity now knew no bounds: and, in a sudden paroxysm of rage, he ordered the murder of Prince Demetrius.—The family of Romanoff, the nearest relatives of the late Czar, became the next objects of his persecution.—Fedor Nikitich Romanoff was compelled to enrol himself a member of the monastic order; and his wife was placed in a Convent, with her son Michael, who afterwards became Czar of Russia.

Although Boris thus obtained certain advantages, he was awakened from his dream of security by a Monk; who, without any other fortune or support, than that which emanated from his own sagacity and daring, passed himself upon the credulous multitude as the Czarowitch Dimitry, or Demetrius, who had been murdered by Boris!—affirming, that it

was an *obscure citizen in disguise* who had been assassinated in his stead.—This Monk, whose name was Gregory Otrepieff, aroused the hatred of the Poles and Cossacks in the service of Boris Godounoff, by painting to them, in lively colours, the ill treatment they endured under the Czar; and claimed their support to place him upon his proper throne.—The populace, always hasty in decision, and ever ready to believe any thing marvellous, swallowed, without reflection, the assertions of Otrepieff; and promised their assistance to enable him to assert his rights. The consequence was, that a general rise of the people in favour of the impostor, so disheartened Boris, that, in a fit of despair, he had recourse to poison, in order to avoid passing from the throne to the scaffold.—This event took place in the year 1605.

He was succeeded, for the moment, by his son, Fedor Borisowitch: but in vain did the clergy, and some of the nobles, confer the title of Czar on this

Prince, and swear to defend his person and his rights! the populace were clamorous for the false Dimitry or Demetrius; and the latter ascended the throne, wading through the blood of the Godounoffs and of their upholders!

The Poles, however, who had conducted their new Czar to his throne, soon became the objects of hatred to the Russians; who now beheld with dismay, numerous bands of these foreigners usurping their rights, and forming the body-guard of the Czar.—The marriage of the latter with Marina, daughter of Minichek, Waywode of Sandomir, ultimately weaned his subjects from their allegiance.

Chiousky, who once owed his preservation to the clemency of the false Demetrius, now conspired a second time to overthrow him; and, having surrounded the Palace, in which the Czar was carousing, he urged his people to the assault. Gregory Otrepieff, knowing his force to be insufficient to meet his foes

in open combat, endeavoured to effect his escape by leaping from a window; but, unfortunately, in the fall, he fractured his leg, and was instantly surrounded. The widow of Ivan II., who had apartments in the Palace, on hearing what had occurred, now ran to the window and declared that the Czar was not her son, but an impostor:—the Strelitzes,* who, until then, had protected Gregory as their master, (thinking him to be the second son of their legitimate sovereign,) now forsook him, and he was murdered by the populace!—

Chiousky ascended the throne in 1606:—the whole government had, by this time, become disorganized; and a thousand different parties had been formed. Scarcely was the *new Czar* enthroned, before a *new impostor* appeared; who, passing himself for the late Czar Demetrius, affirmed that it was an officer who had been murdered in his dress:—he

* These were originally the Moscow Burgesses, who had been formed into a Militia.

further declared, "that he had escaped during the late revolution; and that being still alive, he was, of course, more entitled to his *own throne* than the traitor and usurper, Chiousky."—However absurd this story ought to have appeared, his party, in a short time became able to make head against Chiousky; and this impostor, whose real name was Solotnikoff, advanced upon Moscow, where he was repulsed.

In the meantime *another* impostor, a fugitive slave, named Elie Vassilief, appeared amongst the Cossacks of the Terek and the Don; calling himself Peter, and passing for the son of the Czar Fedor; at whose birth, in 1592, Boris was said to have substituted a daughter, in order that no male heir should exist who could claim a right to the throne. This impostor was only fourteen years of age when he found himself in possession of the cities of Toula and Kalouga.—Chiousky advanced to meet the enemy, and, after a series of

desperate battles, blocked up *both impostors* in Toula:—the inhabitants of which, rising against these two *sois-disant* Czars, seized their persons and delivered them to Chiouſky; who ordered them to instant execution.

r No sooner, however, had this storm been allayed, than *another* impostor, from Staſodoub, appeared as the *true* Prince Demetrius; who had escaped from the murder destined to fall upon him by the orders of the Czar Boris. The Waywode of Sandomir, and the ambitious Marina, seconded the projects of this impostor, whom they recognized as the *real* Demetrius;—and war and devastation again raged throughout Russia.—The Swedes gave a temporary aid to Chiouſky; whilst the Poles, in the service of the new false Demetrius, ravaged the country like hordes of locusts. Obscure brigands, profiting by the general disorder, pillaged all the defenceless towns and villages; whilst Sigismond, the King of Poland, seizing the present moment as

advantageous to his own views of aggrandizement, advanced to the siege of Smolensko, with twenty thousand men.

This last diversion was the ruin of the new impostor; who, by his acts, was known by the name of the "Thief of Touchin."—His followers deserted him: therefore, in the hope of ingratiating himself with Sigismond, and of reconciling all parties, he sent a deputation to the Polish King, to request that his son should be placed on the throne of Russia!—The situation of Chiousky now became daily more critical:—the Swedes at length abandoned him; and, after a thousand useless struggles, he was seized and delivered into the hands of Sigismond; who imprisoned him in Warsaw, where he died.—

The above is a mere outline picture of the times immediately preceding the subject of the present Novel. It would be useless here to remark upon the state of a country which had so long been the prey of false sovereigns, foreign hordes,

and lawless marauders:—some idea of the occurrences which took place during the *interregnum* between the time of Chiouky, and that of the Czar Michael Fedorowich Romanoff, the ancestor of the present Imperial Family;—or rather, of those events which occurred during the period of the Polish invasion,—may be gathered from the work itself.

THE YOUNG MUSCOVITE ;

OR,

THE POLES IN RUSSIA.

CHAPTER I.

A SNOW STORM.

“ On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.”

CAMPBELL.

AT the beginning of the seventeenth century, the external enemies, the inward dissensions, and the quarrels of the Boyards, reduced Russia to a most deplorable condition ; and threatened, by the divisions among its subjects, the complete over-

throw of the government. Smolensko, although surrounded by prodigious fortifications, and defended by the intrepid Boyard,* Michael Borisowitch Schein, styled "the Faithful Son of his Country," fell into the hands of the Polish King, Sigismond; while another division of his army, commanded by the Hetman Jolkewsky, and assisted by the treachery of some of the inhabitants, seized upon Moscow. The cruelty, rapacity, and insolent licence of the Polish troops were equalled only by the lawless ravages of the numerous and ferocious bands of Zaporoesky Cossacks;† who, in imitation of the lawless insubordination of the conquerors of Smolensko, occupied, or rather devastated Tchernigoff Briansk, Koselsk, Wisma, and the several towns and cities in the

* The Boyards were the first dignitaries of the state, and had the exclusive management of all affairs, civil and military. The word boyard is derived from *boy* (combat); in former times, a title granted only to deeds of valour.

† Cossacks established on the other side of the Cataracts on the Dnieper.

circumjacent country. Not far from Moscow bivouacked the troops of the Second Impostor, denominated the "Thief of Touchin." In the north, the Swedish General, Pontius de la Garde, ravaged Pskow and Novogorod; and, with the exception of a few strong holds near Nijni Novogorod and that capital, almost the whole Russian territory was in the power of the enemy. Still, however, the Monastery of St. Serge, although surrounded by the troops of the Second Impostor, and those under the gallant Hetman Sapega and his famous partizan Pan Lissowsky, was the only place which made a noble resistance against its crowd of besiegers. The monks, some few troops, and the servants of the monastery, resolving to perish in the ruins rather than submit, defended with unflinching bravery an almost defenceless situation.

It was the example of these heroes, aided by the imploring letters of the pious Archimandrate Dionysius, and of the venerable

Abraham, that at last roused the vengeance and the hitherto slumbering spirit of the Russian people. The love of country operated with its proper force, and kindled in every heart a desire for revenge : the cry of war was re-echoed through the forest, and “ Let us die for the Christian Faith and for Holy Russia,” was the animating sound which united the people together—to conquer, or to die. Pojarsky, their celebrated general, covered with wounds, was still on the bed of sickness, and the immortal Minim had not then stepped from his low condition, to be the saviour of his country.

It was in these times of trouble, in the beginning of April, 1612, that, on a tempestuous night, two horsemen were riding slowly by the side of the Wolga. One of them, muffled up in a broad *ochoben*,* rode foremost on a fine bay horse ; and, lost in melancholy reflection,

* Ochoben, a long, broad garment, with wide sleeves and a cape.

did not observe the increasing violence of the storm. The other, wearing a sheep-skin coat, over which was thrown an open *caftan*,* made of coarse white cloth, stopped his tired steed every minute, to listen with more attention; and hearing nothing, except the monotonous noise of the storm, still looked around him with apparent uneasiness.

“ Stop, Boyard, or go not so quickly,” said he, with impatience; “ thy horse hath long legs, but my Serko can hardly move.”

The foremost rider stopped his horse, and the one who had begun to speak, continued, as he rode up to him—

“ We have brought God Almighty’s anger upon us, Youry Demetrich. He gives us no spring! But why did we set out? for I foretold this storm. We made good sixty *wersts*† yesterday, and might surely have rested a little to-day. It is now the seventh day since we

* An oriental robe so called.

† About three quarters of a mile.

left Moscow, and when we shall arrive, God only knoweth !”

“ Do not lose courage, Alexis !” answered the other traveller, “ to-morrow we shall have sufficient rest.”

“ Then to-morrow we shall reach the place whither Pan Goncewsky hath sent thee ?” returned the first speaker.

“ I think so,” replied the Boyard.

“ God grant it !” exclaimed his servant Alexis ; then, cracking his whip, he continued, “ come, come, Serko, go on.—But, Boyard, do we return to Moscow, or not ?”

“ Yes, and shortly,” replied the Boyard.

“ Be not angry, Sir,” said the persevering Alexis, “ but permit me to ask one more question. Would it not be better to wait till all is quiet there ? ’Tis a sorry time in Moscow now ; the Polanders are plundering, the Christians are murmuring, and the bloody business will soon begin.” Then, suddenly reining in his steed, he exclaimed, “ Stop !

Boyard, stop ! My Serko is snorting, and thy horse ails something ; there is a ravine, I think."

Both the travellers stopped ; the servant jumped from his horse, advanced a few steps, and stopped as if by a spell.

" Well, what is it ?" inquired his master.

" Bad—bad indeed, Boyard !" answered Alexis, " we thought we were on the road, and instead of that, here is a ravine. Good God ! what a steep ! Lord have mercy upon us !"

" Then we have lost our way," said his master.

" Exactly so," returned the servant, " and therein lies the misfortune. Now, Youry Demetrich, what is to be done ?"

" We must look for it, to be sure," responded the Boyard.

" But how are we to find it ?" continued Alexis ; " see what a storm hath arisen !"

In fact the tempest rose to such a degree, that nothing could be seen at the distance of two yards. The plain of snow raised by the

wind, resembled a stormy sea ; the frost augmented every moment, and the wind became a perfect hurricane. Whole clouds of thick snow whirled about in the air, and not only blinded the travellers, but hindered them from breathing freely ; their horses, which they now led by the bridle, stumbled and sunk in the snow every moment : and thus were two wersts accomplished on foot, without finding the road.

“ I cannot go any farther,” said the traveller, whom we have designated as the master ; and relinquishing the reins of his horse, he fell down on the ground almost in a state of insensibility.

“ Art thou not frozen, Boyard ?” asked the other in an alarmed tone of voice.

“ Yes,” said his master, faintly, “ I feel the blood freezing in my veins. Hear me—if I cannot go farther, leave me here to God’s will, and think only of thyself.”

“ What, Boyard !” exclaimed the affectionate servant, “ leave thee !”

“Yes, my good Alexis; if I am to die without confession, God’s holy will be done! Thou art less tired than I am, and may’st save thyself. When all my strength abandons me, leave me to my fate; and if the Lord helps thee to find a shelter, go to-morrow to the village of Boyard Kroutchina Schalonsky; it is not far from hence; give him—”

“What, Youry Demetrich!” exclaimed Alexis; “I, thy faithful servant, abandon thee!—Why then have I been fed by thy father and mother?—No, dearest master; if thou can’st not go farther, I will not move a step!”

“Alexis, thou must fulfil my last wish,” returned his master, in a voice becoming still more faint.

“No, Boyard,” continued the faithful attendant. “If we are to die, we must die together.—But, what is that? Did not I hear—” Alexis took off his cap, bent his head, and listened with great attention. “If that cursed wind would only cease for an hour!” said he

with impatience. "I thought I heard at our left—hark ! dost thou hear, Youry Demetrich ?"

"Truly," said the Boyard, raising himself from the ground, "I think I hear a dog bark."

"I think so too," rejoined the attendant.—
"God grant it may be ! To-morrow I will order a *Te Deum* to St. Alexis, and will offer a candle of a pound weight. I will go a pilgrimage on foot to the Petchersky* saints. Hark again ! Dost thou hear ?"

"Right," returned the Boyard ; "thou art not mistaken."

"And where a dog barks, there is surely a habitation," continued Alexis. "Take courage, dearest master ; the Lord hath not forsaken us entirely."

They who in the darkness of the night have been overtaken by a storm in the open plain, and who have themselves experienced all the horrors of the stormy night of a Russian

* A celebrated convent at Kiew.

winter, may easily conceive the delight of our travellers, when they heard the "watch-dog's honest bark." The hope of certain deliverance reanimated them; and forgetting in a great measure their fatigue, they continued their journey. Every step now increased their hopes, the barking became louder, and though the storm was not diminished, the howling of the dog became their guide to the road.

"It appears not to be far off," said Youry; "I hear it very distinctly."

"I hear it too, Boyard," answered Alexis, stopping for a minute; "but this barking does not tranquillize my heart much."

"Why not?" inquired his master; "what is it thou fearest?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing," replied Alexis. "God grant there may be a habitation."

They went a few steps farther, when suddenly a large black dog, barking aloud, rushed forward to meet Alexis; it ran round him, wagged its tail, yelped and ran back

again. Alexis followed it ; but he had scarcely gone a few steps, when he exclaimed, with terror—

“ May the strength of the Cross be with us !
Well ! my heart felt it—see, Boyard !”

A man in a grey coat, fastened by a coloured sash, under which was seen the hilt of a broad Turkish poignard, was lying on the snow ; a long rifle-gun in a cloth cover was hanging over his back, and on the right side was a thick Cossack whip, tied to his sash ; a Tartar cap, bordered with thick fur, had fallen from his head, and the rough wind blew the black hair over his face.—The dog laid down by his side, looked attentively at our travellers, and moaned piteously.

“ Good God !” said Youry, “ the poor man is frozen !” Then, forgetting his own danger, he turned his whole attention to the traveller, and endeavoured to reanimate him.

The sad picture of what might shortly be their own fate, their fatigue, and above all the

disappointment of finding shelter from the storm, had such a strong effect upon poor Alexis, that his courage now entirely failed him. — Giving himself up to perfect despair, he began to invoke the names of all his friends and relations.

“Farewell, all ye good people!” said he; “farewell, my Mary!—Unlucky was the hour that we left our homes; our poor bodies are doomed to perish in the snow.”

“Cease thy woman-like howl, Alexis,” said Youry, “and come hither. This poor fellow is not dead, he is only asleep; and if we succeed in awakening him—”

“Oh! dearest master!” rejoined Alexis, “and we too shall soon fall asleep to wake no more!”

“Cease, cease, Alexis!” returned the Boyard, “God is merciful! Look well, dost thou not observe that the snow is trodden down here? our horses do not sink—this must be the high-road.”

“ Thanks be to Heaven !” exclaimed Alexis, fervently, “ ’tis so indeed ! let us remount our horses ; to remain is madness.”

“ And this poor traveller ?” rejoined his master, “ what is to become of him ?”

“ God give him the kingdom of Heaven !” replied Alexis, “ he was doomed to this fate from the beginning. Come, Boyard.”

“ It is our duty to assist a fellow-creature in distress,” said Youry, endeavouring by friction to force the half-stagnated blood of the stranger into circulation. — A few minutes passed in fruitless attempts ; at length the traveller moved, lifted his head, and muttered a few unintelligible words. The Boyard, with the help of his attendant, lifted him on his legs, but he was too weak to stand.

“ Youry Demetrich,” said Alexis, “ it is all useless ; so let us save ourselves : we will send a sledge for him from the first village.”

“ And by the time we find a habitation he will be frozen,” observed the humane Boyard.

“What can be done?” demanded the servant, “*one’s own shirt is nearest to one’s own body.*”*

“Alexis,” said the young nobleman, “dost thou not fear God? Art thou not a Christian?”

“Listen to me, Youry Demetrich,” returned the pertinacious Alexis, “for thee I am ready to go through fire and water; thou art my Boyard: but I am not ready to die for every stranger I happen to meet. To shew you, however, that I am not entirely devoid of Christian charity, I will order a *de profundis* for his soul!”

“Be quiet, fool! and assist me to set him on thy horse,” said the Boyard, in a tone of authority.

Alexis was silent, and began to help his master. — It was not without much trouble that they led the traveller to the horse; he moved mechanically, and appeared to be per-

* This, and all similar expressions printed in *Italics*, are Russian proverbs.

fectly unconscious of existence ; but whilst they were trying to lift him on the horse, he suddenly revived, and, as if by instinct, leaped into the saddle without assistance : he seized the reins, while his fixed eyes sparkled into life, and his scarcely animated countenance beamed with delight.—The black dog, barking aloud, ran on before them.

“ See, Boyard,” said Alexis, “ he is only half alive, and how bravely he sits on the horse : one may easily see that he is a good horseman.—Ho, ho ! he begins to move !—Gently brother, gently ! my Serko is tired.—Well, Youry Demetrich, we are either warmer, or the weather is become milder.”

“ I think so too,” replied the Boyard.

“ If it did not snow so fast we could get on very well,” continued Alexis. “ Heyday, you frozen man ! No capering :—sit still, brother !—Well, now my heart is easy ; but, before, I was in such despair, I thought there was nothing for us but to lie dōwn and die !—

Oh, stop! I think the road goes to the right. We are wrong again."

At their left was heard the barking of a dog, and the unknown traveller turned to that side.

"Whither art thou going?" exclaimed Alexis, taking the reins of the horse. "Stop! dost thou wish to freeze again?"

But the stranger gave a crack with his whip, and dragging Alexis a few steps, got upon the high-road. "My dog," whispered he, in an almost unintelligible voice, "knows the road better than thou dost."

"Oh, thou beginnest to talk!" observed Alexis. "Well, brother, art thou alive again?"

The stranger made no reply, but continuing to ride on in silence, tried by incessant motion to reanimate his frozen limbs: he raised himself up in his stirrups, bent his body first to one side, and then to the other, waved his whip in the air, and after a few minutes began to hum a tune in a low but pretty steady voice:—

“ Adieu ! adieu ! my pretty bride ;
For see, the Wolga’s rushing tide,
Which welcomes me to roam :
I’ll seize the oar, and spread the sail,
And scud before the fresh’ning gale :
Farewell my love, and home !

“ Here take, my dear, this parting kiss ;
Remember we have tasted bliss
Such as few mortals prove ;
But, once on Wolga’s ‘ mimic sea,’
My spirits light, my person free,
Why then—farewell, my love.”

“ Oho ! friend,” said Alexis, “ thou art quite thawed—thou beginnest to sing !”

“ Yes, good people,” returned the stranger, “ thanks to you ! . I should have slept long if you had not awakened me.”

“ Whence art thou ?” demanded the young Boyard, “ and whither art thou going ?”

“ I come from Moscow,” replied the stranger, “ but whither I am going I scarcely know myself.—Five wersts hence, my faithful companion, my good steed, lost his strength and fell ; my object now is to reach some habitation.”

“ And who art thou ?” inquired Youry.

“Who am I?”—re-echoed the stranger,
“I will tell you. My name is Kirsha; I was
born at Czaritzino, served as a Cossack at
Batourin, and am now a Zaporojetz.”

“A Zaporojetz!” exclaimed Alexis, starting
back.

“Yes,” continued the stranger, very coolly.
“I belong to the Setcha* of the Zaporojetz,—to
the Koureen of Nesamanoff; and I can say,
without boasting, that I am not one of the
least of the Cossacks. My own brother is a
Kourennoi Ataman,† and my uncle is a
Kochevoi Ataman.”‡

“Lord have mercy upon us!” said Alexis,
“a Zaporojetz! and a robber, of course.”

“Not exactly,” replied the Cossack, “there,
friend, thou art wrong. Though I never slunk

* Head-quarters of the Zaporjesky cossacks.

† Chief of the Koureen, or huts. These huts were
built of dry branches (in little Russia), in the middle of
which the fire was lighted. They were sometimes built
in fields or woods to shelter travellers.

‡ The head of the tribe.

behind, in any desperate affair, yet I never was a robber."

"But how camest thou in this part of the country?" asked Youry.

"That too I will tell you," replied the stranger: "two years have I rambled about the wide world; but disliking that sort of life, and hearing that troops were secretly raising at Nijni Novogorod, I determined to try my fortune and join them."

"Against whom?" demanded the Boyard.

"What's that to me?" responded the Cossack. "The chiefs can best answer that question; if I can only get something to live upon, I shall be contented—what a sin it would be to return to my *koureen* with empty hands! Every body will bring out wine to comfort the passing traveller, and shall I have nothing to offer to my uncle, the Kochevoi?"

"Why didst thou not join the army of Hetman Jolkewsky?" said Youry.

"Rather ask, why I left it?" replied Kirsha.

“Thou art a deserter, then?” continued the Boyard.

“Who? I a deserter?” said the traveller, stopping his horse.—This answer was made in such a tone of voice, that Alexis involuntarily caught hold of his hunting-knife.—“Well, well! let it pass!” continued he, “you cannot mean to wrong me. A deserter!—no, honoured Sir! The Zaporozetz are free, and serve the people of their choice.”

“But art thou not obliged to serve King Sigismond?” inquired Youry.

“The elders say so,” replied the Cossack; “but I think not—a Zaporozetz can never be the friend of a Pole. I cannot deny that we made famous work at Tchernigoff:—every thing belonged to God and to us. Did we, however, burn the temples of the Almighty? Did we injure the Christian faith? No!—but these cursed Poles shot at the holy pictures for amusement.—How did God suffer such sacrilege!”

“But these disorders will soon terminate,” returned the Boyard; “the inhabitants of Moscow, in the freedom of their choice, have chosen for their Czar the son of the King of Poland.”

“Freedom!” exclaimed the Zaporojetz, “fine freedom, indeed! When the master stands by with a club, every one bawls out, ‘Give us Prince Wladislaus!’ Honoured Sir, never will this heretic be chief over Moscow. Let the Russians only muster their forces again—”

“But it appears all is now peaceably arranged,” continued Youry, “and the Muscovites have sworn to obey the Prince of Poland.”

“Many things appear,” rejoined the Cossack. “It appeared to me several times that I saw a small light on the right—but now I see it not.”

“A light! where?” exclaimed Alexis.

“ See, there !” continued Kirsha, “ it appears again : it is like a candle.”

The travellers halted. About half a werst from the road they perceived a light : they turned towards it, and in a few minutes Alexis, who was in advance with the dog, exclaimed, in a joyful voice, “ Here, Youry Demetrich, here ! Here is the paling !—Take care, Boyard, take care. The gate is more to the left.—Thank God !” continued he, opening it, “ we are safe, and just in time too. Hark ! how the wind whistles ! Well, let it blow now as much as it likes, we need not fear : we cannot be frozen in the *isba*.”*

“ And are we then the only travellers ?” said Youry, as he listened with anxiety to the dreadful wind, which was again rising with frightful vehemence.

“ *Those born to be killed will never be frozen,*” muttered Kirsha, as he rode through the gate.

* A peasant's house in a village.

CHAPTER II.

A RUSSIAN INN.

“Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his changes may have been ;
May sigh to think that he has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.”

SHENSTONE.

THE village at which our travellers had arrived was situated near the winter high-road, on a small hillock, not liable to be covered with water at the time of the inundations. A few hen-coops, built upon the sides of the hillock, surrounded the isba. Its window, instead of glass, boasted only an oiled, semi-transparent

cloth. The sound of different voices from within convinced our wearied travellers that they were not the only sojourners for the night in this miserable abode.

The domestic habits of the lower orders of that period did not differ much from those of the present time. The interior arrangement of a peasant's isba was the same as now : it consisted of an enormous stove, a long settle to sleep upon, fixed a little below the ceiling against the wall, a huge table, benches, &c., and one corner adorned with a picture of the patron saint. In the course of two centuries, only a few trifling changes have taken place : at the present time, in a good white isba, the walls are sometimes adorned with pictures, and there is a stove with a chimney to it. In the seventeenth century, this luxury was known only to the Boyards and rich merchants.

But to return :—The reader may easily picture to himself the interior of this Russian inn. At a large oaken table, sat several

travellers. A bundle of fir chips, stuck into an iron candlestick, cast a clear light over the company. Fragments of bread, and empty wooden cups bespoke the finished supper; the concluding ceremony of which was to wash down the buck-wheat gruel with *braga*,* which was standing in a large brass jug in the middle of the table. By the wall, on the bench, were sitting three travellers; one of whom, wearing a fox-skin pelisse, talked with great animation; not forgetting, however, every minute to fill his travelling silver cup with *braga* from the jug. Both his neighbours listened to him with great attention; and whenever the orator began to motion with his hand, they receded with respect. The speaker was a merchant, and the attentive listeners his clerks.

Opposite to them, in a red coat, with a sabre tied to his sash, sat a Strelitz; † his pointed

* A sort of beer made previously to holidays.

† The Strelitzes were a permanent militia established in 1550 by the Czar Iwan IV., and abolished by Peter

cap was on the table. He listened with great attention, but with apparent displeasure to the merchant; whose narrative, however, produced quite a different effect on the Strelitz's neighbour, a man of middle size, with a red beard, and a hideous face. His squinting eyes, fixed on the narrator, were sparkling with delight; and he turned about every moment on the bench, rubbing his hands, and appearing in raptures. It would have been difficult to guess to what class he belonged, had not the constant motion of his hands, by displacing his upper garment, brought to view the letters Z. and J. embroidered with red worsted on his breast; by which it appeared that he was a *Zemsky Jarishka*.*

the Great, in consequence of their frequently turbulent and factious behaviour. They were the Russian Janisaries, always ready to stir up revolt and disputes against the Sovereign.

* Police officer. These were at that time dressed in red and green at Moscow, but in different colours in other great towns. The letters Z. J. were embroidered on the breast to denote their office. When the Czar travelled or attended a procession, several of these men, with

In the corner, under the pictures, was sitting a man of about forty, dressed very simply; his beard was black and bushy, his forehead high and wrinkled, whilst his piercing eagle-look distinguished him from his strange associates. His countenance was dark, animated, and thoughtful, appearing that of a man of calm self-confidence; his form was robust, and never did excessive strength more visibly display itself than in his figure; his attitude was negligent, leaning carelessly on the table, apparently without paying the slightest attention to his neighbours; occasionally he glanced a look at the police-officer; and when he did, indescribable contempt flushed over his countenance, as the vivid glance so hastily directed, sparkled and died away in a moment; again he relapsed into his former negligent attitude and thoughtful mood, appearing perfectly indifferent to the general conversation.

shovels and brooms, preceded him, and cleared the road. And whenever a riot occurred, they apprehended the aggressors.

“God help us!” exclaimed the Strelitz, when the man in the fox-skin pelisse had finished his narrative; “and is it, indeed, true, that all Moscow kissed the cross to that heretic?”*

“Dost thou not hear?” said the Zemsky, “But what wonder—the whip can effect anything: ~~and~~ what is it, after all, to us poor people!”

“How! what is it?” exclaimed the merchant, who in the mean time had swallowed a whole cup of *braga*.—“Are we not then Christians? Have we no Princes or noble Boyards of our own? We could choose, and we need not go far—here is, for example, Prince Dimi-try Michaelowitch Pojarsky.”

“A mighty fine man he has found, indeed,” said the Zemsky. “Prince Pojarsky!” re-

* I here confess myself guilty of an anachronism. The inhabitants of Moscow kissed the cross to Prince Wladislaus in 1610, consequently in 1611 the people must have known it, not only near Nijni Novogorod, but in the farthest provinces of the Czardom of Russia.

peated he, with a grin, which made his horrid face appear yet more disgusting. "No, Sir, the Poles have cured him of intruding himself where he is not wanted ; he did wisely to retire to his village of Pouretzk ; he has now resided there almost a whole year, '*stiller than the water and lower than the grass.*' I suppose his sides ache even now."

"And the Poles will not soon forget him, brother," said the Strelitz, striking his sabre. "I was in Moscow myself last March, on the day of St. Christian ; there was a desperate affray, when Prince Pojarsky began to beat his uninvited company. We threw up intrenchments on the Loubianka, round the church of the Holy Virgin, and two whole days did we defend ourselves against the enemy."

"And on the third you were very glad to scamper off?" observed the Zemsky.

"What could be done, friend?" replied the Strelitz ; " '*strength breaks straws.*' The Het-

man himself came upon us with his whole army—”

“ And Pojarsky, I suppose, was the first to run away?” returned the police-officer, with a grin. “ They say he has a very light leg.”

Here, the silent traveller threw on the Zemsky one of those looks of which we have already spoken: with his right hand clenched, he rose involuntarily from the table, but before any of the assembly had observed the movement, he was again seated, leaning against the table;—his face, as before, expressing perfect indifference.

“ Listen, friend,” said the Strelitz, looking sternly for some time at the Zemsky; “ I think thou hast not two heads.”

“ Well, what of that?” retorted the police-officer.

“ Nothing, but that thou wilt not have any when this one is broken. Is it fit for a Zemsky Jarishka to say such things about Prince Pojarsky? I am a quiet man; but if thou hadst

talked so to another thou wouldst have choked at the first word. I myself saw how Prince Pojarsky was carried half dead out of Moscow. No, he will never be the first to retreat, if even he met with Satan himself ;—to whom, by the bye, thy face bears a striking resemblance.”

The merchant smiled at this sally ; his clerks burst into a loud laugh, and the Zemsky, not daring to answer the Strelitz, muttered to himself, “ Scold, friend ! scold ! scolding will not hang me. All you Strelitzes are rogues—but you will not be rogues long—you’ll be obliged to bite your tongues !”

“ Mr. Zemsky,” said the merchant, with gravity, “ his honour is right ; it is not fitting in us to traduce such a noble Boyard as Prince Dimitry Michaelowitch Pojarsky.”

“ But I will not unsay my words,” exclaimed the Zemsky, recovering from his fright. “ Boyard Kroutchina Schalonsky is the equal of your Prince Pojarsky, and hear what he says of him—”

“Boyard Kroutchina Schalonsky!” echoed the merchant, “we have heard of his talents and character. At Balachna they mentioned to us that this Boyard Schalonsky—”

“Is a friend to the Polanders,” interrupted the Strelitz. “Yes, the very same!—What sort of a Russian Boyard is he—he is worse than a Turk: he torments his peasants, ruins his villages, forgets God, and even—the Lord forgive my sins!” added he, crossing himself, and looking all around him with terror; “they even say that he eats meat during the fast!”

“O! what a heretic!” exclaimed the merchant, clasping his hands; “and the Almighty suffers such iniquity?”

“Speak not so loud, master,” said the Zemsky. “Boyard Schalonsky has betrothed his daughter to Pan Goncowsky, who is now Hetman and principal Waywode in Moscow; so it would be better for some people to ‘*keep the finger of silence upon the lips of discretion.*’ The Hetman has long arms, and Balachna is

not thirty-nine kingdoms from Moscow : the Boyard himself, too, does not like to joke ; if thou shouldst happen to pass through his village with wares, take care thou dost not part with thy goods for nothing."

"The Lord save me !" exclaimed the merchant, turning pale with affright ; "but I said nothing, honoured Sir God is my witness ! We are but insignificant persons ; what have we to do with discussing the conduct and qualities of Boyards ?"

"And where is your honour going ?" continued the Zemsky—"perhaps returning to Balachna ?"

"And what is it to thee, good man ?" rejoined the terrified merchant.

"Nothing very particular," returned the police officer, "but the high-road passes through the village of the Boyard, and there are no bye roads now : so, if convenient or not, thou wilt be obliged to go to the Boyard."

"But I have nothing with me," observed

the poor trader, "Heaven knows I have nothing!—I sold all at Balachna."

"For ready money, I suppose?" returned the persevering Zemsky.

"What! ready money?" exclaimed the merchant.—"All on credit; or may my patron saint for ever desert me!"

"Well, I would have sworn that thou hast a whole bag of money in thy bosom," continued the malicious police-officer; "see how thick the left side looks."

A cold sweat now began to appear on the brow of the poor merchant; he involuntarily put his hand into his bosom and said, vainly endeavouring to appear composed, "Only see!—Yes, indeed, it appears to be a great sum;—and in all there is no more than two or three *Novogorodky*,* and five *altin*† in copper."

* A small silver coin.

† Derived from the tartar word *alta* (six). At first the *altin* only represented nominally the value of six *denga*, (equal to one halfpenny); but in the reign of Peter the Great there were coins called *altines* and *altinikes*; he,

He then added in a low voice, " O Lord ! O Lord !—How shall I get home ?"

" It is a pity, master," continued the Zemsky, " that thou hast nothing more in thy carts,—though," added he, looking out at the window, " they appear to be pretty full ;—otherwise, thou mightest sell them all. Boyard Schalonsky is both rich and generous. He lives as Boyards ought to live ; his castle is like a king's palace ; his court-yard is full of servants ; meat, more than thou canst eat ; hydromel,* more than thou canst drink ; in a word, it is an overflowing sea !—I presume thou hast heard of him ?" continued he, turning to the master of the *isba*†.

" Certainly, honoured Sir," answered the host. " We have heard of him, and seen him too—a fine Boyard he is !"

wishing to obliterate every remembrance of the dominion of the Tartars, issued an ukase that they should not be so called in accounts, and also ordered that decimals should be used by roubles and copecs ; but the lower orders still use the original word *altine*.

* A mixture of honey, water, &c.

“Aye, but how unfeeling! May God reward him!” rejoined the wife, who was arranging the chips, which were nearly burnt away.

“Silence, woman!” exclaimed her husband, “what business is it of thine?”

“Certainly none, Pachomitch!” replied the hostess; “but how does our neighbour Sebastian Stephanitch talk of him?—ask him.”

“And what did he do with thy neighbour?” inquired the Strelitz.

“I will tell thee,” answered the woman. “Our neighbour is a poor man, and the only son of his mother. The Boyard took a fancy to ask him to dinner: and would ye believe it, *Batushka**—for amusement sake, the Boyard sewed him up in a bear’s skin, and hunted

* The word *father* is employed in several different ways, throughout Russia; as, *batushka*, *rodimoi*, *roditel*. The first is often used as a term of friendship, the same as *matushka* (mother); the common people use this appellation to every person of mature age; to old people they say grandfather, grandmother (*dedushka*, *babushka*); sometimes uncle (*diadin*), aunt (*tetka*); to their equals in fortune and years they say brother (*brat*), sister (*aestra*).

him with dogs ! Both master and dogs became so animated, that the latter could hardly be separated from their fancied prey, by throwing water upon them. The unfortunate young man was brought home half dead, and his poor mother wept and wept again. Was this amusement for a Boyard?—Shame upon him ! the poor wretch could hardly lift his head for a whole week.”

“ Oh, thou simpleton !” said the Zemsky, “ and pray who is to amuse the Boyards, if these poor people are exempted ? He feeds them, gives them drink, and teaches them wisdom. Your Sebastian Stephanitch used to mutter, ‘ what do we want with a Polish prince !’ but now he speaks differently.”

“ Yes, it is true !” returned the hostess ; “ he said every thing ought to go on as formerly. God grant it may ! When St. George’s Day used to arrive, we paid our poll-tax, and then were free : if our master pleased us, we remained ; if not, we went where we liked ; but

now, under the sway of a cruel Boyard, we do not know where to rest our heads."

"And thou wouldst like to lounge about and pay nothing?" sneeringly inquired the Strelitz.

"To pay we are willing," answered the master, "but the taxes are heavy:—poll-tax after poll-tax; and then, when travelling—bridge, and toll-money."

"Well, you blockhead," rejoined the Zemsky, "would you be worse off if the Poles were your chiefs? Why should we struggle with them! It is not in vain that the scripture says, 'It is hard to kick against the pricks.'—What is it to us who reigns at Moscow, whether it be a Russian czar or a Polish prince, if we can be but comfortable?"

At this moment a wooden jug, which was standing on the bench in the corner, came rattling on the floor. All eyes were immediately turned towards the silent traveller: his eyes sparkled, an ashy paleness overspread his countenance, his lips trembled, and he appeared

as if he would with a look transform the red-haired Zemsky into dust.

“What is the matter, good man?” inquired the Strelitz, after a minute’s general silence.

The stranger appeared to awake from a dream; he passed his hand over his eyes, looked round him and replied, in a low faltering voice, “Really, I think I have been dreaming.”

“And I suppose you dreamt something frightful?” observed the merchant.

“Yes, I thought I saw and heard Satan,” returned the traveller.

The merchant crossed himself—his clerks moved away from the stranger, and the whole assembly, with a sort of dread and impatience, awaited the continuance of the conversation; but the traveller was silent, and the merchant, as it appeared, dared not continue his questions.—At this moment the trampling of horses was heard in the street.

“Hark, wife,” said the master, “some more

travellers!—Hark! Jouchka is barking! go and light them in.”

The gate creaked on its hinges, a loud unknown barking, to which Jouchka answered by a low growl, resounded in the yard, and in a minute Youry, together with Kirsha, entered the isba.

CHAPTER III.

A MIXED COMPANY.

“ Then might I shew each varying mien,
Exulting, woeful, or serene ;
Indifference with his idiot stare,
And Sympathy with anxious air ;
Paint the dejected cavalier,
Doubtful disarmed, and say of cheer.”

SCOTT.

“ ‘ BREAD and salt,’* good people,” said Youry, as he crossed himself before the pictures of the Saint.

“ Welcome,” answered the master.

“ Ah ! poor young gentleman,” exclaimed the mistress ; “ how thou art covered with snow, how cold thou must be !”

* It is a custom in Russia, and perhaps in many eastern countries, to offer bread and salt as a sign of welcome.

“We shall get warm again soon,” said Kirsha, helping Youry to take off his *ochoben*, which was covered with snow.

“It is a Boyard, I think !” whispered the mistress to her husband.

Having taken off his upper garment, Youry remained in his crimson caftan, edged with gold lace ; a Polish sabre was suspended from his silken sash ; and over his shoulders, on a silver chain, was hanging, a large Turkish pistol. His chestnut-coloured hair, cut short round his head, appeared almost black in comparison with the whiteness of his forehead : his face bloomed with youth and health ; courage and benevolence shone in his large blue eyes ; and the smile with which he repeated his salute as he approached the table, expressed such cordiality, that all the travellers, not excepting the red-haired Zemsky, rose up and said in one voice—“Welcome, honoured Sir, welcome.” Even the silent traveller retired to

the window, and offered the place of honour under the pictures.

“ Thank ye, good man !” said Youry ; “ I am very cold and will lie down on the stove to warm myself.”

“ From whence comes your honour ?” asked the merchant.

“ From Moscow,” replied Youry.

“ From Moscow ?” echoed the merchant. “ Well, honoured Sir, is it true that they have kissed the cross to Prince Wladislaus.”

“ It is,” replied the Boyard.

“ Well, there is a Residential City for you !” exclaimed the Strelitz. “ Fine Muscovites, truly ! I would sooner submit to Dimitry.”

“ Submit to whom !” said the Zemsky. “ To the Impostor ? To the Thief of Touchin !”

“ Well, well ! call him what thou likest,” returned the Strelitz ; “ at all events he is a Christian, and not a Pole ; but that Prince Wladislaus—that heretic—”

“ Hark, friend !” said Youry, with appa-

rent displeasure; "I am not fond of quarrels;—I tell thee so beforehand; therefore think what thou likest of the Polish prince, but do not say it aloud."

"Why not?" said the Strelitz.

"Because," returned the Boyard, "I myself have kissed the cross to Prince Wladislaus, and will not permit any body to abuse him in my presence."

Pity and displeasure appeared on the face of the silent traveller. He looked with a sort of melancholy compassion upon Youry, who was standing in all the beauty of youth, fired with courage, his arms folded with indifference, and throwing a proud look on the whole assemblage, as if to defy the audacious person who should dare to dispute the question. The Strelitz looking around him, and observing that no one was wishful to take his part openly, remained silent. For a few minutes a general stillness ensued; at length the Zemsky, with a look of the greatest humility, asked Youry—

“ Will the illustrious Prince of Poland soon arrive at his residence in Moscow ?”

“ He is expected,” answered Youry, sharply.

“ I presume, however,” continued the police-officer, still addressing Youry, “ that the ambassadors are gone to Poland long since ?”

“ No, not to Poland,” returned the silent stranger, in a loud voice ; “ but to Smolensk, which is devastated and starved by the King of Poland, at the same time that they of Moscow are kissing the cross to his son.”

Youry appeared much agitated by these words.

“ Ah ! these Smolenskys !” rejoined the Zemsky, “ I rejoice to hear of their sufferings ! —let them feel ! the noisy scoundrels ! Instead of meeting the King of Poland with ‘ bread and salt,’ the rogues would not let him into their town.”

“ Mr. Zemsky,” said the merchant, “ King Sigismund came with troops, and wished to reign in Smolensko as in his own dominions.”

“ Well, what of that !” continued the Zemsky. “ If we have submitted to the son, the father has a right to do with us, and to take, what he pleases.” Then addressing our hero, he added, “ Am not I right, your honour ?”

Youry’s face glowed with anger. “ No,” said he, “ we did not kiss the cross to the Polish prince to permit strangers, like a flight of hawks, to divide and tear in pieces our holy Russia. Indeed, what Christian would raise a hand, or move a tongue to swear allegiance to a heretic, if he had not promised to preserve the land of Russia in its former glory and strength ?”

“ Thou sayest truly, honoured Sir,” returned the Zemsky ; “ but Smolensko might as well surrender to the King of Poland. What signifies one small town !—for the blessing of such a czar to reign over us, we ought not only to give up Smolensko, but half Moscow, if necessary.”

“ I repeat it again,” said the young Boyard,

addressing the company, "that all Moscow has sworn fealty to the Prince of Poland. He alone can terminate the disasters of our unfortunate country, and if he keeps his word I will be the first to sacrifice my life for him ; but," added Youry, looking contemptuously at the Zemsky, "he who rejoices that we, for the safety of our country, are obliged to choose a czar from among strangers, is not a Russian, nor a Christian ; and perhaps worse than an unbaptized Tartar."

At the commencement of this address, the silent stranger extended his hand to Youry with vivacity, his eyes dilating with pleasure as he fixed them on the youth : he wished to say something, but Youry, not observing this movement, left the table, seated himself on the stove, and spreading his broad *ochoben* under him, laid himself down to rest.

"But," said Kirsha, to the master of the house, "I suppose the travellers have not eaten up every thing in the house?"

“ I have no more *tchi*,* replied the host ;
“ but there is some *tolockno*,† and buckwheat
gruel.”

“ We'll thank thee for it,” returned the Cos-
sack—“ let's have it here.”

“ And what will his honour eat ?” asked the
busy mistress, looking at Youry.

“ Don't fear, *Tetka*‡ said Alexis, entering
the *isba* ; “ here is in this bag plenty for him to
eat. There, take this pie and roasted goose,
and put them into the oven !—Harkye, good
people,” continued he, turning to the travel-
lers, “ to whom does the fine bay horse with a
long mane belong ?”

“ That is my horse,” answered the silent
traveller.

“ Indeed,” returned Alexis—“ well, friend,
'tis a fine animal ! and it would be a pity if

* A national soup made of sour kroust or cabbage.

† Water porridge made of oatmeal.

‡ Aunt.

he should get staked ! Go, quickly, he has got loose, and is running about the yard."

The stranger arose quickly, and hastened out of the *isba*.

"Who is that savage?—dost thou know him?" said the Zemsky to the host.

"God knows who he is," answered the landlord. "I do not think he is either a peasant, a merchant, or a *possadsky*.*

"Where does he come from?" inquired the Zemsky.

"God only knows!" returned the landlord. "Dost thou not see what a bear he is? he will not speak a word."

"Why, his face is not very pleasant," observed the merchant. "I should not like to meet him in a wood during a dark night."

* Derived from *possadnik*, who had at that time the same office as governors now; they collected the taxes, consisting of squirrel, fox, and other skins; they likewise had the power to sell them and pay the money into the treasury. The persons commissioned to dispose of these articles were called *possadsky*, that is, sent by the *possadnik*.

“And what a bulky fellow,” added the Strelitz; “I never saw such giant-like shoulders in my life.”

Alexis and Kirsha sat down to table. “Well, brother,” said Alexis, “we shall be sadly crowded, I fear; the children are sleeping on the settle, and we shall be obliged to lie all night on the benches.”

“Silence! we shall have plenty of room presently, I warrant me,” whispered Kirsha, beginning to eat the *tolockno*.

The merchant, who did not dare to question Youry any more, now wished to take the opportunity of gaining his wished-for information from his servants. Giving Alexis time to appease his appetite, he asked him how long it was since he had left Moscow?

“Six days, master,” answered Alexis. “We travel as if we were driving oxen, we rest one day and travel two.—See, what bad weather God sends us!”

“ And so you are Muscovites ? ” continued the merchant.

“ Yes, ” returned Alexis, “ both my master and I were born in Moscow. ”

“ So then you lived there at the time of Grishka Obiepieff ? ”* inquired the merchant.

“ Certainly, master, ” answered Alexis ; “ I was in the Kremlin, when that heretic, seeing that ruin was inevitable, jumped out of the window ; but it appears the devil let go his hold of him, so the cursed fellow flew downwards instead of upwards. ”

“ His wife, Marinka, ought to have taught him to fly, ” said the Strelitz. “ They say, that that witch, when she saw the people entering the palace, turned herself into a magpie,

* The First Impostor, who called himself the son of Czar Ivan. He was a monk who had renounced his order and gave himself out as the Czarowitch Dimitry, who had been killed at Ouglitch. He was protected by the Poles, and induced them to proclaim him as Czar. He reigned only a few months, and was massacred by his subjects in the Kremlin ; he was “ one of the false Demetrii. ”

and flew out at the window before the eyes of all the people present.—Well, why dost thou smile?” continued he, turning to the merchant —“didst thou not hear of that affair before?”

“Do not believe all you hear,” returned the merchant, gravely.

“I know that you learned people believe in nothing,” rejoined the Strelitz.

“Knowledge is light, and ignorance is darkness, comrade,” replied the merchant, with an air of self-complacency. “There are a great many things of which foolish people talk—must we then believe them all?—Judge for thyself! How is it possible that Marinka should be turned into a magpie?—she was born in Poland, and it is well known that all the witches are natives of Kiow.”

“It appears to be so, master,” returned the Strelitz, almost persuaded by this proof; “but notwithstanding that, all Moscow talks of it.”

“Yes, yes; she is still flying around Mos-

cow," said Kirsha, putting on the table the wooden spoon with which he had been eating.

"Indeed! is it really true then?" exclaimed the merchant.

"I saw her myself," continued the Zaporozetz, composedly.

"How saw her?" eagerly inquired the merchant.

"In the same manner, master," replied Kirsha, "as I now see that thou hast *romaneya** in that bottle. Is it not so?"

"Why, yes!" answered the merchant, "it is *romaneya*, and what then?"

"Nothing," returned the Cossack, with an air of indifference.

"But where didst thou see her?" asked the merchant.

"Where?" echoed Kirsha. "How can I tell thee? I cannot recollect—the frost has taken away my memory!"

* A cordial.

“ Well, well,” said the merchant, “ give here thy glass.”

“ Thank ye !” returned the Zaporojetz. “ But fill it, master. So !—that’s right !—Well, listen,” continued he, as he smacked his lips, after drinking the contents of the glass off at a draught,—“ I saw Marinka at Touchin—now I never tell a lie—and I affirm she has not the least resemblance to a magpie.”

“ Said I not so !” exclaimed the merchant, triumphantly. “ Thou sawest her then at Touchin ?”

“ Yes, at Touchin,” returned the Cossack, “ together with Dimitry, whom you call the Second Impostor, but whom she honours with the name of husband.”

“ Oh, oh ! So thou hast seen the Thief of Touchin ?” inquired the Zemsky Jarishka.

“ Certainly,” replied Kirsha. “ Is it not so, brother ?” continued he, turning to Alexis. “ But hold !—my friend here has had the misfortune of having his memory frozen, as well

as myself—mayhap, a horn of thy *romaneya* may help to thaw it.” Then handing his glass to the merchant, who filled it, he gave it to Alexis, saying, “Drink, my friend; it will do thee good :—I feel my recollection returning apace.”

“Is it true that Dimitry is a very fine looking man?” asked the Strelitz.

“Nonsense!” replied the Cossack. “He is a perfect Polish Jew. But as for the second Hetman of his troops, Pan Lissowsky,—now he, indeed, is a fine fellow!”

“Lissowsky!” exclaimed the merchant. “What! That assassin!—that robber!—that destroyer of souls?”

“Yes, master!” returned the Cossack, carelessly. “Where he passes with his companions, you may roll a ball!—all is clean: not a stick, —not a house does he leave. But then, in battle he is always the first, and ready to give his head for the lowest of his followers. He is a fine rider too!”

“So thou knowest him?” asked the merchant.

“Certainly!” replied Kirsha, handing his glass. “Pour me out another bumper, master! Thank ye!—that will do.—To thy health, honoured friend.—Excellent *romaneya!*”

“They say that this Lissowsky, has such a diabolical face, that he has not even the appearance of a man,” said the merchant, hiding his bottle in his bosom.

“Why, he is not very handsome,” continued Kirsha, “I know only one fellow, whose face is yet darker, and whose moustachios are yet blacker than Pan Lissowsky’s.—At one time, however, he was more respected by the free-booting fraternity than even Lissowsky.

“And what is become of him, now?” asked the merchant.

“Why, now,” replied Kirsha, “I suppose he is straggling about the woods, and is dangerous only to *you* merchants.”

“But who is the man you speak of?—What is his name?”

“What is his name?” re-echoed Kirsha.
“Why, let me recollect.—Ah! the deuce take it!—my throat is dry again!—Give here thy bottle, master!—Thank ye,” continued the sly Zaporojetz, as he handed the glass to Alexis, and poured the last drop out for himself.
“Well, what was I saying?”

“Thou wert talking of a man,” said the merchant, “who, by thy account, is yet more dangerous than Lissowsky.”

“Yes, yes, I remember!” returned Kirsha.
“The man I spoke of was *Esaul** to the free-booter Ataman Klopka—”

“Who had in his troop about twenty thousand robbers,” said the Zemsky, “and who in the time of Czar Boris—”

“Was beaten by Boyard Basmanoff,” interrupted Kirsha; “yes, the very same. Klopka himself was killed, but his *Esaul* escaped.—I suppose you have heard of him? He is called the *Devil's moustachio*.”

* Aide-de-camp.

“Certainly I have heard of him,” rejoined the merchant. “May God save us from him! They say that the *Devil’s moustachio* is yet more cruel than was his Ataman.”

“But above all things he cannot bear Starosty* and Zemskys,” added Kirsha. “There is not a single tree round Kalouga, on which he has not hung a Zemsky Jarishka.”

“Oh! the murdering villain!” exclaimed the Zemsky.

“And didst thou know him?” asked the merchant.

“I am not acquainted with him,” replied Kirsha, “but I have seen him.”

“And where didst thou see him?” inquired the Strelitz.

“I saw him twice,” answered the Cossack. “The first time at Kalouga, where he had a robber’s retreat; and the second,” added he, in a half whisper, but loud enough for every

* Overseers or elders of villages.

body to hear— “ the second time, I saw him— here.”

“ Here !” exclaimed the merchant, with deadly fear.

“ When ? For God’s sake, how long ago ?” asked the Zemsky, stammering.

“ To-day,” answered Kirsha, indifferently.

“ To-day !” echoed the merchant, in a hollow, hesitating voice.—“ May the strength of the Cross be with us !—Where is he, then ?”

“ Just now he was sitting there, in the corner, under the pictures,” replied the Cossack.

“ So it is he, then !” exclaimed the merchant ; and all eyes in an instant were involuntarily turned to the empty corner. A death-like silence continued for a few seconds, then, all was confusion in the isba. Alexis wished to awaken his master ; but Kirsha whispered something in his ear, and he was silenced. The merchant and his clerks could hardly breathe from fear ; the Zemsky trembled, and the Strelitz looked

silently at his sabre; but the master and his wife appeared perfectly tranquil.

“Why are we so frightened?” said the Strelitz, summoning up all his courage, “there are many of us, and he is alone.”

“God knows whether he is alone or no,” observed the Zemsky; “he looked out of the window very often.”

“Yes, yes,” added the merchant, in a trembling voice, “he was waiting for somebody. And at his girdle—did you see what a knife? two *archines** long!”

“Harkye, master!” said the Zemsky, hastily; “run out in the street and ring the alarm-bell.”

“A fine idea, truly! answered the landlord. “The alarm-bell!—is this a ‘selo;’† we have no church here.”

* A measure nearly the same as a Flemish ell—say three quarters of a yard.

† A large village with a parish church. A village where there is only the proprietor’s house is called *seltzo*; if it contains neither his house, nor a church, it is called *detevnia* (village).

“ Make a disturbance, then,” continued the Zemsky, “ assemble the populace ; gallop to the Starosta, he is only five wersts hence, and will be here with his followers in a twinkling.”

“ God help thee !” exclaimed the mistress, “ Dost thou think we are going to catch robbers ? Be not afraid that your Starosta will come to help us, if the companions of this man should set fire to our village : No, no ! good man, go and catch him yourself, on the high-road ; but do not dare to molest him in our house.”

“ Fool !” said the Strelitz, “ dost thou not fear that he will rob thee ?”

“ Ah ! Batushka, what have we here worth robbing ? — We will shew him to the door to-morrow with bread and salt, and he will thank us for our hospitality.”

“ But this is not the first time,” added the master, “ that we have had people here who follow the Polish troops—Let me see ! what

do they call them?—yes, camp suttlers.—They are yet worse than robbers; but God always protected us from their violence.”

“Well, as you like,” said the merchant, impatiently, “catch him or not; but I will not stay here a minute longer, more particularly as the weather is now better. Run, boys! put to the horses! and, for God’s sake, make haste.”

“Then I’ll go with thee,” said the Strelitz. “Thou wilt look more formidable with me; see, I have something to defend us.”

“Take me also, I pray you,” added the Zemsky, in a half whisper. “I would not remain here, alone, for all the world,” continued he, looking at Kirsha and Alexis; “we are all frightened, and from good cause; but these fellows do not move from their places: who they are, God only knows.”

“Yes, yes, that’s true,” whispered the merchant, looking timidly at Kirsha; “that scoundrel, who has drank my cordial, has a knife, a sabre, and a countenance—oh, what a

countenance!—Heigho, may the Lord take us soon from hence!”

The door now opened and the stranger entered the isba. The merchant and the Zemsky squeezed themselves up to the wall; the master and his wife met him with respectful bows; and the Strelitz, stepping two paces backwards, took hold of his sabre. The stranger, not observing any thing, crossed himself several times, silently put his warm coat under his head, and laid down on the bench by the window.—All the travellers, except Kirsha and Alexis, then left the isba.

“Tell me now, Kirsha,” said Alexis, as soon as they had disappeared, “how thou got’st it into thy head to call this traveller a robber?”

“Why, lookye here,” answered the Cossack, laughing, “see what room we have; we have nothing to do now, but to choose a bench!”

“But if he gets to know it?” rejoined Alexis.

“He’ll thank me, certainly,” returned Kirsha, “for ridding him of such vermin.”

“ Upon my word, your adroitness deserves thanks !” observed Alexis, “ but if they should arrest him ?”

“ Oh, thou poor stupid-head ! are these times to arrest robbers ?—Such brave fellows now live delightfully ; all fear them, and there is nobody to catch them.—See the respect they manifest for this man : the master will not even receive any money from him.”

In a few minutes the merchant, accompanied by the Strelitz and the Zemsky, having paid the master, drove out of the inn-yard. Kirsha then opened the door, whistled, and his black dog ran into the apartment. “ Thou wilt have room too,” said he, throwing him a large slice of bread. “ Eat, poor Zarez ! eat, my good friend ! Thou art very hungry.”

This act of humanity reminded Alexis that his master had not yet supped ; but seeing Youry was fast asleep, he determined not to awaken him.

“ Tell me,” said the Zaporojetz, lying down

on the bench near Alexis—"I am sure thy master has something heavy on his heart?—He is too grave for a person of his age."

"Yes, brother," replied Alexis, "he has something heavy there."

"I suppose, then," continued Kirsha, "he is in love with some pretty girl?"

"Yes," returned Alexis, "there is the misfortune!—Thou must know—"

Here Alexis lowered his voice, and began to relate something to Kirsha; who, after having listened quietly, said, "My good fellow! it is a pity thy master is not a Zaporoesky Cossack. In our *koureen*, nobody pines away for love; we live like brothers; and as for sisters we do not want them.—These women bring trouble every where.—Good night, friend!"

Every thing was now quiet in the isba, excepting occasionally a sudden cry from the children in their sleep; but the attentive mother either whipped them into silence, or filled their mouths with gruel, and in a moment all was order and silence as before.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNIVERSAL GUEST.

“ For one so long condemn’d to toil and fast,
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.
What ails thee, stranger ? eat—dost thou suppose
This feast a Christian’s ? or my friends thy foes ?”

BYRON.

THE cock had not yet crowed for the second time, when two equipages drove up to the courtyard, the horses of which were covered with foam. Several men alighted from the sledges, wrapped in fur cloaks ; and the fatigued animals feeling themselves near their resting-place, pawed the snow and snorted with impatience.

“Holloa ! open quickly,” resounded a loud

voice under the window. "Quick, I say, or the gate shall be broken down!"

While the landlady was blowing the fire, and her husband getting out of his bed, the impatience of the new comers was worked up to the highest pitch : they knocked at the gate, scolded the master ; and one, in bad Russ, intermingled with a flow of Polish epithets, threatened to be his destruction. Every one, except Youry, was awakened by the noisy travellers. At last the gate was opened, and a stout Polander, with two Cossacks, entered the isba.

When the Cossacks came in, they crossed themselves before the pictures ; but the Polander, without taking off his hat, cried out, in a half shrill, half bass voice—

"Hey, landlord ! what sort of men hast thou here?—Out, out, ye wretches !—Hilloa ! you in the corner ! are you deaf ? Get out, I say, when you are told !" The silent traveller raised his head, and looking carelessly upon the Polander, sunk again upon his pillow. Alexis and Kirsha,

however, jumped up; the latter, rubbing his eyes, looked with astonishment at this Polish Pan,* who had by this time thrown off his cloak, and remained in his coat, which was tied round with a belt.

A painter desirous of pourtraying to the life the pompous airs and assumed importance of a petty tyrant just invested with the insignia of power—I do not mean the conscious pride of high birth, nor that retired haughtiness so well befitting many among the truly great—but that most ridiculous vanity of insignificant and vulgar souls, which is their inseparable appendage,—would have succeeded admirably, by faithfully delineating the resemblance of our traveller. Imagine a square body, which could scarcely poise itself on two short bandy legs; the head enveloped in a high rough cap, thrown proudly

* In Little Russia the three principal Pans, or Chiefs, were the Hetman, the Colonel, and the Centurion. The Welmojnoy Pan was one who had been promoted to superior rank by the sovereign.

back ; a broad red face ; enormous round eyes, of a leaden colour ; a cocked-up nose, moulded into the shape of a squeezed fig ; and mustachios interminable, which neither looking to heaven nor to earth, but in a straight horizontal direction, seemed to defend his puffed-up cheeks,—the natural red of which was heightened by copious libations of ardent spirit.—This faithful picture only represents the vanity, arrogance, and folly, which were indelibly marked in the countenance and in every gesture of the would-be important personage whom I have just introduced to my readers. Even in his voice there was something excessively ludicrous ; for it changed alternately from hoarse bass to squeaking treble ; now approaching the pride of high nobility, confident of implicit obedience ; and in a moment afterwards, the violent and angry impatience of a threatening commander, who thinks his orders are not punctually executed.

As this traveller was giving orders to his Cossacks in the Polish language, Kirsha's eyes

were riveted on him. The face of the Zaprojetz represented alternately opposite emotions ; at first it displayed surprise and amazement, then the vacant look when busy thought courses over the field of memory—and at length his features exhibited the most ineffable contempt. Suddenly his eyes sparkled with the joy of recollection, but as they met the proud glance of the Polander, they fell to the ground in silent respect ; though the sneer of contempt still lurked upon his countenance.

“ Well, why do you stand there ? ” said the Pan, with a threatening bass voice, turning again to Alexis and Kirsha. “ Did not you hear me ? Get out, I say, this instant ! ”

The commanding voice of the Polander exhibiting a strange contrast with his exterior—which excited feelings the very contrary to fear. Alexis, without any idea of doing as he was ordered, stood like a statue, looking with astonishment at the Pan, and biting his lips to prevent himself from bursting with laughter.

“ What’s all this ? ” now squeaked the Polander. “ You Muscovites ! do you know who I am ? ”

“ Do not be angry, mighty Pan ! ” said Kirsha with a low bow ; “ the sudden rousing from sleep has disturbed our brains ; allow us to remain in this corner, and as soon as day dawns, we shall pursue our journey ! ”

“ And who is that idiot, who has stretched his length on the bench ? ” continued the Pan, resuming his gruff voice, and glancing on the silent traveller. “ Hey ! thou blockhead, get up this instant, I say ! ”

The stranger arose from his recumbent posture ; but instead of getting up, sat upon the bench, and coolly asked the Polander what he wanted.

“ Get out of the isba directly, ” said the Pan.

“ I am comfortable here, ” returned the stranger.

“ And thou darest to parley with me, Sir-

rah!" roared the Polander. "Out, out, when thou art told!—or I will—"

"Hear me, Polander," said the stranger in a firm voice—"the inn is not for thee alone; and if thou art incommoded, thou hadst better go out thyself."

"What's that you say?" bawled the Polander. "Get out,—out! thou Muscovite!—get out, I say!" then changing his tone to a squeaking treble, he continued, with a mincing and affected air. "Hollo, my Cossacks, dislodge that vagabond from his seat?"

"If you dare!" said the stranger, in a determined voice, suddenly rising from the bench. "Well, why do you stand, my brave fellows?" continued he, turning to the Cossacks, who not daring to move from their places, looked with astonishment on his colossal figure. — "What, friends, it seems I am too heavy for you?"

"Stab the rascal!" screamed the Pole, re-

treating towards the door ; “ stab him instantly, when I order you !”

“ Stop, honest people,” said the landlord, “ I beg you will make no disturbance here ; and thou, good man, surely forgettest that it was thy wish to continue thy route as soon as it was day-light !—Dost thou not hear ? the cock is now crowing for the third time.”

“ True,” said the traveller deliberately, without paying the least attention to the Pole and his Cossacks. “ It is time to depart :” and saying this he left the room.

“ Ah ! ah ! the rascal was afraid,” squeaked the Pole, as he seated himself in the principal place. “ Well was it for him he went away, or he might have repented his insolence to a person of my quality. The devil take these scoundrels ! they appear not to entertain the least respect for their superiors.—I am pretty certain that Pan Lissowsky has not yet had time to visit this part of the country.”

“Pan Lissowsky,” echoed Kirsha; “then your lordship seems to know him?”

“How should I not know him,” said the Polander, stroking his moustachios proudly; “we are friends:—we became sworn brothers on the field of battle; we jointly vanquished the Muscovites.”

“And surely,” rejoined the Zaporojetz, “it was under the monastery of Troïtza, that your lordship and—”

The Polander now looked earnestly upon Kirsha, and adjusting his cap, continued in an important tone—

“Yes, yes, under the walls of the monastery of Troïtza, out of which the Muscovites did not dare to show their faces in the day-time.”

“Pray be not angry with thy servant,” returned Kirsha; “but I myself served in the army of the Hetman Sapega, which stood under the walls of Troïtza, and I remember the Russians beat us soundly both day and night.—

For example, you remember, mighty Pan, when one morning in the kitchen-garden of the monastery—what is the matter with your lordship?—is that an uneasy seat?”

“Nothing, nothing,” answered the Polander, fidgetting about on the bench, and trying to hide his agitation.

“I could fancy now,” continued Kirsha, “that I see the kitchen garden, where a bloody battle took place, and in which Pan Lissowsky did more than ten valiant men.”

“Yes, yes,” interrupted the Polander, “he fought like a devil—well do I recollect how he cut and slashed about him ; hewing down the Muscovites like so many cabbages—but as every one knows, he would have rued his daring had I not stood by him, fighting with the courage of a lion, as did my friend Lissowsky, with that of a tiger—thou may’st rely upon what I say, as I did not quit him for a moment.”

“Then, great Pan,” returned Kirsha, gravely, “thou must have been a spectator when he

stumbled over a fellow, who hid himself like a hare between the garden beds, and thou doubtless sawest how Pan Lissowsky flogged the coward with his whip."

At these words the fiery eyes of the Polander turned on every side, and his red nose flamed like a live coal—

"How?" cried he, "whom did he flog with a whip? But I deny it!—such never was the case."

"Bless me!" continued Kirsha. "How can you deny it? Why, all the army of Sapega knew it. The cowardly dog served in the regiment of Lissowsky as a companion, or aide-de-camp, and I remember was called—let me see—yes, yes, he was called Pan Kopichinsky."

"It is not true, do not believe him," screamed the Polander, in agony, turning to his Cossacks, "it is a calumny. Not only Lissowsky, but the devil himself would not dare to horsewhip Kopichinsky;—he is afraid of nobody."

“Then why did he squat himself down between the celery-beds, when every body was fighting?” returned the malicious Cossack.

“Why?—sayest thou, why?—but who told thee that I lay between the celery-beds?”

“Ah, ah, mighty Pan! Was it thou?—only think what wicked stories people can invent! It is said that Lissowsky horsewhipped thee, and that if thy mighty and potent Pan-ship had not run off to Moscow the very next day, he would have hanged thee as a warning to his whole army.”

“Stuff and nonsense,” interrupted the Pole, endeavouring to seem cool. “But what is the use of talking to thee.—Hey, master, what hast thou got? I wish to sup.”

“Alas! Sir,” answered the landlord, “I have nothing left but bread.”

“How; nothing!” exclaimed Kopichinsky.

“Heaven knows I have nothing else,” replied the poor man. “I had a jar of buck-wheat

gruel, a dish of boiled oats; and a pot of *tchi*, but the travellers have eaten all."

"It is impossible that all should be consumed," returned the imperious Pan. "Holloa, Nekoroshki," continued he, in a tone of disappointment and glancing at one of his Cossacks, "look into the oven, perhaps thou mayest find something."

The Cossack opened the oven, and lo! a roasted goose and pie were there.

"What's that?" screamed the delighted Polanders; then turning to the master of the isba, he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "Ah! thou liar, how couldst thou tell me thou hadst nothing to eat?"

"But that is not ours, dear Sir," said the mistress. "The Boyard that sleeps on the stove brought the goose with him."

"And who is he?" inquired Kopichinsky, in a treble tone, "a Pole?"

"No, my Lord!" replied the woman, "I think he is a Russian."

“ A Muscovite !” roared Kopichinsky, “ then hand it here.”

Alexis wished to defend his master’s property ; but one of the Cossacks gave him such a push with his elbow, that he could scarcely keep on his legs.

“ Awaken thy master,” whispered Kirsha, “ he will contend better than we can with that blackguard.”

Meanwhile, as Alexis was awakening Youry, and telling him of the goose being forcibly seized, the Polander took off his hat, and settling himself very comfortably, began to sup. Youry descended now from the stove, hid his pistol in his bosom, and having given some orders in a low voice to Alexis, who immediately left the isba, approached the table.

“ Health and respect !” said he, bowing politely to the Pan.—The Polander continued eating, but nodded, and pointed silently to the bench. Youry sat down at the end of the table,

and, after a few moments' silence, asked if the roasted goose was to his taste?

"When one is hungry, every thing tastes well," answered the Polander, cutting a large slice from the breast. "Is this goose thine?"

"It is, Pan," replied our hero.

"It must be confessed that you Muscovites are more prudent than we," continued Kopichinsky, tearing a leg to pieces with his teeth; "you are always well-stocked with provisions when you travel. It is true, we Poles have no need to be so, as by the right of conquest we seize every thing we can find."

"Certainly, Pan, certainly," returned Youry. "But why dost thou not continue to eat?—eating is good for thy health."

"Enough," said Kopichinsky, laying down his knife; "I am satisfied."

"Make no scruple, great Pan," persevered Youry; "eat, eat!"

"No, eat thyself if thou wishest," returned the Polander.

“ I thank thee, great Pan,” said Youry, “ but I am not accustomed to eat the remnants left by other people, and it grieves me when others do not eat.—Eat, I say, Pan, eat, eat !”

“ I have already told thee that I will not,” returned Kopichinsky, angrily.—“ Here, my Cossacks, take this goose away, and share it between you.”

“ Be not angry, mighty Pan,” continued Youry, “ thou just now didst say that the Poles seize every thing ; which means that you take the property of others without asking the owner. That may be ; but we Russians are more hospitable, and like to press people to eat—every country, thou knowest, has different customs. Eat, Pan, eat !”

“ But why art thou so pressing, I pray ?” said the Pole.

“ I shall not cease to be so,” answered Youry, gravely, “ until thou hast eaten the remainder of the goose.”

“ How—all ?” exclaimed the astonished Pan, rising from his seat.

“Yes, all,” reiterated Youry, in a decisive tone, and taking out his pistol. “Please to observe, great Polish Pan! thou didst begin to eat without my permission, and now thou must eat it all.”

“What! all that?” squeaked the Polander —“holloá, my Cossacks! Nekoroshki!—holloá!—help!”

With a quick motion of his hand, Youry moved the table forward, pushed the Polander against the wall, and looking behind, said to the Cossack, who was coming to his master’s assistance, “Stand still!—stir not at your peril.”

These words were pronounced with such a commanding voice, that the Cossacks, who would willingly have thrown themselves on Youry, instantly stood back.

“Hear me, friends,” continued Youry; “if you move from your place, or stir one of your fingers, I will blow out your master’s brains. And thou, great Pan, order them to go:—I only invite thee to eat—why art thou silent?”

Hear me, Pole, I never swore in vain ; and now do I swear upon my oath, that thou wilt not have time to cross thyself, if these men do not leave the room this instant.—How long must I wait ?” added he, holding his pistol close to the Polander’s brow.

“ Jesus Maria !” cried the Polander, trying to hide his shaved head under the table.—“ Go out, my Cossacks, go out !”

“ Holloa, lads ! go out,” said Kirsha, “ or else this Boyard will drive the ball into his head in a minute—he is not accustomed to jest.”

“ Go out, villains !—this instant go out !” exclaimed the Polander again, covering his eyes with his hands, that he might not see the mouth of the pistol, which seemed to him at that moment longer than a twelve-pounder. The Cossacks, going out, met with the unknown traveller, who was looking with pleasure and surprise on this strange adventure.

“ Now, Kirsha,” said Youry, “ whilst I am

pressing my dear guest to eat, take thy rifle-gun and do not let those fellows come in again.—Come, Pan, make haste, I have no time to spare.”

The Polander without saying a word began to eat, and Youry in the same posture continued to press him. The poor Pan, in great haste, crammed himself up to his throat; repeatedly begging pardon for what he had done; but Youry remained inflexible. His imploring eyes only met the cocked pistol with its dreadful muzzle, and the threatening look of Youry, in which he clearly read his sentence of death.

“Permit me only to stop a little,” squeaked he at last, almost suffocated.

“Pooh! nonsense, Pan!” returned our hero; “I have no time to wait.—Finish thy meal!”

“Cheer up, Pan Kopichinsky, cheer up,” said Kirsha, “thou seest very little remains; fear makes the matter worse than it is. There!

—Now it is finished,” added he, as the Polander swallowed the last mouthful.

“ Stay,” interrupted Youry, “ we Russians are no niggards in hospitality, and now that I am treating you I may as well do it handsomely. There is a pie, also, in the oven—Kirsha, hand it here.”

“ Have pity upon me !” cried the Polander, in a despairing voice, and dropping upon his knees ; “ I cannot eat it.—By all that is sacred I cannot !”

“ Well, Pan, wilt thou ever eat again at a stranger’s table without being asked ?” said the unknown traveller, entering the room. “ Thanks,” continued he, turning to Youry, “ thanks to thee for thus correcting this arrogant and audacious man. Thou hast punished him sufficiently—leave the worthless wretch !—we Russians trample not on the conquered. Give me thy hand, my brave fellow !—I hope, with God’s assistance, we shall meet again.—Perhaps thou wilt then understand that an

oath administered by fraud and force, is nothing before God ; and that to die for the true religion and for Holy Russia, is better than to live under the yoke of a heretic, or bear the contemptible name of ' slave ' to a foreigner.—Landlord !—here is what I owe thee," added he, throwing some copper money on the table.

" I do not want it, good man," said the master, with a low bow ; " I am satisfied."

The stranger looked surprised ; but, without saying a word, he shook Youry's hand, crossed himself, went out of the *isba*, and in a moment passed by the window at a quick trot.

Meanwhile, the Polander had time to get out from under the table, whither he had crept, and was going towards the door. Youry stopped him. " Do not go away, Pan," said he, " I am going directly, and thou mayest then stop and make as much noise by thyself as thou wishest. Farewell, Kirsha."

" No, Boyard !—Be not offended with thy servant," said the Zaporojetz : " it is by thy

goodness that I breathe the air of life, and I will not leave thee till thou commandest."

"As thou likest, returned our hero : "but I travel on horseback and thou on foot."

"But I have wherewithal to buy a horse," rejoined Kirsha.

"And I will sell one," said the landlord. "An excellent horse,—he is a little lame, it is true ; but his walk is magnificent—he stands high ; and though above ten years old, is so strong that you can scarcely hold him. As I trust in God, if he had not become blind of an eye, I would not part with him for all the world."

"Well, well," interrupted Kirsha, "I will purchase him, if he can only drag me to the first bazaar."

"We will ride slowly," said Youry, "and thou wilt have time to overtake us.—Farewell, Pan," continued he, turning to the Polander, who, not daring to move, sat now very quietly on the bench. "Remember that all Muscovites

will not coolly bear insults ; and that many Russians, though they respect a courageous foreigner, will not permit every hectoring coxcomb to abuse them, even though he be a Polander :—above all, remember the roasted goose ! Adieu, mighty Pan, until we meet again.”

CHAPTER V.

THE PURSUIT.

“The horsemen gallop'd to make good
Each pass—that issued from the wood,
Loud from the thickets rung the shout
Of Redmond and his eager route.”

SCOTT.

It was day—and the rising sun began to gild the snowy fields ; at a distance were seen the white summits of the hills. The road upon which Youry was travelling,—accompanied by his faithful servant—lay on the banks of the Wolga for half a werst ; then suddenly it turned to the left, bringing into view an interminable forest, illuminated by the rising

sun. After riding about two wersts, they found themselves at the entrance; the road running by the side of the wood. Fenced by impenetrable brushwood, rose the majestic and venerable pines; and tall firs towering in the air, cast their shadows like spectres across the dismal road.

In vain did Alexis make several attempts to enter into conversation with his master. Youry was not in a humour to answer his questions. Throwing the bridle over the neck of his horse, he went slowly on, buried in melancholy reflections.—The last words of the unknown traveller still sounded in his ears and penetrated his heart; and a thousand different thoughts and contending desires struggled in his breast.—Russians to be slaves of a foreigner!—these words seemed like a funeral dirge, or a sentence of death; and threw a deadly coldness on his heart,—that heart which glowed with fervent love for his country, his religion, and his mistress.

“ No ! ” said he at last, as if answering the stranger, “ no ! God will not permit us to be the slaves of heretics. We swore fealty not to the Polish prince, but to the legitimate czar of Russia. Wladislaus has promised to renounce his errors, to abandon his native land : our country will be his country, and our holy religion the only one he will observe ; and which he will die to defend. He will indeed be a father to us ; he will unite all the hearts of his children ; he will confound the evil designs of our enemies ; and like the sun, disperse the darkness in which we have been so long enveloped.—Who will then dare to say that Russia is the slave of a stranger ? ”

“ What the devil is the matter ? ” exclaimed Alexis, whose horse had stumbled that moment against the trunk of a tree. — “ It is high time for the sun to appear—what ails him to-day ! he seems as if he would neither rise, nor lie still.”

“ We are now in the shade,” answered Youry :

then pointing to the right, he continued, "but I think the road turns in that direction, it will be lighter too, I think."

"And warmer, I hope, Boyard," returned Alexis, "for here the wind blows very cold and strong. Now, Youry Demetrich," continued he, overjoyed to hear his master talking to him, "I say thou didst very right to punish that insolent gormandizer. It was a perfect Russian treat, and the Pan will have no appetite for a fortnight.—But, Boyard, I must tell thee that as we left the village, my ears were filled with a portentous buzzing; and I doubt not the village is now full of Polish cavalry."

"Didst thou hear the trampling of horses, then?" inquired his master.

"Yes, Boyard!" replied Alexis, "and at this time of the year it cannot be cattle, as they do not go in droves to the field.—Kostroma is not far off, and there we know the Polish cavalry is quartered; it therefore would not be very surprising if a division of them had

by this time entered the village we have left."

"Yes, that may be," returned Youry—carelessly.

"And if that contemptible coward, Kopicinsky, should mention your hospitable treat, they will soon dispatch a party to overtake us; and I doubt not Kirsha will be glad to shew them the road;—he did not remain behind for nothing."

"For shame, for shame!" said Youry; "how canst thou think that the man whose life we saved would be so base as to betray us?"

"How canst thou talk so mildly of these devils of Zaporozetz?" exclaimed Alexis with impatience; "they hardly know the name of God, and were damned from the foundation of the world.—Dost thou think a Zaporozesky Cossack remembers the good done to him?—God forgive me! why, he would sell his own father for a keg of brandy. Heaven pre-

serve us! here is a narrow path. What a devil of a wood this is! as dark as a chimney, not a ray of light to be seen!—It must be a fine place for sport, Boyard—no doubt it swarms with bears, and every other kind of wild beast.”

Youry paid but little attention to the grumbling forebodings of his servant; and our travellers rode on the narrow path into the middle of the wood. At every step it became darker, and the road more difficult. So sheltered was the path, that, although a strong wind shook the tops of the trees, all was perfectly still and motionless below. From time to time, a bright ray of the morning sun shot between the trees; but it could not penetrate the darkness beneath. Around, a deadly silence prevailed, interrupted occasionally by the crow, which being awakened by the trampling of the horses, flew from pine to pine, and shook down the pending snow upon the heads of the travellers. Alexis shuddered at every step, and

looking around with fearful agitation, began to hum a tune to dissipate his fears. They thus advanced until the latter, suddenly stopping his horse, said, with great trepidation—

“ Dost thou not hear, Boyard ?”

“ What is the matter ?” said Youry, as if awakened from a dream.

“ Why, dost thou not hear ?” continued Alexis —“ there is somebody galloping after us.”

“ Thou sayest truly,” returned our hero, “ it must be Kirsha.”

“ No, Youry Demetrich,” observed his servant ; “ I saw the spavined-jade that the master of the isba was kind enough to offer him—that animal never galloped in its life.—See, Boyard, dost thou not observe something black ?—It cannot be Kirsha ! it is more like a bird flying.”

The horseman, who was riding with great speed, now appeared in a more open part of the wood, and a ray of the sun falling that instant upon his face, Youry immediately re-

cognised in him his friend, the Zaporojetz ; who, crouching upon the saddle, was advancing like a whirlwind.

“ Well, did not I tell thee it was Kirsha ?” said he to Alexis.

“ Yes, yes, Boyard,” returned the latter ; “ now I see his fur cap and his black dog.— But it is a bay horse, and the one offered to him was a pie-bald—the devil surely is in the animal !—See how it carries him !—Stop, stop, friend Kirsha ! thou hast almost run over my Boyard.”

“ Don’t lose a moment,” cried Kirsha in haste, and stopping his horse,—“ they are in quest of you.”

“ Well, so my mind foreboded,” said Youry.
“ The Poles are doubtless in the village ?”

“ Yes, three troops,” answered the Zaporojetz ; “ and about two hundred camp suttlers.”

“ Heaven be with us !” exclaimed Alexis ; “ but why dost thou stop to talk, Boyard ?—

Set spurs to thy horse ; and may the Lord preserve us !”

“ Why should we fear them ?” observed Youry. “ When they know who I am—”

“ Yes, yes, master,” interrupted Alexis ; “ but before they know, and are convinced that thou art carrying a letter from Pan Goncewsky, we shall both be shot :—the Poles make very little ceremony.”

“ And especially,” added Kirsha, “ as they suspect thou art an enemy, and the bearer of a considerable sum of the crown’s money.”

“ Besides, Master,” continued Alexis, “ they by this time know that thou hast almost choked one of their friends, by compelling him to swallow a roasted goose.”

“ They would not take the part of the coward, Kopichinsky,” said Kirsha, “ but he told them thou wert an enemy to Poland, and had money to convey to Nijni Novogorod.—I pushed into the inn with the rest, and heard this with my own ears :—so, whilst an officer

was selecting the men who should go in pursuit of you, I, puzzling my brain how to save you from ruin, went into the yard. There looking about, I saw a foot soldier at the gate holding a fine horse by the bridle. I looked attentively at the man; and, seeing he was a poor wretch, I went nearer, and, unobserved, picked up a handful of dust and lime, which I threw in his face. The poor fellow fell to stamping, raving, and rubbing his eyes; whilst I, leaping upon the horse, got through the back gate, and passing a bye way, reached the great road;—so, here I am!—But listen—what a noise there is in the wood!—They must be all coming upon us.”

In truth, the noise warranted the suspicion; for the sound of horses' feet re-echoed like the thundering of a cataract.—From time to time, the firing of pistols alarmed immense flocks of birds; which, screaming in their flight, flew over the heads of our travellers.

“Haste, haste, Boyard,” exclaimed Kirsha;

forcing his horse on ; “ these rascals are nearer than we think ; look how angry Zarez is, and how he runs about as if he were mad.—Come here, Zarez !—Here they are, Boyard !—take care.”

A loud report of fire-arms followed this speech, and Youry’s horse fell dead on the ground.—About fourscore paces in advance of the Polish cavalry, a resolute horseman appeared—

“ Stop ! stop !” shouted he, pointing a loaded pistol at Kirsha.—Quicker than lightning, the Zaporjetz sprang off his horse.

“ Here, take my horse, Boyard,” said he, “ and I will manage that fellow.”—He took his rifle gun,—and in less than a minute, a frightened horse freed of its rider, galloped past our travellers.

“ Now it is done,” exclaimed Kirsha ; “ go, and God be with you !”

“ And what will become of thee ?” said Youry, hastily.

“ A man on foot can always make his way,” replied Kirsha.

“ But if they kill thee ?” said Youry, mournfully, and hesitating to mount.

“ What then ?” returned the Cossack, with animation, “ it will be blood for blood.”

“ For Christ’s sake, Boyard !” exclaimed Alexis, “ gallop off, here they are !”

The party of Polish cavalry, with loud shouts, now approached the travellers.

“ But what is the use of speaking thus ?— Be not offended, Boyard,” said Kirsha, giving the horse a smart blow with his whip, which caused the animal to rear on his hind legs, and then to fly off into a bye road, like an arrow from a bow. Alexis, by the frequent application of whip and spur to the sides of his *serko*, followed him as closely as he could.

“ Knock the fellow down ! shoot him !” now roared a hundred voices,—and balls fell like hail around the place which they had left ; but none reached Kirsha, who was already far away,

having glided into a narrow path and rushed into the thickest part of the wood. In this direction he ran for about a thousand paces; then stopped, and laid down upon the ground to listen:—the noise of the horses' feet, and the savage cries of the undisciplined horsemen were no longer echoed in the wood, and his tired dog came panting, and couched at his feet.

When the devout Zaporozetz saw that he was safe, he crossed himself, returning thanks to his Patron-saint; and then taking from his bosom the little powder-flask and ball, he loaded his rifle. Scarcely had he done this, when his dog, all at once pricking up his ears, growled; and then barking aloud, ran backwards and forwards in great agitation.

“What is the matter with thee, my Zarezushka?”* asked Kirsha, gently stroking the dog; “what ails thee, my good fellow? dost thou smell a wild beast?—What the devil art thou afraid of?—Can it be a bear?—I myself,

* A term of affection applied to his dog.

could hardly pass through on foot—how then can cavalry follow me hither? Yet I think I hear something—it must be a bear—Silence, Zarez, silence!”

In a moment he heard the noise of persons, breaking through the bushes and coming towards him. Kirsha now easily guessed that some of the soldiers, on foot, were sent to catch him, and that the danger was not yet over; he therefore continued his way by the same bye path, which now became narrower and narrower, until it ended in an open glade of the wood.

He stopped here, not knowing what to do; and looking towards the other end of the glade, in the midst of a thicket, he observed a curling column of smoke rising above the branches, which indicated to him a place of refuge and perhaps of safety. Meanwhile, the noise came nearer, and left him no time to think. He determined to leave the wood.—“Here he is, seize him alive,” now bawled a great many voices.—Kirsha turned his head, and seeing about ten

Polish soldiers coming up, he knew it was in vain to think of defending himself. Two of them followed close at his heels ; a few steps more and he might have escaped,—but he stumbled against the stump of a tree and fell on the ground.

“ Ah ! ah ! runaway, thou art caught,” exclaimed one of the Polish soldiers, wrenching the rifle from his hands.

“ Break the damned Muscovite’s bones,” roared the other.

Kirsha’s faithful dog pounced like a tiger upon the throat of the first Polander, and laid him sprawling on the ground. His companion ran to his assistance, and Kirsha at the same moment sprang into the wood, but soon fell exhausted on the snow. He saw not what was passing in the open glade ; but heard the oaths and curses of the Polanders, the barking of the dog, and in a few minutes the dying groan of Zarez ! His heart nearly burst when he caught the last groan of his faithful dog : re-

peatedly he endeavoured to rise, and grasped the handle of his dagger.—In the meantime, the Poles disputed whether they should continue the pursuit, or retreat: fortunately for Kirsha, the argument gave him time to recover; and before it was finished, his strength was so far restored as to enable him to run to that side from which he had seen the rising column of smoke.

See ... - youth

CHAPTER VI.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

“To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair,
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way.”

HUDIBRAS

KIRSHA made his way through the wood with difficulty, and at last reached a high palisade surrounded by a deep ditch, over which he quickly passed, and arrived at a small cottage, half covered with snow, and surrounded by some dozen of bee-hives, indiscriminately placed. The smoke issued from the top window and curled round the thatched roof: a

large dog chained to the door was basking in the sun; but no sooner did it hear the stranger, than it began to bark. Kirsha stopped, expecting somebody would come from the isba; but no one appeared. Having found a slice of dry bread in his knapsack, he threw it to the dog, who immediately ceased barking and retired to his kennel.

“My poor Zarez!” said Kirsha, with a sigh, entering the cottage; “it was not so easy to bribe thee.”

He soon perceived that the house was for the moment tenantless; but it was evident that it had not been deserted many minutes, for the stove was lighted, and on the oak table lay half a loaf of rye bread, and a large jug of braga. This small room was divided by a partition, which ran from the stove to the window; behind which stood some lumber and empty bee-hives. Kirsha had scarcely time to survey the premises, before he heard approaching footsteps; and not knowing whether they were those

of friends or enemies, he cautiously concealed himself behind two bee-hives. Somebody now entered the house : Kirsha held his breath and listened attentively—

“Come in, come in, Gregoriowna,” said a rough voice ; “be not afraid : they who come to me with ‘bread and salt,’ have nothing to fear from witchcraft.”

“I know that, Batushka,” answered a female voice ; “I know, Archip Koudimitch, that thou art a very good man, but I am so unaccustomed—”

“Sit down, sit down, dame,” said the man, “and tell me what thou hast there under thy coat.”

“Please to accept of it, father,” returned the female, “it is a trifle.—Here is a pie, and this is a small shtoff* of Vishnefka,† from the Boyard’s cellar.”

“Thank ye, Gregoriowna, thank ye,” said

* A glass jar.

† Cherry brandy.

the man, taking the presents and placing them on the table.

“ Eat and drink,” continued the woman, “ and may Heaven preserve thy health, good man ! It is sent to thee by our Agrafena Vlaciowna.”

“ The nurse of our young Boyarishnia ?”^{*} rejoined the man.

“ Yes, father,” returned the female, “ she has not time to come herself, and therefore she sent me. Alas, alas ! good man, she has almost lost her senses on account of the young Boyarishnia.—God knows what is the matter with the young lady ; she weeps, and moans, and is latterly quite altered. They have sent a learned Pole to the Boyard from Moscow ; who and what he is, I know not, but he does her no good ; he looked and looked, and gave her some foreign drugs, and God knows what else, but they were of no avail.—Now, what dost

^{*} The unmarried daughter of a Boyard is Boyarishnia, and his wife Boyarinia.

thou think, Archip Koudimitch,—is she not bewitched by some magic spell?”

“That may be, Gregoriowna, that may be!” said Archip, gravely, “and how long hath she been unwell?”

To this the old woman replied, “Vlaciowna told us, that last winter, about St. Nicholas’ day, when the Boyard went with her to Moscow, she was quite well and merry; but when they came back, she began to be very thoughtful, and since her father has betrothed her to some mighty Polish Pan, she appears dead to the world and insensible to all its pleasures.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Koudimitch, “and does not Vlaciowna remember whether anybody looked very steadfastly at the Boyarishnia, in Moscow?”

“Great is thy penetration and wisdom, learned Batushka!” replied the old woman; “I have heard her say that they went to hear the mass every day at the church of Spass-na-
G Borou, and that they always saw a handsome

light-haired youth, who constantly kept his eyes fixed on her."

"Indeed!" returned Archip, "and knows she not who the youth is?"

"No, Batushka:"— replied Gregoriowna, "only once, Vlaciowna heard his servant call him Youry Demetrich; and by his dress and demeanour they saw he was not of low condition."

The last words engrossed the attention, and riveted the curiosity of Kirsha, who was just emerging from the closet; but on hearing this, he remained fixed to the spot.

"Well, now, what dost thou think about it?" continued Gregoriowna, "is she ill, or is she under a spell?"

"Spell-bound, Gregoriowna," answered Archip confidently, "she is spell-bound."

"Her nurse thinks so too;" rejoined the old woman; "what else can it be?—But thou, Batushka, who art so learned, if thou couldst but relieve her!"

*show
chestnut
hair!*

“ No, no, Gregoriowna,” interrupted the Seer,” it is a difficult affair ! he alone who hath done it can cure her ; but I will talk to Vlaciowna myself.”

“ Do so, father ;” returned the woman, “ and now, Batushka, I have a little business of my own to talk about. I trust thou wilt grant the prayer of a poor old creature.”

“ What is it, Gregoriowna ?” inquired Archip.

“ I am come to gain knowledge from thee,” returned Gregoriowna. “ Thou knowest what a poor life a widow leads ; nobody comes near her : she is quite deserted by all the world. Now, thou, Archip Koudimitch, art blessed with great learning, and hast wisdom on thy beard—if a horse be lost, or a cow be ill, or the worms get into the corn, or a young fellow takes it into his head to marry—they all come to thee, ask thy advice, and reward thee handsomely.—Even the Boyard himself, though rough and unmannerly to others, gives thee

good words now and then.—If there be a feast anywhere, Koudimitch is asked the first: how, indeed, can they avoid asking such a learned man!—Truly, they would expect some great misfortune if thou wert uninvited.”

“All this is very good,” interrupted Archip: “But pray what is the object of these compliments?”

“That is the thing I was about to speak of,” answered the beldame;—“try then to teach me some of thy deep learning, good father, and then I shall be highly honoured.”

“And so, thou doating old fool, thou wantest to rise above me,” said the Seer.

“No, no, father, that is not possible,” returned Gregoriowna. “‘*The ears can never grow above the forehead.*’ What thou orderest I will do, and no more.”

Archip mused for some seconds; and then said, “Wilt thou really do as thou sayest?”

“Let God be my witness, Archip Koudi-

mitch," replied the woman, "that I will never deviate the least from thy will and pleasure."

"Well, well, I will try thee," said Archip. "Thy ugly face will answer the purpose well; every body calls thee an old witch.—But wilt thou really and truly fulfil my commands?"

"Take me entirely under thy orders," returned the hag.

"Well, be it so, Gregoriowna," rejoined Archip; "perhaps I may comply, as thou art helpless, and friendless; but, '*women have long hair and short minds.*'—If thou shouldst blab?"—

"Who? I, Batushka!" exclaimed the old woman. "May God wither me like the stubble of the field;—may I never see the light of heaven, and let me die without absolution, if ever—"

"Well, well, don't swear so," interrupted Archip. "Hear me and attend: we are to have a wedding to-day in the village; the

daughter of our Volostnoi Diak* is going to marry the steward's son. When they go to church, do thou take care to steal into the isba of the intended husband, squat thyself down in a corner of the long settle, and mutter to thyself."

"And what must I mutter?" inquired Grogoriowna, eagerly.

"Any thing that comes into thy head," answered Archip, "and if any one asks thee a question, answer not a word; but still mutter and mutter, and shake thy head, from side to side."

"Very well, Batushka! I will do as thou directest," returned the hag.

"When they return from the church," continued Koudimitch, "I will come into the room. Now, the instant I step over the threshold—never mind thy bones for the first

* Diak is a man employed in civil affairs, and who at the time now treated of, was often the only person who could write. No affair, no transaction, no mission of the least importance, could be carried on without the Diak. Volostnoi means "of the district."

time—thou must throw thyself from the long settle right down upon the floor !”

“ On the floor ! my good father,” exclaimed Gregoriowna ; “ but, supposing I should break my neck, or one of my legs ?”

“ What a delicate personage thou art !” returned Archip ; “ dost thou expect to be a witch without any pain ?—If thou art so much afraid, put some straw on the floor, but mind that nobody observes it.”

“ Very well, Batushka, very well !” said Gregoriowna, “ I will obey thy instructions.”

“ Whatever I say,” continued the seer, “ thou must only exclaim, ‘ pardon, master, pardon !’ Now, thou must know, that two days ago, some of the Boyard’s linen was lost : if they ask thee about it, take a small water jug, mutter over it, look at it attentively, and when I shake my head, answer, ‘ that the linen is in Fedka* Chomiak’s barn, in the kiln.’ ”

* *Fedka* is the diminutive of *Fedor* ; which, in its turn, is an abbreviation of *Theodore*.

“ Ah, Batushka ! indeed ! and is it really there ?” inquired the old woman, eagerly.

“ He once said he would strike me,” returned Archip ; “ let him now look to it, and manage as well as he can with the steward.”

“ But stay a little,” interrupted Gregoriowna ; “ wert thou not coming from Chomiak’s barn, when we met ?”

“ Be silent, trollop,” exclaimed the seer, sternly, “ dare but say a word ;—dost thou hear ?”

“ Yes, yes, Batushka,” replied the terrified beldame, “ I will be as silent as the grave ;—and I will attend to all thou sayest.”

“ To-morrow thou must come again to me,” returned Archip, in a milder tone :—“ now, then, go away as quickly as possible ; but mind and pass in such a manner that nobody may observe thee—Go !”

“ I obey thee, Archip Koudimitch,” said Gregoriowna. “ Farewell, Batushka.”

“ Stop, stop !” exclaimed Archip ; “ there is

a dog barking—who the deuce can be coming hither? If any body should see thee here, the whole affair will be discovered. — Go, make haste and hide thyself in that closet; fasten the door within, and be as quiet as death.”

Gregoriowna crept into the closet, and having shut the door squeezed herself into a corner near the bee-hive behind which Kirsha was lying.—Shortly afterwards, a number of armed men entered the house, making a great noise.

“Ho, ho, Muscovite!” exclaimed one of them, “is there anybody concealed here?”

“Nobody, Batushka,” returned the Seer.

“Thou liest,” said one of the soldiers, “there certainly is a rascal here whom we are looking for.”

“God knows there is nobody,” replied Archip, in a tone of humility.

“Tell us the truth directly, scoundrel;” continued the soldier, “or I will tear thy soul out of thy body. Boudilo, and thou, Souma! go and search the garret, and we will examine

this part of the house.—Holloa ! what hast thou got in that closet ?”

“ Empty bee-hives, and broken pots,” answered Archip, bowing and stroking his red beard.

“ Thou liest, Muscovite, thou liest,” rejoined the soldier ; “ the door is fastened within, somebody must be there. Well, my lads, flog this fellow, and he will soon speak out.”

“ Forgive me, honest men,” said the Seer, trembling. “ I will tell ye the truth—there is a woman.”

“ A woman !” exclaimed the military spokesman, “ for what devil’s reason hast thou shut her up there ?”

“ Do not be angry with me, gentlemen,” said Archip, imploringly, “ you are soldiers, and persons of your profession ought to be lenient in regard to sins of this sort.”

“ Bring her out,” exclaimed many rough voices.

“ Yes,” said Nagiba, the first who had spoken,

“ and here is a shtoff of wine ; we will drink it with the concealed beauty. Come out, come out, fair one !—She will not open, lads ; break the door down !”

“ Stop, brother,” said one of the men—“ I will break the door directly, but mind the conditions—he who first gets in shall have the prize ;—make way !”

So saying he applied his broad shoulders with such effect, that the old wooden door fell from the hinges.

“ Well done, my brave fellow,” cried the other soldiers, “ bring the prisoner out !”

“ Nay, be not so bashful, my timid swan, but come out,” said the broad shouldered Nagiba, bringing the frightened Gregoriowna into the middle of the room. “ The devil !” continued he, relinquishing his hold, “ it is an old witch, instead of a young beauty.”

“ We congratulate thee, Pan Nagiba,” exclaimed all the Poles, laughing heartily ; “ thou hast found a pretty wench.”

“ Is it for thee, thou toothless old hag, with thy wrinkled face, to shut thyself up from young men ?” said Nagiba, pushing Gregoriowna. “ Get out, thou old devil ! and thou, thou red-haired Judas, shew us the way to the great high road.”

“ Wait a little, brother,” said another of the soldiers, “ have we seen all ? is there nobody else in the closet ?”

“ God knows there is nobody, my good men,” answered the cottager, casting an uneasy look upon a place, where stood two firkins of mead ; “ nothing but broken pots and empty bee-hives.”

“ To be sure,” said Nagiba, “ what could induce our runaway to sit here, when he may fly from us behind every bush in the wood ? Let us go, comrades—but stop, master !—I dare say thou hast got a plentiful store of money ?”

“ As God is holy, not a *poulia*,”* answered the trembling Archip.

* A small ancient copper coin.

“ Well, come, no tricks,” continued Nagiba, “ give it freely, or else—”

“ Have pity upon me, *Batushka*,” said Archip, dropping on his knees, “ Heaven is my witness that I carried my last money yesterday to my Boyard, Timofey Fedorich Kroutchina Schalonsky.”

“ Thou liest, Muscovite,” returned the trooper ; “ deliver it, I say—”

“ What art thou doing, Nagiba ?” said one of the soldiers. “ Dost thou not remember Pan Regimenter’s* orders ?—if the old man belong to Kroutchina Schalonsky, we must not dare to touch a hair of his head.”

“ Pan Regimenter !” exclaimed Nagiba, “ the devil take him ! who cares for Pan Regimenter ?”

“ Be quiet, thou fool ! roar not so loud ?” returned the first speaker ; “ take care ! he may find thy heart with his pistol, he is not used

* Regimenter signifies “ a colonel.”—The officer here alluded to, will shortly be introduced to the readers, as the *historical* Pan Tishkewich.

to joke.—Come, my lads ! and thou, master, go on first, and shew us the great road.”

In a few minutes the room was empty, and Kirsha breathed again.—He came slowly out of the closet, and heard the sound of the soldiers' feet, as it gradually died away in the distance. The dog, which had been barking all the time that the strangers were in the house, laid down again quietly in the sun, and wagged his tail in a friendly manner at Kirsha, as if to an old acquaintance. Kirsha followed the narrow path, confident that it would bring him to the estate of Boyard Schalonsky ; where he expected, by Alexis' account, to find Youry—that is, if he had succeeded in eluding the Poles who were in pursuit of him.

CHAPTER VII.

A VILLAGE WEDDING.

On thee, bless'd youth, a father's hand confers
The maid, thy earliest, fondest, wishes knew :
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers ;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due !

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts th' unbidden sigh :
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires ;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

ROGERS.

THE Zaporozetz walked about four wersts without meeting any one ; the wood then became gradually more open, and a rising smoke convinced him of his approach to a considerable village. At length, the path brought him to the Boyard's kitchen-garden ; on breaking through

the hedge of which, he perceived a row of thatched cottages; and in order to reach the mansion by a shorter road, he passed by the back part of them.

Gliding cautiously by an empty barn, he thought he heard a voice, and his first idea was to hide himself; but before he could recover from his fright, he tumbled headlong into a kiln, and would have had a desperate fall, had he not come in contact with something very soft, which, on touching, he discovered to be a large bundle of fine linen;—he that moment recollected the curious conversation he had heard at the hut.

“Take care, lying sorcerer!” said Kirsha, to himself, “let us see if the devil will whisper in thy ear that the Boyard’s linen is gone *from* Fedka Chomiak’s barn to another place.” This idea amused the Zaporojetz, who took up the linen, and carried it to the entrance of the wood, where he hid it in the snow, near a small chapel;—and then again he followed the narrow path, which brought him at last to a wide street.

In the middle of the street stood a small church, half in ruins, and only distinguished from the cottages by a wooden cross, and a belfry something like a dovecot. The church-porch and adjoining ground were crowded with people, and the priest, in his official robes, stood at the gate. Kirsha's attention was attracted by a crowd of persons coming towards the church ; who gazed with attention at the approaching Cossack, on account of his dress and warlike look. Every peasant touched his cap as a mark of respect to him, except one athletic young fellow, who, after giving him a glance, coolly turned his head towards that part from which a number of sledges, and about twenty persons on horseback and on foot, were approaching. The honest, but blunt, appearance of this fellow pleased Kirsha ; therefore, addressing himself to him, he asked "to what purpose so many True Believers were waiting round the church ?"

The man replied, "Thou knowest, people

are curious ; the 'daughter of our Volostnoi Diak is going to be married, and the crowd has assembled to gaze at the young couple—one would imagine it were a wonder, forsooth !"

"She is going to marry the son of your steward," observed Kirsha.

"How dost thou know that ?" inquired the peasant.

"*'The world is full of news,'* friend," answered the Cossack.

"Art thou from this part ?" asked the peasant.

"No," replied Kirsha, "I am only just come into your village, and am a stranger here. But tell me, I pray, whose mansion is that on the left ?"

"Our Boyard's, Timofey Fedorich Schalonsky," answered the peasant.

"Has he had any visitors to-day ?" inquired the Cossack.

"God knows !" replied the man, "we never go very near the Boyard's court-yard."

“ Why so ? ” said Kirsha. “ Is he a surly character ? ”

“ There never was one more so, ” answered the peasant. “ We are tormented even by his servants. ”

“ What art thou chattering about in this manner, Fedka Chomiak ? ”—said another peasant, with a grey beard.—“ Do not heed what he says, good man—as for our Boyard—God grant him a long life !—he is a very kind master, and we live happy under him and sing all the day long. ”

“ Yes, yes, we have great cause to sing, truly ! ” rejoined Chomiak, “ when the last sheep is taken from us. ”

“ Wilt thou hold thy impudent tongue, thou blockhead, ” said the grey-headed man ; “ thou wilt get thy head broken one of these days.—Believe not a word of what he says, honest man, he knows not of what he is talking, and speaks like a fool. ”

“ Be not afraid, grandfather, ” said Kirsha,

smiling. "I am a stranger, and have no business with thy master.—Has he got many children?"

"Only one daughter," answered the old man, "Anastasia Timofeowna—quite an angel!"

"Ah, *that* is indeed, true," said the first peasant; "she is not at all like her father, so good, so kind—as fair as the morning sun!—Indeed, she would be the fairest of the fair, if God would but bless her with health."

"Look, look here!" cried the old man; "here is the Diak with the promised spouse in our Boyard's sledge;—take off your hats, boys!" continued he.

The procession had, by this time, got near the church. Two bridegroom's men were first seen on horseback, dressed in light blue caftans and white ribands round their shoulders: behind them, in a small sledge, was the young brother of the bride, who carried the holy picture. Next came the bride herself, with her father, in a large red-coloured sledge, lined with crimson damask: under their feet lay a white bear's

skin, and the horses were decorated with a number of fox-tails. Then followed different sledges containing the relations of the bride and the intended husband, with many people on foot and on horseback ; amongst whom was seen the bridegroom upon a white steed, whose harness was studded with tufts of various colours. Instead of the bridle he held a copper chain,—a sort of luxuriant appendage, which the common people imitated, on some occasions, from the mighty Boyards ; who had these chains not only of silver but often even of the purest gold.

Kirsha, by degrees, pushed into the church along with the procession. It soon became so crowded that it was with difficulty the ceremony could be performed ; but notwithstanding the multitude of spectators, all was conducted with great propriety, and the peasants were silent and respectful.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, when, according to the custom of the times, the bridegroom threw the wine-glass on the ground

S I C | and stamped upon it—after he and his bride had drank out of it by turns, and after they had walked hand in hand round the altar,—the silence was broken by a general whispering; each one saying to the other—“ Make room, make room, here is Archip Koudimitch !”

The crowd fell back on each side, and a tall peasant, with a large red beard, was seen at the entrance. His countenance had nothing majestic in it; but the fear which the sight of him inspired, as well as his name, convinced Kirsha that he was the same man in whose house his life had hung upon a hair.

Koudimitch did not advance, but cast a quick glance round the church; and his eye resting on Fedka Chomiak, he smiled so maliciously, that Kirsha determined to save the poor innocent peasant, and discover the wickedness of the sorcerer.

The ceremony being concluded, the new-married pair returned in the same manner as they came, to the house of the steward. Koudimitch

was desired by the bridegroom to follow them ; and Kirsha, though uninvited, went with the company to the marriage feast. When they were about half way, a peasant girl came running to the steward's sledge and whispered something in his ear : the procession stopped. The steward became very pale, and called Koudimitch ; who after a few moments' conversation, said " I will go in first, fear nothing, for I know what to do !"

The procession again moved on, and the crowd followed close ; each anxious to be admitted into the court-yard to see the feast, and to congratulate the new-married couple.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BOYARD'S MANSION.

The serfs are glad through Laia's wide domain,
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain ;
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall.

BYRON.

WE left Youry and his faithful Alexis in no very pleasant predicament, in sight of the enemy, and with every prospect of shortly becoming prisoners ; but the Poles were deceived, and their supposed prey escaped. The road was circuitous and narrow, and did not admit of two abreast ; so that if it impeded the escape in one respect, it assisted it in another ; for the

Poles, by their numbers, became frequently embarrassed, and at last gave up the pursuit.

Our travellers, after having rode many wersts, now began to slacken their pace ; for, the general stillness around convinced them the Polanders had retired, and that for the present they were safe.

“ Well, master,” said Alexis, “ God has at length delivered us !”

“ But poor Kirsha !” observed Youry.

“ Pooh ! pooh ! Youry Demetrich,” said Alexis ; “ he is a cunning fellow, and has given them the slip.”

“ But supposing him to be wounded ?” observed the Boyard ; “ what will become of him ?”

“ God is merciful !” returned Alexis ; “ He will save him from all danger.”

“ I would give much to be sure of that,” said Youry. “ Now then, Alexis, art thou not ashamed of thy suspicions ? Didst thou not question poor Kirsha’s fidelity ?”

“I confess I did, Boyard,” replied Alexis, “I was guilty towards him; but you know that he is a Zaporojetz.”

“Of what consequence is that?” returned his master, “there are good men of all nations.”

“As for thee, Boyard,” replied the squire, “I should not wonder if thou thinkest there are good people even among the Poles.”

“Why not?” said the Boyard, “there are many Poles whom I should like to resemble.”

“And wouldst thou, like them, pursue the traveller to plunder and to pillage?” inquired Alexis.

“Neither Russian nor Polish robbers ought to make any difference in our opinion of the nation,” returned Youry; “no, Alexis, I will always honour the noble and the brave, be he a Polander or not. The time will come, when they themselves will feel and remember, that the blood of their common ancestors, the Slavons, runs still in their veins: our grandchildren will probably embrace them as brothers, and

these two mighty branches of the powers of the North will grow together, becoming one great and invincible nation.”*

“Ah ! Boyard,” said Alexis with a sigh, “thou hast lived so much amongst these Poles that thou hast become a great deal too wise for me. But let it be as thou wishest ; what will happen in future, God only knows ; but it would be well in our days if these unwelcome visitors would return to their homes. Thy late honoured father, Heaven rest his soul ! did not think like thee. When he lost his noble wife, thine own mother, he was then alone in the world—with only thee ; thou wert the apple of his eye, and yet he oftentimes said he would rather see thee, *thee*, his only son, sink into an early and untimely grave, than be a slave to a Polish king, or the husband of a Polish wife.”

* The reader will observe that these are the words of a Russian writer, who seems to have shut his eyes on the fact, that—ever since the dismemberment of their kingdom, until the late revolution,—the Poles have been treated by the Russian Government with a degree of savage barbarity, which no right of conquest can warrant.

“A husband!” interrupted Youry, in a stifled voice and with a countenance overwhelmed with grief; “no, my good Alexis, God has not vouchsafed to grant me her whom my heart had fixed upon; therefore my days must run in hopeless celibacy to the last hour of my life.”

“Eh! Boyard, Boyard,” exclaimed Alexis, “there are more than one star in the firmament, and more than one beauty in holy Russia. Dost thou still think of that black-eyed fair one whom we so frequently met in Moscow, in the church of Spass-na-~~Borou~~?* It was thine own fault not to inquire who she was; day after day didst thou see her, until that dark evening when she came not, and since then thou hast not cheered thy eyes by gazing upon hers;—but is that a reason sufficient for a Boyard to sink into despondency?—to pine away in the flower of manhood?—Say only to the world that thou

* That is, the church of “the Saviour on the hill.”

wouldst marry, and thou wilt see such a number of brides that the choice would be difficult; and perhaps—who knows but thy black-eyed beauty may appear amongst them?"

"Yes, as the wife of some other person!" interrupted the Boyard: "no; better never to meet her, than to see her wear a wedding-ring that she has exchanged with another."

"What God ordains will surely happen," returned Alexis; "meantime, Boyard, here are two roads; which shall we take? But see, here is a peasant with a load of dry branches. Holloa! Dedushka,* which road must we take to the estate of Boyard Kroutchina Schalonsky?"

As soon as he heard this name, the peasant took off his cap, and bowing respectfully, pointed silently to the left hand. In half an hour, our travellers cleared the wood, and a long street of low *isbas* standing near a small river, appeared not far distant. A wide road led to the church, and on the opposite side of

* Grandfather.

the river, upon a small eminence, was seen a wooden roof, and the fine looking *Terem** of a Boyard's house, surrounded by pallisades, and resembling a fortification. Near the house were several inferior buildings for the serfs, with a very spacious yard for cattle, containing also kennels and stables; these buildings and out-houses occupied a large space, and at first sight appeared like a second village.

Our travellers having passed a bridge built upon strong piles, ascended a hill, and entered the Boyard's court-yard. The house was about fifty fathoms long, but disproportionately low; the windows were small and square; the shutters painted with various colours, and the distance between each strikingly great. At the end of the house, on the left side, was a flight of stairs, arched over, the cover of which was supported by two thin wooden pillars, with-

* An apartment on the upper floor, principally intended for the females of the family. There was also the Svetlitza—a large room frequently divided into three smaller ones.

out any kind of ornament. At the right hand of the house was the two-storied *Terem*, the windows of which were twice as large as those below. On both sides of the pallisade, were buildings, consisting of various kitchens and cellars, at the top of which was a high dove-cote, and in the middle of the court-yard were perpendicular and horizontal swings. We must observe to our readers, that the proud Boyard Kroutchina was supposed to live in all the luxury of the period. His countrymen had long condemned him for imitating foreign manners, and for despising the old customs of his ancestors; for which reasons we cannot take this Boyard as a true picture of the Russian nobility, in the times of which we treat.

Their houses were commonly small, without any magnificence; they consisted of one larger room called *Svetlitsa* which was separated from the black *isba* (so called on account of the smoke, which has no egress but through an upper window,) by a broad vestibule, always kept warm,

called *Ceni*, or hall, in which place all the unmarried female servants of the house slept; and hence the name of the *Cenni devoushky*, that is to say, girls of the hall, or *Ceni*. From this place, a narrow steep staircase conducted to the *Terem*. Round the house were many different buildings, such as cellars, stables, cow-houses and *bagnia*.* This is a concise yet pretty accurate description of the houses of the Boyards and gentry of that time; who, disliking all novelty, strictly adhered to their national customs, and to the Russian proverb, that “*a house is not to be admired for its furniture, but for its good cheer.*”

As Youry crossed the court-yard, he observed great preparations for a feast; the vas-

* *Bagnia*—a stove excessively heated,—a vapour bath. The bather reclines on a bench, elevated by several other benches to the ceiling: he thus suits his convenience as to the temperature,—the higher he ascends the hotter the bath. Water is thrown upon the stove, and the vapour ascends. The lower classes resort to the baths, in crowds, every Saturday.

sals were running backwards and forwards ; an immense blazing fire illuminated the kitchen ; several cooks were busy preparing the whole carcase of an ox ; and many other demonstrations were visible, that visitors of some distinction were expected by the Boyard. Those who saw the travellers riding up to the steps of the house ;—the one dressed in an old looking *ochoben* which covered him from head to foot, and the other in the shabby sheep-skin dress already described, were struck with astonishment ;—it being the custom of all the common people to alight from their horses at the gate, and to walk on foot through the court-yard of the proud Boyard.

Youry, alighting from his horse, gave it to his servant, and ascended by the side steps into the first large room ; all round the walls of which were broad benches, upon which sat about twenty idle vassals or retainers, dressed in coats of different colours. The only ornament in this apartment consisted of various arms suspended

from the walls. One of the servants, without moving from his place, said to our hero, in an insolent tone, "What dost thou want?"

"To see Boyard Timofey Fedorich," answered Youry.

"And who sent thee?" continued the querist.

Instead of answering, Youry threw off his dirty *ochoben*. His *caftan*, trimmed with gold lace, and a rich sabre, made a greater impression upon the servants than the noble appearance of the youth himself; they all rose up from their seats in a moment, and he who had first spoken made a humble bow, saying, "his master was not yet up, but if the stranger was disposed to wait, he must be so good as to walk into the next room."

Youry followed him into a spacious square hall, in the middle of which was a large oaken table, and round the walls, benches covered with carpets of various hues. Here he waited about an hour. At last the door opened, and a well

dressed man, about thirty years of age, entered the room. He welcomed the stranger, saying that he, himself, was one of the *Snakometz*,* and begged to know the nature of our hero's business with the Boyard.

"I must myself talk with Timofey Fedorich," answered Youry.

"He is engaged at this moment," returned the man, "giving instructions to a person who is to be dispatched immediately to Moscow."

"I myself am from Moscow," observed Youry, "and have brought your Boyard a letter from Pan Goncowsky."

"From Pan Goncowsky!" exclaimed the Snakometz, "that's another affair. Thou art welcome; I will inform the Boyard instantly. Permit me, however, to ask thee one question. Wert thou in Moscow when the news arrived of the great victory gained by the King of Poland?"

* These are the humble friends, or parasitical dependants, and, generally, distant relatives, of a Boyard.

“What victory?” inquired Youry.

“Hast thou not heard?” returned the querist. “Smolensko is taken.”

“Is it possible!” exclaimed our hero.

“Yes,” replied the Snakometz, “that nest of rebels is now in our hands. Our Boyard received a letter yesterday from his friend, Andrei Dedechina, a citizen of Smolensko, who assisted the king to take the town.”

“And did he receive the recompence which he deserves for such a deed?” said Youry, scarcely able to hide his indignation.

“Oh! yes,” replied the parasite, “he is now the first favourite of the king.”

“I cannot believe it,” returned our hero. “Sigismond, surely, will never suffer the presence of a traitor!”

“What dost thou say?” exclaimed the Snakometz—“a traitor? No! no! *Brat!** When

* Brother. This is a familiar appellation used by any one who supposes himself to be on an equality with the person addressed.

the town was taken, the real rebels and traitors shut themselves up in the Cathedral ; under which having previously placed a large quantity of gunpowder, they fired the train and perished together :—which was, perhaps, the best thing they could have done.—But permit me to inform the Boyard of thy arrival.”

“ Poor faithful people of Smolensko !” exclaimed Youry, when left alone, “ why did I not perish with you ? You have sacrificed your lives for your country, and I—I swore fidelity to him, whose father, like a savage beast, ravages the holy land of Russia !”

A loud scream in the court-yard diverted the course of his gloomy thoughts ; he approached the window, and saw an old man, upon whom the servants were throwing cold water. The miserable wretch was nearly frozen ; his screams were dreadful, and the intensity of pain he suffered was visible in the hideous contortions of his countenance. The good-hearted Youry started with horror at this inhuman diversion ;

and hearing at the same time a loud laugh in the adjoining room, he was convinced that it originated with the Boyard himself. The antipathy which he had previously felt to the master of the house, was increased by this barbarous treatment; which concluded by bringing the poor old wretch into the kitchen, to undergo the double torture of reanimation—being almost dead with cold.

Scarcely had the last scene been concluded, when the same person who had previously seen Youry, entered the room, requesting he would follow him. They passed through a small ante-chamber, which led to a door covered with red cloth;—this led to a room, the walls of which were covered with gilded skins, such as are used in Holland.

Here, seated on a high carved wooden chair, near a large table, was the Boyard Kroutchina. The marks of strong uncontrollable passion scowled over his pale face. His beard was thin and grisly, and his small, fiery, grey eyes, shaded

by dark and bushy eyebrows, shot from their retreat the rankling malice of his heart.

His exterior was far from prepossessing. His hair was cut in the Polish style, and his sash, fixed very low upon a damask *caftan*, gave him the appearance of a great Polish Pan—but his open *ferias*,* thrown upon the *caftan*, with golden button-holes, was decisive of the high Russian Boyard. Youry knew him at a glance, and bowing respectfully, presented him the letter of Pan Goncewsky, which was tied with a silken string.

“ Is it long since thou didst leave Moscow ?” asked the Boyard, breaking the seal.

“ Seven days since, Timofey Fedorich,” replied Youry.

“ Seven days !” returned Kroutchina—“ my

* *Ferias*, or *feres*. A dress of honour which served as a uniform to the Boyards and other dignitaries. It was made of gold stuff, velvet or mohair. The dress of the women of high rank has the same denomination—it is similar to the *sarafan* which was worn by the lower orders; the *ferias* being only distinguished by the richness and beauty of the material.

future son-in-law has made choice of an excellent horseman. Young fellow, if thou servedst me, instead of Pan Goncewsky, I would—”

“ I serve no one but Wladislaus, the Czar of Russia,” observed the young Boyard, coolly.

“ Indeed ! And who art thou, faithful servant of Prince Wladislaus ?” asked Boyard Kroutchina, with disdain.

“ Youry, son of the Boyard Demetrius Milolasky,” replied our hero, drawing himself up into an erect posture.

“ Son of Dimitry Milolasky ! the eternal enemy of the Polanders ?” returned Kroutchina, with surprise.—“ Sit down, Youry Demetrich ; but it is singular that Pan Goncewsky could find no one to send but thee.”

“ I offered my services to bring this letter,” observed our hero, “ as an act of friendship to Goncewsky, and patriotism towards my country.”

“ The son of Boyard Milolasky calls the Prince of Poland, Czar of Russia,” continued Kroutchina, “ and Goncewsky his friend !—this

is wonderful!—Has thy father also recovered his senses, young man, and got on the right road?"

"My father has been dead some time," replied Youry, with a sigh.

"Indeed!" returned Kroutchina, "I was ignorant of that event." Then opening the letter, he continued, "Youry Demetrich will excuse me for a moment."

Youry observed that the Boyard frowned deeper and deeper, that the blackest anger and the fiercest displeasure rushed across his countenance as he read the letter.

"No!" said he, finishing, "that were of no avail now. Why left they one stone upon another in that detestable town?—they should have ploughed it up, and have it sown with seeds. Goncewsky writes to me," said he, turning to Youry, "that he has heard the restless citizens of Nijni Novogorod are secretly raising troops. Knowing that I have many friends there, he proposes that thou shouldst be sent to see with

thine own eyes ; and, if possible, to persuade the principal inhabitants to submit, promising them forgiveness and pardon. He says thou art the most eligible person for such an embassy ; for the world knows thy father was the most implacable enemy to Poland, and if thou art the friend of Poland, many might be induced to follow thy example."

" I am ready to do what thou sayest," said Youry, " as I am certain that, in the present critical circumstances, the choice of Wladislaus alone can preserve our beloved land from ruin."

" Aye," interrupted Kroutchina, " offer mercy, indeed !—the rebels will only unite the firmer. Should the inhabitants of Novogorod coalesce with those on the farther side of the Wolga, they would gain confidence with increasing numbers, and then beard us with defiance. No ! the revolt must be crushed in its infancy. Our staunch friends, fire and sword, and blood and slaughter, are the only terms. Goncewsky has sent Pan Tishkewich hither

with one regiment—it is useless ; sufficient troops must be sent to overwhelm the rebels ; to seize their strong-holds, and to raze from its foundations their city—their boasted Novogorod !”

“ Why, Boyard, would you force the right hand to lop off the left ?” returned our hero. “ Enough Christian blood has already been spilt, and why fan the flame of civil war, when Russian will be opposed only to Russian ? Not less than a thousand of the Faithful fell under the walls of Moscow ; and will the Lord our God receive the prayers of those whose hands are stained with their brethren’s blood !”

Boyard Kroutchina eyed Youry with surprise ; then asked, with an ironical smile, “ whether he intended to turn hermit soon, and why he wore a sabre, instead of a rosary ?”

“ The enemies of Russia know whether I am able to handle a sabre or not,” answered Youry ; “ and as to becoming a saint, God only knows whether I am fit to be one !”

“And dost thou expect, tender-hearted ambassador of Goncewsky,” returned Kroutchina, “that the people of Nijni will rival thee in kindness, and forget to lop thy head off, as the servant of the King of Poland?”

“And I should merit the death,” replied Youry, “if I were the servant of the king of Poland.”

“What sayest thou, young man?” said Kroutchina, his eyes sparkling through their long lashes, “thou speakest too boldly.”

“Yes, I repeat it,” continued Youry, “I owe obedience, not to the King of Poland, but to the Czar of Russia—Wladislaus.”

“And is not Sigismond the father of Wladislaus?” said Kroutchina, impatiently.

“Yes,” replied Youry, “of Wladislaus, but not our father.—Thus think we at Moscow, and thus think all the people of Russia.”

“Cease, cease, young man: say not *all* the Russians:” returned Kroutchina; “such a youth as thou art cannot teach thy elders; we

are able to judge better than the striplings of Moscow. To-day thou shalt rest, Youry Demetrich, and to-morrow, at daylight, thou mayest continue thy journey. I will give thee letters to my friend Boyard Istoma Tourenin; he lives in Nijni, and I advise thee in every thing to consult with him: he is a man of years and experience. At the first, the Nijni citizens may swear fealty to Prince Wladislaus, and then we shall see how God disposes of the event. From the son to the father"—

"Indeed, Boyard," interrupted our hero, "Russia never will consent"—

"Truce, truce; we will speak again upon the subject," returned the Boyard; "remember, Youry Demetrich, that a vessel in danger must be governed by a prudent pilot, and not by a child. But I have much business, therefore thou must excuse me—farewell! for a time.—Is not Goncewsky mad," continued Kroutchina, muttering to himself, and looking at Youry as he left the room, "to entrust the secret to a

man who babbles every moment about Wladislaus and his native land? Well, youngster, thou shalt go to Nijni, but whatever thy inmost thoughts may be, thou shalt not deceive me—‘*thou shalt either dance to my pipe, or —*’” The Boyard stopped, blew his silver whistle,* and a servant instantly appeared; he asked if Omliash (his *stremianno*†) was returned from town?

“He has this moment arrived, my Lord,” answered the servant.

“Tell him to avoid being seen by any body,” continued the Boyard, “and to come to me privately by the little garden door—he must be ready to depart again.—Go, and send him to me immediately.”

In the meantime, a retainer of the Boyard, who was appointed to attend upon Youry, had

* The Boyards and great men of this period carried silver whistles, suspended from their necks by golden chains; with which they summoned their attendants.

† The person who holds the stirrup to his lord.

brought him through all the rooms to a spacious bed-chamber, containing several beds without curtains. "This is the room for the Boyard's visitors," said he; "wouldst thou desire to rest, or to have refreshments?"

"I thank thee," answered Youry; "I do not require food, and prefer to lie down."

"Then do so, Boyard, and may your sleep be sound," returned the *Snakometz*; "to-day we dine later than usual, for Pan Tishkewich is expected with his regiment. A pleasant rest! Youry Demetrich:—I will now go and inquire about thy servant and horses."

Youry being left alone, approached the window, which overlooked an orchard and a kitchen garden. Here, in summer, flourished the different fruits of the country—the walks were many and narrow, while the cherry, apple and plum-trees towered above the indiscriminate arrangements of gooseberry and raspberry bushes, all sorts of vegetables, and

a profusion of weeds. Youry observed a man creeping between the railings and the bushes: in his thoughtful mood, this man would have escaped his observation, had not the suspicious circumstance of endeavouring to evade detection, excited his curiosity.

This man carefully avoided the different paths, and crept between the thickest of the bushes: his features could not be distinguished; but our hero saw enough to convince him that the tall, stout stranger, was lurking for no good purpose so near his window.

At length, Youry, overcome by fatigue, laid down upon one of the beds; but without undressing. Though tired, the wished-for slumbers shunned his eyes: grief, like a heavy load, oppressed his heart; all his bright thoughts,—the delightful hopes of happiness, liberty, and his native land, which formerly filled his soul with joy, were now exchanged for dreadful apprehensions. The words of Boyard Kroutchina, and especially the fall of Smolensko, indicated

too clearly that the election of Wladislaus had not terminated the miseries of Russia. His vivid imagination pourtrayed the horrors of a civil war, the triumph of his enemies, and finally the degradation of his beloved country. The heart of the noble youth beat more and more violently; the blood coursed rapidly through his veins; but nature at length prevailing, his eyes closed, and all his thoughts dissolved into a dream. He saw, by turns, the city of Moscow, the church of Spass-na-Borou, ^G his fair unknown,—and anon the enemies of his country, engaged with him in battle. He witnessed the cries and tears of the unfortunate Smolenskys, and thought he beheld all the miseries of war. Once, his busy, but distracted imagination brought before him the father of Wladislaus:—he started in his sleep, and swore, by the Virgin! that the King of Poland should never become Czar of Russia!

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONJURORS OUTWITTED.

Quoth Hudibras—I now perceive
You are no conj'rer:—by your leave,
That paltry story is untrue,
And forged to cheat such gulls as you!

BUTLER.

WE leave Youry in his feverish sleep, whilst we conduct our readers to the continuation of the marriage festival. We left the villagers advancing towards the isba, with Kirsha in the procession; which was headed by that common deceiver, and self-styled, but readily-credited conjuror, Koudimitch.

The number of persons conducting the new married couple increased every moment; old men and women ran out of their huts; every eye glowed with anxiety and curiosity to view the procession, and the objects of it. Half-naked and bare-footed children, trembling with fright and shivering with cold, ran before, and looked fearfully on the fortune-teller; who, as he approached the house of the new-married couple, stopped at every step, and looked earnestly around him, with evident marks of uneasiness. Within a few steps of the gate leading to the isba, he suddenly stopped, and, trembling with agitation and apparent alarm, in a wild voice exclaimed, "Stand still! advance not—stir not, one of ye."

A buzzing whisper ran through the mob; those in advance fell back, and those in the rear pressed forward, concentrating themselves in a smaller space. The saying that it is "*pleasant to be hanged in company,*" was here exemplified: the fear of the foremost had com

municated itself to the whole company, with the exception of Kirsha, who alone, in spite of the pressure, forced his way in advance towards the Steward's house.

In the mean time, Koudimitch appeared as if endeavouring to move forward to the gate, in despite of some unseen power which seemed to hold him back: every time he raised his leg to step over the plank lying under the gate, he was drawn a few steps back again. The perspiration trickled down his face, and his efforts were redoubled; but after many fruitless attempts he fell down nearly suffocated, and in a hoarse and almost unintelligible voice exclaimed—

“Preserve us, Heaven!—this looks not well, neighbours.—‘*Tchour me tchour!*’*—But stir not! stir not, at your peril; much do I fear that some misfortune will attend us.”

At these words, the agitation of the spectators increased; some began to murmur, others

* An ejaculation to preserve one's self from sorcery.

screamed with terror at the anticipated danger ; the hair of some stood on end with fear, and the bride fell nearly lifeless into the arms of her father ; who, himself, shook and trembled as if attacked by a fit of the ague.

“What must we do ?” asked the Diak, stut-
tering with affright.

“Stop a moment, and I will try again !”
answered Koudimitch, getting up with appa-
rent difficulty.

He now muttered a few unintelligible words,
blew on all the four quarters of the wind,—and
at one leap jumped over the plank.

“Now, you have nothing to fear,” cried
he ; “we have conquered ; follow me, all of
you.”

He was obliged to repeat this invitation sever-
al times before the newly married couple and
the rest of the company could muster sufficient
determination to obey him ; at last, the example
of Kirsha, who, at the first call stepped into
the yard, operated like a charm. Koudimitch,

on arriving at the door of the *isba*, stopped, and when the passage was filled with people, he turned round, saying—

“I will enter the last ; go you in before me : soon will I triumph over this withered witch.”

Here again, the ceremony of precedence was renewed ; the Steward proposed to the Diak to go first, but the Diak gave up the honour to the Steward.

“I am the master of the house,” said the last, “and thou art a guest ; therefore enter first and be welcome !”

“No, no, Foma Kondratich,” answered the Diak, “thou art the Boyard’s head servant, and it does not become me, who am thy inferior in office, to have the precedence.”

“Well, then, I will go in first,” said the Steward, in whom self-conceit prevailed for a moment over fear. He crossed himself, stepped over the threshold, but instantly fell back with affright, crying out :—

“*Tchour me tchour* !—there is somebody

whispering and muttering in the *isba*. You may enter who feel so disposed, but the world will not tempt me to lead the way."

"Let me go in," said Kirsha, "I am not of this cowardly herd, and care not a straw for witches or wizards."

"Go, youngster, go in," cried several of the company.

"Let him go in," whispered the Steward to the Diak; "let all the evil be heaped on him: whatever misfortune occurs, as he is only a traveller and a stranger, it cannot be of any consequence."

In the mean time, Kirsha entered and seated himself very composedly in the first corner; then came the Steward, and after him the new-married couple with their friends, one by one: all eyes were now turned upon an ugly old hag, who was sitting on the elevated long settle, shaking herself from side to side, and whispering barbarous phrases. Kirsha, who remembered the conversation which took place at the

apiary, between Koudimitch and Gregoriowna, observed on the floor several sheaves of straw, as if thrown there by chance: this convinced him immediately how the farce was likely to end. Therefore, as if accidentally, he kicked them under the settle, leaving the floor bare, to receive the old beldame whenever she chose to throw herself upon it.

“Sit still all of you, on the benches,” cried Koudimitch, from the entrance; “quite still, I say, and do not move in the least degree!”

Scarcely was this order obeyed, when at one leap he appeared in the middle of the *isba*; and, at the same time, the old hag, with a savage yell, flew down head foremost from the elevated long settle, and stretched herself on the hard floor.—The whole company, except Kirsha, cried out in wonder and in fear.

“What, Gregoriowna!” exclaimed Koudimitch, “wilt thou try to equal me again?”

“Forgive me, forgive me,” squeaked the

old woman, in agony, and rubbing her bruised limbs.

“Oho! then thou yieldest, thou old witch?” returned Koudimitch.

“Yes, yes,” returned Gregoriowna, “forgive me, forgive me!—I am to blame.”

“Indeed thou art!” continued the conjuror; “knowest thou not that ‘*the grass-hopper must keep to his own blade of grass*’?”

“Spare me—spare me! Archip Koudimitch,” returned the beldame, trying to raise herself upon her knees.

“Well, be it so,” observed Koudimitch, lending her his hand; “‘*a sin confessed is half forgiven*.’ I am neither cruel nor revengeful; get up, Gregoriowna! Let there be peace between us:—give her a cup of wine and let her sit at the table.—Nay, treat her well,” continued he, in a half whisper, turning to the Steward: “we must not quarrel with her; all hours are not alike, and had I been absent—but why should I wish to conceal it?—’Tis hard to overcome

her skill; for the infernal hag is powerful indeed.’”

“Thou art welcome, *Matushka* Pelagea Gregoriowna,” said the terrified master of the house; “sit here, next to Koudimitch.—But tell me, I pray, why art thou so unkind to us?—we always lived on terms of friendship with thee.”

“No, *Batushka*,” answered the old woman, with a low inclination of the head, “my object was not to injure you, but to try my skill and strength with Archip Koudimitch.”

“Yes, but it seems thou art not strong enough!” interrupted the fortune-teller, laughing, “let this be a lesson to thee for the future; ‘*never rush into the water until thou knowest whether it be fordable* ;’ but now the victory is gained, and quiet restored, let us taste the master’s bread and salt.”

In a few minutes the table was covered with different soups: but a general silence prevailed. The circulation of the wine and *braga*, soon, however, produced an animated conversation,

in which all joined with the exception of Kirsha : he alone kept a guarded silence, and watched the movements of the two necromancers.

To many of the company, and even to the master of the house, it appeared singular that a stranger, who had entered without invitation to the marriage-feast, should take the first place, and eat more than any two at the table, without saying a word to any body ; but his easy behaviour, warlike air, and still more the courage he had shewn, found him favour and respect in the eyes of all the company : every body looked on him with curiosity, but nobody had courage to begin a conversation with him.

Amongst the company was an aged woman-servant, who having whispered to the master, turned to Koudimitch, and asked him whether he could help her in her grief ?

“ Grief is of various kinds, Tatiana Ivanowna !” answered Koudimitch, who had become quite jovial from the effect of a few cups of wine. “ If thou would’st ask me to give

thee back five years of thy life, the request would be ineffectual."

"What wilt thou invent next?" said the woman in anger; "am I so very old!—The question is not about that, Koudimitch, but about something that is missing from the Boyard's garden."

"Has any body stolen one of the horses?" inquired the conjuror.

"No! it is linen that is lost," replied the querist. "Last night I saw it myself, bleaching in the Boyard's kitchen-garden, and to-day it is gone: it was a very stormy night, and no footsteps are visible, so that we do not know whom to suspect."

"Well! then it seems the affair cannot be brought to light without me!" returned the fortune-teller.

"Exactly so, Archip Koudimitch," returned the woman. "Deliver us from this state of suspense:—find me the thief, for I am answerable for the linen."

“Very well, I will not refuse,” said Koudimitch.—“But, no! by way of reconciliation, let all the honour belong to Gregoriowna.” Then, turning to her, he continued—“Well, good woman, shew us thy knowledge!”

“How should I dare before thee, Archip Koudimitch!” answered Gregoriowna humbly.

“Make no more excuses, my dear angel!” replied the conjuror. “I have already performed my part here, it is now thy turn.”

“Well, if thou insistest upon it, it must be so,” returned the beldame. “Give me a ladle-full of water!”

From the commencement of this conversation a deep silence reigned over the whole isba: the talkers became silent, the bridegroom’s men no longer pressed the guests to drink, and the hungry ceased to eat: Kirsha alone, without paying the least attention to the fortune-teller, ate and drank as before.

They gave a ladle full of water to Gregoriowna; and she having whispered over it a

few moments, began to look very attentively on the surface of the liquid. "Oh! merciful Father," said she, at last, shaking her head, "who would have thought it?—a rich peasant,—the father of a large family,—and to do such a thing!"

"Whom dost thou see, then?" asked the Steward, impatiently. "Speak!"

"No! Batushka," answered the beldame; "I cannot, for it is a pity to tell it;—here, look thyself!"

"I see nothing," said the Steward, looking on the water.

"But dost thou see where the Boyard's linen is?" asked the woman-servant.

"I do," answered Gregoriowna; "it is in the barn of Fedka Chomiak, in the kiln."

"So then, it is he?" cried the Steward. "I'm glad of it!—I have long wanted to have him in my power:—I hate that impertinent fellow, whose pride is such that he objects to

take off his hat to my clerk!—Let somebody run to Chomiak's barn!"

Two of the bridegroom's men immediately went out of the isba.

"Well, Gregoriowna, I never expected to find thee so clever," said Koudimitch; "it would not disgrace me to have made such a discovery.—Truly, truly," added he, looking on the ladle of water; "Fedka Chomiak stole the linen, and it is now hidden in his kiln."

"You lie, both of you!"—cried Kirsha, in a tremendous voice.

Koudimitch started, Gregoriowna grew pale, and all eyes were turned upon the Zaporojetz.

"I'll teach you how to tell fortunes, you vile wretches!" continued Kirsha. "You say that the linen is in Fedka Chomiak's kiln?"

"Yes!" said Koudimitch confidently, and recovering from his first confusion. "What!—dost thou think thou knowest it better than I do?"

“It seems that I do,” replied Kirsha. “It is not there, I say.”

“How! not there?” cried Gregoriowna.

“No, my dove!” answered Kirsha composedly. “Thou hast undertaken a profession for which thou art unfit, and hast gained knowledge of it too cheaply.—No, no, Tetka,* a ‘*shtoff of cordial and a pie,*’ are not sufficient.”

At these unexpected words, Koudimitch and Gregoriowna could hardly sit on the bench; and their fears increased when the bridegroom’s men came back, and announced that the linen was *not* in the place they had described.

“Where is it then?” asked the Boyard’s woman-servant.

“Be not afraid; it will certainly be found,” said Kirsha; “send somebody to dig up the snow behind the chapel.”

* *Aunt*—a familiar appellation.

Several of the guests, without waiting for orders from the masters of the feast, ran out of the isba.

“Hear me, good Steward!” continued Kirsha; “sin not against Fedka Chomiak, for he is innocent:—is he not, Koudimitch? Why art thou silent?—thou knowest that it was not *he* who stole the linen.”

The unlucky fortune-teller sat as immovable as a statue, and looked on Kirsha with fear and astonishment, unable to utter a single word.

“Eh! brother, thou art resolved to be silent, art thou!” cried the Zaporojetz.—“Give me a sieve and a cabbage-head, some of you— for, by my superior art, I can give utterance to the dumb, and compel even the robber to open his mouth and confess!”

At these words Koudimitch shook like an aspen-leaf. “Be merciful!” whispered he in a trembling voice; “thou art my superior and I submit!”

“Now, Brat,” continued Kirsha, “thou hast got thyself into a fine scrape!”

“Spare me, spare me! ruin not a wretched man!” returned the fortune-teller, in agony.

“And didst not thou wish to ruin Fedka Chomiak?” replied Kirsha.—“No, no! give me a sieve!—a sieve, I say.”

“Oh! give my soul time to repent!” continued Koudimitch, in a deprecating tone, and crawling to the feet of the Zaporojetz—“Bow down, thou fool,” whispered he to Gregori-owna; who instantly fell down on her knees before Kirsha.

“I will hear nothing,” answered the Zaporojetz; “there is no mercy for wretches like you!—Give me a cabbage-head, I say!”—

“Oh! be merciful!” roared Koudimitch. “I swear to thee, that I will never tell fortunes again so long as I live.”

“Thou wilt not?” returned Kirsha doubtfully. “On thy soul, thou wilt not?”

“ Heaven is my witness, I will not !” responded the conjuror.

“ And thou wilt not teach other people ?” continued Kirsha.

“ I will not,” answered Koudimitch ; “ as I have a soul to be saved !”

“ Well, so be it !” returned Kirsha ; “ no one should be punished on a wedding-day. God will pardon thee ; but beware never to undertake that which thou canst not understand ; no more fortelling events :—rise, both of ye !—If you should attempt it again—it will be whispered to me, and that same moment shall ye both be struck dumb !”

During this strange scene, the astonishment of the company was wound up to the highest pitch ; they saw the fright of Koudimitch depicted in his face, but were not exactly acquainted with the fact that he himself had stolen the linen.

“ What does all this mean ?” said the Diak at last to the Steward.

“What! dost thou not see,” replied the latter, “our wise man has met with one much wiser than himself!”

“Well, Foma Kondratich!” returned the Diak, “this stranger is indeed a wonderful man.—See, see! they are bringing the linen.”

The elderly maid-servant, with a cry of joy, snatched at the linen as it was brought into the isba. “Thank God!” said she, looking over all the pieces, “it is all right!—I’ll run to Vlaciowna and overwhelm her with delight; for, had the search been unsuccessful, how could we have related the loss to the Boyard!”

“What are you waiting for?” said Kirsha to Koudimitch and Gregoriowna. “I have pardoned you both; therefore go away!—Let not your breath any longer contaminate this place!”

The crest-fallen fortune-teller and his pupil, without answering a word, hastily left the isba.

“Let me ask what is thy Honour’s name, and

thy father's name?" said the Steward to the Zaporojetz; "whence dost thou come, and whither art thou going?"

"I come from afar, good man, and am going wherever it may please God to guide me:" answered Kirsha, seating himself on the bench.

"It is easily seen that thou hast gained great worldly knowledge by travelling," returned the Steward.

"Yes, I have travelled so much, that it is time for me to rest from my labours," replied the Zaporojetz.

"It seems then, honoured Sir," observed the Diak, "that thou hast gained all this knowledge beyond the sea?"

"It is true I have crossed the sea," responded Kirsha, "and suffered every kind of hardship; nay, I have even been confined in the prisons of the Infidels."

"Was it far from hence that thou wert imprisoned?" continued the Diak.

“Pretty far,” replied Kirsha; “beyond the Caspian sea.”

“Where is that?” asked the Steward; “on the other side of Kazan?”

“Still farther,” answered the Zaporojetz; “beyond Astrakan.”

“What sort of a country is that, honoured Sir,” continued the Steward; “does Heaven vouchsafe to bestow the same blessings on the Infidels, that it does upon us, who are of the true religion?”

“It seemeth so,” returned the Zaporojetz; “for it is a fine land, and abundantly supplied with silver and gold, and various gems and precious stones, with all kinds of the necessaries of life in profusion.—But there is a great drawback on their happiness; for God has not blessed them with the winter season!”

“How so?” exclaimed the Diak; “is it possible that they have no winter?”

“The snow does not fall there, and the water does not freeze:” replied Kirsha.

“ Oh, merciful Father !” exclaimed the Steward, “ what a dreadful curse !—no winter ! That is, no doubt, a just punishment by the Almighty on the unbaptized Infidels !”

“ Eh ! Foma Kondratich !” whispered the Diak to the Steward ; “ the thing is impossible, and this stranger must be laughing at us !”

“ Thou should'st recount to us, good man,” said one of the guests, “ the other wonderful things of that strange and unhappy land ?”

“ Certainly,” replied Kirsha ; “ but if there was another bottle of *romaneya* on the table, I should relate my anecdotes with more spirit and less reluctance.”

“ How can one possibly refuse such a thing,” said the Steward, “ to such a delightful guest ? Marfa, bring a bottle of *romaneya* out of the cupboard, from the first shelf.—But,” added he in a whisper, “ let us have that which stands on the right hand :—it is already broached.”

The *romaneya* was produced, and the guests

drew nearer to the Zaporozetz ; who, having drank the health of the new-married couple, recounted many strange stories about the Pagan religion of the Persians ;—about Mount Ararat,—the impassable deserts,—the golden sands, and rivers of honey ;—also about lions, elephants and camels :—thus mixing truth with fable, and fixing the attention of the credulous assembly ; who listened with attentive ears and sparkling eyes, to the strange stories of this our second Sinbad.

CHAPTER X.

A LOVE-SICK MAIDEN.

Nurse. — God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Romeo and Juliet.

We now return to the imperious Boyard Timofey Fedorich Kroutchina Schalonsky, who, after he had transacted business with, and given further directions to, his *Stremiannoi*, Omliash, sent one of the *Snakometx* to the women's apartments, to summon before him Vlaciowna, the nurse of his daughter Anastasia. In a few

minutes, an elderly woman, about sixty, entered the audience-chamber. She was dressed in a kind of silk waistcoat, called *chouchoun*,* and a small red cap, trimmed with fur. She made her obeisance first to the corner where the pictures of the saints stood, then bowed down to the ground before her master; rising again in silence, she crossed her hands before her, and awaited his commands.

“What news, Vlaciowna?” asked Kroutchina, “how is my 'Nastasia?”

“Much the same, Batushka Timofey Fedorich,” replied the nurse; “she scarcely eats any thing, has no sleep, and groans and weeps throughout the night;—but about what, she knows not herself. More than a hundred times have I asked her, ‘what ails thee, my dear?—what wouldst thou have, my soul?—what is the matter with thee, my beauty?’ ‘I am sick, good nurse,’ she replies; and that is the only answer I can get!”

* A kind of jacket lined with fur.

The Boyard mused thoughtfully. A cruel man, and a bad citizen, is seldom a fond parent ; but savage beasts themselves love their offspring. Kroutchina loved his daughter as the only means of gratifying his ambition ; for she was destined to be the bride of the King of Poland's greatest favourite : it was only through her means that he could gain the summit of his wishes ; she was his road to honour, power, and riches. After a short silence he asked, " whether his daughter had taken the different medicines prescribed by the Polish physician before he returned to Moscow ? "

" Indeed she has, Batushka Timofey Fedorich," answered the old woman, shaking her head ; " and after them I think she is worse. Thou wilt perhaps be offended with me, but I dare assure thee, that Anastasia Timofeowna's illness is no common disorder.—No, my Lord, there is some secret spell—"

" Dost thou think, Vlaciowna, that she is bewitched ? " said the Boyard.

“She is, indeed, Batushka,” replied the old woman: “God is my witness, she is bewitched!”

“I can scarcely believe it,” returned the Boyard, “but, if nothing else can be done, call Koudimitch.”

“I would have done so,” responded Vlaciowna, “but I have heard from Tatiana Ivanowna, that there is a traveller just arrived here, who far excels Koudimitch. Shall I go and implore his assistance? He is in the village, at the Steward’s house, with the newly married pair.”

“Well, thou mayest send and command him,” returned the Boyard; “let him look at Nastasia. And tell him, if he prove successful, he may name his reward; but, if he fail—woe, woe upon his head!—for, be he a sorcerer, or be he whatever he may,” continued he, rising, “I will flay him alive!—In the afternoon, or, perhaps before, I will come myself to you.”

Vlaciowna, having made humble obeisance to her lord, as before, left his presence; and

having despatched a servant to the village for our friend Kirsha, with Boyard Kroutchina's commands for his immediate appearance at the mansion, she ascended the staircase which led to the *Terem*, or ladies' apartment.

We now request our readers to follow us into the rooms of the Boyard's daughter, the fair Anastasia. She and her attendants occupied two spacious apartments—in the first, the walls were of plain wood, and around were large benches ; on these, several girls were silently spinning : this noiseless occupation was only occasionally disturbed by the low whispers of some, or by the sleepy negligence of others who allowed the spindle to fall from their hands. Here, life was wasted in useless employment and silent listlessness. In the room beyond this, the walls were decorated with red cloth, and in the right-hand corner the highly ornamented and gilded pictures of the objects of adoration were placed, surrounded by elegant furniture. In this room were many large trunks, which contained the

wedding-clothes of the fair Anastasia ; between the windows, hung a large looking-glass, half covered by a napkin, the ends of which were embroidered with silk and gold. Opposite to the door, the high and stately bed was placed, the hangings of which were of rich silk ; around it were low seats, on one of which usually sate the old nurse and constant companion of the Boyard's daughter.

Some of the more favoured attendants, likewise, were permitted to be thus near their mistress. Here, one threaded pearls for a rich head-dress, whilst others embroidered in a frame, with silk and gold. Their faces bloomed with youth, health, and beauty ; but still the gloom of melancholy reigned throughout the apartment : some shed tears of compassion for their fair young mistress ; who, lost in the agony of recollection, unconsciously wept as she supported her head with her white hand, and reclined in an elegant attitude on her bed.—The rose though fading, is still more beautiful than

the other flowers of the field.—Well might it be said of Anastasia,—

“ Amidst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood, superior to them all ;
 For ne'er could Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of fairer form, or lovelier face.”*

Her oriental pearl necklace, and the snow-white veil were not fairer than her complexion ; but on her face appeared the canker of melancholy,—the silent undivulged sorrow, which undermining with ceaseless efforts the blessings of health, leaves only the cold, wan, outline of exquisite features, and former beauty. A rich gold *opachen*† covered her light *feres* ;‡ her head was ornamented with beads wound round

* Scott.

† A woman's upper garment, with long hanging sleeves, which are not used, and a broad cape.

‡ The same as a sarafan, only the sarafan is of a common stuff, and the *feres* is of a rich silk one. The sarafan is the national dress of the Russian women ; it has no sleeve, and is buttoned in front. The common people wear it of coloured linen, nankeen, cloth, &c.

with narrow strips of gold lace; she wore emerald ear-rings, and the sleeves of her dress were fastened with buttons of the same stone: this rich costume contrasted strangely with her languid look and sorrowful demeanour.

“Well, why art thou silent, Terentich?” said Vlaciowna, as she entered the room; near to the door of which stood an old blind man in a threadbare cloth coat; “dost thou not observe that the Boyarishnia is low-spirited?—Begin some new tale, but take care and let it be a merry one.”

“Very well, *Matushka* Agrafena Vlaciowna,” answered the blind man, bending his head very low; “but, if I may be permitted to say so, the tale which I related, before thou wert summoned into the Boyard’s presence, was very amusing.”

“Nonsense, *Batushka*,” returned Vlaciowna; “where is the amusement in it?—A young princess loved a handsome young man;—malicious people separate them, and a horrid giant, Gori-

nich, carries her away into a foreign land amongst strange people;—and the poor orphan, far from her parents and the object of her affection, pines away and dies of grief:—what is there entertaining in all that?”

“Why, my kind mistress lady,” returned the bard, “I cannot change the tale, you know.”

“That’s the very thing I complain of,” returned the nurse, “therefore, let us hear some other.”

“If it pleases you,” returned the old man, “I will relate the adventures of the great Prince Wladimir, and his giant, Dobrin Nikititch?”

“Let us hear them,” said the nurse, taking her seat near Anastasia.

The blind man passed his hand over his face, stroked his beard, and then began as follows:—

“Is it the wind,—is it a noise rising in the desert and lifting up the black dust?—No, it is the mighty Dobrin Nikititch upon his noble

steed, followed by his faithful Torop ; his armour glitters like the morning sun, a silver chain suspends his weighty dagger, and in his right hand he carries a tremendous club. Lo ! he is near the holy city of Kiew—he listens. Around the sacred walls stand the heretic soldiers in numerous array ; he casts a look upon the cursed people, and shouts with a mighty voice. The mountains tremble ; the leaves fade on the trees, and fall ; his fleet horse flies over the hills, and down into the fields below ; under his feet the earth shakes ; fire issues from his mouth, and smoke from his nostrils. The mighty man disperses the heretics far away ; he looks, and they fly ; he brandishes his dagger, and thousands are no more !—”

“Enough, enough, Terentich,” said the lovely Anastasia, with a soft voice ; “thou art tired :—nurse, let him have a glass of brandy.”

“Why not hear the end of the story, my child ?” said Vlaciowna, “mayhap it would please thee ?”

“No, dear nurse,” replied the Boyarishnia ;
“nothing can please me now.”

“Be it even as thou wilt, dear lady,” returned Vlaciowna. “Go, Terentich—But stop !—the Boyarishnia has ordered thee some brandy.” Then, going towards a cupboard, she continued : “But wouldst thou not prefer a glass of *nalivka* ?*—I can give it thee of the best, from my own private bottle.”

“If I may choose without offence,” replied the bard, “I would partake of the Boyarishnia’s bounty ; *nalivka* is doubtless good, but brandy is a better restorative to an old man in this cold weather.”

“Thou shalt have thy wish,” returned Vlaciowna, pouring out a glass of brandy—“there ! drink to our lady’s good health !—But I would have thee know, Terentich, that my *nalivka* is not to be scoffed at ; it is prepared with the

* A strong spirituous cordial, used by the Russian ladies of a certain age.

strongest brandy from Smolensko, and instantly relieveth all inward pains.—I make it myself, according to a receipt furnished me by a Maid of Honour to our late Czarina.—Now, then, go thy way, Terentich, and you, girls, conduct him down, his eyes cannot guide him now.” Then turning to Anastasia, she continued, “Now tell me, dearest child, how can I amuse thee?—what dost thou think?—shall we call Alfonka, the fool?”

“No, no,” replied Anastasia, in a tone of melancholy, “that will not cheer me.”

“But do let us call him, my dear,” continued the nurse; “and Matreshka, the female fool, also: they will chatter together, and scold one another; and if thou likest it, they will fight to amuse thee.” -

“Why didst thou dress me so fine to-day, dear nurse?” interrupted Anastasia, with a heavy sigh:—“even without these ornaments, life is heavy, and a burthen to me.”

“Oh, thou light of my eyes!” answered the

nurse, "how could I avoid it?—To-day, if it please God, we shall appear at table. Dost thou not know that thy mighty father, my honoured master, hath prepared a splendid feast for some great Polish Pan that is expected?"

"A Pan!—who?—oh! what is his name?" exclaimed Anastasia.

"Why dost thou frighten thyself, my dove?" returned Vlaciowna, "didst thou think it was — ? — but no, set thy poor heart at rest, it is not he."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Anastasia, clasping her hands, and weeping for joy.

"O! you girls, you girls!" returned Vlaciowna, "you are all alike!—'It is not he, thank God!'—but supposing it were even he? our dresses would not then be sufficiently magnificent!—No, my child, to-day one Pan Tishkewich is expected; and as to thy betrothed, Pan Goncewsky, there is a horseman arrived, who hath been sent by him from Moscow. Perhaps he may be the servant of thy betrothed, to

give tidings of the bridegroom's visit.—Oh ! it will be a glorious sight, a splendid wedding ;—but what is the matter with thee, my angel ?—Heaven protect thee ! thou lookest quite pale and aghast.”

“ It is nothing, dear nurse, it will pass off,” said Anastasia, in a low voice,—“ but for God's sake ! speak no more of Pan Goncewsky.”

“ And why not speak of thy betrothed ?” returned Vlaciowna. “ O, child, child, is this right ?—I have long observed thou dost not admire him : but thou must learn to conquer this aversion. Who ever heard of opposing a father's commands, or of a maiden choosing for herself amongst her suitors ?—No, no ! thank the Lord, we have not the customs of the foolish foreigners beyond the sea. Our young girls look not for sweethearts, themselves ; but, when the parents give their benediction on the man of *their* choice, then he is the right and proper bridegroom. Shortly, dear lady, thou wilt prove the pleasures of the marriage state. Thy

betrothed is of a great family, high in favour and fame ;—he is not of our faith, it is true. 'Twas strange our late patriarch, Hermogen, should have refused the nuptial blessing ; but thou knowest our new holy patriarch, Ignatius, hath himself written an epistle to thy honoured father ; saying he will bless thee at the altar.—That done, what canst thou wish for, more ?”

“ How dost thou know whether he is the man my heart adores,” sighed Anastasia, “ or that I could ever regard him with the eye of affection ?”

“ What sayest thou, my child ?” returned the nurse ; “ how canst thou help loving him ? Has he not made thee presents of pearls, and gold, and rich silk dresses !—and to me too, old as I am—who would believe it ?—the dear man has thrown into my lap fifty golden nobles at a time, and silk enough for three *telogreyky*,* of a beautiful foreign damask.—And cannot a suitor like this please thee ? Oh ! dearest

* A sort of sarafan.

Anastasia, bring not down the anger of Heaven upon thyself.—What canst thou object to him? Is he not handsome? Is he not tall, strong, and well proportioned? Nay, since I was born, my eyes never beheld a finer!—excepting, perhaps, that handsome young Boyard, —he whom we so often remarked at Moscow, in the church of Spass-na-Borou:—dost thou not remember?—the devout soul—he who stood by the left chorister's desk.—Ah, ah! now thou art a little more cheerful; that's right; thou must always believe us old women! Thou wilt be pleased thyself by and bye, when people look with envy upon thy powerful husband.—But what is the matter? thou frownest again.—Oh, my poor child, thou art surely under a charm! some wicked being has bewitched thee!”

“Anna,” said Anastasia to one of her young female attendants, who was seated the nearest to her,—“sing the song—thou knowest—which I like so well.”

Anna, without moving her eyes from the frame on which she worked, sung as follows, in a sweet, low voice.

(THE VIRGIN BRIDE.)

“ OH, where are now those joyous hours,
Which, in my life's gay dawn,—
Like spring, without its clouds or showers—
Welcom'd each rosy morn ;
When all was innocence and mirth,
With hope—that Paradise on earth ?”—

Thus sung a maid—her trembling voice
Scarcely the words exprest.
Henceforth, that maid shall ne'er rejoice,
Nor in her love be blest.
She ne'er may taste of joys again ;
She loves—but still must love in vain.

A sudden change came o'er her life,
A bridegroom now appears ;—
Yes, she must be that stranger's wife,—
In vain are sighs and tears ;—
And round the altar, hand in hand,*
Obey her parent's harsh command.—

* In the marriage ceremony of the Greek church the married couple walk hand-in-hand round the altar.

Why burns so late the waxen light?—
 No more that maid is seen
 To sigh and mourn throughout the night,
 As she so oft hath been.—
 Behold! behold!—it lights her bier;—
 Behold the virgin's coffin here!"

* * * *

"Hold, hold, Anna," said Vlaciowna, angrily—"thy song is sad enough to make the happiest melancholy. God forgive me! but it resembles a funeral service."

Tatiana Iwanowna now entered the room, and whispered a few words in the nurse's ear.

"Very well, very well!" said Vlaciowna, "but let him wait a little.—Dost thou know, dear lady," continued she, addressing Anastasia, "a strange circumstance has occurred?—There is a stranger arrived at our *selo*; and Heaven only knows what people say of him! Thou knowest what a wise man our Koudimitch is; but 'tis reported that even he was struck dumb in his presence:—let him come, dear lady, and whisper consolation in thine ear. Why dost thou

shake thy head?—I pray thee let him come in, my sweet angel !”

“ Why dost thou wish him to come here, dear nurse ?” inquired Anastasia, peevishly.

“ Because,” returned Vlaciowna, “ if he is what they declare, he may cure thy illness.”

“ My illness !” said Anastasia, with a sigh ; “ no, dear nurse, death, only death can remove that !”

“ Indeed, Boyarishnia,” replied Vlaciowna, “ such thoughts do not become a young lady of so brilliant a fortune, and expectations such as thine. I must inform thee, however, that my lord, thy father, ordered this wise man to be introduced to thee, and I dare not disobey him.”

“ If my father commands it,” returned Anastasia, “ let him come in.”

The Boyarishnia then arose from her couch, and seating herself on the bench, prepared to receive the stranger.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SPELL REMOVED.

“ Ah, Juliet ! I already know thy grief ;
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must,—and nothing may prorogue it,—
On Thursday next, be married to this County !”

SHAKSPEARE.

The door being opened, our old acquaintance Kirsha made his appearance.—On his way from the Steward's house, he had learned from the servant who accompanied him, the nature of the business for which he was thus summoned by the Boyard, as well as other particulars relating to the family ; and he, accordingly, determined

not to let slip so excellent an opportunity of serving his friend and benefactor, the young Boyard Milolasky.—He made a low bow to the four corners of the room, and stopped upon the threshold.

“ Welcome ! welcome ! ” said Vlaciowna, “ and may it be a lucky moment :—welcome ! here is our sick lady.”

“ I see, I see,” answered Kirsha, entering and glancing at Anastasia—“ hum, hum !—I must speak a few words in private with your Boyarishnia.”

“ But may not I remain ? ” said Vlaciowna.

“ No, no, Babushka,”* replied the Zaporozetz, “ nobody—a female particularly—is ever permitted to overhear the secrets of the other world.—We who dive into futurity, would be ourselves punished by our great master, did we not take care to avoid filling the ear of the stranger.”

“ Well, well,” returned the nurse, pettishly,

* Grandmother.

“let it be as thou wishest:—withdraw, my girls; let us withdraw to a distance; although, indeed, I consider, that, as far as regards myself, Batushka, wise as thou art, thou oughtest to shew more respect and reverence towards me, as the young lady’s nurse, and as a woman of experience, than to conceal from me whatever relates to the welfare of the Boyarishnia.”

Kirsha cut short this remonstrance, by saying, “I tell thee what, Babushka! I have no time to waste with thee in idle words; therefore,—wert thou the devil’s own grandame,—if thou dost not instantly get beyond ear-shot,—that is, into the next apartment, I will utter a charm which will transport thee to the regions of the Anthropophagi, the Centaurs, and the Cyclops, — ten thousand miles beyond Kamschatka!”—Then waving his hand aloft, he continued, “Beware!—I am just going to begin!”

At these words the young women, terrified almost to death, gathered up their work, and scampered out of the room; but, Vlaciowna

lingering,—or perhaps not so able to make her escape in time,—the Zaporozetz gave solemn utterance to the following jargon—

“Tchour ! me Tchour ?—Gammery gommery, gush !
Banshog tremaforka rombo columnoi !—balacondra !”—

“Hold ! hold !” exclaimed Vlaciowna ; “for Jesus’ sake, forbear !—Stop only for one instant, and I will vanish from thy sight !”—With these words, she waddled off with her utmost speed.

Kirsha now approached nearer to Anastasia ; and bowing low, begged permission to look at her right hand. With visible unwillingness she consented ; and the Zaporozetz, having looked steadfastly into the hollow, and tracing the lines with his fore-finger, said, in a low voice, “Anastasia Timofeowna ! I must tell thee the truth : thou liest under a charm or spell—thou art bewitched !”

On hearing these words, the Boyarishnia glanced a disdainful look at Kirsha, and turned away her head.

“Yes, yes, Boyarishnia,” repeated Kirsha, gravely, “thou art bewitched by a blue-eyed spirit.—Thy illness lies in the heart.”

The pale cheeks of the fair Anastasia became covered with blushes at these words: she looked at Kirsha with hesitation, and made an effort to speak; but the words died away on her lips.

“Thou didst meet this spirit for the first time, last winter, in Moscow,” continued Kirsha.

Anastasia shuddered, looked around with alarm, and then fixed her eye upon the Zaprojetz; who said, after a short pause, “Thou didst meet him almost every day, at the cathedral church of *Spass-na-Borou*.”

At these words Anastasia drew back her hand, and uttered a loud shriek.

“What ails thee?—what is the matter, my child?” exclaimed Vlaciowna, entering the apartment with the girls, and running up to the bed.

“Nothing, nothing at all, good nurse,” answered Anastasia—“only, go away.”

“ If thou darest to come near us again, old woman,” said Kirsha, angrily, “ thou wilt ruin the enchantment.—Go ! stand at the most distant corner of the room, and there, if thou likest, look on in silence.—Thy hand again, Boyarishnia !” continued he, when Vlaciowna was far enough off. “ Well, lady, thou canst not complain, for if he has bewitched thee, thou hast done the same to him :—thou pinest away for him, but he dies for thee.”

“ Look, look,” said Vlaciowna to the girls, —“ what is the matter with our Boyarishnia ? —her face burns like fire ! She looks as she did before her illness—the Lord be praised for it !”

“ Let us look farther !” said the Zaporojetz ; and after a few minutes’ silence he continued,—“ Yes, thou hast another cause of grief, that oppresses thy heart, like the fog in autumn. I see —they will try to compel thee to marry a great Polish Pan ; but do not be afflicted, Anastasia Timofeowna !—that wedding shall never take

place.—I will speak a few words to thy father : his determination to take thee to Moscow shall be altered.—Thy destined spouse shall not come hither : he will soon have plenty of employment elsewhere.”

“May Heaven grant it to be so !” exclaimed Anastasia, crossing her hands devoutly on her breast.

“Yes, Boyarishnia !” continued the Zaporojetz, “the time shall come, when he who is the most exalted shall be debased.”

“Look, look !” said the young Anna, “our lady is weeping ; but still she smiles through her tears—’tis wonderful !”

“Hush ! Anna, be still !” whispered Vlaciowna, endeavouring to catch a few words of the conversation, which seemed to become every moment more interesting.

“I tell thee, lady,” said Kirsha, “thy blooming beauty will not return unto thee, until these eyes have seen the bewitcher ;—nor until thou goest around the altar with him.”

“With him?” said Anastasia, in a trembling voice.

“Yes, yes; with him,” answered Kirsha; “that shall be thy destiny.”

Anastasia remained in mute astonishment; unexpected joy overwhelmed her heart, and choked her utterance. Her eyes were raised with gratitude to Heaven; but suddenly her features changed, her composure abated, and her eyes lost their brightness.—“No, no!” said she, pushing away the hand of the Zaprojetz, “my honoured, but deceased mother, commended my trust in God alone, and thou art a sorcerer—the enemy of God.—Truth speaks not by thy tongue:—away, away, thou art a seducer.—I will not, cannot, believe thee!—Nay, if I credited thy words, even to my utmost wish, how could I, on my bended knees, thank my Redeemer and his holy Mother!”

“The belief is with thyself, Boyarishnia,” responded Kirsha; “but, know that I am no

sorcerer, and there is not the least sin in believing my words."

"Thou art not a sorcerer!—what art thou then?" exclaimed Anastasia.

"In the eyes of others I am a sorcerer," replied Kirsha; "how else could I gain access to thee?—but I call the Virgin to witness that I am as good a Christian as even thyself; and if I lie, spurn me from the house like a dastard coward; or, like the assassin of a brother Cossack, bury me alive!"

"By what miracle, then, couldst thou guess what only I, and the Lord above, can possibly know?" inquired the Boyarishnia.

"It is a long tale to tell thee, lady," replied Kirsha; "but believe my words—I am no sorcerer; and yet I know that Youry Demetrich Milolasky loves thee; and that probably you will soon see each other. Meanwhile, lady, pray to God, and live in hope!—With respect to Pan Goncewsky, I am also very confident thou wilt never marry him; these heretics will

soon be involved in distress and confusion in Moscow:—Kirsha, the Zaporojetz, pledges himself to this truth!—But how can the Pole think of marrying? 'Twill be hard for him to save himself from the impending ruin which is at hand.—Well, Boyarishnia, art thou convinced?"

"Yes, and I think I feel more tranquil," said Anastasia, heaving a profound sigh.

"Now," said Kirsha, turning to the attendants, "you may all approach."

"How art thou, my child?" inquired Vlaciowna, running up to the young lady.

"Ah, my dear, dear nurse," replied Anastasia, "if thou couldst but know—thank God!—I am so happy—I feel so light!—Thou must wish me joy," continued she, throwing her arms around the neck of the old woman. "Dear Anna—and all of you—come near to me—let me share my joy with you, as you have shared my grief."

Tears flowed from her beautiful eyes whilst she spake; then turning round to the pictures

of the saints, she waved to her attendants to withdraw, saying, "Leave me to my prayers and meditations."

They all retired into the next room, and Vlaciowna hastily taking hold of Kirsha, impatiently began — "Well, Batushka, honour and glory to thee!—Never did I hear of, or see, such a wonder as this in my life—at one single visit to be quite cured! as if she had never been ill!—Ask our master for any reward that thou thinkest proper, and he will gladly give it thee!"

"I do not want much," answered the Zaporjetz; "but if thy Boyard would give me a horse—"

"He will give thee three, as soon as he knows thy wish," returned the overjoyed Vlaciowna; —"but wilt thou not come again to see our dear lady?"

"It is not necessary," replied Kirsha. "I wish, however, to speak a few words to her father.—As for thee, Matushka, I must shew

thee how to treat her in my absence.—Look here, take this !”

“ What is it, *Batushka* ?” inquired the old woman,—“ a rusk ?”

“ Yes, yes,” replied the pretended sorcerer, “ a rusk.—Take care to soak this rusk for seven days in any beverage she likes, whether it be water, or *kuas*,* or *hydromel*,† or any thing else.”

“ Well, *Batushka* ?” said the nurse, eagerly.

“ Thou must fill the mug to the top,” continued *Kirsha*, “ and offer it with the left hand.”

“ Very well, *Batushka* ;” returned the grateful *Vlaciowna*, curtseying, and turning the rusk over in her hand.

“ But during all this time,” said the *Zaporojetz*, repressing a smile which rose to his lips, “ thou, thyself, must drink only of the clear spring, and put thy *nalivka* entirely away.”

“ What !” exclaimed the old woman ;—“ but

* A national beverage made of malt and fermented rye.

† A sort of cordial.

who told thee, *brat*,* that I am in the habit of drinking *nalivka* ?”

“Darest thou deny it, *sestra* ?”† returned the Zaporojetz:—“fearest thou not that Satan will appear and carry thee off in a whirlwind, into his kingdom of sulphur and flames?—But, independent of my knowledge of the stars above, do I not perceive thy fondness for *nalivka*, by the pimples on thy face, and the very redness of thy nose !”

“Oh ! the insolent wretch !” muttered Vlaci-owna to herself:—“were he not a conjuror, I could scratch his eyes out !”—Then, addressing Kirsha, she said,—“But, dear *Batushka*, may I not take my *nalivka* as a medicine for cholic and the windy spasms ; or as a cordial before dinner ?”

“Neither before nor after dinner,” said Kirshá, sternly. “Dost thou hear?—not one drop !”

* Brat—Brother.

† Sestra—Sister.

“ I hear, I hear, *Batushka*,” returned *Vlaciowna*. “ I am not deaf—what ! drink nothing but water for seven long days !—Well, well, if it must be so,—it must ;—they say very truly that all these fortune-tellers are full of strange whims.—Seven days without *nalivka* !—Oh dear !—Oh dear !”—

At this moment, two men-servants entered the room, and, opening the folding-doors, stood in respectful attitudes as *Boyard Kroutchina* appeared. The female attendants, rising up immediately, stood against the wall, in a straight line, bowing reverently and silently down to the ground. *Vlaciowna* alone, forgetting the veneration and fear which all entertained for him, ran towards him on his entrance, exclaiming aloud, “ Welcome ! my Lord *Timofey Fedorich*, welcome !—what wilt thou give for good news ?”

“ What is the matter with the old woman ?—hast thou lost thy senses ?” said the *Boyard*.

“ If I have lost my senses, my good father,”

replied Vlaciowna, "there need be no great wonder.—Dost thou know that our dear Boyarishnia is quite cured?"

"Is that possible?" returned Kroutchina.

"Come and see it, thyself, Batushka," replied the joyous nurse.

The Boyard went to his daughter, and after a few minutes returned again. His features displayed joy and astonishment, mixed, however, with suspicion; and he cast an inquisitive glance at Kirsha, who stood composedly looking at him.

"What is thy name?" asked Kroutchina.

"Kirila,"* answered the Zaporojetz.

"How long is it since thou camest hither?" inquired the Boyard.

"This morning," answered Kirsha.

"Whither art thou going?" continued Kroutchina.

* Kirsha is the diminutive, or domestic appellation of KIRILA; but as we set out with the first of these names, we will so continue to designate him throughout the work.

“ To my native land, to Czaritzino,” replied the Cossack.

“ When thou didst pass through the courtyard, and didst meet Boyard Milolasky’s servant, thou didst speak to him,” —returned the Boyard ; “ are ye much acquainted ?”

“ We slept together at the same inn,” responded Kirsha.

“ He said thou art a Zaporojetsky Cossack ?” observed Kroutchina.

“ Yes, I am a Zaporojetz,” answered Kirsha, “ but my father and mother are of Czaritzino.”

“ Wouldst thou not like to remain here in my service ?” rejoined the Boyard.

“ No, Timofey Fedorich,” returned the Cossack, calmly, “ I would rather live at home.”

On hearing this reply, the haughty forehead of the Boyard became covered with frowns ; he looked angrily at Kirsha, and after a few moments’ silence, continued,—“ Thou hast re-

lieved my daughter's illness—what reward can I give thee ?”

“ I have lost my horse, Boyard,” returned the Zaporojetz, “ and never was used to travel on foot.”

“ Thou mayest choose the best in my stable,” said Kroutchina.—“ I will not ask thee by what wonderful means thou hast cured my daughter ; I care not whether thou art a sorcerer or an impostor ;—but who will answer for it that her illness will not return again ?—thou must stop here until I am quite sure of her recovery.”

“ That cannot be, Boyard,” rejoined Kirsha ; “ I am in haste to get home.”

“ Thou must stop here, I say,” returned the Boyard, in a tone of authority.

“ No, Timofey Fedorich,” replied the Zaporojetz, in a firm voice, “ indeed I will not.”

The Boyard looked with surprise upon Kirsha. He was so much accustomed to the implicit obedience of every one around him,

that he could not comprehend the boldness of a common Cossack soldier, who was completely in his power, but who dared to resist his will. "We will see," said he at length, with a disdainful smile,—“we will see whether a vagabond Zaporozetz is stronger than Boyard Schalonsky !”

“Thou hast me in thy power, Timofey Fedorich,” returned Kirsha, composedly ;—“thou mayest detain me by force ; but take care thou hast not to repent thy want of faith !”

Kroutchina’s eyes sparkled with fury :—they shone like those of a tiger. “Silence, slave !” cried he, with a thundering voice. “Dost thou dare to threaten me !—dost thou know, vagabond, that I have power to seize every sorcerer in my territory, and to hang him like a mad dog upon the first tree ?”—

“And wilt thou be the better for it afterwards,” answered Kirsha, boldly,—“when thine only child will pine away and die, before thou

canst call the mighty Pan Goncewsky thy son-in-law?"—

The Boyard turned pale at these words, and darted a look of terror upon the Zaporozetz: there was an awful silence for some seconds. At length, the fear of losing an only child, and with her, all hopes of splendour and power, overcame his desire of punishing the bold stranger.—“He, who could cure his daughter in a few minutes,” thought he, “might make her ill again as soon.”

This thought saved Kirsha.

The features of the Boyard, distorted to the highest pitch of wrath and anger, began by degrees to resume their usual cold and austere composure: he looked sternly, however, upon all the attendants, as if to remind them that the boldness of Kirsha must never be an example to them; then turning in a friendly manner to the Zaporozetz, he said, “Well, I see that at least thou art not a coward:—if thou wilt

not stay, go thy way in peace;—I will not detain thee.”

“ There is reason in thy determination, Boyard,” said Kirsha, with composure. “ Thou shouldst never have conquered my silence by force ; but for thy kindness, I will tell thee what otherwise thou shouldst never have known. Anastasia Timofeowna was bewitched in Moscow ; and shouldst thou carry her thither again before six months and six days be expired, the spell which I have dissolved will bind her once more, and her cure will become impossible.”

“ Six months !”—exclaimed the Boyard ; “ why, the very next month I must absolutely carry her to Moscow.”

“ Do not execute thy intention, Timofey Fedorich,” said Kirsha, in a significant tone.

“ It is impossible to avoid it,” replied the Boyard ; “ I have pledged my word to Pan Goncowsky.”

“ Recal thy word,” rejoined the Zaporozetz.

“Can nothing be done?” inquired Kroutchina, anxiously.

“Nothing, Boyard,” replied Kirsha. “It is my duty to inform thee that if thou carriest thy daughter to Moscow before six months and six days,—the very next Friday after her arrival, thou wilt have to pray for her soul!”

“Thou liest, scoundrel!”—roared Kroutchina, shuddering with horror.

“Why should I lie, Boyard?” rejoined Kirsha, calmly. “I profit nothing by incensing thee:—the circumstance of thy daughter travelling to Moscow cannot injure me—mayhap I may not even know it.”

The Boyard became thoughtful, and Kirsha continued:—“I have finished, wilt thou permit me to retire?”

“Andrushka,” said Kroutchina to one of the servants, “conduct him to the *Selo*, and desire the Steward to observe the strictest hospitality towards him; but to detain him until to-morrow evening, when he may depart:—let him be

presented with the best horse in my stable, and three gold nobles.—But above all,” said Kroutchina, in a half whisper, “be sure to tell the Steward not to allow this Cossack even to quit the yard for a moment; neither is he to permit any stranger to exchange a word with him in private:—this fortune-teller appears to me to be a very suspicious character.”

Kirsha retired with the servant. At the same moment five Polish noblemen on horseback, richly dressed, entered the Boyard's courtyard, followed by five hussars, whose dress, though magnificent, would appear in our days a mere masquerade costume. They all wore coats of mail and helmets;—two large wings were fastened to the former, and two smaller ones to the latter. On their shoulders, instead of cloaks, they wore leopard-skins, which floated on the passing breeze: and each was armed with a sabre and small javelin, or lance, ornamented with coloured streamers.

“Here is Pan Tishkewich, with his compa-

nions," said Boyard Kroutchina, looking out at the window. "But who is that on his left? —I think I never saw so ugly a man before!"

Saying this, Schalonsky went to receive his guests, and Vlaciowna and the girls returned to the room of their Boyarishnia.

CHAPTER XII.

CONVERSATION BEFORE DINNER.

“ Captain ! — thou abominable, damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—Captain?—If Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them.—You a Captain, you slave !”

Henry IV.—Part 2.

THE house-steward and some of the servants met the guests on the stairs. A stout, clumsy Pole, who rode by the side of Pan Tishkewich, before he reached the steps, sprang, or rather rolled off his horse ; but was sufficiently active to be the first to assist his commander to alight. Probably every one of my readers knows, by

report at least, the renowned Sancho Panza; to whom our officious Pole at this moment bore a striking resemblance;—though the appearance of Pan Tishkewich did not at all remind one of the knight of the woeful countenance. The Pan was of middle stature, broad shouldered, and sat very gracefully on his horse. A quick motion and undaunted look,—a dark but open countenance,—in short, a certain warlike appearance indicated that Pan Tishkewich had passed the greater part of his life in the camp: he had always been accustomed to live in the open air, and marched with as much indifference into the hottest battle, as if he had been going to meet a jovial party of his friends. Three fine Polish youths, distinguished by their enormous moustachios and haughty air, exhibited a strong contrast to the good nature seen on the open and noble physiognomy of their commander.

Boyard Kroutchina met his guests in the dining-room. On seeing the portrait of the King

of Poland, with the well-known inscription,* the Poles looked at one another with a triumphant smile; Pan Tishkewich also smiled, but when his eyes met those of the master of the house, something like contempt appeared in them, which he seemed to suppress with difficulty:—nor was there any cordiality in the proffered mark of friendship of Boyard Kroutchina.

After the usual compliments, Tishkewich first presented to the master of the house his brother officers, and then the stout Pole who had so well performed the part of an esquire.

“This rosy-cheeked jester,” said he, “Pan Kopichinsky, would have been your guest, if I had not come; for he is sent as a courier from Moscow, with the news that the Czaric† is killed.”

“How!” cried Kroutchina, “the thief of Touchin?”—

* “Sigismund King of Poland and Czar of Russia.”

† The Second Impostor was denominated Czaric by the Poles.

“ Yes,” replied Tishkewich, “ he was killed in Kalouga, where he generally concealed himself like a bear in his den.”

“ The Kalougans have at length recovered their senses ?” observed the Boyard Kroutchina.

“ His death was not the act of the Kalougans, Boyard,” said Pan Kopichinsky, with a haughty air.—“ I know that affair well :—he was killed by Peter Ourossoff, the re-baptised Tartar ; and the Kalougan citizens, to revenge his death, cut all the Tartars to pieces, and crowned his new-born son, by the name of Ivan Demetrivitch, Czar of Russia.”

“ The fools !” cried the Boyard ; “ do they think it more honourable, then, to submit to the grandson of the Waywode of Sandomir, than to the reigning King of Poland ?—I am confident Pan Goncewsky will easily subdue these traitors :—Sapega and Lissowsky will not assist them.—Come, my friends ! refreshments are ready, and you stand in need of them.”

So saying, the Boyard conducted his guests into another apartment, in which was a round table, containing several dishes of cold meat, and bottles of brandy.

When the visitors had satisfied their appetites, the conversation was resumed.

“Dost thou know, Boyard,” said Pan Tishkewich, wiping his moustachios, “that we have been hunting this morning on thy estate?”

“Thou art welcome to the amusement,” answered the Boyard ;—“amuse yourselves, gentlemen, as you please.”

“And,” continued Tishkewich, “we nearly caught the animal.”

“Then you had no sport?” observed the Boyard.—“But, no matter : if it is your pleasure, we will go and hunt together to-morrow, and I promise you—”

“Do not promise, Boyard,” interrupted Pan Tishkewich ; “the animal is far off by this time, and such beasts are rare.—We were endeavouring to catch a youth this morning,

who is on his route to Nijni Novogorod with government money."

"To Nijni?" cried Kroutchina.

"Yes, to Nijni," reiterated Tishkewich. "Here is Pan Kopichinsky, who can faithfully describe him to you, for *he* crammed him nearly to death."

"Yes," said Kopichinsky, swallowing a glass of brandy; "but he escaped my vigilance.—I found him with two others at an inn, ten wersts from hence.—At the first sight he appeared a suspicious character, so I began to question him categorically; but his answers were so contradictory, that I seized him by the collar. The fellow was bold at first, and talked in a high tone; but he mistook his man: I pinned him to the wall and pointed a pistol at his forehead:—the coward screamed aloud; and, half dead with fear, confessed—"

"But how didst thou happen to let him go?" demanded the Boyard, with impatience.

"Thou shalt hear," resumed Kopichinsky.

“ I ordered him to be secured in a cold isba, and over him placed a guard :—I then went to sleep. It seems, however, that my Cossacks—the fiends seize the sleepy scoundrels !—dozed, so that the prisoner escaped by the window, mounted his horse, and he and his companions concealed themselves in the wood.—Why dost thou shake thy head, Boyard ?” continued Kopicichinsky, not in the least confused ;—“ perhaps thou dost not believe me, yet it is all true as holy writ—ask Pan Regimenter.”

“ Don’t depend upon me, Pan,” said Tishkevich ; “ I know no more about it than the Boyard himself, and am therefore not a proper judge ; I only recollect hearing thee say they were locked up in a passage, and not in an isba.”

“ Well, is not that all the same ?” interrupted Kopicichinsky :—“ the fact is they stole out of the passage or isba ; and when you arrived with your rēgiment, they could not be far off :—so that it is not my fault if your people did not catch them.”

“We killed a horse belonging to one of them,” said Pan Tishkewich; “but for that, the bravest soldier in my regiment is now lying with seven shots in his shoulder.”

“Thou sayest they got out of the window, and with arms?” observed the Boyard;—“dost thou not remember what they were like?”

“One of the men,” replied Kopichinsky, “was a jolly, corpulent servant.”

“And he also went out at the window?” interrupted Kroutchina.

“Fright enables us to effect impossibilities, Boyard,” returned Kopichinsky; “when threatened by death, a man will pass through a chink:—another was like a Cossack; and the principal person was a young man with light flaxen hair, tall, fair and pale;—or, perhaps he seemed so to me, as he became terrified and turned as white as a sheet when I put the pistol to his head.—He was dressed very neatly in a crimson-coloured cloth caftan.”

“In one word,” rejoined the Boyard, “he

was just like that young man who stands behind thee.”

At these words Kopichinsky turned round, and starting back, cried out in a fright—“There he is !—hold him ! seize him !—he has got a pistol in his bosom.”

“No, no, Pan,” said Youry, with a smile, “I have no pistol about me now ; nor do I ever invite strangers to eat what does not belong to me.”

“What does all this mean ?” exclaimed Pan Tishkewich ;—“Explain.”

“First, let me introduce you to each other,” said Kroutchina. “This is Boyard Youry Demetrich Milolasky ;—he is sent to me from Moscow with a secret commission from Pan Goncewsky.”

The Poles politely returned Milolasky’s salutation ; and Pan Tishkewich, turning to Kopichinsky, asked him in an angry tone, “How he dared to invent such a story ?”

Kopichinsky made no reply, but casting his

inanimate eyes upon Youry, stood as if he were riveted to the spot:—a cold shiver proved that the unhappy sycophant was not exactly turned into a statue.

“I see it is impossible to come at the truth with him,” continued Tishkewich,—“give thyself the trouble, Pan Milolasky, to recount to us by what means he could have known, that thou wert the bearer of government money to Nijni Novogorod?—how he locked thee and thy servants up in a cold isba,—and how you all three jumped out of a window, which I think a chicken could hardly squeeze through?”

Youry recounted to them all the particulars of his meeting with Kopichinsky, among which the roasted goose was not forgotten. Pan Tishkewich laughed heartily: but the other Poles seemed not to relish the story; especially one, who curling his interminable moustachios, eyed the narrator in no friendly manner.

“May perdition be my lot!” cried he, at last,

“if I believe a Pole would submit to such a cowardly indignity.”

“Ah ! Pan Rotmistre,” said Tishkewich, “the feelings of Poles differ.”

“Had I been in the place of that contemptible coward,” continued Rotmistre, casting a look of malignant disdain upon Kopichinsky, who was stealing out of the room, “I swear by my moustachios— !”

“Better, much better would it have been to die,” said the Regimenter, “rather than submit to eat a whole goose !—but true it is that even a Pole will laugh on hearing that a brave Muscovite has given so good a lesson to such a sycophant and coward, although he wears a kountoush* and calls himself a Pole.—Give me thy hand, Pan Milolasky ; let us be friends !—Thou art not an enemy of the Poles ; but if thou wert, I would say the same thing :—we love the brave, and it is a pleasure to fight with them.—As to you, redoubtable Pan Ko-

* A Polish national dress.

pichinsky—Ah! ah! he has already given us the slip!—so much the better:—I hope, Boyard, thou wilt not oblige us to sit at the same table with that cowardly braggart.—I should think he has not much appetite, but if he have, do me the pleasure to order him to be regaled in the pantry.—Eh! Pan,” added he, turning again to Youry, “I think we exchanged horses?”

“Mine,” returned Youry, “will not carry any body far; he is now lying in the wood, near the great road. As to thy horse,—which I now understand it to be,—I mounted it in a moment of danger; being thereto, I may say, compelled, by a noble-hearted fellow-traveller.”

“Make no apology, Boyard, I pray,” rejoined Pan Tishkewich, “the affair is settled; thou art welcome to my horse: it was no fault of thine that I believed this sycophant Kopicinsky, who ought to thank God that he is not now dangling to a tree. He would not have

escaped from that exaltation, if my people had shot thee instead of thy horse."

"Permit me to ask, Pan Regimenter," said Youry, "what is become of one of my companions?—the Cossack who remained on foot in the wood?"

"I dare say he is rambling about in it still," replied the Pole.

"Then it is thy opinion that he is safe?" returned Youry,—“Thank God!”

"Yes, safe enough!" replied Pan Tishkewich. "The rogue nearly blinded my servant, carried off my horse, and shot the bravest fellow I had; but I am not displeased with him, for if he had not given thee the horse in lieu of thine which was killed, it is doubtful whether I should have made thy acquaintance."

Meanwhile, the number of the guests was visibly augmented by the arrival of Schalonsky's neighbours, the greater part of whom were sons of Boyards :* two only were of a very high

* The sons of Boyards composed the first class of the

rank : viz, Lesouta Chrapounoff and Zamiatna Opaleff.

The first had formerly held the honourable post of *striaptchi*,* at the court of the Czar Fedor Ivanowitch. His appearance had nothing deserving notice : he was thin and of middle stature, and notwithstanding his bushy beard and haughty air and gait, his manners differed from those of courtiers, generally : he spoke incessantly of the late Czar Fedor Ivanowitch ; merely to have the opportunity of continually repeating, that his favourite chamberlain was Lesouta Chrapounoff !

Russian nobility not yet invested with a specific rank. Estates were given them ; and, by their tenure, they were obliged to hold themselves in readiness to serve in the event of war, with a certain number of cavalry armed and equipped at their own expense.

* Chamberlain, or Lord of the Chamber. They had the charge of trifling articles in the Czar's wardrobe, such as the cap, gloves, handkerchiefs, walking-sticks, &c. Those who were decorated with a key, though they performed the same duty, were equal in rank to the Doumnoi Dvorianin ; and, consequently, were above the chamber Stolnicks.

The second, Zamiatna Opaleff, having been a *doumni dvorianin*,* under the same czar, shewed at the first glance, far more the manners and bearing of a courtier : he was tall, and very corpulent, with a fine large beard, covering his broad chest and descending to his girdle : his speech and gestures were slow and solemn, interrupted by frequent pauses.—Having been many years in the service of the above mentioned most pious Czar of Russia, Zamiatna Opaleff was accustomed to quote passages from the Scriptures on all occasions ; the which, by painful perseverance, he had lodged in his memory :—such knowledge being at that time considered the best proof of an excellent education, and not seldom preferred to sense, and other good qualities, which were extremely rare at the Czar's court.

Boris Fedorich Godounof, the usurper,—knowing how to value merit,—soon after his ac-

* Member of the supreme council.

cession to the throne, gave them both permission to retire from his service; and ever since that time, from humble courtiers, they became the greatest but most harmless enemies of the government: every thing done at the court was the object of their continual animadversion. The recognition of the false Dimitry, as Czar of Russia,—the interregnum,—the irruption of the enemy into the heart of Russia,—in a word, all the misfortunes which befel the country,—were, as they thought, the natural consequences of the ingratitude shewn to them!

“ If the Czar Fedor Ivanowitch, of blessed memory, were now living, and Lesouta Chrapounoff still held the situation which he once had,”—said the dismissed chamberlain,—“ never would Grishka Otrepief have presumed to call himself ‘ Dimitry.’ ”

“ If Dvorianin Opaleff sat, as he once did, in the czar’s privy council,” said Zamiatna, frequently, “ the Poles would not have been in Moscow, but the Russians in Cracow!—and,”

added he, with a bitter smile, “ ‘ *Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners ; nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.* ’ ”

In the reign of the false Dimitry and of Chiousky, both these dignitaries endeavoured to return to the court, but their endeavours were fruitless. They then resolved to join the party of Schalonsky, who persuaded Lesouta that the union of Russia with the Polish crown would infinitely increase the number of dignitaries ; and that he might not only recover his former high office, but even as a reward for his great services, obtain the title of Marshal in his Polish Majesty's palace.—And Zamiatna Opa-leff was led to believe that he certainly would have a seat in the Polish senate ; in which, by the abolition of the Russian *douma*,* senators would be appointed to administer the affairs of Russia.

When the master of the house had introduced these two *ex-official* characters to the Poles,

* The Privy Council.

AND

Zamiatna, after some compliments, uttered with all the pomp of a would-be senator, asked Pan Tishkewich, "if he came from Moscow with his regiment?"

"Yes," answered the Pole, abruptly, not at all prepossessed in favour of the speaker, nor in that of his bloated figure.

"Is it then true," asked Lesouta Chrapounoff, in his turn, "that they have sworn allegiance in Moscow, not to the glorious King Sigismond, but to his young son Wladislaus?"

"Yes, it *is* true," responded Tishkewich.

"Oh, the wisecres!" exclaimed Zamiatna, "*Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!*" said Solomon;—but what can you expect from the Boyards, who sat at the *douma*, when the villain Godounof reigned?"

"Why dost thou not go thyself to Moscow?" demanded Pan Tishkewich, with a sneer; "thou wouldst keep them in the right path."

"Canst thou think I would join such a senseless crew?" returned Zamiatna; "the Lord

preserve me from them !—it is not in vain that Sirach says, ‘ *He who touches a coal will be defiled, and he who frequents the company of fools will become like them.* ’ ”

“ Thou speakest truly,” observed Lesouta : “ in the reign of the Czar Fedor Ivanowitch, of blessed and glorious memory, there *were* heads ; and now—but what is the use of talking !—when I held, in his bright presence, the distinguished office of Chamberlain, his Majesty coming once from the matins, said to me—”

“ Thou mayest as well tell us at dinner,” interrupted the master of the house.—“ Welcome ! welcome, dear guests, to what God hath sent us ! ”

CHAPTER XIII.

A RUSSIAN BANQUET.

O'er the dread feast malignant Chemia scowls
And mingles poison in the nectared bowls,
Fell Gout peeps grinning through the flimsy scene,
And bloated Dropsy pants behind unseen.

DARWIN.

THE guests now returned to the dining-room, in which stood a table covered with a coloured cloth, and groaning under the weight of different eatables. All the dishes, plates, and cups were of pewter; but near to the table, in an open cupboard, were seen fine silver ladders, decanters, goblets, wine-glasses and mugs. Before each cover stood three silver cruets, con-

taining oil, salt and pepper, and a fourth of glass, with vinegar. The best and most esteemed dish was a *roasted peacock*, with which the dinner commenced ; *lapsha** was next served up with fowls : the table was then crowded with *tchi*,† various soups, a large lamb-pie garnished with eggs, different roasted meats, cheese, &c.

The magnificence of the feast was estimated by the number of dishes, for our ancestors were more addicted to quantity than to the quality of the repast. They ate to suffocation, and drank until deprived of the little sense it had pleased God to bless them with.—The dinner ended with a dessert, consisting of ginger and treacle, dried figs, sugar-candy, gingerbread, and biscuits ;—as is the custom to this day amongst some of the poorest of the nobility.

When the guests had demolished the more substantial food, exhilarating beverages were quickly circulated. Youry, who sat next to

* A kind of soup made of rice.

† Sour-kroust stewed with pork.

Pan Tishkewich, apprehensive of the consequences of drunkenness, followed the wise example of his neighbour, and steadily refused to drink out of the great goblet; although the master of the house repeated from time to time his urgent request to comply with this usual demonstration of friendship and cordiality.—It was in vain; both refused, and the frown of anger began to darken the countenance of the host.

In the course of the evening, the Boyard ordered one grey-headed Jiletz, who omitted to drain the contents of his goblet, to pour the remaining mead upon his own head:—a Boyard's son, refusing to drink a certain quantity of *nalivka*, the Boyard ordered a glass of *worm-wood cordial* to be poured by force down his throat; and burst into a loud and hearty laugh, when the unfortunate and nearly suffocated guest fell senseless on the floor!

By degrees, Pan Tishkewich, notwithstanding his temperance, began to talk more freely

“Boyard,” said he, “if thy spouse were here, she certainly would not have refused to bring each a glass of wine; and would have permitted us to gaze upon her bright eyes:—but can we not have the pleasure of enjoying the company of thy lovely daughter?—Perhaps it is not the custom here to introduce a betrothed lady to the guests;—but the Boyard is almost a brother Pole:—permit us, my lord, to admire the bride of Pan Goncowsky?”

“And to drink from her shoe,” added the whiskered Rotmistre, “to the health of the distinguished bridegroom, and the happy conclusion of the wedding!”

“My daughter is indisposed,” answered Kroutchina.

“But we are all anxious to see her, if it be only for a moment,” cried the Poles.

“Be it as you wish,” said the master of the house;—at the same time calling one of his servants; who, after receiving his master’s orders, left the room.

“Will the wedding take place soon, Boyard?” asked Regimenter.

“It was my intention to go to Moscow next month for that purpose,” answered Kroutchina.

“That I do not advise,” returned Pan Tishkewich; “all is not right there;—when the bloody feast begins, it will turn the soberest heads.”

“How!” said Lesouta Chrapounoff, “are not you Polish gentlemen in possession of Moscow?”

“Yes, at present,” answered Tishkewich, “we hold it—”

“‘*A wise man,*’” exclaimed Opaleff, interrupting him, “‘*scalesh the city of the mighty, and casteth down the strength of the confidence thereof.*’”

“I wish we had; but we have not destroyed it,” continued Tishkewich; “it is not for us who fight the battle, to direct the councils of our superiors.”

“That is true,” said Lesouta; “for when I was Chamberlain, formerly, to the Czar Fedor

Ivanowitch, of blessed memory,—on our way to church, he did me the honour to say, ‘Lesouta, thou art a good servant, and understandest well thy duty, but meddle not with the affairs of others;’—at another time, when the prayers were concluded, and I mentioned to him that his favorite cap had been spoiled by the moths—”

“We are not talking about caps,” interrupted the master of the house; “drink off thy wine.—And thou, my dear neighbour,” continued he, turning to Zamiatna, “pray do not let thy modesty overcome thee.—Drink!—that is right bravely done;—and now, if it please thee, taste even this.”

“No, no, Boyard!” answered Zamiatna, twisting his moustachios, “it is written, ‘*Do not get drunken with wine.*’”

“But this is not wine—it is *naliwka*,” said the Boyard.

“Oh, if that is the case,” returned Zamiatna, “give me some:—there is no law which prohibits *naliwka*.”

“No, indeed,” added Lesouta; “the late monarch Fedor Ivanowitch, always drank cherry brandy after vespers; which as I was once bringing to him on a golden waiter, I said—”

“Pray drink mine,” said the master of the house, “albeit not upon a golden waiter.—Well, how dost thou find it?”

“‘*Praise is not good in the mouth of the sinner,*’ are the words of the Sage Sirach,” said Zamiatna, drinking off his bumper; “but thy *nalivka* is excellent, and in spite of Sirach I will praise it.”

By the time that dinner was concluded, the guests were more than half inebriated; but Boyard Kroutchina ordered the silver goblets to be filled again, and said in a loud voice—

“He who loves Kroutchina Schalonsky, will drink with me to the conquerors of Smolensko!”

“The conquerors of Smolensko!” echoed all the Poles.

“Long live the brave warriors!” added Tishkewich, turning up his goblet.

All the guests, except Youry, drank off their goblets.

“Drink, Youry Demetrich !” cried the Boyard.

“I drink to the destruction of our enemies ; —but the Smolenskys are Russians, and our brethren,” answered Youry, calmly.

“Thine, but not mine !” exclaimed Kroutchina, casting a contemptuous look at Youry ; —“rebellious subjects shall never be the brethren of Schalonsky.”

“It is a pity, youth,” said Tishkewich, shaking Youry by the hand ; “it is a pity thou art not a Pole !”

The frowning brow of Kroutchina now became contracted ; and a profound silence prevailed for several minutes.—The guests looked with astonishment at the audacious youth who had the courage to contradict, and still more to refuse to submit to, the tyrannical master of the house.

After this pause, the Boyard muttered be-

tween his teeth ; “ we will see whether thou wilt refuse to drink now.” He then asked for a gilded tankard, and pouring two bottles of malmsey therein, he arose from his place, and every body followed his example.—

“ Now, my dear guests,” said he, “ you must all drink out of this tankard: he who drinks out of it, is our friend ; and he who refuses,”—added he, casting a threatening look upon Youry,—“ is our enemy !—I drink—*To the health of the splendid and most glorious Sigismond, King of Poland, and Czar of Russia !*”

“ Long live Sigismond ! long live Sigismond !”—cried the Poles.

“ Long live Sigismond !” reiterated all the Russians, except Youry.

“ And destruction to his foes !” squeaked Zamiatna Opaleff.—“ *Let their life disappear like the shadow, and as the mist which is dissipated before the sun’s rays.*”

“ *Amen !*” exclaimed the master of the house, holding an inverted goblet over his head.

Youry could scarcely smother his indignation ; his blood boiled in his veins, and the wrath of anger flashed upon his cheek : his right hand involuntarily sought the pommel of his sword ; and his left pressed closely to his breast, as if to keep down his heart, which endeavoured to burst from its confinement. It was now his turn to drink. The eyes of the noble youth sparkled with animation, as he cast a rapid glance on the company, and said, with a firm tone, " Boyard ! thou proposes to us to drink the health of the Czar of Russia :—I therefore drink this to the health of Wladislaus, the lawful Czar of Russia !—Destruction, I say, to all traitors and enemies of our country !"

" Stop, Milolasky !" cried the master of the house ; " either drink my toast or pass the tankard !"

" I pass it, then," said Youry, giving the tankard to the servant.

" Hear me, Youry Demetrich !" continued

the Boyard, with rekindling rage, "I am tired of thy obstinacy :—obtrude not thine own regulations on a community :—drink as every other person drinks !"

"I am thy guest and not thy slave," said Youry : "command those who dare not disobey thee !"

"Thou shalt drink, audacious youth !" returned Kroutchina, boiling with rage ; "thou shalt drink, I swear by my honour !—or be suffocated.—Holloa ! Tomila, Oudaloi, reach the tankard !"

Two servants, of enormous stature and ferocious aspect, came up to Youry.

"Boyard," said Milolasky, looking contemptuously on the servants, who seemed to obey their master with reluctance, "I am without arms—in thy house—and if thou wouldst be called an assassin, thou mayest easily gratify thy rage : but, Boyard, if it is thy wish to maltreat Milolasky, take care thou dost it effec-

tually—or, by Heaven ! thou shalt render an account hereafter !”

“ I ask thee for the last time,” reiterated Schalonsky, in a voice scarcely intelligible from overpowering rage, “ wilt thou drink to the health of the Czar Sigismond, as we have done ?”

“ No !” replied our hero, in a loud but decisive tone.

“ Drink !—drink !”—vociferated Kroutchina, darting his flaming eyes upon Youry.

“ The Milolaskys never broke their word, or betrayed their country !” returned Youry, calmly.—“ I will not drink !”

“ Then pour the contents of the tankard down his throat !” roared the master of the house, in a furious voice.

“ Stop !” cried Pan Tishkewich ;—“ shame on thee, Boyard ! he is thy guest and a gentleman ;—if thou hast forgotten it, I have not, nor will I permit thee to insult him.—Begone, wretches !” added he, seizing his sabre, “ or, I

swear by the honour of a Polish soldier, your two heads shall roll before me like balls upon that floor !”

The terrified servants staggered back to their former places, and the Boyard, suffocating with rage, could not utter a word for several minutes. Turning to the Polish general, he at length said, in a stammering voice, “Be not offended, Pan Tishkewich, if I remind thee that thou art not at the head of thy regiment, but in my house ; where no one, save myself, dares command.”

“Boyard,” returned the Pan Regimenter, “I am accustomed to command wherever the lawful commander does not know his duty :—we Poles do, and ought to, wish, that our king should be the Czar of Russia—we have sworn fidelity to Sigismond ; but Milolasky has kissed the cross to Wladislaus. Who shall gain the victory, Heaven only knows—Milolasky has acted as I should have done, under similar circumstances.”

It would seem that Boyard Kroutchina had had time to reflect, and to perceive that he had outstretched his courtesy towards his Polish guests ; for after a short pause, he coolly said to Pan Tishkewich, “ I am astonished that thou defendest the enemy of thy monarch so warmly.”

“ Yes, Boyard,” replied the noble Regimenter, “ I will expose myself for a friend or an enemy, when I see him bravely contend in an unequal contest ;—but I would never defend a coward, or a sycophant, like Pan Kopichinsky, although he were my own brother.”

“ But, didst thou really think I meant to insult my guest, Pan Tishkewich ?” said the Boyard. “ It was only for amusement ;—let him drink, if he likes, to the health of the Khan of Tartary,—or of the devil ;—nobody will be the worse for his words.—Give him the tankard.”

Youry took it, and turning to the master of the house, he said again, “ Long live the lawful

Czar of Russia ! and perish all the enemies and betrayers of our native land !”

“ Amen !” echoed a loud voice behind the doors of the dining-room.

“ What does this mean ?” cried Kroutchina ; — “ who dares speak so ? — bring him hither !”

The door opened, and a middle-aged man, bare-footed, and dressed in rags, with a cord round his waist, his hair dishevelled, and his beard in disorder, glided into the room. Notwithstanding his miserable dress and strange manners, it was evident he was not a maniac ; for his eye beamed with intelligence, and his expressive face, shone with benevolence and tranquillity of mind.

“ Bah ! bah ! Mitia,” cried Zamiatna Opaleff (who, together with Lesouta Chrapounoff, had preserved a profound silence during the late boisterous scene), “ how did Heaven send thee hither ? — I thought thou wert in Moscow ?”

“ No, Gavrilitch,” answered Mitia, “ one cannot breathe there ; — Mitia likes to have

plenty of room :—in the open fields you may pray without being disturbed by any one.”

“ Who let this fool in ?” said Kroutchina.

“ Who is he ?” inquired Tishkewich.

“ An idle beggar, who is called Yourodivoi,* though Heaven alone knows wherefore,” answered Kroutchina.

“ Do not drive him out, Boyard,” returned the Pan Regimenter ; “ I never saw one of your

* Mad, or foolish. These men, of the poorer classes of the people, covered with rags, and without a home, lounged about the streets and villages, bare-footed. They often entered the houses of the rich and great, and, under the appearance of assumed madness, exhorted the wicked to repent in words of wisdom and supposed inspiration. They were wandering ascetics, and by their austere life, and profound devotion, were justly considered “ as men of God.” Some derided and scoffed at them ; others regarded them as saints. They adopted this state for the love of the Lord, and exposed themselves, without reserve, to all kinds of contempt and humiliation. The eastern church canonized several of these Yourodivoi as saints ; and lately there have been some in Russia. Vasily Yourodivoi, or Blagennoi, lived in Moscow during the reign of Czar Ivan IV. ; after his death, the Czar built a church in honour of him, which contains the relics of the saint, and to this day bears his name. It is one of the principal attractions to strangers who visit Moscow.

Yourodivoi before ; let us hear what he has to say."

"As you like," replied the Boyard.—"Hol-loa ! thou blessed simpleton !—How does it happen that I have the honour of a visit from thee ?"

"I was dull and low-spirited for want of thy company, Fedorich," answered Mitia.—"This is not right, Fedorich ; truly this is not right. Mitia, passing through the village, could not help weeping ;—the peasants were drunk, and the church nodding as if it were falling, and thou thinking only of thyself, drinking and making merry with thy friends ;—but when thou hast eaten and drank, with what wilt thou treat the unexpected guest ?—Ah, me ! ah, me ! when there is no longer wine in the cellar, the day will be bad, Fedorich—it will indeed."

"Why dost thou talk such nonsense, fool ?" exclaimed the Boyard.

"Ah, Fedorich," replied this miserable-looking object, "Mitia gives utterance to those

thoughts which are uppermost, and death will come when it is the will of God. No doubt thou fanciest thou canst drive away this king of terrors; but he, the unexpected guest, is already in thy court-yard;—thou wilt scarcely have time to cover the table.—Ah! Demetrich,” continued he, coming up to Youry, “thou, too, art drinking here? O, brave!—beware, beware thou get’st not drunk with wine!”

“I remember having seen thee at my father’s house, Mitia,” said Youry, very kindly.

“Yes, yes, Demetrich,” replied Mitia, “I grieved for my namesake*—he died early: had he been alive, his bright falcon would not have associated with kites. I pity thee—indeed I do. Thou hast bound thyself hand and foot, dear youth; but God is merciful! thou wilt not always languish in fetters;—go to St. Serge, and thou wilt find comfort.”

“Enough, enough, Mitia,” said Tishke-

* *Mitia* is the diminutive of Dimitry, or Demetrius; the Christian name of Youry’s father.

wich; "thou hast talked long enough with others; speak now to me."

"And what have I to say to thee?" returned Mitia: "thou hast such large moustachios, that I am in fear of thee."

"Be not afraid, Mitia;—take this," continued the Pole, giving him a piece of silver.

"I thank thee, great Pan," said Mitia, "but why should I take it?—Am I not in mine own country? I shall not die of hunger; keep it for thyself—thou art but a traveller."

"Take it, I say: I have many more," returned the Regimenter.

"Indeed!" replied Mitia, "then take care of them;—thou wilt visit here and there, but thou canst not stop long any where. The places where thou sojournest are far and wide from each other; thou canst not soon reach thy home, and perhaps there will be a funeral procession;—therefore take care of thy money against the cloudy day."

“I am not afraid of that, Mitia,” said the Pole, laughing.

“And I, friend, am like thee,” returned Mitia, “I fear nothing. I came hither without being asked; and if the master of the house drive me out, God will protect me.”

“And it is high time,” said Kroutchina, who was not at all pleased with the ambiguous phrases of the simple Mitia;—“get thee gone, whilst thou art safe and sound!”

“I will go, Fedorich, I will go. I am not like others, I will not wait till thou use me with unkindness and drive me from thy door; but I pity thee from my soul!—this is the consequence of being a widower: thou hast nobody to keep thee clean and to cherish thee. Oh, how black thou art! there is not a white spot about thee—ah! Fedorich, Fedorich, thou must not live all thy life in this manner; if the unexpected guest should find thee unwashed, woe be unto thee!”

“I care not to understand thy audacious

speeches, madman," returned Kroutchina, contemptuously.—“ Out, out, I say—away !”

“ Hear me, Gavrilitch,” continued Mitia, turning to Zamiatna ; “ thou art a book-man—where is it written ‘ *he that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity ?* ’ ”

“ In the Proverbs of Solomon,” answered Zamiatna, proud of his biblical learning ; “ the ever wise Solomon, sayeth, ‘ *do not sow in the furrows of iniquity, lest thou reap sevenfold the same.* ’ ”

“ Hearest thou this, Fedorich ? ” continued Mitia. “ Hearest thou what the man of wisdom sayeth ? —but thou and I are fools, and we understand him not.”

“ Out ! out, thou vagabond ! ” exclaimed the enraged Boyard, “ or I will knock thee on the head ! ”

“ Strike, Fedorich, strike ! ” returned the simpleton, calmly ; “ but Mitia will always say the same.—‘ *The poor man sighs, and God hears his voice,* ’ but when Fedorich begins to sigh,

his fate will be wretched indeed, because his peasants will sigh twice as loudly :—he will say, ‘ *the Lord have mercy upon me !* ’ and a thousand tongues will thunder forth, ‘ he had no mercy upon any body : ’—and thou knowest, Fedorich, thy voice will be drowned among so many. I do pity thee, Boyard ! ”

“ Be quiet, thou serpent ! ” cried the Boyard, springing up from his chair, and raising his arm to strike the simple Mitia ; who, putting his hands across his bosom, looked at him with the greatest calmness and compassion.—Suddenly the doors of the room flew open, and a loud cry was heard ; the Boyard started at the sound, and rushed to the spot in the greatest alarm ; the servants were dismayed, and the guests sprang from their places.

Youry, who was seated facing the doors, distinctly observed a female magnificently dressed, and covered from head to foot with a rich veil, fall senseless in the arms of an old woman who was standing behind her.

Whilst every one was thus engaged, Mitia ran up to Youry, and said, "See, Demetrich! see, and cheer up!—Suffer patiently, and if thou remainest faithful, my namesake yonder (pointing upwards) will say, 'what a son!—he is the delight of my soul!'—Meanwhile, '*Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; nor when it mantleth in the goblet, and giveth its colour in the cup. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!*' Farewell!—son of the sainted Milolasky!—Mitia will pray to God, and thou must pray also.—God is not like us, Youry Demetrich:—although He is high above the clouds, He hears us speak.—But in Troitza, Demetrich!—in Troitza, —oh! how heavenly it is there!—that is the place to worship God in righteousness!—forget not!"—Saying these words, he hastily quitted the apartment.

Youry scarcely heeded the words of Mitia: the voice of the fainting female, who was doubtless Boyard Kroutchina's daughter,

pierced him to the soul :—something indescribably precious to his heart echoed in that shriek, which seemed to him rather an exclamation of joyful surprise than of grief. He did not dare to think, nor even to hope ;—but Moscow, the Kremlin, the Church of our Saviour on the Hill, and the beautiful stranger whom he had been in the habit of seeing there,—involuntarily and simultaneously rushed into his fervid imagination.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACCHANALIAN REVELS.

“ The song,—the dance,—the cup goes round,
In furious, midnight revelry ;
Whilst vaulted roofs do loud resound,
In echo of their devilry.—

Alas !—why, thus, should man entail
On himself, such sin and sorrow :—
Seeing pains and aches shall, without fail,
Distract him on the morrow ?—”

THE AGE OF FOLLY.

It was a full half hour before the Boyard made his appearance again in the dining-room ; and notwithstanding that he shut the door quickly which led into the next apartment, Youry had time to observe a tall servant hastening through the opposite door.—It seemed to

Milolasky that this servant resembled the man whom he had observed in the morning, in the Boyard's garden.

“ My daughter,” said Schalonsky to Pán Tishkewich, “ is very sorry that she cannot see this goodly company :—she has become suddenly indisposed and very weak, but I hope soon—”

“ That she will bloom again like a poppy of the field,” said Lesouta Chrapounoff, interrupting him. “ Well, well, every one must envy Pan Goncowsky, when Anastasia Timofowna shall become his spouse.”

“ ‘ *A wise woman rejoiceth the heart of her husband,* ’ ” added Zamiatna, “ ‘ *and filleth his ears with peace.* ’ ”

“ Be it as thou sayest, neighbour,” said Kroutchina with a smile.—“ Youry Demetrich,” continued he, turning to Milolasky, “ thou art meditating deeply ;—come, come, let us be friends : it was wrong in me to be so unreasonably angry. Thou hast sworn alle-

giance to the *son*, and I to the *father* :—we are both zealous for the happiness of our country ;—and what must be, will be.”

Youry gave him his hand in token of peace.

“ Glad am I, Boyards,” exclaimed Zamiatna Opaleff, “ to behold this reconciliation :—Sirach sayeth, ‘ *A soft answer turneth away wrath :—but grievous words stir up anger.*’—And the ever-wise Solomon, too ;—what sayeth he ? saith he not, ‘ *Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood :—so, the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife ?*’ ”

“ Well, my friends,” continued the host,—not heeding the rhapsodies of his neighbour Zamiatna,—“ now let us be merry : fill the tankards.—Bring the *usvares*,* and let the singers strike up.”

A crowd of servants, chiefly dressed like huntsmen, after the Polish fashion, now came

* A beverage composed of beer, wine, and honey, boiled with spices.

into the dining-room. The instrumental part of the concert consisted of the *Gussli*, or reclining harp;—the *Goudok*, a three-stringed instrument, larger than a violin, and played in the same manner;—the *Balaika*, an instrument of three strings, resembling a small guitar;—the *Wolynka*, or bagpipes;—the *Cohorn*, an instrument resembling the clarinet;—the *Skovorodos*, or copper plates:—and the *Loshki*, or wooden spoons with bells.*

On a signal being made by the master of the house, the singers commenced; and, immediately, the dining-room may be said to have been transformed into a gipsy camp; or rather, into that of ill-disciplined troops, whose revelries, after the sacking of a town, are beyond the controul of their commander.—As soon as a pause occurred in the concert, *Zamiatna Opaleff*, whose itch for quoting scripture was incurable, rapturously but profanely exclaimed,—

* See ADDITIONAL NOTES, at the end of this Volume.

“ ‘ *Praise him with the sound of the trumpet :—praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance :—praise him with stringed instruments and organs.—Praise him upon the loud cymbals :—praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.* ’
—So sayeth the blessed Psalmist.”

Youry, who was struck with horror at hearing words applicable only to sacred things, so shamelessly misapplied to the licentious scene before him, drew back with disgust, and sat down upon a bench, away from the view of the company.

All the decencies of life were now forgotten ; drunken gentlemen embraced drunken servants ; some of the guests joined the singers in loud and discordant notes ; and others, whose legs were nimbler than their tongues, capered, and writhed their bodies, like dancers at a public fair. Nay, even the proud Zamiatna Opaleff made several attempts to exhibit in the *galoubtza* ; but finding that his

efforts were unsuccessful, he muttered to himself, “ ‘ *My heart panteth ; my strength faileth me.* ’ ”

Although Pan Tishkewich took no active part in these disgusting amusements, he did not appear to dislike them, but laughed heartily at the foolish frolics of others. Youry, on the contrary, who, in his father's house, had been accustomed to decency from his childhood, waited for a favourable opportunity to retire to his room. He was the more anxious to do so, as the night had considerably advanced, and on the morrow he was to proceed on his journey.

Meanwhile, loud cries proclaimed the approach of the dancers ; and licentiousness in all its odious forms was displayed before the astonished eyes of Youry. He could not conceive how Man, made after the image and likeness of his Maker, could debase himself to such a degree. The guests resembled so many maniacs ;—their wild amusements, furious

shrieks, disfigured faces, and hideous gestures, accorded with the revelling shouts of the half-drunken choristers, and the licentious subjects of their songs.

One dancer displeased the Boyard by his lazy movements:—

“Oho! Andrushka,”* cried he, “thou hast forgotten how to caper;—I will teach thee how to move to a quicker tune!—Holloa! Tomila, Oudaloi!—flog that idle scoundrel, soundly!”

The order was instantly obeyed by the persons called upon; who, seizing the unhappy offender, stripped him in an instant and stretched him on the floor, with his face downwards and his arms extended at right angles from his body. Tomila placed himself at the head, which he held fast between his knees; whilst Oudaloi knelt upon the culprit's legs; who frequently, during these preparations, cried

* This is the diminutive of Andrew.

out in a deprecating tone: — “*Wollatway, Boyard!—Wollatway!*”*

Wands or rods about the thickness of the little finger, and called *Bataogs*,—being now handed to the two executioners of the Boyard’s will, they commenced the flagellation of their victim, from the nape of the neck down to the calf of the leg;—beating time alternately, as blacksmiths do upon an anvil;—whilst he writhed and roared with the agony of each succeeding blow.

“Now, my fine fellow,” cried Kroutchina with a loud laugh, to the unlucky dancer, whose shrieks were mingled with the joyful exclamations of the riotous revellers,—“methinks thou dancest with more spirit to this tune:—flagellate him again—and harder.”

The Boyard Zamiatna, waddling up to the

* “Do what you will with me, Boyard!—Do what you will.”—By the utterance of such accents, do the Russian peasantry endeavour to win the pity of their masters;—whilst they submit to the punishment, whether deserved or not.

scene of punishment, now hiccupped out,—
“Truly saith the Preacher, ‘*Smite a scorner,
and the simple will beware ;—for, the blueness
of a wound cleanseth away evil :—so do stripes
the inward parts of the belly.*’ ”

“Some of you, take hold of his arms !” rejoined Kroutchina.

The order was instantly obeyed by two other servants, each of whom possessed himself of a limb of the unfortunate culprit ; who now exclaimed, “*Gotup vinavat, Boyard !—Gotup vinavat !*”*

* “Thy slave hath been in fault, Boyard !—Thy slave hath been in fault.”—It is in all cases expected, during the administration of the *Bataogs*, that the person undergoing the punishment, shall thus own himself in fault ; otherwise he must be *bataogged* until he does : it then depends upon the pleasure of the person who stands by to direct the punishment, whether the same shall terminate or not. Lords, as well as peasants, at one time, underwent this sort of discipline, which was more or less severe according to circumstances.—Indeed, instances have frequently occurred, where individuals have died under it ; notwithstanding which, the power of inflicting it was lodged with all persons who had any superiority of

Youry endeavoured to prevail upon the Boyard to forego the second punishment, but his words were unheeded; and Zamiatna Opaleff remarked, “ Meddle not, young man, with matters that belong not to thee:—is it not written, ‘ *He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.*’—And what sayeth Sirach?—saith he not,—‘ *He shall break the reins of the disobedient servant?*’—and the Preacher; also;—the wise Solomon;—hath he not writ-

rank over others; and they, on the smallest cause of displeasure, or pretended fault, were at liberty to exercise this species of cruelty, without the least form of trial, or from any authority but their own will!—See page 45, Vol. II. for further particulars of this punishment.—Although it was once very common thus to chastise even sub-diaks and clerks in the public offices, it is remarkable that such persons were still continued in their respective places of trust; or, at the utmost, degraded only one step lower!—for, unlike the practice of all other European nations,—the Russians never entertained the idea that a petty larcenist deserved to be deprived of his post:—their invariable maxim being, that in all cases of minor knavery, corporeal punishment was a better corrective than deprivation.

ten: ‘*Provender, a goad, and a load for the ass; labour and stripes for the slave?*’”

Whilst the unwieldy and drunken Zamiatna went on thus quoting and misapplying various texts of Scripture, the flagellation recommenced; and notwithstanding the repeated cries of “*Golup Vinavat!*” it was kept up until the body of the sufferer was, all over, bruised and raw:—at length, one of the *Bataogs* being broken, and another being called for to supply its place,—as is customary on such occasions,—Pan Tishkewich arose from his place and coming near to the host, he said in an under tone,—

“Boyard, I wish, for thine own credit sake, thou hadst paid due and hospitable attention to the intercession of my noble young friend, here,—Pan Milolasky,—in favour of that unfortunate.—For mine own part, I do not condescend to beg such a boon of thee; neither do I desire to meddle between the lord and his slave:—but such cruelty is not meet entertainment for thy

guests.—Crimes and neglect of duty are deserving of condign punishment ; but such an infliction as this wretch hath suffered, is hardly warranted by the slight cause of displeasure which he hath given thee.—For myself I will say, that if one other blow be struck, I will not remain thy guest a moment longer :—I must quit thy mansion in disgust, and with my officers seek an asylum for the night among thy villagers :—nay, I would rather make my bed among the snow,—pillowing my head on the neck of my war-horse, — than witness any longer such unnecessary cruelty.”

The Boyard having apologised to the Pan Regimenter, whom he was by no means desirous of offending, held up his finger as a signal to the willing instruments of his capricious vengeance, and said, “ Enough ! — let him go ! ”—

Zamiatna Opaleff, now seeing how the wind had changed, rejoined,—“ Thou sayest truly, most noble Tishkewich !—for, of a verity is it

not written, '*The discretion of a man deferreth his anger ; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.*'—these are the very words of the blessed Preacher."

To this canting address, the noble-minded Pole did not deign a reply ; but turned his back on the sycophant who uttered it.

Meantime, the lacerated and wretched An-drushka having got rid of the force and pressure which had held him down, arose from the floor ; and his sheep-skin coat having been put on him by the by-standers, he tottered towards Boyard Kroutchiaa :—falling upon his hands and knees at his feet, he touched the floor with his forehead, several times, and thanked his lord, for the gracious favour "that his punishment had not been greater !"*

The Pan Regimenter turned away in disgust, and said in a low voice to Milolasky, " I

* This abject mode of *confessing judgment* on the part of the culprit, is indispensable in all cases where the discipline of the *bataogs* has been administered.

ask thee, young Boyard,—for thou partakest not of the nature of these ruffians,—I ask thee, whether it would not be better for thy country to be governed by Polish laws,—whether the Muscovites generally, would not improve their condition by submitting to King Sigismond,—rather than remain under the domination of such wanton executioners as our host and his friends ?”—

Our hero was staggered by a category so suddenly and so insidiously put by one whose gallant and noble spirit he had so much cause to admire ;— especially at a time when his mind was agitated by so many conflicting passions :—for, from the commencement of the Boyard's entertainment, his feelings had been excited by every new incident which had occurred :—one agitation had given way, only to make room for another. He was meditating a reply in favour of the Russian Boyards and Waywodes, generally, when Lesouta Chrapounoff, who had overheard the latter part of

Pan Tishkewich's address, readily seized the opportunity of currying favour with the Polish commander, and of displaying his own importance as a *quondam* chamberlain of the royal Kremlin.—

“The Czar Fedor Ivanowich, of blessed memory,” said he, as he edged near to the Pole, “never commanded the punishment of the *Knout*, or the *Pine*,* without due inquiry and consideration :—his constant maxim was,— ‘*Be not too severe, and do nothing without judgment.*’—The Czar used to remind me of this frequently :—I remember as well as if it had happened yesterday, that, one night after hearing prayers, his Majesty—”

“Surely he went to bed,” said Tishkewich, cutting him short ; “and I think it is time for us to do the same.—Good night, Boyard !—let my companions enjoy themselves throughout the night, if they think fit ; but I am accustomed to rise early, and it is time for

* See ADDITIONAL NOTES, at the end of this Volume.

me to rest.—“Boyard Milolasky,” continued he, turning to our hero, whom he was desirous of preserving from further insult, “I see that thou also requirest to refresh thyself with sleep; and thou dost not look with pleasure on this riotous revelry:—good night, my young friend!—In case I should fail to meet thee on the morrow, I now desire thy acceptance of my best wishes:—Farewell!”

The master of the house did not attempt to detain the Pan Regimenter.—Milolasky also retired with the accustomed courtesy.

The room in which Youry reposed before dinner had been put into requisition for the Poles: he was therefore conducted to one at the further end of the court-yard, where he found his servant, who to all appearance had not been worse treated than himself—being scarcely able to stand on his legs.

Milolasky, after addressing a prayer to Heaven, as was his invariable practice before he resigned himself to sleep, undressed without

the assistance of Alexis ; but sleep was a stranger to his eyes. The impression made upon him by the sight of the Boyard's daughter, was not yet effaced ;—the idea that he had probably passed all that day under the same roof with the beautiful stranger, filled his soul with painful and indescribable emotions.—One reflection, however, dissipated his surmises : he had seen the fair *incognita* several times, but had never heard her voice ; so that if she were the daughter of Boyard Kroutchina, whose face he had not seen, how could he possibly recognise her by her voice alone?—besides, it was more pleasing to him to think that he had been mistaken, than to ascertain that his lovely unknown was the daughter of Boyard Kroutchina, and consequently the betrothed bride of Pan Goncewsky.—By degrees the fermentation in his blood was allayed ;—his imagination became calmer ; and he, at last, fell into a sound and tranquil sleep.



ADDITIONAL NOTES

TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

RUSSIAN CUSTOMS AND COSTUME. (*Chaps. 7, 8, 10, 13, AND 14.*)

As the customs and costume of the Russians of both sexes have undergone almost entire alteration since the period at which the scenes of the present work are laid, the English Editor thinks it necessary, for the information of his countrymen, and for the illustration of many passages in the present and succeeding volumes, to state here, the precise *time* and *manner* in which these national changes took place. In doing so, he cannot do better than quote from an eye-witness; viz. Captain John Perry, whose work on the State of Russia

very well liked in these regulations of the Czar. It had been the custom of Russia, in case of marriages, that the match used always to be made up between the parents on each side, without any previous meeting, consent, or liking of one another :—though they marry very young in that country,—sometimes when neither the bride nor bridegroom are thirteen years of age, and therefore supposed not to be fit judges for themselves. The bridegroom on this occasion, was not to see nor to speak to the bride but once before the day that the nuptials were to be performed ; at which meeting, the friends on both sides were to come together at the bride's father's house, and then the bride was to be brought out between her maids into the room where the bridegroom was ; and after a short compliment being made, she was to present him with a dram of brandy, or other liquor, in token of her consent and good liking of his person. Afterwards, all care was to be taken that she was not to see the bridegroom again until the day of marriage ; and then she was to be carried with a veil all over her face, which was not to be uncovered till she came into the church.—And thus this blind bargain was made.

“ But the Czar took into his consideration this unacceptable way of joining young people together without their own approbation ; which may in a very great measure be reckoned to be the occasion of that discord and little love which is shewn to one another afterwards ;—it being a common thing in Russia to

beat their wives in a most barbarous manner, very often so inhumanly, that they die with the blows ; and yet they do not suffer for the murder, being a thing interpreted by the law to be done by way of correction, and therefore not culpable. The wives, on the other hand, being thus many times made desperate, murder their husbands in revenge for the ill-usage they receive ; but on these occasions there is a law put in force, that they be set alive in the ground, standing upright, with the earth filled about them, and only their heads left just above the earth ; a watch is then set over them, that they shall not be relieved till they are starved to death, which is a common sight in that country ; and I have known them live sometimes seven or eight days in this posture. These sad prospects made the Czar, in much pity to his people, take away the occasion of these cruelties as much as possible ; and the forced marriages being supposed to be one cause thereof, he made an order that no young couple should be married, without their own free liking and consent ; and that all persons should be admitted to visit and see each other, at least six weeks before marriage. This new order is so well approved of, and so very pleasing to the young people, that they begin to think much better of foreigners, and to have a better liking of such other new customs as the Czar has introduced, than they ever did before, especially amongst the more knowing and better sort of people."

But there was another personage to whom Mr.

Perry ought to have given credit for, at least, a share in the reformation of Russian manners, viz. : the Empress Catherine Alexiowna ;—though indeed, she not having been declared Czarina until 1711, (although she had cohabited with Peter ever since 1702,) and Mr. P. having left Russia in 1712, he was not, perhaps, so well aware of the influence which she had had in producing it. It was by Catherine's assistance that the Czar was enabled to bring together mixed assemblages of ladies and gentlemen, for the enjoyment of concerts, feasting, and other entertainments, as was the custom in all other European countries. She also suggested the alteration of the women's dresses, by substituting the fashions of England and France : instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffetas and damask, and she introduced cornettes and commodes instead of caps of sable. As the ordinances which she promulgated for the regulation of public assemblies are very curious, being directed to a people only half civilized, we shall here insert them ; premising that, being of course constructed according to Russian notions of good breeding of more than a century ago, the two last may not be considered of too vulgar or brutal a nature, for admission into a code of politeness :—

“ 1st. The person at whose house the assembly is kept, shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

“ 2nd. The assembly shall not be open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

“ 3rd. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep their company; but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other necessaries that company may ask for; he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

“ 4th. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

“ 5th. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game as he pleases; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint bowl full of brandy); it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

“ 6th. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies, as likewise their wives and children.

“ 7th. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

“ 8th. *No ladies are to get drunk, upon any pro-*

tence whatsoever, nor shall *gentlemen be drunk before nine.*

“ 9th. *Ladies* who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c. shall *not be riotous*; no gentleman shall attempt to *force a kiss*; and no person shall offer to *strike a woman* in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.”

Such were the statutes of Catherine; which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire; but politeness must enter every country by degrees.

Regarding the *numerous train of attendants* upon the Boyards, Boyarinias, and other great personages, Mr. Perry thus remarks:—

“ It had been a very pompous custom among all the great Boyards, to retain in their service, as a piece of state and grandeur, a great number of useless servants or attendants, which when they went any where abroad in the streets of Moscow, some went before them bare-headed, and others followed after in a long train, *in all sorts of dresses and colours*; and when their Boyards or Lords went either on horseback, or in a coach or sledge in Moscow, it was a piece of grandeur to ride softly, though in the coldest weather, that these people might keep pace with them on foot; and the great Boyards' ladies also used to have the like numerous attendance.

“ But the Czar, who always rides swift, had set him another pattern, for he went only with a few

servants on horseback, cloathed in a handsome *uniform* livery ; his courtiers did the same ; and he commanded the example to be followed among all the Boyards and persons of distinction ; and that the same might be the more effectual, the Czar, soon after he came from his travels, ordered a list to be taken of all the loose attendants that hung about these Boyards' houses, and ordered them to be sent into the army. This went very much against the grain, and great interest and intercession was made, and sums of money given for many of them to be excused, especially such of these attendants as were really gentlemen, and waited on these Lords only in expectation of preferment ; but, however, the Czar's orders were to be obeyed, and there was a draught made of several thousands of the unnecessary or supernumerary attendants, who were sent to serve in the army."

Mr. Perry thus describes the *curtailment* of the *beards and masculine costume* of the Russians:—

" It had been the manner of the *Russes*, like the Patriarchs of old, to wear long beards hanging down upon their bosoms, which they combed out with pride, and kept smooth and fine, without one hair to be diminished ; they wore even the upper lip of that length, that if they drank at any time, their beard dipped into the cup, so that they were obliged to wipe it when they had done,—although they wore the hair of their head cut short at the same time ;—it being the custom only for the Papas, or priests, to wear the hair of their

heads hanging down upon their backs, for distinction sake. The Czar, therefore, to reform this foolish custom, and to make them look like other Europeans, ordered a tax to be laid on all gentlemen, merchants, and others of his subjects, (excepting the priests and common peasants, or slaves,) that they should each of them pay 100 rubles per annum, for the wearing of their beards; and that even the common people should pay a copeck at the entrance of the gates of any of the towns or cities of Russia, where a person should be deputed at the gate to receive it as often as they had occasion to pass. This was looked upon to be little less than a sin in the Czar, a breach of their religion, and held to be a great grievance for some time; more particularly by being brought in by the *strangers*.* But the women liking their husbands and sweet-hearts the better, they are now for the most part pretty well reconciled to this practice.

“ It is most certain that the *Russes* had a kind of religious respect and veneration for their beards; and so much the more, because they differed herein from strangers: this notion was backed by the humours of the priests, who alledged that the holy men of old had worn their beards, according to the model of the picture of their saints: and nothing but the absolute authority of the Czar, and the terror of having them.

* The English, Dutch, and Germans, whom Peter, during his travels, had hired to assist him in ship-building and other works of civilization.—ED.

(in a merry humour) pulled out by the roots, or sometimes taken so rough off that some of the skin went with them, could ever have prevailed with the *Russes* to have parted with their beards. On this occasion there were letters dropped about the streets, sealed and directed to his Czarish Majesty, which charged him with tyranny and heathenism, for forcing them to part with their beards.

“ About this time the Czar came down to Veronize, where I was then on service, and a great many of my men that had worn their beards all their lives, were now obliged to part with them: amongst whom, one of the first that I met with, just coming from the hands of the barber, was an old *Russ* carpenter that had been with me at Camishinka, who was a very good workman with his hatchet, and whom I always had a friendship for. I jested a little with him on this occasion, telling him that he was become a young man, and asked him what he had done with his beard? Upon which he put his hand into his bosom and pulled it out, and shewed it to me; farther telling me, that when he went home, he would lay it up to have it put into his coffin, and buried along with him; so that he might be able to give an account of it to St. Nicholas, when he came to the other world; and that all his *brothers* (meaning his fellow-workmen who had been shaved that day) had taken the same care.

“ As to their clothes,” continues Mr. P., “ the general habit which the *Russes* used to wear, was a

long vestment hanging down to the middle of the small of their legs ; this was gathered and laid in plaits upon their hips, little differing from the habit of women's petticoats.

“ The Czar, therefore, resolving to have this habit changed, first gave orders, that all his Boyards and people whatsoever, that came near his Court, and that were in his pay, should, upon penalty of falling under his displeasure, according to their several abilities, equip themselves with handsome clothes made after the English fashion, and to appear with gold and silver trimming,—that is, those that could afford it. And next he commanded, that a pattern of clothes of the English fashion should be hung up at all the gates of the city of Moscow ; and that publication should be made, that all persons (excepting the common peasants who brought goods and provisions into the city) should make their clothes according to the said patterns ; and that whosoever should disobey the said orders, and should be found passing any of the gates of the city in their long habits, should either pay two grevens (which is twenty pence) or be obliged to kneel down at the gates of the city, and to have their coats cut off just even with the ground ; so much as it was longer than to touch the ground when they kneeled down ; of which there were many hundreds of coats that were cut accordingly ; and being done with a good humour, it occasioned mirth among the people, and soon broke the custom of wearing long coats, especially

in places near Moscow, and those other towns wherever the Czar came."

"There are a great many other things," continues Mr. Perry, "which his Majesty has done to reform and convince his people of the folly of being bigotted to their old ways and customs, and to shew them that there was no real evil in changing them for new ones, which are either more reasonable, or more becoming, and decent. I shall only mention one thing more which the *Czar* did to shew his people that the customs of *Russia* had in reality *been changed already*; and that too, for the better: so that there was no more ill in the doing of it at once, than in the course of 500 years;—of which he made them this following very singular representation.—

"In the year 1701, one of his jesters being to be married to a very pretty woman, he ordered all his lords and gentlemen that were in his favour, with several foreigners, to be invited to the wedding; and gave his commands that every person who was invited (whose names of both sexes were set down in writing) should provide themselves with the same habit that was worn in *Russia* in the days of their fathers, about 200 years before; and that the whole ceremony should be performed after the same manner as it was at that time; of which I shall only give this short account.—The *Boyards*, who wore long caps upon their heads at least a foot higher than was then the fashion, had on a gaudy aukward dress that I cannot here easily describe,

and rode on horseback. The furniture of their horses was fixed after a very unusual manner, some of the *Boyards* who were of the first rank, had for the reins of their bridle a silver chain, the links of which were about an inch and a half, or two inches, broad, made of thin silver beat out flat; and the breast-plate and crupper were dressed with little square pieces of the same thin silver, which with the motion of the horse struck against each other, and made a kind of jingling like bells as they rode; amongst which rank was his Majesty in the same habit with his lords, there being another person who was one of the old *Boyards*, appointed for representing the *Czar* for that day, in a mock dress. Persons of meaner rank, who could not have their horses' furniture fixed with silver, had it with tin lacquered over.

“The women who were invited to this wedding, were ordered to be dressed after the old *Russ* manner, their smock sleeves were at least twelve yards long, contracted into a ruff, as much as would lie between their shoulders and their wrists, with their upper vestment only covering their bodies, and the heels of their shoes or slippers nearly five inches high; they rode in machines or waggons set only upon axletrees and wheels, without any leathers or spring to make them easy; and there were short ladders tied on the side of each waggon (like the present way of the *Tartars*) to get up; which waggons were hooped over at one end where the women sat, covered with red cloth.—In this

order I saw them march to the house of the deceased General *La Fort*, which was a house built at the *Czar's* charge.

“ There were several tables spread in a very large hall, according to the degrees and ranks of the guests, and at the upper end there was one table placed upon a throne, about three feet higher than the rest, at which sat the mock Czar with a mock Patriarch, to whom the company advanced by gradual steps, and bowed their heads to the ground at several proper distances as they advanced ; being called by name, to kiss, first the mock Czar, and then the Patriarch's hands ; upon which a dram of brandy was presented to each man, both from the Czar and the Patriarch : they then went backwards from the throne to about 20 feet distance, and all the way made their bows as they went back. A splendid entertainment was prepared for the company ; but the victuals, and way of serving it to the table, was, on purpose for mirth, made irregular and disagreeable, and the furniture poor and mean : their liquor also was as unacceptable, the best of which (as in the days of old), was made of brandy and honey : and yet, they were obliged to drink it, for though there was a grievous begging and complaint made in jest and in earnest, yet there was not one glass of good beer nor a drop of wine to be had that day ; for they were told, that their fathers had not drunk any, neither must they ; the dancing and music in the evening was after the *Russ* fashion.—And lastly,

though it was in the depth of winter, and the frost was very severe, there was a bed provided for the married pair in the summer house in the garden, where there was neither fire nor stove to keep the room warm; according as it had been a superstitious custom in that country. For, by reason the Russ houses are built without any chimney or fire-place in any of their rooms, but have stoves built in them to keep them warm in the winter, and a considerable quantity of earth laid always above the ceilings on the top of the room to keep in the heat, the Russes therefore looked upon as ominous, and a thing that savoured too much of death and the grave, for a young couple to lie the first night with earth over their heads:—for which reason it had been their manner, though they happened to be married in the depth of winter, to lie,—as the Czar now ordered his jester, and as some of the Russes still superstitiously follow,—always the first night with the bride in a cold room.”

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. (Chapter XIV.)

THE Russians have a variety of musical instruments, to some of which a very ancient origin has been ascribed:—as they differ considerably both in form and capability from those used by other European nations, we shall here present the English reader with a slight sketch of them.

The GUSLI, or *reclining Harp*, which is not unlike

a harpsichord, both in form and management, was the instrument most in use formerly among all classes; but as the harpsichord, itself, has been generally introduced not only among the nobility and merchants, but also among the middling classes, the *Gussli* is on the decline; except among the peasantry and Cossacks of the Black Sea, whose favourite it still continues to be. The word *Gussli*, in Russia, is used only in the plural, on account of its number of strings:—the Serbians have an instrument of similar construction, styled the *Gussla*, but which has only one string, and that of horse-hair. The magicians among the ancient Staromians, who were supposed to possess the power of driving away evil spirits, worked upon the fancy of the superstitious by means of music:—hence, they were called “*Gussli-players*.”

The *GOUDOK* is a kind of *violincello* with three strings,—which, when the player sits, he holds between his knees. He touches only one string when he plays it with his fingers; but all three are used with the bow. This instrument is still a great favourite among the Cossacks of the Ukraine; but in the Russias, it is chiefly played by elderly ladies.

The *BALAIKA*, or *BALALAIKA*, appears to be the first rude attempt at the construction of the *Spanish Guitar*, which it resembles:—only that the *Balaika* is sometimes *triangular* and sometimes oval or *round*; being about twelve inches long and eight broad. It has a long neck, with two strings which are attached

to small pegs :—one string only is played by the left hand ; the other serving as the bass-note.

The WOLYNKA, or *bagpipe*, requires no description : it was thus designated by the inhabitants of Great Russia, because they became acquainted with it in Volhynia :—those of Little Russia give it the name of KOSHA.—It is the favourite instrument of the various tribes of Finnish origin.

The COHORN, a wind instrument, is generally made of the bark of trees, strongly girt round with brass-wire : it has a mouth-piece like that in use among the Germans ; and the number of its finger-notes varies from three to seven. On the back or lower part, and about an inch above the higher finger-note, there is an opening for the thumb. This instrument is not only used by the shepherds and the labourers in the field, and by the fishermen on the Don, and the Wolga, as an accompaniment to the voice ; but also, by peasants in the alehouse, and by sailors on the ocean.

The SCOVORODOS are Copper-plates, which are struck together, answering the purpose of *cymbals*.

The LOSHKI are two wooden spoons, having bells attached to their upper ends. They are either struck together, as in military music,—as an accompaniment to other instruments ;—or they are wheeled round, by themselves, in the air. Guthrie traces their resemblance to the *crotalum* of the ancients, which was a bar of metal in the form of a cross, and which had bells attached to it in the same manner.

The SHALM, or *reed-pipe*, is usually made of reeds ; but in the spring, of willow : it is generally played by blowing into an opening in the side, like a flute ; but sometimes with a mouth-piece like a clarionet. The description which Horace gives of the *Shalm* of the ancient Greeks, is applicable to the reed-pipe of the Russians.

The BI-SHALM, or *double-flute*, consists of two reeds, like our flageolet :—these have similar or various tones, and may be used singly, or fastened together, at the pleasure of the player. On old Greek and Roman coins and vessels we sometimes see depicted representations of sacrifices, in which a youth is playing on this instrument, or holding one in each of his hands.

The PANDEAN HARP is a fac-simile of the *Lyrinx* of the ancients ; consisting of seven reeds of unequal length.

The Siberian Miners play upon instruments for which we know no specific name :—two boys strike upon-sheets or plates of iron ; one with a blunt knife upon a thin plate, in various measure, according to the nature of the dance ; and the other with a stick, on a thick plate, suspended by a cord in the air, which produces the bass-notes. Sometimes, a large iron kettle is used instead of the latter plate.

The SIBERIAN HUNTING-HORN is like the *Salpinx* of the ancient Greeks ; it consists of two carved wooden tubes which are joined to each other, and

curiously covered with the bark of trees. It is played, of course, like the *cohorn*, by a mouth-piece.

The Russian *hunting-music*, called also the *music of the horns*, is unique in its kind, and singular in its origin. It has been carried to such a degree of perfection, and is so enchanting, not only to connoisseurs, but also to those who are exquisitely musical, that its history is somewhat interesting. The inventor of it was J. A. Maresch, who was born in Bohemia in 1719. He repaired to Petersburg in 1748, and entered into the service of Count de Bestuchef. When the Empress Elizabeth dined one day with the minister, she was so much pleased with Maresch's performance on the horn, that she offered to take him into her own service. He accepted the offer, and was appointed musician of the royal-chamber. In this station he invented the present music, and the direction was assigned to him, under the title of Master of the Imperial chapel. He died in 1794.

In its execution, a great number of horns are employed; some long and straight, others more or less short, and a little curved, but all of the same tone. Twenty musicians, at least, are required; but forty would not be sufficient, as there are ninety-one sounds in all, if some of the performers, having little to do, were not able conveniently to attend to more than one horn at a time. Some of these instruments descend lower than the common horns; and the sounds are thus rendered more tremulous, and more forcibly af-

fect distant auditors. The music has been brought to such perfection, that the quartettos and quintettos of Haydn, Mozart, and Pleyel, may be performed with it, and the concertos of Giornovich executed even to the shake, with admirable precision and certainty. What occasions particular astonishment is, the accurate execution of *rf*, *sf*, *mf*, *pf*, *cal*, &c.—to which may be added, the strong, though pleasing rest on the slow and dying notes, producing a very fine effect in the pathetic passages.

The best band ever known was that of the Chamberlain Wadkowskoi; there was another equally superb under the direction of Charles Lau, of the Imperial corps of Chasseurs; it belonged to Count Rasomowskoi. He resigned it to Prince Potemkin, who carried it with him in all his expeditions. This band was dispersed at his death, so that M. Lau could not collect above seven or eight individuals.

In 1763, this music was employed with brilliant success at an extraordinary festival. During the last week of a Russian carnival, a hill was seen to advance; which was so well covered with trees and shrubs, that the immense sledge on which it was carried did not appear. In this wood were many stuffed deer, hares, foxes, and different kinds of game, that had been killed for the occasion; and the musicians who were concealed by the foliage, so that their bonnets only were seen, struck up a concert which seemed the effect of enchantment.

We understand that there is a band of Russian-horn music, at the present time, in the British metropolis.

The church-music of Russia allows of the use of no instruments; consequently, it consists of a chorus of eight voices, each voice being tutored for different parts.

PUNISHMENTS OF THE KNOT AND THE PINE.

(Chapter XIV.)

Punishment by the *knout* in Russia, is very ancient, and no doubt derived from the Tartars. It was always inflicted by the *knoutavoit*, or common executioner, and never ordered except after a form of trial, or by the command of some great man, as the Czar himself, a duke, or a powerful Waywode. The instrument consisted of a thick, hard, leathern thong, three feet and a half in length, which was fastened by a ring or swivel to a handsome wooden handle, about two yards and a half long. When this punishment took place, which was generally for crimes of the second or third class, the culprit's shirt was stripped off, and he was hoisted on the back of the executioner's assistant; the *knoutavoit-master*, as the Russians styled him, then inflicted as many strokes on his bare back as were appointed by the judge, making at each stroke, a step back and a spring forward, so that it should fall with due force and precision. Blood generally fol-

lowed each blow, and weals were left behind of the thickness of a man's finger. The *knoutavoit* masters were so expert in their calling, that they very rarely struck twice in the same place, but laid the stripes in parallel lines, close to each other, over the whole surface from the shoulders downwards.

Dreadful, however, as this punishment was, that of the *pine* was infinitely worse; it was generally inflicted in the way of torture to extort confession, as to personal participation in crime, as to the names and numbers of accomplices, &c. The culprit's hands being tied behind, a rope was fastened to them; and the feet, having a heavy weight attached to them, the whole body was raised by means of a pulley, so that the shoulder joints were dislocated, and the arms came right over the head. In this excruciating posture, as many strokes of the *knout* were inflicted on the bare body of the unfortunate sufferer, (as above described,) as the judge chose to appoint. This mode of torture was generally inflicted in a leisurely manner; for, every now and then, the sub-diak examined the sufferer, as to how far he was guilty of the crimes of which he stood accused, or whether he had any confederates; also, whether he or they were guilty of other crimes, as treason, robbery, and murder, of which the authors were not known. All these formalities having been attended to, the wretched criminal was taken down, and his arms being put into their

sockets by the executioner, he was either dismissed, or sent back to prison.

But, if the crime of which he stood accused were capital, further torture was to be endured. A gentle, or slow fire, being made near the gallows, the suspected criminal was taken down from the *pine*, and if he still persisted in denying the imputed guilt, his hands and feet were tied, and his body fixed upon a long pole, as upon a spit; which, being held at each end by two men, his raw back was absolutely roasted over the fire, whilst the sub-diak examined him, and wrote down his confession as before! If any individual, who was charged with a crime which deserved death, and in a case wherein proof was not clear against him, could not stand out this variety of torture, three several times, and inflicted at intervals of four weeks, without confessing his guilt, or if his answers were not judged to be clear and satisfactory, he was, after all, condemned to suffer death; but, if he was so hardy as to suffer all without confession, or other proof of guilt, he was acquitted! These tortures will remind the reader of witch-trying in England; if the unlucky old creatures were innocent they were *drowned*; if guilty, (or if they would not *drown*, which was all the same to our ancestors,) they were *hanged* and *burned*! Nations and their rulers are now becoming more civilized, and it is highly creditable to the memory of the late excellent Emperor Alex-

ander, that he abolished the above horrible tortures, throughout the whole of his dominions. It remains for his Imperial brother to complete the holy work, by introducing Trial by Jury.

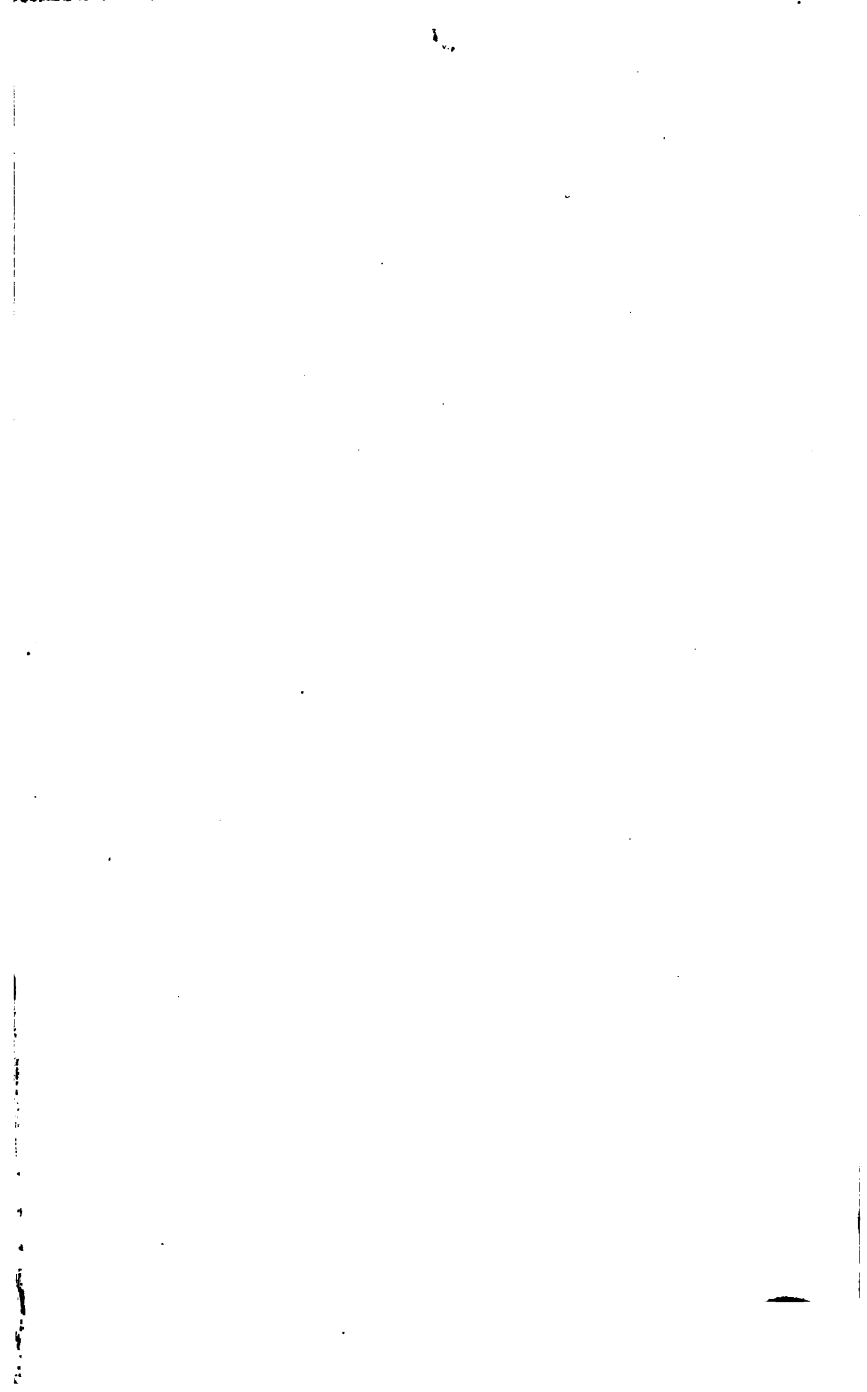
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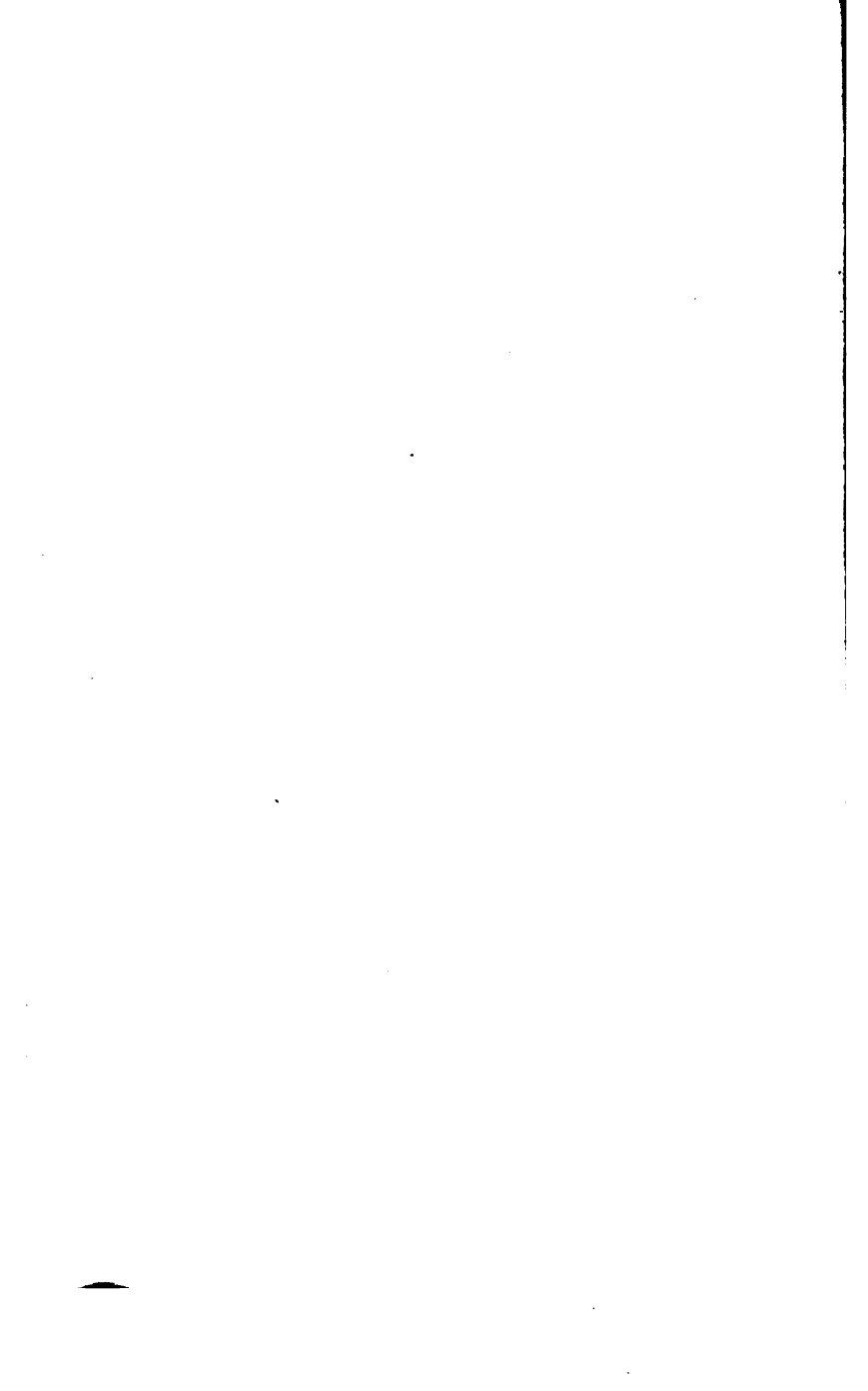
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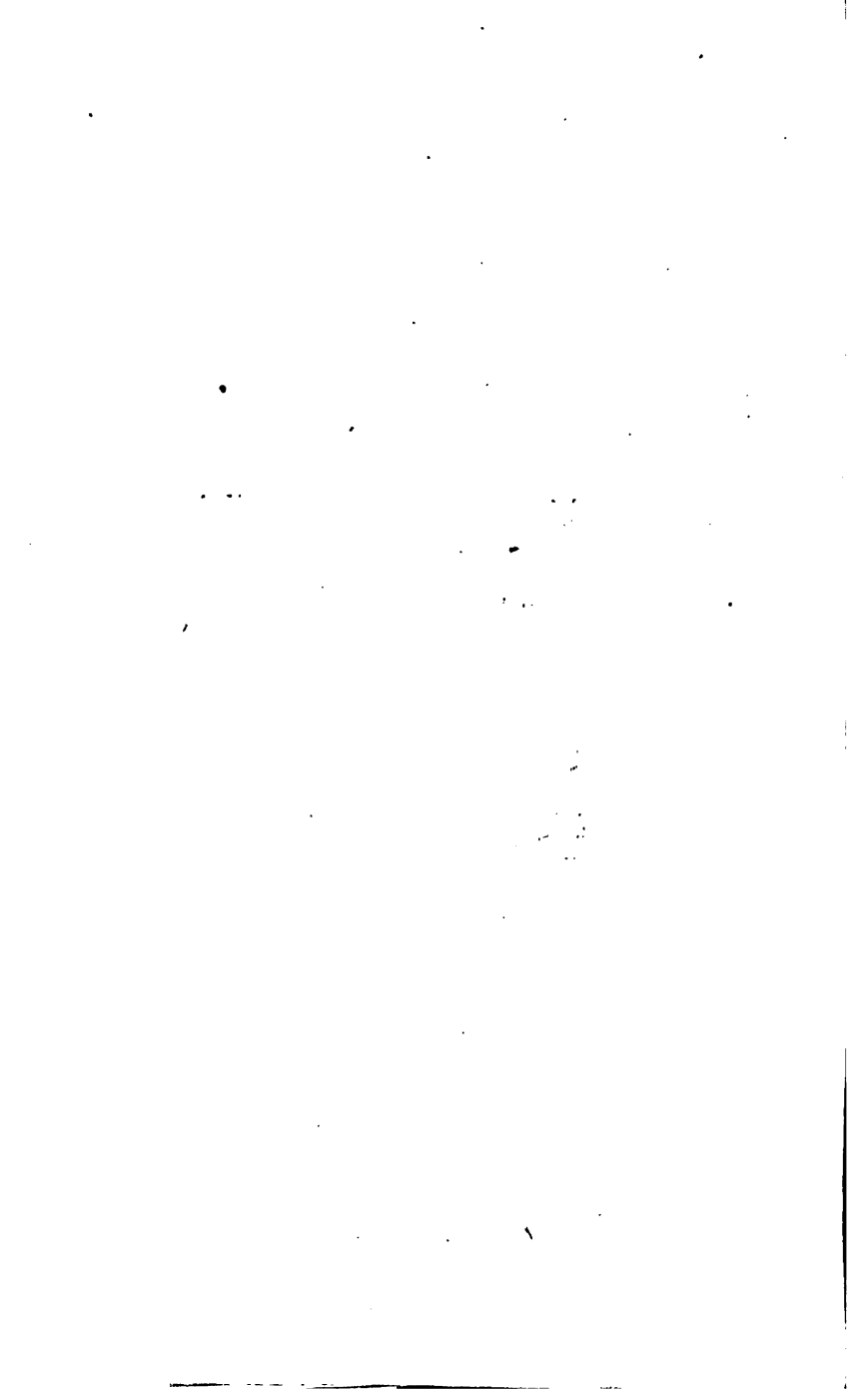
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