

TARAS BULBA

NIKOLAI V. GOGOL



CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



FROM THE BOOKS OF
GEORGE MORGAN WELCH '03
COLONEL

Judge Advocate General's Department
Army of the United States

PG 3332.T3 1886

Taras Bulba.



3 1924 026 658 165

olin

PG

3332

T3

1886



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.



NIKOLAÏ V. GOGOL.

TARAS BULBA

BY

NIKOLAÏ VASILIEVITCH GOGOL

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
13 ASTOR PLACE

115

115
115
115

A 214423
Repl.

COPYRIGHT, 1886,

By THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.



ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED
BY RAND, AVERY, AND COMPANY,
BOSTON.

TARAS BULBA.



I.

“AH, turn round, son! How ridiculous you are! What sort of priest’s cassock have you got on? Do all in the academy dress like this?”

With such words did old Bulba greet his two sons, who had been away for their education to the Royal Seminary in Kief, and had just returned home to their father.

His sons had but just dismounted from their horses. They were a couple of stout lads who still looked askance, like youths recently released from the seminary. Their strong, healthy faces were covered with the first down, which had, as yet, never known a razor. They

were very much disturbed by such a reception from their father, and stood motionless with their eyes fixed upon the earth.

“Stand still, stand still! let me have a good look at you,” he continued, turning them round. “How long your svitkas¹ are! What svitkas! There never were such svitkas in the world before. Just run, one of you! I will see whether he will not get entangled in the skirts, and fall to the ground.”

“Don’t laugh, don’t laugh, father!” said the eldest of them at length.

“See how touchy they are! Why shouldn’t I laugh?”

“Because, although you are my father, if you laugh, by heavens, I will beat you!”

“Ah, what kind of a son are you? what, your father!” said Taras Bulba, retreating several paces in amazement.

“Yes, even my father. I don’t stop to consider persons when an insult is in question.”

¹ Long garments of coarse cloth.

“So you want to fight me? with your fists?”

“Any way.”

“Well, let it be with fists,” said Taras Bulba, stripping up his sleeves: “I’ll see what sort of a man you are with your fists.”

And the father and son, in place of a pleasant meeting after long separation, began to administer to each other heavy blows in the ribs, on the back and chest, now retreating and looking at each other, now attacking afresh.

“Look, good people! the old man has gone mad! he has lost his senses completely!” screamed their pale, ugly, good mother, who was standing on the threshold, and had not yet succeeded in embracing her darling children. “The children have come home, we have not seen them for over a year; and now he has taken some strange freak, — he’s pummelling them.”

“Yes, he fights well,” said Bulba, pausing; “well, by heavens!” he continued, rather as if excusing himself, “yes, although he has never

tried before. He will be a good Cossack! Now, welcome, son! embrace me;" and the father and son began to kiss each other. "Good little son! see that you beat every one as you pummelled me; don't let any one escape. Nevertheless, your garment is ridiculous. What rope is this, hanging here?—And you, lout, why are you standing there with your hands hanging?" said he, turning to the youngest. "Why don't you fight me? you son of a dog!"

"What an idea!" said the mother, who had managed in the mean time to embrace the youngest. "Who ever heard of a man's own children beating their father? That's enough for the present: the child is young, he has had a long journey, he is tired." (The child was over twenty, and about six feet high.) "He ought to rest, and eat something; and he sets him to fighting!"

"Eh, I see you are a scribbler!" said Bulba. "Don't listen to your mother, little son; she is

a woman, she knows nothing. What sort of petting do you need? Your petting is a clear field and a good horse, that's your petting! And do you see this sword? that's your mother! All the rest they stuff your heads with is rubbish; the academy, books, A B C books, philosophy, and all that, I spit upon it all!" Here Bulba added a word which is not used in print. "But I'll tell you what is best: I'll take you to Zaporozhe¹ this very week. There's science for you! There's your school; there alone will you acquire sense."

"And are they only to remain at home a week?" said the thin old mother sadly, with tears in her eyes. "The poor boys will have no chance to go about, no chance to get acquainted with the home where they were born; there will be no chance for me to get a look at them."

"Enough, you've howled enough, old woman! A Cossack is not born to run around after women. You would like to hide them both

¹ The Cossack country beyond (*za*) the falls (*porozhe*) of the Dniepr.

under your petticoat, and sit upon them as a hen sits on eggs. Go, go, and let us have every thing there is on the table in a trice. We don't want any pampushke,¹ honey-cakes, poppy-cakes, or any other messes : bring us a whole sheep, give us a goat, mead forty years old, and as much gorilka² as possible, not with raisins and all sorts of stuff, but plain flaming gorilka, which foams and hisses like mad."

Bulba led his sons into the principal room of the cabin ; and two handsome female servants in coin necklaces, who were arranging the apartment, ran out quickly. They were evidently frightened at the arrival of the young men, who did not care to be familiar with any one ; or else they merely wanted to maintain their female custom of screaming, and rushing headlong at the sight of a man, and then screening their lively shame for a long time with their sleeves. The cabin was furnished according to the fashion of that period, — concerning

¹ A boiled dish, made of dough.

² Corn-brandy.

which vivid hints remain only in the songs and lyrics, which are no longer sung in the Ukraine by aged blind men, with gentle tinkle of the bandoura, to the people thronging round them, — according to the taste of that warlike and troublous time, when the leagues and battles began to occur in the Ukraine, after the union. All was clean, smeared with colored clay. On the walls hung sabres, *nagaiki* (hunting-whips), nets for birds, fish-nets and guns, cleverly carved powder-horns, gilded bits for horses, and tether-ropes with silver plates. The window was small, with round dull panes, through which it was impossible to see except by raising the one movable pane. Around the windows and doors were red bands. On shelves in the corner stood jugs, bottles, and flasks of green and blue glass, carved silver cups, and gilded glasses of various makes, — Venetian, Turkish, Tscherkesian, which had arrived in Bulba's cabin by various roads, at third and fourth hand, a thing which was quite common in those bold days.

There were birch benches all around the room, a huge table under the images in the front corner, and a wide oven, all covered with parti-colored patterns, and projections, and depressions, with spaces between it and the wall. All this was very familiar to our two young men, who came home every year during the dog-days, because they had no horses, and because it was not customary to permit the students to ride on horseback. All they had was *tchubui*,¹ which every Cossack who bore weapons could pull. It was only at the end of their course, that Bulba sent them, from his stud, a couple of young stallions.

Bulba, on the occasion of his sons' arrival, ordered all the sotniks,² and all the officers of the band who were of any consequence, to be summoned; and when two of them arrived with the Osaul³ Dmitro Tovkatch, his old comrade, he immediately presented his sons, saying, "See

¹ Long locks of hair on the temples.

² Captains of hundreds.

³ Under hetman, or chief, among the Cossacks.

what fine young fellows they are! I shall send them to the Setch¹ shortly." The guests congratulated Bulba, and both the young men, and told them they would do well, and that there was no better knowledge for a young man than a knowledge of that Zaporozhian Setch.

"Now, brothers, seat yourselves, each where he likes best at the table; now my sons. First of all, let's drink gorilka:" so spoke Bulba. "God bless you! Welcome, sons; you Ostap, and you Andrii. God grant that you may always be successful in war, that you may conquer the Mussulmans and the Turks and the Tatars; and when the Poles undertake any expedition against our faith, then may you beat the Poles. Now clink your glasses—how now? Is the gorilka good? What's gorilka in Latin? Come, my son, the Latins were stupid: they did not know there was such a thing in the world as gorilka. What was the name of the man who wrote Latin rhymes? I don't know

¹ The village of the Zaporozhian Cossacks.

much about reading and writing, so I don't know quite. Was it Horace?"

"What a dad!" thought the eldest son Ostap. "The old dog knows every thing, but he always pretends the contrary."

"I don't believe the archimandrite allowed you so much as a smell of gorilka," continued Taras. "Confess, my little sons, they beat you well with fresh birch-twigs, on your backs, and all over your Cossack bodies; and perhaps, when you became too sensible, they beat you with whips. And not on Saturday only, I fancy, but on Wednesday and Thursday."

"What is past, father, must not be recalled: it is done with."

"Let them try it now," said Andrii. "Let anybody just touch me, let any Tatar expose himself now, and he'll learn what a Cossack's sword is like!"

"Good, my son, by heavens, good! And when it comes to that, I'll go with you; by heavens, I'll go! What should I wait here for?"

To become a buckwheat-reaper and house-keeper, to look after the sheep and swine, and go around with my wife? Away with them! I am a Cossack; I'll have none of them!

✂ What's left but war? I'll go with you to Zaporozhe to carouse; I'll go, by heavens!"

And old Bulba grew warm by degrees; and finally, quite angry, rose from the table, and, assuming a dignified attitude, stamped his foot. "We will go to-morrow! Why delay? What enemy can we besiege here? What is this hut to us? What do we want of all this? What are pots to us?" So saying, he began to knock the pots and flasks, and to throw them about.

The poor old woman, well used to such capers from her husband, looked sadly on from her seat on the wall-bench. She did not dare say any thing; but when she heard the decision which was so terrible for her, she could not refrain from tears. She looked at her children, from whom so speedy a separation was

threatened; and it is impossible to describe the full force of her speechless grief, which seemed to quiver in her eyes, and on her lips convulsively pressed together.

Bulba was terribly headstrong. He was one of the characters which could only exist in that fierce fifteenth century, in that half-nomadic corner of Europe, when the whole of Southern, original Russia, deserted by its princes, was laid waste, burned to the quick by pitiless troops of Mongolian robbers; when men deprived of house and home were brave here; when, amid conflagrations, in sight of threatening neighbors and eternal fear, they settled down, and grew accustomed to looking them straight in the face, and trained themselves not to know that there was such a thing as fear in the world; when the ancient, peaceable Slav spirit was seized with warlike flame, and the Cossack state was instituted, — a free, wild feast of Russian nature, — and when all the river-banks, fords, and suitable places

were populated by Cossacks, whose number no man knew, and whose bold comrades had a right to reply to the Sultan inquiring how many they were, "Who knows? We are scattered all over the steppes: wherever there is a hillock, there is a Cossack." It was, in fact, a most remarkable exhibition of Russian strength; dire necessity forced it from the bosom of the people. In place of the original provinces, petty towns filled with huntsmen and whippers-in, in place of the warring and bartering petty princes in cities, there arose great colonies, kuréns,[†] and districts, bound together by a common danger, and hatred towards the heathen robbers. The whole story is well known, how their incessant fighting and restless life saved Europe from the merciless hordes which threatened to overwhelm her. The Polish kings, finding themselves sovereigns in place of the provincial princes, over these extensive lands, though they were dis-

[†] Cossack villages. In the Setch, a large wooden barrack.

tant and feeble, yet understood the significance of the Cossacks, and the advantages of this warlike, untrammelled life. They encouraged them, and flattered this disposition of mind. Under their distant rule, the hetmans, chosen from among the Cossacks themselves, re-distributed the districts and villages (*kurens*) into regiments and uniform districts. It was not a regularly recruited army, no one saw it; but in case of war and general uprising, it required a week, and no more, for every man to appear on horseback, fully armed, receiving only one ducat from the king; and in two weeks such an army had assembled as no recruiting officers would ever have been able to collect. When the expedition was ended, the army dispersed among fields and meadows, and the fords of the Dniepr; each man fished, traded, brewed his beer, and was a free Cossack. Their foreign contemporaries rightly marvelled at their wonderful qualities. There was no trade which the Cossack did not

know: he could distil brandy, make a *telega* (peasant's wagon), make powder, do blacksmith's and locksmith's work, in addition to committing wild excesses, drinking and carousing as only a Russian can,—all this he was equal to. Besides the registered Cossacks, who considered themselves bound to appear in time of war, it was possible to collect at any time, in case of dire need, a whole army of volunteers. All that was required was for the osaul to traverse all the market-places and squares of the villages and hamlets, and shout at the top of his voice, standing in his telega, "Hey, ye distillers and beer-brewers! ye have brewed enough beer, and lolled on your ovens, and fed your fat bodies with flour, long enough! Rise, win glory and knightly honor! Ye ploughmen, reapers of buckwheat, tenders of sheep, danglers after women, enough of following the plough, and dirtying your yellow shoes in the earth, and courting women, and wasting your knightly strength! The hour has come to win

glory for the Cossacks!" and these words were like sparks falling on dry wood. The husbandman broke his plough; the brewers and distillers threw away their casks, and destroyed their barrels; the mechanic and merchant sent their trade and their shop to the devil, broke the pots and every thing else in their houses, and mounted their horses. In short, the Russian character here received a broad, deep development, and a powerful outward expression.

Taras was one of the band of old, primitive colonels; he was born for warlike emotions, and was distinguished for his uprightness of character. Then the influence of Poland had already begun to make itself felt upon the Russian nobility. Many adopted Polish customs, began to display luxury, splendid staffs of servants, hawks, huntsmen, dinners, and palaces. This was not to Taras' taste. He liked the simple life of the Cossacks, and quarrelled with those of his comrades who were inclined to the

Warsaw party, calling them serfs of the Polish nobles. Ever restless, he regarded himself as the legal protector of the faith. He entered despotically into a village where there was universal complaint of the oppression of the revenue farmers and the addition of fresh taxes on necessaries. He and his Cossacks executed justice, and made it a rule, that in three cases it was absolutely necessary to resort to the sword: namely, when the commissioners did not respect the superior officers, and stood before them in their caps; when any one made light of the faith, and did not observe the customs of his ancestors; and, finally, when the enemy were Mussulmans or Turks, against whom he considered it permissible, in every case, to raise the sword for the glory of Christianity.

Now he rejoiced beforehand at the thought of how he would present himself with his two sons in the Setch, and say, "See what fine young fellows I have brought you!" how he

would introduce them to all his old comrades, steeled in war; how he would observe their first exploits in the sciences of war and of carousing, which was also regarded as one of the principal knightly qualities. At first he had intended to send them forth alone; but at the sight of their freshness, stature, and vigorous personal beauty, his martial spirit flashed up, and he resolved to go with them himself the very next day, although there was no necessity for this except his obstinate self-will. He began at once to hurry about and give orders; he selected horses and trappings for his young sons, looked through the stables and storehouses, and chose servants to accompany them on the morrow. He delegated his power to Osaul Tovkatch, and gave with it a strict command to appear with his whole troop the very instant he should receive a message from him at Setch. Although he was jolly, and the effects of his drinking bout still lingered in his brain, he forgot nothing; he even gave

orders that the horses should be watered, their cribs filled, and that they should be fed with the best wheat; and then he retired, fatigued with all his labors.

“Now, children, we must sleep, but tomorrow we shall do what God appoints. Don't prepare us a bed: we need no bed; we will sleep in the courtyard.”

Night had but just covered the heavens, but Bulba always went to bed early. He lay down on a rug, and covered himself with a sheepskin jacket; for the night air was quite sharp, and Bulba liked to be warmly covered when he was at home. He was soon snoring, and the whole household speedily followed his example. All snored and groaned as they lay in the different corners. The watchman went to sleep the first of all, because he had drunk so much in honor of his young masters' home-coming.

The mother alone slept not. She bent over the pillow of her dear sons, as they lay side

by side; she smoothed with a comb their carelessly tangled young curls, and moistened them with her tears. She gazed at them with her whole being, with every sense; she was wholly merged in the gaze, and yet she could not gaze enough. She had nourished them at her own breast, she had tended them and brought them up; and now to see them only for an instant! "My sons, my darling sons! what will become of you? what awaits you?" she said, and her tears stood in the wrinkles which disfigured her formerly beautiful face. In truth she was to be pitied, as was every woman of that long-past period. She lived only for a moment in love, only during the first ardor of passion, only during the first flush of youth; and then her grim betrayer deserted her for the sword, for his comrades and his carouses. She saw her husband two or three days in a year, and then, for several years, heard nothing of him. And when she did see him, when they did live together, what life was hers? She

endured insult, even blows; she saw caresses bestowed only in pity; she was a strange object in that community of unmarried cavaliers, upon which wandering Zaporozhe cast a coloring of its own. Her pleasureless youth flitted by; and her splendidly beautiful cheeks and bosom withered away unkissed, and became covered with premature wrinkles. All her love, all her feeling, every thing that is tender and passionate in a woman, was converted in her into maternal love. She hovered around her children with anxiety, passion, tears, like the gull of the steppes. They were taking her sons, her darling sons, from her, — taking them from her, so that she should never see them again! Who knows? Perhaps a Tatar will cut off their heads in the very first skirmish, and she will never know where their deserted bodies lie, torn by birds of prey; and yet for each drop of their blood she would have given all of hers. Sobbing, she gazed into their eyes, even when all-powerful sleep began to close

them, and thought, "Perhaps Bulba, when he wakes, will put off their departure for a little day or two; perhaps it occurred to him to go so soon, because he had been drinking."

The moon from the height of heaven had long since illuminated the whole courtyard filled with sleepers, the thick clump of willows, and the tall steppe-grass which hid the palisade surrounding the court. She still sat at her dear sons' pillow, never removing her eyes from them for a moment, or thinking of sleep. Already the horses, divining the approach of dawn, had all ceased eating, and lain down upon the grass; the topmost leaves of the willows began to rustle softly, and little by little the rippling rustle descended to their bases. She sat there until daylight, unwearied, and wished in her heart that the night might prolong itself indefinitely. From the steppes came the ringing neigh of the horses, and red tongues shone brightly in the sky. Bulba suddenly awoke, and sprang to his feet. He remembered

quite well what he had ordered the night before. "Now, people, you've slept enough! 'tis time, 'tis time! Water the horses! And where is the old woman?" (he generally called his wife so.) "Be quick, old woman, get us something to eat: the way is long."

The poor old woman, deprived of her last hope, slipped sadly into the cottage.

While she, with tears, prepared what was needed for breakfast, Bulba distributed his orders, went to the stable, and selected his best trappings for his children with his own hand.

The collegians were suddenly transformed. Red morocco boots with silver heels took the place of their dirty old ones; trousers wide as the Black Sea, with thousands of folds and plaits, were supported by golden girdles; from the girdle hung a long, slender thong, with tassels and other tinkling things, for pipes. The jacket of fiery red cloth was confined by a flowered belt; engraved Turkish pistols were

thrust through the belt; their swords clanged at their heels. Their faces, already a little sunburnt, seemed to have grown handsomer and whiter; the little black mustaches now cast a more distinct shadow on this pallor and their strong, healthy, youthful complexions. They were very handsome in their black sheepskin caps, with gold crowns.

When their poor mother saw them, she could not utter a word, and tears stood in her eyes.

“Now, sons, all is ready; no delay!” said Bulba at last. “Now we must all sit down together, in accordance with our Christian custom before a journey.”

All sat down, not excepting the servants, who had been standing respectfully at the door.

“Now, mother, bless your children,” said Bulba. “Pray God that they may fight bravely, always defend their knightly honor, always defend the faith of Christ; and, if not, that they may die, so that their breath may not be longer in the world.”

“Come to your mother, children ; a mother’s prayer saves on land and sea.”

The mother, weak as mothers are, embraced them, drew out two small images, and placed them, sobbing, on their necks. “May God’s mother — keep you ! Little sons, forget not your mother — send some little word of yourselves” — She could say no more.

“Now, children, let us go,” said Bulba.

At the door stood the horses, ready saddled. Bulba sprang upon his “Devil,” which jumped madly back, feeling on his back a load of twelve poods,¹ for Taras was extremely stout and heavy.

When the mother saw that her sons were also mounted on their horses, she flung herself towards the younger, whose features expressed somewhat more gentleness than those of the other. She grasped his stirrup, clung to his saddle, and, with despair in her eyes, would not loose him from her hands. Two stout Cos-

¹ A pood is about forty pounds.

sacks seized her carefully, and carried her into the cottage. But before they had passed through the gate, with the speed of a wild goat, quite disproportioned to her years, she rushed to the gate, with irresistible strength stopped a horse, and embraced one of her sons with mad, unconscious violence. Then they led her away again.

The young Cossacks rode on sadly, and repressed their tears out of fear of their father, who, on his side, was somewhat moved, although he strove not to show it. The day was gray, the green shone brightly, the birds twittered rather discordantly. They glanced back as they rode. Their farm seemed to have sunk into the earth. All that was visible above the surface were the two chimneys of their modest cottage, and the crests of the trees up whose trunks they had been used to climb like squirrels; before them still stretched the field by which they could recall the whole story of their lives, from the years when they rolled in its

dewy grass, up to the years when they awaited in it a black-browed Cossack maiden, who ran timidly across it with her quick young feet. There is the pole above the well, with the telega wheel fastened on top, rising solitary against the sky; already the level which they have traversed appears a hill in the distance, and all has disappeared. Farewell, childhood, games, all, all, farewell!

II.

ALL three horsemen rode in silence. Old Taras's thoughts were far away: before him passed his youth, his years,—his swift-flying years, over which the Cossack always weeps, wishing that his life might be all youth. He wondered whom of his former comrades he should meet in the Setch. He reckoned up how many had already died, how many were still alive. Tears formed slowly in his eyes, and his gray head bowed sadly.

His sons were occupied with other thoughts. But we must speak further of his sons. They had been sent, when twelve years old, to the academy at Kief, because all respectable officials of that day considered it indispensable to give their children an education, although it was afterwards utterly forgotten. Like all who

entered the academy, they were wild, brought up in unrestrained freedom; and there they generally acquired some polish, and learned some common branches which gave them a certain resemblance to each other.

The eldest, Ostap, began his career by running away in the course of the first year. They brought him back, whipped him well, and set him down to his books. Four times did he bury his A B C book in the earth; and four times, after bestowing upon him a sound thrashing, did they buy him a new one. But he would have repeated it for the fifth time, doubtless, had not his father given him a solemn assurance that he would keep him at monastic employments for twenty years, and had he not sworn in advance that he should never behold Zaporozhe all his life long, unless he learned all sciences in the academy. It was odd, that he who said this was that very Taras Bulba who condemned all learning, and counselled his children, as we have seen, not to trouble them-

selves about it at all. From that moment, Ostap began to sit over his tiresome books with exemplary diligence, and quickly stood on a level with the best. The style of education in that age differed widely from the manner of life. These scholastic, grammatical, rhetorical, and logical subtilities were decidedly out of consonance with the times, never had any connection with and never were encountered in actual life: Those who studied them could not apply their knowledge to any thing whatever, not even the least scholastic of them. The learned men of those days were even more incapable than the rest, because farther removed from all experience. Moreover, the fearfully republican constitution of the academy, the fearful multitude of young, healthy, strong fellows, — all this must have inspired them with an activity quite outside the limits of their learning. Sometimes poor fare, or frequent punishments of fasting, the numerous requirements arising in fresh, strong, healthy youth, — all these things com-

bined to arouse in them that spirit of enterprise which was afterwards further developed among the Zaporozhians. The hungry student ran about the streets of Kief, and forced every one to be on his guard. Merchants sitting in the bazaar always covered their pies, their *bubliki*,[‡] and pumpkin-rolls with their hands, like eagles protecting their young, if they but caught sight of a passing student. The consul, who was bound by his duty to oversee his comrades intrusted to his care, had such frightfully wide pockets to his trousers, that he could stow away the whole contents of the gaping merchant's stall. These students constituted an entirely separate world: they were not admitted to the highest circles, composed of Polish and Russian nobles. Even the Voevod, Adam Kisel, in spite of the patronage he bestowed upon the academy, did not introduce them into society, and ordered them to be kept more strictly. This command was quite superfluous, for

‡ A kind of greasy cracknel.

neither the rector nor the professor-monks spared rod or whip; and the lictors sometimes, by their orders, whipped their consuls so severely, that the latter rubbed their trousers for weeks afterwards. This was nothing to many of them, and seemed only a little stronger than good vodka with pepper: others at last grew tired of such constant blisters, and ran away to Zaporozhe if they could find the road, and if they were not caught on the way. Ostap Bulba, although he began logic, and even theology, with much zeal, did not escape the merciless rod. Naturally, all this must have tended to harden his character, and give him that firmness which distinguishes the Cossacks. Ostap always held himself aloof from his comrades.

He rarely led the others into hazardous enterprises, — robbing a strange garden or orchard; but, on the other hand, he was always among the first to join the standard of an adventurous student. And never, under

any circumstances, did he betray his comrades : † neither imprisonment nor beatings could make him do it. He was unassailable by any temptations except those of war and wild carouse : at least, he almost never dreamt of any others. He was upright with his equals. He was kind-hearted, in the only way that kind-heartedness could exist in such a character and at such a time. He was moved from his very heart by his poor mother's tears ; but it only troubled him, and caused him to hang his head in thought.

His younger brother, Andrii, had rather livelier and more developed feelings. He learned more willingly, and without the effort with which strong and heavy characters generally apply themselves. He was more inventive than his brother, and frequently appeared as the leader of very dangerous expeditions ; and sometimes, thanks to the quickness of his mind, contrived to escape punishment, while his brother Ostap, abandoning all efforts, stripped off his svitka, and lay down upon

the floor without a thought of begging for mercy. He also thirsted for action; but, at the same time, his spirit was accessible to other sentiments. The need of love flamed ardently within him. When he had passed his eighteenth year, woman began to present herself more frequently in his burning dreams: listening to philosophical discussions, he beheld her each moment, fresh, black-eyed, tender; before him flitted constantly her bright, elastic bosom, her soft, beautiful bare arms; the very gown which clung about her childish yet vigorous limbs breathed into his visions a certain inexpressible sensuousness. He carefully concealed from his comrades this movement of his passionate young soul, because, in that age, it was shameful and dishonorable for a Cossack to think of love and a wife before he had tasted battle. On the whole, during the last year, he had served more rarely as leader of bands of students; but he roamed about more frequently alone, in the remote corners of

Kief, buried in cherry-orchards, among low-roofed houses peeping alluringly at the street. Sometimes he betook himself to the streets of the aristocrats, in the old Kief of to-day, where dwelt little Russian and Polish nobles, and where the houses were built in more fanciful style. Once, as he was gaping along, an old-fashioned carriage belonging to some Polish Pan (gentleman) almost drove over him; and the coachman with very terrible mustaches, who sat on the box, gave him quite a smart cut with his whip. The young student fired up; with thoughtless daring, he seized the hind-wheel with his powerful hands, and stopped the carriage. But the coachman, fearing a reckoning, lashed his horses; they sprang forward, and Andrii, succeeding happily in freeing his hands, was flung full length on the ground, with his face flat in the mud. The most ringing and harmonious of laughs resounded above him. He raised his eyes, and saw, standing at a window, a beauty such as he

had never beheld in all his life, black-eyed, and white as snow illumined by the dawning flush of the sun. She was laughing heartily, and her laugh lent brilliant power to her dazzling loveliness. He was taken aback: he gazed at her, all confused, abstractedly wiping the mud from his face, by which means it became still further smeared. Who could this beauty be? He would have liked to find out from the servants, who, in rich liveries, stood beside the gate in a crowd surrounding a young bandour-player; but the servants raised a laugh when they saw his besmeared face, and deigned him no reply. At length he learned that she was the daughter of the Voevod of Koven, who had come thither for a time. The following night, with the daring characteristic of the student, alone, he crept through the palings into the garden, and climbed a tree which spread its branches upon the very roof of the house; from the tree he crawled upon the roof, and made his way through the chimney

straight into the bedroom of the beauty, who at that moment was seated before a light, engaged in removing the costly earrings from her ears. The beautiful Pole was so alarmed on suddenly beholding an unknown man before her, that she could not utter a single word; but when she perceived that the student stood before her with downcast eyes, not daring to move a hand through timidity, when she recognized in him the one who had fallen in the street before her, laughter again overpowered her.

Moreover, there was nothing terrible in Andri's features; he was very handsome. She laughed heartily, and amused herself over him for a long time. Our beauty was giddy, like all Poles; but her eyes, her wondrous clear, piercing eyes, threw a glance, a long glance. The student could not move a hand, but stood bound as in a sack, when the Voevod's daughter approached him boldly, placed upon his head her glittering diadem, hung her earrings on his

lips, and flung over him a transparent muslin chemisette with gold-embroidered garlands. She adorned him, and played a thousand foolish pranks, with the *abandon* of a child, which distinguishes the giddy Poles, and which threw the poor student into still greater confusion.

He presented a ridiculous figure, gazing immovably, with open mouth, into her dazzling eyes. A knock at the door startled her. She ordered him to conceal himself under the bed, and, as soon as the disturbance was past, called her maid, a Tatar prisoner, and gave her orders to conduct him to the garden with caution, and thence show him through the fence. But our student this time did not pass the fence so successfully. The watchman awoke, and caught him firmly by the foot; and the servants, assembling, beat him long, even in the street, until his swift legs rescued him. After that it was very dangerous to pass the house, because the Voevod's domestics were numerous. He met her once again

at church. She saw him, and smiled very pleasantly, as at an old acquaintance. He saw her once more, by chance; and shortly afterwards the Voevod departed, and, instead of the beautiful black-eyed Pole, some fat face or other gazed from the window. That was what Andrii was thinking about, as he hung his head, and dropped his eyes on his horse's mane.

In the mean time the steppe had long since received them all into its green embrace; and the high grass, closing round, concealed them, and only their black Cossack caps appeared among its heads.

"Eh, eh, why are you so quiet, lads?" said Bulba at length, waking from his own revery. "You're like monks. Now, all thinking to the Evil One, once for all! Take your pipes in your lips, and let us smoke, and spur on our horses, and fly so swiftly that no bird can overtake us."

And the Cossacks, bending low on their

horses, disappeared in the grass. Their black caps were no longer to be seen; a streak of trodden grass alone showed a trace of their swift flight.

The sun had long looked forth from the clear heavens, and inundated the steppe with his quickening, warming light. All that was dim and sleepy in the Cossacks' minds flew away in a twinkling: their hearts fluttered like birds.

The farther they penetrated the steppe, the more beautiful it became. Then all the South, all that region which now constitutes New Russia, even to the Black Sea, was a green, virgin wilderness. No plough had ever passed over the immeasurable waves of wild growth; the horses alone, hiding themselves in it as in a forest, trod it down. Nothing in nature could be finer. The whole surface of the earth presented itself as a green-gold ocean, upon which were sprinkled millions of different flowers. Through the tall, slender stems

of the grass peeped light-blue, dark-blue, and lilac star-thistles ; the yellow broom thrust up its pyramidal head ; the parasol-shaped white flower of the false flax shimmered on high. A wheat-ear, brought God knows whence, was filling out to ripening. About their slender roots ran partridges with outstretched necks. The air was filled with the notes of a thousand different birds. In the sky, immovable, hung the hawks, their wings outspread, and their eyes fixed intently on the grass. The cries of a cloud of wild ducks, moving up from one side, were echoed from God knows what distant lake. From the grass arose, with measured sweep, a gull, and bathed luxuriously in blue waves of air. And now she has vanished on high, and appears only as a black dot : now she has turned her wings, and shines in the sunlight. Deuce take you, steppes, how beautiful you are! . . .

Our travellers halted only a few minutes

for dinner : their escort of ten Cossacks sprang from their horses, unbound the wooden casks of brandy, and the gourds which were used instead of drinking-vessels. They ate only cakes of bread and tallow (*korzh*) ; they drank but one cup apiece to strengthen them (for Taras Bulba never permitted intoxication upon the road), and then continued their journey until evening.

In the evening the whole steppe changed its aspect. All its varied expanse was bathed in the last bright glow of the sun ; and it grew dark gradually, so that it could be seen how the shadow flitted across it, and it became dark green. The mist rose more densely ; each flower, each blade of grass, emitted a fragrance as of amber, and the whole steppe distilled perfume. Wide bands of rosy gold were dashed across the dark blue heaven, as with a gigantic brush ; here and there gleamed, in white tufts, light and transparent clouds ; and the freshest, most bewitching of little breezes

barely rocked the tops of the grass-blades, as on the sea-waves, and almost stroked the cheek. All the music which had resounded through the day had died away, and given place to another. The striped marmots crept out of their holes, stood erect on their hind-legs, and filled the steppe with their whistle. The whirr of the grasshoppers had become more distinctly audible. Sometimes the cry of the swan was heard from some distant lake, and rang through the air like silver. The travellers halted in the midst of the plain, selected a spot for their night encampment, made a fire, and hung their kettle over it, in which they cooked their oatmeal; the steam rose and floated aslant in the air. Having supped, the Cossacks lay down to sleep, after hobbling their horses, and turning them out to graze. They lay down in their svitkas. The stars of night gazed directly down upon them. They heard the countless myriads of insects which filled the grass; all their rasping, whistling,

and chirping resounded clearly through the night, softened by the fresh air, and lulled the drowsy ear. If one of them rose and stood for a time, the steppe presented itself to him strewn with the sparks of the glow-worms. At times the night sky was illumined in spots by the glare of burning dry reeds, along pools or river-bank; and dark flights of swans flying to the north were suddenly lighted up by the silvery, rose-colored gleam, and then it seemed as though red kerchiefs were floating in the dark heavens.

The travellers proceeded without any adventure. They came across no villages. 'Twas ever the same boundless, waving, beautiful steppe. Only at intervals the crests of distant forests shone blue, on one hand, as they stretched along the banks of the Dniepr. Only once did Taras point out to his sons a small black speck far away on the grass, saying, "Look, children! yonder gallops a Tatar." The little head with mustaches fixed

its narrow eyes straight upon them from the distance, snuffing the air like a greyhound, and disappeared like an antelope on perceiving that the Cossacks were thirty strong. "And now, children, try to overtake the Tatar! And don't try: you would never catch him to all eternity; he has a horse swifter than my Devil." But Bulba took precautions, fearing hidden ambushes. They galloped along the course of a small stream, called the Tatarka, falling into the Dniepr; rode into the water with their horses, and swam long to conceal their trail; and then, climbing out on the shore, continued on their road.

Three days later, they were not far from the place which formed the goal of their journey. The air suddenly grew colder: they could feel the vicinity of the Dniepr. And there it gleams afar, and is distinguishable from the horizon as a dark band. It sent forth cold waves, and spread nearer, nearer, and finally embraced half the entire surface of the earth.

This was that part of the Dniepr where the river, hitherto confined by the rapids, finally makes its own way, and roars like the sea, pouring forth at will where the islands, flung into its midst, have pressed it farther from the shores, and its waves have spread widely over the earth, encountering neither cliffs nor hills. The Cossacks alighted from their horses, entered the ferry-boat, and after three hours of sailing arrived at the shores of the island of Khortitz, where at that time stood the Setch, which so often changed its situation.

A throng of people hastened to the shore with boats. The Cossacks arranged the horses. Taras assumed a stately air, pulled his belt tighter, and drew his hand proudly over his mustache. His young sons also inspected themselves from head to foot, with some apprehension and an undefined feeling of satisfaction; and all set out together for the suburb, which was half a verst from the Setch. On their arrival, they were deafened

by fifty blacksmiths' hammers beating upon twenty-five anvils sunk in the earth and concealed with turf. Stout tanners sat on the street, beneath awnings, scraping ox-hides with their strong hands; shop-keepers sat in their booths, with piles of flints, steels, and powder; Armenians spread out their rich handkerchiefs; Tatars turned their mutton-chops with dough upon the spits; a Jew, with his head thrust forward, was filtering some corn-brandy from a cask. But the first man they met was a Zaporozhetz¹ who was sleeping in the very middle of the road with legs and arms outstretched. Taras Bulba could not refrain from pausing to admire him. "Eh, how splendidly developed he is! phew, what a magnificent figure!" he said, stopping his horse. It was, in fact, a very striking picture. The Zaporozhetz had stretched himself out in the road like a lion; his scalp-lock, thrown proudly behind him, stretched over half an

¹Sometimes written Zaporovian.

arshin¹ of ground; his trousers of rich red cloth were spotted with tar, to show his utter disdain for them. Having admired to his heart's content, Bulba passed on through the narrow street, which was crowded with mechanics exercising their trades, and with people of all nationalities who thronged this suburb of the Setch, which resembled a fair, and fed and clothed the Setch, which knew only how to revel, and fire off guns.

At length they left the suburb behind them, and perceived some scattered kuréns,² covered with turf, or with felt in Tatar fashion. Some were furnished with cannon. Nowhere were there any fences visible, or any of those low-roofed houses with awning supported upon low wooden pillars, such as there were in the suburb. A small wall and ditch, totally unguarded, showed a terrible degree of recklessness. Some sturdy Zaporozhtzi lying, pipe in mouth, in the very road, glanced

¹ An arshin is twenty-eight inches.

² Enormous wooden sheds, each inhabited by a troop or kurén.

indifferently at them, and never moved from their places. Taras threaded his way carefully among them, with his sons, saying, "Good-day, panove." — "Good-day to you," answered the Zaporozhtzi. All over the plain were picturesque groups of people. From their weather-beaten faces, it was plain that all were steeled in battle, and had undergone every sort of bad weather. And there it was, the Setch! There was the nest from which all those men, proud and strong as lions, issued forth! There was the place whence poured forth liberty and Cossacks † over all the Ukraine.

The travellers entered the great square where the council generally assembled. On a huge overturned cask, sat a Zaporozhetz without his shirt; he was holding it in his hands, and slowly sewing up the holes. Again their way was stopped by a whole crowd of musicians, in the midst of whom a young Zaporozhetz was dancing, with head thrown

back and arms outstretched. He kept shouting, "Play faster, musicians! Begrudge not, Thoma, brandy to these orthodox Christians!" And Thoma, with his blackened eye, went on measuring out without stint, to every one who presented himself, a huge jugful.

About the youthful Zaporozhetz, four old men moved their feet quite briskly, leaped like a whirlwind to one side, almost upon the musicians' heads, and, suddenly retreating, squatted down and beat the hard earth vigorously with their silver heels. The earth hummed dully all about, and afar the air resounded with gopak and trepak¹ beaten out by the clanging heels of their boots.

But one shouted more vivaciously than all the rest, and flew after the others in the dance. His cue streamed in the wind, his powerful breast was all uncovered, his warm winter fur jacket was hanging by the sleeves, and the perspiration poured from him as from a pail.

¹ The national Cossack dance.

“Take off your jacket!” said Taras at length: “see how he steams!” — “I can’t!” shouted the Cossack. “Why?” — “I can’t: I have such a disposition, whatever I take off, I drink up.” And the young man had not had a cap for a long time, nor a belt to his caftan, nor an embroidered neckerchief: all had gone the proper road. The throng increased; more joined the dancer: and it was impossible to observe without emotion, how all yielded to that dance, the freest, the wildest, the world has ever seen, and which is called from its mighty originators, the Kosachka.

“Oh, if I had no horse to hold,” exclaimed Taras, “I would join the dance myself!”

And meanwhile there began to appear among the throng, men who were respected for their prowess throughout all the Setch, — old grayheads, who had been leaders more than once. Taras soon found a number of familiar faces. Ostap and Andrii heard nothing but greetings. “Ah, it is you, Petcheritza!

Good day, Kozolup!" — "Whence has God brought you, Taras?" — "How did you come here, Doloto? Health to you, Kirdyaga! Hail to you, Gustui! Did I ever think of seeing you, Remen?" And the heroes collected from all the roving population of Eastern Russia kissed each other, and began to ask questions. "But what has become of Kas-yan? Where is Borodavka? and Koloper? and Pidsuitok?" And in reply, Taras Bulba learned that Borodavka had been hung in Tolopan, that Koloper had been flayed alive at Kizikirmen, that Pidsuitok's head had been salted and sent in a cask to Constantinople. Old Bulba hung his head, and said thoughtfully, "They were good Cossacks."

III.

TARAS BULBA and his sons had been in the Setch about a week. Ostap and Andrii occupied themselves but little with the school of war. The Setch was not fond of troubling itself with warlike exercises, and wasting time. The young generation grew up, and learned these by experience alone, in the very heat of battles, which were therefore incessant. The Cossacks thought it a nuisance to fill up the intervals of this instruction with any sort of drill, except perhaps shooting at a mark, and on rare occasions with horse-racing and wild-beast hunts on the steppes and in the forests. All the rest of the time was devoted to revelry,—a sign of the wide diffusion of moral liberty. All the Setch presented an unusual scene: it was one

unbroken revel; a ball noisily begun, which had lost its end. Some busied themselves with trades, others kept little shops and traded; but the majority caroused from morning till night, if the wherewithal jingled in their pockets, and if the booty they had captured had not passed into the hands of the shopkeepers and pot-house keepers. This universal revelry had something fascinating about it. It was not an assembly of toppers, who drank to drown sorrow, but it was simply a wild revelry of joy. Every one who came thither forgot every thing, abandoned every thing which had hitherto interested him. He, so to speak, spit on all his past, and gave himself recklessly up to freedom and the good-fellowship of men of the same stamp as himself, — idlers having neither relatives nor home nor family, nothing except the free sky, and the eternal revel of their souls. This gave rise to that wild gayety which could not have come from any other source. The tales

and talk among the assembled crowd, which reposed lazily on the ground, were often so droll, and breathed such power of vivid narration, that it required all the nonchalance of a Zaporozhetz to retain his immovable expression, without even a twitch of the mustache, — a sharp trait which to this day distinguishes the Southern Russian from his brethren. It was drunken, noisy mirth; but there was no black ale-house, where a man forgets himself in darkly seducing merriment: it was a dense throng of schoolboys.

The only difference was, that, instead of sitting under the pointer and worn-out doctrines of a teacher, they practised racing upon five thousand horses; instead of the field where they played ball, they had the boundless, untrammelled border-lands; and at the sight of them the Tatar showed his alert head, and the Turk gazed grimly in his green turban. The difference was, that, instead of their forced companionship of school, they

themselves deserted their fathers and mothers, and fled from their homes; that here were those about whose neck a rope had already been wound, and who, instead of pale death, had seen life, and life in all its intensity; that here were those who, from generous habits, could never keep a kopek in their pockets; that here were those who had hitherto regarded a ducat as wealth, whose pockets, thanks to the Jew revenue-farmers, could have been turned wrong side out without any danger of any thing falling from them. Here all were students who would not endure the academic rod, and had not carried away a single letter from the schools; but with them were also some who knew about Horace, Cicero, and the Roman Republic. There were many of them officers who afterwards distinguished themselves in the king's armies; and there were numerous and clever partisans, who cherished a magnanimous conviction that it was of no consequence where they fought, so long as

they fought, because it was a disgrace to an honorable man to live without fighting. There were many who had come to the Setch for the sake of being able to say afterwards that they had been in the Setch, and were therefore steeled warriors. But who was there not there? This strange republic was a necessary outgrowth of that epoch. Lovers of a warlike life, of golden beakers and rich brocades, of ducats and gold pieces, could always find employment there. The lovers of women alone could find nothing there, for no woman dared show herself even in the suburbs of the Setch.

It seemed exceedingly strange to Ostap and Andrii, that, though a crowd of people had come to the Setch with them, yet not a soul inquired, Whence come these men? who are they? and what are their names? They had come thither as though returning to their own homes whence they had departed only an hour before. The new-comer merely presented him-

self to the koschevoi, who generally said, "Welcome! Do you believe in Christ?" — "I do," replied the new arrival. "And do you believe in the Holy Trinity?" — "I do." — "And you go to church?" — "I do." — "Now cross yourself." The new-comer crossed himself. "Very good," replied the koschevoi; "enter the kurén, where you are acquainted." This concluded the ceremony. And all the Setch prayed in one church, and were willing to defend it to their last drop of blood, although they would not hear to fasting or abstinence. Jews, Armenians, and Tatars alone, inspired by strong avarice, took the liberty of living and trading in the suburbs; for the Zaporozhtzi never cared for trade, and paid whatever money their hand chanced to grasp in their pocket. Moreover, the lot of these gain-loving traders was pitiable in the extreme. They resembled people who had settled at the foot of Vesuvius; for when the Zaporozhtzi lacked money, then the bold adventurers broke

down their booths, and took every thing gratis. The Setch consisted of over sixty kuréns, which greatly resembled separate, independent republics, but still more a school or seminary of children, always ready for any thing. No one had any occupation; no one retained any thing for himself; every thing was in the hands of the atáman of the kurén, who, on that account, generally went by the name of *father*.¹ In his hands were deposited the money, clothes, all the provisions, oatmeal, groats, even the fire-wood. They gave him money to take care of. Quarrels in the kurén among its inhabitants were not infrequent; in that case they proceeded at once to blows. The inhabitants of the kurén swarmed upon the square, and beat each other's ribs in with their fists, until one side had finally gained the upper hand, when the revelry began. Such was the Setch, which had such an attraction for young men.

Ostap and Andrii flung themselves into this sea of dissipation with all the ardor of youth,

¹ Batka.

and forgot in a trice their father's house, the seminary, and all which had hitherto exercised their minds, and gave themselves up to their new life. Every thing interested them, — the jovial habits of the Setch, and the chaotic morals and laws, which seemed to them even too strict for such a free republic. If a Cossack stole the smallest trifle, it was considered a disgrace to the whole Cossack community: he was bound to the pillar of shame, and a club was laid beside him, with which each passer-by was bound to deal him a blow until in this manner he was beaten to death. He who did not pay his debts was chained to a cannon, where he was forced to sit until some one of his comrades should decide to ransom him by paying his debts for him. But what made the deepest impression on Andrii was the terrible punishment decreed for murder. A hole was dug in his presence, the murderer was lowered alive into it, and over him was placed a coffin which enclosed the body of

the man he had killed, after which the earth was thrown in upon both. Long afterwards the fearful ceremony of this horrible execution clung to his mind, and the man who had been buried alive appeared to him with his terrible coffin.

Both the young Cossacks soon took a good standing among the Cossacks. They often went out upon the steppe with comrades from their kurén, and sometimes also with the whole kurén or with neighboring kuréns, to shoot innumerable steppe-birds of every sort, deer and goats; or they went out upon the lakes, the river, and its tributaries allotted to each kurén, to throw their nets, and draw out rich prey for the enjoyment of the whole kurén. Although there was no trade there exercised by a Cossack, yet they were soon remarked on among the other youths for their obstinate bravery and daring in every thing. Skilfully and accurately they fired at the mark, they swam the Dniepr

against the current, — a deed for which the novice was triumphantly received into the circle of Cossacks.

But old Taras prepared a different sphere of activity for them. Such an idle life was not to his mind: he wanted active employment. He reflected incessantly, how to stir up the Setch to some bold enterprise, where a man could carouse as became a knight. At length he went one day to the koschevoi, and said plainly, —

“Well, koschevoi, it is time for the Zaporozhti to set out.”

“There is nowhere for them to go,” replied the koschevoi, removing his short pipe from his mouth, and spitting to one side.

“How, nowhere? We can go to Turkey or Tartary.”

“Impossible to go either to Turkey or Tartary,” returned the koschevoi, putting his pipe coolly into his mouth again.

“Why impossible?”

"It is: we have promised the Sultan peace."

"But he is a Mussulman; and God and the Holy Scriptures command us to kill the Mussulmans."

"We have no right. If we had not sworn by our faith, then it might be done; but now it is impossible."

"How is it impossible? How can you say that we have no right? Here are my two sons, both young men. Neither one has been to war; and you say that we have no right, and you say that there is no necessity for the Zaporozhtzi to set out on an expedition."

"Well, it is not fitting."

"Then it must be fitting that Cossack strength should be wasted in vain, that a man should disappear like a dog without having done a single good deed, that he should be of no use to his country or to Christianity! Then why do we live? What the deuce do we live for? just tell me that. You are a sensible man, you were not chosen as koschevoi without reason: just tell me what we live for?"

... *inward*

The koschevoi made no reply to this question. He was an obstinate Cossack. He was silent for a while, and then said, "Anyway, there will not be war."

"There will not be war?" Taras asked again.

"No."

"Then it is of no use to think about it?"

"It is not to be thought of."

"Wait, you devil's fist!" said Taras to himself: "you'll learn to know me!" and he at once resolved to have his revenge on the koschevoi.

Having entered into an agreement with one and another, he gave them liquor; and the drunken Cossacks, several in number, staggered straight to the square, where on a post hung the kettledrums, which were generally beaten to assemble the people: not finding the sticks, which were kept by the drummer, they seized a piece of wood, and began to beat. The first to respond to the drum-beat

was the drummer, a tall man with but one eye, but a frightfully sleepy one for all that.

“Who dares to beat the drum?” he shouted.

“Hold your tongue! take your sticks, and beat when you are ordered!” replied the drunken men.

The drummer at once took from his pocket the sticks which he had brought with him, knowing well the result of such proceedings. The drum rattled, and soon black swarms of Cossacks began to collect like bees in the square. All formed in a ring; and at length, after the third summons, the chiefs began to arrive, — the koschevoi with staff in hand, the symbol of his office; the judge with the army-seal; the secretary with his ink-bottle; and the osaul with his staff. The koschevoi and chiefs took off their caps, and bowed on all sides to the Cossacks, who stood proudly with their arms akimbo.

“What means this assemblage? what do you wish, gentlemen (*panóve*)?” said the kosche-

voi. Shouts and exclamations interrupted his speech.

“Resign your staff! resign your staff this moment, you son of Satan! we will have you no longer!” shouted Cossacks in the crowd. Some of the sober ones appeared to wish to oppose this, but the sober and drunken fell to blows. The shouting and uproar became universal.

The koschevoi attempted to speak; but knowing that the self-willed multitude, if enraged, might beat him to death, which almost always happened in such cases, he bowed very low, laid down his staff, and hid himself in the crowd.

“Do you command us, panóve, to resign our insignia of office?” said the judge, the secretary, and the osaul; and they prepared to give up the inkhorn, army-seal, and staff, upon the spot.

“No, you are to remain!” was shouted from the crowd. “We only wanted to drive out the

koschevoi because he is a woman, and we want a man for koschevoi."

"Whom do you now elect as koschevoi?" asked the chiefs.

"Choose Kukubenko," shouted some.

"We won't have Kukubenko!" screamed another party: "it is too early for him; the milk has not dried off his lips yet."

"Let Schilo be atamán!" shouted some: "make Schilo koschevoi!"

"Enough of your Schilo!" yelled the crowd; "what kind of a Cossack is he who is as thievish as a Tatar? To the devil in a sack, with your drunken Schilo!"

"Borodaty! let us make Borodaty koschevoi!"

"We won't have Borodaty! To the evil one's mother with Borodaty!"

"Shout Kirdyaga," whispered Taras Bulba to several.

"Kirdyaga, Kirdyaga!" shouted the crowd. "Borodaty, Borodaty! Kirdyaga, Kirdyaga! Schilo! Away with Schilo! Kirdyaga!"

All the candidates, on hearing their names mentioned, stepped out of the crowd, in order not to give any one a chance to suppose that they were personally assisting in their election.

“Kirdyaga, Kirdyaga!” echoed more strongly than the rest.

“Borodaty!”

They proceeded to decide the matter by a show of hands, and Kirdyaga conquered.

“Go for Kirdyaga!” they shouted. Half a score of Cossacks immediately stepped from the crowd,—some of them could hardly keep their feet, to such an extent had they drunk,—and went directly to Kirdyaga to inform him of his election.

Kirdyaga, a very old but wise Cossack, had been sitting for a long time in his kurén, as if he knew nothing of what was going on.

“What is it, panóve? What do you wish?” he inquired.

“Come, they have chosen you for koschevoi.”

“Have mercy, panóve!” said Kirdyaga. “How am I worthy of such honor? Why should I be made koschevoi? I have not sufficient capacity to discharge such a duty. Could no better person be found in all the army?”

“Come, I say!” shouted the Zaporozhtzi. Two of them seized him by the arms; and in spite of his planting his feet firmly they finally dragged him to the square, accompanied by shouts, thrusts from behind with fists, kicks, and exhortations. “Don’t hold back, you son of Satan! Accept the honor, you dog, when it is given!” In this manner Kirdyaga was conducted into the ring of Cossack’s.

“How now, panóve?” announced those who had brought him, “are you agreed that this Cossack shall be your koschevoi?”

“All agreed!” shouted the throng, and the whole plain trembled for a long time afterwards from the shout.

One of the chiefs took the staff, and brought

it to the newly elected koschevoi. Kirdyaga, in accordance with custom, immediately refused it. The chief offered it a second time; Kirdyaga again declined it, and then, at the third offer, accepted the staff. A shout of approbation rang through the crowd, and again the whole plain resounded afar from the Cossacks' shout. Then there stepped out, from among the people, the four oldest of all, white-bearded, white-haired Cossacks (there were no very old men in the Setch, for none of the Zaporozhtzi ever died in their beds); and taking each a handful of earth, which recent rain had converted into mud, they laid it on his head. The wet earth trickled down from his head, ran on his mustache and cheeks, and smeared his whole face. But Kirdyaga stood immovable in his place, and thanked the Cossacks for the honor shown him.

Thus ended the noisy election, concerning which we cannot say whether it was as pleasing to the others as it was to Bulba: by means

of it, he had revenged himself on the former koschevoi. Moreover, Kirdyaga was his ancient comrade, and had been with him on the same expeditions by sea and land, sharing the toils and hardships of war. The crowd immediately dispersed to celebrate the election, and such revelry ensued as Ostap and Andrii had not yet beheld. The pot-houses were attacked: mead, corn-brandy, and beer were seized without payment; the owners were only glad to escape with whole skins themselves. The whole night passed amid shouts, songs, and rejoicings; and the rising moon gazed long at troops of musicians traversing the streets with bandouras, flutes, round balalaikas, and the church choir, who were kept in the Setch to sing in church and glorify the deeds of the Zaporozhtzi. At length drunkenness and fatigue began to overpower their strong heads, and here and there a Cossack could be seen to fall upon the earth, embracing his comrade in fraternal fashion; maudlin, and even weep-

ing, the latter rolled upon the earth with him. Here a whole group lay down in a heap; there a man would choose the most comfortable position, and stretch out straight on a log of wood. The last, who was stronger, still uttered some incoherent speeches: finally even he yielded to the power of intoxication, flung himself down, and all in the Setch slept.

IV.

BUT next day Taras Bulba had a conference with the new koschevoi, as to the manner of exciting the Cossacks to some enterprise. The koschevoi was a shrewd and sensible Cossack, knew the Zaporozhtzi through and through, and said at first, "Oaths cannot be violated by any means;" but after a pause he added, "No matter, it can be done. We will not violate them, but let us devise something. Let the people assemble, not at my summons, but of their own accord. You know how to manage that; and I will hasten to the square with the chiefs, as though we knew nothing about it."

Not an hour had elapsed after their conversation, when the drums thundered. The drunken and senseless Cossacks assembled. A million Cossack caps were sprinkled over

the square. A murmur arose, "Why? What? Why was the assembly beaten?" No one answered. At length, in one quarter and another, it began to be rumored about, "Behold, the Cossack strength is being vainly wasted: there is no war! Behold, our leaders have become as marmots, every one; their eyes swim in fat! Plainly, there is no justice in the world!" The other Cossacks listened at first, and then began to say themselves, "Ah, in truth, there is no justice in the world!" Their leaders seemed surprised at these utterances. Finally the koschevoi stepped forward: "Permit me, panóve Cossacks, to address you."

"Do so!"

"Touching the matter in question, noble panóve, none knows better than yourselves, that many Zaporozhtzi have run in debt to the Jews in the ale-houses and to their brethren, so that now they have not an atom of credit. Again, touching the matter in ques-

tion, there are many young fellows who have no idea of what war is like, although you know, panóve, that without war a young man cannot exist. How make a Zaporozhetz out of him if he has never killed a Mussulman?"

"He speaks well," thought Bulba.

"Think not, however, panóve, that I speak thus in order to disturb the peace: God forbid! I merely mention it. Besides, it is a shame to say what sort of church we have for our God. Not only is the church without exterior decoration for all the years which by God's mercy the Setch has stood, but up to this day even the images have no adornments; no one has thought even of making them a silver frame: they have only received what some Cossacks have left them in their wills; and the gifts were poor, because they had drunk up nearly all they had during their lifetime. I am making you this speech, therefore, not in order to stir up a war with the Mussulmans:

we have promised the Sultan peace, and it would be a great sin in us, for we swore it on our law."

"What is he mixing things up like that for?" said Bulba to himself.

"So you see, panóve, that war cannot be begun; knightly honor does not permit it. But according to my poor opinion, this is what I think: let us send out a few young men in boats; let them plunder the coasts of Anatolia a little. What do you think, panóve?"

"Lead us, lead us all!" shouted the crowd on all sides. "We are ready to lay down our heads for our faith."

The koschevoi was alarmed. He by no means wished to stir up all Zaporozhe: a breach of the peace appeared to him on this occasion improper. "Permit me, panóve, to address you further."

"Enough!" yelled the Cossacks: "you can say nothing better."

"If it must be so, then let it be so. I am

the slave of your will. We know, and from Scripture too, that the voice of the people is the voice of God. It is impossible to devise any thing better than the whole nation has devised. But here is the difficulty: you know, panóve, that the Sultan will not permit that which delights our young men to go unpunished. And we should be prepared at such a time, and our forces should be fresh, and then we should fear no one. But during their absence, the Tatars may collect new forces; the Turkish dogs do not exhibit themselves in sight, and they dare not come while the master is at home, but bite his heels from behind, and bite painfully too. And if I must tell you the truth, then we have not boats enough, nor powder ready in sufficient quantity, for all to go. But I am ready, if you please: I am the slave of your will."

The cunning atáman was silent. The various groups began to discuss the matter, and the atámans of the kuréns to take counsel

together: few were drunk, fortunately, so they decided to listen to reason.

A number of men set out at once for the opposite shore of the Dniepr, to the treasury of the army, where in strict secrecy, under water and among the reeds, lay concealed the army chest, and a portion of the arms captured from the enemy. Others hastened to inspect the boats, and prepare them for service. In a twinkling the whole shore was thronged with men. Carpenters appeared with axes in their hands. Old, weather-beaten, broad-shouldered, strong-legged Zaporozhtzi, with black or silvered mustaches, rolled up their trousers, stood up to their knees in water, and dragged the boats from the shore with stout ropes; others brought the seasoned lumber, and all sorts of wood. Then the boats were freshly planked, turned bottom upwards, calked and tarred; then the boats were bound together side by side after Cossack fashion, with long strands of reeds, that the swell of the waves

might not sink them. Far along the shores they built fires, and heated tar in copper kettles to smear the boats. The old and experienced instructed the young. The blows and shouts of the workers rose all about the neighborhood; the living bank shook and moved about.

About this time a large ferry-boat began to approach the shore. The mass of people standing in it began to wave their hands from a distance. They were Cossacks in torn, ragged svitkas. Their disordered garments (many wore nothing but their shirts, and a short pipe in their mouths) showed that they had escaped from some disaster, or had caroused to such an extent that they had drunk up all they had on their bodies. A short, broad-shouldered Cossack of about fifty stepped out from the midst of them, and stood in front. He shouted and waved his hand more vigorously than any of the others; but his words could not be heard for the shouts and hammering of the workmen.*

“Whence come you?” asked the koschévoi, when the boat had touched the shore. All the workers paused in their labors, and, raising their axes and chisels, looked on expectantly.

“From a misfortune!” shouted the short Cossack.

“From what?”

“Permit me, panóve Zaporozhtzi, to address you.”

“Speak!”

“Or would you prefer to assemble a council?”

“Speak, we are all here.”

The people all pressed together in one mass.

“And have you heard nothing of what has been going on in the hetman’s dominions?”

“What is it?” inquired one of the kurén atamáns.

“Eh! what! Evidently the Tatars have plastered up your ears, that you might hear nothing.”

“Tell us: what is going on there?”

“That is going on, the like of which no man born or christened ever yet has seen.”

“Tell us what it is, you son of a dog!” shouted one of the crowd, apparently losing patience.

“Things have come to such a pass that our holy churches are no longer ours.”

“How not ours?”

“They are pledged to the Jews. If the Jew is not first paid, there can be no mass.”

“What are you saying?”

“And if the dog of a Jew does not make a sign with his unclean hand over the holy Easter-bread, it cannot be consecrated.”

“He lies, brother pani. It cannot be that an unclean Jew puts his mark upon the holy Easter-bread.”

“Listen! I have not yet told all. Catholic priests are going about all over the Ukraine, in tarataikas. The harm lies not in the tarataikas, but in the fact that not horses, but orthodox Christians, are harnessed to them.

Listen! I have not yet told all. They say that the Jewesses are making themselves petticoats of our popes' vestments. Such are the deeds which are taking place in the Ukraine, panóve! And you sit here revelling in Zaporozhe; and evidently the Tatars have so scared you, that you have no eyes, no ears, no any thing, and you hear nothing that is going on in the world."

"Stop, stop!" broke in the koschevoi, who up to that moment had stood with his eyes fixed upon the earth like all Zaporozhtzi, who on important occasions never yielded to their first impulse, but kept silence, and meanwhile collected in private all the power of their indignation. "Stop! I have also a word to say. But what were you doing? When your father the devil was raging thus, what were you doing yourselves? Had you no swords? How did you come to permit such lawlessness?"

"Eh! how did we come to permit such lawlessness? You would have tried when there

were fifty thousand of the Lyakhs¹ alone ; yes, and it is a shame not to be concealed, that there were also dogs among us, who have already accepted their faith."

"But your hetman and your colonels, what did they do?"

"God preserve any one from such deeds as our colonels performed!"

"How so?"

"Our hetman, roasted in a brazen ox, now lies in Warsaw; and the heads and hands of our colonels are being carried to all the fairs as a spectacle for the people. That is what our colonels did."

The whole throng was excited. At first silence reigned all along the shore, like that which precedes a tempest; and then suddenly voices were raised, and all the shore spoke:—

"What! The Jews hold the Christian churches in pledge! Roman-Catholic priests have harnessed and beaten orthodox Chris-

¹ Lyakhs, opprobrious name for the Poles.

tians! What! such torture has been permitted on Russian soil to the cursed unbelievers! And they have done such things to the colonels and the hetman? Nay, this shall not be, it shall not be." Such words flew from all quarters. The Zaporozhtzi were in an uproar, and saw their power. This was no excitement of a giddy-minded folk. All who were thus agitated were strong, firm characters, which were not easily aroused, but, once aroused, preserved the inward heat long and obstinately. "Hang all Jews!" rang through the crowd. "They shall not make petticoats for their Jewesses from popes' vestments! They shall not place their signs upon the holy wafers! Drown all the heathens in the Dniepr!" These words, uttered by some one in the throng, flashed like lightning through all minds, and the crowd flung themselves upon the suburb with the intention of cutting the throats of all Jews.

The poor sons of Israel, losing all presence

of mind, and not being in any case courageous, hid themselves in empty brandy-casks, in ovens, and even crawled under the skirts of their Jewesses; but the Cossacks found them, wherever they were.

“Gracious pani!” shrieked one Jew, tall and thin as a stick, thrusting his sorry visage, distorted with terror, from among a group of his comrades, “gracious pani! suffer us to say a word, only one word. We will reveal to you what you never yet have heard, a thing more important than I can say, — very important!”

“Well, say it,” said Bulba, who always liked to hear what an accused man had to say.

“Gracious pani!” exclaimed the Jew, “such pani were never seen, by heavens, never! Such good, kind, and brave men there never were in the world before!” His voice died away, and quivered with fear. “How was it possible that we should think any evil of the Zoporozhtzi? Those men are not of us at all, those who have taken pledges in the Ukraine. By

heavens, they are not of us! They are not Jews at all. The evil one only knows what they are; they are only fit to be spit upon, and cast aside. Behold, they say the same! Is it not true, Schloma? or you, Schmul?"

"By heavens, it is true!" replied Schloma and Schmul, from among the crowd, in their ragged caps, both pale as clay.

"We never yet," pursued the long Jew, "have had any secret intercourse with your enemies, and Catholics we will have nothing to do with; may the evil one fly away with them! We are like own brothers to the Zaporozhtzi."

"What! the Zaporozhtzi are brothers to you!" exclaimed one from the crowd. "Don't wait; cursed Jews! Into the Dniepr with them, panóve! Drown all the unbelievers!"

These words gave the signal. They seized the Jews by the arms, and began to hurl them into the waves. Pitiful cries resounded on all sides; but the stern Zaporozhtzi only laughed

when they saw the Jewish legs, incased in shoes and stockings, struggling in the air. The poor orator who had called down destruction upon himself jumped out of his caftan, by which they had seized him, and in his parti-colored, scant under-waistcoat, clasped Bulba's legs, and begged, in a piteous voice, "Great lord! gracious pan! I knew your brother, the late Dóroscha. He was a warrior who was an ornament to all knighthood. I gave him eight hundred sequins when he was obliged to ransom himself from the Turks."

"You knew my brother?" asked Taras.

"By heavens, I knew him. He was a magnificent nobleman."

"And what is your name?"

"Yankel."

"Good," said Taras; and then, after reflecting, he turned to the Cossacks, and spoke as follows: "There will always be plenty of time to hang the Jew, if it proves necessary; but for to-day give him to me."

So saying, Taras led him to his wagon, beside which stood his Cossacks. "Now crawl under the telega; lie there, and do not move. — And do you, brothers, not surrender this Jew."

So saying, he returned to the square, for the whole crowd had long before collected there. All at once abandoned the shore, and the preparation of the boats; for a land-journey now awaited them, and not a sea-voyage, and they needed horses and telegas, and not ships and Cossack gulls. Now all, both young and old, wanted to go on the expedition; and it was decided, with the advice of the chiefs, the atámans of the kuréns, the koschevoi, and with the approbation of the whole Zaporozhtzian army, to march straight to Poland, to avenge all the injury and disgrace to the faith and to the Cossack renown, to seize booty from the cities, to burn villages and grain, and spread their glory far over the steppe. All immediately girded and armed themselves. The kos-

chevoi grew a whole arschin taller. He was no longer the timid executor of the giddy wishes of a free people: he was the untrammelled master. He was a despot, who understood only how to command. All the independent and pleasure-loving knights stood in an orderly line, with respectfully bowed heads, not venturing to raise their eyes, when the koschevoi gave his orders; he gave them quietly, without shouting, without haste, but with pauses, like an old man deeply learned in Cossack affairs, and carrying into execution, not for the first time, a wisely matured enterprise.

“Examine yourselves, look well to yourselves; examine all your equipments thoroughly,” he said: “put your teams and your tar-boxes in order; test your weapons. Take not many clothes with you: a shirt and a couple of pairs of trousers to each Cossack, and a pot of oatmeal and millet apiece, — let no one take any more. There will be

plenty of provisions, all that is needed, in the wagons. Let every Cossack have two horses. And two hundred yoke of oxen must be taken, for we shall require them at the fords and marshy places. Keep order, panóve, above all things. I know that there are some among you, whom God has made so greedy, that they would immediately tear up nankin and velvet for foot-cloths. Leave off such devilish habits; fling aside every petticoat, and take only weapons: if valuables offer themselves, ducats or silver, they are useful in any case. I tell you this beforehand, panóve, if any one gets drunk on the expedition, he will get short shrift: I will order him to be dragged by the neck like a dog, behind the transports, no matter who he may be, even were he the most heroic Cossack in the whole army; he shall be shot on the spot like a dog, and flung out to be torn by the birds of prey, without sepulture, for a drunkard on the march deserves no Christian

burial. Young men, obey the old men in all things! If a ball grazes you, or a sword cuts your head or any other part, attach no importance to such trifles. Mix a charge of powder in a cup of brandy, quaff it heartily, and all will pass off—you will not even have any fever; and if the wound is too large, put simple earth upon it, mixing it first with spittle in your palm, and it will dry up the wound. And now to work, to work, lads, and look well to all, and without haste.”

So spoke the koschevoi; and no sooner had he finished his speech, than all the Cossacks immediately set to work. All the Setch grew sober, and nowhere was a single drunken man to be found, as though there never had been such a thing among the Cossacks. Some attended to the tires of the wheels, others changed the axles of the telegas; some carried sacks of provisions to the wagons, other wagons they loaded with arms; others still drove up the horses and oxen. On all sides

resounded the tramp of horses' hoofs, test-shots from the guns, the clang of swords, the lowing of oxen, the screech of turning wagons, talking, sharp cries and urging-on of cattle. And soon the Cossack camp extended far over all the plain; and he who should have undertaken to run from its head to its tail, would have had a long course. In the little wooden church, the priest was offering up prayers, and sprinkling them all with holy water. All kissed the cross. When the camp broke up, and moved out of the Setch, all the Zaporozhtzi turned their heads back. "Farewell, our mother!" they said almost in one breath. "May God preserve thee from all misfortune!"

As he passed through the suburb, Taras Bulba saw that his Jew, Yankel, had already erected a sort of booth with an awning, and was selling flints, screw-drivers, powder, and all sorts of military stores needed on the road, even kalatchi¹ and bread. "What devils

¹ A sort of roll.

those Jews are!" thought Taras; and riding up to him, he said, "Fool, why are you sitting here? do you want to be shot like a crow?"

Yankel in reply approached nearer, and making a sign with both hands, as though wishing to impart some secret, said, "Let the pan but keep silence, and say nothing to any one. Among the Cossack wagons, is a wagon of mine; I am carrying all sorts of needful stores for the Cossacks, and on the journey I will furnish every sort of provisions at a lower price than any Jew ever sold before. 'Tis so, by heavens! by heavens, 'tis so!"

Taras Bulba shrugged his shoulders in amazement at the Jewish nature, and went on to the camp.

V.

ALL South-west Poland speedily became a prey to fear. Everywhere the rumor flew, "The Zaporozhtzi! the Zaporozhtzi have appeared!" All who could flee did so. All rose and scattered after the manner of that lawless, reckless age, when they built neither fortresses nor castles, but each man erected temporary dwellings of straw wherever it happened. He thought, "It is useless to waste money and labor on an izbá, when the roving Tatars will carry it off in any case." All was in an uproar: one exchanged his plough and oxen for a horse and gun, and joined a regiment; another hid, drove off his cattle, and carried off all he could. Occasionally, on the road, some were encountered who met their visitors with armed hands; but

more fled before their arrival. All knew that it was hard to deal with the raging and warlike throng known by the name of the Zaporozhian army; which, under its independent and disorderly exterior, concealed an organization well calculated for times of battle. The horsemen rode on without overburdening or heating their horses; the foot-soldiers marched soberly behind the wagons; and the whole camp moved only by night, resting during the day, and selecting for this purpose the wilderness, uninhabited places, and the forests, of which there were then plenty. Spies were sent ahead, and scouts, to discover the where, what, and how. And they suddenly appeared in those places where they were least expected: and then all yielded up their lives; the villages were burned; the horses and cattle which were not driven off behind the army were killed upon the spot. They seemed to be revelling, rather than carrying out an expedition. Our hair would

rise on end nowadays, at the horrible traits of that fierce, half-civilized age, which the Zaporozhtzi everywhere exhibited; children killed, women's breasts cut open, the skin flayed from the legs up to the knees, and the victim then set at liberty: in a word, the Cossacks paid their former debts in coin of full weight. The abbot of one monastery, on hearing of their approach, despatched two monks to say that they were not behaving as they should; that there was an agreement between the Zaporozhtzi and the government; that they were breaking faith with the king, and all international right. "Tell your bishop, from me and from all the Zaporozhtzi," said the koschevoi, "that he has nothing to fear: the Cossacks, so far, have only lighted and smoked their pipes." And the magnificent abbey was soon wrapped in the devouring flames, and its colossal Gothic windows gazed grimly through the waves of fire as they parted. The fleeing throng of monks, women, and Jews

suddenly thronged into those towns where there was any hope in the garrison and the city armament. The assistance sent in season by the government, but delayed, consisting of a few regiments, either were unable to enter them, or, seized with fright, turned their backs at the very first encounter, and fled on their swift horses. It came to pass, that many of the royal commanders, who had conquered in former battles, resolved to unite their forces, and present their front to the Zaporozhti.

And here, more than all, did our young Cossacks, disgusted with robbery, covetousness, and a weak enemy, and burning with the desire to distinguish themselves before the chiefs, endeavor to measure themselves in single battle with the warlike and boastful Lyakhs, prancing on their spirited horses, with the sleeves of their jackets thrown back and streaming in the wind. This science was inspiring: they won themselves many horse-trappings, valuable

swords and guns. In one month the scarcely fledged birds reached their full growth, were completely transformed, and became men ; their features, in which hitherto a trace of youthful softness had been visible, grew strong and grim. But it was pleasant to old Taras, to see his sons among the first. It seemed as though Ostap were designed by nature for the pursuit of war and the difficult science of warlike matters. Never once losing his head or becoming confused under any circumstances, with a cool audacity almost supernatural in a youth of two and twenty, he could in an instant gauge the danger and the whole scope of the matter, could instantly devise a means of escaping it, but of escaping it only that he might the more surely conquer it. His movements now began to be distinguished by the assurance which comes from experience, and in them could be detected the bias of the future leader. His person breathed out strength, and his knightly qualities assumed the broad power of the lion.

“Oh, what a fine colonel he will make one of these days!” said old Taras. “He will make a splendid colonel, far surpassing even his father!”

Andrii gave himself up wholly to the enchanting music of bullets and swords. He knew not what it was to consider, or calculate, or measure his own and the enemy's strength. He gazed at a battle with mad delight and intoxication: he perceived something festal in the moments when a man's brain burns, when every thing waves and flutters before his eyes, heads fly off, horses fall to the earth with a sound of thunder, and he rides on like a drunken man, amid the whistling of bullets and the flashing of swords, dealing blows to all, and heeding not those dealt to him. More than once the father marvelled also at Andrii, seeing him, incited only by a flash of impulse,  fling himself at something which a sensible man in cold blood never would have attempted, and, by the sheer force of his mad attack,

accomplish such wonders as could not but amaze men old in battle. Old Taras admired, and said, "And he too will be a good warrior (if the enemy does not capture him). He is not Ostop, but he is a fine, a grand warrior, nevertheless."

The army decided to march straight to the city of Dubno, where, so rumor said, there were many treasures and wealthy inhabitants. The journey was accomplished in a day and a half, and the Zaporozhtzi appeared before the city. The inhabitants resolved to defend themselves to the utmost extent of their power, and to extremities, and preferred to die in their squares and streets, before their thresholds, rather than admit the enemy to their houses. A high earthen wall surrounded the city; in places where the wall was lower, they placed stone walls, or a house which served as a battery, or even an oaken stockade. The garrison was strong, and felt the importance of their position. The Zaporozhtzi attacked the wall

fiercely, but were met by a shower of grape-shot. The citizens and residents of the town evidently did not wish to remain idle, and stood in a group upon the wall; in their eyes could be read despairing resistance. The women also were determined to take part, and upon the heads of the Zaporozhians rained down stones, casks of boiling water, and sacks of pitch which blinded them. The Zaporozhtzi were not fond of having to do with fortified places: sieges were not in their line. The koschevoi ordered them to retreat, and said, "It is useless, brother pani; we will retire: but may I be a heathen Tatar, and not a Christian, if we do not clear them out of that town! may they all perish of hunger, the dogs!" The army retreated, surrounded the town, and, for lack of something to do, busied themselves with devastating the surrounding country, burned the neighboring villages, the ricks of unthreshed grain, and turned their droves of horses loose in the fields, as yet untouched

by the reaping-hook, where the plump ears waved, as luck would have it, the fruit of an unusual harvest, liberally rewarding all tillers of the soil that season.

With horror those in the city beheld their means of subsistence destroyed. And meanwhile the Zaporozhtzi, having formed a double ring of their wagons around the city, disposed themselves as in the Setch in their kuréns, smoked their pipes, bartered their booty for weapons, played at leapfrog, at odd-and-even, and gazed at the city with deadly cold-bloodedness. At night they lighted their camp-fires: the cooks boiled the porridge for each kurén, in huge copper kettles; an unsleeping sentinel stood all night beside the blazing fire. But the Zaporozhtzi soon began to tire of inactivity and prolonged sobriety, unaccompanied by any action. The koschevoi even ordered the allowance of wine to be doubled, which was sometimes done in the army when no difficult enterprises or movements were on hand.

The young men, and Taras Bulba's sons in particular, did not like this life. Andrii was visibly bored. "You silly head!" said Taras to him: "be patient, Cossack, you will be atáman one day. And he is not a good warrior who loses his spirit in an important affair; but he is good who is not tired even of inactivity, who endures all, and who even if he likes a thing gives it up." But hot youth cannot agree with age: the two have different natures, and they look at the same thing with different eyes.

But in the mean time Taras's regiment, led by Tovkatch, arrived; with him were also two osauls, the secretary, and other regimental officers: the Cossacks numbered over four thousand in all. There were among them many volunteers, who had risen of their own free will, without any summons, as soon as they heard what the matter was. The osauls brought to Taras's sons the blessing of their aged mother, and to each a cypress image from the Mezhi-

gorski monastery at Kief. The two brothers hung the holy images round their necks, and involuntarily grew pensive as they remembered their old mother. What does this blessing prophesy and say to them? Is it a blessing for their victory over the enemy, and then a joyous return to their home with booty and glory, to be everlastingly commemorated in the songs of bandoura-players? or is it . . . ? But the future is unknown, and stands before a man like autumnal fogs rising from the swamps: birds fly foolishly up and down in it with flapping wings, never recognizing each other, the dove seeing not the vulture, nor the vulture the dove, and no one knows how far he may be flying from his destruction.

Ostap had long before attended to his duties, and gone to the kurén. Andrúí, without knowing why, felt a sort of oppression in his heart. The Cossacks had finished their evening meal; the evening had fully settled down, the wonderful July night ruled the air:

but he did not go to the kurén, he did not lie down to sleep, and he gazed unconsciously at the whole scene before him. In the sky twinkled innumerable stars, with a thin, sharp gleam. The plain was covered far around by scattered wagons with swinging tar-buckets smeared with the tar, and loaded with every description of goods and provisions captured from the foe. Beside the telegas, under the telegas, and far beyond the telegas, Zaporozhtzi were everywhere visible, stretched out upon the grass. They all slumbered in picturesque attitudes: one had thrust a sack under his head, another his cap, still another simply made use of his comrade's side. Swords, guns, matchlocks, short pipe-stems with copper mountings, iron awls, and a flint and steel were inseparable from every Cossack. The heavy oxen lay with their feet doubled under them like huge whitish masses, and at a distance looked like gray stones scattered on the slopes of the plain. On all sides the

heavy snores of sleeping warriors began to arise from the grass, which were answered from the plain by the ringing neighs of their steeds, chafing at their hobbled feet. Meanwhile a certain threatening magnificence had mingled with the beauty of the July night. It was the glare of the burning neighborhood afar. In one place the flames spread quietly and grandly over the sky; in another meeting something on fire, and suddenly bursting into a whirlwind, they hissed and flew upwards to the very stars, and torn fragments died away in the most distant quarter of the heavens. There the black, burned monastery like a grim Carthusian monk stood threatening, and displaying its dark magnificence at every flash; there burned the monastery garden. It seemed as though the trees could be heard hissing, as they stood wrapped in smoke; and when the fire sprang away, it suddenly lighted up with a phosphoric lilac-flame-colored gleam the ripe plums, or turned the yellowing pears here

and there to pure gold; and there in the midst of them hung black upon the wall of the building, or upon the trunk of a tree, the body of a poor Jew or monk who had perished in the flames with the building. Above the fires afar, hovered birds, appearing like a cluster of tiny black crosses upon a fiery field. The town thus laid bare seemed to sleep; the spires and roofs, and its palisade and walls, flashed quietly in the glare of the distant conflagrations. Andrii went the rounds of the Cossack ranks. The camp-fires, beside which the sentinels sat, were ready to go out at any moment; and even the sentinels slept, having eaten oatmeal and dumplings with genuine Cossack appetites. He was astonished at such carelessness, thinking, "It is well that there is no strong enemy at hand, and no one to fear." Finally he went to one of the wagons, climbed into it, and lay down upon his back, putting his clasped hands under his head; but he could not sleep, and gazed

long at the sky. It was all open before him ; the air was pure and transparent ; the dense clusters of stars in the Milky Way, traversing the sky in a belt, were flooded with light. From time to time Andrii in a degree forgot himself, and a light mist of dream veiled the heavens from him for a moment ; and then he awoke, and they became visible again.

At one of these intervals it seemed to him that some strange human figure flitted before him. Thinking it to be merely a dream apparition which would vanish at once, he opened his eyes, and beheld a withered, emaciated face bending over him, and gazing straight in his eyes. The long, coal-black hair, uncoiffed, disordered, fell from beneath a dark veil which had been thrown over the head ; and the strange gleam of the eyes, and the death-like brown tone of the face, bringing out the sharp-cut features, inclined him to think that it was an apparition. His hand involuntarily grasped his gun ; and he ex-

claimed almost convulsively, "Who are you? If you are an evil spirit, out of my sight! If you are a living being, you have chosen an ill time for your jest: I will kill you with one shot."

In answer to this, the apparition laid its finger upon its lips, and seemed to entreat silence. He dropped his hand, and began to look more attentively. He recognized her to be a woman from the long hair, the brown neck, and half-concealed bosom. But she was not a native of those regions: her wide cheekbones stood out prominently over the hollow cheeks; her narrow eyes rose in an arch. The more he gazed at her features, the more he found in them that was familiar. Finally he could restrain himself no longer, and said, "Tell me, who are you? It seems to me that I know you, or have seen you somewhere."

"Two years ago, in Kief."

➤ "Two years ago, in Kief!" repeated Andrii, endeavoring to collect in his mind all that

lingered in his memory of his former student life. He looked intently at her once more, and suddenly exclaimed at the top of his voice, "You are the Tatar! the servant of the pannochka, the Voevod's daughter!"

"Sh!" cried the Tatar, clasping her hands with a supplicating glance, trembling all over, and turning her head round in order to see whether any one had been waked up by Andrii's loud exclamation.

"Tell me, tell me, why are you here?" said Andrii, almost panting, in a whisper, interrupted every moment by inward emotion. "Where is the pannochka? is she alive?"

"She is now in the city."

"In the city!" he exclaimed, again almost in a shriek, and felt that all the blood suddenly flew to his heart. "Why is she in the city?"

"Because the old pan himself is in the city: he has been Voevod of Dubno for the last year and a half."

“Is she married? How strange you are! Tell me about her.”

“She has eaten nothing for two days.”

“What!”

“And not one of the inhabitants has had a morsel of bread for a long while; all have long been eating earth.”

Andrii was astounded.

“The pannochka saw you from the city wall, among the Zaporozhti. She said to me, ‘Go tell the knight: if he remembers me, let him come to me; and do not forget to make him give you a bit of bread for my aged mother, for I do not wish to see my mother die before my very eyes. Better that I should die first, and she afterwards! Beseech him; clasp his knees, his feet: he also has an aged mother, let him give you the bread for her sake!’”

Many feelings awoke and flamed up in the young Cossack’s breast.

“But how came you here? how did you get here?”

"By an underground passage."

"Is there an underground passage?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"You will not betray it, knight?"

"I swear it by the holy cross!"

"You descend into a hole, and cross the brook, yonder among the reeds."

"And it leads into the city?"

"Straight into the monastery."

"Let us go, let us go at once!"

"A bit of bread, in the name of Christ and of His holy mother!"

"Good, so be it. Stand here beside the wagon, or, better still, lie down in it: no one will see you, all are asleep. I will return at once."

And he set off for the transports, which contained the provisions belonging to their kurén. His heart beat. All the past, all that had been extinguished by the Cossack bivouacks, by the stern battle of life, all flamed

out at once on the surface, and drowned the present, in its turn. Again, as from the dark depths of the sea, the proud woman rose before him: again there gleamed in his memory her beautiful arms, her eyes, her laughing mouth, her thick dark-chestnut hair, falling in curls upon her shoulders, and the elastic, well-knit members of her maiden form. No, they had not been extinguished in his breast; they had not vanished: they had simply been laid aside, in order, for a time, to make way for other strong emotions; but often, very often, the young Cossack's deep slumber had been troubled by them, and often, waking, he lay sleepless on his couch, without being able to explain the cause.

He went; but his heart beat more violently at the thought of seeing her again, and his young knees shook. On arriving at the transport, he had utterly forgotten why he had come; he raised his hand to his brow, and rubbed it long, trying to recollect what he

was to do. At length he trembled, and was filled with terror: the thought suddenly occurred to him, that she was dying of hunger. He flung himself upon the wagon, and seized several large loaves of black bread; but then he thought, "Is not this food, suited to a robust and easily satisfied Zaporozhetz, coarse and unfit for her delicate frame?" Then he recollected that the koschevoi, on the previous evening, had reproved the cooks for having cooked up all the oatmeal into porridge at once, when there was plenty for three times. In the full assurance that he would find plenty of porridge in the kettles, he drew out his father's travelling kettle, and went with it to the cook of their kurén, who was sleeping beside two big kettles, which held about ten pailfuls, under which the ashes still glowed. Glancing into them, he was amazed to find them empty. It must have required supernatural powers to eat it all; the more so, as their kurén numbered fewer

than the others. He looked into the kettles of the other kuréns, — nothing anywhere. Involuntarily the saying recurred to his mind, “The Zaporozhtzi are like children: if there is little they eat it, if there is much they leave nothing.” What was to be done? There was, somewhere in the wagon belonging to his father’s regiment, a sack of white bread, which they had found when they robbed the bakery of the monastery. He went straight to his father’s wagon, but it was not there. Ostap had taken it, and put it under his head; and there he lay, stretched out on the earth, snoring so that the whole plain rang again. Andrii seized the sack abruptly with one hand, and gave it a jerk, so that Ostap’s head fell to the ground, and the latter sprang up in his sleep, and, sitting there with closed eyes, shouted at the top of his lungs, “Stop them! Stop the cursed Lyakhs! Catch the horses! catch the horses!” — “Silence! I’ll kill you,” shouted Andrii

in terror, flourishing the sack over him. But Ostap did not continue his speech, quieted down, and emitted such a snore that the grass on which he lay waved with his breath.

Andrifi glanced timidly on all sides to see if Ostap's dream-raving had waked any of the Cossacks. One long-locked head only was raised in the adjoining kurén, glanced about, and then dropped back on the ground. After waiting a couple of minutes he set out with his load. The Tatar woman lay there, scarcely breathing. "Rise, come. Fear not, all are sleeping. Can you take one of these loaves if I cannot carry all?" So saying, he flung the sacks on his back, pulled out another sack of millet as he passed the wagon, took in his hands the loaves he had wanted to give the Tatar woman to carry, and, bending somewhat under the load, went boldly through the ranks of sleeping Zaporozhtzi.

"Andrifi," said old Bulba, as he passed. His

heart died within him. He halted, trembling, and said softly, "What is it?"

"There's a woman with you. When I get up I'll give you a sound thrashing. Women will lead you to no good." So saying, he leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed intently at the muffled form of the Tatar.

Andrii stood there, more dead than alive, not daring to look in his father's face. And when he did raise his eyes, and glance at him, old Bulba was asleep, with his head resting in the palm of his hand.

He crossed himself. Fear fled from his heart even more rapidly than it had attacked it. When he turned to look at the Tatar woman, she stood before him like a dark granite statue, all muffled in her wrap; and the gleam of the distant dawn lighted up only her eyes, dull as the eyes of a corpse. He plucked her by the sleeve, and both went on together, glancing back incessantly; and at length they descended the slope of the small

ravine, almost a hole, at the bottom of which a brook flowed lazily, overgrown with sedge, and strewed with mossy hummocks. Descending into this ravine, they were completely concealed from the view of all the plain occupied by the Zaporovian camp. At least Andrii, glancing back, saw that the steep slope rose behind him higher than a man. On its crest appeared a few blades of steppe-grass; and behind them, in the sky, hung the moon, like a reaping-hook of pure gold. The breeze rising on the steppe warned them that the dawn was not far off. But nowhere was the crow of the cock audible. Neither in the city nor in the devastated neighborhood had there been a cock for a long time past. They crossed the brook on a small plank, beyond which rose the opposite bank, which appeared higher than the one behind them, and projected quite steeply. It seemed as though this were the strong point of the cit-

adel, upon which they could rely ; at all events, the earthen wall was lower there, and no garrison appeared behind it. But farther on rose the thick monastery walls. The precipitous bank was all overgrown with steppe-grass, and in the narrow ravine between it and the brook grew tall reeds almost as high as a man. At the summit of the crevice were visible the remains of a wattled fence, which had formerly surrounded some garden ; in front of it, the wide leaves of the burdock, from among which rose orache and black-thorn, and sunflowers lifting their heads high above all the rest. Here the Tatar flung off her slippers, and went barefoot, gathering her clothes up carefully, for the spot was marshy, and full of water. Forcing their way among the reeds, they stopped before a ruined outwork. Skirting this outwork, they found a sort of earthen arch,—an opening not much larger than the opening of an oven. The Tatar

woman bent her head, and went first. Andrii followed, bending as low as he could, in order to pass with his sacks; and both soon found themselves in total darkness.

VI.

ANDRII could hardly move in the dark and narrow earthen corridor, as he followed the Tatar, dragging after him his sacks of bread. "It will soon be light," said his guide: "we are approaching the spot where I placed a light." And in fact the dark earthen walls began to be gradually illuminated. They reached a little widening where, it seemed, there had been a chapel; at least, there was a small table against the wall, like an altar, and above it was visible the faded, almost entirely obliterated picture of a Catholic Madonna. A small silver lamp hanging before it barely lighted it. The Tatar stooped, and picked up from the earth a copper candlestick which she had left there, with a tall, slender foot, and snuffers,

pin, and extinguisher hanging about it on chains. She lighted it at the silver lamp. The light grew stronger; and as they went on, now illumined by it, and again enveloped in pitchy shadow, they suggested a picture of Gerard Dow.

The knight's fresh, handsome countenance, overflowing with health and youth, presented a strong contrast to the pale, emaciated face of his companion. The passage grew a little higher, so that Andrii could straighten himself up. He gazed with curiosity at the earthen walls. Here, as in the catacombs at Kief, were visible niches in the walls; and in some places coffins were standing. Sometimes they came across human bones which had become softened with the dampness, and were crumbling into dust. It was evident that pious people had taken refuge here from the storms, sorrows, and seductions of the world. It was extremely damp in some places; under their feet it was all water at times. Andrii was

forced to halt frequently to allow his companion to rest, for her fatigue increased constantly. The small piece of bread she had swallowed only caused a pain in her stomach, which was unused to food; and she often stood motionless for minutes together in one spot.

At length a small iron door appeared before them. "Now glory be to God, we have arrived!" said the Tatar in a faint voice, and tried to lift her hand to knock; but she had no power. Andrii knocked hard at the door, in her stead. There was an echo as though a large space were beyond the door; then the echo changed, as if encountering lofty arches. In a couple of minutes, keys rattled, and some one seemed to be descending some stairs. At last the door opened: a monk, standing on the narrow stairs with the key and a light in his hands, admitted them. Andrii involuntarily halted at the sight of a Catholic monk, — one of those who had aroused such hate and disdain among the Cossacks, who had treated

them even more inhumanly than they had treated the Jews.

The monk, on his side, started back on perceiving a Zaporovian Cossack; but an inaudible word uttered by the Tatar re-assured him. He lighted them, fastened the door behind them, and led them up the stairs; and they found themselves beneath the dark and lofty arches of the monastery church. Before one of the altars, adorned with tall candlesticks and candles, knelt a priest praying quietly. Near him on each side, knelt two young choristers in lilac mantles, with white lace surplices, and with censers in their hands. He prayed for the performance of a miracle, that the city might be saved; that their souls might be strengthened; that patience might be given them; that the tempter, whispering complaint, and timid, weak-spirited mourning over earthly misfortunes, might be banished. A few women, resembling shadows, knelt supporting themselves against the backs of the

chairs and dark wooden benches before them, and laying their exhausted heads upon them. A few men knelt sadly, leaning against the columns upon which the wide arches rested. The stained-glass window above the altar glowed with the rosy light of dawn; and from it, on the floor, fell circles of blue, yellow, and other colors, suddenly illuminating the dim church. The whole altar, to its farthest depths, was suddenly lighted up; the smoke from the censers hung a cloudy rainbow in the air. Andrii gazed from his dark corner, not without surprise, at the wonders worked by the light. At that moment the magnificent swell of the organ suddenly filled the whole church; it grew deeper and deeper, expanded, passed into heavy bursts of thunder; and then all at once, turning into heavenly music, its singing tones floated high among the arches, like clear maiden voices, and again descended into a deep roar and thunder, and then ceased, and the thunderous pulsations echoed long and trem-

blingly among the arches; and Andrii, with half-open mouth, admired the wondrous music.

Then he felt some one plucking the skirt of his caftan. "It is time," said the Tatar. They traversed the church unperceived, and emerged upon the square in front. The dawn had long flushed the heavens; all announced the sunrise. The quadrangular square was entirely empty: in the middle of it still stood wooden pillars, showing that, perhaps only a week before, there had existed a market here with provisions. The streets, which were unpaved, were simply a mass of dried mud. The square was surrounded by a row of small, one-storied stone or mud houses, on whose walls were visible wooden stakes and posts to their full height, obliquely crossed by carved wooden beams, as was the manner of building in those days, and specimens of which can still be seen in some parts of Lithuania and Poland. They were all covered with enormously high roofs, with a multitude of win-

dows and air-holes. On one side, quite near the church, and taller than the others, rose a building quite detached from the rest; probably the town-hall or some government office. It was two stories high, and above it, in two arches, was built a belvidere where a watchman stood; a huge clock-face was let into the roof.

The square seemed dead, but Andrii thought he heard a feeble groan. Looking about him, he perceived, on the farther side, a group of two or three men lying nearly motionless upon the earth. He fastened his eyes more intently on them, to see whether they were asleep or dead; and, at the same moment, stumbled over something lying at his feet. It was the dead body of a woman, apparently a Jewess. She appeared to be young, though this was not discernible in her distorted and emaciated features. Upon her head was a red silk kerchief; two rows of pearls or pearl beads adorned the ear-pieces of her headdress; from

beneath it, two long curls hung down upon her withered neck, with its tightly drawn veins. Beside her lay a child, grasping convulsively at her withered breast, and squeezing it with involuntary ferocity, finding no milk there. He neither wept nor screamed, and only his gently rising and falling body would lead one to think that he was not dead, or at least on the point of breathing his last. They turned into a street, and were suddenly stopped by a madman, who, catching sight of Andrii's precious burden, sprang upon him like a tiger, and clutched him, yelling, "Bread!" But his strength was not equal to his madness. Andrii repulsed him: he fell to the ground. Moved with pity, Andrii flung him a loaf, which he seized like a mad dog; he gnawed and bit it; and, there in the street, he expired in horrible suffering, from long disuse of eating. The terrible victims of hunger startled them at every step. Many seemed to run into the streets, apparently un-

able to endure their torments in their houses, to see whether some nourishing power might possibly descend from the air. At the gate of one house sat an old woman, and it was impossible to say whether she was asleep or dead, or only unconscious ; at all events, she no longer saw or heard any thing, and sat immovable in one spot, her head drooping on her breast. From the roof of another house hung a strained and withered body in a rope noose. The poor fellow could not endure the tortures of hunger to the last, and preferred to hasten his end by a voluntary death.

At the sight of such terrible proof of famine, Andrii could not refrain from asking the Tatar, "Was there really nothing with which they could prolong life? If a man is driven to extremities, then there is nothing to be done: he must nourish himself on what he has hitherto despised; he can sustain himself with creatures which are forbidden by the law.

Any thing can be eaten under such circumstances."

"They have eaten every thing," said the Tatar, — "all the animals. Not a horse nor a dog nor even a mouse, can be found in the whole city. We never had any provisions in the town: they were all brought from the villages."

"But how can you, while dying such a fearful death, still dream of defending the city?"

"Possibly the Voevod might have surrendered: but yesterday morning the colonel in Buzhana sent a hawk into the city with a note saying that it was not to be given up; that he was coming to its rescue with his regiment, and was only waiting for another colonel, that they might march together. And now they are expected every moment. But we have reached the house."

Andrii had already seen from afar the house, unlike the others, and built apparently

by some Italian architect: it was constructed of thin red bricks, and had two stories. The windows of the lower story were sheltered under lofty, projecting granite cornices: the upper story consisted entirely of small arches, forming a gallery; between them, gratings with coats-of-arms were visible; upon the corners of the house there were more coats-of-arms. The wide external staircase, of tinted bricks, abutted on the square. At the foot of the staircase sat guards, who with one hand held the halberd, standing beside them in a picturesque and symmetrical manner, and with the other supported their drooping heads, and in this attitude more resembled apparitions than living beings. They neither slept nor dreamed, but seemed quite insensible to every thing; they even paid no attention to who went up the stairs. At the head of the stairs, they found a richly dressed warrior, armed cap-à-pie, holding a breviary in his hand. He turned his dim eyes upon them; but the Tatar

spoke a word to him, and he dropped them again upon the open pages of his breviary. They entered the first chamber, quite a large one, serving as a reception-room, or simply as an ante-room ; it was filled with soldiers, servants, secretaries, huntsmen, cup-bearers, and the other servitors indispensable to the support of a Polish magnate's state, all seated along the walls. The reek of extinguished candles was perceptible ; two still burned in two huge candlesticks, nearly as tall as a man, standing in the middle of the room, although morning had long before peeped through the wide, grated window. Andrii wanted to go straight to the large oaken door adorned with a coat-of-arms and a profusion of carved ornaments ; but the Tatar pulled his sleeve, and pointed to a small door in the side wall. Through this they entered a corridor, and then a room, which he began to examine attentively. The light which sifted through a crack in the shutters fell upon some objects, — a crimson cur-

tain, a gilded cornice, and a painting on the wall. Here the Tatar motioned to Andrii to wait, and opened the door into another room from which flashed the light of a fire. He heard a whispering, and a soft voice which made him quiver all over. Through the open door he beheld flit rapidly past, a tall female figure, with a long thick braid of hair falling over her uplifted hands. The Tatar returned, and told him to enter.

He could never understand how he entered, and how the door was shut behind him. Two candles burned in the room, and a lamp glowed before the images: beneath it stood a tall table with steps to kneel upon during prayer, after the Catholic fashion. But not this did his eye seek. He turned to the other side, and perceived a woman, who seemed to have frozen or turned to stone in the midst of some quick movement. It seemed as though her whole form had sought to spring towards him, and had suddenly paused. And he stood in like

manner amazed before her. Not thus had he pictured to himself that he should see her. This was not the same person he had formerly known ; nothing about her resembled that person : but she was twice as beautiful, twice as wonderful, now as she had been then. Then there had been something unfinished, incomplete, about her : now it was a production to which the artist had given the finishing stroke of his brush. That was a charming giddy girl : this was a beauty, a woman in the full development of her charms. As she raised her eyes, they were full of feeling, not of bits and hints of feeling. The tears were not yet dry in them, and framed them in a shining dew, which penetrated the very soul. Her bosom, neck, and arms were moulded in the proportions which mark fully developed loveliness. Her hair, which had in former days waved in light ringlets about her face, had become a heavy, luxuriant mass, a part of which was caught up, while part fell in long, slender curls upon her

arms and breast. It seemed as though her every feature had changed. In vain did he try to discover in them a single one of those which were engraved in his memory,—even one. Even her great pallor did not lessen her wonderful beauty: on the contrary, it conferred upon it an irresistible, inexpressible charm. And Andrii felt in all his soul a noble timidity, and stood motionless before her. She, too, seemed surprised at the appearance of the Cossack, as he stood before her in all his beauty and the might of his young manhood, and in the very immovability of his limbs personified the utmost freedom of movement. His eyes beamed with clear decision; his velvet brows bent in a bold arch; his sunburnt cheeks glowed with all the ardor of youthful fire; and his downy black mustache shone like silk.

“No, I have no power to thank you, noble knight,” she said, her silvery voice all in a tremble. “God alone can reward you: not I, a weak woman.” She dropped her eyes; her

lids fell over them in beautiful, snowy semi-circles, guarded by lashes long as arrows; all her wondrous face bowed forward, and a delicate flush overspread it from below. Andrii knew not what to say: he wanted to say every thing. He had in his mind, to say it all ardently, as it glowed in his heart, — and could not. He felt something confining his mouth; voice and words were gone; he felt that it was not for him, bred in the seminary and in the tumult of a roaming life, to reply fitly to such language, and was angry with his Cossack nature.

At that moment the Tatar entered the room. She had cut up the bread which the knight had brought, into small pieces, brought it in on a golden plate, and placed it before her mistress. The beauty glanced at her, at the bread, at her, and turned her eyes to Andrii; and there was a great deal in those eyes. That gentle glance, expressive of her weakness and her inability to give words to the feeling

which overpowered her, was far more comprehensible to Andrii than any words. His soul suddenly became light: all within him seemed made smooth. The mental emotions and the feelings which up to that moment he had restrained with a heavy curb, as it were, now felt themselves released, at liberty, and anxious to pour themselves out in a resistless torrent of words. Suddenly the beauty turned to the Tatar, and asked anxiously, "But my mother? you took her some?"

"She is asleep."

"And my father?"

"I carried him some: he said that he would come to thank the knight in person."

She took the bread, and raised it to her mouth. With inexpressible delight, Andrii watched her break it with her shining fingers, and eat it; and all at once he recalled the man, mad with hunger, who had expired before his eyes, on swallowing a morsel of bread. He turned pale, and, seizing her hand,

screamed, "Enough! eat no more! you have not eaten for so long, that bread will poison you now." And she immediately dropped her hand; she laid the bread upon the plate, and gazed into his eyes like a submissive child. And if any words could express — But neither chisel, nor brush, nor mighty speech is capable of expressing what is sometimes seen in glances of maidens, nor the tender feeling which takes possession of him who sees such maiden glances.

"Tzaritza!" exclaimed Andrii, heart, soul, all, full of emotion: "what do you need? what do you wish? command me! Impose on me the most impossible task in all the world: I fly to fulfil it! Tell me to do that which it is beyond the power of man to do: I will fulfil it if I ruin myself. I will ruin myself. And I swear by the holy cross, that ruin for your sake is so sweet — but no, it is impossible to say how sweet! I have three farms; half my father's droves of horses are mine;

all that my mother brought my father, and which she still conceals from him,—all this is mine! Not one of the Cossacks owns such weapons as I: for the pommel of my sword alone, they would give their best drove of horses and three thousand sheep. And I renounce all this, I discard it, I throw it aside, I burn, I drown it, if you will but say the word, or even move your delicate black brows! But I know that I am perchance talking foolishly, and wide of the mark; that all this is not fitting here; that it is not for me, who have passed my life in the seminary and among the Zaporozhtzi, to speak as they speak where kings, princes, and all the best of noble knighthood, have been. I perceive that you are a different being from the rest of us, and far above all other boyars' wives and maiden daughters."

With growing amazement the maiden listened, all ear, losing no single word, to the frank, sincere language in which, as in a mir-

ror, the young, strong spirit reflected itself; and each simple word of this speech, uttered in a voice which flew straight to the depths of the heart, was clothed in power. And she reached forward her beautiful face, pushed back her troublesome hair, opened her mouth, and gazed long, with parted lips. Then she tried to say something, and suddenly stopped, and remembered that the knight was known by a different name; that his father, brothers, country, lay beyond, grim avengers; that the Zaporozhtzi besieging the city were terrible, and a cruel death awaited all who were in the city, and her eyes suddenly filled with tears. She seized a silk embroidered handkerchief, and threw it over her face, and in a moment it was all wet; and she sat long with her beautiful head thrown back, her snowy teeth set on her lovely under-lip, as though she suddenly felt the sting of a poisonous serpent, and without removing the handkerchief from her face, lest he should see her broken with grief.

“Say one word to me,” said Andrii, and took her satin hand. A sparkling fire coursed through his veins at the touch, and he pressed the hand lying motionless in his.

But she kept silence, never taking the kerchief from her face, and remained motionless.

“Why are you so sad? Tell me, why are you so sad?”

She cast away the handkerchief, pushed aside her long hair which fell over her eyes, and poured out her heart in sad speech, in a quiet voice, like the breeze which, rising on a beautiful evening, blows through the thick growth of reeds beside the stream; they rustle, murmur, and emit delicately sad sounds, and the traveller, pausing in inexplicable sadness, hears them, heeding not the fading light, nor the gay songs of the people which float by as they stray from their labors in meadow and stubble-field, nor the distant thud of the passing telega.

“Am not I worthy of eternal pity? Is not

the mother that bore me unhappy? Is it not a bitter lot which has fallen to me? Art not thou a cruel executioner, my grim fate? Thou hast brought all to my feet, — the highest nobles in the land, the richest gentlemen, counts, foreign barons, all the flower of our knighthood. All loved me freely, and any one of them would have counted my love a great blessing. I had but to wave my hand, and the best of them, the handsomest, the very first in beauty and birth, would have become my husband. And to none of them didst thou incline my heart, O my bitter fate! but thou didst turn my heart against the noblest heroes of our land, and towards a stranger, towards our enemy. Why, O most holy mother of God! for what sin, dost thou so pitilessly, mercilessly, persecute me? In abundance and superfluity of luxury my days were passed; the richest dishes and the sweetest wine were my food. And to what end was it all? What was it all for? In order

that I might at last die a cruel death, more cruel than the death of the meanest beggar in the kingdom? And it was not enough, that I was condemned to so horrible a fate; not enough, that before my own end I should behold my father and mother perish in intolerable torment, when I would have willingly given my own life twenty times over to save them; all this was not enough: before my own death I must hear words and love such as I had never before dreamed of. It was necessary that he should break my heart with his utterances; that my bitter lot should be rendered still more bitter; that my young life should be made yet more sad; that my death should seem even more terrible; and that, dying, I should reproach thee still more, O cruel fate! and thee, — forgive my sin, — O holy mother of God!”

And when she ceased in despair, feeling was expressed in her face; every feature spoke of gnawing sorrow; and all, from the sadly

bowed brow and downcast eyes, to the tears trickling down and drying away on her softly burning cheeks, seemed to say, "There is no happiness in this face."

"Such a thing was never heard of since the world began. It cannot be," said Andrii, "that the best and most beautiful of women should suffer so bitter a fate, when she was born that all the best there is in the world should bow before her as before a saint. No, you will not die, you shall not die! I swear it by my birth, and by all there is dear to me in the world, that you shall not die. But if it must be so; if nothing, neither strength, nor prayer, nor heroism, will avail to avert that cruel fate, — then we will die together, and I will die first. I will die before you, at your beauteous knees, and even in death they shall not divide us."

"Deceive not yourself and me, knight," she said, gently shaking her beautiful head; "I know, and to my great sorrow I know

but too well, that it is impossible for you to love me. I know what your duty is, and your faith. Your father calls you, your comrades, your country, and we are your enemies."

"And what are my father, my comrades, my country, to me?" said Andrii, with a quick movement of his head, and straightening up his figure like a poplar beside the river. "Be that as it may, I have no one, no one, no one!" he repeated, with the movement of the hand with which the elastic, irrepressible Cossack expresses his determination to do some unheard-of deed, impossible to any other man. "Who has said that my country was the Ukraine? Who gave it to me for my country? Our country is the one our spirit longs for, the one which is dearest of all to it. My country is—you! That is my native land, and I bear that country in my heart. I will bear it there all my life, and I will see whether any of the Cossacks

can be induced
eloquently too

can tear it thence. And I will give ever
thing, barter every thing, I will destroy my
self, for that country!"

Astounded for a space, she gazed in his
eyes like a beautiful statue, and suddenly burst
out sobbing; and with the wonderful fem-
inine impetuosity which only grand-souled, un-
calculating women, created for fine impulses
of the heart, are capable of, she threw herself
upon his neck, encircling it with her won-
derous snowy arms, and wept. At that mo-
ment indistinct shouts rang through the street
accompanied by the sound of trumpets and
kettle-drums; but he heard them not. He
was only conscious of the lovely mouth bat-
ting him in its warm, sweet breath, of the
tears streaming down his face, and her long,
unbound, perfumed hair, veiling him com-
pletely in its dark and shining silk.

At that moment the Tatar ran in with a cry
of joy. "Saved, saved!" she cried, beside
herself. "Our troops have arrived in the city."

They have brought corn, millet, flour, and Zaporozhtzi in chains!" But no one heard that *our troops* had arrived in the city, or what they had brought with them, or how they had bound the Zaporozhtzi. Filled with feelings untasted upon earth, Andrii kissed the sweet mouth which pressed his cheek, and the sweet mouth did not remain unresponsive. In this union of kisses, they experienced that which it is given to a man to feel but once on earth.

And the Cossack was ruined. He was lost to the Cossack knighthood. Never again will Zaporozhe, nor his father's house, nor the Church of God, behold him. The Ukraine will never more see the bravest of her children, who have undertaken to defend her. Old Taras may tear the gray locks from his top-knot, and curse the day and hour in which such a son was born to dishonor him.

VII.

NOISE and movement were rife in the Zaporozhian camp. At first, no one could account for the army's having made its way into the city; but afterwards it appeared that the Pereyaslavsky kurén, encamped before the wide gate of the town, had been dead drunk: it was no wonder that half had been killed, and the other half bound, before they knew what it was all about. Meantime the neighboring kuréns, aroused by the tumult, succeeded in grasping their weapons; but the army had already passed through the gate, and the last ranks fired upon the sleepy and only half-sober Zaporozhtzi who were pressing in disorder upon them, and kept them back.

The koschevoi ordered all to be assembled; and when all stood in a ring, and had removed

their caps, and become quiet, he said, "See what happened last night, brother panóve! See what drunkenness has led to! See what a disgrace the enemy has put upon us! It is evidently so arranged with us, that, if your allowances are kindly doubled, then you are ready to stretch out at full length, and the enemies of Christ can not only take your very trousers off you, but can sneeze in your faces without your hearing them!"

The Cossacks all stood with drooping heads, knowing that they were guilty: only the atáman of one kurén, Kukubenko the Nezamisky, answered back. "Stop, batko!" said he: "although it is not lawful to make such a retort when the koschevoi speaks before the whole army, yet it is necessary to say that that was not the state of the case. You have not been quite just in your reprimand. The Cossacks would have been guilty, and deserving of death, had they got drunk on the march, during war or heavy toilsome labor; but we have been

sitting here unoccupied, loitering in vain before the city. There was no fast, or other Christian restraint: how could it be otherwise, than that a man should get drunk in idleness? There is no sin in that. But we had better show them what it is to attack innocent people. They first beat us well, and now we will beat them so that not half a dozen of them will ever see home again."

The speech of the kurén atáman pleased the Cossacks. They raised their drooping heads upright, and many nodded approvingly, muttering, "Kukubenko has spoken well!" And Taras Bulba, who stood not far from the koschevoi, said, "How now, koschevoi? Kuku-benko has spoken truth. What have you to say to this?"

"What have I to say? I say, Blessed be the father of such a son! It requires not much wisdom to utter words of reproof; but much wisdom is needed to say such words as do not curse a man's misfortune, but encour-

age him, restore to him his spirit, put spurs to the horse of his soul, refreshed by water. I meant myself to speak words of comfort to you, but Kukubenko forestalled me."

"The koschevoi also has spoken well!" rang through the ranks of the Zaporozhtzi. "His words are good," repeated others. And even the gray-heads who stood there like dark blue doves, nodded their heads, and, twitching their gray mustaches, said softly, "That word was well said."

"Listen now, panóve," continued the koschevoi. "To take the city, to scale it, or undermine it as the foreign engineers do,—let the enemy make that pretence: that is not proper nor Cossack fashion. But, judging from appearances, the enemy entered the city without many provisions; they had not many telegas with them. The people in the city are hungry: they will all eat heartily, and the horses will devour the hay. I don't know whether their saints will fling them down any

thing from heaven with hay-forks : God only knows that. But, in a word, there are a great many Catholic priests among them. By one means or another they will leave the city. Divide yourselves, therefore, into three forces, and take up your posts before the three gates ; five kuréns before the principal gate, and three kuréns before each of the others. Let the Dadikivsky and Korsunsky kuréns go into ambush ; Colonel Taras and his regiment into ambush ; the Titarevsky and Timoshevsky kuréns are to guard the provisions from the right side of the transports, the Scherbinovsky and Steblikivsky on the left ; and select from the ranks the most daring young men to beat the foe. The Lyakhs are of a giddy nature, and cannot endure a fight, and perhaps this very day they will issue forth from the gates. Let each atáman inspect his kurén : those which are not full are to be recruited from the remains of the Pereyaslavsky kurén. Inspect them all anew. Give a loaf and a beaker to

each Cossack to strengthen him. But surely every one must be satiated from last night; for all stuffed themselves so that, to tell the truth, I am only surprised that no one burst in the night. And here is one further command: If any Jew rumseller sells a Cossack so much as a single jug of brandy, I will nail pig's ears to his very forehead, the dog, and I will hang him up by his feet. To work, brothers, to work!"

Thus did the koschevoi give his orders; and all bowed to his girdle, and without putting on their caps set out for their transports and camps, and only when they had gone quite a distance did they put on their caps. All began to equip themselves; they tested their swords, poured powder from the sacks into their powder-flasks, rolled out and arranged the wagons, and looked up their horses.

On his way to his regiment, Taras wondered, and could not conceive, what had become of Andrii: had he been captured and bound

while asleep, with the others? But no, Andrii was not the man to go alive into captivity. And he was not to be seen among the slaughtered Cossacks. Taras pondered deeply, and went past his regiment, without hearing that some one had long been calling him by name. "Who wants me?" he said, finally coming to himself. Before him stood the Jew Yankel. "Pan colonel! pan colonel!" said the Jew in a hasty and broken voice, as though desirous of revealing something not utterly useless. "I have been in the city, pan colonel!"

Taras looked at the Jew, and wondered how he had succeeded in getting into the city. "What enemy took you there?"

"I will tell you at once," said Yankel. "As soon as I heard the uproar this morning, and when the Cossacks began to fire, I seized my caftan, and, without stopping to put it on, ran at the top of my speed, thrusting my arms in on the way, because I wanted to know as soon as possible the cause of the noise, and

why the Cossacks were firing at dawn. I ran to the very gate of the city, at the moment when the last of the army was passing through. I look, and at the head of the file is Cornet Galyandóvitch. He is a man well known to me: he has owed me a hundred ducats these three years past. I ran after him, as though to claim the debt of him, and so entered the city with them."

"And you entered the city, and wanted to settle the debt!" said Bulba; "and he did not order you to be hung like a dog, on the spot?"

"By heavens, he did want to hang me," replied the Jew: "his servants had already seized me, and thrown a rope about my neck. But I besought the pan, and said that I would wait for the money as long as the pan liked, and promised to lend him more if he would only help me to collect my debts from the other knights: for I will tell the pan, that the pan cornet had not a ducat in his pocket, although

he has farms and properties and four castles, and steppe-land that extends clear to Schklof; but he has not a groschen, any more than a Cossack. And now, if the Breslau Jews had not equipped him, he could not have gone to the war. That was the reason he did not go to the Landtag."

"What did you do in the city? Did you see any of our people?"

"Certainly, there are many of them there: Itzok, Rachum, Samuel, Khaivalkh, Evrei the pawnbroker" —

"May they die, dogs!" shouted the enraged Taras. "Why do you name over your Jewish tribe to me? I ask you about our Zaporozhtzi."

"I saw none of our Zaporozhtzi: I saw only Pan Andrii."

"You saw Andrii!" shouted Bulba. "What is he doing? Where did you see him? in a dungeon? in a pit? dishonored? bound?"

"Who would dare to bind Pan Andrii? now he is so grand a knight, I hardly recognized

him. Gold on his shoulders and his belt, gold everywhere, always gold; as the sun shines in spring, when every bird twitters and sings in the orchard, so he shines, all gold. And his horse, which the Voevod himself gave him, is the very best: the horse alone is worth two hundred ducats."

Bulba was petrified. "Why has he put on strange garments?"

"He put them on because they were finer. And he rides about, and the others ride about, and he teaches them, and they teach him; like the very grandest Polish pan."

"Who forced him to this?"

"I should not say that he had been forced. Does not the pan know that he went over to them of his own free will?"

"Who went over?"

"Pan Andrii."

"Went where?"

"Went over to their side: he is now a complete stranger."

“You lie, you hog’s ear!”

“How is it possible that I should lie? Am I a fool, that I should lie? Would I lie at the risk of my head? Do not I know that Jews are hung like dogs if they lie to the pani?”

“Then it means, that, in your opinion, he has betrayed his native land and his faith?”

“I do not say that he has betrayed any thing: I merely said that he had gone over to them.”

“You lie, you imp of a Jew! Such a deed was never known in a Christian land. You are confusing things, dog!”

“May the grass grow upon the threshold of my house, if I am confusing things! May every one spit upon the grave of my father, my mother, my father’s father-in-law, and my mother’s father, if I am confusing things! If the pan wishes, I can even tell him why he went over to them.”

“Why?”

“The Voevod has a beautiful daughter.

Holy Father! what a beauty!" Here the Jew tried his utmost to express beauty, extending his hands, screwing up his eyes, and twisting his mouth to one side as though tasting something on trial.

"Well, what of that?"

"He did it all for her, he went there for her. When a man is in love, then all things are the same to him; like a sole which you can bend in any direction if you soak it in water."

Bulba reflected deeply. He remembered the great power of weak woman,—that she had ruined many a strong man, that this was the weak point in Andrii's nature,—and he stood long in one place, as though rooted there.

"Listen, pan, I will tell the pan all," said the Jew. "As soon as I heard the uproar, and saw them going through the city gate, I seized a string of pearls, in case of any emergency. For there are beauties and noblewomen there ;

‘and if there are beauties and noblewomen,’ I said to myself, ‘they will buy pearls, even if they have nothing to eat.’ And, as soon as ever the cornet’s servants set me at liberty, I hastened to the Voevod’s court to sell my pearls. I asked all manner of questions of the Tatar maid; the wedding is to take place immediately, as soon as they have driven off the Zaporozhtzi. Pan Andrii has promised to drive off the Zaporovians.”

“And you did not kill him on the spot, you devil’s brat?” shouted Bulba.

“Why should I kill him? He went over of his own free will. What is his crime? He liked it better there, so he went there.”

“And you saw him face to face?”

“Face to face, by heavens! such a magnificent warrior! more splendid than all the rest. God bless him, he knew me at once, and when I approached him, he said at once ”

“What did he say?”

“He said — First he beckoned me with his

finger, and then he said, 'Yankel!' And I, 'Pan Andrii!' I say. 'Yankel, tell my father, tell my brother, tell all the Cossacks, all the Zaporozhtzi, everybody, that my father is no longer my father, nor my brother my brother, nor my comrades my comrades; and that I will fight them all, all.'"

"You lie, imp of a Jew!" shouted Taras, beside himself. "You lie, dog! I will kill you, Satan! Get away from here! if not, death awaits you!" So saying, Taras unsheathed his sword.

The frightened Jew set off instantly, at the full speed of his thin, withered legs. He ran for a long time, without looking back, through the Cossack camp, and then far out on the deserted plain, although Taras did not chase him at all, reasoning that it was foolish to vent his rage on the first person who presented himself.

Then he recollected that he had seen Andrii on the previous night, traversing the camp

with some woman; and he bowed his gray head. And still he would not believe that so disgraceful a thing could have happened, and that his own son had betrayed his faith and his soul.

Finally he led his regiment into ambush, and hid himself with it behind a wood, — the only one which had not been burned by the Cossacks, — and the Zaporozhians, foot and horse, set out for the three gates by three different roads. One after another the kuréns turned out: the Oumansky, Popovichesky, Kanevsky, Steblikóvsky, Nezamáikovsky, Gurgazif, Titarevsky, Timoschevsky. The Pereyaslavsky alone was wanting. Its Cossacks had smoked and drunk it to its destruction. One awoke to find himself bound in the enemy's hands; another never woke at all, but went in his sleep into the damp earth; and the atáman Khlib himself, minus his trousers and outward adornments, found himself in the camp of the Lyakhs.

The uproar among the Cossacks was heard

in the city. All hastened to the ramparts, and a lively scene was presented to the Cossacks. The Polish heroes, each handsomer than the other, stood on the wall. Their bronze helmets shone like the sun, and were adorned with feathers white as swans. Others wore light caps, pink and blue, with crowns drooping over one ear; caftans with the sleeves thrown back, either embroidered with gold or simply corded. Their swords and guns were richly mounted, and the pani had paid great sums for them; they had also many equipments of all sorts. In front stood the colonel proudly, in his red cap ornamented with gold. The Budzhakovsky colonel was taller and stouter than all the rest, and his rich and voluminous caftan hardly covered him. On the other hand, almost by the side gate, stood another colonel. He was a small, dried-up man; but his small, piercing eyes gleamed sharply from under his thick and shaggy brows, and he turned quickly on all

sides, motioning boldly with his thin, withered hand, and distributing his orders. It was evident, that, in spite of his little body, he understood military science thoroughly. Not far from him stood a tall, very tall, cornet, with thick mustaches, and he did not seem to lack color in his face: the pan was fond of strong mead and hearty revelry. And behind them were visible many nobles, who had equipped themselves, some with their own ducats, some from the royal treasury, some with money from the Jews, by pawning every thing they found in their ancestral castles. Many also were the senatorial parasites, whom the senators took with them to dinners for show, who stole silver cups from the table and the sideboard, and who, after the day's show was over, mounted some gentleman's coach-box, and drove his horses. There were many of all sorts there. Sometimes there was not even enough to drink, but all were equipped for war.

The Cossack ranks stood quietly before the walls. There was no gold about them, only here and there it shone on the hilt of a sword or the mountings of a gun. The Cossacks were not given to decking themselves out gayly for battle: their coats-of-mail and their sivitkas were plain, and their black, red-crowned caps glowed darkly in the distance.

Two Cossacks advanced from the Zaporozhian ranks. One was quite young, the other older; both fierce in words, and not bad specimens of Cossacks in action, — Okhrim Nasch and Mikiga Golokopuitenko. They were followed by Demid Popovitch, a robust Cossack who had been hanging about the Setch for a long time, who had been at Adrianople, and undergone a great deal in the course of his life. He had been burned, and had run away to the Setch with tarred and blackened head and singed mustaches. But Popovitch recovered, let his hair grow, raised mustaches thick and black as pitch, and was a

stout fellow, according to Popovitch's own biting speech.

“Red jackets on all the army, but I should like to know whether the strength corresponds.”

“I'll give it to you,” shouted a stout colonel from above. “I will bind you all. Surrender your guns and horses, slaves. Did you see how I bound your men?—Bring out a Zaporozhetz on the wall, for them to see.”

And they led out a Zaporozhetz loaded with rope bonds.

Before them stood the atáman of the kurén, Khib, without his trousers and outward adornments, just as they had captured him in his drunken sleep; and the atáman bowed his head in shame before the Cossacks at his nakedness, and at having been taken prisoner like a dog, while asleep. His powerful head had turned gray in one night.

“Grieve not, Khib: we will rescue you,” shouted the Cossacks from below.

“Grieve not, friend,” cried atáman¹ Borodaty. “It is not your fault that they caught you naked: that misfortune can happen to any man. But it is a disgrace to them, that they have exposed you to dishonor, and not covered your nakedness decently.”

“You seem to be a brave army when you meet people asleep,” remarked Golokopuitenko, glancing at the ramparts.

“Wait, we’ll singe your top-knots for you!”

“I should like to see them singe our locks!” said Popovitch, prancing about before them on his horse; and then, glancing at his comrades, he said, “Well, perhaps the Lyakhs speak the truth: if that fat-bellied fellow there leads them, they will all find a good shelter behind him.”

“Why do you think they will find a good shelter?” asked the Cossacks, knowing that Popovitch was probably preparing some remark

¹ Ordinarily it is accented *atamán*, but the Little Russian accent as given by Gogol is as above.

“Because the whole army will hide behind him; and the devil himself couldn’t help you to reach anybody with your spear, from behind that belly of his!”

All the Cossacks laughed, and many of them shook their heads, saying, “What a fellow Popovitch is, if anybody wants to turn a phrase! but now” — But the Cossacks did not explain what they meant by that *now*.

“Fall back, fall back quickly from the wall!” shouted the koschevoi; for it seemed that the Lyakhs could not endure these biting words, and the colonel waved his hand.

The Cossacks had hardly retreated from the wall, when the grape-shot rained down. On the ramparts all was excitement, and the gray-haired Voevod himself appeared on horse-back. The gates opened, and the army sallied forth. In front came the mounted hussars in orderly ranks, behind them the men in armor, then all those with brazen helmets; after them rode singly the highest nobility,

each man dressed as he pleased. The haughty nobles would not mingle in the ranks with the others, and those who had no commands rode alone with their own followers. After these came more companies, and after these still emerged the cornet, then more files of men, and then the stout colonel; and in the rear of the whole army came the little colonel.

“Keep them from forming in line!” shouted the koschevoi; “let all the kuréns attack them at once! Block the other gate! Titarevsky kurén, fall on one flank! Dyadovsky kurén, fall on the other! Attack them in the rear, Kukubenko and Palivod! Hinder them, divide them!” And the Cossacks attacked on all sides, killing the Lyakhs and throwing them into confusion, and getting confused themselves. They did not even give them time to fire: it came to swords and spears at once. All fought in a mass, and each man had an opportunity to distinguish himself.

Demid Popovitch ran three common soldiers

through, and cut two of the highest nobles from their horses, saying, "Here are good horses! I have long wanted just such horses." And he drove the horses far afield, shouting to the Cossacks standing about to catch them. Then he flung himself again into the throng, fell again upon the fallen nobles, killed one, and flung his lasso round the neck of the other, tied him to his saddle, and dragged him all over the plain, having taken from him his sword with its rich hilt, and removed from his girdle a whole bag of ducats.

Kobita, a good Cossack and still very young, attacked one of the bravest men in the Polish army, and they fought long together. They had come to fisticuffs, and the Cossack had nearly conquered, and, throwing him down, stabbed him in the breast with his sharp Turkish knife. But he did not guard himself properly: a hot bullet struck him on the temple. The man who struck him down was the most distinguished of the pani, the hand-

somest knight of an ancient and princely race. Like a stately poplar, he bestrode his tawny steed. And many heroic deeds did the boyar perform : he cut two Cossacks in twain ; Fedor Korzh, the brave Cossack, he overthrew together with his horse ; he shot the horse, and picked the Cossack off with his spear ; many heads and hands did he hew off ; and he killed Cossack Kobita, sending a bullet through his temple.

“There’s the man I should like to measure forces with!” shouted Kukubenko, the atáman of the Nezamáikovsky kurén. Spurring on his horse, he flew straight at his back, and shouted loudly, so that all who stood near shuddered at that unearthly yell. The Lyakh tried to turn his horse suddenly, and face him, but the horse did not obey : frightened by the terrible cry, it sprang aside, and the Lyakh received Kukubenko’s fire. The hot ball struck him in the shoulder-blade, and he rolled from his horse. But even then he did not

surrender, but still strove to deal his enemy a blow; but his hand, falling with the sword, was weak. Then Kukubenko, taking his heavy sword in both hands, drove it through his pallid mouth. The sword, breaking out two teeth, cut the tongue in twain, pierced the windpipe, and penetrated deep into the earth; and so he fastened him there forever to the damp ground. His noble blood, red as viburnum berries beside the river, welled up in a fountain, and stained his yellow, gold-embroidered caftan. But Kukubenko had already left him, and was forcing his way, with his *Nezamáikovsky kurén*, towards another group.

“Eh, he left untouched such valuable equipments?” said Borodaty, *atáman* of the *Oumansky kurén*, leaving his men, and going to the place where the nobleman killed by Kukubenko lay; “I have killed seven nobles with my own hand, but such equipments I never beheld on any one.” And, prompted

by greed, Borodaty bent down to take off the rich armor, and had already pulled off his Turkish knife set with precious stones, loosed from his belt the purse of ducats, from his breast the case of fine linen, silver, and a maiden's curl, cherished carefully as a souvenir. And Borodaty heeded not how the red-nosed cornet flew upon him from behind; he had already once hurled him from the saddle, and given him a good blow as a remembrance. He flourished his arm with all his might, and brought down his sword upon the bent neck. Greed led to no good: the strong head rolled off, and the body fell headless, sprinkling the earth far and wide; the Cossack soul ascended, grimacing, indignant, and surprised at having so soon quitted so stout a body. The cornet had not succeeded in seizing the atáman's head by its scalp-lock, and fastening it to his saddle, before an avenger arrived.

As a vulture floating in the sky, beating

great circles with his mighty wings, suddenly remains poised in air, in one spot, and thence darts down like an arrow upon the shrieking male quail beside the road; just so Taras's son Ostap flew suddenly upon the cornet, and flung a rope about his neck with one cast. The cornet's red face became a still deeper purple when the cruel noose pressed his throat, and he tried to seize his pistol; but his convulsively quivering hand could not direct the shot, and the bullet flew wild across the plain. Ostap immediately unfastened a silken cord which the cornet carried at his saddle-bow to bind prisoners, and with this cord bound him hand and foot, attached the cord to his saddle, and dragged him across the field, calling all the Cossacks of the Oumansky kurén to come and render the last honors to their atáman.

When the Oumantzi heard that the atáman of their kurén, Borodaty, was no longer among the living, they deserted the field of

battle, and rushed to get his body; and consulted at once whom to select as their leader. At length they said, "But why consult? It is impossible to appoint a better leader than Bulba's Ostap: he is younger than all the rest of us, it is true; but his judgment is equal to that of the eldest."

Ostap, taking off his cap, thanked all his Cossack comrades for the honor, and did not decline either on account of his youth or youthful judgment, knowing that war-time is no fitting season for that; but instantly ordered them straight to the throng, and already showed them all that not in vain had they chosen him as atáman. The Lyakhs felt that the matter was growing too hot for them, and retreated across the plain in order to assemble again at its other extremity. But the little colonel signalled to the fresh division of four hundred, standing at the gate, and they rained down grape-shot upon the Cossack throng; but to little purpose: their

shot took effect in the Cossack oxen, who were gazing wildly upon the battle. The frightened oxen bellowed, turned on the herd of horses, broke the wagons, and trampled on many. But Taras, emerging from ambush at the moment, with his troops, flung himself on the stockade. He headed off the infuriated herd startled by his yell, and swooped down upon the Polish regiments, overthrew the cavalry, crushed and dispersed them all.

“Oh, thank you, oxen!” cried the Zaporozhtzi: “you served us on the march, and now you serve us in war.” And they attacked the foe with fresh vigor. They killed many of the enemy. Many distinguished themselves, — Metelitz, Schilo, both of the Pisarenki, Votuzenko, and many others. The Lyakhs perceived that matters were going ill; flung away their banners, and shouted for the city gate to be opened. With a squeak the iron-bound gates opened, and received the weary and dust-covered riders, flocking in like sheep into

a fold. Many of the Zaporozhtzi would have pursued them; but Ostap stopped his Oumantzi, saying, "Farther, farther from the walls, brother pani! it is not well to approach them too closely." And he spoke truly; for from the ramparts rained and poured down every thing which came to hand, and a great many were struck. At that moment the koschevoi came up, and congratulated Ostap, saying, "Here is the new atáman leading the army like an old one!" Old Bulba glanced round to see the new atáman, and beheld Ostap sitting on his horse at the head of the Oumantzi, his cap on one ear, and the atáman's staff in his hand. "Who ever saw the like!" he exclaimed; and the old man rejoiced, and began to thank all the Oumantzi for the honor they had conferred upon his son.

The Cossacks retired, again preparing to go into camp; but the Lyakhs showed themselves again on the city ramparts with tattered mantles. Many rich caftans were spotted

with blood, and dust covered the beautiful brazen helmets.

“Have you bound us?” cried the Zaporozhti to them from below.

“I’ll give it to you!” shouted the big colonel from above, showing them a rope; and the weary, dust-covered warriors ceased not to threaten, and all the most zealous on both sides exchanged fierce remarks.

At length all dispersed. One, weary with battle, stretched himself out to rest; another sprinkled his wounds with earth, and bound them with kerchiefs and rich garments captured from the enemy. Others, who were fresher, began to inspect the corpses, and to render them the last honors. They dug graves with swords and spears, brought earth in their caps and the skirts of their garments, laid the Cossacks’ bodies out decently, and sprinkled them with fresh earth in order that the ravens and eagles might not claw out their eyes. But binding the bodies of

Lyakhs by tens, as they came to hand, to the tails of wild horses, they let these loose on the plain, pursued them, and beat them for a long time on their flanks. The infuriated horses flew over furrow and hillock, through ditch and brook, and beat the bodies of the Poles, all covered with blood and dust, upon the earth.

Then all the kuréns sat down in circles in the evening, and talked long of their deeds, and of the achievements which had fallen to the share of each, for eternal repetition by strangers and posterity. It was long before they lay down to sleep; and longer still before old Taras, meditating what it might signify that Andrii was not among the foe, lay down. Had Judas been ashamed to come forth against his own countrymen? or had the Jew been deceiving him, and had he simply gone against his will? But then he recollected that there were no bounds to woman's influence upon Andrii's heart: he

felt ashamed, and swore a mighty oath in spirit against the fair Pole who had charmed his son. And he would have kept his oath. He would not have glanced at her beauty: he would have dragged her forth by her thick and splendid hair; he would have dragged her after him over all the plain, among all the Cossacks. Her beautiful shoulders and bosom, white as fresh-fallen snow upon the mountain-tops, would have been crushed upon the earth, all covered with blood and dust. Her lovely body would have been torn in pieces. But Taras did not foresee what God prepares for man on the morrow, began to forget himself with drowsiness, and finally fell asleep. But the Cossacks still talked among themselves; and the sober sentinel stood all night long beside the fire without winking, looking intently on all sides.

VIII.

THE sun had not scaled half the height of heaven when all the Cossacks assembled in a group. News had arrived from the Setch that the Tatars, during the Cossacks' absence, had plundered it completely, unearthed the treasures which the Cossacks kept concealed in the ground, had killed or carried into captivity all who remained, and had straightway set out, with all the flocks and droves of horses they had collected, for Perekop. One Cossack only, Maksim Galodukha, had forced his way out of the Tatars' hands, had stabbed the Mirza, had unbound his bag of sequins, and on a Tatar horse, in Tatar garments, had fled from before his pursuers for two nights and a day and a half, ridden his horse to death, changed to another, killed that one

also, and arrived at the Zaporozhian camp upon a third, having learned upon the road that the Zaporozhtzi were before Dubno. He only succeeded in informing them that this misfortune had happened; but how it happened,—whether the remaining Zaporozhtzi had been carousing after Cossack fashion, and had been carried drunk into captivity, and how the Tatars knew of the spot where the treasures of the army were concealed,—he said nothing. The Cossack was extremely fatigued; he was all swollen, and his face was burned and beaten by the weather; he fell down at once, and a deep sleep overpowered him.

In such cases it was customary for the Cossacks to pursue the robbers on the instant, endeavoring to overtake them on the road; for, let the prisoners once be got to the bazaars of Asia Minor, in Smyrna, or the island of Crete, and God knows in what places the tufted heads of Zaporozhtzi might not be

seen. This was the occasion of the Cossacks' assembling. They all stood to a man with their caps on; for they were not come together to listen to the commands of their governing atáman, but to take counsel together as equals among equals. "Let the old men first advise," was shouted in the crowd. "Let the koschevoi give his opinion," said others.

And the koschevoi, taking off his cap, not as commander, but as a comrade among comrades, thanked all the Cossacks for the honor, and said, "There are among us many old men, and much advice of wise men; but since you have thought me worthy, this is my counsel: not to lose time, comrades, in pursuing the Tatars, for you know yourselves what the Tatar is. He will not pause with his stolen booty to await our coming, but will vanish in a twinkling, so that you can find no trace of him. Therefore this is my counsel: to go. We have revelled here. The

Lyakhs know what Cossacks are. We have avenged our faith to the extent of our powers; there is not much to satisfy greed in the famished city, and so my advice is to go."

"To go," rang heavily through the Zaporozhian kuréns. But such words did not suit Taras Bulba's mood at all; and he brought his frowning, iron-gray brows still lower down over his eyes, like bushes growing on dark mountain heights, whose crowns are suddenly covered with prickly northern frost.

"No, koschevoi, your counsel is not good," said he. "You will not say that. You have evidently forgotten that our men captured by the Lyakhs will remain prisoners. You evidently wish that we should not heed the first holy law of comradeship; that we should leave our brethren to be flayed alive, or to be carried about through the towns and villages after their Cossack bodies had been quartered, as they did with the hetman and the bravest Russian warriors in the Ukraine.

Have they not desecrated the holy things sufficiently without that? What are we? I ask you all, what sort of a Cossack is he who would desert his comrade in misfortune, and let him perish like a dog in a foreign land? If it has come to such a pass that no one has any confidence in Cossack honor, permitting men to spit upon his gray mustache, and upbraid him with offensive words, then let no one blame me: I will remain here alone."

All the Zaporozhtzi who stood there wavered.

"And have you forgotten, brave colonel," said the koschevoi, "that the Tatars also have our comrades in their hands; that, if we do not rescue them now, their lives will be sacrificed to eternal imprisonment among the infidels, which is worse than the most cruel death? Have you forgotten that they now hold all our treasure, won by Christian blood?"

All the Cossacks meditated, and knew not what to say. None of them wished to deserve disgraceful renown. Then there stepped out in front of them the oldest in years of all the Zaporozhian army, Kasyan Bovdug. He was respected by all the Cossacks. Twice had he been chosen koschevoi, and he had also been a stout, brave Cossack in the wars: but he had long been old, and had been upon no expeditions, neither did the old man like to give advice to any one; but he loved to lie constantly upon his side in the ring of Cossacks, listening to tales of every occurrence on the Cossack marches. He never joined in the conversation, but only listened, and pressed the ashes with his finger in his short pipe, which never left his mouth; and then he sat long with his eyes half open, and the Cossacks never knew whether he were asleep or still listening. He always staid at home during their expeditions, but this time the old man had joined the discussion. He waved

his hand in Cossack fashion, and said, "Wherever you go, I am going too; perhaps I may be of some service to the Cossack nation." All the Cossacks became silent when he now stepped forward before the assembly, for it was long since any speech from him had been heard. Each one wanted to know what Bovdug had to say.

"It is my turn to speak a word, brother pani," thus he began: "listen, my children, to the old man. The koschevoi spoke well as the head of the Cossack army; being bound to protect it, and regretting the treasures of the army, he could say nothing wiser. There it is! Let that be my first remark; but now listen to my second. And this is my second remark: Colonel Taras spoke even more truly. God grant him many years, and that such colonels may be plentiful in the Ukraine! A Cossack's first duty and first honor is to guard comradeship. Never in all my life, brother pani, have I heard of any Cossack deserting

or betraying any of his comrades. Both those and these are our comrades: whether they are few or many, it makes no difference; all are our comrades, and all are dear to us. So this is my speech: Let those to whom the prisoners captured by the Tatars are dear, set out after the Tatars; and let those to whom the captives of the Poles are dear, and who do not care to desert a righteous cause, stay behind. The koschevoi, in accordance with his duty, will accompany one half in pursuit of the Tatars, and the other half can choose an atáman to lead them. But if you will heed the words of an old man, there is no man fitter to be the commanding atáman than Taras Bulba. Not one of us is his equal in heroism."

Thus spoke Bovdug, and paused; and all the Cossacks rejoiced that the old man had in this manner brought them to reason. All flung up their caps, and shouted, "Thanks, batko [father]! He kept silence, he kept silence

for a long, long time, but he has spoken at last. Not in vain did he say, when we prepared for this expedition, that he would be useful to the Cossack nation: even so it has come to pass!"

"Well, are you agreed upon any thing?" asked the koschevoi.

"All agreed!" cried the Cossacks.

"Then the council is at an end?"

"At an end!" cried the Cossacks.

"Then listen to the military command, children," said the koschevoi, stepping forward, and putting on his cap; and all the Cossacks took off theirs, and stood with uncovered heads, and with eyes fixed upon the earth, as was always the custom among the Cossacks when the leader prepared to speak. "Now divide yourselves, brother pani! Let those who wish to go stand on the right, and those who wish to stay, on the left. Where the majority of a kurén goes, there the rest are to go: if the minority of a kurén goes over, it must be added to another kurén."

And then they began to take up their positions, some to the right, and some to the left. Whither the majority of a kurén went, thither the atáman went also; and the kurén where there was a minority attached itself to another kurén: and it came out pretty even on both sides. Those who wished to remain were nearly the whole of the Nezamaikovsky kurén, the larger half of the Popóvitchvsky kurén, the entire Oumansky kurén, the entire Kanevsky kurén, and the larger half of the Timoschevsky and the Steblikivsky kuréns. All the rest preferred to go in pursuit of the Tatars. On both sides there were many stout and brave Cossacks. Among those who decided to follow the Tatars were Tcherevaty, and the good old Cossacks Pokotípole, Lemísch, and Prokopovitch Khoma. Demid Popovitch also went in that party, because the Cossack nature was deeply involved, and he could not sit long in one place: he had tried his hand on the Lyakhs, and wanted to try it on the

Tatars also. The atámans of kuréns were Nostiugán, Pókruischka, Nevnimsky, and many other brave and renowned Cossacks who wished to try their swords and brawny shoulders in an encounter with the Tatars. There were likewise many very brave Cossacks among those who preferred to remain: the kurén atámans, Demitrovitch, Kukubenko, Vertíkhvist, Balán, and Ostap Bulba. Besides these there were many stout and distinguished Cossacks: Vovtuzenko, Tcherevitchénko, Stepan Guska, Okhrim Guska, Vikola Gonstiy, Zadorozhniy, Metélitza, Ivan Zakrutíguba, Mosiy Schilo, Degtyarénko, Sidorenko, Pisarenko, a second Pisarenko, and still another Pisarenko, and many other good Cossacks. They were all great travellers; they had been on the shores of Anatolia, on the salt marshes and steppes of the Crimea, on all the rivers great and small which empty into the Dniepr, and on all the fords and islands of the Dniepr; they had been in Moldavia, Wallachia, and

Turkey; they had sailed all over the Black Sea, in their double-ruddered Cossack boats; they had attacked with fifty skiffs in line the tallest and richest ships; they had sunk many a Turkish galley, and had burnt much, very much powder in their day; more than once they had torn foot-bandages from velvets and rich stuffs; more than once they had beaten buckles for their trouser-suspenders out of sequins. And every one of them had drunk and revelled away what would have sufficed any other for a whole lifetime, and there was nothing to show for it. They spent it all, like Cossacks, in treating all the world, and in hiring music that every one might be merry. Even now very few of them had amassed any property: caskets, cups, bracelets, were hidden beneath the reeds on the islands of the Dniepr in order that the Tatars might not find them if in case of disaster they should succeed in falling suddenly on the Setch; but it would have been difficult for the Tatar to

find them, for the owner himself forgot where he had buried them. Such were the Cossacks who wished to remain, and take vengeance on the Lyakhs for their trusty comrades, and the faith of Christ. The old Cossack Bovidug wished also to remain with them, saying, "I am not of an age to pursue the Tatars, but this is a place to meet a good Cossack death. I have long prayed God, that when my life was to end, I might end it in battle for a holy and Christian cause. And so it has come to pass. There can be no more glorious end in any other place for the aged Cossack."

When they had all separated, and stood in two lines on opposite sides, the koschevoi passed through the ranks, and said, "Well, brother pani, are the two parties satisfied with each other?"

"All satisfied, batko!" replied the Cossacks.

"Then kiss each other, and bid farewell; for God knows whether you will ever see each other alive again. Obey your atáman, and

you know yourselves what you have to do: you know yourselves what Cossack honor requires."

And all the Cossacks kissed each other. The atámans first began it: stroking down their gray mustaches, they kissed each other in cross form, and then, grasping hands firmly, they wanted to ask each other, "Well, brother pan, shall we see each other again or not?" But they did not ask the question: they kept silence, and both gray-heads meditated. Then the Cossacks took leave of each other to the last man, knowing that there was a great deal of work before them all. Yet they were not obliged to part at once: they must wait until dark night, in order not to let the Lyakhs perceive the diminution in the Cossack army. Then all went off, by *kuréns*, to dine.

After dinner, all who had the journey before them lay down to rest, and fell into a deep and long sleep, as though foreseeing that it

was the last sleep they should taste in such freedom. They slept even until sunset; and when the sun had gone down, and it had grown somewhat dusky, they began to grease the telegas. All being in readiness, they sent the wagons ahead, and, having pulled off their caps once more to their comrades, they quietly followed the transports. The cavalry with dignity, without shouts or whistles to the horses, tramped lightly after the foot-soldiers; and all soon vanished in the darkness. The only sound was the dull thud of horses' hoofs, or the squeak of some wheel which had not got into working order, or had not been properly greased amid the darkness.

Their comrades stood long waving their hands, though nothing was visible. But when these returned to their places, and saw by the light of the gleaming stars that half the telegas were gone, and many, many of their comrades, then each man's heart grew sad; and all became involuntarily pensive, and

drooped their pleasure-loving heads towards the earth.

Taras saw how troubled were the Cossack ranks, and that sadness, unsuited to brave men, had begun to quietly master the Cossack heads; but he remained silent. He wished to give them all time to become accustomed to the melancholy caused by their parting from their comrades; but, meantime, he was quietly preparing to rouse them all suddenly, with one blow, by a loud battle-cry in Cossack fashion, in order that, with greater strength than before, that good cheer might return to the soul of each, of which only the Slav nature (a broad, powerful nature, which is to others what the sea is to small rivulets) is capable. In stormy times it all turns to roaring and thunder, raging, and raising such waves as weak rivers cannot throw up; but when it is windless and quiet, clearer than any river, it spreads its boundless, glassy surface, a constant delight to the eye.

And Taras ordered his servants to unload

one of the wagons which stood apart. It was larger and stronger than any other in the Cossack camp ; two stout tires encircled its mighty wheels. It was heavily laden, covered with horsecloths and strong wolf-skins, and firmly bound with tightly drawn tarred ropes. In the wagon were flasks and casks of good old wine, which had long lain in Taras's cellar. He had brought it along to celebrate some occasion, in case a grand moment should arrive, when some deed awaited them worthy of being handed down to posterity, so that each Cossack, to the very last man, might quaff the forbidden wine, and be inspired with a grand sentiment befitting the grand moment. On receiving their colonel's command, the servants hastened to the wagon, hewed the stout ropes with their swords, removed the thick wolf-skins and horsecloths, and drew forth the flasks and casks.

“Take them all,” said Bulba, “all there are ; take them, that every one may be supplied. Take jugs, or the pails for watering the horses ;

take sleeve or cap; but if you have nothing else, then hold your two fists under."

And all the Cossacks seized something: one took a jug, another a pail, another a sleeve, another a cap, and another held both hands. Taras's servants, making their way among the ranks, poured out for all, from the casks and flasks. But Taras ordered them not to drink until he should give the signal for all to drink together. It was evident that he wished to say something. Taras knew that however good in itself the old wine might be, and however fitted to strengthen the spirit of man, yet, if a suitable speech were linked with it, then the strength of the wine and of the spirit would be double.

"I treat you, brother pani," thus spoke Bulba, "not in honor of your having made me atáman, however great such an honor may be, nor in honor of our parting from our comrades. No; both are fitting at a fitting time: the moment before us is not such a time. The

work before us is great in labor, and in glory for the Cossacks. And therefore let us drink all together, let us drink before all else, to the holy orthodox faith, that the day may finally come when it may be spread over all the world, and that everywhere there may be but one faith, and that all Mussulmans may become Christians. And let us also drink together to the Setch, that it may stand long for the ruin of the Mussulmans, that each year there may issue forth from it young men, each better, each handsomer, than the other. And let us drink to our own glory, that our grandsons and their sons may say that there were once men who were not ashamed of comradeship, and who never betrayed each other. Now to the faith, brother pani, to the faith!"

"To the faith!" cried those standing in the ranks near by, with thick voices. "To the faith!" those more distant took up the cry; and all, both young and old, drank to the faith.

“To the Setch!” said Taras, raising his hand high above his head.

“To the Setch!” echoed the foremost ranks. “To the Setch!” said the old men softly, twitching their gray mustaches; and eagerly as young hawks, the youths repeated, “To the Setch!” And the distant plain heard how the Cossacks mentioned their Setch.

“Now a last draught, comrades, to the glory of all Christians now living in the world!”

And every Cossack drank a last draught to the glory of all the Christians in the world. And among all the ranks in all the kuréns, they long repeated, “To all the Christians in the world!”

The pails were empty, but the Cossacks still stood with their hands uplifted. Although the eyes of all gleamed brightly with the wine, they were thinking deeply. Not of greed or the spoils of war were they thinking now, nor of who would be lucky enough to get ducats, fine weapons, embroidered caftans, and Tcher-

kessian horses ; but they meditated like eagles perched upon the rocky crests of mountains, from which the distant boundless sea is visible, dotted, as with tiny birds, with galleys, ships, and every sort of vessel, confined only by the scarcely visible, thin lines of shore, with their sea-coast cities like gnats, and their forests like small grass. Like eagles they gazed about on all the plain, with their fate darkling in the distance. All the plain, with its slopes and roads, will be covered with their white projecting bones, lavishly washed with their Cossack blood, and strewn with shattered wagons and with broken swords and spears : still higher rise the tufted heads, with downward-drooping mustaches ; the eagles will swoop down, and tear out their Cossack eyes. But there is one grand advantage in this wide and free bivouac : not a single noble deed will be lost, and, like the tiniest grain of powder from a gun-barrel, the Cossack glory will not vanish. The bandoura-player with gray beard

falling upon his breast, and perhaps a white-headed old man still full of ripe, manly strength, prophesying in spirit, will come, and will speak his low, strong words of them. And their glory will resound through all the world, and all who are born thereafter will speak of them; for the word of power is carried afar, ringing like a booming brazen bell, in which the maker has mingled much rich, pure silver, that its beautiful sound may be borne far and wide through the cities, villages, huts, and palaces, summoning all betimes to holy prayer.

IX.

IN the city, no one knew that one-half of the Cossacks had gone in pursuit of the Tatars. From the tower of the court, the sentinel only perceived that a part of the wagons had been dragged into the forest: but they thought the Cossacks were preparing an ambush; thus thought the French engineer also. Meanwhile the koschevoi's words proved not unfounded, and a scarcity of provisions arose in the city. According to a custom of past centuries, the army did not separate as much as was necessary. They tried to make a sortie; but half the daring men were instantly killed by the Cossacks, and the other half driven into the city with no results. But the Jews availed themselves of the opportunity to find out every thing; whither and why the Zaporozhtzi

had departed, and with what leaders, and which particular kuréns, and their number, and how many had remained on the spot, and what they intended to do : in short, within a few minutes all was known in the city.

The colonels took courage, and prepared to offer battle. Taras had already divined it by the noise and movement in the city, and hastened about, making his arrangements, forming the men into columns, giving orders and instructions. He ranged the kuréns in three camps, surrounding them with the wagons in the form of bulwarks, — a form of battle in which the Zaporozhtzi were invincible ; he ordered two kuréns into ambush ; he drove sharp stakes, broken guns, fragments of spears, into a part of the plain, with a view to forcing the enemy's cavalry upon it if an opportunity should present itself. And when all was done which was necessary, he made a speech to the Cossacks, not for the purpose of encouraging and freshening up their spirits, — he knew their

souls were strong without that, — but simply because he wished to tell them all he had upon his heart.

“I want to tell you, brother pani, what our brotherhood is. You have heard from your fathers and grandfathers in what honor our land has always been held by all. We made ourselves known to the Greeks, and we took gold from Constantinople, and our cities were luxurious, and the temples, and the princes, — the princes of the Russian people, our own princes, not Catholic unbelievers. But the Mussulmans took all; all vanished, and we remained defenceless; yea, like a widow after the death of a powerful husband: defenceless was our land as well as ourselves! Such was the time, comrades, when we joined hands in a brotherhood: that is what our fellowship consists in. There is no more sacred brotherhood. The father loves his children, the mother loves her children, the children love their father and mother; but this is not like that, brothers.

The wild beast also loves its young. But a man can be related only by similarity of mind and not of blood. There have been brotherhoods in other lands, but never any such brotherhoods as on our Russian soil. It has happened to many of you, to be in foreign lands. You look: there are people there also, God's creatures too; and you talk with them as with the men of your own country. But when it comes to saying a hearty word — you will see. No! they are sensible people, but not the same; the same kind of people, and yet not the same! No, brothers, to love as the Russian soul loves, is to love not with the mind or any thing else, but with all that God has given, all that is within you. Ah!" said Taras, and waved his hand, and wiped his gray head, and twitched his mustache, and then went on: "No, no one can love in that way! I know that baseness has now made its way into our land. Men care only to have ricks of grain and hay, and their droves

of horses, and that their mead may be sealed up in their cellars; they adopt, the devil only knows what Mussulman customs. They speak scornfully with their tongues. They care not to speak their real thoughts with their own countrymen. They sell their own things to their own comrades, like soulless creatures on the market-place. The favor of a foreign king, and not even of a king, but the poor favor of a Polish magnate, who beats them on the mouth with his yellow shoe, is dearer to them than all brotherhood. But the very meanest of these vile men, whoever he may be, given over though he be to vileness and slavishness, even he, brothers, has some grains of Russian feeling; and they will assert themselves some day. And then the wretched man will beat his breast with his hands; and he will seize his head, cursing his vile life loudly, and ready to expiate his disgraceful deeds with torture. Let them know what brotherhood means on Russian soil! And if it has come

to the point when such a man must die, then it is not fit that any of them should die so. No! none of them. It is not a fit thing for their mouse-like natures."

Thus spoke the atáman; and after he had finished his speech he still continued to shake his head, which had grown silver in Cossack affairs. All who stood there were deeply affected by this speech, which went to their very hearts. The oldest in the ranks stood motionless, their gray heads drooping; tears trickled quietly from their aged eyes; they wiped them slowly away with their sleeves, and then all, as if with one consent, waved their hands in the air at the same moment, and shook their experienced heads. For it was evident that old Taras had reminded them of many of the best-known and finest points of the heart in a man who has become wise through suffering, toil, daring, and every earthly misfortune, or, though unknown to them, of many things felt by the young, pearly

spirits, to the eternal joy of the aged parents who bore them.

But the army of the enemy was already marching out of the city, thundering on drums and trumpets; and the pani, with their arms akimbo, rode out, surrounded by innumerable servants. The stout colonel gave the orders, and they began to advance briskly on the Cossack camps, threateningly aiming their matchlocks: their eyes flashed, and they were brilliant with brass armor. As soon as the Cossacks perceived that they had come within gunshot, their matchlocks thundered all together, and they continued to fire without cessation.

The heavy detonations resounded through the distant fields and meadows, merging into one continuous-roar. The whole plain was shrouded in smoke, but the Zaporozhtzi continued to fire without drawing breath: the rear ranks did nothing but load, and hand to those in front, creating amazement among the enemy,

who could not understand how the Cossacks fired without loading their guns. Amid the dense smoke which enveloped both armies, it could not be seen how one and another dropped out of the ranks: but the Lyakhs felt that the balls flew thick, and that the affair was growing hot; and when they retreated to escape from the smoke, and to take an observation, many were missing from their ranks, but only two or three out of a hundred were killed on the Cossack side. And still the Cossacks went on firing off their matchlocks without a moment's intermission. Even the foreign engineers were amazed at tactics heretofore unknown to them, and said then and there, in the presence of all, "Those Zaporozhtzi are brave youths. That is the way others in other lands ought to fight." And they advised that the cannons should at once be directed upon the camps. Heavily roared the iron cannons with their wide throats; the earth hummed and trembled far and wide, and the smoke lay twice as heavy over the

plain. They smelt the reek of the powder among the squares and streets in the most distant as well as the nearest quarters of the city. But those who aimed the cannons pointed them too high: the hot shot described too wide a curve; screaming horribly, they flew over the heads of the camp, and buried themselves deep in the earth at a distance, tearing the ground, and throwing the black dirt high in the air. At the sight of such lack of skill, the French engineer tore his hair, and undertook to train the cannon himself, heeding not the Cossack bullets which burned and showered round him.

Taras saw from afar that destruction menaced the whole Nezamaikovsky and Steblikivsky kuréns, and he gave a ringing shout, "Get away from the wagons instantly, and mount your horses!" But the Cossacks would not have succeeded in effecting both these movements if Ostap had not flown into the midst of them, and wrenched the lunts from six

cannoneers. But he could not wrench them from the other four: the Lyakhs drove him back. Meanwhile the foreign captain had taken the lunt in his own hand, to fire off the largest cannon, such a cannon as none of the Cossacks had ever beheld before. It looked horrible with its wide mouth, and a thousand deaths poured from it. And as it thundered, the three others followed, shaking in fourfold earthquake the dully responsive earth; and much woe did they cause. For more than one Cossack wails the aged mother, beating with bony hands her feeble breast; more than one widow is left in Glukhof, Nemirof, Chernigof, and other cities. The loving woman will hasten forth every day to the bazaar, grasping at all passers-by, scanning the face of each to see if there be not among them one dearer than all; but many an army will pass through the city, but never among them will a single one of all their dearest be.

And half the Nezamaikovsky kurén was

as if it had never been. As the hail suddenly beats down a field where every ear of grain shines like purest gold, so were they beaten down.

How the Cossacks hastened thither! How they all started up! How raged the atáman of the kurén, Kukubenko, when he saw that the best half of his kurén was no more! He fought his way with his remaining Neza-
maikovtzi to the very middle of the fray, cut down in his wrath, like a cabbage, the first man he met, flung many a rider from his horse, piercing both horse and rider with his lance; made his way to the gunners, and took a cannon; but there he beholds the atáman of the Oumansky kurén, and Stepan Guska, hard at work, having already seized the chief cannon. He left those Cossacks there, and returned with his own to another group of the foe: and where the Nezamaikovtzi went there was a street; where they turned about, there was a square where streets meet.

And the ranks were visibly thinning, and the Lyakhs falling in sheaves. And right beside the wagons was Vovtuzenko, and in front Tcherevitchenko, and by the more distant ones Degtyarenko; and behind them the kurén atáman, Vertikhvist. Degtyarenko had raised two Lyakhs on his spear, and now attacked the third, a stubborn fellow. Agile and strong was the Lyakh, with gorgeous equipments, and he was accompanied by fifty servants. He fell fiercely upon Degtyarenko, beat him to the ground, and, flourishing his sword above him, cried, "There is not one of you Cossack dogs who has dared to oppose me."

"Here is one," said Mosiy Schilo, and stepped forward. He was a muscular Cossack, who had often commanded at sea, and undergone many vicissitudes. The Turks had seized him and his men at Trebizond, and thrown them all, captives, into the galleys; they bound them hand and foot with iron chains, gave them no food for a week at

a time, and made them drink the repulsive sea-water. The poor prisoners bore and suffered all, but they would not renounce their orthodox faith. The atáman Mosiy Schilo could not bear it: he trampled the Holy Scriptures under foot, wound the vile turban about his sinful head, became the confidant of a pasha, steward of a ship, and ruler over all the slaves. The poor slaves sorrowed greatly thereat, for they knew that if he had renounced his faith he would be a tyrant, and his hand would be the more heavy and severe upon them; and so it turned out. Mosiy Schilo had them put in new chains, three in a row, and the cruel cords cut to the very bone; and he beat them upon the back of the neck. And when the Turks rejoiced at having obtained such a servant, and began to carouse, and, forgetful of their law, all got drunk, he distributed all the sixty-four keys among the prisoners, in order that they might free themselves, fling their chains and

manacles into the sea, and, seizing their swords, in their turn kill the Turks. Then the Cossacks collected great booty, and returned with glory to their country; and the bandoura-players celebrated Mosiy Schilo's exploits for a long time. They would have elected him koschevoi, but he was a very singular Cossack. At one time he would perform some feat which the most sagacious would never have dreamed of: and at another, folly simply took possession of him; he drank away and squandered every thing, was in debt to every one in the Setch, and, in addition to that, stole like a street thief. He carried off a whole Cossack equipment from a strange kurén by night, and pawned it to the pot-house keeper. For this dishonorable act they bound him to a post in the bazaar, and laid a club beside him, in order that every one, according to the measure of his strength, might deal him a blow. But there was not one Zaporozhetz out of them all to be found,

who would raise the club against him, remembering his former services. Such was the Cossack Mosiy Schilo.

“Here are some who will kill you, dog!” he said, springing upon him. And how they hacked away! their shoulder-plates and breast-plates bent under their blows. The hostile Lyakh cut through his shirt of mail, reaching the body itself with his blade; the Cossack’s shirt was dyed purple: but Schilo heeded it not, flourished his muscular hand (heavy was that mighty fist), and brought it down unexpectedly upon his head. The brazen helmet flew into pieces, the Lyakh wavered and fell; but Schilo went on hacking and cutting crosses upon the stunned man. Kill not utterly thine enemy, Cossack: turn back rather! The Cossack turned not, and one of the dead man’s servants plunged a knife into his neck. Schilo turned, and tried to seize the daring man, but he disappeared amid the smoke of the powder. On all sides rose the clash of matchlocks.

Schilo fell, and knew that his wound was mortal. He fell, with his hand upon his wound, and said, turning to his comrades, "Farewell, brother pani, my comrades! may the holy Russian land stand forever, and may it have eternal honor!" And as he closed his failing eyes, the Cossack soul fled from the grim body. And then Zadorozhniy came forward with his men, Vertikhvist broke the ranks, and Balaban stepped forth.

"What now, pani?" said Taras, calling to the atámans by name: "there is yet powder in the powder-flasks? The Cossack force is not weakened? the Cossacks do not yield?"

"There is yet powder in the flasks, batko; the Cossack force is not weakened yet: the Cossacks yield not!"

And the Cossacks pressed vigorously on: the ranks were all in confusion. The short colonel beat the assembly, and ordered eight painted standards to be hung out to collect his men, who were scattered over all the plain.

All the Lyakhs hastened to the standards. But they had not succeeded in ranging themselves in order, when the atáman Kukubenko attacked again with his Nezamaikovtzi, in their centre, and fell straight upon the big-bellied colonel. The colonel could not resist the attack, and, wheeling his horse about, set out at a gallop; but Kukubenko pursued him for a long distance, all over the plain, and prevented him from joining his regiment.

Perceiving this from the kurén on the flank, Stepan Guska set out after him, lasso in hand, bending his head to his horse's neck, and taking advantage of an opportunity, with one fling he cast his lasso about his neck: the colonel turned purple in the face, grasped the cord with both hands, and tried to break it; but a powerful blow drove the lance through his body, and there he remained pinned to the earth. But Guska did not escape his turn. The Cossacks had but time to look round when they beheld Stepan Guska elevated on four

spears. All the poor fellow succeeded in saying was, "May all our enemies perish, and may the Russian land rejoice forever!" and then he gave up his spirit.

The Cossacks glanced around, and there was Cossack Metelitzá on one side, entertaining the Lyakhs, dealing blows on the head to one and another; and on the other side, atáman Nevelitchkiy was attacking with his men; and Zakrutibúga was turning and killing the enemy by the wagons; and the third Pisarenko had repulsed a whole squadron from the more distant wagons; and they were still fighting and killing at the other wagons, and even upon them.

"How now, pani?" cried atáman Taras, stepping forward before them all: "is there still powder in your flasks? Is the Cossack force still strong? do the Cossacks yield?"

"There is still powder in the flasks, batko; the Cossack force is still strong: the Cossacks yield not!"

But Bovdug had already fallen from the wagons; a bullet had struck him straight under the heart. The old man collected all his strength, and said, "I sorrow not to part from the world. God grant every man such an end! May the Russian land be forever glorious!" And Bovdug's spirit flew above, to tell the old men who had gone on long before, that men still knew how to fight on Russian soil, and, better still, that they knew how to die for it and the holy faith.

Balaban, atáman of a kurén, soon after fell to the ground also from a wagon. Three mortal wounds had he received from a lance, a bullet, and a sword. He had been one of the very best of Cossacks, and had accomplished a great deal in his expeditions on the sea as commander; but more glorious than all the rest was his expedition to the shores of Anatolia. They collected many sequins, many valuable Turkish articles, caftans, and adornments of every description. But misfortune

awaited them on their way back: they ran across the Turkish fleet, so they were fired on from the ships; half the boats were crushed and overturned, drowning more than one; but the reeds bound to the sides saved the boats from sinking. Balaban rowed off at full speed, and stood straight in the face of the sun, thus rendering himself invisible to the Turkish ship. All the following night they spent in baling out the water with pails and their caps, and in repairing the damaged places. They cut sails from their Cossack trousers, and, sailing off, escaped from the fastest Turkish vessel. And not only did they arrive unharmed in the Setch, but they brought a gold-embroidered vesture to the archimandrite of the Mezhygorsky Monastery in Kief, and for the church in honor of the Intercession of the Virgin Mary, which is in Zaporozhe, an ikon frame of pure silver. And the bandoura-players celebrated the daring of the Cossacks for a long time afterwards. Now he bowed his head, feeling

the pains which precede death, and said quietly, "I am permitted, brother pani, to die a fine death. Seven have I hewed in pieces, nine have I transfix'd with my lance, and many have I trampled upon with my horse's hoofs; and I no longer remember how many my bullets killed. May our Russian land flourish forever!" and his spirit fled.

Cossacks, Cossacks! surrender not the flower of your army. Already was Kukubenko surrounded, and seven men only remained of all the Nezamaikovsky kurén, and they had defended themselves beyond their strength; their garments were already stained with blood. Taras himself, perceiving his straits, hastened to his rescue; but the Cossacks arrived too late. Before the enemies who surrounded him could be driven off, a spear was buried just below his heart. Quietly he sank into the arms of the Cossacks who grasped him, and his young blood flowed in a stream, like precious wine brought from the cellar in a glass vessel

by careless servants, who, stumbling at the entrance, break the rich flask: the wine pours over the ground, and the master, hastening up, tears his hair, having reserved it for the best occasion of his life, in order that if God should grant him, in his old age, to meet again the comrade of his youth, they might recall together former days, when a man revelled otherwise and better than now. Kukubenko turned his eyes about, and said, "I thank God that it has been my lot to die before your eyes, comrades. May they live better after us than we have lived; and may our Russian land, beloved by Christ, flourish forever!" and his young spirit fled. The angels took it in their arms, and bore it to heaven: it will be well with him there. "Sit down at my right hand, Kukubenko," Christ will say to him: "you never betrayed your comrades, you never committed a dishonorable act, you never sold a man into misery, you preserved and defended my church." The death of Kukubenko saddened

them all. The Cossack ranks were terribly thinned. Many brave men were missing, but the Cossacks still stood their ground.

“How now, pani?” cried Taras to the remaining kuréns: “is there still powder in your flasks? Are your swords dulled? Are the Cossack forces wearied? Have the Cossacks given way?”

“There is still an abundance of powder; our swords are still sharp: the Cossack forces are not wearied, and the Cossacks have not yet yielded.”

And the Cossacks again strained every nerve, as though they had suffered no loss. Only three kurén atámans still remained alive. The red blood flowed in streams everywhere; bridges of their bodies and of those of the enemy were piled high. Taras looked up to heaven, and there already stretched a flock of vultures. Well, there will be booty for some one. And there they were raising Metélitza on their lances, and the head of the second

Pisarenko was dizzily opening and shutting its eyes; and the mangled body of Okhrim Guska broke apart, and fell upon the ground in four pieces. "Now," said Taras, and waved a cloth. Ostap understood this signal, and springing quickly from his ambush attacked sharply. The Lyakhs could not withstand this onslaught; and he drove them back, and chased them straight to the spot where the stakes and fragments of spears were driven into the earth. The horses began to stumble and fall, and the Lyakhs to fly over their heads. At that moment the Korsuntzi, who had remained till the last by the transports, perceived that they still had some bullets left, and suddenly fired off their matchlocks. The Lyakhs all became confused, and lost their presence of mind; and the Cossacks took courage. "Here is our victory!" rang Cossack voices on all sides; the trumpets sounded, and the banner of victory was unfurled. The beaten Lyakhs ran in all directions, and hid themselves. "No, the

victory is not yet complete," said Taras, glancing at the city gate; and he was right.

The gates opened, and out flew a hussar regiment, the flower of all the cavalry. Every rider was mounted on a matched brown horse from the Kabardei; in front rode the handsomest, the most heroic, of them all; his black hair streamed from under his brazen helmet; from his arm floated a rich scarf, embroidered by the hands of a peerless beauty. Taras sprang back in horror when he saw that it was Andrii. And he meanwhile, enveloped in the dust and heat of battle, anxious to deserve the scarf which had been bound as a gift upon his arm, flew on like a greyhound; the handsomest, most agile, and youngest of all the band. The experienced huntsman urges on the greyhound, and he springs forward, his legs cutting a straight line in the air, his body all on one side, tossing up the snow, and a score of times outrunning the hare, in the ardor of his course. And just like this was Andrii. Old Taras

paused and observed how he cleared a path before him, pursued, hewed away and distributed blows to the right and the left. Taras could not restrain himself, but shouted, "How! your comrades! your comrades! you devil's brat, do you kill your own comrades?" But Andrii distinguished not who stood before him, his comrades or strangers: he saw nothing. Curls, curls, long, long curls, were what he saw; and a bosom like that of a river swan, and a snowy neck and shoulders, and all that is created for wild kisses.

"Hey there, lads! only draw him to the forest, entice him to the forest for me!" shouted Taras. And instantly thirty of the smartest Cossacks volunteered to entice him thither; and settling their tall caps firmly, they spurred their horses straight at a gap in the hussars. They attacked the front ranks from the flank, beat them down, separated them from the rear ranks, despatched one and another; but Golopuitenko struck Andrii on the back with his

sword, and then immediately set out to ride away from them, at the top of his speed. How Andrii flew! How his young blood coursed through all his veins! Driving his sharp spurs into his horse's flanks, he flew after the Cossacks, never glancing back, and perceiving not that only twenty men at the most were following him; but the Cossacks fled at full gallop, and directed their course straight for the forest. Andrii overtook them, and was on the point of catching Golopuitenko, when a powerful hand seized his horse's bridle. Andrii looked: before him stood Taras! He trembled all over, and turned suddenly pale, like a student who has beaten his comrade excessively, and receiving in consequence a blow on the forehead with a ruler, flushes up like fire, springs in wrath from his seat, to chase his frightened comrade, and suddenly encounters his teacher entering the classroom: in an instant his wrathful impulse calms down, and his futile anger vanishes. In this wise, in one instant, Andrii's wrath was

as if it had never existed. And he beheld before him only his terrible father.

“Well, what are we going to do now?” said Taras, looking him straight in the eye. But Andrii could make no reply to this, and stood with his eyes fixed on the ground.

“Well, little son! Did your Lyakhs help you?”

Andrii made no answer.

“To think that you should be such a traitor! that you should betray your faith! betray your comrades! Stop, dismount from your horse!”

Obedient as a child, he dismounted, and stood before Taras more dead than alive.

“Stand still, do not move! I gave you life, I will also kill you!” said Taras, and, retreating a step backwards, he brought his gun up to his shoulder. Andrii was white as linen: his mouth moved gently, and he uttered a name; but it was not the name of his native land, or of his mother, or his brother: it was the name of the beautiful Pole. Taras fired.

Like the ear of corn cut down by the reaping-hook, like the young lamb when it feels the deadly steel in its heart, he hung his head, and rolled upon the grass without uttering a word.

The murderer of his son stood still, and gazed long upon the lifeless body. Even in death he was very handsome: his manly face, so short a time ago filled with power, and an irresistible charm for every woman, still breathed a marvellous beauty; his black brows, like sombre velvet, set off his pale features.

“Is he not a genuine Cossack?” said Taras; “he is tall of stature, and black-browed, and his face is that of a nobleman, and his hand was strong in battle! He is fallen! fallen without glory, like a vile dog!”

“Father, what have you done? Was it you who killed him?” said Ostap, coming up at this moment.

Taras nodded.

Ostap gazed intently at the dead man. He

was sorry for his brother, and said at once, "Let us give him an honorable burial, batko, that the foe may not dishonor his body, nor the birds of prey rend it."

"They will bury him without our help," said Taras: "there will be plenty of mourners and rejoicers for him."

And he reflected for a couple of minutes: should he fling him to the wolves for prey, or respect in him the knightly bravery which every brave man is bound to honor in another, no matter whom? Then he saw Golopuitenko galloping towards them on his horse: "Woe, atáman! the Lyakhs have been re-enforced, a fresh force has come to their rescue!" Golopuitenko had not finished speaking when Vovtuzenko galloped up: "Woe, atáman! a fresh force is bearing down upon us!

Vovtuzenko had not finished speaking, when Pisarenko rushed up without his horse: "Where are you, batko? The Cossacks are seeking for you. Atáman Nevelitchkiy is

killed, Zadorozhniy is killed, and Tcherevitchenko: but the Cossacks stand their ground; they will not die without looking in your eyes; they want you to gaze upon them once more before the hour of death arrives."

"To horse, Ostap!" said Taras, and hastened to find his Cossacks, to look once more upon them, and let them behold their atáman once more before the hour of death. But they had not emerged from the wood, when the enemy's force had already surrounded it on all sides, and horsemen armed with swords and spears appeared everywhere between the trees. "Ostap, Ostap! don't surrender!" shouted Taras, and grasping his naked sword he began to cut down all he encountered on every side. But six suddenly sprang upon Ostap. They did it in an unpropitious hour: the head of one flew off, another turned to flee, a spear pierced the ribs of a third; a fourth, more bold, bent his head to escape from the bullet, and the bullet struck his horse's breast;

the maddened animal reared, fell back upon the earth, and crushed his rider under him. "Well done, my little son! Well done, Ostap!" cried Taras: "I am following you." And he shook off those who attacked him. Taras hewed and fought, dealt blows upon the heads of one after another, still keeping his eye upon Ostap ahead; and he sees that eight more are falling upon Ostap. "Ostap, Ostap! don't surrender!" But they had already overpowered Ostap; one had flung his lasso about his neck, and they had bound him, and were carrying him away. "Hey, Ostap, Ostap!" shouted Taras, forcing his way to him, cutting men down like cabbages to right and left. "Hey, Ostap, Ostap!" But something struck him like a heavy stone at that moment. All grew dim and confused before his eyes. In one moment there flashed confusedly before him heads, spears, smoke, the gleam of fire, tree-stumps, and leaves; and he sank heavily to the earth like a felled oak, and darkness covered his eyes.

X.

"I HAVE slept long!" said Taras, coming to his senses, as if after a heavy drunken sleep, and trying to distinguish the objects about him. A terrible weakness overpowered his limbs. The walls and corners of a strange room appeared dimly before him. At length he perceived that Tovkatch was seated before him, apparently listening to his every breath.

"Yes," thought Tovkatch, "you might have slept forever." But he said nothing, shook his finger, and motioned him to be silent.

"But tell me where I am now?" asked Taras again, straining his mind, and trying to recollect what had taken place.

"Be silent!" cried his companion sternly. "Why should you want to know? Don't you see that you are all hacked to pieces? Here I have been galloping with you for two

weeks without taking breath; and you have been burning up with fever, and talking nonsense. This is the first time you have slept quietly. Be silent if you don't wish to do yourself an injury."

But Taras still strove, and tried to collect his thoughts, and to recall what had passed. "Well, the Lyakhs must have surrounded and captured me. I had no chance to fight myself free from the throng."

"Be silent, I tell you, you devil's brat!" cried Tovkatch angrily, as a nurse, driven beyond her patience, cries out at her unruly young charge. "What good will it do you to know how you got away? It is enough that you did get away. Some people were found who did not give you up: now let that be enough for you. It is something for me to have ridden all night with you. You think that you passed for a common Cossack? No, they have offered a reward of two thousand ducats for your head."

“And Ostap!” cried Taras suddenly, and tried to rise; for all at once he recollected that Ostap had been seized and bound before his very eyes, and that he was now in the hands of the Lyakhs. And grief overpowered his aged head. He pulled off and tore in pieces the bandages from his wounds; he threw them far from him; he tried to say something aloud, and uttered something incoherent. Fever and delirium seized upon him afresh, and he uttered foolish and incoherent speeches. Meanwhile his faithful comrade stood before him, scolding and showering harsh, reproachful words upon him without stint. Finally he seized him by the arms and legs, covered him up like a child, arranged all his bandages, rolled him up in an ox-hide, bound him with bast, and, fastening him with ropes to his saddle, rode with him again at full speed along the road.

“I’ll get you there, even if it is not alive! I will not abandon you for the Lyakhs to make

merry over your Cossack race, and cut your body in twain, and fling it into the water. Let the eagle tear out your eyes if it must be so; but let it be our eagle of the steppe, and not a Polish eagle, not one which has flown hither from Polish soil. I will bring you, though it be a corpse, to the Ukraine!"

Thus spoke his faithful companion. He rode, without drawing breath, day and night, and brought him insensible into Zaporozhian Setch itself. There he undertook to cure him, with unswerving care, with herbs and liniments. He sought out a skilful Jewess: she made Taras drink various potions for a whole month, and at length he improved. Whether it was owing to the medicine, or to his iron constitution gaining the upper hand, at all events, in six weeks he was on his feet; his wounds had closed, and only the scars of the sabre-cuts showed how deeply injured the old Cossack had been. But he was markedly sad and morose. Three deep wrinkles engraved

themselves upon his brow, and never more departed thence. Then he looked about him: all was new in the Setch; all his old companions were dead. Not one was left of those who had stood up for the right, for faith and brotherhood. And those who had gone forth with the koschevoi in pursuit of the Tatars, they also had long since disappeared. All had lost their heads: all had perished. One had lost his honest head in battle; another had died for lack of bread and water, amid the salt marshes of the Crimea; another had fallen in captivity, unable to survive the disgrace; and their former koschevoi was no longer living, nor any of his old companions, and the grass was growing over those once alert with Cossack power. He only heard that there had been a feast, a noisy, great feast. All the dishes had been smashed in pieces; not a drop of wine was left anywhere; the guests and servants had all stolen valuable cups and platters; and the master of the house stood

sadly thinking that it would have been better if there had been no feast. In vain did they try to cheer Taras, and to divert his mind; in vain did the long-bearded, gray-haired bandoura-players come by twos and threes to glorify his Cossack deeds. He gazed grimly and indifferently at every thing, and on his stolid face unquenchable sorrow stood forth; and he said softly, as he drooped his head,

“My son, my Ostap!”

The Zaporozhtzi assembled for an expedition by sea. Two hundred boats were launched on the Dniepr, and Asia Minor saw them, with their shaven heads and long scalp-locks, devote her thriving shores to fire and sword; she saw the turbans of her Mahometan inhabitants strewn, like her innumerable flowers, over the blood-besprinkled fields, and floating along her banks; she saw many tarry Zaporozhian trousers, and muscular hands with black hunting-whips. The Zaporozhtzi ate up and laid waste all their vineyard. In the

mosques they left heaps of dung. They used rich Persian shawls instead of suspenders, and girded their dirty svitkas with them. Long afterwards, short Zaporozhian pipes were found in those regions. They sailed merrily back. A ten-gun Turkish ship pursued them, and scattered their skiffs, like dainty birds, with a volley from all its guns. A third part of them sank in the depths of the sea; but the rest again assembled, and gained the mouth of the Dniepr with twelve kegs full of sequins. But all this did not interest Taras. He went off upon the fields and the steppe as though to hunt; but the charge remained in his gun unfired, and, laying down the weapon, he would seat himself sadly on the shores of the sea. He sat there long with drooping head, repeating continually, "My Ostap, my Ostap!" Before him spread the gleaming Black Sea; in the distant reeds the sea-gull screamed. His gray mustache turned to silver, and the tears fell one by one.

And at last Taras could endure it no longer. "Whatever happens, I must go and find out what he is doing. Is he alive, or in the grave? or is he not yet in the grave? I will know, cost what it may!" And within a week he found himself in the city of Ouman, fully armed, mounted, with lance, sword, a travelling cask at his saddle-bow, his pot of oatmeal, his powder-horn, cord to hobble his horse, and other equipments. He went straight to a dirty, ill-kept little house, whose tiny windows were almost invisible, blackened as they were with some unknown dirt; the chimney was wrapped in rags; and the roof, which was full of holes, was covered with sparrows. A heap of all sorts of refuse lay before the very door. From the window peered the head of a Jewess, in a headdress with discolored pearls.

"Is your husband at home?" said Bulba, dismounting, and fastening his horse's bridle to an iron hook beside the door.

"He is at home," said the Jewess, and has-

tened out at once with a measure of grain for the horse, and a stoup of beer for the rider.

“Where is your Jew?”

“He is in the other room at prayer,” replied the Jewess, bowing and wishing Bulba good health as he raised the cup to his lips.

“Remain here, feed and water my horse, and I will go speak with him alone. I have business with him.”

This Jew was the well-known Yankel. He was there as revenue-farmer and pot-house keeper. He had gradually got nearly all the neighboring noblemen and gentlemen into his hands, had slowly sucked away most of their money, and strongly marked his presence in that locality. For a distance of three miles in all directions, not a single izba remained in a proper state. All were falling in ruins; all had been drunk away, and poverty and rags alone remained. The whole neighborhood was depopulated, as if after a fire or an epidemic; and if Yankel had lived there ten years, he

would probably have depopulated the Voevod's whole domains.

Taras entered the room. The Jew was praying, enveloped in his dirty shroud, and was turning to spit for the last time, according to the forms of his creed, when his eye suddenly lighted on Taras standing behind him. And the first thing of all which struck the Jew's eye was the two thousand ducats offered for his head; but he was ashamed of his avarice, and tried to stifle within him the eternal thought of gold, which twines, like a snake, about the soul of a Jew.

"Listen, Yankel," said Taras to the Jew, who began to bow low before him, and he shut the door so that they might not be seen. "I saved your life: the Zaporozhtzi would have torn you in pieces like a dog. Now it is your turn to do me a service."

The Jew's face clouded over a little.

"What service? If it is a service I can render, why not render it?"

“Say nothing. Take me to Warsaw.”

“To Warsaw? Why to Warsaw?” said the Jew, and his brows and shoulders rose in amazement.

“Say nothing to me. Take me to Warsaw. I must see him once more at any cost, and say one word to him.”

“Say a word to whom?”

“To him — to Ostap — to my son.”

“Has not the pan heard that already” —

“I know, I know all. They offer two thousand ducats for my head. They know its value, fools! I will give you five thousand. Here are two thousand on the spot” (Bulba poured out two thousand ducats from a leather purse), “and the rest when I return.”

The Jew instantly seized a towel, and concealed the ducats under it. “Ai, glorious money! ai, good money!” he said, twirling one gold piece in his hand, and testing it with his teeth. “I don’t believe the man from whom the pan stole these fine gold pieces re-

mained in the world an hour longer ; he went straight to the river, and drowned himself, after the loss of such magnificent gold pieces."

"I should not have asked you. I might possibly have found my own way to Warsaw ; but some one might recognize me, and then the cursed Lyakhs would have captured me, for I am not clever at inventions ; but that is just what you Jews are created for. You would deceive the very devil. You know all the tricks : that is why I have come to you ; and, besides, I could get nothing myself in Warsaw. Harness up your wagon at once, and take me."

"And the pan thinks that I can take the nag out of hand so, and harness him, and, 'Get up, Dapple!' The pan thinks that I can take the pan just as he is, without concealing him?"

"Well, hide me, hide me as you like : in a powder-cask?"

"Ai, ai ! and the pan thinks he can be concealed in a powder-cask? Does not the pan

know that every man thinks that every cask contains brandy?"

"Well, let them think it is brandy."

"What! let them think it is brandy?" said the Jew, and grasped his ear-locks with both hands, and then raised them both on high.

"Well, why are you so frightened?"

"And does not the pan know that God has made brandy expressly for every one to taste? They are all gluttons and fond of dainties there: a nobleman will run five versts after a cask; he will make a hole, and as soon as he sees that nothing runs out he will say, 'The Jew is not bringing powder-casks; there is certainly something wrong. Seize the Jew, bind the Jew, take away all the Jew's money, put the Jew in prison!' Then all the vile people will fall upon the Jew, for every one takes a Jew for a dog; and they think he is not a man, but only a Jew."

"Then lay me in the wagon with fish."

“I cannot, pan, by heaven, I cannot: all over Poland the people are as hungry as dogs now. They will steal the fish, and feed the pan.”

“Then take me in the fiend’s way, only take me.”

“Listen, listen, pan!” said the Jew, stripping up the borders of his sleeves, and approaching him with extended arms. “This is what we will do. They are building fortresses and castles everywhere: French engineers have come from Germany, and so a great deal of brick and stone is being carried over the roads. Let the pan lie down in the bottom of the wagon, and over him I will pile bricks. The pan is strong and well, apparently, so he will not mind if it is a little heavy; and I will make a hole in the bottom of the wagon, in order to feed the pan.”

“Do what you will, only take me!”

And in an hour the wagon-load of bricks left Ouman, drawn by two sorry nags. On one of

them sat tall Yankel ; and his long, curling earlocks flowed from beneath his Jewish felt cap, as he bounced about on the horse, like a verst-mark planted by the roadside.

XI.

AT the time when the above incidents took place, there were as yet on the boundaries no custom-house officials and guards, — those bugbears of enterprising people, — so that any one could bring across any thing which he fancied. If any one made any search or inspection, he did it chiefly for his own pleasure, especially if there happened to be in the wagon objects attractive to the eye, and if his own hand possessed a certain weight and power. But the bricks found no admirers, and they entered the principal gate unmolested. Bulba, in his narrow cage, could only hear the noise, the shouts of the driver, and nothing more. Yankel, bouncing away on his short, dust-covered trotter, turned, after making several *détours*, into a dark, narrow street bearing the names

of the Muddy, and also of the Jews' Street, because, in fact, Jews from nearly every part of Warsaw were to be found here. This street greatly resembled a back-yard turned wrong side out. The sun appeared never to come there. The totally black wooden houses, with numerous poles projecting from the windows, still further increased the darkness. Rarely did a brick wall gleam red among them; for it also, in many places, had turned quite black. Here and there, high up, a bit of stuccoed wall illumined by the sun shone with intolerable whiteness. Every thing there struck the senses sharply; pipes, rags, shells, broken and discarded tubs: every one flung whatever was useless to him into the street, thus affording the passer-by an opportunity to nourish all his senses with the rubbish. A man on horseback could almost touch with his hand the poles thrown across the street from one house to another, upon which hung Jewish stockings, short trousers, and smoked geese. Sometimes

a very pretty little Hebrew face adorned with discolored pearls peeped out of an ancient window. A group of little Jews, with torn and dirty garments and curly hair, screamed and rolled about in the dirt. A red-haired Jew with freckles all over his face, which made him look like a sparrow's egg, gazed from a window. He addressed Yankel at once in his gibberish, and Yankel immediately drove into a courtyard. Another Jew came along, halted, and entered into conversation. When Bulba finally emerged from beneath the bricks, he beheld three Jews talking with great heat.

Yankel turned to him, and said that every thing would be done; that his Ostap was in the city jail, and, although it would be difficult to persuade the jailer, yet he hoped to arrange a meeting.

Bulba entered the room with the three Jews.

The Jews again began to talk among themselves, in their incomprehensible tongue. Taras looked well at each of them. Something

seemed to have moved him deeply; on his rough and stolid countenance, a consuming flame of hope flashed up, of hope such as sometimes visits a man in the last depths of despair; his aged heart began to beat violently, as though he had been a youth.

“Listen, Jews!” said he, and there was a triumphant ring in his words. “You can do any thing in the world, even extract things from the bottom of the sea; and it has long been a proverb, that a Jew will steal from himself if he takes a fancy to steal. Set my Ostap at liberty! give him a chance to escape from their diabolical hands. I promised this man five thousand ducats; I add another five thousand: all that I have, rich cups, buried gold, houses, all, even to my last garment, I will sell; and I will enter into a contract with you for my whole life, to give you half of all the booty I may win in war.”

“Oh, impossible, dear pan, it is impossible!” said Yankel with a sigh.

“No, impossible,” said another Jew.

All three Jews looked at each other.

“We might try,” said the third, glancing timidly at the other two. “God may favor us.”

All three Jews discussed the matter in German. Bulba, in spite of all his straining his ears, could make nothing of it: he only caught the word *Mardokhai* often repeated.

“Listen, pan!” said Yankel. “We must consult with a man such as there never was before in the world . . . ugh, ugh! as wise as Solomon; and if he will do nothing, then no one in all the world can. Sit here: this is the key; admit no one.” The Jews went out into the street.

Taras locked the door, and gazed from the little window upon the dirty Jewish prospect. The three Jews halted in the middle of the street, and began to talk with a good deal of warmth: a fourth soon joined them, and finally a fifth. Again he heard repeated, *Mardokhai*,

Mardokhai! The Jews glanced incessantly at one side of the street; at length at the end of it there emerged from behind a dirty house, a foot in a Jewish shoe, and the skirts of a half-caftan fluttered. "Ah! Mardokhai, Mardokhai!" shouted the Jews with one voice. A thin Jew somewhat shorter than Yankel, but even more wrinkled, and with a huge upper lip, approached the impatient group; and all the Jews made haste, even interrupting each other, to talk to him. During the recital, Mardokhai glanced several times towards the little window, and Taras divined that the conversation concerned him.

Mardokhai waved his hands, listened, interrupted, spit frequently to one side, and, pulling up the skirts of his half-caftan, thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out some jingling thing, showing his very dirty trousers in the operation. Finally all the Jews set up such a shout, that the Jew who was standing guard was forced to make a signal for silence,

and Taras began to fear for his safety ; but when he remembered that Jews can only consult in the street, and that the demon himself cannot understand their language, he regained his composure.

Two minutes later the Jews all entered the room together. Mardokhai approached Taras, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "When we wish to act, then it will be as it is necessary." Taras looked at this Solomon such as the world had never known, and conceived some hope : in fact, his face might well inspire confidence. His upper lip was simply an object of horror ; its thickness was doubtless increased by adventitious circumstances. This Solomon's beard consisted only of about fifteen hairs, and they were on the left side. Solomon's face bore so many scars of battle, received for his daring, that he had doubtless lost count of them long before, and had grown accustomed to considering them as birthmarks.

Mardokhai departed, accompanied by his

comrades, who were filled with admiration at his wisdom. Bulba remained alone. He was in a strange, unaccustomed situation; he felt uneasy, for the first time in his life. His soul was in a state of fever. He was no longer unbending, immovable, strong as an oak, as he had formerly been: he was timid; he was weak. He trembled at every sound, at every new Jewish face which showed itself at the end of the street. In this condition he passed the whole day; he neither ate nor drank, and his eye never for a moment left the small window looking on the street. Finally, late at night, Mardokhai and Yankel made their appearance. Taras's heart died within him.

“What news? are you successful?” he asked with the impatience of a wild horse.

But before the Jews had recovered breath to answer, Taras perceived that Mardokhai no longer had his locks, which, although very greasy, fell in curls from under his felt cap. It was evident that he wished to say something

but uttered only such nonsense that Taras understood nothing of it. And Yankel himself put his hand very often to his mouth as though suffering from a cold.

“Oh, dearest pan!” said Yankel: “it is utterly impossible now! by heaven, impossible! Such vile people that one must spit on their heads! And Mardokhai here says the same. Mardokhai has done what no man in the world ever did, but God did not will that it should be so. Three thousand of the army are standing here, and to-morrow they are all to be executed.”

Taras looked the Jew straight in the eye, but no longer with impatience or anger.

“But if the pan wishes to see him, then it must be early to-morrow morning, before the sun has risen. The sentinels have agreed, and one jailer has promised. But may he have no happiness in the world, woe is me! What greedy people! There are none such among us: I gave fifty ducats to each one, and to the jailer” —

“Good. Take me to him!” exclaimed Taras with decision, and all his firmness returned to his spirit. He agreed to Yankel’s proposition that he should disguise himself as a foreign count, just arrived from Germany, for which purpose the prudent Jew had already provided a costume. It was already night. The master of the house, the above mentioned red-haired Jew with freckles, drew forth a thin mattress covered with some sort of rug, and spread it on the bench for Bulba. Yankel lay upon the floor, on a similar mattress. The red-haired Jew drank a small cup of brandy, threw off his half-caftan, and betook himself,—looking, in his shoes and stockings, a good deal like a chicken,—with his wife, to something resembling a cupboard. Two Jewesses lay down on the floor beside the cupboard, like a couple of family dogs. But Taras did not sleep: he sat motionless, drumming on the table with his fingers. He kept his pipe in his mouth, and puffed out smoke, which made the Jew sneeze

in his sleep, and wrap his nose up in his coverlet. Scarcely was the sky touched with the first faint gleams of dawn, when he pushed Yankel with his foot: "Rise, Jew, and give me your count's dress!"

In a moment he was dressed; he blackened his mustache and eyebrows, put on his head a small dark cap, and not even the Cossacks who knew him best would have recognized him. Apparently he was not more than thirty-five. A healthy color played in his cheeks, and even his scars lent him an air of command. The gold-embroidered dress became him extremely.

The streets were still asleep. Not a single mercantile person yet showed himself in the city, with his basket on his arm. Yankel and Bulba went to a building which had the appearance of a crouching stork. It was low, wide, huge, and black; and on one side a long slender tower like a stork's neck projected, above which rose a bit of the roof. This building served for a variety of purposes: it was a

barrack, a jail, and even the criminal court. Our travellers entered the gate, and found themselves in a vast room, or covered court-yard. About a thousand men were sleeping there. Straight before them was a small door, in front of which sat two sentries playing at some game which consisted in one striking the palm of the other's hand with two fingers. They paid little heed to the new arrivals, and only turned their heads when Yankel said, "It is we, pani; do you hear? it is we."

"Go in!" said one of them, opening the door with one hand, and holding out the other to his comrade to receive his blows.

They entered a low and dark corridor, which led them to a room of the same description, with small windows overhead. "Who goes there?" shouted several voices, and Taras beheld quite a number of warriors in full armor. "We have been ordered to admit no one."

"It is we!" cried Yankel; "we, by heavens,

oble pani!" But no one would listen to him. Fortunately, at that moment a fat man came along, who, from all the signs, appeared to be a commanding officer, for he cursed louder than all the others.

"Pan, it is we! you know us, and the pan you want will thank you."

"Admit them, a hundred fiends, and mother's fiends! And admit no one else. And no one is to draw his sword, and no one is to fall on the floor."

The conclusion of this eloquent order, our travellers did not hear. "It is we, it is I, it is your friends!" Yankel said to every one they met.

"Well, is it possible now?" he inquired of one of the guards, when they at length reached the end of the corridor.

"It is possible, but I don't know whether you are to be admitted to the prison itself. My ana is not here now: another man is standing guard in his place," replied the guard.

“Ai, ai!” cried the Jew softly: “this is bad, my dear pan!”

“Go on!” said Taras firmly. The Jew obeyed.

At the door of the vaults, which ran to a peak at the top, stood a heyduke, with mustache in three layers: the upper layer ran back, the second straight forward, and the third downwards, which made him greatly resemble a cat.

The Jew shrank into nothing, and approached him almost sideways: “Your high excellency! High and illustrious pan!”

“Are you speaking to me, Jew?”

“To you, illustrious pan.”

“Hm, but I am merely a heyduke,” said the merry-eyed man with the three-story mustache.

“And I thought it was the Voevod himself, by heavens! Ai, ai, ai!” Thereupon the Jew twisted his head about, and spread out his fingers. “Ai, what a majestic form! Another

finger's breadth, and he would be a colonel. The pan must mount a horse as fleet as a fly, and drill the troops!"

The heyduke arranged the lower story of his mustache, and his eyes beamed.

"What a warlike people!" continued the Jew. "Ah, woe is me, what a fine race! Cords and spangles, they shine like the sun; and the maidens, wherever they see warriors — Ai, ai?" Again the Jew wagged his head.

The heyduke twirled his upper mustache, and uttered a sound somewhat resembling the neigh of a horse.

"I pray the pan to do us a service!" exclaimed the Jew: "this prince has come hither from a foreign land, and wants to get a look at the Cossacks. He never, in all his life, has seen what sort of people the Cossacks are."

The appearance of foreign counts and barons was sufficiently common in Poland: they were often drawn by curiosity to view this half-

Asiatic corner of Europe. They regarded Moscow and the Ukraine as situated in Asia. So the heyduke bowed low, and thought fit to add a few words of his own.

“I do not know, your excellency,” said he, “why you should desire to see them. They are dogs, not people; and their faith is such as no one respects.”

“You lie, you son of Satan!” said Bulba. “You are a dog yourself! How dare you say that our faith is not respected? It is your heretical faith which is not respected.”

“Oho!” said the heyduke. “But I know who you are, my friend; you are one of those who are under my charge. So wait, I will summon our men.”

Taras perceived his indiscretion, but vexation and obstinacy prevented his devising a means of remedying it. Fortunately Yankel managed to interpose at this moment:—

“Most noble pan, how is it possible that the count should be a Cossack? And if he were

a Cossack, where could he have obtained such a dress, and such a count-like mien?"

"Explain it yourself." And the heyduke opened his wide mouth to shout.

"Your royal highness, silence, silence, for heaven's sake!" cried Yankel. "Silence! we will pay you for it in a way you never dreamed of: we will give you two golden ducats."

"Oho! two ducats! I can't do any thing with two ducats. I give my barber two ducats for only shaving the half of my beard. Give a hundred ducats, Jew." Here the heyduke twirled his upper mustache. "And if you don't give a hundred ducats, I will shout at once."

"And why so much?" said the Jew sadly, turning pale, and undoing his leather purse; but it was lucky that he had no more in his purse, and that the heyduke could not count over a hundred.

"Pan, pan, let us depart quickly! See the evil people yonder!" said Yankel, perceiving

that the heyduke was turning the money over in his hand, as though regretting that he had not demanded more.

“What do you mean, you devil of a heyduke?” said Bulba. “You have taken our money, and do not mean to let us see? No, you must let us see. Since you have taken the money, you have no right to refuse.”

“Go, go to the devil! and if you won’t, I’ll give the alarm this moment, and you— Take yourselves off quick, I say!”

“Pan, pan, let us go! in God’s name, let us go! Curse him! May he dream such things that he will have to spit,” cried poor Yankel.

Bulba turned slowly, with drooping head, and went back, followed by the reproaches of Yankel, who sorrowed at the thought of the wasted ducats.

“And why be angry? Let the dog curse. That race cannot help cursing. Oh, woe is me, what luck God sends to some people! A hundred ducats merely for driving us off!

And our brother: they will tear off his earlocks, and they will make something out of his face that you cannot look at, and no one will give him a hundred gold pieces. O heavens! Merciful God!"

But this failure made a much deeper impression on Bulba: it was expressed by a devouring flame in his eyes.

"Let us go," he said suddenly, as if shaking himself; "let us go to the square. I want to see how they will torture him."

"Oh, pan! why go? That will do us no good now."

"Let us go," said Bulba obstinately; and the Jew followed him, sighing like a nurse.

The square on which the execution was to take place was not hard to find: the people were thronging thither from all quarters. In that savage age it constituted one of the most noteworthy spectacles, not only for the common people, but among the higher classes. A number of the most pious old men, a throng of

young girls, and the most cowardly women, who dreamed the whole night afterwards of bloody corpses, who shrieked as loudly in their sleep as a drunken hussar, missed no opportunity, nevertheless, to gratify their curiosity. "Ah, what tortures!" cried many of them hysterically, covering their eyes, and turning away; but they stood their ground for quite a while, nevertheless. Many a one, with gaping mouth and out-stretched hands, would have liked to jump upon the people's heads, to get a better view. Above the mass of small, narrow, commonplace heads, towered the large head of a butcher, admiring the whole process with the air of a connoisseur, and exchanging brief words with a gunsmith, whom he called *Gossip* because he had got drunk in the same alehouse with him on a holiday. Some entered into warm discussions, others even laid wagers. But the majority were of the kind, who, all the world over, look on at the world and at every thing that goes on in it, and

merely scratch their noses. In the foreground, close to the bearded city-guards, stood a young noble, or one who appeared such, in warlike costume, who had certainly put on all he owned, leaving only his torn shirt and his old shoes in his quarters. Two chains, one on top of the other, hung around his neck, with some ducats. He stood with his mistress Usisya, and glanced round incessantly to see that no one soiled her silk gown. He explained every thing to her so perfectly that no one could have added a word. "All these people, my dear Usisya," he said, "whom you see, have come to see the criminals executed; and that man, my love, yonder, who holds the axe and other instruments in his hands, is the executioner, and he will despatch them: and when he begins to break them on the wheel, and torture them in other ways, the criminal will be still alive; but when he cuts off his head, then, my love, he will die at once. Before that, he will cry and move; but just as

soon as his head is cut off, it will be impossible for him to cry, or to eat or drink, because, my dear, he will no longer have any head." And Usisya listened to it all with terror and curiosity. The roofs of the houses were filled with people. From the windows in the roof peered strange faces with beards and something resembling caps. Upon the balconies, beneath awnings, sat the aristocracy. The beautiful hands of the smiling young ladies, brilliant as white sugar, clasped the railing. The noble pani, all quite stout, looked on with dignity. A servant in rich garb, with backward-flowing sleeves, carried round various drinks and eatables. Sometimes a black-eyed rogue would take her pie or fruit, and fling it among the crowd with her own noble little hand. The crowd of hungry knights held up their caps to catch it; and some tall noble, whose head rose amid the throng, with his faded red jacket and discolored gold braid, was the first to catch it with the aid of his long arms, and kissed his

booty, pressed it to his heart, and finally put it in his mouth. The hawk, suspended beneath the balcony in a golden cage, was also a spectator; with beak inclined to one side, and with one foot raised, he also watched the people attentively. But suddenly a murmur ran through the crowd, and a rumor spread, "They are coming! they are coming! the Cossacks!"

They walked with uncovered heads, with their long locks floating. Their beards were gone. They walked neither timidly nor surly, but with a certain pride. Their garments of handsome cloth were worn out, and hung about them in tatters. They neither looked at nor bowed to the people. At the head of all walked Ostap.

What were old Taras's feelings when he beheld his Ostap? What was in his heart then? He gazed at him from amid the crowd, and lost not a single movement of his. They approached the place of execution. Ostap stopped. He was to be the

first to drink the bitter cup. He glanced at his comrades, raised his hand, and spoke loudly: "God grant that none of the heretics who stand here may hear, the unclean dogs, how Christians suffer! Let none of us utter a single word." After this he approached the scaffold.

"Well done, son! well done!" said Bulba softly, and bent his gray head.

The executioner tore off his old rags; they fastened his hands and feet in stocks prepared expressly, and — We will not pain the reader with a picture of the hellish tortures, which would make his hair rise upright on his head. They were the outcome of that coarse, wild age, when men still led the bloody life of warlike expeditions, and hardened their souls in them until no sense of humanity was left. In vain did some (they were not many, but exceptions, in that age) make a stand against such terrible measures. In vain did the king and many knights, en-

lightened in mind and soul, demonstrate that such severity of punishment could but fan the flame of vengeance in the Cossack nation. But the power of the king, and the opinion of the wise, was nothing before the disordered and savage will of the magnates of the kingdom, who by their thoughtlessness and unconquerable lack of all far-sighted policy, their childish self-love and miserable pride, converted the Landtag into the mockery of a government. Ostap endured the pains and torments like a giant. Not a cry, not a groan, was heard; even when they began to break the bones in his hands and feet, when the horrible cracking was audible to the most distant spectators amid the death-like stillness of the crowd, when even his tormentors turned aside their eyes, nothing like a groan escaped his lips, nor did his face quiver. Taras stood in the crowd with bowed head; and, raising his eyes proudly at that moment, he only said approvingly, "Well done, son! well done!"

But when they took him to the last deadly tortures, it seemed as though his strength were failing. He turned his eyes about.

O God! all strangers, all unknown faces! If only some of his relatives were present at his death! He would not have cared to hear the sobs and anguish of his feeble mother, or the unreasoning cries of a wife, tearing her hair and beating her white breast: he would have liked to see the strong man who could refresh him with a wise word, and cheer his end. And his strength failed him, and he cried in the weakness of his soul, "Father! where are you? do you hear all?"

"I hear!" rang through the universal silence, and all that million of people shuddered in concert. A detachment of the mounted soldiers hastened anxiously to scan the throng of people. Yankel turned pale as death, and when the horsemen had got a short distance from him, he turned round in terror to look for Taras: but Taras was no longer beside him; every trace of him was lost.

XII.

THEY found traces of Taras. An army of a hundred and twenty thousand Cossacks appeared on the borders of the Ukraine. This was not a small division or detachment which had sallied forth for plunder or in pursuit of the Tatars. No: the whole nation had risen, for the measure of the people's patience was over-full; they had risen to avenge the ridicule of their rights, the dishonorable humiliation of their natures, the insults to the faith of their fathers and their sacred customs, for injuries to their church, the excesses of the foreign pani, the persecution, the union, the disgraceful domination of the Jews on Christian soil, and all that had excited and increased the stern hatred of the Cossacks for a long time. Hetman

Ostranitza, young, but strong in spirit, led the whole innumerable Cossack force. Beside him was seen his very aged and experienced friend and counsellor, Gunya. Eight colonels led regiments of twelve thousand men each. Two osauls-general and a *bunchúzlniy* (major) general followed the hetman. A cornet general carried the chief standard; many other banners and standards floated afar off; the comrades of the staff bore the golden hetman's staff. There were also many other officials of the regiment, of the transports, and of the general army, and regimental secretaries, and with them detachments of foot-soldiers and cavalry. There were almost as many free Cossacks and volunteers as there were registered Cossacks. The Cossacks had risen everywhere, in Tchigirin, from Pereyaslaf, from Baturin, from Glukhof, from the regions of the lower Dniepr, and from all its upper shores and islands. An innumerable stream of horses and herds stretched across the plain.

And among all these Cossacks, among all these regiments, one regiment was the choicest ; and that regiment was led by Taras Bulba. All contributed to give him a weight over the others : his advanced years, his experience and skill in directing an army, and his exceeding hatred of the enemy. His unsparing fierceness and harshness seemed exaggerated even to the Cossacks. His gray head dreamed of nothing but fire and the halter, and his utterances in the council of war breathed only annihilation.

It is useless to describe all the battles in which the Cossacks distinguished themselves, or the gradual course of the campaign. All this is set down in the chronicles. It is well known what an army raised on Russian soil, for the faith, is like. There is no power stronger than faith. It is threatening and invincible as a rock, not made by human hands, amid the stormy, ever-changing sea. From the very bottom of the sea it raises

its jagged walls to heaven, of one firm, impenetrable stone. It is visible from everywhere, and looks the waves straight in the eye as they roll past. And woe to the ship which is dashed against it! Its frame flies into splinters, every thing in it is split and crushed into dust, and the startled air re-echoes the piteous cries of the drowning.

In the pages of the chronicles there is a minute description of how the Polish garrisons fled from the freed cities; how the unscrupulous Jew pot-house keepers were hung; how weak was the royal hetman, Nikolai Pototzky, with his numerous army, against this invincible force; how, broken, pursued, he drowned the best part of his army in a small stream; how the fierce Cossack regiments besieged him in the small town of Polon; and how, reduced to extremities, the Polish hetman promised, under oath, full satisfaction for all on the part of the king and the government officials, and the return of all their rights and

privileges. But the Cossacks were not men to yield for that. They already knew well what a Polish oath was. And Pototzky would never more have pranced on his six-thousand-ducat horse from the Kabardei, attracting the glances of distinguished ladies, and the envy of the nobility; he would never more have made a figure in the Lándtag, giving expensive feasts to the senators,—if the Russian priests who were in the little town had not saved him. When all the popes, in their brilliant gold vestments, went out to meet the Cossacks, bearing the ikon and the cross, with the bishop himself at their head, cross in hand, and the episcopal mitre on his head, the Cossacks all bowed their heads, and took off their caps. No one lower than the king himself would they have respected at such an hour; but their daring fell before the Church of Christ, and they respected their priesthood. The hetman and colonels agreed to release Pototzky, after having exacted from

him a solemn oath to leave all the Christian churches at liberty, to lay aside the ancient enmity, and to do no injury to the Cossack army. One colonel alone would not consent to such a peace. This one was Taras. He tore a handful of hair from his head, and cried, —

“Eh, hetman and colonels! Commit no such womanish deed. Trust not the Lyakhs; perish the dogs!”

When the regimental secretary presented the agreement, and the hetman put his powerful hand to it, Taras drew out a genuine Damascus blade, a rich Turkish sabre of the finest steel, broke it in twain like a reed, and threw the two pieces far away on each side, saying, “Farewell! As the two pieces of this sword will never re-unite and form one sword again, so we, comrades, shall nevermore behold each other in this world. Remember my parting words.” (Here his voice grew stronger, rose higher, and acquired a hitherto unknown power; and his

prophetic utterances troubled them all.) “Before the death hour you will remember me! Do you think that you have purchased peace and quiet? do you think that you will live in grand style? You will live in grand style, but after another fashion. They will flay the skin from your head, hetman, they will stuff it with bran, and long will it be exhibited at fairs. Neither will you retain your heads, panóve. You will fall into damp dungeons, walled about with stone, if they do not boil you all alive in kettles, like sheep.

“And you, men,” he continued, turning to his followers, “which of you wants to die his own death? not through sorrows and womanish lounging, nor drunk under a hedge beside the ale-house; but an honorable Cossack death, all in one bed, like bride and groom? Or, perhaps, you would like to return home, and turn to infidels, and carry Polish priests on your backs?”

“After you, pan colonel, after you!” shouted

all his regiment, and many others joined them.

“If it is after me, then follow me,” said Taras, pulling his cap farther over his brows; and looking menacingly at the others, he went to his horse, and cried to his men, “Let no one reproach us with any insulting speeches. Now, hey there, men! we’ll call on the Catholics.” And then he struck his horse, and there followed him a camp of a hundred telegas, and with them many Cossack cavalry and foot-soldiers; and, turning, he threatened with a glance all who remained behind, and wrath was in his eye. The regiment departed in full view of all the army, and Taras continued long to turn and glower.

The hetman and colonels were disturbed; all became thoughtful, and remained long silent, as though oppressed by some heavy foreboding. Not in vain had Taras prophesied: all came to pass as he had foretold. A little while afterwards, after the treacherous attack at Kaneva,

the hetman's head was mounted on a stake, together with those of many of his officers.

And what of Taras? Taras made raids all over Poland with his regiment, burned eighteen towns and nearly forty churches, and reached Cracow. He killed many nobles, plundered the richest and finest castles. The Cossacks opened and emptied on the ground the century-old mead and wine, carefully hoarded up in the lordly cellars; they cut and burned rich cloths, garments, and equipments; which they found in the wardrobes. "Spare nothing," enjoined Taras. The Cossacks spared not the black-browed gentlewomen, the brilliant, white-bosomed maidens: they could not save themselves even at the altar; Taras burned them with the altar. Many snowy hands were raised to heaven from amid the fiery flames, accompanied by piteous shrieks, which would have moved the damp earth itself to pity, and caused the steppe-grass to bend with compassion at their fate. But the cruel Cossacks paid no

heed ; and, raising the children in the streets upon their lances, they cast them also into the flames.

“This is a mass for the soul of Ostap, you malignant Lyakhs,” was all that Taras said. And such masses for Ostap he arranged in every village, until the Polish Government perceived that Taras’s raids were more than ordinary expeditions for plunder ; and that same Pototzky was given five regiments, and ordered to capture Taras without fail.

Six days did the Cossacks retreat along the country roads, before the pursuit ; their horses almost endured this excessive flight, and saved the Cossacks. But this time Pototzky was equal to the task that was intrusted to him ; unweariedly he followed them, and reached the bank of the Dniestr, where Taras had taken possession of an abandoned and ruined castle for the purpose of resting.

On the very brink of the Dniestr it stood, with its shattered ramparts and the ruined

remains of its walls. The summit of the cliff was strewn with ragged stones and broken bricks, ready at any moment to detach themselves and fly to the bottom. The royal hetman, Pototzky, surrounded it on the two sides which faced on the plain. Four days did the Cossacks fight and struggle, tearing down bricks and stones for missiles. But their stones and their strength were exhausted, and Taras resolved to fight his way through the ranks. And the Cossacks would have fought their way out, and their swift steeds might again have served them faithfully, had not Taras halted suddenly in the very midst of their flight, and shouted, "Halt! my pipe has dropped with its tobacco: I won't let those malignant Lyakhs have my pipe!" And the old atáman bent down, and reached in the grass for his pipe full of tobacco, his inseparable companion on all his expeditions on sea and land and at home.

But in the mean time a band of Lyakhs

suddenly rushed up, and seized him by his powerful shoulders. He tried to struggle with all his limbs; but he did not scatter on the earth, as he had been wont to do, the heydukes who had seized him. "Oh, old age, old age!" he said: and the stout old Cossack wept. But his age was not to blame: nearly thirty men were hanging on his arms and legs.

"The raven is caught!" screamed the Lyakhs. "Now it is only necessary to think how we can show him the most honor, the dog!" and they decided, with the permission of the hetman, to burn him alive in the sight of all. There stood near by a naked tree, the summit of which had been struck by lightning. They bound him with iron chains to the trunk of the tree, driving nails through his hands, and raising him higher that the Cossack might be everywhere visible; and they began at once to place fagots at the foot of the tree. But Taras did not look at the wood, nor did he think of the fire with which they were

preparing to roast him: he gazed anxiously in the direction whence the Cossacks were firing. From his high post of observation he could see every thing, as in the palm of his hand.

“Take possession, men, take possession quickly,” he shouted, “of the hillock behind the wood: they cannot climb it!” But the wind did not carry his words to them. “They are lost, lost for nothing!” he said in despair, and glanced down to where the Dniestr shone. Joy gleamed in his eyes. He saw the sterns of four boats peeping out from behind the bushes; gathered together all the strength of his voice, and shouted in a ringing tone, “To the shore, to the shore, men! descend the path to the left, under the cliff. There are boats on the shore; take all, that they may not catch you.”

This time the breeze blew from the other side, and all his words were audible to the Cossacks. But for this counsel he received a blow on the head with the back of an axe,

which made every thing dance before his eyes.

The Cossacks descended the cliff path at full speed, but the pursuers were at their heels. They looked: the path wound and twisted, and made many *détours* to one side. "Ah, comrades, we are trapped!" said they all, halted for an instant, raised their whips, whistled, and their Tatar horses rose from the ground, parted the air like serpents, flew over the precipice, and plunged straight into the Dniestr. Two only did not fall into the river, but thundered from the height upon the stones, and perished there with their horses without uttering a cry. But the Cossacks had already swam from their horses, and unfastened the boats. The Lyakhs halted on the brink of the precipice, astounded at this wonderful feat of the Cossacks, and thinking, "Shall we spring down to them, or not?"

One young colonel, a lively, hot-blooded fellow, own brother to the beautiful Pole who

had seduced poor Andrii, did not reflect long, but flung himself and his horse after the Cossacks with all his might. He made three turns in the air with his steed, and fell heavily on the ragged cliffs. The sharp stones tore him in pieces as he fell into the abyss; and his brains, mingled with blood, bespattered the shrubs growing on the uneven walls of the precipice.

When Taras Bulba recovered from the blow, and glanced at the Dniestr, the Cossacks were already in the skiffs and rowing away; balls showered upon them from above, but did not reach them. And the old atáman's eyes sparkled with joy.

“Farewell, comrades!” he shouted to them from above; “remember me, and come hither again next spring, and make merry! What! cursed Lyakhs, ye have caught me? Think ye there is any thing in the world that a Cossack fears? Wait; the time will come when ye shall learn what the orthodox Russian faith

is! Already the people scent it far and near. A czar shall arise from Russian soil, and there shall not be a power in the world which shall not submit to him!" But the fire had already risen over the fagots; it lapped his feet, and the flame spread to the tree. . . . But can any fire, flames, or power be found on earth, which are capable of overpowering Russian strength?

Not small is the river Dniestr, and in it are many deep pools, dense reed-beds, shallows and little bays; its watery mirror gleams, filled with the melodious plaint of the swan, and the proud wild goose glides swiftly over it; and many snipe, red-throated ruffs, and various other sorts of birds, are to be found among the reeds and along the banks. The Cossacks rowed swiftly on in the narrow double-ruddered boats, — rowed stoutly, carefully shunning the reefs, cleaving the ranks of the birds, which took wing, — and talked of their atáman.

