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THE HERETIC.

THE HERETIC;

OR,

THE GERMAN STRANGER.

An Historical Romance

OF

THE COURT OF RUSSIA

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LAJETCHNIKOFF.

BY

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THE HERETIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MANDRAKE.

"Plunged in a languageless foreboding,
Leaving his comrades far behind,
Into that lonely land he hurried,
And prick'd through forests drear and blind,
In thoughts of woe and vengeance buried.—
And prompting aye his soul to ill,
A demon voice around him flutter'd,
'My sword shall burst that bar—I'll kill!'—
Ever that dark Knight inly mutter'd."

PÓUSHKIN—*Rouslán and Liudmíla.*

WE have seen, in our tale, two opposed parties—that of the boyárin Mamón against the family of Obrazétz, and that of the knight Poppel against the leech Ehrenstein; I will not mention the secret inimical proceedings of the father against the son, so revolting to the feelings. The one was inspired with the means of mischief, by the very demon of

evil and hate; the others, fulfilling their duty, repulsed them with strength and generosity of heart. Hitherto the first had succeeded in nothing, if we except the heretical demon which Mamón had placed in the house of Obrazétz to injure him, and afflict the daughter he so tenderly loved. They took advantage of the absence of the Great Prince, and of their chief opponents, to seek out new and more sure weapons with infernal ingenuity. All expedients were tried over in a heart and intellect inventive of evil; and some are born with a genius even for this. Revenge of slighted love added to this party a third character, the widow Selínova. From a victim she had become a sacrificer, edged the knife for Khabár's ruin, and mingled the poison to destroy him. Among them circulates the everlasting Interpreter, ready to curry favour with friend and foe, ready to do a service even to his enemy, so long as he could be serving somebody. All who surrounded Antony and Anastasia were busied in intrigues: while they, simple and innocent, suspected nothing, saw nothing, heard not the menaces of the demon.

Bartholomew did not delay to bring together Poppel and Mamón. The harebrained frivolous

knight, and the wicked boyárin, soon came to an understanding. The latter had need of the knight, and took care to flatter his vanity by peculiar marks of respect, and skilful expressions of a desire to please him. The German needed some object on which to support his vanity, and was well pleased to find that support on the shoulders of a boyárin, a confidential servant of Iván. And the secret and mutual attraction between such similar souls—what is their connexion but a strong amalgam! Gold can only be united with an impure metal by the employment of another noble metal, and then it is not difficult for the refiner to unite two substances of the same species. The difference between them consists only in the heaviness of the one and the lightness of the other. Once united, they present a single impure whole, and the point of junction is imperceptible, though that junction is the work of an unskilful artificer.

"What did Mámon want with the knight?"

Our readers remember, that the boyárin was preparing himself for the ordeal by battle with his deadly foe. He knew that the foreigners were more skilful in the use of arms, (a fact which had been recently proved by a certain Lithuanian, who

had defeated in the lists a celebrated Russian champion solely by his dexterity, wherefore Iván Vassílievitch, from that time, had strictly forbidden the Russians to fight with foreigners;) he had heard that in the suite of the ambassador there happened to be a master of this art, and he conceived an irrepressible desire to take lessons of him. This could by no means be done without Poppel's permission. Being introduced to him by the translator, the knight gave with willingness not only this permission, but himself—a celebrated master of the art of fence, as he boasted—offered to perfect him in the science of wielding the sword. "The son of Obrazétz must fall," he said. But how so? might have been enquired; why, you do not know him, even by sight. "How so?" he would have answered; "how so? . . . . I wish Mamón to be victorious . . . . . I have said that the other shall fall, and fall he shall. Now, ye shall see." It is true there are such blockheads; there are also cases in which for such words as these, spoken thoughtlessly, and afterwards kept by strength and cunning, the unhappy are innocently ruined, involved in snares on all sides—and with them fall for ever their honour and their fame.

At first the noble knight seconded Mamón from desire to benefit him, and to injure a man of whom he knew nothing; and then he was confirmed in his desire to serve his new acquaintance, by recognizing in his opponent a young man with military talents, who had done good service to his country. To the envious it always appears that the shadow of a great man may fall upon him and obscure him from the eyes of the multitude, though they may be journeying in different paths; and then he invariably thinks that the multitude have nothing else to do but to admire his greatness. Down with the lofty man, and the sooner the better! . . . . At last, from that idea, which was the motive for the knight's zeal for Mamón, he advanced to the desire of injuring Khabár in order to benefit himself. He promised to assist his friend's vengeance; in exchange, the noble, grateful Mamón, learning that the leech Antony was an obstacle to the German's welfare, promised to sweep away that trifling impediment if he came off victorious in the *lists*. And the simple creature who had formed their connexion, the universal flatterer Bartholomew, could not have imagined that he would have been the ground on which such splendid designs were to be embroidered.

Mamón did not rest contented with the ordinary means of man in order to destroy his foe: he sought others in the supernatural world; he had recourse even to the Fiend. He had heard that the adepts of the Jewish heresy, which had its nest at Moscow, were in possession of cabalistic or necromantic secrets, by which they could perform wonders, and determined on having recourse to the power of these enchanters.

We have already said that the philosophical curiosity of the fifteenth century, which was now reaching its close, had agitated nearly every population of Europe. Its services were innumerable; who knows them not? But that spirit of experimental enquiry was not contented with immortalizing thought, with liberating it from the slavery of antiquity, from the power of Popery; bestowing on man an unsleeping pilot over the ocean, and bringing down the thunderbolt from heaven; not contented with giving the human race a new world on its own planet;—no, this all-devouring curiosity desired to gain a still further victory over heaven, to steal from it a secret, hitherto accessible to no man, and to no century. This contagion had unavoidably extended itself to Russia, through the medium of diplomatic

relations, the natural connexion with one of the western courts, and through the seekers of profit and adventure. Under the forms of the Jewish heresy it had actually communicated itself to our country. At first Kíeff had caught it from the Hebrew Skharía, "a man right cunning of mind, sharp of tongue;" then Nóvgorod from him also; thence victory transferred it to Moscow. Now, fresh seeds of these opinions were brought in by the suite of Helena, daughter of Stephán the Great, (as he was styled among us, voevóda of Vallachia.) "This misfortune came first out of the land of Hungarie," says the annalist. The deacon Kourítzin, wise, acute, but carried away by a blind and simple love for science, took to his heart this contagion in Hungary, and disseminated it as far as he could. On this occasion, "on the wise man," as the proverb hath it, "came the simplicity of the child;" and only on this occasion the diplomatic services he had rendered to Iván III., worthily appreciated as they were, were a pledge of his dexterous and penetrating intellect. And we must repeat, that the cause of this simple confidence was that very love of knowledge, that insatiable curiosity, which mastered not only the solitary men of genius, but even the coarse masses

of the fifteenth century. Skharía boasted of his knowledge of the cabalistic art. It pretended to solve the enigmas of life and death; the thirst for explaining these mysteries tormented the wise deacon, and therefore he plunged headlong into this chaos, taking for his guide the cunning Jew. The powerful example of the deacon, that of the wife of Iván the Young, Helena, who was infatuated by the lying science, the dexterity and cunning of the missionaries—credulity, sense, and folly—all united at length in maintaining the Jewish heresy, which had threatened, at Nóvgorod and Moscow, to shake the cornerstone of our well-being. Clergy and women, princes and mob, rich and poor, crowded in multitudes to the synagogue, notwithstanding the warnings and even the anathemas of their ecclesiastical pastors, really zealous for the salvation of souls. So strong was the contagion, that even the head of the Muscovite church, the primate Zozima, took a lively interest in it. In his palace there not unfrequently took place assemblies of the heretics. "We have seen," writes Tosif of Vólok, "the child of Satan on the throne of God's saints, Peter and Alexéi; we have seen the ravening wolf in the clothing of the peaceful shepherd." The Great Prince looked on the

heresy as a matter of philosophy, of love of knowledge, so natural to man. That it had no dangerous object he was satisfactorily assured by those about him, themselves either members of the secret association, or bribed over to their interests; but more than all by his favourite, Kourítzin, who had given him so many proofs of devotion and fidelity. The matter was so craftily managed, that Iván Vassílievitch, with all his far-sightedness, never so much as suspected the contrary. We must add, too, that a degree of toleration, rare in that period, glittered, the chief gem in the crown of this man of genius. This, together with a decided spirit of despotism, which purposely went against the popular current, undeniably, sometimes stupidly, obstinate against his useful innovations, was the cause why the Great Prince remained deaf to all the representations of the clergy, respecting the necessity of inflicting an exemplary punishment on the heretics.

Antony had been conveyed to Moscow by the Jew. Could the young bachelor have imagined that he should be carried to the capital of Russia by the founder of a sect in that country? His driver was no less a person than Skharía. He had not failed, it is true, to remark in him, during his journey, an

unusual intellect, a seductive eloquence, chemical knowledge, and a striking love of science; but the Jew's cunning succeeded so perfectly in confusing all this, that frequently the most sensible conversation was followed by the most absurd questions and observations, which at first confounded Antony's guesses. Never, during the whole journey, did the Hebrew, even by an insinuation, seek to shake in the young man the foundations of his religious belief. He perceived that he had met with an intellect clear and firm, naturally logical, and tempered in the forge of science. As yet Antony had never experienced love; love, for which, as all the world knows, even Hercules spun at the distaff, Richelieu wore motley, &c. &c.: was it then surprising that our bachelor should lose in Russia all the logic given him by God, and perfected in the schools? But at that time, *i. e.* on the journey to Muscovy, his intellect, like some mighty athlete, was ready to start up in complete armour, whatever were the direction, and whatever the force, of the attack. And therefore the crafty Hebrew, in religious matters, confined himself to a defensive attitude against Antony; but be compensated for this silence in another way. He took advantage of the long journey, to

obtain from the Paduan bachelor various facts in chemistry, with which the latter had enriched himself.—"Assuredly, the cunning rascal wishes to play the magician in Russia!" said Antony to himself, as he reviewed in his own mind all his proceedings and conversations. In his conductor he had never suspected the existence of the head of a sect. And when arrived at Moscow, Skharía never attempted to introduce Antony among his adepts; he feared even then that the force of logical conclusions, and his inspired eloquence, would ruin the edifice which he had constructed on so slight a scaffolding; and though the young bachelor did become acquainted with Kourítzin, their conversations were always confined to natural science alone. Skharía had so dexterously put the latter on his guard respecting religious subjects, that he—fearing the young man's indiscretion, natural at his age, and dangerous from his position, so near the Great Prince's person—never so much as spoke to Antony on religious questions. To this was limited, externally at least, the intercourse between the leech and the head of the heretical sect, as well as its protector in Russia. Never once had Skharía visited Antony, never once had he even sent to him; a feeling

of gratitude, delicate and cautious, prevented him from affording even ground for suspicion that the leech was acquainted with a Jew. Had not the heretic—even as it was—a sufficient reputation for witchcraft and necromancy? What would have been the consequence, if he were observed carrying on an intercourse with the enemy of Christ? For the heart of the despised Jew preserved the memory of the young bachelor's benefits, like a holy commandment. That heart laid strict orders on Kourítzin to protect him, to guard him like the apple of his eye, like a beloved child of his own—to inspire the Great Prince with every good feeling towards him—to assist him, in case of need, with money, with the power of his influence, with fire and sword, how he pleased, so as to protect the beloved head from the storms of life. It was that heart which obtained, from agents at the Emperor's court, and in the suite of Poppel himself, information as to the dangers which menaced the Baron Ehrenstein's son, and he commanded the deacon to keep a strict watch over his safety; and the deacon, the obedient disciple of Skharía, performed with the greatest punctuality and zeal the command of his instructor and second father, as he styled him. The Hebrew was informed

of every thing that took place in Obrazétz's house, as well in the boyárin's as in the heretic's quarter. *How* he gained this information, Kourítzin himself did not know, and attributed this omniscience to the secrets of magic. In the meanwhile Skharía was acquainted also with Antony's love for the boyárin's daughter, and was alarmed at this passion, which might ruin the young foreigner; and, therefore, he began unceasingly to watch him and all that surrounded him. But in the course of these researches he had become more favourably disposed to the family of Obrazétz, which previously he had not liked, from not having been able to shake its religious convictions. In the struggle between the two parties, he was on that side to which Antony was attracted by the feelings of his heart.

The arrival of Skharía in Moscow was, for his partisans and disciples, a veritable triumph. It was said that he had obtained possession of a book, which Adam had received from God himself, and also the head of our primogenitor; that he had brought with him divers new secrets, which would astonish the human race. These reports reached even Mamón. His attempts to obtain magical assistance from Antony had not succeeded; and,

therefore, he had decided on having recourse to the necromancy of the all-powerful Jew enchanter. The absence of Iván Vassílievitch left him free to fulfill this intention. True, it was difficult to obtain access to the great magician, whose place of abode was unknown to all except those most closely connected with him. He was every where, they said, and no where. Still more difficult would it be to obtain access for those who, without having devoted themselves to his instructions, merely sought magic assistance; and Mamón was, of course, to be counted among the latter number. With the aid, however, of large sums of money, and the eager zeal of friends, he succeeded in having a day appointed for his reception.

He was conducted at night, with bandaged eyes, through various streets, and after many complicated turns admitted into a house. With difficulty he crawled up a staircase, winding in a spiral. On arriving at a particular spot, he was exhorted to bend down his head as low as possible; but much as he forced himself to stoop, he received so vigorous a blow, that sparks flashed before his eyes. Here they stopped him, and warned him not to stir from the spot under penalty of being crushed to atoms.

Then he was struck by certain sweet superhuman sounds, now swelling, now sinking, and at last dying away, and producing an irresistible sleep. Hardly had he begun to yield to the unwilling drowsiness, when thunder roared, and a sulphurous smell was perceived. The floor tottered beneath him, and he felt as if he were sinking through the earth. A tremor seized him. He was about to cross himself, but refrained, remembering that the slightest mark of the cross would destroy him. Suddenly the bandage fell from his eyes, and he found himself surrounded by moving clouds of blue mist or smoke, in which, as it appeared to him, he was borne along. Little by little, the clouds grew thin, fiery specks began to gleam, and he was gradually free'd from his mysterious pall. Mamón found himself in a gigantic chamber; before him stood a table of enormous size, covered with brocade, in which gold was so thickly interwoven in innumerable particles, that it pained the eyes to look on it. On the table stood seven candles of pure wax, of a virgin whiteness, in golden candlesticks; and there lay on it, beside, an enormous open book, so ancient that it looked as though the first touch would reduce it to dust, and a human skull. Mamón observed the head of a serpent

peering out from its eye-sockets. Behind the table, on a kind of elevation, sate an old man. His stern glance from under bushy white eyebrows, his tawny face, the white beard reaching to his knees, the black, ample mantle, inscribed with cabalistic characters of a bloody colour; all this must have awe-struck him who came to consult the oracle.

"The reason why thou comest is known to us," said the mysterious old man, in a voice that seemed to issue from the grave: "thou art to fight in the lists with thy sworn foe, Khabár-Simskoi, and thou askest us for victory over him. Is it not so?"

Mamón replied, that the mysterious personage, whom he knew not how to name, had read his thoughts, and fell upon his face at some distance from the terrible being.

"Thy faith is strong in our power," continued the mysterious old man. "Even now, as thou appearedst before us, the book of our father Adam opened of itself, and showed how to save thee from the steel. Listen! The spirits of the night have brought into the world the wonder-working mandrake. Its power destroyeth the strongest iron; its touch alone against a sword breaketh it in pieces. It is hidden from the eye of man in the depth of

unapproachable forests; it is unceasingly guarded by two serpents, who keep watch over it in turns, day and night. The eagle, the king of birds, hath alone the gift and strength to take it from their guard. Command thy servants to find in the surrounding woods an eagle's nest with nestlings. Now is just the time when they are fledged. Prepare a net woven of wires, of the thickness of a sword-blade, order the servants to watch till the male and female eagle fly away for prey for their young ones. If the hen remain, let them frighten her away. Then must the net be fixed over the nest in such-wise that it will be impossible for the old birds to pass through to their young ones, or give them food. These humble preparatory duties thy servants can perform: thus it is spoken in the book of Adam. Between evening and dawn the eagle will find the mandrake, he will with it break in pieces the net, and hide the mandrake in the nest for another similar occasion. Now beginneth thy turn. Dost thou feel in thyself enough strength and valour to fight, without human aid, alone with the two eagles—namely, by the nest where thou must thyself find and take the mandrake? Remember, when thou performest this achievement, no human soul but thyself must be nearer than a

hundred fathoms, nor must see thee take the wonder-working mandrake. Thou mayest fight with whatever weapons thou thinkest good; but without a breast-plate. Look whether the achievement be not above thy strength."

"I am ready even for a flock of eagles, if only I may obtain victory over my hated foe," answered Mamón.

The mysterious servant of the invisible spirits assured him of undoubted victory if he only could obtain the mandrake; and gave him instructions how to attach it to the point of his sword, by means of a substance which was not metal, but resembled iron in colour.

"Now," said he, "begone, and perform all that I have told thee, without departing one hair's-breadth from our words, and with faith in our might, which we have received from the father of the human race."

In obedience to instructions previously given him, Mamón placed on the table a handful of silver, and again fell on the earth. Then again began to rise the columns of smoke, growing denser and denser, and at length shrouding all objects. Then vanished the mysterious old man, and the book of Adam; there only glimmered and flashed up and down seven

fiery specks, and the skull gnashed its yellow teeth. Mamón's head began to turn, and he fell down insensible. When he came to himself, he was on the bank of the Yaóuza, where his slaves awaited his return with his horse.

On the next day the thirst for vengeance early roused Mamón. His first thought, his first action, was to dispatch fowlers and falconers in every direction through the surrounding forests. A rich reward was promised to the man who should find an eagle's nest with eaglets. A week did not pass away before one of the people he had sent brought him the wished-for tidings. About twenty versts from the city, towards the north, in the depth of the forest, by the information of the neighbouring peasants, a nest had been discovered with two young eagles, just beginning to be fledged.—"And we had an opportunity to get a glance at the old one," said the happy fowler: "such a bird I never saw in my life. When he soars, he obscureth the sun with his wings."

The promised reward, increased too by a present, was paid. Now was the time to make the iron net, and fix it over the nest. People were sent to execute this; their head was pledged for the performance of the order.

In the mean time the boyárin, sleeping and awake, was in imagination fighting with the eagle. He calculated all possible attacks on the part of the king of the birds, he studied all modes of defence against him, all means of destroying him. Mamón even fought with bears: the shaggy quadruped was more than a match for any bird, though a royal one; yet many a bruin fell before his powerful and dexterous arm. He anticipated a triumph both over the eagle and over Khabár: his breast swelled at the result of his successful experiment, his heart bounded. After dispatching the fowlers, he set off himself with a number of falconers, in order to be nearer to the place of action. The forest in which the nest had been found stood not far from the left bank of the river Moskvá. On this bank a rich tent was pitched for the boyárin. The fowlers posted themselves around it. Another person, more tranquil in soul, would have been enraptured with the picturesque panorama which surrounded the boyárin. How many objects were there for a good and loving heart, not yet chased from the paradise of pure thoughts and enjoyments! The river sportively spread its silver sheet, and imaged a multitude of various capes, reaches, and creeks: the creative pencil of the Almighty Artist

had scattered, here green silken lawns, there mirror-like lakes, gazing lovingly up at their heaven; there groups or shadowy clumps of trees, or a dark pine-forest, which crowned a height with its jagged wall, or timidly advanced from the sides of mountains, or poured its dark torrent down their slopes. Whoever knows the banks of Arkhángelsk and Ilinsk, will confess with me, that there was ample food for admiration. It was exactly in this spot that the boyárin fixed his halting-place. But his soul flew far away to another spoil; and, like a hungry carrion-crow, could not rest until it had drank blood. Had he possessed the power, he would have invited all the birds of prey from the surrounding forest to his feast of blood, where he would have offered them, as the best regale, the carcass of his foe.

In the midst of these dark thoughts Mamón heard the fatal announcement—"*ready.*" Agitated, all trembling, he demanded from his emissaries a repetition of their report. Though engaged in sacrilege, he signed the cross, that emblem of peace and purity of soul; the blasphemer dared to pray to the Almighty for success in his enterprise. He questioned the people in detail, how, and what they had done; how they had executed his command. He listened greed-

ily to the relation of the fowlers; and, when their tale was done, he still desired to hear it all again; and again he forced them to repeat it.

When Mamón's attendants were informed that he was going alone against the eagles, (not, however, knowing what was his object,) they all, casting themselves at his feet, began to implore him not to attempt so unequal a contest. It was for no love of him they did this—the boyárin was cruel even to them—no, but from fear on their own account. He might have gone, and welcome, to certain death, so long as they would not have to answer for it. Would their story be believed, that he had forbidden them to follow him when going to such evident danger? The prayers of his attendants were in vain; the boyárin determined on the conflict.

On the morrow, at daybreak, he was to be at the place of action.

He did all he could to close his eyes, but could not. At midnight he fell into a doze, but frightful visions pursued him even in sleep. Now a crow pecked him on the bosom, and, tearing forth his heart, croaked and chuckled over it. Then a long string of spirits, all pale-white and transparent, skim around him, flit over him, seize him, so that his life

seems torn away, and whirl him through the cold, clammy mist of their substance. At another time he is imprisoned in a human skeleton, as in a cage, with the agony of gazing through the bony grating upon the world, free, sporting, rejoicing—he struggles to burst out, and his head is fixed between the dry ribs. Then again a cold, slimy snake curled up upon him as he slept, and lay in a wreath upon his bosom; it does not remain on his breast, it descends, and then again it crawls upon his bosom, it fixes its head to his open mouth, and Mamón sucks, sucks it in with a slow and long-drawn gurgle. And every time at these horrible visions Mamón was awakened. His heart died within him, his hair bristled up. Oh, that he could but hear the herald-crowing of the cock! He awakes his people, and, not trusting his own eyes, demands whether the dawn was breaking. "The morning is yet not come," they said; and he lay down, and again began to doze. Then appeared before him his mother in an iron cage, enveloped in flames; through the dreadful tongues of fire she put forth a yellow withered face, shook the half-burned tatters of her arm, and said—"*Go not!*" He again awoke. Some one was standing over him.—"Robbers!" he shouted in a dreadful voice.

"It is I, boyárin," said the fowler; "I have come to say the breeze hath got up from the east, the dawn is about to break."

And Mamón arose, and stood in deep thought awhile, like the traveller before the frail planks, which will either bear him safe across the abyss, or plunge him deep within it.

He walked forth out of the tent. The dawning was already matching shade after shade of her yellow and crimson draperies. The attendants were ready with all preparations for the chase. The saddled steeds neighed.

"A horse and hunting-tackle!" cried Mamón.

In an instant he was fully accoutred, bow, arrows, kisten, one knife, then another.

According to the directions of the magician, he put on no breast-plate. At the head of a numerous train he rode into the forest.

At first they proceed along paths but slightly beaten; then even these disappear in the thick moss, which had never borne the track of living being. Marks on the trees, made by the hunters whom the boyárin had sent, alone served to guide their course. The trees grew huger and thicker as they advance; proud and mighty, they shut out with their thick

tops all the prospect which separated them from each other, and seemed to forbid the growth in their society of saplings and brushwood—that mob which had dared to thrust itself among them. Their summits alone enjoyed the light; below them all was gloom. It was only here and there that a sunbeam, stealthily gliding in between their boughs, encircled their boles with its umbered ribands, sprinkling the moss with golden dew, checkering the shrubs with its flitting network. Beneath this ray lay basking, now a lizard green as verdigris, now a snake warming his leopard-spotted back. All was still throughout the forest; not one singing-bird was seen. Hardly did the vermin, hearing the approach of man, rustle and slink away; or the trees, touched by the gentle wind, seem to communicate to each other some mysterious news. Here and there the horsemen were obliged to burst through the living barricade with the chest of their steeds. And now they have ridden about two versts.—"Are we near the place?" enquired Mamón.

"About two hundred fathoms," replied one of the fowlers.

They continued to ride a little further, and Mamón orders them to halt. Receiving directions

in which line to ride so as to find the fatal tree, and giving them orders to gallop instantly to his aid as soon as they heard his voice, and crossing himself, he departed alone to seize the *mandrake*.

The steed, feeling his loneliness, turned restive and began to rear; over his coat passed changing shadows. But one movement, one accent of his powerful rider, and the steed trembling darted on.

Here at last was the longed-for tree. Steps had been cut in its stem. It was an elm, and had been growing for ages. The leafy head was in the full vigour of its strength, while on its stem the tooth of time had hollowed out a deep cavity, and the tough roots hardly rose from the earth. Scattered around, the heads and skeletons of animals showed that here was the haunt of birds of prey. On the summit of the tree was a shapeless heap of dry sticks—the eaglet's cradle, the object of the boyárin's journey. The king of birds screamed as he perceived his foe; in the sounds of his own voice might be distinguished the humiliation and despair of the mighty. The air was filled with his complaints. Mamón dismounted from his horse, tied him to a tree at some distance, and approached the fatal elm. At the root lay fragments of iron.

Whether the net had been badly forged by the hand of a person bribed by the cunning Skhária, whether the eagles had broken it, or the fowlers themselves, corrupted by the Jew's silver, is a point of which the relater of our tale can give no account. He only knows, that the traces of the broken net struck and encouraged the boyárin.

The eagle was perched upon a branch.

As he saw him, Mamón turned up his sleeve; trembling with delight, he drew his bow—aimed—the string clanged, the arrow whistled . . . . But the eye which feared not to gaze on the sun, anticipated the shaft: the eagle flew away, his broad wings rustled, and soon he vanished into the covert of the distant trees. The shaft burying itself deep into an enormous bough, fixed humming there, and the dry twigs flew around. The boyárin again began to await the return of the eagle, but he came not; the winged king himself was watching him. Impatience seized Mamón. Bow and quiver were thrown aside; he begins to clamber up the tree, and the eagle again flies over him. Making a wide circle in the air, he perched upon his native elm, close to his offspring. His screaming was like the war-trumpet calling to the battle. Roused by his voice, the

mother bird darts from the nest, where she was sitting; she turns her head, and, seeing the enemy, she answers the male with a complaining scream. It seemed as if they were agreeing to defend their young, or die. Mamón is already advancing along the boughs; suddenly around him there is a rustling roar as of a hail-storm. The eagles whirl above him, furiously screeching, stretch their talons towards him, and so daringly approach him that they almost reach him with their beaks. He defends himself from the one, the other flies at him. Suddenly he strikes the male with his kisten—the weapon, glancing off the bird's wing, breaks in two a thick branch, and, carried away by the force of the blow, falls to the earth. The frightened horse starts aside. The birds, as if discouraged by the blow, give themselves a moment of repose. Mamón profits by the interval, climbs higher on the branch; another he reaches, a third, and now he is close to the nest. But the eagles do not leave their young ones without protection. They perch between their nest and the enemy. Their savage glance was fixed on Mamón, and terrified his soul. With their wings they cover him as with a tent. At the first movement of his knife the male flies to another

branch, behind the foe. Mamón follows him with his eye, and while he raises his foot a little higher on the branch, with one hand he grasps at the nest, with the other he endeavours to plunge the knife into the breast of the female; she starts aside, under the cover of the branches, and is only slightly wounded. At her piteous cry the eaglets put their heads out of the nest; the male flies at Mamón from behind, plunges his talons into him, and tears his back with his beak. Emboldened by the example of the male, the she eagle on her side throws herself on the enemy. The fight begins. The birds screech, buffet him with their wings, tear him with their beak as with a sickle, and mangle him with their talons. But Mamón defends himself with desperation, fighting and stabbing with his knife. Blood flows on both sides. The cries of their offspring inspire the winged combatants with new fury. The hunter has no longer the hope of escaping from their terrible talons: he gives the signal of despair, and the forest repeats it with a thousand echoes. The eagles enwrap Mamón with their wings, entangle themselves with him, and all three, exhausted, streaming with blood, tumble from the tree in a disorderly mass: stopped by the branches, they

swing a moment on them as in an airy cradle, and at last tumble with a crash to the ground. Terrified by the fall, the steed neighs, bursts the halter, and gallops off.

The attendants rush to the spot, stab the eagles with knives, batter them with kistens, and with difficulty save their master, half dead, from his horrid prison. The feet of the birds, though hacked off, yet cling to the foe, fastened deeply into him by the talons.

The nest is thrown down, the eaglets killed.

They convey away the boyárin with caution, and carry him on a litter to a neighbouring village. Thanks to the wings of the birds, he had escaped a fatal fall. But on his body there was hardly a spot without a wound.

Thus finished Mamón's adventure in search of the *mandrake*. Reports were spread abroad, that, in a combat with a bear, he had fallen under its paw; but that he had, nevertheless, come off victorious. For this exploit the boyárin received from brave men many an unmerited bow.

CHAPTER II.

THE CUNNING MEDIATRESS.

"Passion that in youth inspired her,
She had ne'er forgot in age.
Though this love was late, it fired her
To a fierce and sullen rage."

ROUSLÁN *and* LIUDMILLA.

ANASTASIA, in bidding farewell to her brother, and following with her heart the beloved foreigner, remained in deep loneliness. Never yet had she so powerfully felt that loneliness; her breast was torn, her heart seemed crushed. She comprehended that she loved the heretic; but wherefore, how, and with what object she loved him, she could give no account to herself. The thought of being his wife, even if it ever entered her brain, alarmed her very self: a maiden, educated in the strictest orthodoxy, how could she ever unite her destiny in the house of God with an accursed German? Fresh reports, too, reached her—reports spread by Bartholomew, (that

fireman's rattle, which excited a disturbance without itself knowing what it did,) and confirmed by the imperial ambassador—that Antony the leech was a Jew, a quacksalver, and God knows what beside. Her poor reason was still further armed against the inmate of her home by these rumours. But to tear him from her heart, to forget him, she could not—this was above the powers of Anastasia. Enchantment had overpowered her weak will. This thought grew day by day more strong within her.

Was it true that Antony had accepted her crucifix? . . . . And had he worn it? Even if he had worn it, it was evident that it had caused him uneasiness. But, perhaps, he had accepted the cross in order to enchant it. From that moment her bosom seemed filled with seething pitch; when she looked at Antony, she could not remove her eyes from his form, she could not satisfy herself with gazing on him; she felt as if she could have plucked her soul from her bosom, and given it to him. If she could, she would have flown to him like a bird, and, forgetting maiden shame, father, brother, all—embraced him and died upon his breast. He was now afar, at Tver; yet she always saw him as though he was by her side, as if with his magic glance he implored

her to admit him to her heart—she could not shut him out. Did she close her eyes? there, too, was the enchanter, sitting by her, and murmuring seductive, tender words, to which she could only find answer in Heaven. Did she open her eyes? before her stood the handsome foreigner, as in life. Nor cross nor sign would drive away the phantom. Her maiden companions told her (surely they had heard it from their mothers,) that a girl might love a bridegroom, but only one whom she had seen several times; that she might love a husband when she had lived with him a year or two. But *he* had never been her betrothed; why, then, from the first moment she had ever seen him, had she yielded up all her soul, her every thought, to him? Even if he were to trample her under his foot, even then she could not leave him. Did she wander in the garden? bending down her head, she sought for some bright unearthly flower. Her little glancing feet were entangled in the silken grass; returning home, she murmured to herself—"All the flowers, the fair flowers, I have seen; but one flower I have not found, the fair scarlet flower of mine! Is it, then, withered by the hot sun? Or is it beaten down by the rushing rain? Or doth it not grow at all in the

garden?" Neither sports, nor dance, nor songs, could distract her sorrow. In the midst of the choral dance she beheld the beloved stranger. Did one of her companions press her hand, she trembled; the song but lighted up the fire in her heart, and filled it with fresh sorrow. Without hope, without a sweet future, she only desired to liberate herself from her intolerable enchantment. But she dared not speak about her sorrows to any being on the earth. Having only sinned in love for the heretic, she often melted into tears in the midst of her devotions, beat her breast, and did penance for grievous sin of which she herself was guiltless.

The nurse had remarked that her foster-child was pining away with some secret sorrow, that her face grew paler. Her father, too, began to observe it. They sent to consult the old *wise women;* they told fortunes, they tried to discover Anastasia's cause of sorrow with water, with coals, with *Thursday salt;* they brought out the mysterious circles on the doors; they placed charms beneath the images in the Church of the Nine Martyrs. The fortune-tellers at last decided that she was pining for a future husband, whom some enemy had crossed. There was abundance of suitors; some seemed not much to the

boyárin's taste—it is true she was his only daughter, alone to him, like the sun in heaven; others were deterred by marriage-brokers, previously bribed by Mamón. "Anastasia Vassílievna hath faults," they said; "she hath a birth-mark, here a freckle, there a scar; she is frequently attacked by blindness; she groweth old; she cannot live long." It was impossible to bring these allegations to ocular proof; the suitors believed the words of the marriage-broker, and held their peace. The father and the nurse had recourse to pilgrimages; they set up tapers before the altars, lighted an ever-burning lamp, gave abundant alms to the poor, and all with the single hope of relieving their darling Nástia, the light of their eyes, from the influence of the wicked man who had crossed her happy marriage.

The widow Selínova had been informed by the fortune-tellers with whom she was acquainted, and by the companions of Anastasia, of her illness. Having reviewed in her crafty mind the feelings of the heart, and the results of experience, she began to guess that there was in all this an undivulged secret. To discover this, and to obtain Anastasia's confidence—this was what she determined on doing, cost what it might. By marriage she was a distant

relation of Obrazétz's. When she became a widow she rarely visited the voevóda's house, as if to guard against the dangerous assiduities of Khabár: she was so young—she might yet look forward to a second marriage, and her good name was so precious! . . . . In society she was a model of reserve, never let drop an indiscreet word, never raised her eyes before a man; blushed deeply at the sound of an incautious word. Mothers often set her as an example before their daughters. But this exterior reserve was changed into passionate devotion, when in private with her chosen lover. All was for him—the voluptuous joys of the night, and by day the sweet remembrance of them; the hope of future pleasures, and every kind of sacrifice that could be exacted from her by a fiery youth who was a tyrant in love, or could be imagined for his gratification. In such cases love is a wondrous creator. Compared with love, what is Byron, Mitzkévitch, or Póushkin? All gifts were laid down by the worshipper at the foot of the idol—gold, peace of mind, beauty. But the careless and dissipated Khabár, could he confine his victory to one object? Such a victory would have been for him nothing but a slavery! "Free arm, free will, and free heart," was his motto. Away

with every obstacle from his path!—nay, he would have overthrown whomsoever had placed one in it; try but to cast a chain over him, he would dash it off with a giant's force. He saw danger in his amour with Haidée, and pursued that amour despite the watchfulness of the Despot of the Morea, perhaps at the dagger's point—a dagger sharpened by the power of gold. To-morrow he might lose his head, but to-day he would enjoy his will. When Selínova learned that she had a rival in his heart, that the sacrifices of another were more welcome, jealousy inflamed her. At first she tried to recall his love by new caresses, new sacrifices. Like an abject slave, she bore cruel usage—even blows—from him. To whom would she not have had recourse in order to recall her faithless lover?—to the witches, to the Jew who possessed the book of Adam, and to the leech Antony! She had even sunk so far as to entreat the aid of the interpreter Bartholomew. Like a simple child, she was ready to confide even in those whom she knew to be mocking her, and to do as they counselled her. But when all these means failed, she determined, whatever it might cost, to destroy her rival. We have seen that this attempt did not succeed. She now determined on revenging

herself on Khabár with any weapons which she could find; and for this, taking advantage of his absence, she crept like a snake into Obrazétz's house. Her dwelling was close to that of Anastasia's father, and her visits became frequent.

The boyárin knew, and desired to know, nothing of his son's connexions. He was grieved by his dissipated conduct, and sometimes reproached him, in the hope, as we have said in a former chapter, that the young steed would gradually lose the vice of his blood. But the single exhortation which he had addressed to him at parting, had, in reality, produced a greater effect than any number of angry remonstrances. When he saw the widow Selínova in his house, he led her, with simple greetings, to his daughter, as a sensible and discreet companion. At each fresh visit, she insinuated herself further into Anastasia's confidence. Now she would invent some new sport in the gardens, then she would teach her songs, the feeling of which harmonized with the temper of Anastasia's soul, or show her ingenious patterns for her lace-work, or spread for her the flying carpet of the fairy tale. And, in spite of yourself, you would listen to Selínova: her simple conversation was always made up of fragments of song; how

could you but listen, when she spoke only to please? In the mean time the widow tried cautiously, artfully, to discover whether the maiden's heart beat for any of the young neighbours whom she might have seen through the garden fence; but she ascertained that none of the dandies of that day, with their hair cut round, had fascinated Obrazétz's daughter. Next, she turned the conversation on Iván the Young. It was notorious that Anastasia had inspired the prince, the heir to the throne of Muscovy, with a passion which had been destroyed by the Great Prince's projects; he never seeking in the marriages of his children a union of the heart, but a political advantage. "Did she not regret such a handsome, noble, young bridegroom; was she not pining for a palace and the glitter of a crown?" thought Selínova. And after making a trial in this direction, she remained uncertain, like the hero of our fairy tales at the crossing of several roads, not knowing which to take in order to arrive at the object of his journey. Anastasia had altogether forgotten the prince. His passion had always been considered by her as a pleasantry; and even now she received the mention of him as little else than a jest. It was, nevertheless, impossible to doubt that it was the heart, and not

the bodily health of Obrazétz's daughter, that was affected. Selínova's experienced eye soon distinguished this. Who could be the object of her love? The wily widow was tormented with the desire of finding out this.

One day, they were sitting alone together, making lace. A kind of mischievous spirit whispered her to speak of the heretic. Imagine yourself thrown by destiny on a foreign land. All around you are speaking in an unknown tongue; their language appears to you a chaos of wild, strange sounds. Suddenly, amid the crowd drops a word in your native language. Does not then a thrill run over your whole being? does not your heart leap within you? Or place a Russian peasant at a concert where is displayed all the creative luxury and all the brilliant difficulties of foreign music. The child of nature listens with indifference to the incomprehensible sounds; but suddenly Voróbieva with her nightingale voice trills out—*The cuckóo from out the fírs so dánk hath not cúckooed.* Look what a change comes over the half-asleep listener. Thus it was with Anastasia! Till this moment Selínova had spoken to her in a strange language, had only uttered sounds unintelligible to her; but the instant that she

spoke the *native* word, it touched the heart-string, and all the chords of her being thrilled as if they were about to burst. Anastasia trembled, her hands wandered vaguely over her lace cushion, her face turned deadly pale. She dared not raise her eyes, and replied at random, absently.

"Ah!" thought Selínova, "that is the right key: that is the point whence cometh the storm!"

Both remained silent. At length Anastasia ventured to glance at her visitor, in order to see by the expression of her face, whether she had remarked her confusion. Selínova's eyes were fixed upon her work, on her face there was not even a shade of suspicion. The crafty widow intended little by little, imperceptibly, to win the confidence of the inexperienced girl.

"And where then is *he* gone?" she asked after a short pause, without naming the person about whom she was enquiring.

"He is gone with the Great Prince on the campaign," answered Anastasia blushing; then, after a moment's thought, she added—"I suppose thou askedst me about my brother?"

"No, my dear, our conversation was about Antony the leech. What a pity he is a heretic!

You will not easily find such another gallant among our Muscovites. He hath all, both height and beauty: when he looketh, 'tis as though he gave you large pearls; his locks lie on his shoulders like the light of dawn; he is as white and rosy as a young maiden. I wonder whence he had such beauty—whether by the permission of God, or, not naturally, by the influence of the Evil One. I could have looked at him—may it not be a sin to say, I could have gazed at him for ever without being weary!"

At these praises Anastasia's pale countenance blushed like the dawning that heralds the tempest. "Thou hast then seen him?" asked the enamoured maiden, in a trembling, dying voice, and breaking off her work.

"I have seen him more than once. On the steed doth he ride? 'Neath him frets the steed with pride. Doth he gallop? What is the whirlwind in the desert plain! He seemeth to snort fire—that steed; and devour the earth with speed. Doth he ride along the mead? 'Neath his tread new verdure gleameth; o'er the stream to his embrace, to rush it seemeth. I have not only seen him, but wonder now, my dear—I have visited him in his dwelling!"

The maiden shook her head; her eyes were dimmed with the shade of pensiveness; a thrill of jealousy, in spite of herself, darted to her heart. "What! and didst thou not fear to go to him?" she said—"Is he not a heretic?"

"If thou knewest it, Nástenka, what wouldst thou not do for love?"

"Love?" . . . . exclaimed Anastasia, and her heart bounded violently in her breast.

"Ah! if I were not afraid, I would disclose to thee the secret of my soul."

"Speak, I pray thee, speak! Fear not; see! I call the Mother of God to witness, thy words shall die with me."

And the maiden, with a quivering hand, signed a large cross.

"If so, I will confide in thee what I have never disclosed but to God. It is not over one blue sea alone that the mist lieth, and the darksome cloud: it is not over one fair land descendeth the gloomy autumn night; there was a time when my bosom was loaded with a heavy sorrow, my rebellious heart lay drowned in woe and care: I loved thy brother, Iván Vassílievitch. (The maiden's heart was relieved, she breathed more freely.) Thou knowest

not, my life, my child, what kind of feeling is that of love, and God grant that thou mayest never know! The dark night cometh, thou canst not close thine eyes: the bright dawn breaketh, thou meetest it with tears; and the day is all weary—O, so weary! There are many men in the fair world, but thou see'st only one, in thy bower, in the street, in the house of God. A stone lieth ever on thy breast, and thou canst not shake it off."

Then Selínova wept sincere tears. Her companion listened to her with eager sympathy: the feelings just depicted were her own.

"Now," continued the young widow, addressing herself to her object, "I was told by good people—'Antony the leech,' they said, 'is come from Almayne; he cureth, they say, all manner of diseases, of the Evil Eye, and of the wind, and of our own folly.' I listened to these good friends, and went to the leech with the interpreter Bartholoméw."

"And what help did our Antony give thee?"

"He gave me an herb, muttered something over it, and ordered me to throw it over my head. Wilt thou believe me, my dear, it relieved me like a charm? my breast felt light, my heart gay. Then

the heretic fixed his eyes upon me, and I felt his gaze drawing me towards him. But I implored him to let my soul go free, and he took pity on me, and let me go. From that instant I began again to know what was night, what day; my vision left me. I flew away like a liberated bird; I sing from morn till night, and laugh at my past sorrow."

This insidious tale began to act with a wondrous influence on the listener. Anastasia fell into a profound reverie, began to entangle her bobbins and to make strange patterns; just such as her favourite cat would have executed if she had been set to work lace. How could she escape the dreadful weight of anguish which was devouring her, thought she; and she had determined on consulting with Selínova, when suddenly her friend had seemed to guess her very cause of sorrow. There was a deep silence. It was broken by the young widow.

"Nástenka, my life?" she began in a tone of such touching, such lively interest, as called for her reluctant confidence.

The daughter of Obrazétz glanced at her with eyes full of tears, and shook her head.

"Confide in me, as I have confided in thee," continued Selínova, taking her hand and pressing

it to her bosom. "I have lived longer in the world than thou . . . . believe me, 'twill give thee ease . . . . 'tis clear from every symptom, my love, what thou ailest."

And Anastasia, sobbing, exclaimed at last—"O, my love, my dearest friend, Praskóvia Vladimírovna, take a sharp knife, open my white breast, look what is the matter there!"

"And wherefore need we take the sharp knife, and wherefore need we open the white breast, or look upon the rebellious heart? Surely, by thy fair face all can tell, my child, how that fair face hath been darkened, how the fresh bloom hath faded, and bright eyes grown dull. After all, 'tis clear thou lovest some wandering falcon, some stranger youth."

Anastasia answered not a word; she could not speak for tears, and hid her face in her hands. At last, softened by Selínova's friendly sympathy, and her assurances that she would be easier if she would confide her secret to such a faithful friend, she related her love for the heretic. The episode of the crucifix was omitted in this tale, which finished, of course, with assurances that she was enchanted, bewitched.

Poor Anastasia!

Snowdrop! beautiful flower, thou springest up alone in the bosom of thy native valley! And the bright sun arises every day to glass himself in thy morning mirror; and the beaming moon, after a sultry day, hastens to fan thee with her breezy wing; and the angels of God, lulling thee by night, spread over thee a starry canopy, such as king never possessed. Who can tell from what quarter the tempest may bring from afar, from other lands, the seeds of the ivy, and scatter them by thy side; and the ivy arises and twines lovingly around thee, and chokes thee, lovely flower! This is not all: the worm has crawled to thy root, hath fixed its fang therein, and kills ye both, if some kind hand save ye not.

The crafty friend had triumphed; the great, the precious secret, was hers. With this talisman the enchantress might perform wondrous things. She had but to wave it, and the secret thought would swell above the brink. The first idea that arose was that of persuading Anastasia that she really was enchanted. How was she to be set free from that enchantment, to whom was she to have recourse, if not to the author of it? He would perhaps take pity on the unhappy maiden, and save her from

intolerable sorrow, as he had delivered Selínova. Anastasia herself had more than once thought of this. Upon this they agreed as well as possible. But how was the daughter of Obrazétz to visit the leech? How was she to manage so as to escape the notice of the domestics and neighbours? She would die at the very thought of their knowing of her proceeding. The zealous mediatress would arrange all this. From Anastasia's chamber a staircase led to the iron door which divided the heretic's from the boyárin's quarter: this door was fastened with a single iron bolt. A favourable moment would arrive—father, brother, would be from home; Selínova would stand on guard, and all would go well. Anastasia would present herself before Antony the leech, would fall at his feet, bedew them with her tears . . . . The enchantment would be removed—and the beautiful maiden would dart from his chamber to her bower, as the bird which a greedy raven was about to clutch, and to which new wings had suddenly been given, speeds lightly and gaily away, and pours forth her soul in songs of virgin happiness. The very reflection upon these projects was a great relief to the mind of Anastasia.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENCHANTMENT LOOSED.

" This dark woe of mine hath no wings to fly,
This poor soul of mine hath no voice to cry,
This lorn love of mine hath no will to die."

MERZLIAKÓFF.

ANASTASIA was for a while consoled by the thought, that the enchantment would be removed. Then the fair image of the foreigner began again to force its way into her bosom, and her hope began to yield to her former sorrow. It seemed as if there was traced around her a magic circle, out of which she could not pass. She was, she thought, imprisoned in it till the grave. Now, all her thoughts were on the dear heretic; all her employment was to await his return. She had grown accustomed to this name, she no longer dreaded it; it had become as sweet to her as the name of father or brother, nay, perhaps yet dearer still. She sat cowering at the

window of her chamber, and gazed afar, to see whether the Great Prince's attendants were galloping from Tver. With a trembling of the heart she listened to conversation: did not some one speak of the heretic? She even listened to the voice of the breeze: did not the midnight breeze bring some news of him? He, the sovereign of her heart, was unceasingly in her thoughts; of him she held in secret long dialogues with herself, and longed for father, domestics, the people, all the universe, to talk also of Antony. And yet she heard nothing of him from any one. Did a horseman gallop by, or knock at the gate, she trembled like an autumnal leaf upon the bough. She rose to meet the day; she passed it in waiting for the stranger. Untaught by reason or education to govern her feelings, she gave herself up entirely to the will of passion. With tears, in reverie, she besought the dear Antony to return, soon, soon, and save her from destruction; she feared not the sin of imploring the heavenly powers for him, she blushed not to express her agonizing impatience to her crafty friend.

Tver was not yet completely taken, ere in Moscow men were talking of its submission. Who had brought the tidings, nobody could tell; so fre-

quently has a nation a sort of miraculous presentiment of great events. Within four-and-twenty hours, a courier had galloped from the Lord of All Russia to Sophia Phomínishna and the primate with the confirmation of the tidings. Moscow burst into triumphal rejoicings. The elder sister had come with an humble head to join the once scattered family, and to double its union and its strength. According to the pious custom of the Russians, tribute was first rendered to God—a thanksgiving service was performed; then to the Tsar. When Sophia Phomínishna came forth from the Church of the Annunciation, the populace hailed her with joyful acclamations. In the streets they embraced; they congratulated each other, they besieged the courier, and would not let him pass, demanding the details of the great event—when, how, Tver was taken, who had laid down their lives for mother Moscow, who had distinguished themselves by valour. We may guess, that in the fulness of their joy—and this was also a Russian custom—in all parts of the city there were many who celebrated the victory in a state of insensibility; that is, by draining cup and flagon till they could no longer remember any thing. The courier was invited to a multitude of

houses, was feasted and honoured as if it was he who had gained the victory.

In his tales the name of Khabár was repeated more frequently than that of all the rest, and repeated as the name of an illustrious hero. The *volunteers* came next, in the most honourable line of the oral bulletin. "*We*, too, are something!" said the cloth-workers and silk-merchants in their shops and warehouses, drawing themselves up, and stroking their beards with vanity—"*We* are not trampled in the dirt: *we* have taken Tver." Some heartily congratulated them as the real victors, bowing to the ground; others thought proper to contest their triumph, and engaged with them in brawls of their fashion, which went so far as the spilling of blood, and even killing. The name of Andréi Aristotle, to the astonishment of all, flew also, with honour, from mouth to mouth. "What a brave boy!" cried the old men when they heard of his exploits: "bold, though not old, he will not wait for years to be a leader of the spears."—"No wonder for his bravery," added others; "his father hath plucked some apples for him in the devil's garden: throw but one among a troop, and straightway the troop hath vanished. They say, besides, 'that Antony the leech made a

circle round him, and he can have no hurt either from fire or the enemy's arrows.'" More than all the rest did this news delight the heart of the old voevóda, Obrazétz. The courier, immediately after leaving the palace of the primate, presented himself before him with the *gracious word* from the Lord of All Russia, and his best thanks to the father for the son. This time nature conquered firmness, and the old man's face was bedewed with tears. Never had his own glory flattered him so much, as the renown his son had gained. First in his own oratory, and then in the house of God, he laid the trophies of his son before the cross of Him by whom death itself was vanquished, and under whose protection had been obtained those triumphs by a warrior so dear to his heart.

Then the messengers of the Great Prince began incessantly to enter Moscow; the dust did not rest a moment in the streets of the city. The dvorétzkoi also arrived with his train. As soon as he had finished his duties at the Great Prince's palace, he paid a visit to his sick friend, whom he found almost on his death-bed, dreadfully disfigured, but still entertaining hopes of recovery. Disease and disappointment at having failed to obtain the mandrake,

which had been just within his reach, had added new ferocity even to the savage soul of Mamón. Never had the fever of revenge so fiercely burned in his heart. When he heard of Khabár's successes, his face was horribly convulsed. When, too, the dvorétzkoi told him the news, that the Great Prince intended to give Obrazétz's daughter to the Tsarévitch Karakátcha, he started up for the first time from his sick bed and yelled out—"As God see'th, while I live that shall never be! They would not give her to my son, and she shall remain a maid for ever. She may take the vows; she may bury herself alive in the earth. What care I?—she shall never wed! Look, my friend, on me, on my son; this is all *their* doing." The son of Mamón, who was standing by the bedside, was as pale as death; from his quivering chest there sounded ever and anon the hollow cough which is the presage of death—the echo from a tomb.

In obedience to the boyárin's orders, his servants brought him his richest cups and flagons. Without speaking a single word, he placed them in the dvorétzkoi's bosom, in his pockets—wherever he could. The latter would not take them, refused to accept them, thanked him; again refused, and accepted them nevertheless. He comprehended his friend,

and left him, bearing off a speechless but eloquent pledge of vengeance.

A new visitor brought comfort to the agitated soul of Mamón. This was Selínova. She had beaten a pathway in her dark intercourse between the two enemies' houses. Long had she hesitated whether to relate the story of Anastasia's enchantment: but the thought of Khabár's insults and infidelity, the thought that he would soon return and be by Haidée's side—by *her* side, joyous, triumphant over all—this thought had vanquished the feelings of compassion, excited in her mind by her conscience and the affection of the enamoured girl. She related to Mamón all that she had learned respecting the maiden's inclination for the heretic. Wickedness has its moments of delight. Mamón laughed a bitter laugh when he received the astounding information which had fallen upon him so unexpectedly.

"Our Lord the Great Prince is come!" resounded through the city, and in every quarter of the town arose a murmur as in the beehive when the queen returns, having flown away to wander free, far from her watchful guard.—"The Lord Great Prince is come!" was repeated in the palace of Obrazétz, and Anastasia's heart beat with expectation. It was

not her brother whom she was awaiting: with respect to Khabár, a message had been sent to her father that, at the command of Iván Vassílievitch, he would remain for a time at Tver, in attendance upon Iván the Young. All trembling, she sat at the window of her chamber. And see! at last a horseman gallops up to the palace; he halts at the heretic's quarter. At his knock upon the gate Antony's attendant opens it, stops, and gazes for some time at the stranger, and then eagerly hastens to make his obeisance to him.

That is not Antony. *He* was in the German mantle, his bright locks falling in curls upon his shoulders; but this was a young man with his hair cut round, in the Russian dress, in helmet and cuirass. His cheeks seem to glow; he is covered with dust from head to foot. In the mean time the attendant takes his horse, waits upon him as upon his master, and makes a sign that he can enter his dwelling. Through the aperture of the hardly opened window Anastasia follows the unknown with her eyes. She knows not what to think of his appearance in place of Antony the leech. But see! he stops on the steps, doffs his casque, decorated with a green branch and with a parrot's plume,

wipes his face with a handkerchief, and lingers on the staircase, gazing mournfully at the window of the chamber.—"Heavens! 'tis he!" cries Anastasia, blushing and turning pale. Yes, the stranger was Antony Ehrenstein! Love had been too strong for his vow: he could not perform it, he had been again drawn back to that enchanted house, to which was linked his heart—his whole being.

"Who is that, my child?" asked the nurse, entering, and surprising her foster-child in her incautious exclamation.

"'Tis he . . . . nurse . . . . Look, if my brother be not come!" . . . . replied the terrified girl, rushing from the window. She knew not what she was saying: the thought, that by her exclamation she might have awakened suspicion in the nurse's imagination, was the principal cause of her confusion.

"There is a young man standing on the heretic's staircase," said the nurse, shaking her head; "but it is not thy brother. See! he hath gone into Antony the leech's quarter."

Antony, on seeing the nurse's withered countenance instead of Anastasia's, hastened to enter his own dwelling.

Then began a lecture addressed to the poor girl,

showing how dangerous it was to look into a strange court-yard, how easily the Evil Eye might take her, and above all the eye of a heretic necromancer: all this enforced by various popular texts, and confirmed by proofs and examples. It was a real torment! Anastasia, as it was, was on the rack; now her very soul was being lacerated.—"I thought it was my brother," she said a dozen times in excuse, entreating forgiveness with tears. But seeing that nothing could restrain the tremendous torrent, which threatened to drown her, she vowed, in a tone of despair, that she would lay violent hands on herself if the nurse did not leave off tormenting her, and promise never to betray this circumstance to her father. These threats acted like a bucket of cold water on a madman, who is whirling his head around, or about to dash it against a wall: the nurse held her tongue, and promised with an oath not to speak on the subject to the boyárin. Nevertheless, on the first occasion of Anastasia's going down stairs to her father, the fatal window was firmly, solidly nailed up. In this manner her chamber was rendered worse than a prison to her; they had taken away her last consolation—her last joy. From this time she could not bear her nurse, and drove her away from her

whenever she appeared. What had become of her poor heart and reason? Severe measures to quell her feelings had only strengthened her love; and she fancied that, from the moment of Antony's arrival, the enchantment had acquired a greater, more irresistible power. Her torment was insupportable: she was on the point of losing her reason, or, in reality, of laying hands on herself, as she had threatened her nurse. Selínova, in her visits, but heaped combustibles beneath the pile, which was already inextinguishable, but cherished the unhappy maiden's thought that she was enchanted. Nothing remained but to cut this knot, which Fate had knitted in her destiny.

In this agony of mind she passed a week. Anastasia decided on the grievous but inevitable effort. She only awaited an opportunity of making it. This opportunity arrived. Her brother was not yet returned from Tver, her father had gone to feast with a friend on the occasion of some family festival, her nurse had been dispatched to make purchases in the shops; the leech was at home—this fact was proved by the sounds floating from his chamber, the plaintive tones of his voice, and of the magic instrument with which, among other means, he had

bewitched the daughter of Obrazétz. Her heart died away in her breast, so that she could hardly breathe. She had determined on going, and yet she feared to go. Bashfulness, terror, love under the disguise of indescribable sorrow, long struggled in her heart, and reduced her to a feverish condition. At last a kind of frenzy possessed her; she determined, and dispatched her tirewoman to beg Selínova to come to her. The widow knew why she was summoned, and hastened to make her appearance.

The waiting-women were dismissed to the garden, to walk or dance.

Anastasia offered her trembling hand to Selínova. They passed out of the chamber, and descended a dark staircase leading to the heretic's quarter. Many times did the daughter of Obrazétz entreat her companion to give her a moment to take breath; often did her foot slip on the stairs.

Before them stood the fatal door.

Anastasia stopped; she could hardly breathe. Through the chaos of her thoughts appeared one terrible idea. To whom was she going?—she, a maiden, the daughter of a boyárin! . . . . To a man! to a foreigner! If her father—her brother were

to see her! One glance from them would kill her on the spot. There was yet time to change her mind; she could yet return. She looked at her friend, as if to implore her aid. A ray of light through a chink of the iron door fell upon her face. Selínova remarked her indecision, and at the instant to hold the weak half-maddened girl on the fatal threshold; she drew back the iron bolt, the door opened . . . . The crafty widow gave it a slight push forward, and Anastasia was in the heretic's quarter, in the same chamber with Antony the leech himself . . . . Selínova hurriedly and cautiously concealed herself behind the door, so that he could not see her.

Antony had laid his viol aside, and was sitting, resting his elbows on the table, in a profound reverie. A rustle behind the door caused him to start. He began to listen . . . . The rustling behind the door increased. What could it mean? Was it an attack? Strange! by daylight! from the boyárin's quarter? . . . . His arms hung on the wall, close to his hand; one step, and he could seize them. He had nothing to fear but force. . . . . But for what motive? Was it from hatred to a heretic? . . . .

Hark! the bolt grates . . . . the door creaks . . . . opens . . . . Heavens! Anastasia? . . . .

'Tis herself! Antony uttered a cry of surprise, and clasped his hands. Thunderstruck at her appearance, he had not the power to stir from the spot.

Anastasia was at his feet, entreating him for something . . . . At last he with difficulty distinguished the words—"Mercy! have pity upon me . . . . loose me from the power of the Evil One . . . . I cannot bear it more . . . . it is heavy . . . . it strangles me!" . . . .

The young man raises her, takes her hand, presses it between his own, entreats her to explain herself, says that it is he who should rather be at her feet; and at the same time, while awaiting her explanation, relates, in the most tender, the most burning expressions, his love, his torment, and his fears. Agitated, in tears, all glowing with blushes, she appears even more lovely than he had seen her before, from afar. No, never in his life, in Italy, in his native land, on the road to Moscow, had he ever met a woman who could bear even the remotest comparison with her. Nowhere but in the brain of an artist-poet could her ideal be realized. He knows not what he says or what he does: carried away by his feelings, he swears eternal love to her, and dares to imprint a kiss upon her hand.

And she . . . . What had she come to tell him, what had she come to implore him? . . . . Where was her determination, the object of all her struggles? His voice, his words and caresses, had thrown all into confusion. She forgot the past, she understood not the present; but that present was so sweet, it thrilled so deliciously through her blood, that she would not have exchanged it for all the past of her life. Her tongue essayed to give him the name of enemy of God, magician, enchanter; but refused to utter the sounds as though they were blasphemy. My life! my joy! she would have said; but she could not, though her heart in secret confirmed the name. Her hand was in his; she would have withdrawn it, but had not the power. At last she fell sobbing on his breast.

Antony clasped her in his embrace, seated her on a bench, and knelt before her. Understanding imperfectly what she meant by the words—"power of the Evil One," "magic," and joining these words with the reports which had been disseminated about him through Moscow, he swore by the Lord God, the Holy Virgin, and all the saints, that he was a Christian, that he accounted magic as a grievous and mortal sin, and had never thought of casting any glamour over her. As witnesses to his truth he

pointed to the image, of Greek painting, which was placed in his chamber, crossed himself in the Russian manner, drew forth from his bosom and kissed a silver crucifix, which he had begged Khabár to give him.

"I love thee more than life itself," he said to her, "more than the mother who bore me. My only joy is to behold thee, but from afar: I wither away like the leaf of autumn without thee. Light of my eyes, my life! I would not exchange one glance of thine for all the heaps of gold—for all the wealth of the Great Prince—for the honours of his boyárins—for all together. And thus it is I who am enchanted; it is I upon whom the glamour is cast. No, my dearest, my beloved, this is love, and not enchantment. It is God who hath done this, and not the powers of evil. Demand of me what thou wilt, I will give thee my body piecemeal, my blood drop by drop; command, speak but the words, I will perform it. Am I hateful to thee? Order me to fly to some distant land—I will fly, and I will waste away there in mourning for thee; but I will perform thy bidding."

"No," said Anastasia with a sigh of love, "remain, but take our faith."

She, to save whose honour he would have given

up his life, had passed the threshold of a man's chamber; this alone had thrown a spot upon her virgin purity. Antony saw the abyss over which Fate had suspended an inexperienced maiden and himself; they had gone too far to turn back, and—he gave his promise to take the Russian faith. Her hand was to be the condition. To this there was no answer; but he read one in the beautiful eyes, shadowed by the veil of long black lashes, and the blush which flitted over her cheek. He encircled her waist with his arm, and pressed her to his heart. His kiss died upon her lips, the kiss of bridegroom to bride, the kiss that affiances them for life and death. Anastasia had not strength to resist.

The door creaked. Anastasia recollected herself, and tore herself from his embrace.

"Who is there?" he asked with terror.

"My friend . . . . fear nothing" . . . . replied Anastasia, rushing to the door.

Antony stood motionless, as though struck by the thunderbolt.

"A friend?—then there had been witnesses of their interview—then the honour of a maiden was pledged to a third person!" thought he, as he repeated the fatal vow in his mind.

The iron door groaned on its hinges, the bolt grated; and all that was inanimate returned to its place. But what a change had been experienced by the three beings who had performed the preceding scene! Yes, three; for even Selínova, who was capable of poisoning her lover, and then committing suicide for him, was capable also, in the moment of revenge, of any crime, and in the moment of generosity of the most extraordinary sacrifices, was so touched by the love of Antony and the daughter of Obrazétz, that she repented of her malicious proceedings and intentions towards them. She swore to Anastasia to be silent about their interview, and left her to the enjoyment of her happiness—that happiness which she knew by experience was so fugitive upon earth—and departed straight to Mamón. Here, with tears in her eyes, beating herself on the breast, she informed him, that all that she had said respecting Anastasia was an invention of her own, all calumny, a lie; that she was agonized, tortured by remorse, and ready to confirm all this by the most dreadful vow, even *under the bells*,* if he thought proper.

* A person charged with debt, &c., and unable to disprove by evidence his liability, had the privilege of clearing himself by proceeding, with a certain number of *compurgators*, to a church,

Infuriated by this information, which ruined his best hopes, Mamón gnawed his fists, and very nearly kicked the young widow from his house.

And how was it with Anastasia? . . . . Where had she been—what had she heard—what felt? On hand, lip, bosom, on her whole frame, glowed traces which she would carry with her even to the grave. How handsome, how kind he was! . . . . No! he was not an accursed heretic, an enchanter; but her dear Antony, her beloved, her bridegroom, her priceless treasure! All that she had felt, Antony had felt too; as it had been with her, so had it been with Antony: this was not glamour—this they call love. Foolish girl! and she had not comprehended this before! It was all wrong that she had heard from her friends about love; it was evident they did not know what it was. He would adopt the Russian faith . . . . he would demand her in marriage . . . . her father would ask, "Dost thou love Antony?" "I love him as the light of God," she would say. No, she would never have the courage to say so to her father; he would understand it in her silence . . . . What had he said to her—her beloved!

on which occasion the *bells* were rung, and there taking a solemn oath of his not being justly charged.—T. B. S.

Among all the tender words of father, brother, friends, she had never heard such words. Where could he have found them? They had made her soul so well, so joyful, that she could have hearkened for ever without being weary. Many of his words she had not understood; but it was clear they, too, were the same tender caresses that he had murmured to her in her dreams—to which she could nowhere find fit answer but in Paradise! And when he took her hand, she had not seen heaven's light, her eyes had grown dim. She felt as once when her nurse—for a jest—had intoxicated her with strong mead. 'Tis true, her eyes were dim, but her heart was so bright—brighter than she could tell. And when he kissed her lips . . . . Heavens! she did not remember whether she was alive or whether she died at that moment!

Anastasia was all boiling with rapture—all full of life, like the festival goblet brimming to the foam-crown of its sparkling contents: like the rose bursting forth from its virgin bud beneath the burning glow of noon.

And how was it with Antony? . . . . Was he not the child to whom chance had sent the precious toy which he has awaited with the pain and terror

of impatience? No! he was young in years, but in soul he was a man, ready to keep his word in the struggle with all the powers of the earth, and all the inflictions of destiny. He would not retreat, though before him he beheld an abyss. He had given a promise; he would fulfill it; nought but death could prevent him. Already the struggle in his heart had ceased: there was one duty—a holy, an inevitable one. His determination was confirmed by the thought, that his mother, his instructor, had hinted, had indeed all but commanded him in each of their letters, to remain in Russia. His mother had herself promised, for some important but secret cause, to come over to him, if he could find an establishment there. Russia would become his second country; it was therefore indispensable that he should adopt the Russian faith. And what then? that faith was a Christian one, pure from the reproach of corruption and fanaticism, with which the Western Church might be charged. Whole nations in the south of Europe were agitated by the ground-swell of religious opinion—Wicliffe, Huss, had thousands of followers; his native land had spilt, too, so much blood for these opinions! . . . . It was true that, there, conviction was the moving power

—and here, was there not interest, selfishness? No, here it was not alone selfishness, nor love. The salvation of a fellow-creature, a friend, a sister, a bride, from dishonour, from ruin, in this world and in the next; the salvation of a whole family from shame, of an aged father from an untimely death, and himself, perhaps, from the dreadful sin of homicide—was not all this a lofty aim, and one well worthy of the sublimest sacrifices? Antony knew that by these sacrifices he would not destroy his soul; and even if it were needful that he should destroy his soul for Anastasia, for the preservation of her honour, which was placed in such frightful peril—he would not have hesitated. These are the reasonings with which the hero of our tale armed himself in order to quiet his conscience, which was somewhat disturbed. It is useless to conceal it—many of them were dictated by his heart, by passion rather than reason or strength of will. We do not wish to make him out better than he was.

The idea of obtaining the hand of the boyárin's daughter was by no means an unreasonable one. There was one condition—the change of religion. With the fulfilment of this condition, the foreigner would obtain access to the house of God: the head

anointed with the holy oil, might stand beneath the marriage crown with a Russian maiden. How many examples were there, of newly-christened Tartars espousing the daughters of boyárins! The fathers thought to save a soul by such a marriage, which, according to their notions, redeemed an infidel from eternal fires. The Great Prince himself had approved of similar unions of Russians with foreigners, and had endowed the newly-married couples with estates. But of course it was not estates that attracted Antony: he would refuse them. Anastasia's hand was promised by the Great Prince to Karakátcha, Tsarévitch of Kassimóff, and the boyárin Obrazétz cherished a peculiar ill-will towards the inmate of his palace. . . . . How prevent the dreadful union with the Tartar, and demolish the obstacles which separated him from Anastasia? To whom could he most readily and with greatest hope of success have recourse, in order to attain both objects? . . . . In the midst of such thoughts he was found by Andrióusha.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARTIST'S FEVER-FIT.

"A lover, when he beholds the death of the woman he adores; a mother, parting for ever from her daugbter; a father, deserted by ungrateful children; an exile, who cannot silence or disprove calumny; none of these unhappy beings can know suffering like that which is experienced by the artist who feels himself passing away, unappreciated, to eternity."—LAFONT.

"Dear, ah, dear Antony! save my father:" cried the son of Aristotle, rushing into the chamber.

"What is the matter?" enquired the leech, kissing the boy. "And thou thyself art all over blood."

"I hurt my temple a little . . . . fell on the staircase . . . . 'twill pass . . . . But my father, my father! Ah, what will become of him! . . . . It is now twenty-four hours since he has either eaten, or drank, or slept; he is delirious, complaining that they will not let him soar to heaven . . . . Just at daybreak he shut his eyes; I went up to him on

tiptoe, I felt his head—his brow was burning, his lips parched, he breathed heavily . . . . he opened his dim eyes, gazed without knowing what he saw, and talks incoherently with himself. Now he is sitting in the square, on the bricks that they are preparing below the Church of Our Lady, waving his arms and beating his breast."

"Calm thyself. 'Tis nothing, my dear boy . . . Some artist's irritation. Let us go to him, and look what is to be done."

They hurried out, and almost at full speed directed their path to the ruins of the Cathedral of the Annunciation.

They found the artist in the same attitude as when Andrióusha had left him. His head was bare, his long hair streaming disorderly on the breeze: despair was imaged in his haggard eyes; a golden chain with a medal, the gift of the Great Prince, was turned round and hanging on his back. Amid the heaps of stones he looked a living ruin. At the approach of the physician, an ironic smile passed over his lips. "Whence come ye?" he asked, turning to Antony. "From the court of the Lord of All Russia, is it not so? Well, and how? hast thou cured the parrots, and the Great Prince's cats?

The useful before the beautiful! So it ought to be. Cure them, cure them, fair leech; 'tis a better trade than to strain after the secrets of heaven! . . . . . And hast thou looked at the courtiers' tongues? Ha! Are they in a sound condition? . . . As of old—they are smeared with honey when they have to tell a bitter truth; as of old—with gall, when they have to defend the disgraced . . . I could sprinkle them with unslaked lime, I could tear them with red-hot pincers till the day of judgment! . . . Pigmies! . . . What, Master Leech—thou who ladlest out the water of life and death, hast thou come to look at the artist's humiliation—to laugh at him when the hand of ignorance hath destroyed, at one blow, all his brightest dreams, his strugglings toward heaven? . . . Look! admire! . . . Well, is it merry? . . . Laugh not too soon; wait awhile, the same fate awaits thee!"

"We have come to comfort thee, to help thee with our love:" said Antony, touched even to tears. "Dost thou not know thy children?"

"Help! . . . 'Tis too late!" . . . . (Aristotle shook his head.) "I have no children . . . Look, there is my creation, my child!"—(he pointed to the torn fragments of a plan which were scattered

around.) "This is its grave. Bury me with it, here, beside it . . . . Ay, the grave, nothingness, that is what awaits me! . . . I meant to build them a temple, a temple of God—do ye mark me? But what do they want? They want cannon, bells, something larger, something better, something noisier, something more beautiful! Well, I make them a bell to ring out their ignorance to the whole world, to tell that they have lured me hither with a heavenly hope, and, instead of that, they have filled my eyes with dust and lime. I will cast them a cannon two versts long, I will level it at this miserable city of huts—it shall all be ruins, all in dust, living and dead! . . . Oh, then I shall be left alone! No man will hinder me from building my temple. I can yet collect its fragments: it is here yet," (Aristotle struck his fist against his forehead, and then against his breast,)—"here, while I live! Then from the ruins I will build a temple to the living God; let the nations come from afar and worship him in this boundless desert!"

It was bitter to Andrióusha to listen to his father's frenzied words. He sat down on a stone by his side, kissed his hand, and bathed it with his tears. Desiring to arrange his father's dress as well as he

could, and to render less remarkable the disorder of his exterior, which humiliated the old man in the eyes of the passengers, he took off, as though for heat, his bonnet, in order to look like his father, and arranged the chain of gold. Aristotle glanced at him with tenderness—"Arrange it, arrange it, my child," he said, stroking his son's head: "This is the precious, the rich reward for burning bricks, for building bridges, for casting a great gun! I will leave it to thee as an inheritance, along with the name of founder and bricklayer!" . . . . (After thinking awhile, and shaking his head.) "It was not such a reward I thought of when I journeyed hither. A chain of undying years to adorn my name: the glorious name of Aristotle the Artist, the builder of the temple—that was the heritage I meant to leave thee." (He stopped and wept.) "I thank God, I restrained myself from making thee an artist. Dost thou remember, Antony, thou blamedst me for that?"

The leech beheld in his friend's weeping a favourable symptom; pleased, too, that the conversation had turned on Andrióusha, he hastened to keep it up. "I blamed thee not, my good friend," said he; but I only asked thee about the destination of thy

son. Be not ungrateful for the mercies of the Creator; he hath been generous to the family of Fioraventi in great gifts. Thy brother is a famous leech; Italy, the promised land of the beautiful, accounts thee a great artist; to thy son hath fallen the warrior's lot. Who can tell with what glorious deed he will fulfill that destiny. Thou hast assuredly acted reasonably in giving him a path, which will be opened so wide by Fate herself, and by his noble character. It is not for all to travel the same road."

At this moment the sky was covered by a cloud, the wind whistled as if just free'd from confinement, and began to pierce the artist. He felt his head. Andrióusha anticipated him, and gave him a bonnet, which he had carried after his father when he had quitted the house, and had then placed not far from him, among the stones. Aristotle covered his head.

"There will be a smart shower," said his son.

"Let us take shelter under my roof," suggested Antony, giving his hand to the artist. The latter did not resist, and in silence, like an obedient child, followed him, first throwing a wistful glance at the fragments of the plan. He seemed to grieve that

they should be wetted in the rain. Andrióusha understood his father's glance, collected the fragments, and carefully put them into his bosom.

"Ay, 'tis well, well done!" said Aristotle in a melancholy tone, as he followed his friend.

He remained to pass the night with Antony, and spent the next twenty-four hours in an agitated condition both of body and mind. His talk was for the most part incoherent. At length he appeared to return to himself; but when his senses came back, he began to bewail his destiny. Thus, or nearly in this fashion, did he speak to his young friend:—"Thou knowest not, Antony, what a life is that of an artist! While yet a child, he is agitated by heavy incomprehensible thoughts: to him the sphynx, Genius, hath already proposed its enigmas; in his bosom the Promethean vulture is already perched, and groweth with his growth. His comrades are playing and making merry; they are preparing for their riper years recollections of childhood's days of paradise—childhood, that never can be but once: the time cometh, and he remembereth but the tormenting dreams of that age. Youth is at hand; for others 'tis the time of love, of soft ties, of revelry—the feast of life; for the artist, none of these. Soli-

tary, flying from society, he avoideth the maiden, he avoideth joy; plunging into the loneliness of his soul, he there, with indescribable mourning, with tears of inspiration, on his knees before his Ideal, imploreth her to come down upon earth to his frail dwelling. Days and nights he waiteth, and pineth after unearthly beauty. Woe to him if she doth not visit him, and yet greater woe to him if she doth! The tender frame of youth cannot bear her bridal kiss; union with the gods is fatal to man; and the mortal is annihilated in her embrace. I speak not of the education, of the mechanic preparation. And here at every step the Material enchaineth thee, buildeth up barriers before thee: marketh a formless vein upon thy block of marble, mingling soot with thy carmine, entangling thy imagination in a net of monstrous rules and formulas, commandeth thee to be the slave of the house-painter or of the stone-cutter. And what awaiteth thee, when thou hast come forth victorious from this mechanic school —when thou hast succeeded in throwing off the heavy sum of a thousand unnecessary rules, with which pedantry hath overwhelmed thee—when thou takest as thy guide only those laws which are so plain and simple? . . . . What awaiteth thee, then? Again

the Material! Poverty, need, forced labour, appreciators, rivals, that ever-hungry flock which flieth upon thee ready to tear thee in pieces, as soon as it knoweth that thou art a pure possessor of the gift of God. Thy soul burneth to create, but thy carcass demandeth a morsel of bread; inspiration veileth her wing, but the body asketh not only to clothe its nakedness with a decent covering, but fine cloth, silk, velvet, that it may appear before thy judges in a proper dress, without which they will not receive thee, thou and thy productions will die unknown. In order to obtain food, clothes, thou must *work:* a merchant will order from thee a cellar, a warehouse; the signore, stables and dog-kennels. Now at last thou hast procured thyself daily bread, a decent habit for thy bones and flesh: inspiration thirsteth for its nourishment, demanding from thy soul images and forms. Thou createst, thou art bringing thy Ideal to fulfilment. How swiftly move the wheels of thy being! Thy existence is tenfold redoubled, thy pulse is beating as when thou breathest the atmosphere of high mountains. Thou spendest in one day whole months of life. How many nights passed without sleep, how many days in ceaseless chain, all filled with agitation! Or

rather, there is nor day nor night for thee, nor seasons of the year, as for other men. Thy blood now boileth, then freezeth; the fever of imagination wasteth thee away. Triumph setteth thee on fire, the fear of failure maddeneth thee, tearing thee to pieces, tormenting thee with dread of the judgments of men; then again ariseth the terror of dying with thy task unfinished. Add, too, the inevitable shade of glory, which stalketh ever in thy footsteps, and giveth thee not a moment of repose. This is the period of creation! While creating, thou hast been dwelling at the footstool of God. Crushed by thy contact with the hem of his garment, overwhelmed by inspiration from Him whom the world can scarcely bear, a poor mortal, half alive, half dead, thou descendest upon earth, and carriest with thee what thou hast created *there*, in *His* presence! Mortals surround thy production, judging, valuing, discussing it in detail; the patron laudeth the ornaments, the grandeur of the columns, the weight of the work; the distributors of favour gamble away thy honour, or creep like mice under thy plan, and nibble at it in the darkness of night. No, my friend, the life of an artist is the life of a martyr."

Thus spoke Aristotle, without giving Antony

time to reply, which he several times attempted to do. As soon as he grew calmer, the young man ventured to answer him as follows:—"Thou hast drawn an unenviable picture of the artist's life! Allow me to say, thou hast selected only the dark side of the painting. Two or three questions, and I have done."

"I await them."

"When creating, or, as thou hast justly expressed it, when dwelling at the footstool of sublime beauty, catching at the hem of its garment, hast thou not enjoyed in one moment bliss which the common mortal cannot purchase with his whole life? Hast thou not, when embodying thy Ideal, had sweet, had heavenly moments, which thou wouldst not exchange for all the treasures of the world? Hast thou not been happy in the remembrance of these moments? Is it little that thou hast been gifted by God? . . . . Art thou not far above millions of thy fellow-creatures? . . . . Thou sinnest, my friend!"

"'Tis true, 'tis true, Antonio!" cried the artist with feeling, pressing his friend's hand; "all this I have enjoyed. And if I had to begin my life again, if I had the choice of the pleasures of the rich man, the conqueror, the king, or of my past joys, I would

again choose the latter, again I would follow the artist's peaceful path. Yes, that hath been given to me which was necessary for me, that which my soul required even before its appearance in the world. But—man is a strange being; selfishness, love of glory, call it how thou wilt, driveth him to frenzy. He is not content with enjoying his own creation himself—he desireth that others, that millions enjoy it also; he is not content with the praises of his contemporaries—he desireth that posterity, future generations, future ages, bow down before him. Unsatisfied with the shortness of his life, he pineth to live beyond the grave. Dead, beneath the tombstone, he heareth neither praise nor judgment; but he tormenteth himself here, to escape the one, and to enjoy the other, dreaming that his name will go from mouth to mouth, when he is sleeping in the dust."

"A noble dream!" said Antony. "Without it, what would distinguish man from the beast? Without it, the earth would want its best ornament—humanity its best achievements."

"Well, well, my friend! We had ended where we ought to have began. What is the good of the pining after the beautiful without fulfilment—the

lofty, noble desire to live through ages, the feeling of self-knowledge, the strength of soul, the gifts of heaven, the power of creating a worthy immortality, when there is no possibility of realizing thy creations in worthy, eternal forms? . . . . The material, the vile material, is what tortureth me, agonizeth me, driveth me to frenzy! . . . . Hear, and condemn me if I deserve it. I told thee, with what lofty, what ardent hopes, I bent my course to Muscovy; what rich offers I refused, in order to realize those hopes. Neither the friendship of the Doge Marcelli, nor the pressing invitations of other Italian sovereigns, nor the prayers of my friends and kinsmen, nor a future in an unknown land, with which they frightened me—nothing could stop me. I left my fatherland with its blessed sky. I came to a distant country, at the very extremity of the world, buried in mountains of snow, attracted by the promises with which they flattered my heart, and by my own confidence, that here I could enjoy facilities for *my work*, such as I had hitherto only dared to hope. Here, a solitary artist, caressed by the government, enjoying the love, the respect of a religious nation, ready to make any sacrifices for my church, I dreamed that I might realize my creation quicker

than elsewhere. At last I am here. Thou knowest what menial services it cost me to obtain the favour of the Great Prince. I served him like a day-labourer; my face was singed with gunpowder, my back was bent before its time in the vault, my hands were horn with toil. It was, however, by such labours that I reached the apogée of the Tsar's favour. And the love of the people, of the mob, I acquired so far as to receive myself their contributions for the building of the church. My son, whom I had given to this nation as a pledge of my devotedness, my trust in it, whom I had caused to adopt the Russian faith—my aid in warfare, my austere life, my preparation of rough materials, the cannons and the bells I cast, even my title of Church-builder—all procured me the respect and love of the Russians. I had prepared a great quantity of materials for the church, and could continue to prepare yet more at the time of construction; ten thousand bricks are brought every day for nothing from my kilns. The boyárins who possess houses around the Assumption are voluntarily pulling them down to give room for the church: 'for the foundations of the house of God we are ready to lay down our bodies,' they say—'this is different from pulling down churches to make room for gar-

dens.' I can dispose, too, of thousands of zealous hands. Iván's treasury, enriched by triumphs in which I have had no small share, would open every means for me. All—even the recent success of the reduction of Tver, authorized me to approach the execution of my creation. There was wanting but the word of Iván—'*Let it be so.*' Well, the day before yesterday I received an order to present my plan to him. I take it. The Great Prince himself, Sophia, and a high ecclesiastical personage, were my judges. With a trembling heart I unroll my plans, I explain them . . . . I behold displeasure upon Iván's face; still more on the countenance of the ecclesiastic; Sophia looked at me with compassion and a lively interest. 'For God's sake,' said the Great Prince, 'what is this that thou wouldst build us?' 'A cathedral of the Mother of God, such as would be worthy of her,' replied I. 'A cathedral?' cried Iván, 'we want a house of God; but what is this thou hast made us? . . . . Hast thou been to Vladímir, hast thou seen the cathedral church there?' 'I have been there, and have seen it.' 'Build us one like that, Master Aristotle, only somewhat larger and thicker; that is for Vladímir, and ours must be fit for Moscow—

dost thou understand? For this we will thank ye, in the name of all orthodox Russia, and we will not leave thee unrewarded.' 'If so, why didst thou invite a celebrated master from Venice?' I said, with indignation, rolling up my plan. 'Thou mightest have ordered any bricklayer to build it!' 'Now thou art angered! Hold, show me thy paper again,' and he began again to examine it. 'As thou wilt, but we understand it not—we understand it not. It looks, even on paper, ready to tumble down.' At this moment the ecclesiastic looked at the plan, and exclaimed—'Tis exactly a Latin chapel!' 'It is not at least a Jewish school,' I cried. The priest turned pale. Sophia began to defend me, saying that such a church would be the wonder of foreigners, that the cathedral at Constantinople in honour of her patron saint could hardly be compared to it for beauty and grandeur. The Great Prince shook his head, and thought awhile. 'And how many fathoms dost thou need for thy church?' he asked. 'Two hundred,' said I. 'Two hundred? thou art mad, Aristotle! Why, then, the boyárins' houses must be levelled, the ancient churches must come down.' 'The izbás of thy boyárins, and the chapels which you call churches, assuredly must come down.

Thou thyself wert pulling them down for the gardens. If thou wouldst be a great sovereign, thou must do what is great, and worthy of the admiration of the world.' 'Well; but where are we to find so many bricks?' 'In my kilns there are already a great many ready; I will prepare more.' 'Where am I to get bricks for the Kreml? Forget not, I must build a wall, gates, towers.' 'Where thou wilt, my lord, but I have prepared the bricks for the Cathedral of Our Lady, and not for thy Tartar towers. 'No, this cannot be,' cried Iván, enraged; 'thou art mad, Aristotle—thou hast a fever-fit. I have done much to please thee, but this cannot be—'tis impossible. Canst thou bend an oak into a bow, and then expect it to grow up to heaven? All Russia is but newly fledged, and thou wouldst pluck it of its last feather. Be angry or not, I will that the Cathedral of Our Lady be built on the model of the church of Vladímir, only rather more spacious and thicker: that it be a church, not a temple, not a Latin chapel.' 'Thou hast many Italian architects, command them.' 'I will that thou build it.' 'I will not.' 'I will have thee in chains,' shouted Iván, striking his staff on the ground, and devouring me with his burning eyes: 'thou shalt build it in

chains.' 'I will build my temple in chains, if thou wilt.' 'I want a church on the model of that of Vladímir.' 'I will not.' 'What, dost thou not know me?' 'I know thee, but I will not.' I thought he would have struck me with his staff; but he only shook it at me without striking. I went out from his presence, clapping the door behind me. And this is the end of all my painful toils for this ruler; this is the fruit of my inspiration, the fulfilment of my fondest hopes! . . . . Is it not enough to drive one mad?"

"As far as I can see, thou hast mistaken the Great Prince, mistaken as to his means and those of Russia," said Antony, taking on this occasion the part of counsellor. "With greatness of soul thou has unthinkingly attributed to him a love for the fine arts which we are accustomed to find in the princes of Italy. Let a savage, be he as wise as you will, pass from his hut into a marble palace, will he not be terrified and repelled by it? . . . . Now, if my wish be not too presumptuous, permit me to see thy plans. Trust them to the judgment, not of my knowledge, but of my love for the beautiful, and of a cool reason. It may be, that acquaintance with the great monuments of architecture in

Italy, acquaintance with great artists, may have formed my taste so far that I may by feeling understand what others understand by science."

The artist, now tranquillized, consented with pleasure to his young friend's proposition. The fragments of the plan, which were not numerous, were instantly placed together on the table, and united with paste. But just as Antony had put them together, and was examining them, there presented himself a messenger from the Great Prince. His business was to the leech alone; and he called him into the hall. Here he explained that Iván Vassílievitch was extremely anxious about the artist's health, whom he was afraid of losing, and gave command to Antony to present himself with a satisfactory account, (*i. e.*, with the tidings that Aristotle was rapidly recovering—it was Antony's business to make the sick well: he might die himself, but the patient must recover, particularly when the Lord of All Russia commanded.) "Now, this fever-fit," said the messenger, "is not the first that hath happened. Once Iván Vassílievitch pulled down two or three izbás close to the Assumption, and the palace-master became quiet again. But this time our Lord can do no more; pull down, you see, all the izbás, all the churches and houses in the town!

Judge thyself, as a reasonable man, is it possible?" Antony could not help smiling when he heard the simple explanation; but at the same time he received new conviction that his friend's demands exceeded the possibility of satisfying them. He assured the messenger that the artist was out of danger, promising to afford him the necessary help in case of need, and instantly to present himself to the Great Prince.

On returning to his chamber, he found the artist with his face a little more cheerful. Whether it was the enquiry from the Great Prince which had given Aristotle fresh hope, (he could not but be sure that that message was about him,) or the examination of his plan, which had effected such a change for the better, or perhaps both these causes at once, the leech found a smile upon his lips. But little by little the smile vanished away, and fresh clouds gathered upon his brow. "Thou art right, Antonio," he cried; "I am a madman!"

Antony began to examine the plan. What he saw, language can never describe. Perhaps an edifice, like the Temple of St Peter at Rome, perhaps a Christian Pantheon, a Divina Commedia in stone. Familiar with the highest productions of

architecture in Italy, he had prepared his imagination for something extraordinary; but he saw that Aristotle's building outstripped imagination and possibility. Long he stood before the drawings, quite unable to give any account of his impressions.

The portico of the temple was gloomy; as soon as you entered it, you were surrounded by a religious awe; all there was expressive of the weight of sin, humiliation, despondency, contrition. Gigantic quadrangular columns, composed of huge stones, rudely hewn, and speckled with the moss of ages, besprinkled with the mouldiness of time, piled in a wondrous harmonious disorder, seemed as though raised by the almighty arm of nature, and not of man; from vaults, of similar proportions to the columns, sternly looked forth colossal statues of stone, and seemed preparing to crush you: the hollow murmur of prayer would resound along these vaults like a breath from the frail bosom—not of one man, but of all humanity. Through moderately large openings, scattered irregularly here and there, the sunbeams in two or three spots sparingly dropped their light, now on the divine image of the crucified Saviour, now on his grave-clothes, now on the face of the Magdalen, bedewed with tears. But the

further you advanced into the interior of the temple, the lighter, brighter, more cheerful it became: here proportions, forms, images, cast off their fetters, more air was admitted, all glimmered in the half light of hope, and the trust in immortality. At length, as you approached the last apartment, you seemed to tread down the earth from beneath your feet, and plunge into a kind of holy immensity. There dwelt blessing; there all was ether, harmony, brilliancy, and joy. Words cannot describe what Antony felt as he gazed upon the plan of the wondrous threefold temple.

"No!" cried the young man, after a long pause, with an enthusiasm he was not able to conceal; "no, great artist, thou createst not for this age, but for centuries which are to come hereafter, when the power of Archimedes' lever will replace thousands of men. Even the imagination is hardly able to embrace the immensity of this edifice, and, dumb with astonishment, falleth prostrate before it. What would be the effect if it were executed? . . . . Pardon me, if I tell thee a bitter truth . . . . the Russian sovereign is right, a hundred times right! If he could reach the grandeur of this edifice, he would still more fully understand the impossibility

of realizing it. Cast away, while it is yet time, thy hopes—thine idea far exceedeth possibility. And is it not ever thus? What heaven hath created, earth cannot execute."

Pale, trembling, Aristotle listened to him, as if he were hearing his sentence of death. He had prepared himself for this verdict; and yet, when he heard it, he could not return to reason.

"Filled with the sublime visions of genius, a dweller in heaven coming down to our poor world," continued the young man, taking the artist's cold hand and pressing it, "thou hast mistaken our earthly calculations, our proportions. Still greater hath been thine error, in dreaming of realizing thy building here, in Russia, in these days. Thou wonderest that they understand thee not here; is it surprising? Thou art come too soon. Think, Iván is gifted with a mighty soul, with a will of iron: he can conquer time and circumstances, but he is not almighty . . . . Can he inspire himself with the feeling of the beautiful—an ardent love for it, so far as to adopt thy work *now?* Can he sacrifice to it the wealth of his treasury—can he renounce other objects, which he considers more profitable and important? Is he to devote thousands of his

people's arms, thousands of his boyárins' houses, and churches which orthodox Moscow counts so precious? In him the idea of strength, consisting in uniting into one the scattered parts of a vast whole, fulfills its destination: but the idea of the beautiful is unintelligible to him, or is conceived but dimly, and always under the forms of strength, of firmness, of variety. Listen to me: diminish the proportions of thy plan a third, if not a half, and even then the genius of the beautiful will recognize thy production as his own; posterity will admire it. But even in this case, prepare the Russian sovereign for the experiment by a building such as Iván and his people have commanded — if not according to the idea of the beautiful, yet according to the idea of the vast — and let this be the mediator between the Russians and thyself. Build them first a church as a peace-maker. It will be a new sacrifice from thee to the Russian people. And then, reducing the proportions of thy temple, select a site for it not in the Kreml, but on one of the heights in the neighbourhood of Moscow. Then, full master of thy plan, assisted by human resources, and with the help of God, raise thyself an immor-

tal monument. For this thou mayest take Iván's word."

"Iván's word!" . . . . cried Aristotle, and sobbed like a child.

"What I have been saying to thee, till now, I said to thy reason. Now, I turn to thy heart. In refusing to build a church to Our Lady, dost thou not deprive her of one of her altars? There, where thousands might be worshipping, where they might be bringing her worthy offerings, wilt thou leave a place of desolation, of disorder, of uncleanness? What is become of the feeling of Christian humility? . . . . Oh, my friend! what hast thou done with that feeling of piety which ever distinguished thee?"

These words penetrated the artist with inexpressible terror.

"Yes, I was a madman!" he cried; "imagination obscured my reason, selfishness destroyed in me all that was good, all that was holy; it was no temple to the Lord that I wished to create, but to myself, not to Our Lady—I desired to be worshipped in it myself! . . . . I am worse than an idolater! I am like the Israelites, who, knowing the true God, fell down before the golden calf. Thou hast restored

me to my senses, my young but reasonable friend. Yes! I will make a peace-offering; but not to the Great Prince, not to the Russian people, but to the Mother of God. To her I make a vow to build a church as they command me to build it, and not as I wished to construct it in my selfishness, (the artist crossed himself.) Look down, most Holy Mother, with a merciful eye upon my contrition, and take pity on me, a miserable sinner, from thy heavenly throne!"

Trembling with a holy enthusiasm, he seized his plan and tore it into small pieces, and then fell sobbing before the image of the Virgin. Long he lay prostrate on the ground, and when he arose his face was bright. He embraced his young friend, kissed his son with tenderness, like a man returning home from a distant and painful journey. The crisis was terrible, but it was over. The voice of religion had done what neither the stern power of the Prince could do, nor the strength of friendship, nor the arguments of reason.

"Now," said Aristotle, turning with firmness to the leech, "go to the Great Prince, and tell him, that I, not fearing chains, but to fulfill a vow to the Holy Virgin, will begin to-morrow to construct a church on the model of that at Vladímir."

The news of Aristotle's recovery from the *fever-fit*, as the Russians called these attacks, gratified Iván Vassílievitch. He had been alarmed lest his engineer and church-builder should go out of his mind; and that, too, while he was still needful to him! The artist, perhaps, was among that number of madmen of genius, who ought to be shut up, along with Tasso and Beethoven, in Bedlam. But it must be remarked that there were not, at this period, any houses for the care of the insane. Iván Vassílievitch could not disguise his joy: he thanked the leech more than once, and gave him a promise, when Aristotle had completed the Church of the Assumption as he, the Great Prince, desired, to give him any site he pleased out of the town, and the assistance of his treasury, for a new church, which the architect was to build after his own fashion, provided he would reduce the proportions of his plan.

On the next day, with the proper religious ceremonies, the first stone was laid of the foundation of the cathedral Church of the Assumption. Immediately afterwards Aristotle began to construct it on the model of the church of Vladímir. He remarked with delight, that the type of this edifice was to be found in Venice, namely, in the church of St Mark. But the struggle which had given him the victory of

religious will over love of glory and his fondest hopes had been so strong, that it laid him on a sick-bed, from which he was with difficulty raised by the care of his friendly physician, and his beloved son.

In such circumstances how could Antony think of his own hopes? And whom could he take to assist him in his plans of marriage, rather than Aristotle? . . . . The artist's recovery must decide his fate.

CHAPTER V.

THE RECEPTION OF THE EMBASSY.

In Moscow and the neighbouring villages was an unusual stir. Constables, guards, and retainers, are galloping from morn till night, and *driving out* the people. The Russian peasant is always delighted to stare, for days together, even at what he does not understand, so long as he has no work to do; and on this occasion they drove him with the stick into the city to make holiday for a whole four-and-twenty hours. Thousands are streaming from all parts, and they will lie heavy on old Moscow's heart; she will be stifled! With this populace they intended to make a show of the strength of Muscovy.

And at the Great Prince's court there is no less bustle. On the morrow is to be the reception of the imperial ambassador. In the Russian Tsar, for such Iván Vassílievitch had begun to style himself, was already developed the feeling of his own

and his people's dignity; and therefore, in his relations with the imperial ambassador, who was arrogant and presumptuous, the courtiers of the Great Prince had higgled and bargained for the least advantage. Several days running, the boyárins had presented themselves at the ambassador's dwelling, to discuss the ceremonies of introduction, presentation, sitting down, standing up, kissing of hands, the number of reverences, the one step backwards or forwards, and almost of the privilege of sneezing. They had ascertained what Poppel would say, and took their measures to prepare a fitting answer. Poppel demanded that the Great Prince should give him an audience alone—this was refused. At last, when all was arranged on both sides, the day was fixed for the reception.

The minds, or rather the imaginations, of the people were occupied with the splendid reception of ambassadors, as though with festivals. But, under the mask of the bustle of a ceremonial, the Founder of Russia was preparing the way for a new triumph. He secured a whole province without the sword, without leagues or treaties.

There had arrived at his court a guest from Ouglítch, his own brother, Andréi Vassílievitch the

elder. The stranger was received with splendid and unsparing hospitality. As soon as he arrived, he passed the whole evening with the Great Prince in gay and open conversation. He had expected displeasure for not having sent to Moscow a band of auxiliaries against the Tsars of the Horde. Nothing was mentioned on the subject; never before had he been so affectionately received, never had the Great Prince talked so unreservedly to him. On the next day he was invited with the boyárins to dinner. Iván Vassílievitch met him, seated him in the place of honour, overwhelmed him with caresses, and a friendship so skilfully assumed, that the Prince of Ouglítch took these false jewels for real. In the eyes, in the language of his host, not even a shade of treachery was to be discerned. He did not betray himself till the end. This drama was played in the Western Izbá, which really was so named because it looked towards the setting sun; but henceforward, it was to be associated with the setting of the unfortunate prisoner's sun of happiness. It was now time to let the trap fall on the incautious victim. Iván Vassílievitch went out into the audience-chamber, and returned no more. It was the hour fixed for the banquet. Those who were invited to the

feast were splendidly entertained. In the dining-hall, the courtiers of Andréi Vassílievitch were assembled under a guard. Suspecting nothing, he was waiting till they should come to announce that dinner was served. And some Muscovite boyárins appeared. One of them* seemed desirous of communicating something to him, but was unable; tears prevented him from speaking. At last, with frequent interruptions from them, he said—"My lord, Prince Andréi Vassílievitch, thou art the prisoner of God, and of the Lord Great Prince, Iván Vassílievitch, of All Russia, thine elder brother." Andréi changed colour, arose from his place, but speedily recovering himself, said, with firmness—"God's will be done, and that of the Prince, my brother; but the Lord will judge between us, that I am unjustly deprived of liberty." Leaving his brother's hospitable palace, the unfortunate prince exchanged his province Ouglítch for a dungeon and for chains.

On the same day there was spread through Moscow a rumour of the imprisonment of the Prince of Ouglítch. It filled with horror the small number

* The Prince Semeon Ivánovitch Riápoloffskoi.—*Note of the Author.*

of good men, who feared not openly to condemn this proceeding of the Great Prince. But the greater number, the mob, which never reasons, were against the unhappy prisoner, calling him traitor, betrayer, the foe of the church and of his country. The courtiers of Iván Vassílievitch took care to instil into the ears of the people reports that the Prince of Ouglítch had been detected in a correspondence with the Polish king, to whom he had promised the head of Iván Vassílievitch: that he had come expressly for this to Moscow, with a great number of boyárins; that he had actually arrived at the Great Prince's palace, and that he had made an attempt on his elder brother's life, but that this had failed, from the infidelity of one of his people. Then they recalled his former offences against Moscow, long ago forgotten and forgiven. Of his services to Moscow, no one mentioned a single word. And thus it was no wonder that the majority was on the side of power rather than on that of justice. On the following day a spectacle was prepared for the gaping mob, and the unfortunate prisoner was soon forgotten. He had none to plead his cause but God.

In the evening of the same day on which the

Prince of Ouglítch had been seized and thrown into fetters, Antony the leech was summoned to the Great Prince. He found Iván Vassílievitch in an agitated state.

"Hark ye, leech," said the Great Prince, "my brother is dying; save him, for God's sake!"

Antony promised to do all he could.

"He is my brother, though he hath behaved ill to me," continued the Great Prince, "even though he hath attempted my life, hath reached at Moscow: therefore is he cast into irons—but I would not that any fatal harm should fall upon him; God see'th I would not. I only would teach him, punish him, as a father punisheth. I wish the good of Moscow and of my brothers. Who will care for them if not I? Am not I the eldest of the house? And Andréi and I have grown up together from our cradle."

Here he wept feigned tears. But his fear was real. He dreaded lest Andréi Vassílievitch should die on the first day of his imprisonment, and that his death might attract suspicion upon himself. To cut a throat, to strangle, to poison—these methods he never adopted with his prisoners; he counted such a deadly sin. Ordinarily he killed them by the slow death of chains, leaving their lives to God:

this was no sin! . . . . "I will keep him a month or two, and let him go," said he to the leech; "he may go where he will. Though he be wicked, he is yet of my blood! . . . . Save him, Antony! I will never forget thy services. I will find thee a bride after thine own heart . . . . I will give thee lands . . . . Save my soul from a great disgrace. The dvorétzkoi here will conduct thee to Andréi Vassílievitch."

Antony was thunderstruck by the hint about the bride . . . . Was it possible that the Great Prince already knew of his love for Anastasia? Who could have told him of it? . . . . It was, however, impossible to indulge in wonder for a long time: he hurried to the prisoner, whom he found in a dangerous state. The Prince of Ouglítch had borne bravely the first blow, but when he sounded the depth of his misfortune, when he compared the future which awaited him, with the lot of former important prisoners of his brother, he was terrified with that future. All his blood had rushed to his heart . . . . It is not our business to describe the measures taken by Antony to relieve the unfortunate prince: suffice it to say, that by the power of medical remedies he succeeded, in spite of the

patient's opposition, in affording him the needful relief. Perhaps he was to blame in prolonging his dungeon life for two years more.

Brightly and gaily had the guest from Ouglítch arisen on the horizon of Moscow, like the young moon; and, like the young moon, speedily did he sink beneath it. And on his lonely death-bed the only farewell voice was the clink of the fetters.

The speedy aid afforded to the Prince of Ouglítch, raised the leech in the eyes of the Russian sovereign. He still continued to hold him in high honour; gifts followed gifts, and gave an additional value to words of favour. Antony profited by these favours to beg some indulgence for the unhappy prisoner. His fetters were removed for a while; but as soon as he recovered they were put on again. They assured Antony that he was altogether relieved from them, and from that time forward the leech was not permitted to visit the prisoner.

Between the acts of this cruel drama they performed the reception of the ambassador. From his lodging Poppel was conducted in an extensive circuit through the best streets, the Great Street, Várskoi Street, the Red Square, and the chief street in the city. All this was crammed with the people,

as close as the seeds in a sunflower. Room was only left for the ambassador's train, his attendants, and his guard of honour. Every window was crowded with living faces; the walls were threaded with heads, as in the enchanted castle; the roofs were sown with groups of people. All Moscow was streaming from its outskirts and suburbs to its heart.

"Silence! they are playing on the kettle-drum! —They come, they come!"—resounded through the people, and this cry passed in a few moments from the ambassador's palace to the *water-side halls*, where the reception was to take place. Breasts were jammed against breasts, backs were squeezed down with tremendous weight, complaints and cries arose. "Never mind! they come, they come!" and then streamed on the procession. At the head came a horseman beating on plates of brass; behind him came pouring a glittering stream of chosen horsemen in helmet and cuirass, with sword and spear. Beyond them extended in two lines a number of boyárins, with the immoveably important air of mandarins, in rich dresses, on which the sun played, and reflected his beams. Some of them seemed as if they were carrying on thick cushions bushy beards, combed hair upon hair, so fat were they.

And there is the imperial ambassador himself. He wears a beret of crimson velvet, placed jauntily aside, with a plume of waving feathers, confined by a buckle of precious stones: skilfully arranged is the drapery of his velvet mantle, bordered round the edge with gold lace. Poppel, with eyes half-shut in haughtiness, and with his hand placed coquettishly at his girdle, sits proudly upon a steed loaded with glittering caparisons, and perpetually provokes his mettle with his spurs. And in reality you might have put him into a frame, and exhibited him in the market-place as a perfect picture of an equestrian figure! 'Tis the brightest, noblest moment of his life! The triumphal entry of Trajan into Rome after his Dacian victory—the bridge of Arcola—the summit of the Pyramids for Napoleon! Behind him came his train, in dresses which yielded in beauty and splendour to the ambassador's habit, as the moon yields to the sun. The envoy and his suite were without arms—a custom insisted on by the suspicious character of the Russians. At the end of the procession again came boyárins in two lines.

All this train was to stop in front of the *water-side halls.* The knight Poppel had desired to ride up to the very staircase; but as the Great Prince

alone had the privilege of dismounting at the *red stairs*, the arrangers of the procession had so skilfully crowded the people at this spot, that the proud knight was compelled to dismount from his horse exactly where he had been ordered. At the bottom of the stone steps he was met by the okólnitchie with low reverences, who shook him by the hand, (a custom borrowed from the foreigners,) and with the usual salutation in the name of his lord. At the middle of the staircase was a boyárin who performed the same ceremony; at the entrance to the hall, the deacon Kourítzin, who conducted Poppel into the antechamber. Inferior attendants of the Great Prince met and conducted the ambassador's train. But here the procession suddenly stopped. A slight confusion took place; discussions began among the boyárins; and a murmur arose like the buzzing of bees, when the smoke drives them out amid their toil. It was suddenly discovered that one of the boyárins had put on a kaftán that did not belong to his particular rank, and had taken a wrong place. Then the dvorétzkoi humbly entreated the ambassador and his suite to return to the staircase and recommence the ceremony. Vexed and mortified, the knight was compelled to perform the great *Castellan's* request.

The procession was completely repeated. At the first palace, separated from the apogée of the train only by a door, the deacon Kourítzin stopped it. Here there stood, on both sides, the retainers and the inferior ranks of the nobles, glittering in dresses of state, which had been given out to them from the stores of the Great Prince. It seemed to the foreigners as if they had entered the enchanted palace, where people were turned to stone, so motionless stood the attendants, without so much as winking—so deep was the silence. The stoppage continued some minutes longer, during which nothing was heard but the impatient tinkle of the knight's spurs. At last the door opened, and the ambassador and his suite received permission to enter the *new palace.* On both sides, in two lines, stood boyárins, looking like sheaves of gold. At the extremity of the hall, but not distinguished by any ornament except that of several rich images, and elevated on a number of steps, rose a throne of nut-tree wood, all carved, of fine Greek work. Above it blazed an image in the rays of precious gems; at the footstool the double-headed eagle already displayed its wings. The canopy, supported on carved columns, was in the form of a pyramid. At the sides of the throne stood two benches covered with drapery of cloth of gold,

embroidered with lions. On one lay a bonnet, blazing with pearls and precious gems, and on the other an enchased staff or sceptre, a cross, a silver wash-hand basin, and two ewers and napkins. A few paces backward, a single bench was left empty, and near it an empty *stoyántze.** The Great Prince was habited in a kaftán of state, a silver ground with green leaves upon it, a gipon of yellow satin, a collar of diamonds and topazes; on his breast hung a cross of cypress-wood, containing relics: his feet, clothed in shoes embroidered in gold on a ground of white kid leather, rested on a velvet footstool. Amid the crowd of all these persons and things, amid the splendour of rich dresses, you were transfixed by the lightning eye of the Russian sovereign. Poppel had already beheld those eyes more than once; but even now he could not bear their thrilling glance, and bent his own upon the ground. A few paces forward, and —again a stoppage, as if in order to prepare him for the honour of seeing the illustrious countenance of Iván. At length the ambassador was conducted to the steps of the throne. Here Kourítzin, turning

* Antiquaries are still undecided as to the meaning of this word *stoyántze,* some supposing it to mean a kind of cupboard or niche, others a low table.

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

T. B. S.

to the Great Prince with a low reverence, said—"My lord, Great Sovereign of All Russia, the knight Nicholas Poppel, ambassador from the Roman Cæsar, maketh obeisance to thee; vouchsafe him to do salutation from his sovereign." The Great Prince nodded his head, and the deacon communicated the permission to the envoy. Having made salutation from the Emperor Frederick III., and the Austrian King Maximilian, Poppel ascended the second step of the throne and knelt. Iván Vassílievitch arose, "and enquired concerning the health of the most illustrious and illuminated Frederick, the Roman Cæsar, and the Rakoussian king, and others his right well beloved allies, and gave his hand to the ambassador standing, and commanded him to sit upon the bench, close over against himself." His hand, defiled by the kiss of a Roman Catholic, was purified by washing; this service was performed by the dvorétzkoi. Immediately after, the ambassador and all his attendants took their seats on the benches. After remaining seated a short time, he arose, and the boyárins followed his example. Then was delivered the *letter of trust* (credentials) on a damask cushion. The Great Prince made a movement as if to touch it with his hand,

but without doing so gave a sign to the deacon, who took the letter and laid it on a cushion in the empty *stoyántze*. Then the deacon, again turning to Iván Vassílievitch with the usual obeisance, proclaimed—"Lord, Great Prince of All Russia, the ambassador from the Cæsar maketh obeisance to thee with presents from his lord." The Great Prince made a gracious signal to the ambassador, and the imperial attendants, one after the other, presented on bended knee a collar and necklace of gold, fifteen Muscovite ells of velvet of Venice, "dark blue and fine;" for the *first-born* son of the Great Prince *linen*, velvet of cramoisine and gold, with a lining of blue *camelotte*." For the gifts the ambassador was ordered to give thanks to his highness. At last, with the same ceremonies, the ambassador was commanded to speak in the name of his sovereign. At this moment Iván Vassílievitch arose from his throne, and made several steps forward.

Poppel spoke as follows—"I entreat discretion and secresy. If thine enemies, the Poles and Bohemians, knew concerning what I am about to speak, my life would be in peril. We have heard that thou, most illustrious and thrice-puissant Iván, most

mighty lord of Russia, hast demanded for thyself from the Pope the dignity of king," (at these words over Iván's countenance flitted a dark shade of displeasure.) "But know, that not the Pope, but the Emperor alone, can make kings, princes, and knights. If thou desirest to be a king," (Iván Vassílievitch retreated, and sat down indignantly on his throne; the harebrained Poppel, in repeating his words, made no change in them,) "then do I offer thee my services therein. It will be only needful to conceal this matter from the Polish king, who feareth that thou, when made a sovereign equal with himself, mayest take from him the lands anciently Russian." Every word proved that the ambassador understood neither the character of the ruler to whom he was addressing himself, nor the spirit of his people; that he was ignorant of the mere proprieties of time and place: every word betrayed Poppel's folly and inexperience. To this harangue our Iván replied firmly, with a majestic voice, and without rising from the throne—"Thou askest us, whether we desire to be made by the Cæsar a king in our own land. Know, Sir Popleff, we have been, by God's grace, lords in our land from the beginning, from our first ancestors; we have our place from God; even as our forefathers had it, even so have we; and we ask God

alone that he may grant to us and to our children to be even for ever, as we are now, lords in our land. But to hold it as vassals from any other we have never willed as yet, nor even now will we." The deacon Kourítzin repeated this speech to the interpreter. A terrible moment for Bartholomew! Not to translate with perfect accuracy, word for word, the speech of his formidable master to the imperial ambassador, was more than he dared, because the deacon understood tolerably well the German language; to translate it accurately would incense the ambassador. However, personal security, which he had often sacrificed to serve others, obtained the preference, and he, hesitating and trembling, performed his duty of interpreter. It was very easy for Poppel to understand, from Iván's wrathful eyes, the general purport of the speech.

Already these messengers of anger had agitated him. When he heard the substance of the speech he stood confused, like a schoolboy detected in a fault, for which he has been previously warned that he will be punished. His confusion was still further increased by a circumstance of the moment. When he, at the opening of his speech, made his bow to the Great Prince and his court, he remarked among the latter the countenance of a young boyárin which

forcibly struck him. It was the exact image of the Baroness Ehrenstein in her younger days. The baroness never loved Poppel; this he well knew and well remembered. Her stern glance, in which he had ever read evident aversion—her harsh unfriendly words were inscribed upon his very heart. Now, at the triumphant moment of his life, it seemed as though she appeared before him in the palace of the Great Prince to spoil his triumph and to add to his confusion. In the young boyárin he beheld the same stern wrathful glance, the same expression of ill-will!

The knight, naturally insolent, here lost his self-possession altogether, and did not even attempt to find an answer, in order to repair, if possible, his mistake. In the eyes of Iván Vassílievitch was expressed the gratification of a triumph gained over a distinguished foreigner. Having enjoyed this triumph, he hastened to re-assure the ambassador with gracious words; he had no wish to interrupt the friendship which he had but just established with the German states, the rather as he was well acquainted with the other propositions of the ambassador, which flattered his self-love. "This is no impediment," said Iván, "to our good understand-

ing with the Roman Cæsar. Therefore we have received the letter of trust and gifts from his highness and majesty with all love." These words, communicated in order through the deacon and interpreter, encouraged Poppel.

It is known that at this audience the ambassador, "in the name of Frederick, proposed that Iván should give one of his daughters, Helena or Feodosia, to Albrecht, Markgraf of Baden, the Emperor's nephew, and that he should be allowed to see the bride." The Great Prince willingly accepted the proposal, and consented, in performance of this affair, to dispatch to the Emperor, along with Poppel, an ambassador of his own. As to the desire of seeing the bride, Iván Vassílievitch explained that the customs of Russia did not permit a maiden to be shown before the time to her bridegroom or his representative. Then came a request on the part of Poppel, that Iván should forbid the people of Pskoff from passing into the lands of the "Livonian Germans," subjects of the Empire. The Great Prince ordered him to be answered—"That the men of Pskoff had lands of their own, and would not pass out into the territories of others." Thus were the political demands disposed of. The face of the

young boyárin reminded the ambassador of his domestic affairs. He remembered the leech Ehrenstein; and in his desire to injure his uncle's kinsman, and the man he called his rival, his envious heart found a pretext for directing the conversation, such as, assuredly, he would never have been supplied with by a course of rhetoric so fertile in pretexts. He communicated to Iván Vassílievitch the request "of his holy Cæsarian Majesty, to have some live animals, called in Russian *loss*, (*moose-deer*,) if possible young, without horns, or with their horns filed, so that they could do no hurt; and one of the Bogouliáts, who eat raw flesh. "These gifts his Cæsarian Majesty would count as singular favours," said Poppel. "In exchange, he promiseth to send thee a leech from his court, Master Leon, most skilful in the healing of all manner of diseases. He was no pretender, this leech, but right wise, learned, —having the diploma of leech from the Emperor himself; famous not only in the imperial dominions, but even in foreign lands. And I am commanded by my most high and illustrious lord to say—Trust not too much to a leech who hath been sent to thee from the German lands." "How so?" asked Iván. "He is an adventurer, a pretender, an ignor" . . .

At these words the young boyárin who had so much struck the knight by his resemblance to the Baroness Ehrenstein, seemed about to rush forward out of the line of the Russian courtiers: it was Antony himself. He flushed up and trembled with anger, when he heard the insulting speech of Poppel. His lips were about to utter, in the hearing of all, the word "liar;" but Aristotle, who was standing next to him, so strongly seized him by the arm and pressed it, the Great Prince so covered him with his fiery glance, and sternly raised his finger, that he restrained himself. . . . . God knows, what an uproar Antony's fatal word might have produced in the assembly, and what a dreadful storm it might have called down upon his head. But when Iván Vassílievitch had majestically restrained and dispelled the tempest, he himself arose in defence of the insulted.—"It is not well in thee, Sir Nikolái Popleff," said he, "to speak evil of our court physician: his skill and devotion Antony hath proved more than once by deeds. Antony is dear to us for ever, and, therefore, we hold him in our favour. And we neither want nor desire another leech. As to the Bogouliátin, who eateth raw flesh, and the young *losses*, Iván Vassílievitch promiseth them right

willingly. And, at the same time, he would request workmen, diggers of mines, and a miner who is skilled in separating gold and silver from the earth, and a skilful silver-master, who knoweth how to make great bowls and flagons, to enchase and carve the bowls." With this interchange of requests the audience concluded. The ambassador was conducted away with the same honour as he had been introduced, if not even with more, as it was necessary to sweeten the bitterness of the answers that had been given him.

Infuriated by the failure of his diplomatic experiments, from which he had expected great favour, both with the Emperor and the Great Prince; infuriated at the failure of his attempt to overthrow Antony Ehrenstein in the estimation of the Russian ruler; pursued by the family resemblance between his foe and the baroness, Poppel cursed himself and his fate. Thus a poor fisherman, who has unsuccessfully cast his nets for days together, is ready almost to throw himself into the water. Amid these black thoughts, he was interrupted by a letter from Antony the leech; this was a challenge to single combat for personal insults. With trembling hand Poppel answered—"The knight, Nicholas Poppel,

by adoption Baron Ehrenstein, girded with the sword by the hand of the Emperor, will never degrade himself so far as to take up the glove thrown down by a base quacksalver." "In that case," replied Antony, "the noble leech Ehrenstein gives him, a vile coward, a blow with his glove, which the most noble knight may show to his Emperor as a proof that he is unworthy to bear his honourable title." Poppel received the box on the ear like a philosopher, in the hope of paying it back with a blow that should give more pain.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

"O my fáther, O my déarest sire!
Tell me whý thou art offénded, say,
With thy chíld, thy little dáughter dear;
That thou gívest her to stranger folk;
To a stránger folk she knóweth not;
To a stránger land, a lánd afar?
Háth she, then, so soon wéaried thee?
That thou drívest her from thine éyes afar;
Have I wórn out all my gárments gay?
Have I eáten of the súgar'd cates?
Have I dránk the mead, the hóney dew?
Have I tródden down the gárden green?"

From the moment of Anastasia's visit to the beloved stranger, there had at times crept into her heart the feeling of having done wrong. She felt all the burden of a secret concealed from her father. At other moments she was continually haunted by the dark thought that she was enchanted by Antony; but this remorse, this dark idea, was soon put to flight by the recollections of the sweet moments

which love had afforded her. Now, the mere separation from Antony tormented her more than all. She longed for one more delicious interview with him, for one more maddening kiss! . . . . All she thought of was, how she would be caressed by Antony, when she would belong to God and him alone.

His thoughts and feelings were elevated above earthly joy. Like a red-cross knight, he had started to deliver the Tomb of our Lord from the yoke of the infidel; on the journey he had been benighted in an enchanted forest, and had there met with a young inexperienced fellow-pilgrim, a brother of the cross. Discovering his delusion, it was his duty to put himself and his ward on the true path. How could he remember at such a moment the pleasures of the tourney, or the crown of victory? . . . . And thus Antony thought only how to save the soul of his mistress from earthly, and perhaps eternal ruin. He was sometimes afflicted by the apprehension that he would do great sin in leaving the religion of his fathers: but beside this fear appeared another and a triumphant thought, of the sanctity of duty, of the unavoidableness of the sacrifice. The nearer his desire was to its fulfilment, the more was his

heart cleansed from the impurities of passion. Often, and even without any assignable reason, he became mournful, very mournful; then he would pray—of what, God only knew; his prayers were not expressed in words, but only in burning tears. His happiness was so obscure! . . . . with its bright torrent a stream of impurity was mingled . . . .

Two letters, one to his mother, the other to his instructor, were sent through Kourítzin. In the first, Antony besought his parent's blessing on the great work which he was approaching, and entreated her to come into Russia, if but to visit him.—"You yourself desired, my dearest, precious mother," he wrote, "that I should never again return either to Bohemia or to Italy, and that I should find a settlement here. You yourself have often hinted that the performance of this desire would be the best consolation of your old age, and add to your prospect of tranquillity at your death. Providence has evidently willed the same thing as yourself; it has brought me here to the house of a Russian boyárin, where love has created me a new country. If you knew Anastasia, (here he described her external and mental qualities;) if you knew how much she loves me, you would assuredly wish me no other partner." Nearly

the same were the contents of the letter to his instructor. In it he added the weight of his doubts on the subject of his change of religion; and even here he quieted his conscience by the reflection that he had chosen a faith not torn to pieces by corruptions, with which the Western Church might be reproached. Antony wrote with confidence respecting his future union. Whether this confidence was well founded, we shall presently see.

As soon as Aristotle found himself recovering from his illness, his young friend hastened to disclose to him the state of his heart, his wishes, his hopes, his fears. In what employment, do you think, did Antony find the artist? He was again composing plans for his immense church. To tear himself from that would have been death to him. He was all wrapped up in his occupation. When the leech entered, Aristotle turned red and pale, as if he had been detected in some crime, and hastened to conceal the plan as well as he could. Instead of finding in the artist a zealous second to his marriage projects, Antony discovered in him an ardent opponent of the affair. His terrible trial had made Aristotle timorous even to weakness; in every thing he could see nothing but failure. He promised

Antony, however, to be his advocate with the boyárin Obrazétz, as his nearest relation—as his father. But he gave him no hopes, dilating upon the invincible obstacles presented in the voevóda's hatred to the German—one of the race of his accursed foes—even though that German should adopt the Russian faith. Such a beginning promised no good; now, as always happens, obstacles excited in Antony a stronger desire to obtain the object which constituted the happiness and torment of his life.

Walking like a man in a dream, and profoundly plunged in melancholy thought, Antony was proceeding home;—in his way, puffing, purple with heat and violent movement, stood the interpreter Bartholomew. He stopped exactly in his path, so as not to be avóided, bowing low, shaking his head and foot, and fanning himself with his cap: he attempted to speak, but fatigue prevented him. The young man politely begged him to let him pass.

"Nay, most thrice-worshipful sir," said Bartholomew at last with unusual warmth, as if he had suddenly got down a morsel that was sticking in his throat—"Nay, I will not let you pass till you listen to me. You may kill me, you may thrash me,

only hear me out. You do not love me—you hate me, despise me, I know full well; but I cannot help loving you—that is above my powers. I am the same as I was at the first moment when I saw you . . . . I feel just the same respect for you, the same ardent love, and I am ready to sacrifice for you, God knows what. Do with me what you . . . . Now, what would you like to make of me? . . . . Your most devoted slave? . . . . 'Tis nothing . . . . Your packhorse? . . . . Or worse? . . . . Ah! to find something worse! . . . . Now, think yourself" . . . .

And Bartholomew began to beat himself despairingly on the bosom with his fist, like a scurvy actor, who is out in his part. With contempt Antony looked at him, and shrugged his shoulders.

" You will not speak; do but listen, then. You do not know it; but I am your most devoted servant, your most humble of slaves, I know . . . . A report is going through the city; it may reach the father . . . . or the brother . . . . then your death would be inevitable . . . . They say, you have seduced An" . . . .

" Wretch! finish not the word, or I will slay thee, here, on the spot!" cried the young man, turning

pale, and trembling in every limb; and, as if fearing that his menaces might be fulfilled, he rushed headlong away from the contemptible informer.

"And thus, after all," said he to himself, "the honour of a maiden—thanks to me!—is bandied from mouth to mouth: even this vile scoundrel is trumpeting it about! Assuredly her friend must have disclosed it! . . . . How can I hope to save her in time from the arrows of scandal? Where is the generosity, where the use of the sacrifice? One way alone is left me—to throw myself at the Great Prince's feet, tell him all, and implore him to be my saviour and benefactor. I will do it instantly. He hinted so graciously about a bride, that I will be my own advocate."

Antony bent his steps to the palace of the Great Prince; but as he was passing Kourítzin's house, his good angel whispered him to apply to the deacon, who had been so zealous in his interests. He found him engaged in an important occupation. It was, we may add, a difficult one, because Kourítzin, the protector of the Jewish heresy in Russia, had been compelled, by order of the Great Prince, to draw up a list of the heretics, with a decree of banishment and other penalties against them, which, how-

ever, were not severe. On this occasion, Iván Vassílievitch had perfectly understood his relations and his duties as regarded his favourite servant; and that servant had no less clearly comprehended, as his master desired, his duties to him, and his relations with his brother heretics. As generally occurs in these cases, Kourítzin had made his list of those persons who were most insignificant, least to be relied on, and most credulous of all.

"Here," said he, explaining to the young man what he was about, "here at last Iván Vassílievitch, under the influence of the priests, hath opened his eyes! . . . . A shrewd heresy this that hath been disclosed! . . . . I long ago said to him—he hearkened not, believed not! . . . . Oh, if thou didst but know, Master Leech, how much there is of what is attractive and sublime in this heresy! Wherefore hath it spread day after day? . . . . And nevertheless it is a terrible crime, the ruin of the people! . . . . It must be rooted up, cost what it may . . . . And on this occasion Iván Vassílievitch is too merciful, or too obstinate. He saith—I will not do as the people like! and thus he hindereth me much. What! he hath decreed the most trifling punishments, mere child's play, nothing but a mockery!

. . . . One is to be exiled to a distant city, another to be mocked by the people . . . . and thou see'st thyself" . . . .

The report had certainly reached Antony, that Kourítzin belonged to the Jewish heresy, body and soul. He was not therefore astonished at his cunning; he had ceased to be astonished at any thing. It was no time to examine into his real religious opinions, and to endeavour to turn him to the truth, and therefore the young man hastened to disclose to him his position. He praised Antony's intentions; revived and encouraged his hopes; told him that the Great Prince was already informed of the inclination of his court physician for the daughter of Obrazétz. That the sovereign was in possession of this secret, Kourítzin confessed was owing to his information; but the manner in which it became known to Kourítzin, he neither could nor dared disclose.—" Some day or other thou wilt know this," said the deacon, and then added—" Iván Vassílievitch is already thine advocate. Adopt the Russian faith, and I pledge myself to add my own intercession with him; but I fear, if thou attempt too rudely to turn our lord, thou wilt spoil all. My counsel, for the better success of this affair, is, to seek a

sensible, dexterous *svat*, not among the great men of the land, not among princes and boyárins, but a private man, who may vanquish Obrazétz's aversion to a foreigner. And this I cannot undertake—we are strangers, as thou knowest, to each other. Stay, let me see, whom can we find . . . . Ay, so . . . . whom better than the Tveritchánin Aphónia! . . . . I think thou knowest him?"

"I know him, and will add, as far as I can judge from my connexion with him, he loveth me well, notwithstanding my being a heretic. More than once have I wandered with him in fancy over the German and Italian lands, and for this he counts himself in my debt."

"Be it so, in God's name! Implore him to be thy *svat*. Tell him that thou lovest Obrazétz's daughter, having seen her only once at the window, and that after thy return from Tver. Of course, as a foundation of the business, thou must lay down a promise to take our Russian orthodox faith—it is the fountain of all blessings, (the heretic pronounced these words with a well-affected unction.) And add, too, the will of our most mighty Lord, Iván Vassílievitch. Only beware of saying that I sent thee; this is indispensable. And now, from my

heart I wish thee joy of a beautiful wife and possessions."

"No, on this occasion I will accept no valuable gifts from the Great Prince, even though by so doing I expose myself to his displeasure. I will not sell myself. At least my soul shall be clear, here and in the other world, of the stain of avarice. In all the rest I will obey thee; and, to prove this, I will go straight from thy house to Aphánasii Nikítin."

"Wilt thou go alone, on foot, to the village of Tchertolíno?" asked Kourítzin.

"Alone. What have I to fear? I did not take my horse, in order not to excite curiosity in the places I was visiting."

"Why not defer it till to-morrow? The way is long, there is a wood to pass surrounded by marshes .... Thou hast enemies .... thou hast forgotten Poppel" ....

"I do not think that the knight will attempt the assassin's trade. With God's blessing, I have decided. To-morrow, perhaps, it will be too late."

"Thou hast said well. Thy friends will be on their guard."

There was nothing for Antony to do but to thank the deacon.

On arriving at the cottage in which the traveller dwelt, the leech heard streaming from it sounds of religious singing. The tones were so light, so free from aught earthly, they seemed to speak of peace of soul, unity, a childlike simplicity, and yet at times a masculine strength of feeling, tenderness, warmth penetrating your heart and the marrow of your bones. This was not the voice of earthly passion, this was the language of communion with God. Ehrenstein stopped at the gate and listened to the sacred song with rapture. The sounds sank lower and lower, and suddenly ceased, as if they were vanishing on the earth, laden with the burden of their heavenly load. But Antony had not recovered from the feeling of tenderness which came over him, when the song was heard anew. Now it was a voice, mournful and agonizing the soul. The old man sang—"Weep not for me, oh mother, when thou see'st me in the grave!" The address to a mother, the grave, the sad lamenting song, brought sorrow in spite of himself, and a holy awe into the young man's heart. "Oh, is the voice prophetic, thou saintly old man! . . . . Is thy voice prophetic?" . . . . said he with tears in his eyes, removing his hand from the ring with which he was going to knock upon the door-post. He was just about to retire from the gate,

and he changed his mind. "I am a child, a coward!" said he to himself; "what! can the address of the Son of God to his mother so confuse thee? In the name of the Lord I will go about my holy work, and will not fear the arrow that flee'th from the darkness."

With the last word he knocked at the gate, and at Aphánasii Nikítin's question, "Who cometh?" he replied—"In the name of the Lord." The gate was immediately opened; and, as was customary, the person who admitted him made the sign of the cross, to guard against any evil accident. Aphónia did not refuse acquaintance with foreigners; with what a multitude of nations had he communicated! In all his intercourse with them, however, he signed himself with the cross, which, he was convinced, had often saved him from harm.

His dwelling was poor, but clean. The principal ornament of the chamber consisted in an image of the Holy Virgin, on the bottom of which the traveller had displayed all the rare objects which he had been able to bring to Russia from distant lands. Indian mats for ornaments, pearls and precious stones on the dress of the image, palm-leaves and branches of the date-tree, beautiful feathers of rare birds, forming

the frame. There was his past, his present, and his future: here he had united all his wealth, earthly and heavenly.

"Is it willingly or unwillingly that thou comest to me?" asked the old man.

"Unwillingly," replied the youth, "because I have come upon a business of life and death: willingly, because I have chosen thee in this business, Aphánasii Nikítitch, to be to me a father. Be my father, refuse me not!"

Such a commencement astonished the Tveritchánin. But when the young man began to relate his determinations and his request, the old man's solitary eye gleamed with a strange light; his lips parted in a smile. When he had heard the demand he expressed his perfect willingness to be Antony's advocate and *svat*, for the sake of doing a deed of Christian charity; only the success must be left in the hand of the Lord.

"Remain here in my house an hour," said Aphónia seizing his cap and staff; "I will return straightway. An evil deed thou shouldst put off from day to day, and pray; haply it will be weary of brooding in thy bosom, and will be driven out by prayer; in good hour it will vanish, like an evil spirit at the

sound of the matin-bell. With a good deed 'tis different. When thou see'st a precious bird, aim at it instantly with thine arrow, bend thy bow—'tis thine, the bird of heaven. Let it fly, and it is lost in the skies."

"I am only afraid that I came inopportunely," said Antony; "I was about to knock at thy door when I heard thee singing a dirge. It filled my soul with unspeakable sorrow. How couldst thou so soon turn from praising the Lord to such a song as that?"

"How?" answered the Tveritchánin, a little confused; "I cannot well tell thee how. It was God's hour, not mine. But afflict not thyself in vain. Where the Lord is, there all is happiness and good. Let us pray to him, and rejoice our souls in him."

And the old man prostrated body and soul before the image—Antony followed him.

"Now, having prayed, with God's blessing we will leave ourselves to his judgment," said the former, and left the cottage.

We may guess in what a state of agitation the young man was left. Every step, every word of the strange mediator between him and his fate, was

counted and weighed in his absence; counted as though by the throbbing of his sinking heart.

"Now," thought Antony, "the old man has reached Obrazétz's gate, now is he ascending the stairs . . . . He is in the boyárin's chamber . . . . he pronounces Anastasia's name, and mine . . . . My lot is being weighed in the balance of fate . . . . O Lord! cast down upon it a glance of mercy!"

In the mean time, Aphónia had swiftly directed his steps to the dwelling of Obrazétz, revolving in his head and heart speeches by which he could successfully act upon Anastasia's father. The traveller had not long before been with a holy man, Josiph of Volók, and had listened to the sacred eloquence addressed from his mellifluent lips to a certain boyárin, whose heart was deeply touched by it. From this fountain he prepared to draw on the present occasion. At first, however, his road was rugged, and his breast at times required a moment to breathe; his trembling hand seized the ring, and knocked uncertainly at the pillar of the gate. The boyárin was at home, they opened the wicket to Aphónia; to Aphónia it was never shut, at whatever hour of the day he might come. He ascends the stairs. In

the antechamber he stopped to breathe, and to arrange his dress and beard.

Vassílii Féodorovitch was in bed in his chamber. He was grievously ill. Never before in his life had he felt any serious attack, and therefore his present malady, which had suddenly seized him, seemed a dangerous sign. A bed of sickness—perhaps of death—and the future—these were the great themes which presented themselves to the natural eloquence of our traveller-orator.

As usual, the guest, entering the chamber, placed his staff near the door, made three signs of the cross before the image, and a low obeisance to the master of the house, and wished him good health; as usual, the host greeted him affectionately, and seated him in the place of honour. After a little dialogue on both sides, the Tveritchánin began as follows:—

"So now the beautiful summer is gone. The birds have made their nests, have brought up their young ones, have fed them, and taught them to fly. The wind may arise from the north—it is no longer feared by the nestlings; their parents have shown them the way through the heavens to sunny waters, and to meadows of abundance. If the old birds delay too long to take out the young, what wonder if the snowy winter finds the little nestlings—the poor birds!"

The boyárin gazed fixedly at Aphónia's face, and said—" Thou hast some meaning in thy words, Nikítich."

" Thou knowest well, boyárin, before the tale there is always a prologue; and I am leading my discourse to this, that our life is but a short summer. He who hath children ought to bethink him how to make them a warm nest, that they may escape from foul weather to the sunny waters."

" The birds of heaven neither sow nor reap, but they die not of hunger!" exclaimed the boyárin. " Over all of them equally doth the Lord watch; all of them equally doth he guard from bad weather; he showeth them all the path to an abundant land; but we, for our or our forefather's sins, have not all received an equal share—to one man is given a talent, to another two, to some nothing at all. We toil and take thought for our children; but" . . . . (here he sighed deeply.)

" One of them flieth like a falcon from the Great Prince's fist," interrupted Aphónia; " and ever, as he circleth round, mounteth higher and higher: for the other bird this fate was not destined. The swallow singeth by herself, but soon she will cut the air with her wings, though now she dares not fly far from her parents' nest. But she cannot always be

warmed in the cradle; the time will soon come when she must herself build her little nest, and bring up nurselings of her own."

"Again, I answer, our lot and our gifts are in the hand of God: without him a hair falleth not from our heads."

"Be not angry, my Lord Vassílii Féodorovitch, that I, a humbly-born houseless traveller, speak to thee the truth, not as a reproach, not as reasoning with thee, but merely to arouse thy recollection. Our minds are fixed upon the treasures of the earth, or for ourselves, or for our children; but for the treasures of heaven, which are neither corrupted, nor can the worm devour them, we take no thought. And when the hour of Christ cometh, our damask kaftáns, our silver cups, our iron coffers—these we shall not carry with us; we shall appear before him naked, with nothing but our sins or our good deeds."

"God knoweth, according to my power and reason, I labour to save the souls of myself and my children."

"Thou labourest? what, by seeking rich and noble bridegrooms for my lady Anastasia Vassílievna?" . . . .

The boyárin was not offended at this reproach, and answered kindly—

"Thou art right; I sought such, according to the weakness of my blood, and of humanity. And therefore, perhaps, the Lord hath punished me by the proposal of Mamón. From that time my tree putteth forth no more sweet apples; from that time Nasténka's suitors have vanished; and she herself, all mournful, hath pined away like a blade of grass on a naked rock. And have I not said prayers in the holy places; have I not set up tapers in the church; have I not lighted a lamp to burn for ever?"

"Thou hast heard the word of God—'Faith without works is dead.'"

"I have heard it, and I have done according to God's word. I have clothed the naked; I have helped those whose dwellings have been burned down; I have given meat in years of famine; I have redeemed prisoners from the infidels. And I have so done this, that my left hand hath not known what my right hand gave."

"Assuredly all this is pleasing to God. But this thou gavest of thy superfluity, of what thou hadst too much. Thou hast not shared thy last morsel; thou hast not given thy last mite. This is a far dif-

ferent thing than if thou, to save the soul of thy unfriend, hadst given something dearer to thee, more precious than all on earth, a piece of thy flesh and blood."

Saying this, the old man drew himself up and gazed piercingly with his glittering, solitary eye, upon his listener, like an archer, desiring to see whether he has hit the mark. If he had been compelled to repeat his words, he would have been unable to do so, it seemed as though some one else had spoken within him.

At the word "unfriend," the boyárin turned pale and trembled. "Thou dost not speak of Mamón?" he cried in the voice of a condemned man begging for mercy.

"What then? if I had spoken of him. He is thy foe!"

"Aphánasii Nikítitch, my friend, thou desirest the dishonour of my hoary head, the dishonour of my son, my daughter—of all my race. Thou desirest that I die in sorrow; that from the other world I hear my children reproach me, perhaps curse me for their shame; that I hear the people and my foes laughing over my grave, and insulting it. 'This' they will say, 'this was the tender father! this

was the way he loved his children! . . . . This was the way he settled his beloved and only daughter; he wedded her to the grandson of a witch who was burned in Mojáisk in the market-place!" The grandson of a sorceress, the son of my deadly foe, with whom my son must fight in the lists, will receive my daughter. . . . . No, Aphánasii Nikítitch, ask, demand from me something else. God knows, that for a deed of charity I will not spare my blood."

This was the very point to which Aphánasia Nikítitch wished to lead him; he almost triumphed in his victory.

"Calm thyself, boyárin, it is not of Mamón I would speak. Shall his lost soul be saved by thy beloved daughter—that pure dove? She would only ruin her own. It is not herself that he seeketh for his son, but thy wealth. My bridegroom is far different, he seeketh only heavenly wealth: it is with this dowery alone that he would receive our darling, Anastasia Vassílievna."

"I cannot even guess of whom thou speakest."

Aphónia crossed himself and said—"I have come to thee as a *svat*, my Lord Vassílii Féodorovitch, but not a common, everyday one: I desire that at the great day of judgment thy soul may appear

before Christ like a pure and spotless virgin. Now, thou see'st there are two bridegrooms to choose from for Anastasia Vassílievna. Our lord Iván Vassílievitch favoureth each of them; I stand up strongly for one—both are heretics. One is a Tartar and Tsarévitch." . . . .

"Karakátcha, son of Danyár Kassímoff."

"Exactly so."

"I have already received hints about him. I am not against him, if he will take our faith."

"Certainly! he is a Tsarévitch! . . . . Forsooth, a noble deed of charity . . . . the honour goeth for nothing!" . . . .

This sarcasm deeply penetrated the religious soul of Obrazétz: he was embarrassed, as if he had betrayed himself before his judge; but, to justify himself, he answered with firmness—"Then I will not give her to the Tsarévitch; God knoweth, I will not . . . . Who is the other? . . . . Do not torture me, in God's name!"

"Boyárin, remember I perform the part of no common *svat;* we are preparing a crown of immortality for thee and another servant of God."

"Speak, my friend, speak!"

"The other is—Antony the leech."

"The German!" . . . . cried Obrazétz, thunderstruck.

This word represented the whole race of Latiners —accursed, hated—the death of his beloved son, the whole life of the boyárin, with all its prejudices and beliefs.

"Surely; I did not hide from thee that the suitor was a heretic."

"A necromancer—a servant of the Evil One!" cried the boyárin.

"Slander, Vassílii Féodorovitch! Slander is a great sin. Who can say, pledging his soul, that he hath ever heard him use a wicked word, or seen him in the works of Satan! I have often visited him, have frequently conversed with him: all his talk was of God's wonderful creation; it was full of reason, a noble and bright eloquence, like a resounding torrent. Modest as a maiden, brave as thy son, merciful to the poor. Never can I forget his goodness. One thing alone holdeth him in the claws of the Fiend, one thing alone plungeth him in the burning pitch—he is unchristened. But if he will take our faith, he will be purified from all stain—sooner than ourselves will he reach the dwelling of God. Remember, boyárin, thou hast pledged thy sacred word."

Obrazétz, instead of answering, burst into tears, for the first time since the death of his wife.—"What dost thou ask from me?" he exclaimed at last, sobbing.

"Thy blood, the dearest morsel of thy flesh, that thou mayest save the soul of God's servant, Antony, from eternal fire: have mercy on thine own soul."

"Give me three days' time—but till my son's return."

"Will Jesus Christ give thee this time to cleanse thyself from thy sins, when thou appearest before him in the other world?" (These words belonged not to Aphanásii Nikítin, but to Josiph of Volók.) "Perhaps to-morrow may be too late. Refuse Antony, and who can be sure that he will not instantly depart to his own infidel land? And then he will remain for ever in the chains of hell. And when he appeareth in the other world, bound hand and foot, when they take him to hurl him into the burning pitch—'O Lord!' he will say, 'I desired to come to thee, but thy servant Vassílii did not let me. It is he who bound me hand and foot; it is he who hurled me into everlasting fire; bind him, therefore, with me, and hurl him into the fire with me.' Will thine alms save thee then, thinkest thou, or thy masses? Think

again, Vassílii Féodorovitch; repeat thy sacred word; the angels will rejoice when they receive into their choirs a new Christian soul, and will sing—'Glory, glory to thee, O Lord, on earth and in the heavens!"

Obrazétz sighed deeply, as if he would breathe forth all his being; and glanced at the image of the Saviour with the love and agony of a man crucified with him; and suddenly starting from his sick-bed, strong and steady, he exclaimed with solemnity—"Let us pray to the Lord!"

After him arose the Tveritchánin. And they prayed.

"O Lord, merciful Father!" said Obrazétz kneeling, "accept from thine unworthy servant a great and painful sacrifice. I have but one daughter, my well-beloved—my treasure—and her I give to thee. Lord, Lord! remember me and my daughter when thou comest into thy kingdom."

And the boyárin embraced the traveller. Having finished the spiritual work, they returned to what belonged to earth. They struck hands, and determined to prepare Anastasia; to inform Antony, through Aphónia, of Obrazétz's consent; and to tell him that he, in order to save the maiden's modesty

and honour from any stain of popular report, must depart on the next day to another house, and immediately take the boyárin's confessor, who would instruct him in true Christianity. The marriage was fixed not to take place before the judgment of God should decide Khabár's fate in the lists. Whether Antony had ever seen the boyárin's daughter was not asked; perhaps Obrazétz feared to learn what would have been displeasing to him to know.

The moment the *svat* had gone, Anastasia was summoned to her father.

"What could it be for? . . . . Surely something important!" thought she, and her heart fluttered in her bosom; her feet trembled under her.

When she entered her father's bed-chamber, his grave yet affectionate face—his glance, penetrating her soul—the image, adorned with the lighted tapers as before a festival—all proved that she must prepare herself for something extraordinary.

The old man spoke in a touching voice of his sickness, of his presentiment of approaching death. A raven, too, had perched upon the house-top and would not be driven away, and the dog had dug a hole before the window of his chamber, and Anastasia's mother had appeared to him in a dream, and called him to herself.

"Father, ah, do not die! do not depart from us!" . . . . sobbed forth Anastasia, and burst into tears.

"I would not leave thee, my child, my pomegranate! but God calls me, and we may not stay. It is time to think of settling thee . . . . thou art of a fit age to wed . . . . wicked men will say—'She is old!'"

Among the lessons given by the nurse to her charge, how she was to bear herself, and speak, was one—with what voice she was to answer her father when he spoke to her of a husband. The motto which we have taken for the present chapter had been learned by Anastasia, and often repeated, with the necessary thoughtful study, against a similar occasion; but this was no time for it. She stood at the head of her father's bed, paralysed with grief. She could not utter a word, and wiped away with the fine sleeve of her dress the tears that streamed forth in torrents.

Her father continued—"According to the law of God, I have chosen thee a husband" . . . .

"I am God's and thine," sobbed Anastasia, falling at her father's feet. "Stay awhile . . . give me not away, my father! . . . Art thou then angry with me for any thing? Or am I no longer dear to thee? Or art thou weary of my virgin beauty?

Make me not pine away before my time; kill me not!" . . .

"Thou canst not call back past days, nor take again a word once given. And I have pledged a solemn promise—I have made a vow unto the Lord. Nástia, redeem thy father's sins, recall not my plighted word."

Instead of answering, Anastasia sobbed, and embraced her father's knees.

"Even to a heretic . . . to a Tsarévitch? . . . . We will bring him into the Christian faith; he will walk under the Great Prince's protection;" said the father, desiring to prepare her for a heretic husband.

"To whom thou wilt . . . I am God's and thine . . . . Only give me not to a Tartar! . . . . When thou art in the grave, I will follow thee . . . I will lay hands on myself!" . . . .

"Ah! my poor child, my poor dove, what will become of thee? . . . Forgive me, my child, my beloved daughter; I have promised yet worse than to a Tartar; I have promised thee to a heretic German—to Antony the leech."

"To Antony?" . . . Anastasia tried to say, but the word was stifled in her breast.

What had she heard ! . . . The dear friend of her heart, her joy, the delight of her eyes, Antony—her husband ! Did her ears deceive her? Had she not spoke that loved name herself in forgetfulness? . . . She struggled to conceal her delight, but she could not—it was seen in her convulsive trembling, in every gesture, even in her tears.

"It is thy will, my father !" she said at length, passionately kissing his feet.

And she could say no more. But her father's piercing glance remarked, in his daughter's eager caresses, a feeling which he had never suspected could exist. The boyárin thanked the Lord that this feeling would be covered by the marriage crown, and would redeem the soul of a heretic from the bondage of hell. Thus were overthrown the obstacles in the palace of Obrazétz.

On the same day the boyárin sent in his son's name to Mamón, to enquire if he was recovered, and ready for the judgment of God, (this message had already been sent more than once.) Mamón replied, "I am ready, and waiting." On receiving his answer, an express was dispatched to Tver.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOOD.

"When the white moon alone is standing,
Alone and steadfast in the sky,
To greenwood then from caves we hie,
Unto our trade of peril banding—
Behind a tree we sit and watch" . . . .

PÓUSHKIN.

ANTONY was happy; he had saved the honour of his mistress—he was to possess her. He could hardly believe his bliss. In fulfilment of Obrazétz's desire, and still more, of that of his own heart, he determined on changing his abode on the morrow, and on going to Aristotle's house, and thence to another dwelling, as soon as he could find one. But *that* night he was to pass beneath the same roof with Anastasia. It was already twilight, when, bidding farewell to his benefactor and *svat*, he left his house. He had far to go. Kourítzin had not sent his horse, as he had promised. He proceeded rapid-

ly. In sight of the Zaneglínnoi, at the declivity of the hill, stretching to a mossy swamp, a considerable wood lay in his path. It grew darker and darker. The moon was just peering above the earth, and threw a lazy light, at one time gazing sleepily in the traveller's face, at another glimmering through the leaves of the trees, like a bright circle of diamond, or stooping behind a tree shattered by the lightning. At last even the moon, as if wearied with her journey, was about to sink into the bosom of the earth. The Kreml alone, sprinkled with her last radiance, cut sharply against the sky the roofs of its houses and the crosses of its churches; all around stretched itself in shadow at its feet, like slaves at the foot of their padíshah.

As he approached the wood, Antony was enveloped in the chilly exhalations of the swamp; the sky itself, sprinkled here and there with tufts and streaks of cloud, stood over him like a dome of marble. Wreaths of fog floated through the thickets, and the trees seemed to wave, putting on strange fantastic forms, and whispering among themselves. The birch waved its curling head, or streamed upon the breeze its long floating pennons; the black firs stretched out their hooked arms, at one time threat-

ening from above, at another blocking up the passage; the aspen whispered, and around the traveller began to flit those strange phantoms which imagination calls up before us on such occasions. Like witches on their festival, swarms of bats flitted about, weaving their airy dances almost under the traveller's nose. To accompany them, the night-hawk, and the wood-demon the screech-owl, burst into its infernal laugh. A traveller, though no coward, might have felt eerie. But Antony was hastening home to that beloved roof beneath which dwelt his bride. He was warm, he was free from fear. In case of meeting with unfriendly people, a stiletto at his side, and a kisten armed with a sharp iron point, which Aphónia had given him—these weapons, in the hands of a powerful and courageous young man, might serve as a defence to be relied on.

It is true he felt some apprehension on account of a horseman who had followed him nearly all the way from Tchertolíno, keeping parallel with his road, and continued to follow him at a few fathoms' distance.

He stopped, and the horseman stopped too; he moved on, and the same thing was done by the in-

evitable traveller. He called out—no answer was returned. He remembered Kourítzin's words, and considering himself, armed as he was, a match for three, he made ready to defend himself. At last he was weary of apprehensions which were not fulfilled. "Assuredly the traveller is afraid of me, and I am alarmed at him," thought Antony, as he proceeded onward without looking round him, and listening to the clatter of the horse's hoofs as it followed him, as you listen to the buzzing of a fly, which circles round you unceasingly, but without stinging you. The sweet moments which awaited him in his future union with Anastasia, penetrated into his heart and imagination. She alone, and her perfections, occupied his mind. He was altogether buried in this reverie, when out of a wreath of fog some one cautiously called him by his name.

"'Tis I," he answered, and stopped.

Immediately after this reply, some one darted out of the bushes and rushed straight at him. "Prague —the dogs—my saviour!" said the unknown in German, seizing Antony with unusual force by the sleeve, dragging him into the bushes and throwing him down. The falcon pounces not more rapidly from its soaring upon its prey.

"For God's sake!" he added in a whisper, "stir not, and be silent."

The secret watchword, which was known only to Antony, was sufficient to induce him to confide in the strange unknown. This watchword reminded him of the circumstance at Prague, when he saved the Jew Zakharia from the infuriated animals which were about to tear him to pieces. The well-known pronunciation betrayed the driver who had brought Antony to Russia. Though comprehending nothing, he submitted to the will of his companion, did not move, and remained silent.

A minute passed . . . . two . . . . three . . . . the horseman rode by them in pursuit of the young man. Antony felt his companion violently squeeze his arm. After a short delay a whistle was heard . . . . it was answered by a whistle in the ravine.

"Now, quick, follow me," whispered Zakharia, or Skharía, as they called him in Russia: "a few fathoms off there waiteth thee an ambuscade of robbers; thy life hath been bought by Poppel."

Resistance would have been madness; the young man hastened after Skharía. They dashed into the thickness of the wood, further and further, till they were lost in its recesses. The guide, however,

stopped from time to time in order to allow the noise to cease, caused by their hands and feet, as they forced their way among the shrubs and underwood. He desired that this rustling should be taken for the sound of the breeze rushing through the wood.

"Be sure to keep in view that little star," said Zakharia, pointing to one which was feebly twinkling in the east—"pray to God that it do not hide itself."

And onward, onward they rushed by its consoling gleam. At last they burst, fatigued, out of the wood. Before them lay the swamp. It seemed to them a pit in which coals were burning, so thickly arose the smoke of the fog. At this moment the breeze bore onward to their ear cries of "Escaped! . . . . lost! . . . . scatter, spread yourselves! . . . . seize the accursed!" And the sound of horses seemed to spread in different directions, along the road to Tchertolíno and along the edge of the wood. The Jew's heart seemed about to burst out of his breast: even Antony felt alarmed. 'Twas sad to leave his life at its happiest moment—horrible to die beneath the bludgeon or the knife of a robber.

"Here, somewhere hereabout, is a causeway

made in the marsh with fagots," said Zakharia in an agony of terror: "let us separate, thou to the left, I to the right .... let us look for it .... If thou find it, cough; I will do the same .... The causeway, or we are lost!"

They separated for the search. In a few moments Antony gave the signal agreed on. The Jew rushed up to him. The very spot, where under the dark streak of the mist a bluish vault seemed to be formed, indicated the causeway. The fugitives are upon it; in this direction, along the edge of the wood, riders were galloping .... closer and closer came the sound of their horses .... the panting of the wearied animals is heard ....

"Hush! give me thy hand, or I shall fall," said the Jew in a breathless voice, seizing Antony by the arm. "Close by there is a bridge over the stream .... and there" ....

He could not finish his sentence; he was almost fainting. The Hebrew had already lost presence of mind, and he was beside weak physically. He was in reality ready to fall. He had sufficient courage to undertake an exploit, but, feeble by constitution, he was unable to finish it. On the other hand the cool courage of the young man was only developed

in all its strength at the moment of greatest peril. He seized Zakharia, dragged him across the little bridge, and placed him, almost breathless, on the dry bank. Then he returned—away went a plank into the stream which flowed through the swamp —another, a third—and the communication was destroyed. The fugitives were concealed by the fog. They were saved; before them arose the suburb, the roofs of its houses peering through the mist. They heard the causeway cracking under the feet of horses—all was suddenly still. Then arose cries and groans; entreaties for help, warnings and curses. Probably a horse had fallen into the broken bridge and carried the rider with it.

"Ha, ha! thou hast caught it!" cried the Hebrew, returning to his senses as soon as he found himself out of danger. "He that diggeth a pit for another, shall fall therein himself. But let us haste. In the suburb thou will find thy" . . . .

Zakharia did not finish—something whistled past his ear. This was an arrow, let fly by one of their pursuers, aimed at the place where voices were heard. Frightened out of his wits, he stooped towards the ground, dragged his companion by the kaftán, and began to crawl through the fog, almost

on all fours, towards the suburb. Antony could do nothing better then follow him without stopping.

"Well," said Zakharia, as soon as he found himself in a place of safety—that is, in a cottage evidently known to him, as he gave a signal knock—"well, I have made a warm ablution, according to the law of my fathers. It has not rained, and yet I have not a dry rag about me."

The wicket was opened, and immediately locked behind them.

"Now I may sing thanksgiving and praise to the God of Abraham and Jacob," said the Hebrew, conducting his companion into a clean large chamber; "thou art saved."

"How can I ever thank thee, good Zakharia!" answered Antony, pressing the Jew's hand with feeling. This expression of gratitude took place at night; no treasures would have bribed the young man to have touched a Jew by daylight, before witnesses, in spite of all that he had done for him, and all that he was ready at any time to do for him.

"How? . . . . I am still thy debtor. Thou savedst my life without any views of interest, without knowing me, from mere humanity. Yet more, thou savedst a Jew!—A Jew! what is he in the eyes

of a Christian? . . . . I am thy debtor, and I am only paying what I have received from thee. To-morrow I shall have left Moscow. God knoweth if ever I shall see thee again, or speak to thee! . . . . Now I can at leisure give an account of that sum of good which I have received from thee, I may disclose to thee . . . . Confident in the honour of thy soul, I know that not a word of mine will go further."

"Oh, assuredly, thou mayest confide in me!"

"I told thee, as we were travelling to Russia, that I would never forget thy benevolence; that I possessed in this country powerful friends, who could do thee more good than Aristotle himself. Thou often laughedst at me, thou countedst me a braggart; yet I lied not. The miserable Hebrew, whom the schoolboys of Prague could with impunity bait with dogs—thy driver—is the founder of a far-extended sect in Russia. Here I have my little empire; my word is law," (the Hebrew drew himself proudly up, his eyes sparkled;) "here I avenge myself for my humiliation in Germany; I take with usury here all that my fellow-creatures, men, refuse me elsewhere. In the families of princes and boyárins, in the palace of the primate, even in the family of the Great

Prince, I have my followers, my pupils, my disciples. Many women, through whom much may be done, notwithstanding their seclusion, are my warmest protectresses."

The young man listened to the Jew's disclosure with horror. He raised his eyes to heaven, as if to implore it to interfere. . . . .

"Oh!" thought he, "if I remain in Russia, I will seek out these unfortunate lost sheep; I will struggle by the force of religious reasoning to bring them back to their Heavenly Shepherd. He would disregard Zakharia."

"Now, through these powerful persons," said the Hebrew, "I have influenced even the Great Prince's disposition towards thee. Through one of them the Russian ruler has been long acquainted with thy inclination for the daughter of Obrazétz."

"From whom didst thou learn the secret of my heart?'

"Thy servant, the half-christened, is my disciple. He was commissioned to follow all thy steps and movements, that in case of need he might help thee. How he watched thy communications with the boyárin's daughter, ask himself. The contempt in which he was treated in Obrazétz's house, had taught

him cunning. Wherefore is our race so cunning, think ye? Thy servant knew that I wished thy welfare; obeying my command, devoted to thee, he fulfilled the duty of a spy with singular skill and zeal. The proof is, thou hast never even suspected him."

"Never—never!"

"Forgive us; what we did was for thy good. We enveloped thee in a net, in order that if thou shouldst fall into a whirlpool, we might the more easily draw thee out. I knew that Poppel was thy sworn foe. It was not in vain that thy mother pointed him out as being dangerous to thee. On the journey the foolish knight hinted, before his attendants, at his secret intentions against thee. He spoke of the commission he had from the Baron Ehrenstein to get rid of thee, whatever it might cost: a leech of his name would cast a stain upon his baronial shield. Immediately after his arrival at Moscow, he began to sharpen against thee the weapons of calumny. When this failed, he had recourse to the weapons of the assassin. Through the boyárin Mamón thy life was bought. In the house of the ambassador I had devoted persons, who informed me, or Kourítzin, of every thing. The officers sent to watch Poppel were

chosen from among my disciples. At every place, at every time, my eyes and heart were watching over thee. And at all times and places I took care that no one should know, should see, that a Jew was interested in thee—never was I seen in conversation with thee. Never even in thy dwelling. I knew that my intercourse with thee would injure thee, particularly in Obrazétz's house; I preserved thy name from this blot, even as I would preserve my daughter's honour. Thou canst not reproach me with the contrary."

The Jew spoke with singular feeling; his eyes were filled with tears.

"O, assuredly not!" cried the young man, deeply touched. "I never suspected that thou wert in Moscow."

"All this went on well till to-day. To-day, Kourítzin let me know that thou hadst gone to Aphánasii Nikítin, notwithstanding his entreaties to put off thy journey till to-morrow. He waited for thy return at a convenient place; but thou returnedst not. Immediately after this one of the hired band informed me of the same thing, with the addition, that if thou wert to delay thy return, thou wouldst fall into an ambuscade at the marsh, between Zane-

glínnaia and Tchertolíno. I calculated the hour. To assemble our devoted adherents to protect thee, there was no time: to send thee thy horse and servant would be useless. Neither horse nor servant would have been of any help in the narrow ravine, when thou wert surrounded by a dozen robbers. Kourítzin sent people to have thy horse and servant at least dispatched hither, to the house of one of my most devoted disciples. I must inform thee that I have no fixed dwelling: to-night I sleep at the house of one of my people, to-morrow at that of another."

"Unenviable is thy lot, little king of the heretics!" thought Antony.

"I at last determined to go from hence, right along the causeway of the marsh, to get through the wood to the road leading to Tchertolíno, and there to wait for thee at the edge of the forest. It was known to me that one of the robbers was to follow thee. In the event of my not being able to get thee away from his watch, we two would have stopped him and fought with him. God be praised! I came in time—thou art saved. I give thanks to the Almighty that he hath vouchsafed me this day the power of rendering thee a service. If this had happened to-morrow, God knoweth how it would have

ended. To-morrow—this very day—I shall depart from hence; circumstances will oblige me to go earlier than I thought. I shall leave Russia—for ever. But tell me, what success had the intercession of Nikítin? Dost thou need the resistless will of the Great Prince?

"That is now unnecessary. My fate is decided. Anastasia is given to me by her father; I shall remain in Russia."

"I am well pleased that *my* Kourítzin hath pointed out to thee a faithful *svat*, and that in this, if not I—yet one of my most zealous disciples, hath helped thee. Though I depart, I leave thee in his care .... at least for such time as the Baron Ehrenstein shall remain here. One thing I intreat thee, not to disclose to the deacon what thou knowest concerning him .... what you call .... desertion."

The young man promised this. He was, however, not much pleased to continue under the guardianship of the heretics, and he made a vow in his own mind to liberate himself as soon as possible from it.

"I shall visit Prague; I shall see, if not thy mother, at least her servants .... What dost thou command me to say?"

"Tell her, good Zakharia, that I am happy ....

as happy as man can be on earth. Tell her all that thou knowest concerning me, and my love for Anastasia, and her father's consent, and the Russian sovereign's favour. In wealth, in honour, beloved by a most beautiful and virtuous maiden, under the hand and eye of God—what can I lack more? Yes, I am happy. I should say completely happy, but one thing is yet wanting—the presence and blessing of my mother! Entreat her, to complete my bliss, to come and take a glance at me in Moscow."

"And they would call her a heretic, and she would not be happy here in a Russian family," thought the Hebrew, but did not say so, to avoid grieving Antony.

"Add, that thou hast seen me in the happiest moment of my life, when I was going for the first time to pass a night beneath the same roof with my bride. These moments belong to me, this day is mine—to-morrow is in the hand of God."

"We have now explained to each other all that is necessary for us to know" said Zakharia, blushing. "Permit me—for a farewell—permit the Hebrew . . . . here no man can see us . . . . I will put out the candle . . . . permit me to embrace thee, to press thee to my heart for the first and last time.

The young man did not allow Zakharia to put out the candle; he embraced him in the light .... with a feeling of love and sincere gratitude.

They bade each other farewell. When Antony left the court-yard, his servant, the half-baptized, approached him, also to bid him farewell. He was going with his instructor and protector to distant lands. The young man knew how to appreciate in this circumstance, also the delicate feelings of the Hebrew. It would be disagreeable to him to have among his servants a heretic, a deserter from the name of Christ! As he returned home, he deeply considered the noble sentiments of the Jew with peculiar gratitude; but he determined to make a proper ablution, after being touched by the hands which had crucified our Saviour.

The night was feebly contending with dawn when the young man entered his own gate. He had left his horse at Aristotle's house, whither he had ridden to tell him of his happiness. Heavens! what feelings rushed along his blood, as he entered the court-yard of Obrazétz's house! when he knocked at his door! As in former times, the window in Anastasia's tower was open, (the nurse had permitted this, having heard, not without wonder, of her fos-

ter-child's betrothal to Antony the leech, whom she was henceforward forbidden to call heretic—(she desired by this to gratify her future master;) as in former days, Anastasia is sitting at the window, and awaiting the return of her enchanter. She throws him a flower: the flower is warm, as though from her bosom. The lovers waited until dawn. As before, they carried on a speechless dialogue; long they discoursed to each other in passionate, eloquent glances and gestures. Morning separated them. Anastasia was about to close her window, and opened it again. Antony was about to retire to his own chamber, but again came back to gaze. Once more they said farewell. Her eyes were dim with weeping; the time during which they were to be separated, seemed to her an eternity.

And in his dreams Antony beheld . . . . Oh, what floated in his dreams no tongue can tell!

"No!" said he to himself as he awoke; "no, I am too happy! . . . . Oh, that I were never to awake! . . . . I once saw a bee, intoxicated in the aromatic cup of a flower; the breeze carried it away with the blossom, and wafted them together to a burning pile, that had been lighted by the passenger. Why may not my lot be like that? 'Twas a frantic

thought, worthy an idolater!" he added, looking at the image of the Saviour: "a Christian's death should not be like this—there is a bliss above that of earth."

Aristotle and his son found him still in bed, plunged alternately in sweet reveries, and religious contemplations. The friendly welcome of the one, the caresses of the other, completed his happiness. More than all did Andrióusha rejoice in his bliss: he had done so much in it himself; his godmother and friend had been long betrothed by him.

"Now, thou rememberest," said he to Antony, "I prophesied that thou wouldst stand with dear and lovely Nástia under the crowns in the church."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE HERETICS.

"And vpon thys matere, my Lordis, ye Grete Prince willed mee to speke mie pore mynde, and mee thynketh, my Lordis, yt our Lorde wil purefye hys sowle of sinne gif hee to dede ye heretickes."—*Letter of Josif Volók to the Clergy of Iván III.*

Ivan was not overmuch honoured by the clergy and the people, for having, in order to decorate his capital, pulled down ancient churches, and transferred a burial-ground beyond the suburbs; and they did not spare to call him a sacrilegious profaner of the grave. The weapons they employed against him, were quotations from Holy Writ and sarcasms. "And what schal wee saie of ye pulling down of chirckes, and sweeping awaie ye graves of ye dead?" wrote Gennadius, Archbishop of Nóvgorod to the primate Zosimus; "and ye making in the stance thereof gardens, and ye performing of unclenenes! Before God a sin, and before man a shame!"

These shafts were launched against Iván Vassílievitch, but did not wound him; he laughed them to scorn, and persevered in acting as he thought fit.

The representations, both frequent and pressing, the voice of the people, submissive indeed, but importunate, on the subject of the Jewish heresy, at length awakened his attention. He gave orders that the church should be convoked, and that the heresy should be obliterated. They desired to torture the accused—he forbade it; they called for capital punishment—he did not give his permission. The sovereign "kept himself clear from the sin of punishing them with death." In accordance with his will, the church publicly cursed the heresy: to one, they decreed exile, another was to be exposed to the insults of the people. The punishment of public shame was exemplary in the reign of the stern sovereign, and in the fifteenth century.

We have seen that the composition of the list of heretics was confided to their protector—we also remarked of whom the list consisted. The Great Prince, to gratify some of the ecclesiastics, added from himself a number of notorious seceders from the faith, who were pointed out to him. Those who were sentenced to banishment, were, without

delay, sent off into distant cities, the others were taken under a guard: they were to afford a day of amusement for the people. On this occasion it would have been in no way safe for Skharía to have remained in Moscow. Iván Vassílievitch did not so much as suspect that he was in his capital; and if the wrathful glance of the Great Prince had been once attracted towards him, he would have met with the fate of Mamón's mother. Assuredly they would not have spared the Jew. It was therefore more sensible in him to escape betimes from Moscow. And this he had done, carrying with him rich offerings accumulated from credulity, from folly, and the love of every thing wonderful, every thing mysterious—that disease of the age. In his waggon he carried treasures wherewith in future time he might redeem himself and his family from the persecutions of the German citizens and princes.

The day of the spectacle was not delayed: all were busy. The scene of the sports was arranged to be the Red Square, and the neighbouring streets. On this occasion, the people were not driven to the concourse, as at the ambassador's procession: it came of its own accord to the spot. Then the business was foreign from the people's tastes,

excepting that of gaping curiosity: they were conducting some German or other to their sovereign, but why and wherefore the Lord only knows! Today it assembles for a festival of its own, for a business of its own, begun at its own suit, for an object dear to its heart, almost in harmony with its desires, and decided by its sentence: here it is at once a spectator of the execution and its executioner. Free liberty was granted to it to insult its superiors, and it hastened to profit by this spectacle, and to prepare itself sweet recollections against future hours of oppression.

The markets emptied, the shops were shut, work was at an end. The inhabitants of Moscow and the neighbourhood, old and young, from early dawn, had taken possession of their places in the square and in the principal streets. People from afar, on horseback and on foot, who had come to Moscow for business, no sooner heard of the sport, than they forgot weariness and need, turned aside from their road, and hastened to post themselves on the centre of common curiosity. Hither, too, galloped a multitude of the Great Prince's courtiers; and among their number the Tsarévitch Karakátcha, and his comrade Andréi Aristotle. The square was crammed

with gazers. Not with so much greediness fly the ravens to their prey of carrion, as there streamed hither men to behold the humiliation of their fellow-men; not so thickly wave the poppies in the ploughed land, where the husbandman has scattered an abundant seed, as crowded human heads in that square. The trees in the Great Prince's gardens, which had not yet been completely fenced in, were broken down by the shock of thousands, receiving the first impulse from some mover in the front ranks. The artisans, who bedewed a morsel of bread with painful sweat, forgot that they were in an instant annihilating what their brethren had laboured on for years, (the mob never thinks of this;) the servants of the Prince forgot that they were devastating the pleasure-grounds of him who was not only their lord, but their terrible sovereign; Christians—that they were trampling beneath their feet holy things, the churchyard, and the ashes of their forefathers, for which they were so devoted. The sticks of the constables were busy in the attempt to produce order; but had they been clubs, they could never have succeeded there.

At last rides by a crier—his arm bare to the elbow, supporting an axe. Before this harbinger

the people separated, leaving a broad street.— "Here, good Christian people, cometh the army of Satan!" roared the herald in a hoarse voice. "Thus our lord, the Great Prince of All Russia, punisheth heretics, such as depart from the name of Christ."

And immediately after him, like the bursting of a cluster of rockets, from one end of the square to the other arose laughter, hooting, cries of joy and of insult; this uproar spread through the whole mass of the people, and at last filled the square.

A strange, a wonderful procession! Worth a dozen of the ambassador's! From afar you cannot distinguish what is coming. You see horses, people leading them, riders, but all this so monstrous, so fantastical, so strangely bedizened with rags and straw, that at first you cannot make out the objects. . . . . Ah, here it comes! . . . . what can it be? It is a procession of horsemen, riding in pairs, slow, stately, and regular. In the first ranks appear miserable jades, selected apparently from that market where the steeds are valued only for their hides —admirable subjects for the anatomical theatre. They hardly can set one leg before the other: they are machines, set in motion and kept going only by the strength of the men who lead them; and if stop-

ped, could not without great difficulty be made to move again. In the middle and rear ranks the horses are somewhat stronger and handsomer—probably with some object. They are all caparisoned with straw and tinsel trappings. They were led by dirty, tattered, but powerful ragamuffins, who towed them along with the mock dignity and skill of the most dexterous grooms, or of the bear-leaders of Smorgoniá. To look at their efforts, you would suppose that the spirited steeds were about to burst away from them. The riders were mounted with their face to the tail, with their shóubas turned the wrong-side out. On their heads were helmets made of birch-bark, pointed at the top, with crests of birch-brooms, such as form the costume of the devil among our artists of Souzdal. Their triumphant brows were adorned with a thick wreath of straw, and the inscription—"The Army of Satan!" Their faces were like those in the common prints of the Last Judgment, so pale were they, so terrified, so confused. Was this to be wondered at? The condemned knew not what might be the end of the triumphal procession amidst the people, which besieged them with their shouts, and was perhaps about to pelt them with stones. They could hardly keep

their seat on their horses. One struggles to preserve his equilibrium like a skilful balancer, and sits his jade as if he is mounted on a tight-rope: another waves his head like a pendulum, or incessantly ducks. Now one of the steeds makes a false step, and the rider slides downward with him; nothing but the strength of the leader holds them up. One, turning his arms backward, cunningly lays hold of the mane; another delicately takes hold of the point of the tail with two or three fingers, as a skilful wigmaker takes up the toupée of his customer. There was, however, one desperate fellow among the train, who, turning his leg over his horse's back, sits as on a cushion, nodding with his helmet to the people, and making them die with laughing at his comical grimaces. This piece of audacity was rewarded by the laughter and the forbearance of the spectators.

But this forbearance was paid for by the others. At first the procession was encountered with laughter and insults. They shouted—"Dogs! . . . . they crucified Christ! Jews! devils! What campaign are they going on? . . . . To their prince, Satan!" Despite of these cries the procession continued to advance in order. Soon, however, the

mob was not content with insult; they began to spit in the culprits' faces. Then this became too little. Blackguard boys began to seize the horses by the tail, to pull them, and to lash them with whips, to adorn them with bunches and garlands of burrs, with which they had provided themselves. Others roared—"What? do we meet the boyárins and princes of his highness, Satan, without offering them bread and salt? Can't we spare them some? . . . . We have enough!" and therewith a hail-storm of stones began to shower upon the unhappy wretches. Then the beasts, though they were long-suffering enough, at last were driven frantic. One four-footed Bolivar kicked desperately, broke his halter, dashed out of the ranks, and, by so doing, destroyed all the regularity of the procession. The signal was given: the confusion spread like fire among straw. Even those very animals which had gone all their lives at a quiet pace, grew restive all of a sudden, and lost all respect for their leaders. One prances, another kicks, another bites, another lies down; a few, in whose blood seethed the fire of the free steppes, ran away. Then the uproar became almost general. Some of the leaders let go the reins; the riders commend their souls to God. One

man's helmet is forced over his eyes, and he, at one moment arranging that, at another, studying to guide his horse, performs feats of posture-making that he could not have executed at another time for love or money. Another's helmet flies on one side, and he bends over like the leaning tower at Pisa. A third has clutched his horse's tail, and in the most farcical manner conceivable, he holds this bouquet to his nose; another has embraced with passionate fervour the waist of his four-footed friend. Many fall off—on whom as they lie, to contradict the proverb, fall showers of blows; the lowest of the rabble fails not to set his seal on them—the mark of his despotism of an hour.

But what is this that is dashing on against the tumultuous horde, swifter than the bird, fleeter than the wind? . . . . A blood stallion without a rider! He seems to fly in air, and the cloud of dust alone, which rolls beneath him, shows that he touches the earth. His nostrils burn like red-hot coals; and the rich bridle and the Circassian saddle, decorated with golden damask, and his black silken coat—all glitter like fire in the sunbeams, and he is all on fire himself. Nothing can stop him; he overthrows, he tramples down, he flies over all that is in

his way. The people forgets its sport; every eye is turned on the steed: those who are nearest to him wrestle and struggle to get out of his way. They cry—"Catch him, catch him, 'tis the Tsarévitch's steed! Aristotleff's steed!" . . . . But no man attempts to seize him—seize a bird on the wing! . . . . In his frenzy the horse dashes straight at the railing which surrounds the cannon shed, and—the top spikes are in his chest. Once breathed the noble brute, and fell dead.

Whose horse is it? Who is the rider he hath thrown off? . . . . Good Lord! is it Andrióusha, Aristotleff's son? . . . .

No, this was the steed of the Tsarévitch Karakátcha, the son of the favourite of the Tsar. Fiery and mettlesome, he had, however, hitherto obeyed his powerful and dexterous lord. The Tsarévitch, almost born in the saddle, had always been able to guide him to his will. Both Asiatics, the steed and rider understood each other well. What could have happened to the unfortunate animal? whether from the cries of the people, or the uproar of the procession, he had suddenly turned frantic, had thrown his rider, and had darted off, as if possessed with an evil spirit. They said that an unknown

man, pushing himself out from the first ranks of the people, had but looked at him from behind . . . Who he was, what was his appearance, nobody could exactly tell. It was certain he was a witch, an enchanter!" . . . .

The Tsarévitch is lying without movement in the square . . . . a statue cast in bronze, hurled down from its pedestal! The pallor of death appears even through his tawny face; his lips are white, his head is deeply gashed: that he lived could only be guessed by the streams of blood, dyeing with their purple the ground which pillows him.

The people made a circle round him, groaning and disputing: no one thinks of offering help. The Tartars burst through the ring, make their way up to their dying prince, cry and sob over him. Immediately after them gallops up the Tsarévitch Danyár. He leaps from his horse, throws himself on the body of his son, beating his breast and tearing his hair; and at last, feeling life yet in his boy's heart, commands his servants to carry him home. Antony, too, hastens up, desiring to examine the wounded man—they do not allow him to approach.

In a few minutes the news of the accident reached the Great Prince himself. He loved Danyár, and

God knows what he would not have sacrificed to restore him an only and passionately loved son, the last scion of his race. Antony was summoned. He was commanded to ride instantly to the palace of the Tartar Tsarévitch, to examine the wounded youth, and to return to the Great Prince with information whether he would live, and whether he could be cured. With him were dispatched the dvorétzkoi and another boyárin. They were to convey the commands of Iván Vassílievitch to Danyár, to permit the leech to examine his son.

The Tartar did not dare to oppose the awful will of the Great Prince; Antony was admitted to the bedside of the young Tsarévitch. The blood had ceased to flow, but a fever had exhibited itself, though not in a violent stage. The leech did not confine himself to a mere inspection; he even outstepped the orders of the Great Prince. The indispensable bandages were prepared, and then the seat of injury was sought for. Iván Vassílievitch was expecting the leech with such impatience that he came to meet him on his return. "How is he?" he enquired in an agitated voice.

"God is merciful!" replied the leech: "the hurt is severe, fever hath shown itself, but the wounds

and the disease are not mortal. If thou wilt permit me to treat the Tsarévitch, he will be cured."

"Save him, and I will refuse thee nothing; thou shalt for ever walk in my favour and honour. But beware . . . . canst thou cure him?"

"I will answer for it, my lord."

"Do so, and then ask of me what thou wilt."

Iván Vassílievitch had hardly pronounced these words when there galloped up to the Great Prince's palace the Tsarévitch Danyár.

"He cometh not for nothing!" cried the Great Prince, turning pale, and glancing with distrust at his leech: "is he not dead already?"

"It cannot be . . . . I have not lied to thee, my lord," answered Antony with firmness.

Danyár rushed up to the Great Prince, fell at his feet, and cried, in a voice of agony—"Father, Iván, let not the leech go to my child. He hath anointed his head with some drug; Karakátcheuka began to cry as if he had eaten hemlock. Tartars, Russians, all say the leech will kill him. He will kill him, and I shall die with my child. The Cæsar's ambassador said he hath given many poi" . . . .

"Antony!" broke in the Great Prince, sternly gazing at him.

"They are fools and slanderers, and the ambassador too; they know not what they say, or they speak from hatred," replied Antony. "When I went to the sick, he was lying in a fainting fit. With my bandages and medicine he came to himself: God be praised, life was awakened in him! He will cry out a little, and then he will stop. If he is not treated, and if he is given over to the hands of the Tartar or Russian quacks, then I cannot answer that he will not die to-morrow or the next day."

"One of my Tartars is going to cure him," said Danyár.

"Thy Tartars lie! . . . . Enough of sprawling in the dust, like an old woman!" replied Iván Vassílievitch, making a sign to the Tsarévitch to rise; then, turning to the leech, he said—"Again I ask, wilt thou pledge thyself, if thou treatest him, to cure the Tsarévitch?"

"I have already said once, my lord; never do I lie—never do I depart from my word."

"Wilt thou lay down thy head in pledge hereof?" asked the Great Prince, throwing on the leech his fiery glance.

'Twas a tremendous, a fatal moment for Antony! . . . . The words of Iván Vassílievitch were as an

axe suspended over his head. It was the great—"To be, or not to be!" of Hamlet . . . . On one hand was the dangerous nature of the disorder, in which no desperate symptoms had shown themselves; his honour, insulted by the imperial ambassador in the eyes of the Great Prince of all Moscow . . . . He would have to sit down with the titles of ignorant, unlearned, quack; or to defeat his opponent by his art, his knowledge, to win for ever the confidence of the Russian ruler and his people, to tear from the hands of ignorance and hate a crown of honour for science, for the profit of humanity . . . . Was it not for this that Antony had journeyed to an uncivilized country? This was a noble opportunity for his object! . . . . On the other hand, a trifle opposing the course of disease, a single unfavourable minute sent from above, and . . . . farewell Anastasia, farewell mother, farewell all that now so strongly bound him to life—all that rendered that life so bright!

But . . . . honour—honour gained the mastery. Antony looked to heaven, as if to say—surely Thou wilt not desert me! and then pronounced aloud, in a voice which sounded of heartfelt confidence—"I will lay down my head as a pledge. But on condition" . . . .

"Hold, thou see'st the image of our Saviour," interrupted Iván Vassílievitch in his majestic fatal voice—"I call God to witness, that if thou killest the Tsarévitch, thy head shall fly off. Dost thou hear? . . . . My word never passeth by. Cure him, and the daughter of any of my boyárins is thine, and any lands thou wilt in all Russia."

"I think not of reward," said Antony, "I think but of my word. I only demand, that all my orders touching the sick be performed punctually, word for word, not departing from them even by a hair; that they may give my medicines at the times and in the manner that I order; that they admit me to the Tsarévitch at any hour of day or night. Further, I demand, that one of thy boyárins of trust, whomsoever thou mayest appoint—except Mamón—shall watch by him closely, when I am not with the patient. These are my conditions, my lord; without them my skill and my good-will are nothing; without them I will not take upon me to treat him."

"Be it as thou wilt. Dost thou hear, my friend?" said Iván kindly. "My word is pledged for thy son; I answer for him. Get thee home, listen not to empty tales, and disquiet not thyself in vain. But if after this thou dost not according to my word, I

will not let the leech treat thy son, and I will be thine unfriend beside."

"If it be so, father Iván, I will obey thee," said Danyár.

And all, more or less reassured, separated to their different duties.

Soon Mamón heard of the Tsarévitch's accident as being fatal. One of his servants had informed him that the Tsarévitch was already dead.

"Ha, my friend! thou hast earned them—thou hast paid for my silver cups!" . . . . said Mamón to his son, with a delight which he could not hide; "hast thou heard?"

"I have heard," coldly replied the son.

"Ha! . . . . she shall not be the Tsarévitch's—the Tartar's; she shall not be his bride! . . . . I said it . . . . Rejoice, son!"

His son answered him with a hollow, death-like cough.

As yet the secret had not reached them, that Obrazétz had promised his daughter to Antony the leech. Although Mamón was disturbed by the news, that the old voevóda had expelled the heretic from his house, yet the tidings of the Tsarévitch's death compensated in the mean time for this discouragement.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LISTS.

"Be of good courage now; trust to my power to aid,
To help thee I devote my soul, my wit, my blade."

KHMÁYLNITZKOI.

"He dogg'd his foe, he track'd him long,
He found him—struck—but strength and speed
Nerved not his arm in hour of need."

PÓUSHKIN.

INSTANTLY on receiving the news that he was invited to the ordeal, Khabár galloped from Tver, knocking up a number of horses on the road. What awaited him in his father's house? His father dying, his sister betrothed to a heretic . . . . He could hardly credit the latter tidings—he would not have believed it, had he not heard it, from his father himself. He sincerely loved Antony, and was rejoiced that so valiant and generous a youth, whom he was ready to consider as a brother, would possess his sister. Approving of his father's consent, he spoke

to him of the noble qualities of Antony the leech, of his bravery, his attachment to the Russians, and his desire, probably a feeling of long standing, to become a Russian in religion and in manners. At the time of the campaign he had often found him in prayer; he had given him, at his urgent entreaty, together with the Russian dress, also a crucifix. By all this Antony's stain of heresy was obliterated; the Russian faith would purify him from any defilement, which *Latinism* might have left on his soul. Even here, by the bedside of a dying father, Khabár-Símskoi returned to his vow of reformation, his promise to be for the future without spot, without reproach. In his ardent but yet firm character he found the strength to perform this vow. Once pure from all the reproach of dissoluteness and wild life, the only vices of his character, he entered that oratory where his heart had been so powerfully addressed by the voice of nature and of religion—where he had performed his transformation. How sweetly did this resolution and these tidings of Antony console the dying old man! How delighted was Khabár that he could afford him this consolation, perhaps in the last hours of his life!

In preparing for the *lists*, Khabár desired to make

his peace with all at variance with him; excepting, of course, Mamón, his dispute with whom was about to be decided by the judgment of God. Nevertheless he entreated pardon from Mamón's son, through his second, for having in the fist-combat crippled him for life. He visited also Selínova; he implored her forgiveness, and entreated her to absolve his soul from the humiliations which, willingly or unwillingly, he had inflicted upon her. How could the young widow refuse to pardon him for whom she had periled her own soul? One word, one glance, and she was once more his slave. Without thinking of again renewing their former ties, Khabár spoke to her of the sacredness of his duties towards his earthly and his heavenly Father—towards his sister. He assured her with a solemn oath, (without an oath she would not have believed him,) that he had left Haidée for ever, and would only love that bride—that sinless maiden, whose husband he would be with the choice of his sire and the blessing of God. He also counselled Selínova to think of her reunion with virtuous people—to think of shame, of God, of a future life. With these arguments he created between himself and her a sacred barrier, through which even her desires would not dare to

pass. More powerfully than all the eloquent demonstrations of this young, dark-browed preacher with burning eyes, acted Khabár's promise never more to see the most dangerous of her rivals. They separated, pleased with each other, at peace, like brother and sister who had been contending. This feeling of brother and sister they preserved towards each other till their death. That the young widow no longer remembered him with bitter or improper sentiments, she soon proved in the most convincing manner; within a few months she married a handsome young monk of the Augustine order, Iván, (surnamed among us, for some unknown reason, *Spasítel* — Saviour,) whom her burning glances had succeeded in driving mad with love—in compelling him to put off the white gown, and to adopt the Russian faith. With her hand the new-made Christian received estates from the Russian Great Prince, and both have been mentioned by the Russian Clio in the following lines:—"May 17. Iván Spasítel, an Italian, tonsured chaplain of the Augustine rule of white monks, renounced his faith, and quitted the monkish profession, taking to wife .... Selínova, and the Great Prince vouchsafed him a village."

You remember that Mamón had taken lessons of fencing from a courtier in the train of the German ambassador. On his recovery from the effects of his expedition in search of the *mandrake*, he had applied himself with peculiar zeal to his warlike instruction, by which he hoped to secure a victory. His progress was more than satisfactory: eye, hand, heart, guided his well-aimed blows. With this circumstance Bartholomew was acquainted. Bartholomew had experienced, in word and deed, the good-will of the old voevóda, whose godson he was. You may judge yourselves whether mere gratitude would not have induced him to gratify his protector with a new and important piece of information! For no money in the world would he have betrayed the secret of Mamón and the imperial ambassador; but duty—a high, a holy duty—commanded him to break the seal, and with an anguish of the heart, enough to tear him in sunder, he carried his tribute to Obrazétz's bed-side. Khabár was present on this occasion.

"God knoweth," said the eternal translator or talebearer, "that it is only from the most ardent love, from the most deeply-elevated devotion, that I disclose to you my great secret. I implore you to

be silent on the subject. If the imperial ambassador or Mamón were to know what I am doing, I might feel for my head on my shoulders."

He was parodying the imperial ambassador's speech to the Great Prince.

"Fear not, we will not betray thee," replied the boyárin. "But be not offended at my advice, good godson; if thou utterest it not, we shall be none the worse."

"From thy news, Bartholomów Vassílievitch," cried Khabár, "we shall not reap much good, as in the field, where we have ear so far from ear, that each other's voice they cannot hear. Be not angered."

"If it be so, as ye will . . . . thou, a former leader, and thou, present leader of the tremendous forces of our most illustrious lord, blame yourselves if the victory in the lists remain to your enemy. . . . . What is to be done? my sacrifice pleaseth you not . . . . If so, I will be si" . . . .

He was about to say—I will be silent; but he did not finish his sentence. He had not strength enough to achieve the terrible exploit of holding his tongue. He had rolled up in his breast the stone of Sisyphus, and he threw it off at one effort. All was disclosed that he had to disclose.

"And what of this?" asked the father, fixing his penetrating eyes on his son, on whose face passed a slight shade of thoughtfulness.

"What? Have ye then forgot the brave man that the Lithuanian beat by the trick of his weapon? Yes, ye have forgotten wherefore, from that time, it hath been forbidden to fight with foreigners! .... But there is yet time for thy son. In two or three days, a gifted warrior like him may learn the German art of wielding the sword. Phit, phit, phit!"—(here the interpreter drew himself up, and began to show with his arms how to advance upon an opponent)—"and pouf! right to the heart: never spare him, beat him, kill him, thrust without sparing, up to your elbow, right into that bloodthirsty heart, whence there hath streamed forth so much sorrow to this house, that reposeth under the blessing of God!"

Father and son smiled in spite of themselves. "Teach me, teach me, Master Translator!" said Khabár; "perhaps I shall have occasion to fight with my neighbour's cock.

"Ye laugh! You may laugh! now I am old," exclaimed Bartholomów with a heavy sigh, like an old lion which can no longer defend himself. "Ye

should have seen me in former years! Will ye believe me? . . . . certes, now to look at me, a poor cripple, it is hard to believe I once fought with three such gallants as thou. One lunged at my eye, another at my heart, a third at a place more sensitive . . . . you may call it . . . . at the knee. But I was no fool, I remarked their thrusts, and pif, paf! . . . . the fellow that aimed at my eye, had his own eye whipped out. I spitted it on the point of my sword, and sent it straight at the other's heart, so that after his death they found the eye sticking in his heart. That is the way to do it, my lord!"

"But what became of the third, did he sneak off?" asked Khabár.

"The third . . . . ha, ha, ha! . . . . the stroke was long talked of in Germany as a wonder of skill. But now I am a peaceful citizen; my sword—the tongue."

"Often a sword over your own head, Bartholomew," said the boyárin.

"Often a sword wielded for the good of my neighbour. Now, as I did a while ago, I turn the discourse to the saving of thy son. The Germans tell me, Mamón will certainly kill his opponent. Why should not your son learn from some skilful warrior,

such as—not to go far—from Master Antony the leech."

"Was it not thou that said that he was afraid of his own shadow?" cried Khabár.

"Then my tongue ought to have stuck to my throat! What, had I lost my reason? Certainly, I must have spoken of some other Antony, a German; but not of your future kinsman. Oh, my eyes see far!.... The short and long of the matter is, that Master Antony fenceth to a marvel."

"I have heard so too; but the short and long is, that I shall not do for this school," said Khabár. "I trust in my own eye and hand; and more than all, in the just judgment of God. I will have no sharers in my honour or dishonour. I will bow to no man for my head."

The eyes of Obrazétz, hitherto so dim, gleamed with an unusual light. He arose in his bed, and exclaimed in a quivering voice—"Thus it hath ever been with our race! My son will not betray the heritage of his forefathers: Khabár, yet Simskoi too. What the Lord shall decide in his judgment, so be it."

"O, if so—if my counsel please you not," interrupted Bartholomew reddening, "then know, I have still a way left to serve you..... But this I

will never disclose; do what you will, I will never disclose, not even if the Great Prince were to command me. . . . . I would lay my head on the block sooner than disclose it. . . . . Haply the Almighty, loving you, may use me as his instrument. . . . . I met an idiot by the way, clearly a holy man, and he told me such words that . . . . No, do as ye will, I will never disclose . . . . I will seal up my heart, I will lock my lips . . . . Farewell, farewell!"

And Bartholomew, fearing for his own determination, fearing to betray himself, rushed, without looking around him, out of the boyárin's palace.

You may guess that father and son could not help laughing at this secret, certainly invented by the zeal of the universal flatterer.

The okólnitchi had fixed the day, the hour, of the ordeal by combat. This was communicated to the *sponsors* on both sides. At the same time they were asked, whether the opponents would do battle in person or through paid warriors. The sponsors bound themselves to place the parties themselves in the field on the appointed day. Then they were asked with what arms and weapons the combatants would fight, on foot or on horseback. They answered on foot, and with swords.

The great day arrived. Both Mamón and Kha-

bár had fulfilled their Christian duties, as if at the hour of death; it may be guessed with very different feelings. Obrazétz had commanded himself to be carried to the oratory, and there devoutly with tears he prayed, and awaited the decision of the ordeal.

In the same spot where now stands the Church of St Nicholas in the Fields, on the Nikólskoi, was a low stone barrier about half the height of a man, surrounded by another fence of living trees, which embraced within its walls a four-cornered piece of ground. In it stood a wooden church, dedicated to St George the Victorious, so old that its walls on each side had sunk, and the roofs were dotted with the mouldiness of time. Between the church and the wall was left a small square, perhaps of a dozen fathoms, on which the grass was beaten down by horses' hoofs. Sometimes the verdure, sprinkled with the traces of blood, midnight sighs and groans, the wandering of the dead, the tapers burning in the church with a bloody light, all these marks give rise to wonder, when I add, that the place on which they might be seen was called the *field*—that is, the scene of judicial combats.

Early in the morning, when it was hardly day-

light, a crowd of horsemen galloped from different points to the barrier. Some arrived two or three moments before the others. These were the okólnitchi, the deacon Kourítzin, a scribe, Mamón the elder, Khabár-Simskoi, the two sponsors, the two seconds, and a few constables. Attendants who accompanied them, took their masters' horses, and presenting the combatants with their weapons, retired to some distance from the barrier. The sponsors and seconds were commanded to bear witness, that they had brought with them no armour, club, or cudgel; which was severely forbidden by the laws. All entered the barrier through a wicket except the constables, who were left there to keep watch that no one should venture to come in from without. In case of disobedience the constables' duty was to seize the offenders, and commit them to prison. It is true, behind one corner of the barrier, in some thick tufts of nettles, was heard a rustling; but it either did not awaken the suspicions of the police-officers of that day, or was left by them purposely without search. Perhaps the scales of justice had been weighed down on this occasion by gold, friendship, or interest; who can tell by what?

The wicket was made fast with a strong iron crook; those who were thus locked in proceeded to the wooden fence surrounding the church. Here the okólnitchi demanded of the combatants who were "their sponsors and seconds." When they were pointed out, Mamón and Khabár, and after them the sponsors and seconds, were commanded to kiss the cross which was fixed in the church door. From all of them was required an oath, that they with their arms "had never gone to any witches or astrologers; that they had brought no witches to the field; and that there would be none thereof in the field." Which being affirmed by kissing the cross, they were informed that if they had done this "unfairly," and trustworthy witnesses should disclose the same, they would undergo by the laws of the city, from the Lord of All Russia, a severe punishment, and from the priests, by the ecclesiastical discipline, clerical excommunication.

From the porch they advanced into the field. They measured out the circle, perhaps a fatal one for one of the combatants. The adversaries entered it. The seconds and sponsors were instructed where they were to stand, behind. Then Khabár's second informed the okólnitchi and the deacon, that

the fight, contrary to law, was *uneven*, and therefore could not begin. They demanded explanation. It appeared that Mamón's shirt of mail was longer than Khabár's, and consequently defended him more from blows.

"Let it alone!" cried Khabár. "The heavier the armour the richer the spoil."

"'Tis for a trader to think of gain!" said Mamón; "I will take my foe's body without weight or measure."

"Well, if I am a trader, I will measure thine armour with my sword; I will pay for it with thy blood."

Mamón bowed. "As we have met, then will I give it for thy soul's rest, and even this day hang it on thy grave."

"An unnecessary pain for thee, my lord! . . . . I will rather take it as a keepsake of my friend. Why delay? Even now I will put on the boyárin's precious gift. Therefore my arms are superfluous."

With these words, Khabár took off his helmet and shirt of mail, and hurled them over the barrier like a pebble.

"I will not be left behind!" cried Mamón, as he doffed his own armour. "We waste words, not

blood. Thou spendest time, boy; it is plain thou art sorry to leave the fair world."

"Thou railest at me for the good I do! . . . . say rather, I thank ye. I give thee another hour in God's world to enjoy thyself. But there are bounds even to kindness. It is time for Mamón to seek the place where dwell other Mamóns. Come on!"

And they advanced, Khabár—handsome, bright, like the bright day of heaven; Mamón—gloomy as the grave, with a face scarred with bloody seams, with his forest of hair standing erect, as if his hellish hate had armed that too to the fight, with eyes starting from their sockets; Khabár full of the justice of his cause, the bravery of his race, and hope in God; Mamón, overflowing with revenge and malice, no less brave, inspired besides with confidence in his skill—"Thou wilt conquer," said his teachers to him, Poppel's courtiers and Poppel himself. These words gave wings to his soul, armed his hand with unusual firmness, his eye with unusual certainty. In reality the fight soon became unequal. Khabár perpetually attacked, Mamón only endeavoured to defend himself and parry his adversary's blows; in doing so he was gradually exhausting him. The

son of Obrazétz already perceived, though indistinctly, that the superiority was on the side of his opponent; for the first time in his life his heart was visited by uneasiness. Mamón seemed to grow taller and broader before him. Forced back almost to the fatal circle, where a half step backward—and ruin awaited him, and shame to all the race of Simskoi, Khabár sought for means to gain one step forward. Once he had been wounded in the shoulder, once he had been almost disarmed. And now the blow was raised which bent him back, as a strong arm bows a young birch-tree.

Thine hour is come, gallant youth! Far and wide, gaily, in pleasure and in joy, hast thou wandered along the fairest path of life; the beautiful have twined thy dark curls, showering warm kisses on thine eyes and lips, have cherished thee in their downy bosoms: thy comrades have bowed before thee: thy father, Russia, have gloried in thee. Thou hast lived thy life, thou hast filled thy breast with joy. Thine hour is come for thee to lay thy gallant head in the cool damp earth. Why didst thou not lay it down in the stricken field, in honourable fight against the Tartars and the Mordrui, the foes of Mother Moscow, the golden pinnacle of Russia? Then thou hadst died, wept by thy companions in

arms, and thou wouldst have lived in the memory of thy people. But now thou must die a shameful death . . . . And they will refuse thee Christian burial.

His second turned pale; the deacon, the okólnitchi, were longing in their souls to ward off the blow . . . . this might be seen in their eyes, in the movement of their heads . . . . they strain forward, as though the sword were raised above them.

At this very instant some one from behind the barrier cried out—"The eagles are coming! the eagles!" Mamón shuddered, turned pale, looked up to the sky, and retired in spite of himself. Did he expect to see his winged foes? Were they flying to take part in the fight against him? The blow was lost. It was plain God himself was on Khabár's side. The son of Obrazétz hastened to profit by his opponent's unexpected panic, and to take up a favourable position. "Recover thyself!" he cried to him. But Mamón had lost his presence of mind, and acted like a child. Soon the sword is beaten from his hand, his wrist and face are deeply gashed. His antagonist, feeling that he owed his victory to accident, gives him his life. Disfigured for ever, almost blinded, Mamón curses every thing and all

men; himself, the witnesses, and Providence—he blasphemes. "Do I wish to live?" he screams to Khabár—"I do; I will live for the ruin of thee and thy race. Thou hast made a mistake, my friend! . . . . It had been well for thee if thou hadst killed me!"

The constables search, or pretend to search, for the person who cried out about the eagles, but do not succeed in finding him. (This failure is to be attributed to the power, perhaps also to the bribes, of Kourítzin.) The judges and witnesses of the combat, the deacon himself, gaze in terror in each other's faces, as if asking whence came the strange voice—the strange cry about the eagles? Why did the mention of eagles terrify the combatant? This is not natural; was it magic, or a voice from God?

And who do you think it was who had cried out? Bartholomew. The interpreter had kept his word—he had performed a service, and, screened by the bushes which surrounded the circle, he had escaped safe and sound from his benevolent ambuscade. If he had not, he would have soon found himself in prison. Oh, to do a service, he was ready even for the fetters!

The ordeal was decided. The second of the

defeated combatant called his attendants. Mamón, all streaming with blood, was borne home; his sponsor paid the okólnitchi and the deacon a fee, the scribe drew up an account of the combat, the deacon signed it.

In the mean time, Khabár, beneath the porch, was praying to St George the Victorious, who had lifted up his sword in his behalf.

At length solitude reigned in the lists. The birds of prey alone flew up, to look whether there was no carrion for them.

Khabár found his father in the oratory. There Obrazétz had been kneeling in prayer, and had fallen into a death-like lethargy. On one side he was supported by Anastasia, who was bedewing him with her tears, on the other by the old nurse. Suddenly he began to quiver.

"He comes!" he cried, turning to the image of the Saviour, his eyes glimmering with unwonted light.

Some one stealthily darted into the adjoining chamber. Anastasia had not heard it, but the father had. . . . . The door opened. Khabár stood before them.

"The field is fought?" asked the dying man.

"It is. Not I, but the Lord hath conquered," replied his son, and related how the combatants had borne themselves; not concealing his ill success at the beginning of the battle, nor the accident to which he owed his victory.

"Very merciful art thou to me, O Lord! . . . . thou hast saved my race from shame . . . . I may die in honour . . . . Iván . . . . Anastasia . . . . Ant . . . . receive my bless" . . . .

He could not utter more, but made a sign that they should bear him to the image; and he passed away in the arms of his children. The face of the dead was lighted with the smile of the just; assuredly angels had welcomed to themselves an earthly guest returning home again.

CHAPTER X.

THE DISPUTE FOR THE BRIDE.

> And gloomily the witch repeated:
> "Soon shall he fall, soon shall he fall!"
> Then thrice between her lips she mutter'd,
> Thrice stamp'd her foot upon the ground,
> And, a wing'd snake, away she flutter'd.
>
> ROUSLÁN *and* LIUDMILA.

THE Tsarévitch Karakátcha was sitting up in bed. His head was still bandaged, on his face remained traces of his disease; but it was evident that the energies of powerful vigorous life were obliterating them. A malicious smile was on his lips—from time to time he burst into a laugh.

What was the cause of his merriment?—The jests with which Roussálka was amusing him. The dvorétzkoi had so well succeeded in making himself agreeable to the youth, that he had become his inseparable companion. Though this nurse of the

masculine gender had not at first much pleased Antony, who well knew his crafty disposition, yet in the end he had himself begged him to make frequent visits to the patient, seeing how successfully the old man had assisted the cure with his jokes; and the recovery had been rendered difficult by the fits of rage to which the spoiled Tartar had given way. What was there that Roussálka would have refused to do, to afford pleasure to the young Tsarévitch! At one time he gratified him with the music of a cat, suspended in the air at the tail of a kite; at another he delighted his benevolent heart by bringing him an offering of birds, which the invalid cut to pieces with his sabre, or blinded. And then Roussálka would represent, with gestures enough to make one die of laughing, the Germans, with their ambassador, and the manner of their appearance at the court of the Great Prince; or the Russians, when they brought tribute to the Tartar Khans, and himself and his own father in the form of a he-goat. Since the time of his accident, the Tsarévitch could not hear without a shudder the clatter of a horse's foot, or even his neigh. For a Tartar to be afraid of a steed, was the same thing as for a sailor to dread the water. This gave great anxiety to

Danyár. To remedy this misfortune, to cure his son of hippophobia, the dvorétzkoi took on himself. Success confirmed the promises and proved the labours of Roussálka. He frequently played at Henry the Fourth's game—that is, he transformed himself into a nag, went on all fours, neighing and prancing. The difference was only this—that the good king made himself a child for his own little children, while the dvorétzkoi played the quadruped to amuse a Tartar Tsarévitch of eighteen. The game, however, finished by Karakátcheuka mounting on his back, and driving him along with good cuts of the whip. And for this the tender, narrow-eyed papa knew not how to thank the clever, obliging courtier.

The news was already generally known, that Obrazétz had given his dying benediction on his daughter's union with Antony the leech. This unexpected circumstance had overwhelmed Mamón with unusual despair—already tortured in body and soul. He sought anew an opportunity of revenging himself on Obrazétz, even in the grave, through his children.—"Thou hast altogether forgot me," he said to his friend the dvorétzkoi; "where is thy word, where thine oath? Is it thus thou rewardest

me for my services? Did I not save thy head in the matter of the Prince Loukómskii? . . . . Crush me this leech in any way thou wilt . . . . I have promised it to the imperial ambassador . . . . I have sworn that the daughter of Obrazétz shall never be wed to living man . . . . If thou wilt not pleasure me in this, then will I never let thee rest even in the other world."

Delicacy, if not conscience, was aroused in the dvorétzkoi by this reproach: it reminded him, also, of something which his friend's discretion had left unsaid—the rich gifts which Mamón had showered upon him with a prodigal hand from his treasury. Whether these were followed by new gifts, or whether gratitude was his only inducement, we know not: we only know, that Roussálka promised his sick friend to dissolve the new connexion.

In order to attain his object, he insinuated himself into the confidence of Karakátcha; he began by extolling Anastasia's beauty, and succeeded in awaking in the young Asiatic, with fiery unbridled passions, a desire to possess her whatever it might cost. The Tsarévitch had never in his life been denied any thing; had he asked for bird's milk, even that would have been sought for to please him: so spoiled

was he by his father. But for a heretic to obtain without circuitous proceedings a Russian maiden, the daughter of a boyárin, was not even to be thought of. In the path between them there stood an important condition, before which it would be necessary to bow—namely, the change of religion: there were also obstacles—Obrazétz's blessing on his daughter's betrothal to Antony the leech, and the consent of the Great Prince. The condition might instantly be obviated, by performing it: to annihilate the obstacle Roussálka was now feeling his way.

"She was betrothed to thee by the Great Prince himself," said the artful dvorétzkoi among other things; "for this our lord, Iván Vassílievitch, pledged his word to thy father as they were marching on the campaign against Tver. 'Twill be a pity if she belong to another! Shame, if the Tsarévitch's bride belong to an Almayne leech! The people will say—the Tsarévitch was drinking mead, but it ran over his lips, and went not down his throat: the precious goblet was plucked from his hand by a foreign stranger fellow!"

"I will give her up to no man!" cried Karakátcha striking his fist on the bed. "Iván Vassílievitch promised her to me; so she is mine. Did he pro-

mise her in jest? My father gave him his warriors, and he hath not taken *them* back."

And Karakátcheuka began to roll about, to cry like a spoiled child, to whom his nurse will not give some favourite toy.

"Console thy darling boy," said the dvorétzkoi to Danyár alone; "promise him Obrazétz's daughter, though falsely! She flits before the poor child even in his dreams. When he is well, then thou canst manage as thou thinkest fit. But, now he is weak, yield to his humour."

The fond father promised to tranquillize his dear son by confirming the dvorétzkoi's words, that Anastasia was really promised to him by the Great Prince, and that no power on earth could deprive him of his bride. The leech, he added, they could drive from his claim by threats or bribes. He was no very terrible enemy! He would consider it a happiness to give way to the Tsarévitch.

In this discussion Antony found his patient and his nurse. On examining the former, he, according to all the symptoms, might congratulate himself on his speedy recovery; he only found a slight degree of fever. And therefore he begged them to dispatch to him a faithful Tartar, by whom he promised to send the medicine.

"Thou givest me bitter drugs," said Karakátcha ill-temperedly; "but my bride, the fairest flower of my garden, thou jugglest away from under my nose."

"What bride?" asked Antony embarrassed, as if he had not understood to whom he alluded.

"What bride? Obrazétz's daughter! She is betrothed to me. She was promised to me by Iván Vassílievitch himself. Thou shalt give her up whether thou wilt or no."

Antony laughed, as he would have laughed at the request of a child who had begged for the moon from the sky.

"Father, give him a handful of silver—let him yield by fair means."

Danyár was about to depart to perform his son's will.

This had now gone beyond a joke. The idea of selling his bride irritated Antony. He detained the old man, and said to him with displeasure—"'Tis a vain trouble, Tsarévitch. Heap up piles of thy silver till it is equal to the palace of the Great Prince, and then I will not exchange my bride for it."

"Karakátcheuka is in love with her; yield, leech!"

"I am myself in love with her," cried Antony

ironically; "I would not give her up for an empire."

"We will take her by force!" cried Danyár, firing up.

"We will take her by force!" repeated Karakátcha, rising from the bed.

"To do that, no force on earth is sufficient. Remember, you are not at Kasímoff."

"My Kasímoff is there, where I am with my band," said Danyár: "even in Moscow I am still Tsarévitch. If that is not enough, I will obtain a paper giving me the maiden, from my good friend Iván Vassílievitch."

"The Great Prince hath promised me any boyárin's daughter for the cure of thy son. Thy son is well, and I choose the daughter of Obrazétz."

"My son would have been well without thee. We called thee in only to pleasure Iván Vassílievitch."

"Why chaffer with him so long, father?" cried Karakátcha. "I am well; I want him no more. Call our Tartars, and let them flog him to the gate with their whips."

"The man that toucheth me shall not remain alive," said Antony sternly, laying his hand on his stiletto, his inseparable companion. "My Lord

Dvorétzkoi, wert thou not, thou, a confidential servant of the Great Prince, placed here that they might obey my orders, and dost thou allow me to be insulted by senseless Tartars?"

Seeing that the flame he had kindled was likely to burst forth into an inextinguishable conflagration, Roussálka began to cool it. Let it burst forth without him, so much the better, so long as he could keep out of it himself. He went up, now to the father, now to the son, implored them to abate their wrath; he assured them that the affair should be settled without violence; that he, their faithful servant, would lose his head if harm was offered to the court physician; that he rather counselled them to entreat the leech to yield up his bride in the Tsarévitch's favour. And he turned to Antony with a prayer not to irritate the Tartars, and to promise to give way just for the moment. "The accursed Tartar whelp," he said, "would soon be well, and all would be right again!"

But Karakátcha would not listen to him. He became furious, he stamped, he tore his hair, by which the bandages were displaced, and the blood showed itself; convulsions began to shake him. The father was terrified.

"The leech is a sorcerer; he hath brought back my son's disease, in order to avenge himself about the maiden," thought Danyár, and threw himself at Antony's feet, imploring him to save Karakátcheuka, and swearing that he would never again attempt to obtain his bride.

Thus do savages rush, in their passions, from one extreme to the other!

Was it possible for Antony to be angry with such savages; the rather as in the recovery of the Tsarévitch was involved all that was dearest to him in the world—Anastasia, his life, his honour? He hastened to afford assistance to Karakátcha, and soon succeeded in relieving him.

The strong constitution of the Tartar, assisted by medicine, again set him on his legs; so that in two days' time he was, as before, laughing heartily at the jests of the dvorétzkoi, and giving himself up to the innocent amusements of his good heart. The news of the successful cure reached even the Great Prince.

With the leech a peace was concluded, which Danyár did not infringe by the slightest attempt. The Almayne sorcerer had conjured back the sickness, and had as soon healed it again: how was it

possible not to fear and respect him? But the darling son, probably at the dvorétzkoi's instigation, again took it into his head to make his demands on Anastasia.

"Cease this folly," said Antony in a threatening voice, "or it will be worse with thee than before. I will convulse thee in a moment!"

The Tsarévitch was terrified by this menace, and remained dumb.

On the same day Antony had sent by a faithful servant, a Tartar, a new medicine, which he thought would conclude the cure. It was time to receive the prize promised by the Great Prince; the reward for which he had suffered so much.

He already touched the goal of all his desires and prayers; his foes and those of the family of Obrazétz were vanquished; his honour and his head, redeemed from the terrible pledge to which the word of Iván had bound them, the hand of Anastasia would soon rivet his ties to fate and to mankind. No man, no obstacle, could contest his bliss; even his conscience was silent, to give him, as it would seem, full freedom to revel in his hopes. The kind good old man who was departed, seemed about to draw away from him Anastasia's heart and

thoughts. They had hardly been able to tear her from her father's grave; but in the space of some time a living friend, her enchanter, her plighted husband, again took up all her thoughts and feelings. She could not long restrain herself from seeing him. The indulgent nurse arranged for them, beneath the veil of an autumnal night, at the wicket of the court, a sweet, a maddening interview. With Anastasia's brother Antony's friendship grew stronger and stronger. Thus near was the pinnacle of his happiness.——An autumnal twilight was thickening over the city. In the izbá of the Tsarévitch Danyár all was buried in profound sleep. Karakátcha slumbered, his father did so too; in the neighbouring chamber the Tartars were following the example of their lords: all were hoarsely snoring to such a pitch, that the listener would have needed strong ears not to be driven out of the house. Yet in the chamber of Karakátcha there *was* a listener, to whom this music was far sweeter than all the harmonies of earth. He lay upon a bench, and pretended to be asleep; I say, pretended, because he, in the midst of the most furious accompaniment, arose from the bench, and cautiously, hardly breathing, began to steal across the room to a shelf, over the very ear of Danyár.

The old Tsarévitch, like the serpent of the mountain in the fairy tale, kept there the water of life for his son. Profiting by his slumber, the man who had glided up to the shelf, with one hand took something that stood on it, and with the other deposited something in the place of the object he had stolen. Having done this, he returned to his bench, stretched himself again upon it, and again began to snore as though nothing had happened.

Danyár awoke first, and ordered an attendant to give him a candle. When this was done, he with difficulty managed to awake Roussálka, who was sleeping on the bench. Then the young Tsarévitch awoke also.

"It is time for Karakátcheuka's physic," said Danyár, taking the phial from the shelf.

From the moment he observed that the medicine evidently relieved his son from the last attack, he had with the greatest punctuality followed the directions of Antony. On the present day, he had received fresh orders to begin the phial that had been sent as soon as the fires were lighted in the houses; and therefore the old Tsarévitch hastened not to let pass the time fixed for the dose.

"Eh!" exclaimed Roussálka, "I would long ago

have thrown all the phials out of the window, and now more than ever. Methought the leech had a kind of look that" . . . .

" Scare him not, dvorétzkoi," cried Danyár; " as it is, thou makest my child angry. Drink it up, Karakátcheuka; hearken not to him . . . . the leech said it would be sweet . . . . for the last time" . . . .

And Karakátcha, himself afraid of disobeying the all-powerful physician, drank from a silver cup a liquid that had been poured into it. The draught seemed exceedingly grateful, and he asked for more. " Give me more . . . . The leech said, that if I drank it all up, so much the better ! "

There was one man in the chamber who changed countenance—namely, Roussálka. No one remarked his confusion. He soon recovered himself, and applied himself to amuse the young Tsarévitch with buffoonery, which he again commenced. All were merry; Karakátcha more than the rest. But a quarter of an hour did not pass, before he began to complain of a pain in his stomach and breast . . . . His lips turned blue, his face became at one moment red, at another deadly pale. At first he groaned, then his groans were succeeded by shrieks . . . . They sent for the leech. The messenger returned

with the answer that he was not at home. Fresh couriers were dispatched in various directions to seek for him. The dvorétzkoi offered himself for this service—only then, when he saw that the Tsarévitch was dying.

They discovered the leech at last . . . . Poor, unhappy Antony! He found the Tsarévitch a corpse.

Danyár was lying insensible on his son's body; he saw not the leech, or he would have slain him. The Tartars were about to rush at Antony; but he was saved by the constables, already sent with orders from the Great Prince to take him in custody and put him in chains. Antony did not resist them; he knew that his fate was decided; he understood Iván Vassílievitch, and he remembered that the word of the terrible ruler would not pass by in vain. Though innocent, he must bow his head beneath the axe of the executioner.

The following is the manner how, and the person from whom, Iván Vassílievitch received the first tidings of the Tsarévitch's death:

Roussálka, instead of going to seek the leech, as he pretended, galloped straight to the palace of the Great Prince.

"My Lord Great Prince," said he, entering Iván

Vassílievitch's sleeping-chamber, and trembling all over; "I bring thee evil tidings."

"What—a fire? My horse!" cried the Great Prince, who on such occasions always repaired to the spot himself to extinguish the conflagration, even though it took place at midnight.

"No, my lord, the Tsarévitch Karakátcha . . . . is dead."

The Great Prince turned pale, and crossed himself.

"Dead! . . . . It cannot be! Karakátcha was well to-day . . . . the leech said. Thou liest, or thou art mad!"

"It is true, my lord. Order enquiry to be made. The dear boy was quite well. He eat to-day well, slept sound, played with me . . . . But . . . . he had a quarrel with Antony the leech about his bride, Obrazétz's daughter . . . . and Antony sent him poison . . . . killed him for a jest. I saw with my own eyes how the poor Tsarévitch was tortured in departing, My heart was torn with pity."

"Killed! . . . . for a jest?" . . . . cried Iván Vassílievitch, frantic with rage. "My word is pledged . . . . Thou heard'st it! . . . . Hath he then two heads! . . . . In fetters with him, to the prison! . . . . He shall die a hungry death!" . . . .

He could not utter a word more; his eyes glared, foam was on his lips. Then calming himself a little, he shook his head and burst into tears. "I promised to Danyár to cure his son!" he continued. "He had but one—one child; but one comfort for his old age! I have paid him well for his faithful service! . . . . It was not for nothing that the father opposed his being treated! . . . . No, I had to persuade him! . . . . Killed him for a jest? . . . . Rasping to death is too little! . . . . Burning on a slow fire too little! . . . . I will give him up to the Tartars to be tormented, to be sported with . . . . let them do what they will with him! . . . . And in the other world he shall remember my word."

Then he made him repeat how Antony had quarrelled about the daughter of Obrazétz; when and by whom the poison was sent; whether it soon began to torment the Tsarévitch after he had taken it. Roussálka repeated the whole, artfully interweaving in his tale Antony's former dispute with the Tsarévitch; how he, the dvorétzkoi, had parted them; how the leech had threatened that day to repay Karakátcha more bitterly than before; how he had ordered the father to give him the poison to drink, even all at one dose—saying, "it will be sweet . . . .

for the last time," and that his face had darkened as he said so. He had not brought the poison himself, as on former occasions, but had sent it by a Tartar, in order that he might have the excuse that wicked people, his enemies, had changed it.—" I advised the father," continued Roussálka, " I entreated him not to give the medicine; but no, he gave it, as though he were out of his senses, as if he had eaten of the insane root. . . . . Plainly, he was compelled by the Evil One."

When he had heard all this malicious tale, the Great Prince repeated the strictest orders to keep Antony in the prison, in irons, till he should deliver him up to the Tartars to torture and make sport with him. He was about to order Anastasia to be shut up in a monastery, but he changed his intention. Probably he called to mind the services of her father and brother.—" The maiden is innocent," he said, and commanded them to change the order.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRISON.

"I was all full of hope and joy; I dream'd
That no sad parting day, no future hour of sadness,
Would ever come upon me. Tears, and hate, and madness,
Treason, and calumny—a black and vengeful flood—
Stream'd sudden on my head!—where was I? where? I stood
Like traveller, lightning-blasted in the desert,
And all was dark around me."

PŏUSHKIN.

We are already acquainted with the prison. In the very same division of the Black Izbá in which had been imprisoned first *Matiphas*, the interpreter of the Prince Loukómskii, and then the *posádnitzá* Marpha, Antony was confined. Yesterday he was free, with new pledges of love and friendship, almost at the summit of happiness; and to-day in chains, deprived of all hope, he was awaiting death as his only relief. He had entreated them to examine into the affair of the Tsarévitch's illness—it

was refused; his crime, they cried, was as clear as day.

"O God, thou alone art left me!" he said, bedewing his fetters with his tears; "I rebel not against thy will. Perhaps thou willest to punish me for leaving my faith, which I did not account a transgression; perhaps thou chastisest me in love for me . . . . Who can tell what bitterness might have poisoned my future life? Now I drink my cup alone, and then I might have had to share it with a wife, with children . . . . I should have doubly suffered, beholding their sufferings. I know that Anastasia loveth me; but at her age impressions are so transient . . . . She may live long . . . . she will lament and weep awhile for the heretic, and then she will cease . . . . What cannot time perform? . . . . Nevertheless it is very bitter to leave her all that she gave, and all that she promised me. . . . . If she love me truly, with a love not of this world, then we shall soon meet again; if God hath joined our souls, man shall not sunder us. But to one dying to this world, what are these desires? . . . . She is so young, so beautifnl, so made for happiness! . . . . O Lord! vouchsafe that she may be blessed by the joys, the triumphs of love, the

happiness of wife, of mother—all the blessings of existence; vouchsafe to her all that thou takest from me in the fairest years of life; grant me but in one of thy mansions to rejoice in her happiness! . . . . O Lord, Father of Creation! what wilt thou do with my mother? What will become of her when she learns my imprisonment, my ignominious death? . . . . One thing I beseech thee for her sake; so do, that till the end of her life she may not hear of the terrible change in my destiny—that she may think me still alive and happy! Deny me not, my God—thou, who thyself calledst me to this world, and art now about to summon me into another—that even there I may be consoled for my earthly sorrows by the peace of my mother."

In such meditations Antony passed days and nights, nor did he forget his old instructor in his payers; but, knowing the firmness of his soul, this knowledge softened his remembrance of him. Sometimes, forgetting himself, he still thought of his future life on earth; of the bliss of loving, of the heavenly days promised by his union with Anastasia: sometimes he fancied, as in a dream, that all around him was a vision, a phantasm. But he was soon awakened from this enchantment by the cold weight

and clinking of his chains, by the iron-barred window, in which the light hardly penetrated through the panes of bladder into the stench and filth of his cage. On the wall were rudely scratched the names of his predecessors there—Matheas, Marpha, the posádnitza of Nóvgorod the Great. What had been the fate of these? . . . . One was burned alive in an iron cage, the other had pined away in his dungeon. Could he have thought, when he arrived in Moscow a few months back, and beheld the flames devouring the unhappy Lithuanians, that the same fate was to fall upon himself? Could he have imagined, when he visited the black izbá in the courtly train of Iván, honoured with his particular notice and distinguished favour—as it were, hand and hand with him—that he would be shut up in the very same cell where he had been so shocked by the sufferings of the posádnitza of Nóvgorod? Oh, if vain illusions had not obscured his reason, he might have seen what he had to expect in a country where ignorance and prejudice had excluded him from the community of Christians, and numbered him among the children of Satan! Had he not seen the Prince Khólmskoi himself, the ornament and glory of his country, save himself from the block by hiding his

head beneath the shield of accident, in his chamber —the chamber of a foreigner? Had he not been warned by the frightful fate of the Prince of Ouglítch, the Great Prince's own brother, who had been invited by him to the friendly board, and borne along to a dungeon, where at that very moment he was withering away? Next to him, behind the partition-wall of his cell, were heard sighs and groanings: were they not the groans of that very Prince of Ouglítch? How soon had he shared the lot of that sufferer! . . . . Poor Antony, he had no ears to hear, no eyes to see; he had lost his powers of reason! Passion had blinded him to all. But, nevertheless, if he had again to begin his life in Russia, knowing that it must finish as it would finish now, he would again have chosen to meet with Anastasia, to repeat the torments and the bliss of the last few months, and then to die—even a death of ignominy. He had already enjoyed blessings such as a mortal can but once enjoy on earth; he had already received from her a precious tribute, such as it is the lot of few on earth to share; he had received *his part* on earth—what could he hope more? The Lord plainly loved him, for he would call him to himself at the brightest moment of exist-

ence. O, that *there* he might find a continuation of past moments of bliss! . . . .

To the hopes and consolations which fluttered over the whirlpool of his thoughts and feelings, was superadded one deep source of joy: Fate had preserved him, even against his will, from renouncing his religion . . . . he would die in the faith of his fathers. But even this alleviation was of short continuance. He was overwhelmed by the bitter thought, that Anastasia, after his death, would estrange her heart from the heretic, would not visit the grave of a Latiner; and perhaps a necromancer, the servant of the Evil One, would again in her thoughts replace Antony, her plighted husband. They would cast out his corpse into the forest or the swamp, a prey for the ravens. This thought so completely possessed him, that it became his only desire to have a Russian priest, who might guide him on the path to another world, in the name and with the authority of the Saviour. What sufferings had not his soul encountered in the first days of his imprisonment! I will not speak of his physical privations. Every day they diminished his food: at last they began to give him dry bread by morsels, and water by jugs. His table was strictly watched

by the dvorétzkoi of the Great Prince. Privations of this kind he bore with firmness; but what more than all tormented him, was his uncertainty about his friends, and about Anastasia. O, for the consolation of knowing that they were thinking of him! O, for one word of tidings from them! To prisoners under capital sentence it was forbidden to admit any person whatever, except those who were to take charge of them during their confinement. But the will of man, in union with intellect or love, is stronger than bars or fetters, more sharpsighted than any Argus.

On the Feast of the Protection of the Virgin, through the grating of his cell, from the passage of the prison, the withered arm of a woman threw him a *Kalátch.** The bread had been broken. Antony took it up, and what did he see? In this present was concealed a treasure—Anastasia's crucifix! He could not but recognise it. The cross was covered with his burning kisses, bedewed with his tears, and hastily concealed in his bosom, deep, deep, at his heart. God forbid, that his guards

* *Kalátch*, a species of very fine white bread or roll, peculiar to Moscow. They are generally eaten hot, and are delicious; *experto crede*.—T. B. S.

should see his sacred companion, and take it from him! Rather death itself. Now Antony is no longer alone; with him was his Saviour dying on the cross; with him she, his bride, his wife in this world and the next. She was again plighted to him for ever . . . .

To add to his happiness, on the following night he was visited by Kourítzin, who had found access to the prison by a golden—an all-powerful key, under the protection of officers devoted to him. He remembered well, and was eager to perform the commands of his instructor Shkaría, and he brought what was calculated to fortify both the body and soul of the prisoner. Food, more plentiful and palatable, materials for writing, in case of his being able to correspond with his friends at a favourable opportunity, news of those concerning whom the unfortunate prisoner was most anxious to hear, and hopes of mollifying the Great Prince—this is what the good Kourítzin brought him. Antony placed but little confidence in the hopes; but the sympathy and love of his friends repaid him for all his past sufferings—"In prison, in misfortune, it is now that I feel the true value of friendship, of love," said he to the deacon: "can I murmur, after all that the

Lord hath vouchsafed to me, can I complain of my fate? There, next to me, is a crowned Prince, but —dost thou hear his groans? . . . he is wasting away, deserted by all! . . . . With the treasure which thou hast brought me, I can die without a murmur; in the last moment of my life I must bless him who guides me on my path, and kiss the hand that leads me to it." How fervently did Antony thank his nocturnal visitor for having furnished him with materials for writing! He implored him as one last favour, to visit him once more, and receive from him some letters for his mother.

"The good Zakharia will enable them to reach her, if thou canst find an opportunity of sending them to him," said the prisoner. "And for this, in the other world, at the throne of God, I will pray for the salvation of his soul. If thou see'st Zakharia, tell him that I, before my death, thanked him with my tears; and that I will not forget him on high." And he devoted all the hours, during which he could conceal himself from the watchful eyes of guards, to the duty of writing a number of letters to his mother. These letters bore different dates, and might serve for a year or two. In them Antony

represented his happy life with a lovely and adored wife, the favour of the sovereign, the hope of one day visiting Bohemia with the Russian Embassy—all, all that he could invent for the consolation of his mother. His soul was agonized; he swallowed his tears, that they might not fall upon the paper, on which he was tracing lines where all was false except the assurances of filial love.

With what rapture did not Poppel and Mamón triumph in their victory! The first was overjoyed at having rid himself of a man who was formidable to his uncle, and whom he himself hated for his family resemblance, for his physiognomy, for his external and mental merits, and still more from some obscure and unintelligible feeling of aversion. The secret voice of his heart had, it is certain, always armed him against Antony Ehrenstein . . . . But Mamón? Severely wounded, disfigured for life, he revived again as if he had been sprinkled with the Water of Life. He called to him his domestic spectre, who presented himself before him, as if from the grave, only to hear the joyful news of some misfortune.

"Hast thou heard?" said he to his son; "thy fair bridegroom—thou knowest . . . . the Almayne

Antony, has been cast into the black izbá; his head is not firm on his shoulders. Ha! said I not so? The daughter of Obrazétz shall never wed. It shall never be—never be! . . . . Who will take her after a heretic? . . . . Rejoice, my fair Lord Khabár-Simskói, in thy stone palace! Rejoice, and thy father too, in his earth-hole! Dost thou hear my friend, Vassílii Féodorovitch? We will bow to thee for this bread and salt; we will thank thee for this sweet intoxicating mead. 'Twill give a fillip to thy nose even under thy brocade winding-sheet!" . . . . (And Mamón laughed a hellish laugh.) "Wherefore speak'st thou not, my son?"

Like a dweller in another world, giving note of his presence among the living only by breaking the rottenness of the grave, the younger Mamón expressed on his countenance neither joy nor sorrow. As usual, his reply to his father's exultation was the hollow cough presageful of the tomb.

"Why dost thou not speak?" repeated the elder Mamón.

"Father, I am dying!" piteously exclaimed his son.

"Die, then—but die rejoicing that they have avenged thee on thy foe!"

Suspecting nothing, knowing nothing, Anastasia thought only of the raptures of love. Even the memory of her father visited her—as a sweet vision. It was not as a corpse in the grave that she imaged him to herself, but alive—with a smile, a blessing; as if he were saying—"Thou see'st, Nástia, I guessed thou lovest Antony; live happy—the blessing of God be with ye!" Kind father; he is now rejoicing among the angels, and delighting in the welfare of his children!

At this very moment the nurse, crying, weeping as if over a corpse, fell at her foster-daughter's feet. "What hath happened?" enquired Anastasia, terrified.

"Ah, my child, thou full of sorrows!" whined the nurse; "they have cast thy bridegroom into the black izbá; he was treating the young Tartar Tsarévitch, and he killed him. He must lose his head."

The blow was unexpected. Anastasia trembled and turned pale as death. Without uttering a word, she fell into a kind of deep reverie, fixing her eyes on one object. She seemed turned to stone in her deep thought, and looked like the sculptured emblem of grief. The nurse implored her to return to

herself—even shook her; she remained still in her former attitude. Suddenly her eyes flashed out a strange unnatural light; she turned them wildly around, laughed convulsively, and cried—"They have taught thee to say this to mock me; nay, deceive me not! . . . . In spite of ye, ye shall not part me from Antony: he is my plighted lord—my love!" . . . . Then again she began to think, and fell into her former stony immobility. The nurse was frightened. Whom could she call?—the powers of heaven and the old wise women. They muttered charms over her; they sprinkled her; they read prayers—nothing did any good. They were about to fumigate her, to beat her with a nail, to apply fire to the soles of her feet—with great difficulty she came to herself.

Her brother arrived. Anastasia knew him, and threw herself, weeping, on his neck. "Thou art my dear, my own brother!" was all she could sob out. She did not dare to pronounce her bridegroom's name, much less to ask about him; maiden bashfulness, and more than all, stern custom, forbade her to speak of what was swelling at her heart. She, a maiden, was only permitted to weep for a father or a brother; tears consecrated to any other man,

even to a bridegroom, were counted a crime. But in these few words there was so much misery, so much entreaty, that her brother could not but understand about whom Anastasia was thus agonized.

Khabár ordered the nurse and all the other domestics to leave the chamber. When this was done, he began to reprove her for giving way to such despair in the presence of others; he represented to her, that the domestics might conclude unfavourably of her.—"Is it bitter to thee? then man thy heart. Die beneath the lash, but be still: thus hath it ever been with our race," said he to his sister. "But for thee, a maiden, it is more than all forbidden to lament for a bridegroom who hath not yet taken our faith." Having made this paternal remonstrance, he began to caress and console her.—"There is hope of saving Antony. A courier hath been sent to the country to the Prince Khólmskoi, who hath requested us, in case of any danger to Antony, to let him know by an express. The son of Khólmskoi is wedded to the Great Prince's daughter. We must be helped both by the voevóda's services and family ties .... Khabár's own horses are saddled. He will gallop to Tver to the young Prince Iván: the prince loves Antony, and will move in his favour. The Princess

Helena of Vallachia promises, whatever it may cost, to save the unhappy leech. Powerful men are interested for him, the favourite of Iván Vassílievitch, the deacon Kourítzin, even the Primate Zosimus. The latter protects Antony, as being a lamb which is now likely to be lost to the flock of Christ. The refining-pot is just prepared to purify him, and they are about to pluck him from it, and hurl him into eternal fire. All have hope of softening Iván Vassílievitch. And if prayers, interest, and argument cannot succeed, there is yet another means" ....

This is what the brother communicated to his sister; and Anastasia, convulsively embracing him, implored him to gallop swiftly to Tver. In a few days—namely, on the feast of the Protection of the Holy Virgin—the old woman who prepared the miserable food for the prisoners, had thrown the German in his dungeon the kalátch: we know already what it contained. This was managed by Anastasia's nurse. What had it not cost the daughter of Obrazétz to induce her foster-mother to such an exploit! Tears, prostrations, promises of rich gifts and favours for the rest of her life, threats of suicide—all was employed to attain her object. She felt a thousand times easier when she was assured

of the fulfilment of her wish. The precious cross was on Antony's breast; it would save him.

The Prince Khólmskoi arrived in haste; his entreaties were joined to those of his daughter-in-law —the daughter of the Great Prince, the letters of Iván the Young sent by Khabár, of Helena, of the Primate; many of these persons fell at the feet of the stern ruler—all was in vain. "If I wished it myself I cannot do it," was the Great Prince's answer to them. "I have given my word to Danyár, my friend and servant; I have sworn before the image of our Saviour. Not for mine own son would I go back."

Aristotle and Andrióusha he would not see. In order to avoid meeting them he did not leave his palace for several days. The construction of the cathedral was stopped. The artist ordered the Great Prince to be informed, that the church would not be finished till Antony was set free, that it was only at Antony's request that he had begun its construction. Iván Vassílievitch's sole answer was a gloomy silence.

In the meanwhile they assured Anastasia that all was going well, that there was hope . . . .

The friends of the unfortunate prisoner never

ceased, however, to make every effort, to employ every means, in their power to save him. In this struggle against man and fate, the most active was the son of Aristotle.

It was sad to see Andrióusha! He hardly ate, or drank, or slept. They could only force him to strengthen himself with food, by telling him that his exertions were more needed by Antony than those of any one else. He did nothing but wander round the prison of his friend, or round the palace of the Great Prince. Here he watched the coming out of Iván Vassílievitch, even his looking out from a window; and once he did look out. Then the boy knelt down, bowed to the earth, beat his breast, and pointed to heaven, to the temple of God, to his own tears. What was the reply of Iván Vassílievitch? He hastily turned away his head.

Wandering day and night around the black izbá, like some passionate lover round the dwelling of his mistress, who is kept by a stern father or cruel guardian under bolt and bar, Andríousha sometimes fancied that through a crack in one of the bladder panes of the dungeon window, he caught a glimpse of the dear, the precious prisoner. The crevice—he began to remark—grew wider and wider

day by day. At last he was able to distinguish through it the lineaments of the face, so well known and so beloved. Then what a moving eloquent dialogue he carried on by signs with his friend! And who would have cared to hinder this dialogue? Any one that pleased, might wave his head before the black izbá, in sign of love to any of the prisoners, since not a hair's-breadth of liberty was added to the captive. Less than all had they any thing to fear from a boy!

And could the good Tveritchánin fail to take a lively interest in Antony's fate—Aphánasii, his delighted fellow-traveller in imagination over the Western lands—his *svat?* He often accompanied the boy in his secret journeys, and with him rejoiced in the communication opened with the dear prisoner. Andrióusha succeeded, standing on the old man's shoulders, in observing through the window of the dungeon, that no one was in the cell except the prisoner himself. Then he ventured to thrust his hand through the iron grating and the crevice in the bladder of the window, making him happy with a friendly pressure of the hand, and succeeded in saying to him—"To-morrow is the great day . . . . . expect me." He had no time to say more, and

heard nothing from Antony in reply. Some one entered the dungeon-cage.

Yes, to-morrow was the great day for Antony. His friends knew that the old Tartar Tsarévitch had recovered from the frightful lethargy with which his son's death had overwhelmed him, and that he was ready to demand from Iván Vassílievitch an exemplary revenge for his boy's head. To-morrow, at all hazards, his victim must be saved.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

"The dim lamp sleepily
'Gan pale before the flush of morning;
Into the dungeon stream'd the morn. The Poet's eye
Raised to the grate a glance unshrinking—
A noise! They come—they call—'Tis they—Prepare to die!
Hark! bolt and bar and lock is clinking,
They call . . . O stay, O stay! but one day—one day more!"

PÓUSHKIN—*André Chénier.*

"THE great day?" . . . . said Antony to himself. "Perhaps the day of pardon, of mercy! . . . . Perhaps of death! . . . . More likely the latter. The sentences of Iván are fatal: the thunderbolt, in falling from heaven, turneth not back. Perhaps my friends have determined on saving me? But how? With what sacrifices, under what conditions?"

"May this day be truly great," said he, as he awoke in the morning, and begged to have a priest.

They had the cruelty to refuse; or, what is the same thing, they answered not.

Kourítzin came not for the letters. What had hindered him? He would not deceive, if there had been any possibility of coming. He would undermine the foundations of the prison; he would make an entrance even through the chimney, if he could find no other path. Of this Antony was convinced. Was it not then the true reason of his absence, that there was yet hope of the Great Prince's mercy?

. . . . .

Hope! . . . . Great God! how did his heart beat at the word, his blood more swiftly rush through his veins! How, at the word, started they from the gloom all the dear ones with caresses, with all the gifts of life, and surround him! O, stay! remain but for a little, beloved visions, at the pillow of the unhappy; help him to forget this day the fetters, the black izbá, the groans, of his companions in captivity; enchant him, dear guests, with your caresses, give him yet one festival on earth, perhaps the last, on the threshold of eternity! . . . .

No! they had come but for a moment, and instantly vanished, driven away by the agony of uncertainty.

How heavily the hours dragged on till evening!

No one had come. Antony is watching at the window . . . .

He listens . . . . no one! All is still, as on the confines of the world.

Involuntarily he glanced at the wall . . . . By the feeble glimmer of the night-lamp, the fatal names of the wretches whose place he now filled in the dungeon, and who had already vanished from the earth, started from the gloom and struck upon his eye. Eloquent, grave lines! And wherefore should he not erect also a similar memorial of himself? Perhaps a new inmate would soon inhabit that cell, and would read in his turn these lines. He would then be not alone, he would surround himself with the family of his comrades that were no more, and carry on with them a dialogue of the heart.

Antony found a nail, and scratched upon the wall the four words—liebe Mutter, liebe A . . . . words of farewell to earth, or, what is the same thing, to those who were dearer than all in the world. When he had written them he melted into tears, as if he was tearing himself from the embrace of his dear mother, his darling bride, whom he was never more to see.

In after days these words attracted the deep attention of the crowned grandson of Iván, imprisoned in the same cell of the black izbá; often sought the

ill-fated Dmítrii Ivánovitch the key to these hieroglyphics. It was only the tale-teller Aphónia who could explain them in relating the story of the prisoner. It was not in vain that Antony wrote these four words in his native language; they served as noble funeral games in his memory, performed some years afterwards by the lips of the good old man, and the heart of the young captive, who knew not his own crime.

Suddenly was heard a rustling at the window .... Antony rushed to it .... he listens .... Some one is cautiously clambering up the wall .... an eye gleamed at the crevice in the window, and then the eye was succeeded by a little hand. It held a file and a folded paper. Antony seized both the one and the other, concealed the file in his bosom, and read with difficulty, in terrible agitation, the following lines, which fluttered and wavered before his eyes:—"To-morrow they are to give up thy head to the Tartars. This night thou must escape. File through the iron grating; the guard will not hinder thee. Through the window, and to the Mill of Zaneglínnaia! A horse and guide await thee there. From him thou wilt receive arms and money. Further on, on the road, the Prince Khólmskoi and Khabár have posted in various spots their men and

horses. They will conduct thee to the Lithuanian frontier. Save thyself by flying to thy country. Farewell, dear, ever loved friend! Remember that there are in Russia those who love thee well—O, how well!—and will only then be happy when they hear that thou art happy: forget not, too, thy little friend Andréi. God grant thee time and means to escape! Till then I cannot be at rest. Once more farewell, dear Antony!"

The soul of the captive was filled with light; joy gleamed in his eyes. He again felt the fresh air, he saw the fields, the sky, all so bright, so wide, so boundless . . . . But hardly had flitted by the first moments of rapture, awakened by the thought of escape, of liberty, than selfishness gave place to another feeling. Whither should he fly? To Bohemia. True, there he would find fatherland, safety, his dear-loved mother; but would he find that which was the ornament of his life—would he find Anastasia? What would become of him without her? He would die of grief. And here, at Moscow, what would be the consequences of his escape? Would not the prison-guards suffer—the retainers? Perhaps, and his friends as well? For him there would be executions; innocent blood

would be shed. No, no! never would he consent to sacrifice to his own safety, not his friends only, but even his fellow-creatures, even the humblest of the prison-guards. No man should suffer for him. The Lord had judged him; he would drink his cup alone.

On one side the world called him to itself; on the other a sublime, a Christian feeling commanded him not to hearken to this enchanting call. His head seemed full of fire, his heart died within him . . . . But he must decide . . . . He did.

His first act was to burn Andrióusha's letter. He did not give him back the file, not to pain him too suddenly, but he hastily wrote on a scrap of paper—"I know what fate may overwhelm those to whom my head is confided. God and my conscience forbid me to profit by the means of safety which they propose to me. I might escape, but my fellow-creatures would be ruined. I thank my friends. I thank thee, dear Andrióusha. The remembrance of your friendship will sweeten my last moments. Farewell, I embrace you all fondly, fondly. *There*, also, I shall be near you." Having written these lines, and seized the letters which he had prepared for his mother, he coughed at the crevice of the window.—

"What wouldst thou?" spoke a well-known voice. —"Thy hand," he answered. The little hand again appeared at the crevice. Antony pressed it to his lips, and placed in it his missives. In receiving what was given, Andrióusha felt tears dropping on his fingers. "What could they mean?" thought he, with a sinking of the heart; and seizing the hand of his friend, he hastened in his turn to cover it with kisses, and then descended from the shoulders of the good Tveritchánin, who now, as before, served him as a living ladder. The enigma which tortured him, was solved at home by the light of the fire.

In order not to fall into temptation, Antony threw the file out of the window—the last instrument of escape! . . . . It is finished! . . . .

Almost the whole night the captive passed in prayer. It was sad to leave this world; but the thought that he would put off this earthly vesture in purity —that love and friendship would conduct him with such sincere, such living devotion—lightened to his soul the path of the cross.

At midnight he began to doze. He fancied that he heard as in a dream a sobbing at his window. (This was the sobbing of Andrióusha, who had read the captive's answer.) But Antony was so uninter-

ruptedly, so sweetly weighed down with sleep, that he had no strength to resist it, and he slumbered on his rugged couch till dawn.

Suddenly . . . he hears a noise, a bustle . . . . "Where is the Almayne?" shouts a voice in bad Russian—"The Great Prince hath given us his head. Give up the Almayne."

And immediately after there thronged into the cell a number of Tartars, athletes in stature, their eyes glaring with rage; they rushed upon him, threw him down, and placing their knees on his back, bound his hands behind him.

'Twas a needless violence! Antony resisted not.

"I will go whither ye will," said he firmly; "I only ask one thing in the name of your father, of your mother. Kill me speedily, torture me not."

"For a dog, a dog's death!" cried the Tartars: "thou hadst no mercy on our Tsarévitch."

"Take that for my nephew!"

"And that for my kinsman!"

"And this for our Tsarévitch!"

And blows hailed on the unhappy victim, struck at random: one beat him with his fist, another with the handle of his knife.

Around the prison were assembled a multitude of

Tartars on horseback, and on foot. They greeted the captive with insults, with cries, with laughter. Thus does the company of Satan receive its victim at the gates of hell.

The horrible procession moved along the river-side, by the Great Street, towards the bridge over the Moskvá. Crowds of people began to join in behind it. It might have been expected that the mob would add its insults to those with which the Tartars received their unhappy victim; on the contrary, the Russians, beholding the youth, the beauty, the noble mien of Antony, and hearing that he had been about to take the Russian faith, pitied him, and reproached the Tartars; many women wept.

Near the Konstantíno-Yelenóffskii gate, the Prince Khólmskii, Aristotle, and Khabár encountered the procession. They rushed up to the leaders and offered them a rich ransom to set free their captive. The friends of Antony were joined by a young and beautiful woman; she offered in contribution a chain of gold, bracelets, and other female ornaments. This was Haidée.

Some of the Tartars were shaken by these offers; but the kinsmen of Karakátcha would not relent.

At last the friends of the unfortunate prisoner, by increasing their bribes, could only induce them to delay the execution a few moments longer.

They still expected mercy from Iván Vassílievitch. Andrióusha had gone to him; Kourítzin had promised at all hazards to admit Andrióusha to the Great Prince.

In order, in case of pardon, the sooner to communicate it to the executioners of the punishment, Khabár had galloped to the Konstantino-Yelenóffskaia street; there he awaited the messenger. Aristotle in the mean time had forced his way up to the condemned captive, and was consoling and comforting him.

Kourítzin had kept his word—Andrióusha was already at the ruler's feet, embracing them, covering them with tears. At first he could not utter a word.

How changed was the Great Prince's little favourite since he last had seen him! Where was the bloom of his face, the sparkle of his eyes? All this was gone; instead, was exhaustion and the paleness of the grave; his eyes were sunk, his face was convulsed, his lips parched, as if they were crusted with earth.

"What wouldst thou?" asked the Prince, touched in spite of himself.

"Mercy, O my Lord! pardon Antony the leech," said Andrióusha in a voice in which all his soul was poured forth. "God see'th, he is not guilty; some wicked men changed the medicine. I know him: I will answer for him, he would never do a wicked deed. Have mercy upon him, my Tsar, my father! Be generous! I will be thy bond-slave until the grave. Make of me what thou wilt, architect, stone-hewer, day-labourer: whatever thou wilt, I will be all for thee. I will serve thee as a faithful slave while I have a drop of blood remaining. Employ me in whatever work thou wilt; in war, in death; put me in Antony's place, but only have mercy upon him. I will for ever pray to God for thee."

In aid of the eloquent intercessor came Sophia Phomínishna from another chamber, whence she heard the piteous prayer, which tore her soul; and she began urgently to implore the Great Prince to show pity on the leech. At this moment she remembered not her grudge against Antony for insulting her brother, Andréi Phomítch.

"'Tis well," said the sovereign deeply touched; "I accord ye the life of Antony the leech. Kourítzin," he added, turning to his deacon, "send the guards in my name to liberate the leech from the Tartars, and call Danyár to me. Haply I may bend him."

Andrióusha shrieked for joy .... he arose .... again fell at the feet of Iván Vassílievitch, kissed them, and, swifter than lightning, flew from the palace of the Great Prince. The dvorétzkoi, who tried to stop him in the passage, he hurled prostrate. Forgetting where was his hat, he rushed, with uncovered head, like a madman, along square and street.

In the Konstantíno-Yelenóffskaia street, Khabár was no longer to be seen .... Had they already? ....

Andrióusha's heart died within him. Agonized with terror, panting for breath, he fell .... he struggled to breathe, arose .... again rushed on, and again fell .... he tried to shout, but his voice was dried up, and uttered only unintelligible sounds; he tried to crawl on, but could not .... Strength, life, had left him. He dashed himself upon the frozen earth; he seemed to be wrestling for life and

death . . . . and at length he fell exhausted in a swoon.

In this condition he was found by Aristotle, himself almost in a state of frenzy.

"It is too late!" he cried in a death-like voice, raising his dying son, throwing him on his shoulders, and carrying him away,—himself he knew not whither. With this burden he wandered about like a shadow, groping his way by the houses and the fences. Some one who knew them, took pity upon them, and led them home.

Yes, it was too late. They had seen the Tsarévitch Danyár galloping to his people, raging at them, and giving stern order to finish the horrid sacrifice; they had seen the Tartars drag Antony from the bank under the bridge on the ice of the frozen river; they had seen Antony bow to the people; when free'd from his bonds he crossed himself, pressed something to his bosom, and then the Tartar . . . . lifting him high, triumphantly, by the thick, bright curls of the fair head . . . .

And the sun at that very moment so brightly shone in heaven!

Having collected the remains of the dead, Khabár and the Tveritchánin Aphónia buried them at

night near the "court of the Antónoff, behind Saint Lazarus."

And it was for this that Antony Ehrenstein had come to Russia! And it was, too, that he might leave the following just and honourable lines about himself in history—"*The leech Antony the Almayne did come hither* (*in* 1485) *to y^e^ Grete Prince; the said Anton was held in grete honour of the Grete Prince; in showing his craft upon Karakátcha, Tsarévitch Danyár, he slew the aforesaid with poison, killing him for a jest. And the Prince thereupon did give him up to 'the Tartares' . . . . and they took the said leech to the rivere of Moskvá, under the bridge, in wynter, and did there cutte hys throte with theire knyves, like a shepe.*"

And what became of Anastasia? Day by day in her eyes and in her soul it grew darker and darker, until all was melted into one dreadful gloom. Antony incessantly appeared before, and called her to himself.

"I come, I come—my love, my husband!" she cried in her frenzy.

She languished awhile, pining and withering away; at last madness fired her soul . . . . she laid hands on herself.

Ask me not how this was.

You know by history that the execution of the leech threw into violent terror all the foreigners dwelling in Moscow; that Aristotle was about to fly to his own country; that the Great Prince "took him, plundered him, and imprisoned him in the court of Antónoff, behind Sanct Lazarus;" that the artist performed his vow—finished the Cathedral of the Annunciation of the Holy Virgin. But what afterwards became of him and his son—where they directed their steps, you can nowhere discover. In vain your heart enquires where lies their dust .... God knows!"

'Tis sad, 'tis very sad!

You certainly do not ask me what was Khabár-Simskoi's future fate. Well known to the heart of every Russian must be the liberation of Níjnii-Nóvgorod from our foes; the saving of *our* honour at Riazán, besieged by the Tartars in the time of Vassílii Ivánovitch; and other exploits of this renowned voevóda.

We have forgotten to say, that on the day of Antony's execution was born Iván's grandson, Dmítrii Ivánovitch.

We think it necessary to add, in concluding our

tale, that the place of the leech Antony at the court of the Great Prince was supplied, at Poppel's recommendation, by *Master* Leon, a Jew by birth; that this master treated and *effectually cured* Iván the Young, and was for this crime publicly executed on the Bolvanóffka, beyond the river Moskvá. At this no one was sorry; well did the villain deserve his torments.

Let us now change the scene to Germany.

Poppel, on returning to his sovereign's court, hastened to gratify his uncle with the news of his namesake's death. "Wretch!" cried the baron, driven almost to frenzy: "he was my son. I am his murderer. I curse thee and myself!"

He hastened to relate to every one the story of Antony's birth and of his own wickedness. Soon a monastery received him in its walls. At the same monastery there afterwards arrived another seeker for retirement: this was Antonio Fioraventi. We may judge what was their first meeting. Yet long they continued to meet, day after day, in the passages of the monastery; they bowed humbly to each other, and hastened to wash away, at the foot of the cross, with tears of deep remorse, the blood of the innocent victim with which they were stained.

I met with one person, the irritable critic of every thing and every body; a tall, withered, dried-up old fellow, who asked me why I had not explained to Antony, before his death, that he was the baron.

"What for?" asked I.

"Why, he would have died easier," was the reply.

CHAPTER XIII.

AGAIN IN BOHEMIA.

"Play we to an end our play, sing our song out while we may."

You remember, doubtless, the castle by the White Mountain, on the bank of the Elbe, though it is long since we left it. Here, in rather less than three years since we were there, let us again enter the court-yard belonging to this poor castle.

A lovely day of autumn—remember, in Bohemia—is already inclining towards evening, and throws its rosy veil over sky, over stream—over all things. And the castle is all glowing with the blaze, as though there were a festival there. All creation, penetrated by a kind of balmy quietness, breathes soft, and light, and low. In the courtyard of the castle, a majestic elm, still beautiful, though old age and autumn have despoiled it of its ornaments, has drawn toward itself a young vine, which firmly em-

braces it, twines in wanton wreaths around its branches, and adorns it with its clusters warmly glowing in the last rays of the sun. On one of the boughs is suspended a cradle, all nested in flowers. An aged man, white-haired, tall, withered, with tender assiduity is rocking it, seated on a stool. But the infant has begun to cry, and the old man hastens to draw back the curtains, takes the baby in his arms, dandles and nurses it till the mother comes. Now a young woman takes the sweet burden from the male nurse, sits down also beneath the elm, and begins to feed it from the breast. Her glances gaze now at the child with love, then with tenderness they meet two dear beings who have approached the elm, and stopped at a short distance. One—a tall, handsome, blooming peasant or farmer, (judging by his dress, which is distinguished from that of a peasant by some shades of taste;) the other—a child of two years old. Between these two a struggle is going on, and the mother guesses that the victory will remain on the side of the latter. The child, all flushed and rosy, is trying with all his might to drag along the spade which the young peasant has brought from his labour in the fields. The father wishes to let him have his way, but, at the

same time, he is afraid that the load, above his strength, may hurt the boy. At last a peace is made; the boy is to do as he likes—he drags along the spade, but the father ties his garter to it, on which is supported the whole weight of the tool. This contest and victory singularly amuses the old man and the young woman. All this picture is coloured with the rosy liquid light of sunset.

Hail, old friends, Yan, Yakoubék and Liouboúsha! But your family has increased. Every thing proves that ye live contented and happy. Ye have not sought this happiness beyond the sea; ye have found it around yourselves. God be praised, ye know not even the name of the passions! Your blood has never boiled with them; your hearts have never been rent in pieces by them; their hellish tortures have never deprived you of food, of sleep, nor agonized your imagination with threatening phantoms. God be praised! . . . . . Peace and blessedness shall never depart even from your graves! "Here rest the *good*," will say the neighbours who knew ye, as they point to your turf, and the traveller will remember ye with a blessing.

The young woman, having suckled her infant, puts him back in the cradle, and the old man again

applies himself to lull it to sleep. A table is spread beneath the elm; soon the evening meal is ready. But before they sit down to it, all the family piously say a prayer; and the child, repeating after his mother, lisps a thanksgiving to God for its daily bread. They take their seats; Liouboúsha alone delays to sit down. She strains her glances on the neighbouring mountain, along which winds the road leading to the castle, and seems to follow with her eyes some moving object.

"What art thou hunting for there, Liouboúsha?" asked Yakoubék. "Is it the cow that has strayed? Here's a job for me, just as it was last year . . . . . she will give me work till night!"

"No," answered the young woman, "there is a traveller creeping along the mountain; an old man . . . . yes, I can see he is very weary. Shall we not wait for him?"

Yakoubék made a penthouse over his eyes with his hand, and after a short pause exclaimed—"It is a traveller! By his dress, it is clear he doth not belong to these parts. Well, we will wait for him."

They covered up the milk from the flies, quieted the impatience of the boy with a slice of bread, and began to await the wayfarer. But as he crept along

with difficulty, the young woman went to meet him, welcomed him with friendly words, and taking him by the hand helped him on quicker to the elm.

The traveller's dress was not German, and he spoke a language which, though intelligible to the Bohemians, was not Tchekh. The old man, before he bowed to his hosts, made several signs of the cross before an image placed in a small cavity of the elm, which highly pleased the pious Bohemians.

They seated him in the place of honour, and welcomed him as well as they could both with bodily food and kindness. Soon the whole family took a great fancy to the old man. And even the little son of Yakoubék, who was two years old, and had been at first afraid of him, probably because he had only one eye, in a short time crept up to him, and began to ask for his staff to ride on horseback upon.

And there was an important reason why the inhabitants of the castle should love the traveller—he was a Russian; he had come from Moscow. You have guessed, that it was the Tveritchánin, Aphánasii Nikítin. He had travelled to the countries towards the rising of the sun; he had desired also to visit those which lay at his setting, and here . . . . he had

come . . . . It is true it was not curiosity alone that attracted him to Bohemia ; he bore to Antony's mother one of the letters from the departed.

" When they learned that the traveller was a Russian, Yan, Yakoubék, and Liouboúsha overwhelmed him with questions about their young master. " Good heaven ! from Russia, from Moscow?" said they; " if we had known that we should receive so welcome a guest, we would have gone to meet thee at Lipetsk, and brought thee hither in our arms !"

But the traveller, before he answered their multitudinous questions, himself asked them where was the boyárinia, the mother of his young lord, Antony.

" There !" answered Yan, pointing to heaven.

The old man crossed himself with piety, and cried, —" Glory be to God ! . . . . I was about to bring her news of her son . . . . but they have already met, already spoken to each other."

The tidings of their young master's death deeply touched the good inhabitants of the tower. They remembered the beauty of his person, his noble heart, his last visit to the castle, distinguished by various deeds of charity; they blessed him for the happiness which he had procured for the whole family; they remembered their young lord's departure for Muscovy . . . .

"As if he had foreseen that he would never come back," said Yakoubék, interrupting his words with sobs; "'who knoweth whether we shall ever meet again?' he said at Lipetsk, when I attended him there .... It was not for nothing that my heart died away! I should have liked to have seen him but once more! I think I could have borne it better!"

"Thanks be to God that the Lady Baroness died before him," said Yan, "or how she would have suffered, poor lady, at her end!"

"But when did the boyárinia finish her life?" asked the traveller.

"It will soon now be two years," replied Yan. "She was well and calm .... gay, I cannot say; for gay I had not seen her since a long, a very long time .... Suddenly, without any cause, she began to mourn, she became thoughtful, she grew unquiet .... thou see'st, good man, this must have been caused by some bad dream about her son .... 'It is not in vain,' she said; 'something, yes, something bad hath happened to him.' I reasoned with her as far as my poor wit would go, or rather my love and devotion to her; and sent Father Laurence to her with the Church's consolations. No, the gracious lady insisted on one thing—that some harm had hap-

pened to her son. She faded, faded away, and took to her bed. But one day, in the morning, they brought her through the Jew Zakharia—perhaps thou knowest him, or hast seen him in Russia—lo, they brought her a letter from my young lord! You should have seen what happened with her then! Before, she could hardly lift her hand, but then she herself arose in bed, and began to press the letter to her heart and weep. Oh, those were tears, such as God grant we may weep in the other world! She called us all around her, and showed the letter to us; joy gleamed in her eyes, and her cheeks glowed just like a young maiden's. Then she dressed herself in her best clothes; there were the sables, too, that my Lord Antony gave her—and sent for Father Laurence to read the letter. And he read to her how happily our young lord was living, and how he was loved by his young beautiful wife, and how the Lord King of Muscovy covered him with his favour. Well, goodman, she could not long bear such extremity of joy . . . . in three days she rendered up her soul to God. And, in dying, she ever held the letter to her bosom. So they buried her with it."

The traveller's heart was swelling as he listened to this tale; often did he wipe away with the back

of his hand the tears that rolled down in spite of him, one after the other. He did not undeceive the inhabitants of the poor castle with regard to Antony's welfare: he would not take so great a sin upon his soul. On the contrary, he endeavoured to paint in still fairer colours the happy life of the court physician in Russia, and added, that he had only recently died. But, as he recounted all this, he could not refrain from weeping . . . .

He passed two weeks enjoying the hospitality of his new friends, as if he were in his own family; he desired at first to go yet further to the West, but he went not—some mournful remembrance drew him back to Russia.

The inhabitants of the tower conducted him on his way, as if they were escorting once more their young lord on his road to Russia. Long they stood at the cross-road, till he had altogether vanished from their sight; long continued the talk about him in the happy family.

THE END.

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