

MASTER THADDEUS;

OR,

THE LAST FORAY IN LITHUANIA.

BY

ADAM MICKIEWICZ.

An Historical Epic Poem in Twelve Books.

Translated from the Original

BY

MAUDE ASHURST BIGGS

(TRANSLATOR OF "KONRAD WALLENROD").

WITH A PREFACE BY W. R. MORFILL, M.A.

AND NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR AND EDMOND S. NAGANOWSKI.

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RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION OF THE POLISH
WORDS IN THE TEXT.

The letters b, d, f, h, k, m, n, p, r, s, t, z, are pronounced as in English, except when modified, as several of them are, by particular dots or accents, necessary for the expressing of Slavonic sounds in Roman letters:

c is invariably pronounced soft, like *tz*, before all vowels and before consonants, even in cases where it is hard in other languages; as *Soplica*, pronounced *Soplitza*. Before the vowel *i* it has a palatal sound, not unlike c in Italian.

g is invariably hard, as in gill, get.

j has the same sound as in Italian or German.

k is used for the hard c of other languages, and in foreign words is substituted for it, as *Catholic*, written in Polish *Katolik*.

The letter l has two forms, one corresponding to our own; the other with a delicate stroke down has a peculiar sound, slightly resembling our *w*, scarcely ever mastered by foreigners. In the present work it

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has been judged best, owing to the impossibility of procuring suitable type, to use the simple l throughout.

n accented is pronounced like the Spanish ñ in cañon.

w like v.

z as in English; when dotted *ż*, pronounced like j in French; with an accent *ź* the sound is sharper.

sz has the sound of sh in English.

cz is pronounced like ch in church.

rz has the sound resembling that of the dotted *ż* or French j; thus the proper name of Dobrzynski is pronounced as if written Dobrziński.

Szcz is pronounced with both sounds of sz and cz thoroughly distinct, so that the combination resembles shtch.

The vowels a, e, i, o, u, are pronounced as in all Continental languages, very broad and full. A and e are, however, susceptible of modifications, causing them to sound like *en* and *in* in French. Particular forms of the letters are used for these sounds in Polish; but in this translation the nasals are expressed by m or n, as Rembajlo, Czenstochowa—a form of spelling warranted by Polish usage.

N.B.—Consonants are pronounced far more lightly than in English.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Slavonic languages and their literatures are so little studied in our own country, that it is to be feared that many English men and women have not even heard the name of Poland's greatest poet, Adam Mickiewicz. When, a few years ago, a tablet was affixed to the house at Rome in which the poet had for a short time lodged, there were many oracular utterances in the newspapers to make clear to wondering foreigners what sort of person that name implied. And yet the writings of Mickiewicz are well worth our attention. He is pre-eminently the national poet of Poland; in him is to be found the voice of its sufferings and struggles,—the echo of its history and long-cherished traditions. No writer has more faithfully reproduced the old Polish life and manners and the spirit of its national songs. He has himself beauti-

fully said that in the popular lay lies hidden the weapon of the nation's hero, and the woven thread of the nation's thoughts—

“With the wings and voice of the archangel
Sometimes also thou holdest the sword of the archangel;” *—

and all this will assuredly be found in his own poetry, with its quaint tales of old Polish life and Lithuanian chivalry, its fantastic legends of enchanted lakes and oaks of immemorial sanctity.

It is probable that only the circumstance of his poems being written in a difficult language, which it is not the fashion to study in England, has kept them so absolutely unknown to our countrymen. Such is far from being the case in Germany and France. But in the words of doom, *væ victis*, may also be read the degradation of the language of the conquered. Polish, however, is not yet a dead language nor likely to be; it is still spoken by nearly ten millions of people, and boasts of many living writers of merit.

Let us hope then that our countrymen will welcome this work by Miss Maude A. Biggs, a

* “*Z archanielskiemi skrzydlami i glosem,
Ty czasem dzierzysz i miecz archaniola.*”

lady already so favourably known by her version of “Konrad Wallenrod.” She puts before us a translation of a celebrated poem by Mickiewicz, “Pan Tadeusz,” a graphic picture of old Polish life in Lithuania before the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in 1812. During the independence of Poland this country had formed a very important portion of the republic; it is now divided into Russian governments.

Perhaps the novelty of the manners described in this poem, and the graphic pictures of earlier forms of society, may recommend it to the English reader. Miss Biggs has performed her task exceedingly well, although Polish is so difficult a language and the poem she has selected is national to the very core. For the rhyming lines of the original she has substituted blank verse, a metre with which Englishmen are familiar in long poems, and which allows a translator to be more literal by emancipating him from what have been called the tags of rhyme. She is always faithful to her author, and cleverly reproduces the spirit of his poem, although something must necessarily be lost in every translation. The manly sounds of the English language are fitter than

those of many others for reproducing the echoes of the vigorous Polish tongue. It is impossible not to recall to one's mind the fine words of Casimir Brodzinski, himself a poet of no mean order. "Let," says he, "the Pole smile with manly pride when the inhabitant of the banks of the Tiber or Seine calls his language rude; let him hear with keen satisfaction and the dignity of a judge the stranger who painfully struggles with the Polish pronunciation, like a sybarite trying to lift an old Roman coat of armour, or when he strives to articulate the language of men with the weak accent of a child. So long as courage is not wanting to our nation, and our morals have not become degraded, let us not disavow this manly roughness of our language. It has its harmony and its melody, but it is the murmur of an oak of three hundred years, and not the plaintive and feeble cry of a reed, swayed by every wind."

The life of Mickiewicz, who died thirty years ago, was a very sad one. He was born in 1798, and at an early age became an exile, never seeing his native country after 1829. How great were his longings to revisit it, we find by the com-

mencement of "Pan Tadeusz," which breathes all the despair of an exile. He settled in Paris and became a professor of the Slavonic languages and literatures at the College de France. This office, however, he was compelled to resign on account of his identifying himself with the strange views of Towianski. His wife afterwards became insane, and we have a pathetic portrait of the poet towards the close of his life in the Memoirs of Herzen, published originally in the Russian magazine Polar Star (*Poliarnaia Zvezda*). He appeared to the Russian politician as a man bowed down with troubles, prematurely grey, and lost in the labyrinths of religious mysticism. In 1855 he was sent to Constantinople to assist in forming a Polish legion to serve against the Russians in the Crimean War, and died there.

Mickiewicz is altogether a strange and interesting figure, and deserves to be known much more widely than in the comparatively narrow circle of his compatriots. He has shown excellence in many fields of literature, but especially in his ballads and narrative poems. The exquisite grace and finish of his sonnets, especially those inspired by the poet's visit to the Crimea, will be acknowledged

by all acquainted with his writings ; they are the finest in any Slavonic language, and may be compared with some of the best Italian and English compositions of the same kind.

With the good wishes of a few hearty admirers of the poet this version of one of his most striking productions is venturesomely sent forth to the great English-speaking public.

W. R. MORFILL.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

IN order to have a clear understanding of the spirit in which this poem is composed, it will not perhaps be considered irrelevant to prefix a short abstract of the historical events on which it is founded, and to which reference is made in the course of the story. The wars of Napoleon, and the relation these had to the politics and prospects of the Polish nation, form the historical groundwork of the poem, which may therefore be taken as representing a portion of European history at present little known and studied. It is, however, generally admitted that for the right understanding and just appreciation of the literature of a people a certain knowledge of their past and present history is absolutely necessary, and of no people is this more true than of the Poles,

whose literary works, even such as, strictly speaking, cannot be classed as historical, abound with references to the past, and are replete with allusions to historical and traditional names and events, almost every one of which must require explanation to those not previously acquainted with the subject. It is scarcely possible to study any classical work in this, perhaps the richest and most highly cultivated of all the Slavonic languages, without as it were half-unconsciously acquiring some knowledge of the traditions to which such frequent allusion is made. No further excuse it is therefore hoped will be necessary for commencing this work with an account of the chief circumstances which transpired from the year 1794 or 1795 to the beginning of 1812, between which the whole interest of this story is comprised.

After the battle of Maciejowice and capture of Warsaw, many of the Poles took refuge in France, since they imagined that the republic would no doubt immediately commence a crusade against the enemies of Poland, and therefore readily offered their services in the French armies. At this period a regulation existed forbidding the

French Government from receiving foreign troops into their service. The difficulty was evaded by proclaiming the Polish exiles citizens of the Cis-Alpine Republic, one of the short-lived states created about this time by Bonaparte. They were formed into legions, marching under their own colours, and bearing in addition the motto, "*Gli uomini liberi sono fratelli.*" The legions were commanded by Henry Dombrowski, who for some time had held a command in the Saxon army, and, strange to say, spoke German better than Polish. They greatly contributed to the success of the French in Italy, but on the cessation of hostilities by the treaty of Campo Formio, found their expectations deceived. No mention was made of Poland in the articles of peace.

It was not however long before hostilities were resumed. Suwarow, being despatched to the help of the Austrians, in 1799 defeated the French in several battles. The Poles, venturing again to trust those who had once deceived them, entered once more into the service of France, this time as part of the French army, since Napoleon, after subverting the Directory, had

abolished the regulation relative to the employment of foreign troops. The first legion of the Poles threw themselves into Mantua, which was besieged by the Austrians, and on its capitulation were delivered into the hands of the enemy by the French, who had bound themselves by a secret treaty to restore to the Austrians their deserters, namely those Poles who had escaped from their ranks to join the French. The remainder, under Dombrowski, took refuge in France, and after many changes of fortune were formed into one legion, part of which was detached to form the so-called Legion of the Danube under General Kniaziewicz. Dombrowski had conceived a plan for reaching Poland through Bohemia and Moravia. But it was soon manifest that no solid assistance was to be expected from Napoleon, who regarded them merely as instruments of his own projects. A number of the Legion of the Danube were forcibly embarked at Genoa for Hayti, for the quelling of the insurrection successfully carried on by Toussaint L'Ouverture. Numbers of the Poles succumbed to the climate, and few returned to their own country. A certain number preferred to remain in Hayti,

and make common cause with the negroes, instead of opposing those who had in no way injured their cause.

Nevertheless, the legions of the Poles continued, hoping against hope, to fight the battles and support the cause of Napoleon. One alone was wiser. Napoleon at one time endeavoured to obtain the support of Kosciuszko, but the veteran hero refused the *prestige* of his name to his designs. Bonaparte nevertheless was still able to preserve the belief of the exiles in his benevolent intentions, and thus waste their strength and lives in aiding his schemes of conquest.

Still after the battle of Austerlitz, wherein the German powers were for the time being crushed, Posen became independent, and Napoleon soon entered Polish territory with the legion of Dombrowski, as we find related in Book VII. of the poem. The Poseners at once joined with their countrymen and the French to conquer East Prussia, and to besiege Dantzic. The Russians now came to the assistance of Prussia, and thus the French were at war with both powers at once. The battles of Pultusk, Eylau, Friedland, followed

in quick succession. It seemed probable that Napoleon would soon cross the Niemen, and enter Lithuania; but instead of this he held a personal conference with Alexander I. at the bridge at Tilsit, where they arranged the articles of a peace, July 7, 1807. By this treaty a considerable portion of Poland was taken from the King of Prussia, and erected into the Duchy of Warsaw, but part of the Polish territory was still left in the hands of the Germans, and the province of Bialystok was detached to form part of the Czar's dominions.

Shortly after this Napoleon was at war with the Austrian Emperor Francis, and while the Emperor of the French was fighting his way towards Vienna, the Archduke Ferdinand proceeded towards Warsaw, with an army four times larger than the handful of Polish troops, who alone remained to guard the newly created Duchy of Warsaw. The Poles made a gallant stand at Raszyn against the Austrian troops, so much so that the Archduke accepted a convention by which, Warsaw being surrendered to him, he bound himself not to act against Praga, on the other side the river. Dombrowski hastened to

Great Poland, or the Grand Duchy of Posen, and Prince Joseph Poniatowski crossed the Vistula with part of the army. Then followed an astonishing campaign, in which a small handful of Polish troops quickly spread themselves over a vast extent of country, defeated and scattered Austrian troops many times more numerous, and conquered province after province with surprising rapidity. In one month they had taken Lublin, Sandomir, Zamosc, and Leopold, and fresh troops from these provinces swelled their forces into an army equal in size to the Austrian. The Archduke was forced to abandon Warsaw. The Russians entering at this point into the struggle captured Leopold, but shielded the rest of Galicia from any further attack. On the 15th of July Poniatowski took Cracow; but the news of an armistice stayed further operations. Peace was concluded in Vienna on the 14th of October. The conquests of Poniatowski included Cracow, and half the salt-mines of Wieliczka were joined to the Duchy of Warsaw, but the other half and all the territory known as Old Galicia were left to Austria. Napoleon detached the circle of Tarnopol, which he gave to Russia.

All of Poland that at this time boasted of independence was comprised in the small Duchy of Warsaw, which had a special constitution granted by Napoleon. The Elector of Saxony was sovereign of the new state, with a French administration, wherein the deputies of the nation had but little power. The army alone was purely Polish, consisting of 90,000 men, but a considerable portion of these were despatched to Spain, and while thus condemned to combat free men, who had in no way injured the Polish cause, left their own country almost without defenders.

Still a general impression prevailed that something more decisive would be done, and through five years warlike operations went on apace in the Duchy. It became day by day more apparent that Napoleon would soon break off all agreements with the Czar, and throughout the year 1811 diplomatic negotiations were carried on, the ultimate ending of which was variously conjectured. But day by day the real intentions of Napoleon became plainer. The Polish forces in the heart of Spain, at the furthest bounds of Europe, begun to move towards their own country.

At length in August war was finally declared between France and Russia. Napoleon entered into a secret treaty with Austria to give up Illyria or Dalmatia in exchange for Galicia. On the 24th of June 1812 the French and Polish armies crossed the Niemen, on the 28th Napoleon himself entered Wilna, and the union of Lithuania with Poland was proclaimed.

The further progress of the campaign and its terrible conclusion are matters of history, and have nothing to do with the plot of the poem now before us; they need not therefore be further particularised. No allusion is therein made to the retreat from Moscow; the future is only, as it were, intimated in far-off dim perspective beyond the bright conclusion of the story. It is said that at one time Mickiewicz intended to write another epic as a sequel to "Thaddeus," carrying on the adventures of his hero over the time of the Congress of Vienna, and up to the events of 1831, but from various causes this design never was carried out. The poem we have was completed with difficulty, amid hindrances of various kinds—illness, poverty, political and literary engagements, and interruptions under which the

exercise of the poetic faculty was well-nigh impossible. Little of poetical value ever proceeded from the pen of the author later than the production of this his greatest work; and as the wonderful dramatic poem of the "Ancestors" remains incomplete and fragmentary, it represents the consummate effort of this sublime genius. As a picture of old Polish life, and the manners and customs, thoughts and feelings, of the Poles at the epoch of which it treats, it stands unrivalled; and as a national epic, the greatest work of the greatest poet of the Polish nation, occupies a high position in European literature, similar to that which the principal epics of ancient and modern languages have always done. It is to Polish not only that which the *Iliad* is to Greek, the *Æneid* to Latin, the *Nibelungen* to Germany, the *Divina Commedia* to Italy, but also that which the *Canterbury Tales* and Shakespeare's historical plays are to England, and *Don Quixote* to Spain. It is therefore to be hoped that this attempt to introduce for the first time into this country an image of the thoughts and feelings of a people, whose literature is only neglected because they have no recognised position among nations, may not be

wholly unwelcome. The literature of any country seldom receives more important additions than in faithful translations of the standard works of other tongues, and whatever may be the shortcomings of the following translation, it is hoped that indulgence may be shown in consideration of being an attempt to introduce into the circle of English literature one element hitherto unknown to it.

Whatever faults the critical eye may discern must be laid rather to the charge of the translation than to that of the original, of which the exquisite beauty in execution, and marvellous artistic finish, cannot be appreciated except by readers of Polish. The greatest care has, however, been taken to ensure exact and literal rendering of every phrase, and full explanatory notes have been added, for the elucidation of matters unfamiliar to English readers. In proof of this it may be mentioned that some of the information upon scientific subjects has been kindly afforded by the Academy of Sciences at Cracow. For assistance, however, in the preparation of this work for the press, as well as in contributing a large share of the notes, the translator is above all indebted to Mr. Edmond S. Naganowski, for whose unvarying kindness and

valuable help in literary work she cannot express sufficient thanks, and only trust that as displayed in the result they will meet as cordial a recognition from the public as from herself.

M. A. B.

June 1885.

MASTER THADDEUS;

OR,

The Last Foray¹ in Lithuania.

BOOK I.

HOME-KEEPING.

Return of a young gentleman—A first meeting in a chamber, a second at table—Valuable instructions of the Judge concerning politeness—The Podkomorzy's political views on fashions—The beginning of the quarrel of Kusy and Sokol—The Wojski's sorrow—The last Wozny of the tribunal—A glance over the contemporary political situation in Lithuania and Europe.

LITVA! my country, like art thou to health,
For how to prize thee he alone can tell
Who has lost thee. I behold thy beauty now
In full adornment, and I sing of it
Because I long for thee.

O holy Virgin!

Thou, who defendest Czenstochowa bright,²

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A

And shimest in the Ostra Gate, who shieldest
 The castled town of Nowogrodek with
 Its faithful people ; as by miracle
 Thou didst restore me as a child to health,
 When by a weeping mother, I, confided
 To thy protection, raised my half-dead eye,
 And to the threshold of thy sanctuary
 Could go at once on foot to offer thanks
 To God for life returned ; * do thou likewise
 Restore us thus by miracle unto
 The bosom of our Fatherland ! Meanwhile
 Bear thou my soul, consumed by longing, to
 Those wooded hills, unto those meadows green
 Broad stretching on the azure Niemen's shore ;
 Towards those fields, rich hued with various
 grain,
 Golden with wheat, and silvered with the rye,
 Where amber rape, where buckwheat white as
 snow,
 Where with a maiden blush the clover glows,
 And all, as with a ribbon girdled by
 A green ridge, whereon pear-trees far apart.

* This passage is stated, in a critical work recently published in Warsaw, to refer to a real incident in the childhood of the poet.

Amid such fields, years since, upon the brink
 Of running water, on a hill not high,
 Among a birchen thicket ; framed of wood,
 There stood a noble's mansion, underbuilt
 With masonry ; the whitened walls gleamed far ;
 And whiter from the contrast they appeared
 Against the dark-green poplar tree that shielded
 The house from blasts of autumn. 'Twas not large,
 The dwelling-house, but all round neat and clean.
 It had a great barn, and three stacks beside
 Of garnered corn, that underneath the thatch
 Could not be placed. 'Twas seen the region round
 Was rich in corn, and from the corn-stooks thick
 As stars, appearing all their length and breadth
 Upon the clearings : from the many ploughs,
 Those dark-green fallows turning up thus soon,
 Which to the mansion surely appertained ;
 'Twas seen that order and abundance reigned
 Within this house. The gate half open stood,
 Proclaiming unto all who travelled by,
 Its hospitality, inviting all.

This very moment, in a two-horse chaise,
 A youthful gentleman approached the gate,
 And traversing the courtyard came before

The gallery. He lighted from the chaise.
The horses, left there, 'gan to nip the grass
Before the door, at leisure. Empty seemed
The house ; the doors were locked and fastened
close

With bolts and padlock. But the traveller
Ran not unto the farm to call for servants ;
But oped the door, and ran into the house.
He longed to welcome it, since he for long
Had not beheld his home. For in the city
Far off for education he had stayed ;
The end long waited for had come at last.
He ran within, and eagerly he gazed,
And tenderly, upon those ancient walls
As old acquaintances. He viewed again
The self-same furniture, same tapestry,
With which he loved to play from swaddling-
bands.

But less of size it seemed, less beautiful
Than formerly. And those same portraits hung
Around the walls. There Kosciuszko, clad
In the Cracovian *czamara*,*³ raised
His eyes to heaven, and grasped a two-hand sword ;

* A sort of loose garment in the old national costume.

Such as when, on the altar-steps, he swore
He with this sword would drive the despots three
From Poland, or himself upon it fall.
And further Rejtan⁴ sat, in Polish dress
Grieving for freedom lost ; he grasped a knife,
The blade towards his breast ; before him lay
Phædo and Cato's life. Jasinski⁵ there
A beautiful and sadly-looking youth ;
Beside him Korsak, his unsevered friend.
They stand on Praga's ramparts, over piles
Of Muscovites, the foemen cutting down ;
But Praga burned already round them.⁶ Even
The ancient clock with chimes the traveller knew
In wooden case, at the entrance of the alcove.
And with a childish joy he pulled the string
To hear again Dombrowski's old mazurka.

He ran through all the house, and sought that
room,
Where as a child he dwelt, long years ago ;
Entered—retired ; his wondering glances flew
Around the walls ; a woman's dwelling here !
Whose was it ? His old uncle was unmarried.
In Petersburg for years had dwelt his aunt.
'Twas not the housekeeper's. A piano here :

Upon it books and music : strewn about
 Without or heed or care,—a sweet disorder.
 They were not ancient hands that strewed them so.
 A white frock here, late taken from a peg
 To indue, unfolded on a chair arm lay.
 And in the window pots of perfumed flowers,
 Geraniums, asters, wallflowers, violets.
 And in one window stood the traveller.
 New wonder ! on a border once o'ergrown
 With nettles, in the orchard, he beheld
 A little garden crossed by garden walks ;
 All filled with flowers, with English grass and mint ;
 A wooden paling, with initials wreathed,
 Gleamed with a hundredfold of ribbons gay.
 The beds, 'twas seen, were freshly watered ; near
 There stood tin vessels full of water. Still
 The pretty gardener nowhere might be seen,
 Though she had passed but lately. Still the bushes
 Were rocking to and fro, as lately stirred,
 And near the trees a little foot's light print
 Upon the sand, shoeless and stockingless,
 Upon the light dry sand, as white as snow,
 An imprint plainly marked, but light ; no doubt
 Left in swift running by the tiny foot
 Of one, who hardly even touched the earth.

Long in the window stood the traveller
 Looking and dreaming : drinking in sweet breath
 Of flowers, he bent his visage downward to
 The violet plants ; with curious eyes pursued
 The tiny footprints on the path, and there
 Once more he fixed them, thought of them and
 whose
 They were ;—he had guessed. By chance he raised
 his eyes,
 And on the garden wall, behold there stood
 A young girl. Her white garment only hid
 Her slender figure o'er the bosom, leaving
 Unveiled her shoulders and her swan-like neck.
 Such dress a Lithuanian woman wears
 In the morning, and in such is never seen
 By men. So though she had none there to see,
 She laid her hands upon her bosom, thus
 A veil supplying to the little frock.
 Not loose in curls her locks, but twisted round
 In little knots, and hidden from the sight
 In white and tiny husks, that wondrously
 Adorned the head ; for in the sun's bright rays,
 They shone as shines the glory on a saint.
 Her face was seen not. Turned unto the plain
 She looked for some one, far below. She saw,

And laughed, and clapped her hands ; then from
 the wall
 She flew like a white bird, and glided o'er
 The garden, over beds and over flowers,
 And on a plank against the chamber-wall,
 Before the traveller marked it, through the window
 She darted, shining, sudden, silent, light,
 Like to a moonbeam. Singing, she caught up
 The frock, and ran towards the mirror. Then
 She first perceived the youth, and from her hands
 The garment fell, and pale she grew with fright
 And wonder. And the traveller's countenance
 Glowed with a rosy colour, like a cloud
 Which meets the morning dawn. The modest
 youth
 Half shut his eyes and screened them. He en-
 deavoured
 To speak, entreat her pardon ; but he only
 Could bow and then retire. The maiden shrieked
 Unmeaningly, like children scared in sleep ;
 The traveller looked alarmed, but she was gone.
 He left the room confused, and felt his heart
 Loud-beating ; and himself he scarcely knew
 If this fantastic meeting should amuse,
 Or shame him, or rejoice him.

But meanwhile
 It 'scaped not heed upon the farm, that now
 Some new guest to the gallery had driven.
 The horses to their stable had been led,
 And fed with plenty, as there was abundance
 In this well-ordered house of hay and fodder ;
 For never would the Judge⁷ by following
 New fashions, send the horses of his guests
 Unto the Jews who kept the inn. The servants
 Had come not forth to welcome, but think not
 That in the Judge's house was careless service ;
 The servants wait till the Pan Wojski⁸ come,
 Who ordered supper now behind the house.
 The master's place he holds, and in his absence
 Himself receives and welcometh all guests,
 A distant kinsman being, and household friend.
 On seeing a guest, he hastened to the farm,
 Unseen, because he would not come to meet him
 In cloth undress ; so quickly as he might
 He put his Sunday dress on ; ready since
 The morning, for he from the morning knew
 He should with many guests sit down to supper.

The Wojski recognised the traveller
 Far off, outspread his arms, and with a cry

Embraced and kissed him. Then began that rapid
 Confused discourse, wherein we strive to enclose
 The events of many years in few short words
 And precious, in the course of stories, questions,
 Of exclamations, sighs, and fresh salutings.
 When the Pan Wojski had inquired enough,
 Enough had learned, he at the end of all
 The annals of this very day relates.

“’Tis well, my Thaddeus,”—for such the name,
 Kosciuszko’s name, by which the youth was called
 As sign that in the war-time* he was born—

“’Tis well, my Thaddeus, thou cam’st home to-day,
 While we have so many fair young ladies here.
 Thine uncle thinks to make a wedding for thee ;
 There is good choice at hand ; much company
 Is gathered here some days since for the judgment
 Of frontier, to conclude that quarrel with
 The Count. The Count himself comes here to-
 morrow ;

The Chamberlain⁹ already is arrived,
 With wife and daughters. With their guns the
 youths

* That is, the first insurrection in 1791, under the leader-
 ship of Kosciuszko.

Have sought the forest ; but the old men and
 The women watch the reapers, near the forest,
 And there await the coming of the youths.
 We’ll go there, if thou wilt, and shortly we
 Shall meet thine uncle and the Chamberlain,
 His family,¹⁰ and all the honoured ladies.”

The Wojski went with Thaddeus by the wood,
 And still they could not talk out all their fill.
 The sun had reached the last degrees of heaven ;
 Less strong his blaze, yet broader than at noon,
 All redly shining, like the hearty face
 Of a husbandman, whose labour in the field
 Is done, when he returneth home for rest.
 The radiant round already sank upon
 The summits of the pine-trees, and already
 The misty twilight filled their crowns and boughs ;
 And bound in one the forest all, commingling.
 Black grew the thicket like a mighty building,
 The sun above like red fire on the roof.
 Then in the depth he fell, between the trunks
 Still gleaming like a candle through the crannies
 Of shutters, and extinguished was. Forthwith
 The sickles clashing in the corn, and rakes
 Upon the meadow silent were, and stayed.

For so the Judge commands : with day for him
 The labourer's toils were over. The world's Lord
 Doth know the length of time for man to work ;
 And when the sun, his workman, leaves the sky,
 Time 'tis earth's labourer too should leave the field.
 Thus used the Judge to say ; the Judge's will
 Was sacred to the honest overseer.
 For ev'n the waggons, wherein they but now
 Began to lade the rye, half full set off
 Towards the barn ; the oxen did rejoice
 To feel such light and unaccustomed load.

Now from the wood came all the company,
 Joyful but yet in order. First the children
 Came with their tutor ; next the Judge, with him
 The lady of the Chamberlain ; beside
 The Chamberlain with all his family.
 The girls went close behind the elder women,
 The youths beside the maidens, but these went
 Before the young men by some half-a-step.
 Thus decency commands. None held discourse
 Of precedence, none ranked the men and women,
 But each kept order due despite himself ;
 For in his house the Judge old customs kept,
 And never suffered any lack respect

For age, for office, birth, or intellect.
 'Tis by such order, said he, houses flourish,
 And nations ; by its fall they come to ruin.
 The household and the servants thus were used
 To order, and the guest but lately come,
 Kinsman or stranger, all who visited
 The Judge, received those customs, whereof all
 Around was redolent.

Short welcoming

The Judge had for his nephew, gave to him
 With dignity his hand to kiss, and health
 Wished unto him, with kiss upon his brow ;
 But though he spoke but little with him then,
 From that respect he owed his guests, the tears
 That with his garment's ¹¹ hem he quickly dried,
 Showed well how he loved Master Thaddeus.

And in the master's traces everything
 From forest and from pasture, mead and grove,
 Forthwith returned. A bleating flock of sheep,
 Here in the lane together hustling, raised
 A cloud of dust. And further onward strode
 A herd of Tyrol calves, with brazen bells ;
 There neighing horses from the new-mown mead
 Flew ; all together ran unto the well,

Whose wooden arm did forthwith creak, and pour
A stream of water in a wooden trough.

The Judge, though tired, though with company,
Missed not a farmer's weighty duties. He
Himself betook him to the well. For best
At eventide the master may review
The state of his live stock ; nor left he e'er
This overlooking to his servants ; well
The Judge knew "master's eye makes fat the
horse."*

The Wojski, with Protasius the Wozny,¹²
Await with lights within the hall ; they stand
Conversing, and somewhat at variance.
For while as yet the Wojski stayed away,
The Wozny secretly had given orders
To bring the supper-tables from the house,
And swiftly as might be to set them up
In midstmost of an ancient castle hall,
The ruins might be seen beyond the forest.
But why these changes ? the Pan Wojski frowned,
And asked the Judge's pardon ; much the Judge

* A native proverb, "*Panskie oko konia tuczy.*"

Did marvel ; but 'twas so ; the hour was late,
And change were difficult ; he would entreat
The pardon of his guests, and lead them to
The desert place. The Wozny on the road
Unfolded to the Judge the cause which led him
To misconstrue his will. Within the house
There was no room which could a space supply
For guests so many or so honourable.
The castle had a great hall, yet preserved ;
The roof was whole ; one wall indeed had fallen.
The windows had no panes ; but this in summer
Was of no moment ; and the cellars' nearness
Was for the servants a convenience great.
While saying this he winked unto the Judge,
And by his mien disclosed his mind concealed
Yet weightier causes.

Some two thousand paces
A castle stood beyond the house. It was
A stately structure, by its mass imposing :
In former times it was the heritage
Of the Horeszkos' ancient race. Deceased
Its last possessor in intestine wars,
The estates, by sequestration half destroyed,
By the trustees' neglect, and law-decrees,
In part had fallen unto distant kinsmen

By spindle side, the rest to creditors
 Had been divided. None would take the castle ;
 'Twere hard to spare the cost of maintenance
 In noble state. But yet these old walls pleased
 The youthful Count, a neighbour near, who when
 He passed from tutelage, and late was come
 From travel, said they were of Gothic structure ;
 Although the Judge made sure from documents
 The architect a master was from Wilna,
 And not a Goth at all. It was enough
 The Count desired the Castle ; and the Judge
 Did suddenly conceive the same desire ;
 None knew the reason. So began a suit
 Before the local, then the central court,
 Then in the Senate, local court again,
 And governor's tribunal. And at last,
 After great cost and many ukases,
 This action to the local courts returned.

Well had the Wozny said that in this hall,
 The guests invited, and a court of law
 Alike might find a place. The hall was great,
 Like a refectory ; its arch swelled high,
 Raised upon pillars ; paved the floor with stone.
 The walls were unadorned, but smooth and clear.

The horns of roes and stags were ranged around,
 With legends, showing where these spoils were ta'en ;
 Each with its proper name stood there inscribed,
 And on the arched roof gleamed Horeszko's crest,
*Polkozic.**

All the guests in order came,¹³
 And in a circle stood. The Chamberlain
 At table took the highest seat ; this place
 Was his by right of dignity and years.
 In going there he to the ladies bowed,
 The old men, and the youths. Beside him stood
 A begging friar, beside the friar the Judge.
 The Bernardine in Latin spoke short grace ;
 Then brandy to the men was given ; all
 Forthwith were seated, and in silence ate
 The Litvin *cholodziec*¹⁴ with appetite.

Though young, by right of guest Thaddeus sat
 Beside his uncle, and among the ladies.
 Between him and his uncle there remained
 An empty place, that seemed to wait its guest.
 The uncle glanced at it, and at the door,
 As sure of some one's coming and desirous ;

* Lit. "half goat."



And Thaddeus followed too his uncle's glance.
Strange thing: the places round were seats of
maidens,

All highly born, and each one young and fair,
But Thaddeus gazed on that where none appeared.
This place a riddle was; young men love riddles.
Absent in thought, to the Podkomorzanka,*
His lovely neighbour, scarce few words he said;
Nor changed her plates, nor filled her glass with
wine,

Nor e'er with courteous speeches entertained
The ladies, whereby they might recognise
His city breeding. But this empty place
Alone had power to charm him; not now void:
He had filled it with his thoughts; around this place
A thousand guesses ran, as after rain
Frogs on a lonely meadow; 'mid them queens
One solitary figure, as in sunshine
The lily of the lake her white brow lifts
Above the waters.*

Now the third course came.
And now the Chamberlain a drop of wine
Outpouring into Mistress Rosa's glass,

* Podkomorzy's, or Chamberlain's, daughter.

And pushing to his younger daughter's hand
A plate of cucumbers, thus said, "'Tis I
Myself must serve you, daughters mine, although
I am but old and clumsy." Hearing this,
Some youths from table sprang, and served the
ladies.

The Judge a side glance cast at Thaddeus,
And setting right the cuffs of his *kontusz*,
Poured out the wine of Hungary, and said,
"To-day, by our new custom, we send out
Our youth to study in the capital;
Not grudging they should have more lore from
books

Than had their elders, but I see each day
How much from this young men are suffering,
For lack of schools to teach our youth to live
With men, and in the world. In former times
Young nobles went unto the courts of lords.
Myself a Wojewode's* courtier was ten years,
The father of our gracious Chamberlain."
This saying, he pressed his friend upon the kneec.
"His counsels formed me for the public service,
His favour left me not till made a man.

* Palatine and Senator.

In my house ever be his memory dear,
 Each day I pray the Lord God for his soul.
 If in his court so much I did not profit
 As others, worthier of the Wojewode's grace,
 Who after reached the country's highest places,
 At least I reaped this profit; in my house
 None can reproach me, that I ever fail
 In honour or in courtesy to any;
 And this I boldly say, that courtesy
 Is not an easy, nor a little thing.
 Not easy, for 'tis not comprised in this,
 To deftly lift a leg, or to salute
 No matter whom with smiles. Such modish
 court'sy

Seems merchant-like to me, but not Old Polish,
 Nor noble. Courtesy belongs to all,
 But unto each another sort. For not
 Devoid of courtesy is children's love,
 Nor for his wife attentions of a husband,
 Nor of a master for his servants; still
 There is in each a certain difference;
 And long a man must study not to err,
 And give to each the honour that is due.
 Our elders learned it from discourse of lords,
 The living history of the country, and

'Mid noblemen the annals of the district.
 Thereby a nobleman might show his brother
 All knew him well, and did not lightly prize him;
 So nobles held their manners under guard.
 Ask not a man to-day, Who is he? Who
 Has been his father? With whom has he lived?
 What are his deeds? Each enters where he will,
 So he is not a governmental spy,
 And not in poverty. As once Vespasian
 Sniffed not at money, and would not inquire
 Whence came it, from what hands, and from what
 country,
 So men ask not a man's race, or his customs.
 Enough he seems important, and they view
 The stamp upon him; so they prize their friends,
 As Jews do money."

Saying this, the Judge
 Looked round in order on his guests, for though
 He ever spake with fluency and judgment,
 He knew young folks impatient now-a-days,
 And that long speeches, though most eloquent,
 Do weary them. But all in silence heard.
 The Judge seemed with the Chamberlain to take
 Counsel by glance of eye; the Chamberlain
 Would not by praising interrupt, though oft

Assenting by a nod. The Judge was silent ;
 His friend still gave assent by beckoning.
 The Judge filled up his goblet and his own,
 And then continued : " Courtesy is not
 A little thing ; for when a man has learned
 To estimate as is becoming birth,
 Age, virtues, customs in all others, he
 Perceiveth then his own weight ; as on scales
 If we would know our own, we first must lay
 Some other weight upon the opposing scale.
 But, gentlemen, now of your special heed
 The courtesy is worthy, which young men
 Do to the fair sex owe, especially
 When houses' greatness, fortune's bounties more
 Light up the charms and virtues nature gave.
 Hence is the way to love, and marriage thence,
 Magnificent allier of houses. Thus
 Our elders thought, and therefore"—Here the Judge
 With sudden turn of head to Thaddeus signed,
 Threw a severe glance at him ; as a sign
 That he had reached the moral of his speech.

The Chamberlain his golden snuff-box tapped,
 And said, " Good Judge, at one time 'twas far worse.
 I do not know if we are changed by fashion,

We elder men, or if young men are better,
 But now I see far less degeneracy.
 I recollect the time, alas ! when to
 Our Fatherland French manners entered first.
 When petty, foreign gentlemen, on sudden,
 From stranger lands invaded us in hordes,
 Worse than the Nogaj Tartars,¹⁵ persecuting
 God in their country, their forefathers' faith,
 Their customs, laws, and even their ancient dress.
 'Twas pitiful to see these dried-up youngsters,
 Talking through noses, oft without their noses,
 In *brochures* learnèd, and in the gazettes ;
 Proclaiming new beliefs, toilettes, and laws,
 This rabble had great power upon men's minds.
 For when the Lord God lets chastisement loose
 O'er nations, he bereaves them first of sense.*
 And so the wisest dared not beard the fops ;
 And all the nation feared them like the plague,
 Feeling disease's germ within ev'n then.
 They cried against the fashionable fops,
 But took their pattern by them ; changed their faith,
 Their speech, their laws, their dress ; it was
 indeed

* "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

A masquerade, a carnival of license,
For which a great fast followed—slavery.

“I recollect, although but then a child,
When to my father’s house in Oszmiana,
In a French chariot the Podczaszyc * came,
The first in Litva who wore French costume,
And all pursued him as small birds a kite.¹⁶
The houses envied were, before whose threshold
The two-horse chaise in which he rode stood still,
Which in the French tongue they called *cariote*.
Instead of lackeys sat two dogs behind,
And on the box a great and ugly German,¹⁷
Thin as a plank, with long lean legs like hop-poles,
In stockings clad, and slippers silver-clasped,
And wig with queue tied up into a bag.
Seeing this equipage, the old men snorted
With laughter, and the peasants signed the cross,
And said that there was riding o’er the world
A Venice devil in a German car.
What the Podczaszyc was ’twere long to tell ;
Enough to us he seemed an ape or parrot,
In a great peruke, that he loved to liken,

* A title of honour, meaning son of an *under-butler*. See note 7.

He to the golden fleece,—we to the plica.¹⁸
If any one then felt our Polish dress
Was handsomer than aping foreign modes,
He dared not say so, lest the young men should
Cry out against it that it hindered culture,
It kept back progress, ’twas a treacherous thing ;
Such was the power of that time’s prejudice.¹⁹

“Said the Podczaszyc that to reformat us,
He’d civilize and constitutionise us.²⁰
He announced to us some Frenchmen eloquent
Had a discovery made, that men are equal ;
Though in the law divine this long was writ,
And every priest from pulpit said the same.
Old was that knowledge ; its fulfilment now
Concerned us ; but at that time reigned such
blindness,
That none believed the world’s most ancient things,
Unless they read them in a French gazette.
Despite equality, he took the title
Of Marquis ; it is known that titles come
From Paris, and at that time there the title
Of Marquis was in fashion. So at last,
Soon as the fashion changed, this Marquis took
Title of Democrat ; at length with change

Of fashion, when Napoleon reigned, the Democrat
 Arrived from Paris as a Baron. Had he
 Lived longer, with some other alteration,
 He had rebaptized himself a Democrat.
 For Paris glories in repeated change
 Of fashion, and in what the French invent
 The Pole delights.

“Praise be to God that now
 If our young men beyond the frontier pass,
 ’Tis not to seek for dress, or legislation
 In shops of booksellers, or eloquence
 To learn in Paris *cafés*. For Napoleon,
 A prudent man and prompt, allows no time
 To study fashions, or to chatter. Now
 The sword resounds, and in us old men swell
 Our hearts that once again the world is loud
 With glory of the Poles. Now is there glory ;
 There will be therefore a Republic : since
 From laurels ever blossoms Freedom’s tree.
 Only ’tis sad, so many years drag on
 For us, in idleness, and they still far !
 So long to wait ; even news so seldom comes.
 Father Robak ”*—in a lower tone he spoke

* Literally “worm.” See Book X.

Unto the Bernardine—“I heard that you
 Have news from that side Niemen ; and perhaps
 Your reverence knows something of our army ?”
 “No, nothing,” careless seeming answer made
 The Bernardine ; “I like not politics.
 If I at times from Warsaw have a letter,
 It is of things that but concern our Order,
 Our Bernardine affairs, and wherefore talk
 Of these at supper ; all are laymen here,
 Whom such affairs in no wise can concern.”

This saying, he looked askance where ’mid the
 feasters,
 There sat one Russian guest, a Captain Rykow,
 An ancient soldier, in the village near
 He had been quartered. Him through courtesy
 The Judge had asked to supper. Rykow ate
 With appetite, scarce mingling in discourse ;
 But when they spoke of Warsaw, he rejoined,
 Raising his head : “Fie ! fie ! Sir Chamberlain !
 You are ever anxious about Bonaparte,
 Always on Warsaw ! what ! your Fatherland !
 I am no spy, yet understand I Polish.
 Country ! I feel all that ! I understand it !
 You are Poles, a Russian I ; but now we fight not.

There's now an armistice : we eat and drink
 Together. Often on our outer posts
 We chat with Frenchmen; and we drink our *wódka**
 Together—now hurrah ! and cannons sound !
 A Russian proverb says : ' With whom I fight,
 I love him.'—' Love your wife like to your soul,
 And beat her like your *szuba*.' † I say we
 Shall have a war. For Major Plut's arrived ;
 The adjutant of staff came yesterday,
 With orders to prepare to march. We march ;
 'Tis either on the Turks, or on the French.
 That Bonaparte ! perhaps he may out-trump us ;
 Without Suwarow. In our regiment they
 Tell how as we were marching on the trench,
 That Bonaparte used sorceries : ²¹ well then,
 Suwarow, too, used magic ; so it was
 A sorcery pitted against sorcery.
 One day in fight—wherever was he gone ?
 They sought for Bonaparte ; he had changed himself
 Into a fox, and so Suwarow turned
 Himself into a greyhound ; Bonaparte
 Again did change himself into a cat.

* A drink like whisky, made from rye.

† Pelisse. We have seen this ungallant saying quoted
 elsewhere as a known Russian proverb.

So on to tear each other with their claws !
 Suwarow changed into an ass. Now you
 Shall see what later came to Bonaparte.”
 Rykow broke off, and ate : then came a servant
 In with the fourth course, and the side doors
 oped,
 And a new person entered, young and fair.
 Her sudden coming, stature, and her beauty
 And dress turned every eye : all welcomed her ;
 It seemed, excepting Thaddeus, all knew her.
 A slender shape was hers, and beautiful ;
 And gown of a rich stuff, a rosy silk,
 The neck cut low, lace collar, and short sleeves.
 She twirled within her hand a fan—for pastime,
 Since 'twas not hot—she waved the gilded fan,
 And scattered round a plenteous rain of sparks.
 Her locks were wreathed in twisted braids and
 curls,
 With rosy ribbons intertwined ; among them
 A brilliant, nearly hidden from the eye,
 Shone like a star among a comet's tresses.
 It was a gala dress, and not a few
 Whispered it was too fine for country life,
 And for a working day. The eye perceived not
 Her little feet, although the robe was short

For very fast she ran, or rather glided,
 Like those small figures, which upon the feast
 Of the Three Kings boys push along on skates.
 She ran, and with light court'sy welcomed each,
 Endeavouring to reach her destined place.
 'Twas hard, for chairs were placed not for the
 guests;

Upon four benches in four rows they sat.
 The row must either move, or bench be crossed.
 She glided cleverly between two benches,
 And then between those sitting and the table
 She spun around most like a billiard-ball.
 In running past, she touched our young man close,
 Her flounce entangling over some one's knee.
 She slipped a little, and in this divergence
 She leaned upon the arm of Thaddeus.
 She courteously asked pardon, and sat down
 Between him and his uncle, but ate nought.
 She only fanned herself, and twirled the fan;
 Now set to rights her Flanders lace, and now
 With the light touching of her hand caressed
 Her curls of hair, and knots of ribbons bright.

'Twas just four minutes this distraction reigned,
 And meanwhile at the table's further end,

First stilly murmurs were; at length began
 A half-aloud discourse; the men related
 To-day's chase. The Assessor with the Regent²²
 Contested obstinately, ever louder,
 The quarrel of a certain crop-tailed greyhound,
 In whose possession the Pan Regent gloried,
 And held that he to-day had seized the hare.
 But the Assessor proved in his despite
 This glory 'longed unto his greyhound Sokol.*
 They asked of others sentence; so all round
 Took either Kusy's † part, or that of Sokol,
 As connoisseurs, or else as witnesses.
 At the other end the Judge to his new neighbour
 Said in a whisper: "I am very sorry;
 We had to sit down, 'twas impossible
 To put the supper off to any later.
 The guests were hungry; they've been far afield."
 This said, he with the Chamberlain discoursed
 Of politics, in low tones, o'er the goblet.

While thus both table-sides were occupied,
 Thaddeus gazed long upon the fair unknown.
 He recollected now at the first glance

* Falcon.

† Crop-tailed.

Upon the place he from the first had guessed
 Whose seat it was to be ; he blushed, and now
 His heart with unaccustomed violence beat.
 So all his secret riddles thus were solved !
 So thus it was appointed, at his side
 Should sit that loveliness in twilight seen !
 'Twas true she now appeared of larger growth,—
 In full dress, dress both magnifies and lessens.
 But why had one short locks and golden bright,
 The other wreaths of long and raven braids ?
 That bright hue from the sunbeams was derived ;
 The sunset renders all things crimson bright.
 He had not see her face, she fled too soon ;
 But thought evolves by guessing a fair face.
 He thought she surely must have had black eyes,
 A pale face, lips as red as cherries twin,
 Since here he saw such eyes, and lips and cheeks.
 In age perhaps was greatest difference ;
 The gardening nymph had seemed a little maid ;
 This lady was a woman grown in years.
 But youth for beauty's birth certificate
 Doth never ask ; all women to young men
 Seem young, to boys each beauty doth appear
 Of their own age, and to the innocent
 Will every one beloved appear a maid.

Though Thaddeus numbered well-nigh twenty
 years,
 And had from childhood dwelt in Wilna's town,
 He had a priest as tutor, who restrained him,
 In strictest bonds of ancient discipline.
 But Thaddeus from his parents had derived
 A pure heart, lively spirit, innocent soul ;
 But yet of wilfulness had not a little.
 He made a plan, at last he would enjoy
 His long forbidden freedom, in the country.
 He knew himself right handsome, strong and
 young ;
 Vigour and health he owned as heritage
 His name Soplica ; *²³ the Soplicas all
 As well is known are valiant, stout and strong ;
 First-rate as soldiers, but less skilled in learning.
 Nor from his fathers Thaddeus was degenerate ;
 He rode on horse right well, walked far on foot.
 Although not dull, in study little versed,
 Though spared his uncle for his training nought.
 For he preferred to shoot, or wield the sabre.
 He knew they meant to fit him for the wars ;

* Pronounce *Soplitza*.

That so his father's testament ordained.
 He longed unceasing for the drum while yet
 In school. But all at once his uncle changed
 Those first intentions, ordered him to come
 Homeward, and marry and to take up farming.
 He promised he would give him to begin
 A little village,²⁴ later all his lands.

And all these virtues, all these qualities
 In Thaddeus drew that heedful woman's eye,
 His neighbour. Closely did she scan his tall
 And shapely form, strong arms, broad chest, and
 looked

Upon his visage, which a blush suffused,
 Oft as the young man met her eyes; for now
 From his first shyness he was quite restored;
 And gazed with bolder glance, wherein burned
 fire.

And likewise she gazed, so the four eyes burned
 Towards each other, bright as Advent candles.

She first began discourse with him in French:
 He came from town, from school, so of new
 books,
 Of authors, his opinion she inquired,

And from such sentence led new questions on.
 But when of painting she began to speak,
 Of music, drawing, and of sculpture even,
 She seemed alike acquainted with the pencil,
 With music and with books, till Thaddeus
 At so much learning felt quite mystified,
 And stammered like a boy before his master.
 But the schoolmaster happily was pretty,
 And not severe; his neighbour guessed his
 trouble,
 And so began anew on other things.
 Easier and not so learnèd; country life,
 Its dullness and vexations; how one must
 Divert one self, and how divide the time,
 To make life merrier and the country gay.
 So Thaddeus answered with more boldness; then
 The thing went further, and in half an hour
 They grew quite confidential, trifling jests
 Began, and little quarrels in the end.
 She placed before him three small pills of bread;
 Three persons at his choice; he took the first;
 At which the daughters of the Chamberlain
 Both frowned; his neighbour laughed, but did not
 say
 Who 'twas that lucky pellet signified.

At far end of the board was other talk.
 For there, on sudden reinforced, the party
 Of Sokol pressed the partisans of Kusy
 Without compunction; high the quarrel rose;
 They ate not of the latest dishes now;
 Both sides disputed, standing up and drinking.
 The Regent bristled like an angry woodcock.
 Once he began, he pleaded well his cause,
 Unbrokenly, and pointed it with gestures,
 Expressively. The Pan Regent Bolesta
 Was once an advocate, and called the Preacher,
 Because he loved such gestures overmuch.
 Now by his side his hands lay, and his elbows
 Bent backward; underneath his arms his fingers,
 And long nails put he forward; by this image
 Two greyhound leashes he presented. Thus
 His theme he ended: "I and the Assessor,
 Each side by side, resembling triggers twain
 Stirred by one finger on the self-same gun.
 'Vytcha!'^{*} they went, and started off the hare
 Straight for the plain. The dogs here"—Saying
 this,
 He drew his hand along the board, with fingers

^{*} An onomatopoeic exclamation, whose use explains itself.

He showed a greyhound's motions wondrously.
 —"The dogs here.—From the wood a piece divides
 them.
 Sokol straight forward, fine dog! but too rash,
 Got before Kusy, how much? by a finger.
 I knew he'd miss! the hare was game enough!
 He made straight for the plain—the pack right
 after.
 That hare was game! As soon as he got wind
 Of all the greyhound pack, he doubled right;
 A caper! After him the stupid dogs
 Followed to right, again to right he doubled.
 He cut two capers, dogs again to left!
 He in the wood; my Kusy's up with him!"
 Thus shouting, bent the Regent o'er the table,
 Rán with his fingers to the other side,
 And shouted, "Up with him!" near Thaddeus.
 And Thaddeus and his fair neighbour, sudden
 By such a burst of voice right in the midst
 Of their conversing startled, quickly drew
 Their heads back from each other, like two tree-
 tops,
 Together bound, when storm winds break them
 loose,
 And their two hands that near each other lay

Beneath the table, suddenly drew back,
And one blush did their faces twain suffuse.

Not to betray confusion Thaddeus said :
' Most true, Sir Regent, true without a doubt ;
Your Kusy is a fine dog by his shape ;
And if as good at taking "—" " Good ! " exclaimed
The Regent ; " what ! my favourite dog ? how
should he

Not be a good one ? " Thaddeus again
Rejoiced so good a dog had no defect.
Regretted that he saw him but in passing,
Leaving the forest, so he had no time
To observe his good points.

At this the Assessor

Trembled, and dropped his goblet, fixed a look
Like basilisk on Thaddeus. Far less loud
He than the Regent was, and far less restless ;
More spare of form, in stature smaller ; he
Was terrible at ball, redoubt, and *sejmik* ; *
For of him it was said he bore a sting
Within his tongue ; his skill was to compose
Such witty jests that one might print them in

* Provincial or local diet, diminutive of *sejm*.

The almanack, malicious all and sharp.
A rich man once, his father's heritage
And brother's fortune he had wasted all,
To make a figure in the world, and now
Had entered service of the Government,
To be of some importance in the district.
Much loved he hunting, for its joys in part ;
Also that sound of horns and sight of toils
Recalled his youthful years when he maintained
A many huntsmen and renowned dogs.
Of the whole kennel but two greyhounds now
Remained, and yet of that one they denied
The glory ! Near he drew, and leisurely
His favourite stroking, answered with a smile,
And 'twas a venomed smile : " A tailless grey-
hound
Is like a nobleman without an office.
Likewise the tail much helps the dog in running :
You, sir, a crop-tail hold as proof of goodness,
We'll ask your aunt's opinion for the rest.
Though Mistress Telimena long has dwelt
Within the city, and not long ago
Came here, she better understands the chase
Than do our sporting youths ; with years alone
Arriveth any learning of this sort."

Thaddeus, on whom this thunderbolt had fallen,
Arose confused, and nothing said awhile ;
But looked with rage increasing on his rival.
Just then, most happily, the Chamberlain
Three times did sneeze. " *Vivat!*" cried all ; he
bowed

To all, and on his golden snuff-box tapped ;
A golden snuff-box, all with diamonds set,
In midst the portrait of King Stanislas ; *
The king himself had given it unto
The father of the Chamberlain ; the son
After his father held it worthily.
And when he tapped upon it, 'twas a sign
That he craved hearing. All at once were still,
And ventured not to ope their lips. He said :
" Most Powerful Nobles, Brothers, Benefactors,²⁵
The meads and forests are the hunter's forum,
So in the house I cannot judge such cause ;
And till to-morrow I adjourn this court,
And no appeal will I allow to-day.
Wozny, call thou the action for to-morrow,
Upon the plain. The Count comes here to-mor-
row

* Poniatowski.

With all his hunting train, and you will go
With us, my neighbour, Judge, and all the ladies,
And Mistress Telimena. In a word
We'll make a grand hunt *ex officio*.
The Wojski too will not his company
Refuse us." Saying this to the old man
His snuff-box he presented.

'Mid the hunters
The Wojski at the table's lower end
Was sitting, listening with half-shut eyes ;
But not a word he spoke, although the youths
From time to time demanded his opinion,
For none knew hunting better than did he.
He still kept silence, while the pinch of snuff
He weighed between his fingers, meditating
Long, ere at length he tasted of the pinch.
He sneezed till all the room re-echoed loud
And shook his head, and said with bitter smile,
" Oh ! how this saddens and amazes me !
An old man ! what had said our elder hunters
To see, in such a noble company,
Among so many gentlemen, disputes
To be adjusted, of a greyhound's tail ?
What would old Rejtan say, could he revive ?
He would return to Lachowicz and lie

Down in his grave again. What would the Wojewode,
 Old Niesiolowski,²⁶ say, who hitherto
 Doth own the finest bloodhounds in the world,
 And after lordly custom doth maintain
 Two hundred huntsmen, and within his castle
 Of Woroncza some hundred waggon-loads
 Of nets possesses? But these many years
 He keepeth like a monk within his home.
 None may prevail on him to join the chase.
 He would refuse ev'n Bialopiotrowicz.²⁷
 Fine glory 'twere for such a lord to ride,
 A-hunting after this new present fashion.
 In my time, sir, in hunters' language, boars,
 Bears, elks, and wolves were callèd noble game,
 And beasts that had not tusks, or horns, or claws,
 Were left for hired servants, or court menials.
 No gentleman would take into his hands
 A rifle, to disgrace it in such sort,
 By pouring small shot in it. True, they did
 Keep greyhounds, since in coming from the chase,
 It well may happen, from the horses' hoofs
 A wretched hare may start. Then let they loose
 The greyhounds on't for pastime, and the boys
 On ponies mounted did pursue the game,

Before their parents' eyes, who scarcely deigned
 To look upon these sports, far less dispute
 About them. Therefore let the Illustrious
 Most Powerful Chamberlain now condescend
 To draw back his commands, and pardon me
 That in such hunt I cannot ride; for ne'er
 My foot therein shall stir. My name's Hreczecha,
 And since the days of King Lech²⁸ no Hreczecha
 Did ever go a-riding after hares."

The laughter of the young men here did drown
 The Wojski's speech. All now from table rose,
 The Chamberlain the first, this precedence
 To him belonging from his years and office.
 He passed, to ladies, old men, young men bowing.
 Behind him went the Friar; the Judge beside.
 The Judge upon the threshold gave his hand
 To the Podkomorzyna; * Thaddeus
 To Telimena; † the Assessor to
 Krajczanka; † and the Regent came behind
 Leading Hreczanka,²⁹ daughter of the Wojski.

Towards the barn proceeded Thaddeus

* Podkomorzy's wife.

† Carver's daughter, title of honour.

With some among the guests ; he felt confused
 And ill at ease, unjoyful ; he in thought
 Discussed that day's events ; the meeting, supper
 Beside that lovely neighbour ; but the most
 Especially that one word "aunt" did buzz
 Like to a tiresome fly around his ears.
 He longed to ask the Wojski at more length
 Concerning Mistress Telimena, but
 Could not empanel him. Nor did he see
 The Wojski, for at once with supper done,
 All of the household went behind the guests,
 As fitting is to servants, to assign
 Rooms in the house for sleeping. The old men
 And ladies slept within the mansion.

Thaddeus

Received command to lead the younger men
 Towards the barn to rest upon the hay.

In half-an-hour, it was as still throughout
 The mansion, as within a convent when
 Prayers have been sung ; the silence only broken
 By the night sentry's voice. The Judge alone
 Closed not his eyes ; to-morrow's expedition
 He must ordain, and coming entertainment
 Must plan within the house. He gave command

To bailiffs, overseers, to barn keepers,
 To writers,³⁰ to the housekeeper and huntsmen,
 And stablemen ; and all that day's accounts
 He must o'erlook. At last unto the Wozny
 He said he would undress. The Wozny then
 Unloosed his girdle, 'twas a Slucko belt,³¹
 A massy girdle, gleaming with thick tassels,
 Like plummy crests ; on one side gold brocade,
 With purple flowers, black silk on the reverse
 With silver lattice work ; a belt like this
 May readily be donned on either side ;
 The golden on a gala-day, the black
 For mourning. And the Wozny only knew
 How to unloose this belt, or fold it on.
 Now busy with this task, he thus did talk :

"How did I ill, that I transferred the tables
 To the old castle? none will lose thereby ;
 And you, sir, may the gainer be. The suit
 Concerns this castle ; we have gained this day
 A right unto the castle, and despite
 The eagerness the other party shows,
 I now can prove, that we are in possession.
 For he, who to a castle guests invites
 To supper, proves that he has ownership,

Or does assume it ; ev'n the other party
We can as witness summon for ourselves.
Such things I can remember in my time."

Now slept the Judge. The Wozny silently
Went out into the hall, and sate him down
Beside a candle ; from his pocket drew
A little book, which like a breviary
Did ever serve him ; never thrown aside
At home or on a journey. It was the
Vocanda of the Tribunals ;³² therein
Stood all those actions written, which the Wozny
By his own voice had summoned in the court,
Or those of which he later learned the names.
To eyes unlearnèd the Vocanda seemed
A catalogue of names ; but to the Wozny
These sketches were of splendid images.
He read and thought : Oginski *versus* Wizgird,
Dominicans and Rymsza, Radziwill
And Wereszczaka, Rymsza, Wyzogird,
Giedrojc, and Rdultowski, Obuchowicz,
And the *Kahal*,³³ and Juraha and Piotrowski,
Malewski and Mickiewicz ; and at length
The Count against Soplica ; and in reading
From all these names he conjured memories

Of those great causes ; all the suit's events,
And parties, court, and witnesses all stood
Before his eyes ; he saw himself as in
A white *zupan* and *kontusz* of dark blue,
He stood before the court ; with one arm laid
Upon his sabre, and the other leaning
Upon the table, having summoned both
The parties, "Silence in the Court !" he cries.
Dreaming and finishing his evening prayers,
Thus Litva's latest Wozny sank to sleep.

Such were the sports and contests in those years
In a quiet Litvin village, while the rest
Of all the world was drowned in tears and blood ;
While he, that Man, the god of war, with cloud
Of regiments circled, armed with thousand guns,
The silver eagles harnessed with the golden
Unto his chariot, flew from Libya's wastes
To the Alps, sky-touching, thunder after thunder
Still hurling, at the Pyramids, at Tabor,
Marengo, Ulm and Austerlitz. Before him
Ran Victory and Conquest, and behind
The fame of such great deeds, in heroes' names
Fruitful, that from the Nile with clamour went
Towards the North, and ev'n on Niemer's shores

Resounded, as from rocks, from Moskpa's ranks,
That guarded Litva, as with iron walls,
From news, to Russia dreadful as the plague.

Yet news not seldom, like a stone from heaven,
Fell into Litva. Sometimes an old man
Came begging bread, of arm or leg bereft ;
Who having charity received, stood still
And heedfully did cast his eyes around.
And when he saw no Russian soldiers there,
Nor a *jarmulka*,* nor a collar red,
He then told who he was ; a legionist
His old bones bringing to that Fatherland,
That he no longer could defend. How then
The noble family around him pressed,
And all the household choking with their tears !
He sat at table and told histories
More wonderful than fable. He would tell
How General Dombrowski strives to march
To Poland from Italian land ;³⁴ how he
Gathers his countrymen on Lombard plain.
How Kniaziewicz commands from Capitol,
And victor, threw before the Frenchmen's eyes

* Jews' cap.

A hundred bloody standards,³⁵ wrest away
From children of the Cæsars. And likewise
How Jablonowski passed where pepper grows,
Where sugar melted is, and where the woods
Sweet-smelling flourish in eternal spring ;
Our general with the Danube's legions there
The Negroes threatens,³⁶ for his country sighs.
The old man's words in secret went around
The village ; and some boy, who them had heard,
Was sudden lost from home ; in woods and swamps
He lurked in secret ; by the Muscovites
Pursued, he sprang to hide him in the Niemen.
And diving under, swam to Warsaw's Duchy,
Where unto him a friendly voice did cry :
" Welcome unto us, comrade ! " But ere parting
He mounted on a stony hill, and said
Across the river to the Muscovites :
" Until we meet again ! " Thus stole away
Gorecki, Pac, Obuchowicz, Piotrowski,
And Obolewski, Rozycki, Janowicz,
And Mierzejewski, and Brochocki, and
Bernatowicze, Kupsc, and Gedymin,
With others whom I reckon not ; they left
Their parents and their land beloved ; and goods
Confiscate to the treasury of the Czar.

Betimes a wandering friar to Litva came
 From a strange convent, and when he beheld
 And knew the mansion of the village lords,
 He showed them the gazette, which he unripped
 From out his scapulary ; therein stood
 The number of the soldiers, and the name
 Of every legion's general, of each man,
 News of his victory, or of his death.
 Thus after many years a family
 Received their first news of a son, his life,
 Glory, or death ; they put on mourning, yet
 They dared not say for whom they mourning
 wore.

The neighbourhood could only guess, and so
 The silent sorrow of their lords, or joy
 Did form the sole gazette the peasants knew.

And such a secret emissary friar
 No doubt was Robak, for he often held
 A conversation with the Judge alone ;
 And after such discourse was always spread
 Some news abroad, throughout the neighbour-
 hood.

The Bernardine did by his action show
 He had not always worn the cowl, nor in

The convent walls grown old ; he bore a scar
 Above the right ear, somewhat o'er the brow,
 And on his cheek a trace of lance or ball,
 Not recent ; sure he never got such wounds
 While reading missals. But not only dreadful
 Was he by looks and scars, for in his mien
 And voice was something soldierlike.

At mass,

When from the altar with uplifted hands
 He turned towards the people, while he said,
 "The Lord be with you!"—even there at times
 He turned round nimbly with a single action,
 As wheeling round at his commander's call.
 He spoke the words of mass in such a tone
 As officers before their squadrons use.
 The boys who served him at the mass knew this.
 In politics was Robak better versed
 Than in the lives of saints ; upon his rounds
 Going, he tarried in the district town
 Full of affairs ; he letters oft received
 Which never before strangers opened he.
 He sent off messengers, but where and why
 He said not ; often did he creep by night
 To lordly mansions, and unceasingly
 He whispered with the nobles, and he passed

O'er all the neighbouring hamlets there around,
 Discoursing with the peasants not a little,
 But always of those things which passed abroad.
 And now he comes to wake the Judge, who for
 The last hour was asleep; he has surely news.

NOTES TO BOOK I.

*N.B.—Those marked thus * are the author's own notes.*

I. "The Last Foray" (original word *Zajazd*).

* In the time of the Polish Republic the execution of judicial decrees was very difficult, in a country where the executive power had scarcely any police force under its authority, and where powerful citizens maintained private regiments; some, like the Radziwill princes, armies of several thousand men. A plaintiff, therefore, who obtained a decision in his favour was forced to apply for its execution to the Equestrian Order, that is, to the nobility, in whom was vested also the executive power. The armed relatives, friends, and confidants of the plaintiff marched with the decree in hand, and with a *Wozny* (summoner) in their company, and conquered, often not without bloodshed, the estates adjudged, which the *Wozny* legally made over, or gave into possession of the complainant. Such an armed execution of a decree was called a *zajazd* (or foray). In former times, so long as the laws were respected, the most powerful lords dared not resist decrees; armed attacks rarely occurred, and violence never escaped unpunished. The corruption of public manners in the Republic increased the number of *zajazdy*, which continually troubled the peace of Lithuania.

2. "Thou who defendest Czenstochowa."

* Every one in Poland knows about the miracle-working picture of the Virgin on Jasna Gora (bright mountain) in Czenstochowa. In Lithuania the pictures of the Virgin over the Ostra Gate of Wilna, of the castle of Nowogrodek, and also of Zyrowiec and Borun, are equally famous.

[The Czenstochowa picture, like many other paintings of the Byzantine school, is credited to St. Luke. It is remarkable that miraculous properties are far more often attributed to these earlier and more imperfect productions of art, than to any of the higher masterpieces of painting.]

3. *Czamara*.

A part of the national costume, very like the Hungarian Hussar uniform, but with long skirts. The *czamara* is still very widely used in Poland, notably in Galicia, where high officials of the Crown wear on state occasions the full national costume, consisting of the *zupan*, *pas Slucki*, *kontusz*, *karabella*, and *kolpak*.—E. S. N.

All these terms are explained in subsequent notes.

4. "And further Rejtan sat, in Polish dress."

Thaddeus Rejtan, in 1773, was *posel* or deputy from Nowogrodek to the Diet at Warsaw, and in that capacity made an energetic protest against the first partition treaty. When this measure was presented for confirmation Rejtan solemnly adjured the assembly by the Saviour's wounds not to commit this crime, and when all other means were exhausted endeavoured, by using the privilege of the *liberum veto*, to render the proceedings null and void. This is the last occasion in Polish history of the exercise of the *veto*. But despite the efforts of Rejtan and five other deputies who supported him, the treaty was confirmed, and the six deputies

forcibly removed from the capital. All efforts to bribe or terrify Rejtan into withdrawing his opposition were fruitless. He shortly after became insane with grief, and destroyed himself with a piece of glass out of a window.

5. "Jasinski there."

The insurrections of Cracow, Warsaw, and Wilna, broke out on the 24th March, the 17th of April, and the 23d of April 1794 respectively. In the former two hastily formed companies, along with some of the citizens, disarmed the Russian garrison of 3000 men, and took 1500 prisoners, with General Arseniew at their head. The Lithuanian forces were commanded by Colonel Jasinski. He subsequently fought three battles in the open country with the Muscovites, Niemenczyn against Lewis, Polany against Dejew, and Sioly against Zubow. When Jasinski was later on summoned to Warsaw by Kosciuszko, the command in Lithuania devolved on General Wielhorski. After unexampled efforts Wilna was compelled to surrender to the Russians on the 12th of August.

6.

The heroic Jasinski and Korsak perished in the terrible carnage of Praga, by Suwarow, on the 4th November 1794, when 60,000 of the inhabitants, of every age and sex, were massacred.

7.

* The Russian Government never immediately overthrows the civil laws and institutions of subject countries. In Little Russia, for example, the Lithuanian statutes, modified by ukases, were retained till lately. All the ancient regulations of the civil and criminal courts were left untouched in Lithuania. The urban and rural judges in districts, and

the chief judges in governors' divisions, were therefore elected as in former times. But as all appeals go to St. Petersburg, before numerous institutions of different degrees, scarcely a shadow of their former power remains to the local courts.

[In 1832 Russian institutions were completely substituted for the ancient order of things.]

8. "*Till the Pan Wojski come.*"

* A *Wojski*, or Tribune, was in former times the guardian of the wives and families of nobles summoned in a general levy. This office has long been a titular one without obligations. In Lithuania it is the custom to give to persons of dignity some ancient title by courtesy, which title becomes a legal one by use. Neighbours would call a man, for example, *Obozny* (quartermaster), *Stolnik* (pantler), or *Poaczaszny* (cup-bearer), at first in conversation, then in correspondence, and finally even in official documents. The Russian Government forbade such titles, and would fain make them ridiculous, and introduce instead titles according to the grades of their own hierarchy.

[*Pan*. As this is the first instance of using in this translation a Polish title of respect, it is the best place to explain it and its congeners. "*Pan*" signifies lord or master, and is equivalent to the English "Mr." before a proper name. It is also the respectful form of address, with the third person of the verb, to men not intimate with the speaker. The feminine *Pani*, or Madam, is the title of married ladies, and *Panna* of the unmarried, but the use of the latter is only permissible with the name. *Pani* is the title of address to all ladies alike.]—M. A. B.

In respect to the word *Wojski* I am compelled to retain the original, there being no real equivalent in any other language. *Tribune* would be too exclusively suggestive of ancient Rome, or at least of "the last of the Tribunes."

9. "*The Chamberlain.*"

* The Chamberlain (original *Podkomorzy*) was formerly a distinguished and powerful official (*princeps nobilitatis*); under the Russian Government merely a titular officer. He still occasionally judges disputes concerning boundaries, but has latterly lost even that portion of jurisdiction. He occasionally stands in the place of a Marshal, and appoints the *komorniki*, or land-surveyors. The office was formerly the highest in the Palatinate.

10. "*His family.*"

The original is *Podkomorstwo*, one of those comprehensive collective nouns common in Polish, but only to be rendered by their separate elements in other languages.

II.

The original is *kontusz*, the outer garment of the ancient Polish costume, a sort of loose frock or coat, falling below the knees, and secured by a girdle round the waist. The effect was remarkably picturesque and graceful. I have thought it on the whole best to preserve the original word, as also the native term of *zupan* for a similar inner garment, and others descriptive of costume for which no precise English equivalent exists.

12. "*Protasius the Wozny.*"

The *Wozny* (in English summoner; *sompnour* of Chaucer) was chosen by a tribunal, or by a judicial decree of the resident nobility. He carried summonses, proclaimed intrusions, performed coroners' inquests, summoned the parties into court, &c. This office was commonly discharged by the lesser nobility.

13. "All the guests in order came."

This passage frequently recurs in the same connection throughout the poem, and well expresses an idea of the regular and methodical proceedings at meals in the Judge's house.

14. "The Litvin *chłodziec*."

Chłodziec, a derivative of *chłód*, *chłodny*=cool, is a dish made partly of beet-root leaves, but chiefly of cream and fruit, congealed and frozen.—E. S. N.

15. "Worse than the Nogaj Tartars."

A Tartar horde which overran Russia and the adjacent regions in the fifteenth century, after the expulsion of the Golden Horde.

16. "As small birds a kite."

* It is well known that the lesser birds, especially swallows, pursue those of the hawk kind tumultuously. Hence the proverb, "to fly as though after a kite." [This line is translated a little freely, for the sake of being more intelligible.]

17. "A great and ugly German."

Niemczyisko: the terminations *isko* and *ysko* have an augmentative and vilifying import, as *accio* in Italian. The Polish language is equally rich in diminutive and augmentative forms.

18. "We to the *plica*."

Plica Polonica (*koltun*) the terrible disease of the hair common among some lowest classes of the Poles and Silesians. The whole mass exudes a sticky liquid, which afterwards hardens into a solid crust, and then drops off altogether.

19. "That time's prejudice."

In the eighteenth century a great rage for French customs and French fashions prevailed throughout Poland, to the detriment of national habits and language. Between 1780 and 1790 there was a period of strong reaction, and revival of national thought and feeling.

20. "to reformat us
He'd civilise and constitutionise us."

The original passage is made ludicrous by the very un-Polish character of the words used. The originals, *reformować*, *cywilizować*, and *konstituować*, are even more ridiculous than reformat and constitutionise in English.

21. "That Bonaparte used sorceries."

* A multitude of stories were current among the common people in Russia concerning the sorceries practised by Napoleon and Suwarow.

[Mickiewicz also says, in his *Conferences Slaves*, vol. ii., p. 257:—"Le peuple et les soldats le regardaient (Napoleon) comme sorcier; ils étaient persuadés qu'il avait le pouvoir de changer de forme. On raconte des histoires de plusieurs combats entre le général Suwarow et l'empereur Napoleon. L'empereur ayant pris la forme d'un lion, Suwarof se hâta de se faire lion. Alors Napoleon se changea en aigle. Suwarow pour le combattre voulut prendre la forme d'un aigle à deux têtes, et il en demanda la permission à l'empereur Paul; mais celui-ci, irrité d'une telle hardiesse, le degrada."]

22. "The Assessor with the Regent."

* The Assessors form the rural police of a district. According to the ukases, they are sometimes chosen by the inhabitants, sometimes appointed by the government; these

latter are called Crown Assessors. Judges of Appeal are also called Assessors, but we are not here speaking of them.

The Regents perform the writing-out of documents, and record verdicts. They are all nominated by the clerks of court.

23. "*His name Soplica.*"

It may not perhaps seem irrelevant here to observe that the name of Soplica has been rendered doubly famous in Polish literature by the "*Memoirs of Severyn Soplica,*" written by Henry, Count Rzewuski; a work purporting to be the personal recollections of a Polish nobleman of the old school, and comprising historic and social sketches, of great interest to students. The selection of a pseudonym is due to the immense influence of the present work of Mickiewicz.

24. "*A little village.*"

This is not quite the proper rendering. The English village, and the Polish *wies* or *wioska*, are not quite alike in signification. The latter means a gentleman's farm-estate.—E. S. N.

25. "*Most Powerful Nobles, Brothers, Benefactors.*"

This is an ordinary method of addressing an assembly, and used even at the present day in Poland, and has no suggestion of subserviency, although sounding unnatural in English.—E. S. N.

26. "*Old Niesiolowski.*"

* Joseph, Count Niesiolowski, the last Wojewode of Nowogrodek, was president of the revolutionary government at the time of Jasinski's insurrection.

27. "*Ev'n Bialopiotrowicz.*"

* George Bialopiotrowicz, the last Public Writer of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, also took an active part in

Jasinski's insurrection. He tried prisoners of state in Wilna, and was much respected for his virtues and patriotism.

28. "*The days of King Lech.*"

The mythical founder of Poland, from whom is taken this expression for unremembered antiquity, as in the time of King Arthur, of King Dagobert, King Wamba, &c.

29. "*Hreczeszczanka.*"

This is an example of the change of grammatical gender which Polish family names undergo, when applied to the female members of a house. The adjectival *ski* always changes to *ska*, as John Sobieski, Clementina Sobieska. Such names were originally territorial, and are therefore true adjectives, and declined as such. Names in other terminations have also different forms for men and women, though the rule is not so invariable in these latter.

30. "*To writers,*" &c.

Pisarz, or writer, here signifies a sort of farmyard official, who is at the same time the book-keeper; but his duties are more in the farmyard, and in the fields, than over the desk. In farmyard hierarchy the gradation is—*wolowarz*, peasant overseer; *pisarz* [something superior to a peasant, an overseer of the whole farmyard, or book-keeper]; *ekonom* (Lat. *economicus*) or *podstarosci*, under-manager of the whole farm estate; *rzondzca*, or manager.—E. S. N.

31. "*A Slucko belt.*"

* In Slucko there was a manufactory of brocade and rich girdles for the whole of Poland, perfected by the efforts of Tyzenhaus. [See notes to Book VIII.]

32. "*Vocanda of the Tribunals.*"

* *Vocanda* (Lat.), a long and narrow book, in which were written the names of the parties going to law. Every advocate and *Wozny* was obliged to keep such a *vocanda*.

33. "*Kahal.*"

A Jewish - Polish word, signifying the administrative committee or board of a synagogue.—E. S. N.

34. "*To Poland from Italian land.*"

These are almost the very words of the chorus of Dombrowski's famous March.

35. "*A hundred bloody standards.*"

* General Kniaziewicz was despatched from the army of Italy to lay the conquered standards before the Directory.

36. "*The Negroes threaten,*" &c.

The legion of the Danube, under Jablonowski, was despatched to Hayti, for the purpose of subduing the successful insurrection against the French by the negroes under the brave and unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture (1802). The story of this war and its consequences is foreign to the subject-matter of the present work, and therefore need not be here detailed. Nearly the whole of the Polish forces in Hayti perished from the unhealthiness of the climate, only a few returning to Europe. A certain number also made common cause with the blacks, and settled in Hayti.

BOOK II.

THE CASTLE.

*A hunt with greyhounds of a singled-out hare—The guest in the castle—The last of the courtiers relates the history of the last of the Horeszkos—A glance into the orchard—The maiden among the cucumbers—Breakfast—Madam Teli-
mena's Petersburg anecdote—Fresh outbreak of the Kusy and Sokol disputes—Robak's intervention—The Wojski's speech—Pledges—After mushrooms.*

WHICH of us does not recollect those years
When, as a lad, with rifle on his shoulder,
He went forth, whistling loudly, to the plain;
Where neither mound nor hedge a hindrance made
Unto his footstep; where, o'erstepping ridges,
Thou seest not that they mark a stranger's land?
Because in Litva, like a ship at sea,
The hunter by whatever path he will,
Expatriates freely o'er the ample space,
Or like a prophet gazes on the sky,
Where in the clouds are many signs, beheld

By hunter's eye ; or like a wizard he
 Converses with the earth, which, dumb to cits,
 With multitude of voices whispers him.

There screeched the landrail from the mead ; but vain
 It were to seek him, for he glides away
 In grass, as in the Niemen does the pike.
 There overhead the springtide's morning bell
 Rang out,—the lark in heaven as deeply hid.
 The eagle, with broad pinions through heaven's
 plains,
 High soars, affrighting sparrows, as a comet
 Doth frighten princes ;¹ but beneath the bright
 Blue sky, the hawk, like moth on pin impaled,
 Flaps with his wings, till in the plain he views
 A bird or hare, and on it swift descends,
 Like to a falling star.

Ah ! when will Heaven
 Permit us to return from wandering,
 And dwell once more among our native plains ;
 Serve in that cavalry which wars on hares,
 Or in that infantry which carries arms
 Against the birds ? To know no weapon-stores,
 Except the scythe or sickle, nor gazette,
 Except our household reckonings !

The sun
 Had risen o'er Soplicowo, and now fell
 Upon the thatch, and through the crannies stole
 Into the barn, and o'er the dark-green hay,
 Fresh and sweet-smelling, whereof the young men
 Had made their couch. The golden, sparkling
 streaks
 Streamed widely from the opening in black thatch,
 Like ribbons out from tresses ; with the ray
 Of morning light the sun the sleepers' lips
 Did tickle, as a maiden may awake
 Her lover with a corn-ear. Now the sparrows,
 Bustling, began to chatter 'neath the thatch ;
 Three times the geese did cackle ; after them
 A chorus like an echo woke, of ducks
 And turkeys, and the oxen's lowing rose,
 While to the field they passed.

The young men rose
 Still Thaddeus lay asleep, for he had sunk
 To slumber latest ; from last night's repast
 He came back so unquiet, that at cock-crow,
 He opened not his eyes, and on his couch
 He turned and turned again, and in the hay
 He plunged as though in water, and slept sound,
 Until a chilly wind blew in his eyes. }

The creaking barn-door opened with a crash,
 And in Friar Robak came, with knotted girdle,
 Exclaiming: "*Surge, puer!*" and unwound
 Roughly the knotted girdle on his shoulders.

Now in the court were heard the hunters' shouts:
 They led the horses there, drove carriages
 Up to the gate; scarce might the courtyard hold
 So large a company; the horns awoke,
 Kennels were opened, and the greyhound pack
 Rushed forth, with joyous whinnying, as they
 saw

The hunters' horses and the prickers' leashes;
 The dogs, as mad they whip about the court,
 Then haste, and clap the collars on their necks.
 All this portends a hunting excellent.
 At last the Chamberlain gave forth command
 To set out. Slowly then the hunters marched,
 One following the other. But when passed
 The gate, the long file scattered far and wide.
 Midmost the Assessor by the Regent rode;
 Though each on each at times misliking looked,
 They held discourse of friendship, as beseems
 All men of honour, going to decide
 A mortal quarrel; none might from their words

Discern their hatred. The Pan Regent led
 Kusy, the Assessor Sokol. From behind
 The ladies came in carriages; the youths
 Trotting beside the wheels, held converse with
 The ladies.

Through the court Friar Robak paced
 With rapid strides, his matins finishing;
 But cast a glance on Master Thaddeus,
 And frowned, and smiled. At last he signed to
 him.

Up then rode Thaddeus; Robak made a sign
 Of threatening; but 'spite of questionings,
 And prayers of Thaddeus, that the Friar would
 say

Plainly unto him what he would, the monk
 Deigned not to look or answer; but he drew
 His cowl around him closer, and his prayer
 Concluded; and so Thaddeus rode away,
 And joined the guests.

The hunters then first held
 Their leashes; each one moveless in his place
 Remained, and to the other made a sign
 Of silence; all their eyes turned to a stone,
 On which the Judge was standing. He observed
 The game, and by the beckoning of his hand

Expressed his orders. Each one understood.
 They stood still ; in the centre of the plain
 The Assessor and the Regent ambled now.
 Being nearer, Thaddeus forestalled them both ;
 He stood beside the Judge, and looked around.
 'Twas long since he had been afield, and on
 The wide grey space, 'twas hard to see the hare,
 And more so 'mid grey stones. The Judge to
 him

Pointed it out. The poor hare crouching sat
 Beneath a stone, and pricking up its ears,
 Its crimson eye the hunters' glances met,
 And as enchanted, and its destiny
 Foreseeing, still it could not turn its eyes
 Away from theirs for very fright, and sat
 Beneath the stone, lifeless itself as stone.
 Meanwhile the dust drew ever nearer on
 The plain. On Kusy flew, and Sokol after ;
 Hard following the Assessor and the Regent,
 Together shouting " Vytcha ! " from behind ;
 They vanished with the dogs in clouds of dust.

While thus they chased the hare, the Count ap-
 peared
 Beneath the forest by the castle. All

The neighbourhood well knew this gentleman
 Was never punctual to the appointed time,
 And he this day had overslept the dawn.
 So he his servants rated, and beholding
 The hunters in the field, made haste to join them.
 His surtout long and white, of English cut,
 Flew with loose skirts upon the wind behind ;
 And mounted servants followed him, who wore
 Hats shaped like mushrooms, shiny, black, and
 small,

Short jackets, and high top-boots, and white
 trousers.

Those servants whom the Count in such wise
 clad,

Were in his palace *jockeys* ² called. They flew
 Over the meadow, when the Count remarked
 The castle, and he stayed his horse. He now
 First saw the castle in the morning light ;
 And scarce believed they were those same old
 walls,

So had the dawn their outline beautified.
 The Count much wondered at a sight so new,
 The tower to him far-off seemed doubly high,
 For clear it stood against the morning mists.
 The metal roof shone golden in the sun ;

In window-grates below the remnants gleamed
 Of shivered glass, that broke the eastern rays
 In many rainbows various. A veil
 Of morning mist the lower storeys wreathed,
 And hid their rents and breaches from the eye ;
 The hunters' far shouts, driven by the wind,
 Were echoed frequent from the castle walls.
 Thou hadst sworn the shout proceeded from the
 castle,
 And underneath the veiling of the mist,
 The walls were built, and peopled once again.
 The Count loved novel and unusual sights,
 Called them romantic, and was used to say
 That he had a romantic head ; in truth
 He was a strange man, for not seldom he,
 When following a fox, or after hares,
 Would suddenly stop still, and mournfully
 Look upward to the sky, like to a cat,
 When on a lofty pine she sees a sparrow.
 He often wandered without gun or dog,
 Among the thicket, like a 'scaped recruit ;
 He often sat unmoving by a brook,
 With head bent o'er the stream, like to a heron,
 Who'd swallow all the fishes with his eye.
 Such were the Count's strange habits. Every one

Said he lacked something ; still they felt respect
 For him, since he was from his ancestors
 A lord, and rich, and good unto the peasants,
 Kind to his neighbours, even to the Jews.

The Count's horse, turned aside, along the field
 Ambled straight onward to the castle doors.
 Being now alone, the Count did heave a sigh,
 Gazed on the walls, then from his pocket drew
 Paper and pencil, and some figures traced.
 Then did he look aside, and saw a man
 Some twenty paces off, who, like himself,
 A lover of fine views, with head upraised,
 Appeared to number all the building's stones.
 At once he knew him, but the Count must call
 A many times aloud, before Gervasy
 Could hear his voice. He was a nobleman,
 A servant of the castle's former lords,
 The last remaining courtier of Horeszko,
 A tall old man, and hoary, with a face
 Hearty and healthy, ploughed with wrinkles, sad,
 Severe ; though once for joyousness renowned
 Among the nobles ; but aye since that fight,
 In which the castle's lord had lost his life,
 Gervasy totally was changed, and now

For many years had neither been to fair
 Or wedding ; from that time his witty jests
 No more were heard, and nevermore was seen
 A smile upon his face. He ever wore
 The ancient livery of Horeszko's house ;
 A yellow jacket, with long hanging skirts,
 Bound round with lace, which, now a faded yellow,
 Had once been golden. Round his neck were
 broidered

Half-goats, armorial bearings of that house,
 Thence all the neighbourhood called the old man
Polkozic,³ also from a word which he
 Repeated ceaselessly, *Mopanku*,⁴ called him ;
 Notchpate⁵ at times, from his bald pate all
 covered

With seams and scars ; his true name was Rem-
 bajlo ;

His crest unknown. He called himself the
Klucznik,⁶

Because he held that office years ago,
 And still a bunch of keys wore at his girdle,
 Bound by a cord with silver tassel, though
 He nothing had to open, for the doors
 Stood open in the castle. Yet he found
 Two doors within, and at his own expense

Repaired and set them up, and every day
 Amused himself with opening these doors.
 He for himself an empty chamber chose,
 Within the castle, for his private dwelling.
 Although he might have eaten bread of favour
 In the Count's house, he would not, for he felt
 Homesick, and unwell everywhere, if he
 Breathed not the air of the old castle.

Soon

As he perceived the Count, he doffed his cap,
 Honouring with reverence his lord's far-off kin ;
 Low bending his bald pate, that gleamed afar,
 And like an axe by many sword-blades scathed,
 He stroked it with his hand, approached, and low
 Bending once more, said in sad tones : " Mopanku,
Panisko,* pardon me that thus I speak ;
 Illustrious Sir Count, it is my custom,
 Not disrespectful, for the Horeszkos all
 Were used to say Mopanku ; the last Pantler,†
 My master, always would employ that word.
 Is it true, Mopanku, that you grudge the cost
 Of lawsuits, and will give this castle up

* " Sir," or " My dear sir." See note 4.

† *Stolnik*. See note 8 to Book I.

To the Soplicas? I would not believe it.
But thus they say in all the district." Here,
Gazing upon the castle, without ceasing,
He sighed.

"What wonder," said the Count, "the cost
Is great; the trouble greater still; I want
To end it. But that tedious old noble
Is obstinate; he did foresee he could
Weary me out; and I in very deed
No longer will oppose him. I to-day
Lay down my sword, accepting such conditions,
As shall be offered to me by the court."
"What, peace!" exclaimed Gervasy; "what, Mo-
panku!
Peace with Soplicas!" As he uttered this,
He writhed his lips, as greatly marvelling
At his own speech. "What, peace, and the
Soplicas?
Mopanku and my dear lord, you are jesting!
How? shall the castle, shall Horeszko's stronghold
Pass into the Soplicas' hands? My lord,
Deign but dismount. Go we into the castle.
Let but my lord consider. He knows not
That which he does. My lord, refuse not me.
Dismount." He held the stirrup for descent.

They went into the castle. There Gervasy
Stood on the threshold of the hall awhile.
"Here," said he, "by their court surrounded, sat
The ancient lords, in high chairs. After dinner,
The lord would judge the quarrels of the peasants;
Or, if in a good humour, to his guests
Related curious histories, or else
Would entertain with merry jests and tales.
But in the courtyard would the young men strive
At single-stick, or rode on Turkish ponies,
Expressly bred for noblemen."

They entered
The hall. Gervasy said: "In this great hall,
Stone-paved, we find not now so many stones,
As they broached wine-casks in the good old
times.

The noblemen invited to the diet,
Or *sejmik*, on the name-day of my lord,
Or for the chase, drew beer-tubs from the cellars,
Tied to their girdles. And while passed the feast,
Musicians stood within that lofty choir,
The organ playing,⁷ and other instruments;
And when a health was drunk the trumpets brayed
In chorus, as upon the judgment day.
Each *vivat* went around in order due,

The first health to his Majesty the king
 They drank, and next the Primate's health,⁸ and after
 Unto her Majesty the queen, the health
 Of all the nobles, and the whole Republic.
 When the fifth bumper had at length been drained,
 They raised the toast of 'Love we one another.'⁹
Vivat unceasing sounded till the dawn ;
 And each one's equipage all ready stood,
 To bear each reveller unto his house."

They now had passed some chambers. Silently
 Gervasy now his glance fixed on the wall,
 Now on the archèd roof, recalling here
 A tragic memory, and now one dear.
 And then as he had said, "All now is o'er,"
 He nodded grievingly his head; at times
 He waved his hand; remembrance visibly
 Was torture to him, and he fain would chase it.
 At length they stayed their steps, in a great hall
 Above, once lined with mirrors, but to-day
 The frames stood empty of the looking-glass,
 Long torn away; the windows held no panes.
 A balcony stood opposite the door.
 Here entering, the old man bowed his head,
 And in his hands concealed his face, and when

He did unveil it, on it was a look
 Of deepest sorrow and despair. The Count,
 Though ignorant what this should signify,
 Yet looking on the old man's countenance,
 Felt strangely moved, and pressed his hand.

Awhile

This silence lasted, which the old man broke,
 Shaking his right hand lifted. "There is no
 Agreement for the blood of the Horeszkos
 With this Soplica. In your veins, Mopanku,
 The blood of the Horeszkos flows. You are
 A kinsman of the Pantler from your mother,
 Who the Lowczyna being,¹⁰ was derived
 From the second daughter of the Castellan,¹¹
 Who was, as well is known, my master's uncle.
 Listen, my lord, to your own kindred's story,
 Which in this chamber, and no other, passed.

"The Pantler, my late master, chiefest lord
 Here in this district, rich and of high race,
 Had but one child, a daughter, beautiful
 As an angel; so brave noblemen and lordlings
 Courted the *Stolnikowna*.* And among

* Daughter of a *Stolnik*, or Pantler.

The noblemen was one great rioter,
 A quarreller, Jacek Soplica, named
 The Wojewode—in jest—but yet in truth
 He was of great importance in the region,
 Because he held beneath his captaincy
 The clan of the Soplicas, and could rule
 All their three hundred votes at his own will ;
 Though for himself, beyond a bit of land,
 His sabre, and a mighty pair of whiskers
 From ear to ear, he was possessed of nought.
 And yet the Pantler often had as guest
 This brawler, and received him in his palace,
 Most at the time of *sejmiks*. Popular
 For his relations and supporters, soon
 This whiskered fellow so puffed up with pride
 Became, by cause of these receptions gracious,
 He took into his head the Pantler's son
 To be. More often without invitation
 He rode unto the castle, and at last
 He made his nest among us, as though in
 His own house. And he had declared his wish,
 But that already they had taken heed,
 And served him at the table with black broth.¹²
 May be he pleased the Stolnikowna's eye,
 But she concealed the matter from her parents.

Those were Kosciuszko's times ; my lord supported
 The ordinances of the Third of May,¹³
 And had already gathered noblemen
 To march to help of the Confederates ;
 When suddenly the Muscovites by night
 Surprised the castle ; scarce was time to fire
 A mortar off, in signal of distress ;
 To bar the lower doors, and with the bolts
 To make them fast. In all the castle were
 The Stolnik only, and myself, the lady,
 The chief cook and two scullions (all three drunk),
 The parish priest, two lackeys, and four *heyduks*,
 The gallant men ! So then unto our guns !
 To the windows ! There a crowd of Muscovites,
 Shouting ' Hurra ! ' They from the gate rushed o'er
 The terrace ; we with ten guns, man for man,
 Fired on them. Nought was to be seen from
 thence.
 The servants fired off from the lower floors.
 My lord and I fired from the gallery
 Unceasingly ; all went in order good,
 Though in much fear. Upon this floor there lay
 Here twenty guns ; we fired off one ; another
 Was loaded quick ; the priest himself in this ;

Service was very active, and the lady,
 Her daughter, and the serving-maidens too.
 There were three marksmen, and the fire went on
 Unceasingly. The Muscovites below
 Sent up a hail of bullets. We less often,
 But with more judgment fired down from above.
 Three times they burst out there before the door,
 Three pairs of legs were kicking every time.
 So underneath the storehouse soon they fled
 For shelter. But already it was day.
 The Pantler came forth joyous with his gun
 Upon the balcony, and soon as peeped
 A Muscovitish head from underneath
 The storehouse, did he fire immediately,
 And never missed. At every shot there fell
 A black hat in the grass, and rarely now
 Did any steal forth from behind the wall.
 The Pantler seeing all his enemies
 Thus struck with fear, to make a sortie thought.
 And calling to his servants from above,
 He gave commands, then turning round to me,
 Said, 'Follow me, Gervasy.' At that moment
 A shot came from the gate. The Pantler groaned,
 Grew red, then pale, would speak, and coughed
 with blood,

I saw the ball, right in his very breast.
 My lord, fast failing, pointed to the gate :
 I knew that villain ! that Soplica ! knew him
 By his whiskers and his stature ! By his shot
 The Pantler died ! I had seen it. And the villain
 Still held on high his lifted gun ; the smoke
 Still issued from the barrel ! Him I took
 For aim ; the murderer stood as changed to stone.
 Twice did I fire, but missed with both the shots ;
 From rage or grief I marked but ill. I heard
 The women's shriek,—I looked,—my lord was
 dead."

Gervasy paused, and melted into tears ;
 Then said, concluding, "Now the Muscovites
 Had stormed the gate, for with the Pantler dead,
 I was as lost to sense, and knew not what
 Was done around me. Happily arrived
 Parafianowicz to us with succour,
 And twenty of the house of Mickiewicz ¹⁴
 He brought from Horbatowicz, noblemen
 Many and valiant, man for man, who hate
 Soplica's race since time began.

Thus perished

A powerful lord, upright and pious, who

Had Chairs, and Staffs, and Ribbons¹⁵ in his house ;
 A father to his peasantry, a brother
 Unto the nobles ;—and he left behind him
 No son to swear revenge upon his grave.
 Yet had he faithful servants ! In the blood
 Flowed from his wound I steeped my rapier, called
 The Penknife ¹⁶—of my Penknife certainly
 You have heard, my lord, renowned at every diet,
 Market, and *sejmik*—I did swear to notch
 The blade upon the necks of the Soplicas.
 I followed them at diet, foray, fair ;
 Two in a quarrel slew I, two in duel,
 One burnt I up inside a wooden house,
 When we with Rymsza harried Korelicze ;
 Like mud-fish was he roasted ; and I count not
 Those ears I cut off. One alone remains,
 Who no remembrance yet has had from me ;
 Own younger brother to that whiskered rogue.
 Yet lives he, and he boasts him of his riches ;
 His boundary corners touch Horeszko's castle.
 He has honour in the district, holdeth office,
 He is a Judge. And will you give the castle
 To him, my lord ? Shall his most wicked feet
 Efface my master's blood from off this floor ?
 No ! while Gervasy has a mite of soul,

And so much strength, as with one little finger
 To stir his Penknife, hanging on the wall,
 So long Soplica shall not get this castle."

"Oh !" cried the Count, and raised his hands aloft ;
 " 'Twas a good instinct, that I loved these walls,
 Though knowing not what treasure in them lay,
 Such number of dramatic scenes and stories.
 Soon as I shall recover from Soplica
 The castle of my ancestors, I will
 Install thee in the palace as my Burgrave.*
 Thy tale, Gervasy, has much taken me ;
 Pity thou didst not bring me here at night,
 Draped in a mantle : I would sit on ruins,
 And thou shouldst tell me of these bloody deeds.
 Pity thou hast no great gift of relating.
 I sometimes have heard such, and read, traditions.
 In England and in Scotland every lord's †
 Castle, in Germany each noble's court,
 A theatre was of murders. Every ancient,
 Noble, and powerful family had some
 Report of blood or of some treacherous deed,
 For which must vengeance fall upon the heirs,

* German *Burg-graf* = castle governor.

† The English word is here the original.

As legacy. I hear for the first time
 Of such in Poland. In me flows, I feel,
 The brave Horeszkos' blood, and I do know
 That which is due to glory—and my race!
 Yes! I must break all compact with Soplica,
 Although it come to pistols or the sword—
 Honour commands!" With solemn step he strode,
 But in deep silence came Gervasy after.
 Standing before the door, unto himself
 The Count kept talking, and upon the castle
 Gazing, he quickly mounted on his horse,
 His solitary conversation thus
 Absently ending: "'Tis a pity that
 This old Soplica has no wife, fair daughter,
 Whose beauty I might worship! Loving her,
 And yet not able to obtain her hand,
 Would bring fresh complication in the tale.
 The heart here, duty there; love here, and there
 Revenge."

Thus whispering he spurred his steed.
 It flew towards the mansion, as up rode
 The hunters from the other side. The Count
 Loved hunting; when the hunters he perceived,
 Forgetting all besides he sprang them toward.
 He passed the gate, the garden, and the hedge

When, turning round, he looked about, and stayed
 The horse before the hedge. There was the
 orchard!

The fruit-trees, set in rows, did shadow o'er
 The broad fields; 'neath the trees the garden beds.
 The cabbage here, its bald and hoary pate
 Low bending, seems to meditate upon
 The fate of vegetables; the slim bean,
 Weeping its pods into the tresses of
 The carrot green, did turn a thousand eyes
 Upon it; there the Indian corn upraised
 Its golden plume; and here and there was seen
 A gourd's fat belly, from its stalk detached,
 Which to a distant part had rolled away,
 Among the crimson beetroot as a guest.

The garden beds were parted by a ridge:
 In every trench there stood, as though on guard,
 The hemp in ranks; a cypress-seeming herb,
 Quiet, and green, and upright. In its leaves
 And odour garden beds do find defence,
 For through these leaves no viper dares to creep;
 Their odour also grubs and vermin slays.
 White stalks of poppies tower further on;

Thou thinkest, swarms of butterflies thereon
 Are sitting, fluttering their wings, whose lustre
 Of precious gems doth change with rainbow tints.
 With lively colours of much variousness
 The poppy lures the eye. Among the flowers
 Like the full moon among the lesser stars,
 A sunflower, with its round, large, burning face,
 From east to west twists, following the sun.

Beneath the hedge long, narrow, convex hillocks,
 Without or trees, or flowers, or bushes, made
 A garden there for cucumbers ; they grew
 Luxuriantly, with their large, wide leaves,
 Covering the beds, like carpet with deep folds.
 Among them walked a damsel, clothed in white,
 Plunging in green luxuriance to her knees.
 Down-bending in the furrows from the beds,
 It seemed she walked not, but she swam through
 leaves,

While bathing in their colour. She had veiled
 Her head with a straw hat, and from her brow
 Two rosy ribbons waved, and some bright curls
 Of loose dishevelled tresses. In her hand
 She held a basket ; she cast down her eyes,
 And lifted her right hand, as though to seize ;

Like to a child who bathing chases fishes
 That play around her feet ; so she each moment
 With hand and basket bent down for the fruit,
 Struck by her foot, or by her eye perceived.

The Count, enchanted by such wondrous sight,
 Stood silent. Hearing trampling from afar,
 Of his companions, with his hand he signed
 To them to stay their horses ; and they stayed.
 He gazed with stretched neck, like a long-beaked
 crane,

Far from the flock, as sentry on one leg
 Standing, with watchful eyes, and not to sleep,
 Holding a stone within his other claw.

A rustle on his shoulders and his brow
 Aroused the Count ; it was the Bernardine,
 Friar Robak, and he had within his hand,
 Upraised, his girdle with its knotty cords.
 "Do you want cucumbers ?" he shouted. "Sir,
 Here have you cucumbers !¹⁷ Beware of harm !
 For in these beds there grow no fruits for you.
 Nothing will come of this." Then with his finger
 He threatened him, drew down his cowl, and
 went.

The Count remained a while yet on the spot,
 Laughing, and cursing too at the same time
 This sudden interruption. To the garden
 His glance returned ; she was not in the garden ;
 Only in centre of a little window,
 Flitted her rosy ribbon and white frock.
 Upon the garden beds was visible
 The way she fled by ; for a green leaf, which
 Her foot disturbed in running, trembled yet
 A moment, until quiet, like the water
 A bird hath cloven with its wings ; and on
 The spot where late she stood, the little basket
 Of willow, with its under side upturned,
 The fruit all spilled, was hanging on the leaves,
 And 'mid the verdant billows still it rocked.

After a moment lonely everywhere
 And gloomy 'twas. The Count now fixed his
 eyes

Upon the house, and pricked his ears up, still
 In meditation, and the hunters stood
 Yet motionless before him ; till there rose
 Within the silent, solitary house,
 A murmur first, then noise, and joyous shout,
 As in an empty hive, when bees fly in.

A sign was this the guests had come from hunting,
 And servants hastened to get ready breakfast.

Through all the rooms a great confusion reigned,
 They carried dishes, bottles, covers round.
 The men, as they had entered, in green jackets,
 With plates and glasses, walking through the rooms,
 Ate, drank, or leaning on the window-sill,
 Conversed of rifles, greyhounds, and of hares.
 The Chamberlain, his wife, the Judge, together,
 All three sat at a table ; in a corner
 The youthful ladies whispered to each other.
 Such order as at dinner and at supper
 Was not observed. This was a novel custom
 In an Old-Polish house at breakfast time.
 The Judge, though he unwillingly allowed
 This great disorder, yet approved it not.

Dishes of various sorts for men and women
 There were. Here trays were carried round about,
 With the whole coffee service ; large-sized trays,
 With flowers beautifully painted. On them
 Steaming with an aroma most delicious,
 White metal coffee-pots, and porcelain cups,
 From Dresden ; near each cup a tiny vessel

Containing cream. Such coffee as in Poland
Is in no other country. For in Poland,
In a well-ordered house, by ancient custom,
There is a woman, whose especial labour
Is to make coffee, called the *kawiarka*.*
She brings from town, or from the barges
chooses¹⁸

The finest coffee-beans, and secrets knows
How to prepare a drink, which has the blackness
Of coal, transparency of amber, odour
Of Mocha, and is thick as honey flows.
Well know we what to coffee is good cream ;
This is not in the country hard to get.
The *kawiarka*, having early placed
The coffee-pots, the dairy visiteth,
And culls herself the light, fresh flower of cream,
For each cup in a vessel separate,
So each be clad in separate pellicle.

The elder ladies, having earlier risen,
Had drunk their coffee. Now they made a second
Dish for themselves, of warm beer, white with cream,
In which there floated many clots of curd.

* From *kawa* = coffee.

But for the men there lay smoked meats at
choice,
Fat breasts of geese, and ham, and wings of
tongue,
All excellent, all by home method dried
In chimneys, by the smoke of juniper.
At length was brought the latest course of *szrazy*.¹⁹
Such were the breakfasts in the Judge's house.

In the two rooms gathered two different groups ;
The elder folks, around a little table,
Spoke of new farming methods, and of new
And aye more strict Imperial ukases.
The Chamberlain opinions gave of rumours
Of war impending, and deduced therefrom
Views upon politics. The Wojski's daughter,
Wearing dark spectacles, with fortune-telling
From cards amused the Chamberlain's lady, while
In the other room the youths discussed the hunt,
In tones more low and peaceful than was wont,
For the Assessor and the Regent, both
Great talkers, first in hunting, and best shots,
Sat opposite each other cross and angry.
Both well had pricked their dogs on ; each was
sure

His greyhound must be winner ; when right in
 The middle of the plain they found a row
 Of peasant's vegetables still unreaped.
 Therein the hare rushed. Kusy now had hold,
 Now Sokol, when the Judge the prickers stayed
 Upon the ridge. They must obey, although
 Their rage was great. The dogs returned alone,
 And none might know if fled the game or ta'en,
 No one could guess if into Kusy's jaws
 It fell, or Sokol's, or in both at once.
 Each side gave different judgment, and the quarrel
 Remained to other times still undecided.

The ancient Wojski walked from room to room,
 On both sides glancing with his absent eyes,
 He neither mingled in the hunters' talk,
 Nor in the old men's, and 'twas plainly seen
 His head was taken up with something else.
 He bore a leathern fly-scare,²⁰ sometimes standing
 Still in one spot, he meditated long,
 And—killed a fly that sat upon the wall.

Thaddeus and Telimena, standing in
 The doorway right between the two rooms, talked
 Alone to one another ; no great space

Divided them from hearers, so they whispered.
 Now Thaddeus learnt that his aunt Telimena
 Was a rich lady, that they were not joined
 By bonds canonical in too close kinship.
 'Tis even uncertain if aunt Telimena
 Be really aunt unto her nephew, though
 His uncle call her sister, since their common
 Progenitors once called them so, in spite
 Of years' disparity. That later on,
 She, living in the capital, had rendered
 Some service beyond measure to the Judge,
 Whence much the Judge respected her, and loved
 Before the world, perhaps from vanity,
 To call himself her brother. Telimena
 From friendship would refuse him not this name.
 Relieved at heart was Thaddeus by these sayings,
 And many things besides did they declare
 To one another. All this came to pass
 In one short moment.

In the right-hand room,
 The Regent careless said, to tempt the Assessor :
 "I said so yesterday ; our hunt could not
 Be a success ; it is too early yet.
 The corn is standing yet upon its stalk,
 And many rows unreaped of peasants' gardens,

And therefore stayed the Count away to-day.
 The Count in hunting is experienced,
 Sometimes has talked of hunting, place, and time ;
 The Count from childhood has in foreign lands
 Been living, and he says it is a sign
 Of barbarism to hunt, as we do here,
 Without regard to articles of law,
 Or regulations of the government,
 Respecting no one's hillocks or his ridges,
 To ride o'er stranger's ground without his know-
 ledge,

To course the plains and hunting forests in
 The spring-time as in summer, or to kill
 A fox when he his coat is shedding, or
 To let the greyhounds worry hares with young,
 Or rather torture them. The Count regrets,
 That in this case the Muscovites to-day
 Are far more civilised than we ; for there
 The Czar has put forth ukases on hunting,
 There is police inspection, and for those
 Who do transgress them there is punishment."

Towards the left room Telimena looked,
 Fanning herself with cambric handkerchief :

"As I my mother love, the Count mistakes not ;

I well know Russia. You would not believe me,
 When I have often said how praiseworthy,
 For many reasons, is the vigilance
 And strictness of their government. I was
 In Petersburg, not only once, nor twice.
 Sweet memories ! sweet image of the past !
 And what a town ! None of you, gentlemen,
 Have ever been in Petersburg ? Perhaps
 You'd like to see the plan ? I have the plan
 In my bureau. In summer all the world
 Of Petersburg is used to live in 'datshies'—
 That is, in country palaces, for 'datsha' *
 Means village. In a little palace I
 Dwelt, on the river Neva, not too far,
 And not too near the town, on a low hill
 Raised artificially. Ah ! what a house
 It was ! I have the plan in my bureau.
 One day, to my misfortune, was a house,
 In my close neighbourhood, hired by some petty
*Czynownik*²¹ who was sitting on commission.
 He kept a many greyhounds. What a torment
 To have a small *czynownik* and a kennel
 To dwell near one ! As often as I went

* Russian.

Into the garden with a book, to enjoy
 The moonlight, and the evening cool, at once
 A dog flew in, and wagged his tail, and pricked
 His ears up, just as he were mad. Not seldom
 Had I been terrified. My heart forebode
 Some evil from the dogs, and so it chanced ;
 For as I walked one morning in the garden,
 A greyhound strangled at my feet my pet
 Bolognan spaniel. Ah ! she was a charming,
 Dear little dog ! I had her as a present,
 A token of remembrance, from Prince Sukin ;
 Intelligent and lively as a squirrel.
 I have her portrait—only I will not
 Go for it to the bureau. Seeing her
 Thus strangled, from excessive agitation
 I had faintness, spasms, palpitations ; and
 Perhaps it had gone worse still with my health,
 When happily upon a visit came
 Kirylo Gawrylicz Kozodusin,
 Master of Hunts at court. He asked the cause
 Of my ill-humour, and he presently
 Commanded the official to be dragged
 There by the ears ; he stood there, trembling, pale,
 And almost lifeless. ‘How then didst thou dare,’
 Exclaimed Kirylo, with a voice of thunder,

‘To hunt down in the spring a doe with young,
 Under the Emperor’s very nose?’ In vain
 The stupefied *czynownik* swore that he
 Had not begun the hunting season yet ;
 That, with the Master of the Hunt’s permission,
 The beast run down had seemed to him a dog,
 And not a doe. ‘What !’ cried Kirylo ; ‘villain !
 Dost thou pretend to better understand
 Hunting and species than I, Kozodusin,
 Imperial Jägermeister ? Let the Chief
 Inspector of Police decide between us.’
 They call the Chief Inspector, and command
 To institute inquiry. ‘I bear witness,’
 Says Kozodusin, ‘that it was a doe ;
 And he pretends ’twas a domestic dog.
 Decide between us, who best understands
 Hunting and game.’ The Inspector of Police
 Well knew his duty ; he considered well
 The insolence of the *czynownik*, and
 Conducting him aside he counselled him,
 As a brother, to confess his fault, and so
 Condoned his crime. The Master of the Hunt,
 Somewhat appeased, made promise he would be
 An intercessor with the Czar, and get
 Some little mitigation of the sentence.

It ended thus,—the dogs went to the rope,
 And the *czynownik* had four weeks in prison.
 This trifle entertained us all the evening.
 Next day an anecdote was made of this ;
 The Master of the Hunt had gone to law
 About my dog. I even know for certain
 The Emperor himself has laughed at this."

A laugh arose in both the rooms. The Judge
 Was playing with the Bernardine at cards,
 And at that moment, with the spades as trumps,
 He was about to lead. The priest scarce
 breathed ;

The Judge had caught the story's first beginning,
 And listened so absorbed, that he sat still,
 With head uplifted, and the card upraised,
 Ready for playing ; still he moveless sat,
 And only caused the friar anxiety ;
 Till, the tale ended, he laid Pamfil down,
 And answered, laughing : " Let who will extol
 Civilisation of the Germans, order
 Of Muscovites ; let people in great Poland
 Learn from the Swabians to make laws for foxes,
 And call in soldiers to arrest a mastiff,
 Who enters strangers' thickets. Praised be Heaven,

In Litva we have ancient customs. We
 Have game enough, both for ourselves and neigh-
 bours,
 And never shall for this make inquisition ;
 And we have corn enough. Our dogs will not
 Reduce us soon to famine, or devour
 Green vegetables, or take life away.
 O'er peasants' acres I forbid all hunting."

The Bailiff from the left-hand chamber spoke :
 " No wonder, gracious sir, that for such game
 You dearly pay. The peasants are right glad
 Whene'er it happens that a greyhound springs
 Among their vegetables ; let him but
 Disturb ten ears of rye, you give a sheaf
 In compensation, nor even then are quits ;
 The peasant often gets besides a florin.
 Believe me, sir, the peasantry will grow
 Most insolent"— But never heard the Judge
 The rest of Master Bailiff's reasonings,
 For 'twixt the two discourses there began
 A thousand murmurs, anecdotes, and tales,
 And lastly, quarrels.

Quite forgotten, Thaddeus
 And Telimena thought but of each other ;

The lady much delighted that her wit
 So Thaddeus entertained ; the youth returned
 Her speech with compliments. With ever greater
 Freedom spoke Telimena, and in tones
 More low, and Thaddeus made believe that he
 Could hear her not amid that crowd of talk.
 So he drew nearer, whispering, so much
 The nearer to her, that upon his face
 He felt her brow's sweet warmth. Restraining
 breath,

He caught her sighings with his lips, his glance
 Seized eagerly the bright rays of her eyes ;
 When suddenly between their lips there flew
 At first a fly, and then the Wojski's fly-scare.
 In Litva is abundance great of flies :
 Among them an especial species, called
 "Noble," like all the rest in shape and hue,
 But having broader thorax and abdomen,
 And larger than the common sort. In flying
 They make a great noise, and their humming is
 Not to be borne. So strong, besides, are they,
 They break through spiders' webs, or if they should
 Be caught in one, three whole days long they
 buzz,
 And singly can they grapple with a spider.

All this the Wojski well had searched into,
 And also said the lesser sort of flies
 Were from these "noble" flies engendered ; they
 Were that among the flies that queen-bees are
 Among a swarm of bees ; that slaying them
 Would cause the perishing of other vermin.
 True, neither housekeeper, nor parish priest,
 Believed in these discoveries of the Wojski,
 And of the generation of the flies
 Held differently ; but never did the Wojski
 Leave off his ancient custom. Scarcely saw he
 A fly, when straightway he pursued it. Now
 This very instant, past his ear a "noble"
 Buzzed : twice the Wojski struck. Ashamed to
 miss,
 He struck a third time, and nigh broke the window
 Until the fly, by this great noise distraught,
 Seeing two people standing on the threshold
 Obstructing its return, did throw itself
 Between their faces in despair ; the Wojski's
 Right hand flew after it. So strong the stroke,
 That the two heads sprang backwards, as the two
 Halves of a tree by lightning severed ; both
 Rebounded with such force against the lintels,
 That they retained upon them livid marks.

But fortunately no one marked this scene,
 Because the conversation, which as yet,
 Though loud and high, had yet been orderly,
 Now ended in an outburst strong of noise.
 Like hunters, who along the forest chase
 A fox, while here and there is heard the crash
 Of trees, the noise of shots, the bark of hounds :
 But all at once, and unexpectedly,
 A pricker starts a wild-boar ; he gives sign ;
 A shout arises in the crowd of men
 And dogs, as all the forest trees had voice.
 So is it with discourse. It slowly moves,
 Until it comes on some grand object, like
 A boar-hunt. The wild-boar of this discourse
 Was that fierce quarrel of the Regent with
 The Assessor, touching their renowned greyhounds :
 It lasted but a short time, but they did
 Much in one moment. For the two at once
 Threw out so many words and loud abuse,
 That they exhausted soon the first three parts
 Of a dispute, jesting, and anger, challenge,
 And it had come to fists already.

So

All rushed towards them from the second room.
 Like a swift billow, rolling through the doors,

They bore down the young couple on the threshold
 Standing, like Janus, god of double face.

Ere Thaddeus and Telimena could
 Compose the locks disordered on their brows,
 The threatening voices all were still again.
 A murmur mixed with laughter spread around.
 Decision came to the dispute ; the friar
 Had quelled it. He was strong and active, though
 An old man, broad in shoulder-girth. So when
 The Assessor rushed up to the jurist, when
 Both disputants were threatening one another
 By gestures, suddenly he collared both
 Of them behind, and twice he struck with force
 Their heads together, one against the other,
 Like Easter eggs ; then spread his arms abroad
 In shape of sign-post, threw the two apart
 In separate corners of the room. Awhile
 He stood upon the place with outstretched arms,
 And "*Pax vobiscum,*" cried he ; "peace be with
 you !"

Those present greatly marvelled, even laughed.
 Through that respect they owed a ghostly man,
 None dared to blame the monk, and after such
 A proof of strength, none either had the will

To enter on a quarrel with him. But Friar Robak, soon as he had hushed the crowd, sought not, 'twas seen, the triumph of the fray. He threatened not the brawlers more, nor chid ; but drawing down his cowl, and planting both hands on his girdle, silent left the room.

Meanwhile the Chamberlain, likewise the Judge, between the two sides took their places. Then the Wojski, as awoken from deep thought, stepped in the midst, his hoary whisker twirled, nor spared important mien ; he circled round the whole assembly with a fiery eye, and wheresoever he a murmur heard, as priest his *aspersorium*, he brandished his fly-scare to command their silence. Then, raising its handle high with dignity, like marshal's rod, he silence thus commanded.

“ Be still,” repeated he, “ and have ye care ; ye, who are chiefest hunters in the district ; from your embittering quarrel what will spring ? know ye ? Why, that the young men, upon whom our country founds her hopes, who ought to make illustrious our forests and our toils,

And who, alas ! so much neglect the chase, perhaps will reap a fresh occasion for despising it, on seeing how the men, who ought to give example to the rest, from hunting only bring back quarrellings and causes of dispute. And have respect for my grey hairs ; for I knew greater hunters than you, and often did I arbitrate between them. Who in Lithuanian forests was Rejtan's equal, whether drawing in the toils, or meeting with the beast ? Or who can liken him to Bialopiotrowicz ? Where at the present day is such a marksman as was the nobleman Zegota, who could with a pistol hit a running hare ? I knew Terajewicz, who when he went to hunt the wild-boar, took no other arms than a mere pike : and Budrewicz, who with a bear fought single-handed. Such the men that once our woodlands saw. And if it came to quarrelling, how did they settle quarrels ? They chose them judges, and laid pledges down. Oginski lost a hundred hides of forest about a wolf ! a badger cost some hamlets to Niesiolowski ! And you, gentlemen,

Follow the old example, and decide
 Your quarrel, even though by lesser pledge,
 For words are wind; word quarrels ne'er have
 end;

Pity to dry up lips about a hare.
 So choose ye judges first to arbitrate,
 And what they shall decree, religiously
 Subscribe. I will entreat the Judge that he
 Will not forbid the pricker even to
 Ride over wheat. I'll wager that I shall
 Obtain this grace from him." And saying this,
 He pressed the Judge upon the knee.

"A horse,"

The Regent cried, "I pledge a horse with
 trappings,

And will before the local court subscribe
 Myself, that I lay down this ring, as fee
 Unto the Judge."—"And I," the Assessor said,
 "Will pledge my golden collars, made of shagreen,
 Inlaid with wheels of gold, a leash of silk,
 Whose workmanship is wondrous as the stone,
 That shines upon it. I had wished to leave
 This set as legacy unto my children,
 In case I marry. It was given me,
 A present from Prince Dominik,²² when once

I hunted with him, and the Marshal, Prince
 Sanguszko, and with General Mejen; ²³ when
 I challenged all the others to a trial
 Of greyhounds. There, by unexampled stroke
 In annals of the chase, I coursed six hares
 With one dog. At that time we hunted on
 Kupisko's plain. Prince Radziwill could not
 Sit still upon his horse, but lighted down;
 And taking in his arms my celebrated
 She-greyhound Kania, he kissed her head
 Three times, and three times clapping on her muzzle,
 He said, 'Henceforward I create thee Duchess
 Of Kupisko. Napoleon thus gives dukedoms
 Unto his generals, from the places where
 They have won great victories.'

Telimena, weary

Of these o'er-long disputes, desired to go
 Into the courtyard, but she wished companions.
 She took a little basket from a peg.
 "The gentlemen, I see, prefer to stay
 Indoors, but I am going to pick mushrooms.
 But they who please, I beg them follow me."
 She spoke while folding round her head a crimson
 Shawl of Cashmere; the Chamberlain's young
 daughter

She took by one hand ; with the other gathered
Her robe about her ankles. Thaddeus
In silence hastened after her for mushrooms.

The notion of a walk rejoiced the Judge ;
He saw therein a means of breaking off
This noisy quarrel ; therefore he exclaimed :
"To the wood, gentlemen, for mushrooms; he
Who comes to table with the finest mushrooms,
Shall sit beside the fairest lady ; he
Himself shall choose her. If a lady find them,
She shall herself select the finest lad."

NOTES TO BOOK II.

1. "As a comet princes."

The original word here used for princes is *cary*, *i.e.*, "czars," a title which, it may not be uninteresting to notice, does not exclusively apply in Slavonic languages to the Czar of Muscovy. He is often styled "the White Czar," or "Czar of White Russia." But the word originally meant no more than prince or king. The Czar of Turkey is a term for the Sultan ; and the Czar of Abyssinia, the Tartar Czars are also spoken of. Linde derives *Czar* merely from *Cæsar*, and accordingly the great Julius himself has been spoken of as a Czar in some old manuscripts. In the Russian Bible the Czar of Glory stands for Christ.

2. "Jockeys."

The English word, of course much disguised in Polish spelling, is used. Is it a credit to England that so many terms exclusively relating to horse-racing have passed into a like usance in foreign countries ?

3. "Polkozic."

The name of the family crest. Armorial crests (Pol. *Herb*) have their special appellations, derived either from their chief symbolic representations or from some more or less ancient *cognomen* of the ennobled family. Thus many

Polish houses bear a calf in their crests (Ciolek), and are in the aggregate called *Ciolkowie*; others an axe (Topor), which gives the name of *Toporczyk* to all individuals of the same crest. *Leliwa*, *Działosza*, *Tromby* (Bugles), are, like *Polkozic*, names of armorial shields. The cosmopolitan heraldic term of the emblem Half-goat, or *Polkozic*, is *Teste de Chevreau*.—E. S. N.

4. "*Mofanku*."

This word has in it an idea of long service, and affectionate feeling from the man who uses it, as one proper from an old and attached servant. *Panisko* has a meaning of the same sort: "Good, dear master."

5. "*Szczerbiec*."

Szczerbiec literally means "a thing full of notches," and is applied to a sword whose edges have become notched and broken by use. In Polish history the name is more particularly applied to the short sword of Boleslaw I., out of which he broke a piece in striking it on the gateway of Kiev when he conquered that city. The *szczerbiec* was girded on by all subsequent Polish monarchs at their coronation, and according to popular belief is to come into the hands of the restorer of Poland.

6. "*He called himself the Klucznik*."

I have retained the original word, because *klucznik*, though nearly, is not entirely expressed by major-domo or steward; it implies in dignity the former office, but signifies literally "the keeper of the keys," from *klucz*=a key.

It may be possibly a matter of astonishment to the English reader, that a nobleman like Gervasy Rembajlo should be introduced as having been the servant of another; but in this is nothing but what is quite natural to, and consonant with, Polish feeling. The poorer nobility, though esteeming trade or manufactures disgraceful, did not object

to act as servants, and receive salaries from the richer members of their order; and, in fact, noblemen were often found in the lowest menial capacities in the houses of magnates, but yet retaining in this anomalous position a theoretic equality with their masters, and the privileges of their order.

On this subject I have the following note from Mr. Naganowski:—

"Eleven years ago, in my father's house in Podolia, the cook was a nobleman. He had in his possession all the documents required by the Russian Government to prove his noble descent. He received a salary equal to about seven pounds a year."

7. "*The organ playing*."

In ancient castles an organ was placed in the orchestra.

8. "*The Primate's health*."

The health of the Primate of Poland (Archbishop of Gnesen) was drunk after that of the King, because he was the highest dignitary in the Kingdom. Between the death of one sovereign and election of his successor, he was *Interrex*.

9. "*Love we one another*."

This was commonly the last toast drunk at a banquet, and is even now in very great vogue.

10. "*The Lowczyna being*," &c.

Lowczyna, wife of the *Lowczy Wielki Koronny*, or Grand Venor of the Realm.

11. "*Castellan*."

Answers to English Lord-Lieutenant. The Castellan of Cracow was called *Pan Krakowski*.—E. S. N.

12. "Black broth."

This is a thickish soup, made chiefly of the blood of a duck or goose, vinegar, and spice. When served to a suitor for the hand of a daughter of the house it meant a refusal.—E. S. N.

13. "The ordinances of the Third of May."

The famous constitution of the 3d of May 1791, passed during the so-called Four Years' Diet, from 1788 to 1792. By it a sweeping reform was effected in the state, and many ancient abuses destroyed. Its provisions secured religious liberty to all sects, with Catholicism as the state religion; representation in the Diet to the inhabitants of towns, with confirmation to the nobles of their privileges, and assurance to the peasants of the protection of the laws. The remaining articles provided for the general working of the government, and while framed upon ancient custom, decreed the abolition of many former abuses; among others the *liberum veto*. An hereditary monarchy, to be fixed in the line of Saxony, was decreed in place of an elective one. Like the constitutions of many of the States of the American Union, that of the 3d of May contained in itself a provision of modification, and provided for its future revision every twenty-five years. Though in some matters imperfect, it would doubtless have inaugurated a new era of reform and progress, but that the action of the Targowica Confederation (3d August 1793) frequently alluded to in the course of this work, annulled the constitution, and reinstated ancient abuses in full. The country was immediately occupied by Russian armies, and the war of 1794 began, with what result is known to history.

14. "Twenty of the house of Mickiewicz."

The author here introduces the name of his own family, as Scott has mentioned his ancestor of Harden in the "Lay

of the Last Minstrel," among the vassals of Branksome, and elsewhere.

15. "Who had Chairs, and Staffs, and Ribbons in his house."

That is, a chair in the Senate, a staff, or *bularwa*, ensign of a *helman* or generalissimo, and decorations of honour. No official titles were hereditary in Poland, therefore we never find any dignity or office transmitted from father to son.

16. "My rapier, the Penknife."

We shall find later on additional examples of the habit among the Polish nobles of conferring names expressive of diminution on their most tremendous and formidable weapons, by way of exalting their own strength and prowess, as "Penknife" for a monstrous two-handed sword, "Sprinkler" for a massive club, &c.

17. "Do you want cucumbers?" he shouted. "Sir, Here have you cucumbers!"

The priest's speech involves a pun not capable of translation into English. *Ogórk* means not only cucumbers, but also the knots in a friar's rope-girdle.

18. "From the barges chooses."

* The Lithuanians trade with Prussia by means of barges, floating down corn, and taking colonial produce in exchange.

19. "Zrazy."

The original word is perforce retained, as it is used to signify a national dish, prepared as follows: "Take good and tender beef, mince it fine, add a little butter, spice, onions, salt, pepper, egg, bread-crumbs; make small pats or cakes of the compound; fried, boiled, or stewed.

20. "A fly-scare."

That which is described is a stick with a piece of leather attached to one end. Old men used to (and sometimes do still) walk about with such an instrument, and on seeing a fly would bring down the leather upon it, either killing or scaring it away.

21. "Some petty czynownik."

Czynownik, an official in the Russian service. "In Russia, in order not to be a peasant or a merchant, in a word, in order to enjoy the privilege of exemption from the knout, it is necessary to enter the service of government, and have a so-called class or *czyn* (from *czynic* = to do.) The service is divided into fourteen classes; some years of service are necessary to pass from one class into another. Various examinations are assigned to *czynownik*s, similar to those observed in the Chinese hierarchy of mandarins. A lower or higher rank in the service counts the same as rank in the army."—Mickiewicz, in the notes to the "Ancestors."

22. "Prince Dominik."

* Prince Dominik Radziwill, a great lover of the chase. Having emigrated to the Duchy of Warsaw, he equipped a regiment of horse at his own expense. He died at Paris. In him became extinct the male line of the Princes of Nieswicz.

23. "General Mejen."

* Mejen distinguished himself in the national war under Kosciuszko. Mejen's trenches are still shown near Wilna.

BOOK III.

FLIRTING.

The Count's expedition into the orchard—The mysterious nymph feeds the geese—Resemblance of mushroom-gathering to the walking of Elysian shades—Species of mushrooms—Consultations touching the destiny of Thaddeus—The Count a landscapist—Artistic criticisms of Thaddeus concerning trees and clouds—The Count's notions of art—The bell—The billet-doux—"A bear, most gracious sir!"

THE Count returned unto himself, but still
He stayed his horse; and turning round his head,
He gazed into the garden, and one time
It seemed to him, that from the little window
Gleamed the mysterious white frock again,
And something light descended from above
Again, and in the twinkling of an eye
Coursed o'er the garden, shining once again
Among green cucumbers, like to a sunbeam
Stol'n from behind a cloudlet, when it falls

Upon a bit of flint upon a plain,
Or 'mid green meadows on a shallow pool.

The Count dismounted, sent his servants home ;
Himself in secret towards the garden went.
He reached at length the paling, in it found
An opening, and silently crept in,
Like wolf into a sheep-fold. By mischance
He struck some bushes of dry gooseberry.
The pretty gardener, as though she feared
The rustle, looked around, but nothing saw ;
Yet ran she to the garden's other side.
But at her side the Count, among the sorrel,
Among the burdock leaves, among the grass,
Sprang onwards like a frog, on hands and knees,
Quite close to her, on, crawling silently.
At last he put his head out, and beheld
A wondrous spectacle.

In this part of

The orchard, cherry-trees grew here and there,
Among them cereals of different kind,
Expressly mixed together ; wheat and maize,
And beans, long-bearded rye, and peas, and millet
And even flowers and bushes. For the poultry
The housekeeper this garden had invented,

Her glory. Madame Poultry she was called,
And Mistress Turkey was her maiden name.
An epoch her invention constitutes
In housekeeping, now known to every one ;
But at that time as yet a novelty,
Communicated to not many persons,
Under strict secrecy ; before it was
Thus published in the almanac, by title ;
"A remedy for hawks and kites, or a
New means of rearing poultry." It was such
A garden as this one.

Thus, scarce the cock

Standing as sentinel, and motionless
His beak upturning, and his crested head
To one side bending, so that he might aim
At heaven easier with his glance, may see
A hawk suspended in the clouds, he crows ;
At once the hens take refuge in this garden,
Even geese and peacocks, and in sudden fright
Pigeons, who find no safety on the roof.

But now no foe was visible in heaven,
And only the fierce heat of summer burned.
The birds hid from it in that wood of corn ;
Some lay among the grass, some slept in sand.

Among the birds' heads, little human ones
 Stood forth, uncovered ; on them were short locks
 As white as flax, necks to the shoulders bare.
 Among them sat a damsel, one head taller,
 With longer locks ; behind the children sate
 A peacock, with the circle of his plumes
 Wide-spreading, in a rainbow many-hued,
 On which the small fair heads, as on a picture's
 Background, against the deep blue, took on lustre,
 Defined by circle of the peacock eyes,
 Like to a starry garland ; in the corn
 They gleamed as though in a transparency,
 Amid the golden stalks of Indian corn,
 With silver streaks of English clover decked,
 And coral mercury, and verdant mallow ;
 The mingled forms and colours seemed to make
 A woven lattice-work of gold and silver,
 That waved upon the wind like a light veil.

Above the thicket of the many-coloured
 Corn-ears and stalks, hung like a canopy,
 A shining mist of butterflies, those called
 "Old women ;" and whose fourfold wings, as light
 As webs of spiders, and as clear as glass,
 Suspended in the air, may scarce be seen ;

And though they make a humming, thou wouldst
 think

They were immovable.

The damsel waved

A plume of grey, uplifted in one hand,
 Like to a bunch of ostrich feathers. She
 Appeared therewith from off the infant heads
 To chase the golden rain of butterflies ;
 And in her other hand a something gleamed,
 Horn-shaped and shining. It would seem a vessel
 For feeding children, for unto the lips
 Of each in turn she neared it. In its shape
 It looked like Amalthea's golden horn.

Thus busied, ne'ertheless she turned her head
 Towards the direction of that well-remembered
 Trampling of gooseberry bushes ; not aware
 That the invader drew already near,
 From the side opposite, and like a snake
 On creeping, till he from the burdocks sprang.
 She looked ; he stood quite near ; removed from her
 Four garden beds apart, and low he bowed.
 She turned away her head, and raised her arms ;
 And, like a frightened jay, she tried to fly.
 Her light feet flew already o'er the leaves,

When, frightened by the coming of the stranger,
 And by the damsel's flight, the children shrieked
 Most terribly. She heard it, and she felt
 It were imprudent thus to leave alone
 The little, timid children. She returned,
 Herself controlling; but she must return,
 Like an unwilling spirit, whom a wizard
 Compels by adjuration; she ran up,
 To play with the most noisy of the children.
 She sat beside it on the ground, she took it
 Upon her lap, the others she caressed,
 With hand and fondling speech, until they all
 Again were quiet, with their little hands
 Her knees encircling, and their little heads
 To her close-pressing, like to little chickens
 Under their mother's wing. She said: "Is it
 Pretty to cry like that? Is it polite?
 This gentleman will be afraid. He is
 Not come to frighten us; he is not an old
 And ugly beggar. He's a visitor,
 And a good gentleman: just look how pretty."

She looked herself. The Count well pleased did
 smile,
 And visibly was grateful unto her

For so much praise. She soon bethought herself,
 Was silent, dropped her eyes, and like a rosebud
 She blushed.

A pretty gentleman he was
 In truth, of right good beauty, with a face
 Of oval form, pale cheeks, but of fresh hue;
 Blue eyes and gentle; long, fair hair; thereon
 Were leaves of plants, and grass-blades, which the
 Count
 Had plucked away while crawling through the beds
 Like woven wreath they decked his locks with green.

"O thou!" he said; "by whatsoever name
 I may adore thee, be thou nymph or goddess,
 Spirit or vision, speak! hath thine own will
 Led thee on earth, or do a stranger's bonds
 Retain thee prisoner in this earthly vale?
 Alas! I guess the truth! some lover scorned,
 Some powerful lord, or envious guardian,
 Holds thee enchanted in this castle-park!
 Thou art worthy gallant knights should fight for thee,
 To be a heroine of sad romance!
 Unfold to me, O fair one, all the secrets
 Of this thy cruel fate, and thou shalt here
 Find a deliverer! Henceforth at thy beck,

As thou dost rule my heart, rule thou my arm !”
And forth he stretched his arm.

With maiden blush

She listened, but with merry countenance,
As children love to see bright-coloured pictures,
Or can amusement find in shining counters,
Before they learn their worth. These words sweet-
sounding

Thus did caress her hearing, though she knew not
Their sense. At length she asked him : “ Whence,
sir, come you ?

What are you seeking in the garden beds ?”

The Count his eyes wide opened. Much confused,
Astonished, he was still ; then lowering

The style of his discourse : “ I beg your pardon,”

He said ; “ young lady ! I perceive that I
Have troubled pastime. Oh ! I beg your pardon.

I am this moment hastening to breakfast ;

I am already late ; I wished to come

In time. You know, young lady, how the road
Goes circling round. The garden seemed to me

A shorter way to reach the house.” The girl
Replied : “ The way is here, sir, but you must
Not spoil the garden beds. There is the path
Among the turf.” “ Is it to left or right ?”

The Count demanded. Lifting her blue eyes,
The gardening-nymph appeared to search him
through

With curiosity. For there the house,
A thousand paces off, stood plainly seen,
As though at arm’s length ; yet he asked the way.
But yet the Count must absolutely talk
With her, and sought for this some fresh excuse.
“ Live you here, lady, near the garden ? or
There in the village ? How then has it chanced,
I have not seen you at the manor-house ?
Have you not long been here ? new come perhaps ?”
The damsel shook her head. “ Pray, pardon me,
Young lady ; is not that your chamber there,
Where stands that little window ?”

But he thought

Within his heart, “ If not the heroine
Of a romance, she seems a very young,
And very pretty girl. Too often does
A great soul, a high mind, in solitude
Concealèd, blossom like a rose among
A forest ; ’tis enough to bring it forth
Into the world, and place it in the sun,
And make beholders wonder at its thousand
Bright colours.”

Meanwhile silently uprose
The gardening maiden ; on her shoulder lifting
One child, another taking by the hand,
Driving the rest like geese before her, she
Passed through the garden.

Turning round she said,
" Sir, cannot you drive back my runaway
Poultry into the barn ? " " *I* drive the poultry ! "
The Count exclaimed in wonder. She meanwhile
Had vanished, in the shadows of the trees ;
And yet awhile from the espalier yet,
Through wreaths of foliage, something gleamed
athwart,
As though it were two eyes.

The Count alone
Stood long yet in the garden. And his spirit,
Like to the earth when once the sun is down,
Grew gradually colder ; sober hues
Assumed. He now began to dream, but he
Had very disagreeable dreams indeed. He woke,
Not knowing against whom he felt such rage.
Alas ! he had found so little ; he expected
Too much ! For when he crept through rows of
plants
Towards that shepherdess, his head did burn,

His heart within him jumped. So many charms
In that mysterious nymph he gazed upon,
He clothed her in such marvels, guessed so many,
And all things he found out were otherwise !
She had indeed a pretty face, a slender
Figure, but how unformed ! and such a plumpness
Of cheeks, and that deep red, depainting such
Excessive vulgar happiness ; sure sign
Her mind yet slept, her heart was still unstirred.
And those replies, so vulgar, country-like !
" Wherefore delude myself ? " he cried ; " I have
guessed
Too late. And my mysterious nymph, no doubt
Is the goose-girl ! "

With the nymph's vanishing,
The magical transparency all changed !
Those ribbons, those resplendent lattices
Of gold and silver, all, alas ! was straw !

Wringing his hands, the Count gazed on a bunch
Of grass, that formed a broom, which he had taken
For ostrich feathers in the damsel's hand.
The vessel he forgot not, made of gold,
That horn of Amalthea !—it was a carrot !
He saw the children gorge it eagerly.

Then all the charm was over ! the enchantment !
The wonder !

Even so when a boy perceives
The flowers of succory, with soft, light blue
Tempting his hand, and longs to grasp them ; near
He comes, he breathes, and with the breath the
flower

In light down vanishes in air. And now
The seeker over-curious beholds
Only a naked, grey-green stalk of grass,
Left in his hand.

The Count pressed down his hat
Upon his brows, and by the way he came
Returned, but shorter made the road ; he trod
O'er vegetables, flowers, and gooseberry bushes ;
Till, o'er the paling sprung, he breathed at last.
Then he remembered that he spoke of breakfast
Unto the damsel. Every one, may be,
Now knew the story of this meeting in
The garden, near unto the house. Perhaps
They now were coming out to seek for him.
They saw his flight, who knows what they may think ?
So it behoved him to return. Down bending
Along the hedges, 'twixt the ridges and
The plants, he made a thousand turns, yet glad

He was, when he at last attained the path,
Which straightway to the mansion courtyard led.
He went beside the hedge, but from the orchard
He turned away his head ;—a thief resembling,
Who looketh from the granary away,
To give no trace of wish to visit it,
Or that he has already visited.
So prudent was the Count, though no one tracked
him,
That towards the quarter opposite the garden,
Towards the right he looked.

A sparse-grown thicket
Was there, all paved with turf, upon whose carpets,
Across the white stems of the birchen-trees,
Beneath a tent of hanging leafy boughs,
A multitude of forms were moving round,
With actions strange, like dances, and strange dress.
They seemed like spirits wandering by the moon,
Some clad in black, tight garments, some in long
And flowing robes, all shining—white as snow ;
One underneath a hat like spreading hoop,
Bareheaded one ; and others, as though wrapped
In clouds seemed walking, long veils on the wind
Let fly, far streaming like a comet's tail.
Each in a different posture ; one as grown

Fast to the earth ; his eyes alone cast down
 Upon the earth do circle round about ;
 One looking straight before him, forward strides,
 As though in sleep, in a straight line ; nor turns
 Aside to right or left. But all bend down
 To various sides, unto the very ground,
 As though they made deep bows. If they draw near,
 Or meet each other, they do neither speak,
 Nor do salute each other. Deep in thought,
 Buried within themselves, the Count beheld
 In them an image of Elysian shades,
 Who, though by pains or fears unreachable,
 Wander on peacefully and still, though gloomy.

Who would have guessed these scarcely moving folk,
 Those silent people, were our old acquaintance,
 The Judge's friends ? They from their noisy
 breakfast,
 Went forth unto the solemn ceremony
 Of mushroom-gathering. Like heedful folk,
 They knew how they should mark their speech
 and action,
 So as to suit them both to place and time,
 In every circumstance. And for this reason,
 Ere to the thicket followed they the Judge,

They took on different forms, and change of dress,
 Rain-cloaks of linen, that for walking served,
 Wherewith they hid the top of the *kontusz*,
 And on their heads indued they hats of straw ;
 Thence seemed they white, like purgatory souls.
 All the young people likewise seemed disguised,
 Excepting Telimena and some others,
 Who wore the French costume.

The Count this scene
 Could comprehend not, neither did he know
 This country custom, so in measureless
 Amazement he unto the thicket ran.

Of mushrooms there was plenty !¹ *Krasnolice* *
 The lads collected, and the *lisice*,†
 Renowned in Lithuanian songs ; they are
 Emblem of maidenhood, for never grubs
 Devour them ; and more wondrous, never insects
 Upon them sit. The youthful ladies seek
 The slim *borowik*,‡ which the song extols,²
 As colonel of the fungi. But all search
 For agarics ; which, humbler in their growth,
 And less renowned in songs, yet most delicious

* "Fair-checks." † Fox-mushrooms.

‡ *Boletus cervi*.

Are, whether they be eaten fresh, or salted,
In autumn or in winter. But the Wojski
Collected *muchomory*.

Others form

The commonwealth of mushrooms, in the mass
Despised for harmfulness, or evil taste.
But yet they have their uses ; food for beasts,
And insects' nests, and ornaments of groves.
On the green table-cloth of meadows, like
A row of table vessels they appear.
The silvery *surojadki*, red and yellow,
Appear like tiny goblets filled with wine,
The *kozlak* like a swelling cup reversed,
Lejki like slender glasses of champagne,
Bielaki, round and white, and broad and flat,
Like Dresden cups filled to the brim with milk,
And a round ball, filled with a blackish dust,
Purchawka,* like a pepper-castor ; other
Names are there, known in tongue of wolves or
hares,
By men unchristened ;—but they have no number,
And no one condescends to touch the hare
Or wolfish mushrooms ; and whoever stoops

* Pepper-box.

Towards them, and perceiveth his mistake,
In anger breaks the fungus, or upon it
Tramples, and spoiling thus the grass, he acts
Very imprudently.

But Telimena

Collected neither human mushrooms nor
Wolfish ; she, absent-minded, weary, looked
Around her, with her head uplifted. Angry,
The Regent said that she was seeking mushrooms
Upon the trees ; the Assessor likened her,
With greater malice, to a hen-bird, seeking
Around to find a place to build her nest.

However, it appeared she sought for silence,
For solitude ; for slowly she withdrew
Herself from her companions ; and she went
Along the wood, towards a low-sloped hill,
O'ershadowed, for the trees grew thickly there.
A grey stone midmost ; from beneath the stone
A streamlet murmured, gushed forth, and at once
As though it sought for shadow, hid itself
Among the herbage thick and growing high,
Which, drunk with water, round luxuriated.
There the swift, wilful stream in grasses swaddled,
And laid on bed of leafage, motionless

And noiseless, unperceived, and scarcely heard,
 Did whisper to itself, like crying child,
 When laid down in its cradle, while the mother
 Above it curtains binds of foliage,
 And scatters leaves of poppy on its head.
 A tranquil, lovely place ; here Telimena
 Oft hides herself, and calls it Sanctuary
 Of Meditation.

Standing by the brook,
 She from her shoulders threw upon the grass
 Her lightly-waving shawl, like bloodstone red.
 And like a swimmer, who doth bend her down
 Unto the chilly water, ere she dare
 The plunge, so she knelt down, and gradually
 Bent to one side. At last, as borne away
 By a coral torrent, on the shawl she fell,
 And lay extended ; on the grass her elbow,
 Leaning her brow upon her open hand,
 Her head bent downward to the ground, and on
 The ground beside her head there gleamed the white
 And vellum paper of a French book. Over
 The alabaster pages, wreathed the black
 Ringlets and rosy ribbons.

In the emerald
 Of the luxuriant grass upon the shawl

Of bloodstone-red, in a long garment, as
 Within a coral covering, wherefrom
 Her locks appeared at one end, at the other
 Was a black slipper ; at the sides gleamed white
 Her snowy stocking, handkerchief, and whiteness
 Of hands and face ; she well might seem afar
 A many-coloured caterpillar, crawling
 Upon the green leaf of a maple-tree.

Alas ! the charms and beauties of this picture
 In vain sought connoisseurs ; none heeded them.
 All were so busy with their mushroom hunt.
 However, Thaddeus regarded them,
 And glanced aside, and daring not to go
 Straightway, he glided sideways to the place.
 As does the hunter, in a leafy booth,
 Movable, planted on two wheels, when he
 Follows the trail of game ; or in pursuing
 Plovers, upon the saddle lays his gun,
 Or underneath the horse's neck ; now seems
 To drag a harrow, now along the ridge
 To ride ; but every move draws nearer to
 The spot where sit the birds. So Thaddeus
 Stole up.

The Judge disturbed his ambush, and

Cutting across his way, made haste unto
 The fountain. With his *sarafan's* * white skirt,
 And a great handkerchief, the end of which
 Was bound unto his girdle, played the wind.
 A straw hat, bound beneath his chin, from his
 Swift movement, like a leaf of burdock, in
 The wind waved to and fro; now on his shoulder
 It fell, and now again upon his eyes;
 A great stick in his hand: thus strode the Judge.
 He stopped, and in the streamlet washed his hands;
 Then on the great stone close by Telimena
 He sat, and both hands on the ivory head
 Of his enormous cane supporting, he
 Began with such preamble.

“As thou seest,
 Since Thaddeus came here as guest, I have had
 No small anxiety. I am an old
 And childless man; he is a good boy, truly
 My only consolation in the world,
 And future heir unto my fortune. I,
 By heaven's grace, shall leave no bad provision
 Of noble's bread behind me; 'tis now time
 His future to consider, and his settling.

* A sort of long garment, like a dust-cloak.

But judge of my distress. Thou knowest well
 Pan Jacek, my own brother, and the father
 Of Thaddeus,—a man most singular,
 'Tis hard to know the meaning of his plans,—
 Will not return unto his native land.
 Heaven only knows where he has hid himself.
 He will not even tell his son he lives,
 But is continually disposing of him.
 He first desired to send him to the legions;
 And greatly this tormented me. Then he
 Agreed that he should stay at home and marry
 He should indeed have got a wife already.
 I looked for a good match. No dweller here
 In birth is equal, or in parentage
 Unto the Chamberlain; his daughter Anna
 Is marriageable, beautiful, well-dowered.
 I wished to”—— Telimena here grew pale,
 Laid down her book, half rose, again sat down

“As I my mother love,” said she, “are you,
 My brother, in your senses, right in heart?
 Think you that you will be a benefactor
 To Thaddeus, if, being yet a lad,
 You make of him a buckwheat sower? You
 Debar him from the world. Believe me, he

Some time will curse you for it. Such a talent
 In rooms to bury, and in garden ground.
 Believe me, in so far as I have seen,
 He is a boy of some intelligence ;
 It is worth while for him to get some polish
 In the great world. You would do well, my brother,
 To send him to some capital, for instance
 To Warsaw. Or, do you know what I think?—
 If 'twere to Petersburg? This winter I
 Shall probably be going there on business.
 Let us together settle what to do
 With Thaddeus. I know many people there ;
 I have influence ; it is the surest way.
 By my assistance he will find an entrance
 In the best families, and being known
 To persons of importance, he will get
 An office, or an order ; let him then
 Leave, if he will, the service, and come home,
 Having already some importance, and
 Some knowledge of the world. What think you,
 brother ?”

“ Ay, in one's early years,” the Judge replied,
 “ It is not wrong a boy should air himself
 A little, and look round him in the world,
 And rub a little among folk. Myself,

When young, o'er not a little of the world
 I travelled, went to Piotrkow and to Dubno ;
 Now as a pleader with the tribunal,
 Promoting now my own affairs, I went
 As far as Warsaw. As a man, not little
 I profited thereby. I should desire
 To send my nephew also among people,
 But simply as a traveller, like to
 A journeyman, who ends his term of years,
 To get a little knowledge of the world,
 And not for rank or order. With respect,
 This Russian rank or order—how should that
 Confer importance? Of our ancient lords,
 Why, even of the new ones, who among
 The somewhat higher nobles of the district,
 Cares for such trifles? Yet, however, they
 Are in esteem with mankind, for in them
 They honour family and a good name,
 Or office, but a native one, conferred
 By citizen's election, not by any
 Favour whatever.”

Telimena here

Broke in : “ If thus you think, so much the
 better,
 My brother ; send him out then as a traveller.”

"Thou seest, sister," sadly spoke the Judge,
 Scratching his head; "I should desire it much.
 But what avails this, with new hindrances?
 Pan Jacek will not from his own control
 Release his son, and has just sent to me
 The Bernardine, this Robak, who is come
 From that side Vistula; my brother's friend
 Is he, and cognisant of all his thoughts;
 And they between them have already settled
 The destiny of Thaddeus, and desire
 That he shall marry,—that he wed Sophia,
 Your ward. The two will have, besides my fortune,
 A capital as dowry by the favour
 Of Jacek; for you know the capital
 Is his, and by his favour I enjoy
 Its interest nearly all. He therefore has
 The right of disposition. You consider
 How this result, with the least trouble, may
 Be brought about. They must become acquainted.
 'Tis true, they are very young, especially
 Sophia; but this need be no obstacle.
 And it is time to bring Sophia out
 From her seclusion, for indeed she now
 Is growing out of childhood."

Telimena,

Astonished and half-frightened, half arose,
 And knelt upon the shawl; at first she heard
 Attentive; then with motion of her hand
 Protested; with impatient movement shaking
 Her hand above her ear, as though to chase
 Like insects the displeasing words away,
 Back to the speaker's lips.

"Ah! ah! this is

A new thing! Let it injure Thaddeus,
 Or injure not, yourself can judge the best.
 Thaddeus to me is nothing; you yourselves
 Dispose of him; make him an overseer,
 Or put him in a tavern; let him sell
 Liquor, or carry game home from the forest.
 With him do what shall please you. But Sophia,
 What is Sophia to you? I shall dispose
 Of her in marriage, I alone! Because
 Pan Jacek gave some money to bring up
 Sophia, and a little yearly pension
 Assigns to her, and deigns to promise more,
 Still for all that he has not purchased her!
 And for the rest, you gentlemen both know,
 And all the world knows well, your liberal gifts
 To us are not bestowed without a reason.
 For something the Soplicas owe unto

The race of the Horeszkos." To this portion
Of her discourse, with scarcely understood
Trouble, and grief, and horror visible,
The Judge attended, and as though he feared
The rest of the discourse, he bowed his head,
And, with his hand assenting, deeply blushed.

But Telimena finished speaking thus :

"I have been her guardian, am a relative,
Sophia's one protector. I alone
Shall think about her happiness."—"But if
She find her happiness in this same marriage?"
The Judge said, raising up his glance; "suppose
That she likes Thaddeus?"—"Like him, that's a
pear

Upon a willow; * like or not like; 'tis
A weighty thing to me; Sophia will not
Be richly dowered, in truth; but then she is
Not of a petty village, or a mean
Nobility. She comes of the Illustrious
Most Powerful, she is a Wojewode's daughter,
Born from a Horeszkowna; she will get
A husband—we have taken so much pains

* A proverb equivalent to "A plum growing on a
thistle."

About her education—only if
She have not here run wild." The Judge with heed
Listened, and looked into her eyes; he seemed
Appeased, for pretty cheerfully he answered:
"Well then, what must we do? Heaven knows
that I

Sincerely wished to get the business done;
But only without anger. If you do not
Agree, you are right; 'tis sad, but 'tis unfitting
Angry to be. I counselled this, because
My brother ordered it; there's no compulsion.
If you refuse still Master Thaddeus,
I will write back to Jacek, that 'tis not
My fault his son's betrothal to Sophia
Does not take place. Now will I counsel take
With myself only. Possibly I shall
Begin arrangements³ with the Chamberlain;
And all the rest we will decide upon."

Meanwhile had Telimena cooler grown:

"I refuse nothing, brother dear," she said;
"But gently! you yourself have said it is
As yet too early; they are both too young.
Let us look round, and wait; nought hinders that.
Make the young people known to one another.

We will consider well, we cannot risk
 The happiness of others thus on chance.
 I only warn betimes ; do not, my brother,
 Over-persuade now Thaddeus, nor compel him
 To love Sophia ; for the heart is not
 A servant, neither owns a master's reign,
 Nor can be bound by violence in a chain !⁴

Thereon the Judge, uprising, full of thought
 Departed. Master Thaddeus drew near
 From the opposing side, pretending that
 The search for mushrooms drew him to the spot ;
 And in the same direction came the Count
 Now slowly forward.

Hidden by the trees,
 While Telimena and the Judge disputed,
 The Count had stood, much wondering at this scene.
 At length he drew out from his pocket paper
 And pencil, implements he always carried
 Along with him ; and spreading out the paper,
 Over a tree-trunk bending, sketched the picture,
 Saying unto himself : "As though they were
 Thus grouped on purpose ; he upon the stone,
 She on the grass ; a group most picturesque !
 Characteristic heads, the contrast marked."

He came up, stopped, and put his eyeglass on ;
 He rubbed the lenses, and looked more and more.
 "Will this miraculous, this lovely sight
 Perish, or be transformed if I approach ?
 This velvet grass be only beet and poppies ?
 And in this nymph shall I but recognise
 Some housekeeper ?"

Although the Count had often
 Seen Telimena in the Judge's house,
 Where pretty often he had been, he little
 Had her esteemed ; and most astonished was
 To find in her the model of his picture.
 The beauty of the place, and her position,
 The charming, tasteful dress had so transformed her,
 She scarcely might be recognised. There yet
 Shone unextinguished anger in her eyes.
 Her face, enlivened by the wind's fresh breeze,
 Discussion with the Judge, and by the sudden
 Arrival of the young men, deeply blushed,
 More deeply than her wont.

"Madam," the Count
 Said, "Deign my boldness to forgive. I come
 At once to ask your pardon and to thank you.
 Pardon, for that I tracked your steps by stealth ;
 To thank you that I have been witness of

Your meditation. Much as I offended,
 So much am I your debtor. Interrupting
 An hour of meditation, unto you
 I owe an hour of inspiration, and
 A blessèd moment. Be the man condemned ;
 The lover of the arts awaits your pardon.
 Much I have ventured ; I will venture more.
 Judge." And he knelt, and offered her his land-
 scape.

Then Telimena gave, in courteous strain,
 Her judgment on the attempt, but spoke as one
 Who understood the art ; of praises sparing,
 But sparing not encouragement. " Bravo !
 She said ; " I compliment you ; not a little
 Of talent. Only this forget not ; most
 'Tis needful to seek out the fairest nature.
 O happy skies of Italy ! the Cæsars'
 Gardens of roses ! classic waterfalls
 Of Tivoli ! and fearful rocky tunnels
 Of Posilipo ! There, Count, is the land
 Of painters. But in ours the Muses' child,
 Put out to nurse in Soplicowo, must
 Die certainly. I'll frame that picture, Count,
 Or place it in my album, with a number

Of drawings, which I have from everywhere
 Collected ; I have many in my bureau."

So they began to talk of those blue heavens,
 Murmurs of seas, and sweet winds, rocky heights,
 Commingling here and there as travellers wont,
 Laughter and railing at their native land.
 Yet round them the Litvanian forests stretched,
 So full of beauty and of dignity ;
 The cherry-tree with garland of wild hops,
 Woven around it, and the service-tree,
 Fresh-blushing like a shepherdess ; the hazel,
 Like mænad, with green thyrsis, decked about
 As by a garland, with its pearly nuts.
 And lower grew the forest children ; blackthorn
 In the embraces of the briony ;
 Aspen, whose black lips pressed the raspberries ;
 The trees and bushes joined their leaves like hands,
 Like youths and maidens standing for the dance,
 In circle of the married pairs. There stands
 One couple, raised o'er all the forest crowd,
 By slenderness of shape, and charm of colour,
 The white birch, bride-like, with her spouse the
 hornbeam ;
 And further, like old people looking on

Their children and grandchildren, silent sitting,
 Here reverend beech-trees; there the matron
 poplars;
 And oak with mosses bearded, with the weight
 Of five long ages on his humpy back,
 Leaning, as though on columns of a grave,
 On fossil trunks of oaks, his forefathers.

Thaddeus was restless, not a little tired
 Of this long conversation, in which he
 Could take no share. But soon as they began
 To celebrate the woods of foreign lands,
 And count in turn all species of their trees,
 The orange, cypress, olive, almond-tree,
 Cactus, and aloe, and mahogany,
 Sandal and citron, ivy, walnut, figs,
 Exalting all their forms, and shapes, and stalks,
 More restless still was Thaddeus, and at last
 No longer could restrain himself from rage.

Simple he was, but strongly could he feel
 The charms of nature; on his native forest
 Looking, he spoke with inspiration full:
 "I have seen those celebrated trees at Wilna,
 In the botanic garden, those that grow

In the east, and south, and in that beautiful
 Italian land. But which of them can be
 Compared with our trees? Can the aloe, with
 Long rods, like a conductor? or the citron,
 A dwarf with golden balls, with lacquered leaves,
 A short and dumpy thing, like a short woman,
 Ugly, but rich? or can that much-praised cypress,
 Long, thin, and lean? It does not seem the tree
 Of sadness, but of weariness. They say
 That it looks very sad upon a grave.
 'Tis like a German lackey in court mourning,
 Who dares not lift his hands, or turn his head,
 Lest he should sin against court etiquette.

"Is not our honest birch-tree fairer far,
 Like peasant-woman weeping for her son,
 Or widow for her husband; wringing hands,
 While the long streams of her dishevelled hair
 Fall o'er her shoulders down unto the ground?
 Mute with her sorrow, yet how speakingly
 Her form seems sobbing. Wherefore then, Sir
 Count,
 If you love painting, paint you not our trees,
 Among which you are sitting? In plain truth,
 The neighbours will make jest of you, that while

You live upon the fertile Litvin plain,
You only paint some sort of rocks and deserts."

"My friend," the Count replied; "fair nature is
The form, the background, the material part;
But inspiration is the soul, which, borne
Upon the wings of the imagination,
By taste is polished, and by rules supported.
Nature is not sufficient, nor sufficient
Enthusiasm; the lover of the arts
Must fly into the sphere of the ideal;
Not all things beautiful are fit to paint.
All this from books you'll learn in your own time.
As to what touches painting; for a picture,
Are necessary points of view, and grouping,
Ensemble, and atmosphere; the atmosphere
Of Italy! And therefore in the art
Of painting Italy is, was, and shall be,
The fatherland of painters. For this reason,
Excepting Breughel, but not Van der Helle,⁵
The landscape painter, for there are two Breughels,
And Ruisdael, where is there, in all the north,
A landscape-painter of the highest power?
The sky, the sky is necessary."—"Our
Painter Orłowski,"⁶ broke in Telimena,

"Had the Soplica taste. For you must know,
That it is the Soplicas' special sickness,
Except their native land that nothing please them.
Orłowski—who his life in Petersburg
Spent—a most famous painter; I have some
Sketches of his in my bureau,—lived near
The emperor, at court, as though it were
In Paradise, but you would not believe,
Count, how he for his country longed, and loved
Continually to recall his youthful years,
Exalting all in Poland, earth, sky, forests!"

"And he was right!" cried Thaddeus with warmth.
"For that Italian sky of yours, so far
As I have heard of it, so pure, so blue,
Must be like standing water. Are not wind
And storm a hundred times more beautiful?
With us it is enough to raise one's head!
How many sights, how many scenes and pictures,
Even in the very changing of the clouds;
For every cloud is different. For instance
The autumn cloud crawls like a lazy tortoise,
Heavy with rain, and from the sky to earth
Lets down long streamers, like dishevelled hair.
They are floods of rain. A hail-cloud with the wind,

Flies swift like a balloon, round, darkly blue,
 Midmost it shineth yellow ; a great murmur
 Is heard around. But even every day,
 Look ye, these small white clouds, how changeable!
 First like a flock of wild geese, or of swans,
 And from behind the wind like falcon drives them
 Together in a flock ; they closer press,
 They thicken, they grow larger—newer wonders,
 They have archèd necks, their manes fly loose,
 they put

Forth rows of legs, and o'er the arch of heaven
 Fly like a troop of wild steeds o'er the steppes,
 All white as silver ; they have mingled ; now
 Masts spring up from their necks, and from their
 manes

Broad sails. The troop is changed into a ship,
 That proudly sails on, silently and slow,
 Across the plain of heaven's blue expanse."

The Count and Telimena looked on high,
 And Thaddeus pointed with one hand the cloud,
 The other pressing Telimena's hand.
 Some moments passed by in this silent scene.
 The Count spread out his paper on his hat,
 And drew his pencil forth. Then to their ears

Tormenting, loud the bell resounded, and
 The stilly wood at once was full of shouts
 And noise.

The Count said in a solemn voice,
 Nodding his head, " Thus fate is used to end
 All things on earth by ringing of a bell.
 The calculations of great minds, and all
 Imagination's plans, and innocent
 Pastimes, and friendship's pleasures ; the out-
 pouring

Of tender hearts. When far off roars the bronze,
 All is confused, and broken off, and troubled,
 And vanishes !" And here on Telimena
 Casting a tender glance, " What shall remain ?"
 And she replied to him, " Remembrance stays."
 And wishing somewhat to alleviate
 The sadness of the Count, she plucked, and gave
 To him a blossom of forget-me-not.
 This the Count kissed, and pinned unto his breast.
 And Thaddeus on his side, now open bent
 A green bush, seeing through it something white
 Winding towards him ; 'twas a little hand,
 White as a lily ; this he seized, and kissed,
 And silently his lips upon it dwelt,
 As a bee plunges in a lily's cup.

Upon his lips he felt a something cold.
 He found a key, and a white paper folded
 In trumpet-shape ; it was a little note.
 He seized and hid them in his pocket ; what
 The key should mean he knew not, but that white
 Paper would unto him explain the whole.

The bell kept ringing on, and as an echo,
 Resounded from the deeps of the still woods,
 A thousand shouts and uproars. 'Twas the sound
 Of seeking and of calling, being token
 The mushroom-hunt was ended. Not at all
 A sad noise, neither a funereal,
 As to the Count it seemed ; convivial rather.
 This bell each noontide shouting from the garret,
 Invites both guests and servants unto dinner.
 Such was in ancient, peopled courts the custom,
 And in the Judge's house it so remained.
 So from the thicket came the assembly forth,
 All carrying baskets, handkerchiefs, together
 Bound at the ends, and all of mushrooms full.
 But the young ladies carried in one hand,
 Like to a folded fan, the widely spreading
Borowik ; in the other, bound together,
 Like field-flowers, *opienki*, *surojadki*,

Of various hues ; a *muchomor* the Wojski.
 All empty-handed Telimena came,
 And following her the two young gentlemen.

The guests in order came in, and around
 Stood in a circle. Then the Chamberlain
 At table took the highest seat ; this place
 Was his by right of dignity and years.
 In going there he to the ladies bowed,
 The old men, and the youths. Beside him stood
 The begging friar, beside the friar the Judge.
 The Bernardine in Latin spoke short grace,
 Then brandy to the men was given ; all
 Forthwith were seated, and in silence ate
 The Litvin *cholodziec* with appetite.

They dined in greater silence than their wont,
 And none would talk, despite the host's inviting
 The different parties who took interest
 In the dispute about the dogs, were thinking
 About to-morrow's contest and the pledges ;
 And Telimena, talking constantly
 To Thaddeus, was obliged to turn away
 At times unto the Count, and even glance
 At times upon the Assessor. So the fowler

Gazes upon the snare wherein he will
 Lure goldfinches, but looks at the same time
 Upon a bait for sparrows. Both the Count
 And Thaddeus, each contented with himself,
 Both happy, and both full of hope, were not
 Ready to talk for that. The Count with pride
 Looked on the little flower, and Thaddeus
 Upon his pocket furtively, half doubting
 That little key were lost. He seized and twisted
 The paper round, which yet he had not read.
 The Judge kept pouring the Chamberlain
 Both champagne and Hungarian wines ; he served
 him
 Attentively, and pressed his knee, but had
 No inclination to converse with him.
 'Twas seen he felt some trouble inwardly.

In silence still the plates and courses passed.
 At length an unexpected guest broke in
 Upon the weary course of dining. 'Twas
 The forester, who rushing headlong in,
 Did not consider it was dinner-time.
 He ran up to his master ; from his action
 And his demeanour it was plain that he
 Bore some important and unusual news.

The eyes of all the assembly turned on him.
 He, having taken breath a little, said,
 "A bear, most gracious sir !" All knew the rest.
 The beast from the *Matecznik** had come out,
 And was endeavouring to steal past into
 The forest land beyond the Niemen. He
 Must speedily be followed up. This all
 At once acknowledged, though they neither did
 Consult together, nor consider it ;
 Their broken words made visible the thought
 Common to all ; their lively gestures, countless
 Commands, that going forth tumultuously,
 At once from lips so many, hastened yet
 All to one common aim.

"Send to the village !"

The Judge exclaimed ; "to horse ! the *setnik*⁷ call.
 To-morrow is the beating, but we want
 Some volunteers. Who comes forth with a spear,
 To him two days of road-work be excused,
 And five days of forced labour."⁸ "Quick !"
 exclaimed
 The Chamberlain ; "and saddle the grey horse,
 And gallop to my house ; bring those two bull-dogs
 Renowned throughout the neighbourhood ; the male

* Inner den. See explanation in the text of Book IV.

Is Sprawnik called, the female is Strapczyna.⁹
 Muzzle their jaws, and tie them in a bag.
 Bring them on horseback here for greater haste."
 "Wanka!" the Assessor cried unto a lad,
 In Russian, "pass my Sanguszkowa cutlass
 Upon the grindstone; thou dost know that cutlass,
 I had as present from the prince; look well
 Unto the belt, that each charge have a ball."
 "Rifles!" cried all; "have them in readiness."
 The Assessor kept on shouting, "Lead! lead! lead!
 I have a mould for bullets in my pouch."
 "Let notice to the parish priest be given,"
 Added the Judge, "that he to-morrow morning
 Shall say mass in the chapel by the forest.
 For hunters a short offertory be it.
 St. Hubert's customary mass."

When given

These orders, silence followed; every one
 Fell deep in thought, and cast his eyes around,
 As though he sought for some one; gradually
 All eyes the Wojski's venerable face
 Draws to itself, and all unanimous.
 This was a sign that they a leader sought,
 To head the coming expedition; they
 Unto the Wojski did confide the staff.
 The Wojski rose, he understood their will,

And striking solemnly upon the board,
 He from his bosom drew a great gold chain,
 Whereon a heavy watch hung like a pear.
 "To-morrow," said he, "half-past four, beside
 The forest chapel meet the brother hunters
 The force of beaters."

Thus he spoke, and left

The table; after him the forester;
 Both must think over and direct the hunt.
 Like generals, when battle is ordained
 Upon the morrow, while throughout the camps
 The soldiers clean their arms, and ride about,
 Or sleep on cloaks and saddles, void of care;
 But in their silent tents the generals
 Awake and meditate.

They broke off dinner,

And all that day in shoeing horses past,
 And feeding dogs, gathering and cleaning arms.
 At supper hardly any came to table.
 And even the partisans of Kusy and
 Of Sokol ceased to-day to agitate
 The great dispute. The Regent and Assessor
 Went, arm in arm, a-seeking out the lead.
 The others with their labours wearied out,
 Went to sleep early to awake at dawn.

NOTES TO BOOK III.

I. "Of mushrooms there were plenty."

The following note is supplied by Dr. Rostafinski of Cracow:—

- (1.) *Lisica*. *Cantarellus cibarius* (Chantarelle).
- (2.) *Borowik*. *Boletus edulis* (called in Lithuania *Boletus Bovinus*).
- (3.) *Rydz*. *Agaricus deliciosus*.
- (4.) *Muchomor*. *Amanita muscaria*, or *Agaricus muscarius* (fly-agaric). This is the Siberian fungus, with remarkable intoxicating properties.
- (5.) *Surojadki*. A species of the *Russula*. Those quoted by Mickiewicz seem to be *Russula Nitida*, *R. Alutacea*, and *R. Emetica*.
- (6.) *Kozlak*. Two species of *Boletus*; one *B. luteus*, the other (mentioned in the text) *B. luridus* (poisonous).
- (7.) *Bielaki*. *Agaricus piperatus* and *Agaricus Vellereus*.
- (8.) *Purchawki*. *Lycoperdon bovista*.
- (9.) *Lejki*. The word does not signify any particular sort of fungus; it may be that the poet created the name *a forma*. The shape suggests *Agaricus chloroides*.

2. "Which the song extols."

* There is a well-known popular song in Lithuania about the mushrooms marching to war under the leadership of the

borowik. In this song are described the properties of edible mushrooms. (Many species are enumerated in the text as good for food, which English prejudice repudiates as poison.)

3. "I shall begin arrangements," &c.

The *swaty*, or preliminary embassies for negotiation of marriage from the bridegroom to the friends or parents of the bride, play an important part in Slavonic weddings.

4. "The heart is not
A servant, neither owns a master's reign,
Nor can be bound by violence in a chain."

These two lines are quoted from a well-known Polish song.

5. "Excepting Breughel, but not Van der Helle."

The Breughel alluded to is Johann (1569-1625), called "Flower Breughel," to distinguish him from his father and brother, both *genre* painters. There consequently were *three* Breughels, instead of only two. Jacob Ruisdael (1635-1681) is the best landscape painter of the Dutch school, and has scarcely, if at all, been surpassed since.

It is scarcely possible for any one who has travelled in Southern Europe not to recognise the truth of these observations on foreign trees. In spite of the superiority of the south in light and atmosphere, and other advantages of a warmer climate, the north of Europe must certainly bear the palm for beauty of forest scenery.

6. "Except Orlowski."

* A famous *genre* painter; some years before his death he began to paint landscapes. He died in St. Petersburg.

7. "The setnik."

Literally, *centurion*, from *sto*=a hundred; one placed over a hundred peasants, a sort of mayor, or head-man of a village.

8. "And five days of forced labour."

Panszczyzna, the stipulated amount of service of so many days a week formerly rendered by the peasants to their lords in Slavonic countries. The word *szarwerk* or *schaarwerk*, probably German in origin, is given in the dictionaries as "statute-labour on the roads," also a service compulsory from peasants, and commonly applied to agricultural labour exacted one day in each month.

9. "Sprawnik . . . Strażczyzna."

* A *Sprawnik* or Captain *Sprawnik* is a chief of rural police. A *Strażczy* is a sort of government procurator. These officials, often having the means of abusing their power, are in great detestation among the people.

BOOK IV.

DIPLOMACY AND THE CHASE.

An apparition in curl-papers awakes Thaddeus—The mistake discovered too late—The tavern—The emissary—The skilful use of a snuff-box turns the discussion into the right channel—The Matecznik—The bear—The danger of Thaddeus and the Count—Three shots—The quarrel of the Sagalasowka with the Sanguszkowna, decided in favour of the single-barrelled Horeszkowska—The Bigos—The Wojski's story of the duel between Dowejko and Domejko, interrupted by the hunting of a hare—The end of the story of Dowejko and Domejko.

O YE contemporaries of our great
Litvanian princes, trees of Bialowiez,
Switez, Ponary, and of Kuszelew,
Whose shadow fell upon the crownèd heads
Of threatening Witenez and great Mindowe,¹
And Gedymin, when on the Ponar mount,
Beside the hunter's fire, upon a bearskin
He lay, and heard the song of sage Lizdejko.

And lulled by sight of Wilia,* and the murmur
 Of the Wilejka, had the dream concerning
 The iron wolf,² and waking, by the god's
 Expressed commands, the city Wilna built,
 Which sitteth 'mid the forests, as a wolf
 Among the bisons, wild-boars, bears. And from
 This city Wilna, as the Roman she-wolf,
 Came Kiejstut, Olgierd, and the sons of Olgierd,†
 As great in hunting as renowned in war,
 The foe pursuing, or the savage game.
 The hunter's dream to us the secrets showed
 Of future times, that ever unto Litva
 Forests and iron shall be necessary.

Forests ! to hunting in you rode the last,
 The last king, who the *kolpak* ‡ wore of Witold,
 The last of the Jagellons, happy warrior,³
 And the last hunter-monarch in Litvania.
 My native trees ! if Heaven yet permit
 That I return to gaze on you, old friends,
 Shall I yet find you there ? do you still live,
 You, whom I crept about once as a child ?
 Lives the great Baublis,⁴ with the mighty trunk,

* The river on which Wilna stands.

† The Jagellons.

‡ A sort of pointed cap.

Hollowed by years, wherein, as in a house,
 Some twenty guests might at a table sup ?
 Does Mendog's thicket flourish yet hard by
 The parish church ?⁵ and thither in the Ukraine,
 Before the mansion of the Holowinskis,
 Upon the banks of Ros, stands yet that elm
 So widely spreading, that beneath its shade
 A hundred youths, a hundred maidens might
 Stand up to dance ?

Our monuments ! how many
 The Russian's or the merchant's axe each year
 Devours ! nor leaves unto the woodland singers
 A refuge, nor unto the bards, to whom
 Your shade was dear as 'twas unto the birds.
 Witness that linden-tree in Czarnolas,
 Responsive to the voice of John,⁶ that formed
 The inspiration of so many rhymes.
 Witness that oak that sings so many wonders
 Unto the Cossack bard.⁷

O native trees,
 How much I owe to you ! Indifferent sportsman,
 Escaping from my comrades' mockery,
 For missing game, I in your silence chased
 Imaginings ; forgetting all the hunt,
 I sat within your close. The greybeard moss

Spread silvery round me, mingled with deep blue,
 And black of rotten berries ; and with red
 The heathery hills were glowing, decked with
 berries,

As though with beads of coral. All around
 Was darkness ; overhead the branches hung
 Like green, thick-gathering, low-lying clouds.
 The storm somewhere above their moveless arch
 Was raging, with a groaning, murmuring,
 Howling, and rattling loud, and thunder-peal,
 A wondrous deafening roar. To me it seemed
 A hanging sea was raging overhead.
 Below, like ruined cities, here stood up
 The o'erthrow of an oak from out the ground,
 In likeness of a mighty hulk ; thereon
 Leaning, like fragments of old walls and columns,
 There, branchy trunks, and there half-rotten boughs
 Inclosed by pale of grasses. In the midst
 Of this intrenchment fearful 'tis to look,
 For there the rulers of the forest sit—
 Boars, bears, and wolves ; and at its entrance lie
 The bones half-gnawn of some imprudent guests.
 At times upspurt, 'through verdure of the grass,
 As 'twere two waterspouts, two horns of stags,
 And flits between the trees some animal

With yellow girdle, like a sunbeam, that
 On entering is lost among the wood.

And once more all is silent down below.
 The woodpecker taps lightly on the pine,
 And flies off further ; he is gone, is hidden.
 But still his beak goes tapping ceaselessly,
 As children hiding to each other call
 To seek them out. More near a squirrel sits,
 Holding between her paws a nut, and gnaws,
 Hanging her bushy tail above her eyes,
 As falls a helmet-plume upon a cuirass.
 Although thus veiled, she gazes heedful round.
 A guest is seen—the woodland dancer springs
 From tree to tree, like lightning flitting by.
 At last she enters an invisible
 Opening within a tree-trunk, like a Dryad
 Returning to her native tree. Again
 'Tis silent.

Presently, a branch disturbed
 Is quivering among the Sundered crowd
 Of service-trees ; and rosier than their berries
 Are shining cheeks ; it is a gatherer
 Of nuts or berries—'tis a maiden. She
 In basket of rough bark doth proffer berries

Fresh-gathered, fresh as her own rosy lips.
Beside her is a youth ; he bendeth down
The hazel-branches, and the damsel catches
The nuts that twinkling fly.

Then, hear they sound
Of horns and dogs' loud baying, and they guess
The hunt is coming near to them ; and fearing
They vanish from the eye, like forest gods.

In Soplicowo was great stir. But not
Baying of dogs, or neigh of steeds, or creaking
Of carts, nor sound of horns the signal giving,
Could draw forth Thaddeus from his couch. All
dressed

He had fall'n upon the bed, and slept as sound
As marmot in its hole. No one among
The young men thought to seek him through the
house ;

And each one, taken up but with himself,
Made haste wherever ordered ; they completely
Forgot their sleeping comrade.

He lay snoring.
The sunbeams through an opening in the shutter
Cut out in heart-shape, fell into the darkness,
In fiery pillar on the sleeper's brow.

He still desired to sleep, and turned him round,
To avoid the sunshine. All at once he heard
A knocking, half awoke ; a joyful waking
It was. He felt himself as full of life
As a young bird ; he lightly drew his breath ;
Happy he felt, and to himself he laughed,
Thinking of all that happened yesterday.
He coloured, and he sighed, and his heart beat.
He at the window looked ; oh ! wonderful !
In a transparency of sunbeams, in
That heart, shone two bright eyes, wide-opened as
The eyes of those who pierce from daylight clear
Into a shadow. And a little hand
He saw, that, like a fan, beside the face
Was spread towards the sun, to shield the eyes.
The slender fingers to the rosy light
Turned, through and through were reddened ruby
like.

Lips curious, questioning, he saw, a little
Apart, and tiny teeth that gleamed like pearls
Among the coral, and a face which, though
Protected from the sun by rosy hand,
Itself blushed like a rose.

Beneath the window
Lay Thaddeus, hidden in the shadow ; lying

Upon his back, he marvelled at the wondrous
 Vision, and saw it right above himself,
 Almost upon his face. He knew not whether
 It were a living thing, or if he dreamed
 Of one of those sweet, bright, and childlike faces,
 That we remember to have seen in dreams
 Of innocent years. The little face bent down.
 He gazed, with terror trembling, and with joy.
 Alas ! he saw too plainly ; he remembered,
 He recognised those short locks, brightly golden,
 In tiny, twisted papers, white as snow,
 Like silvery husks, that in the sunlight shone,
 Like aureole on the picture of a saint.

He started up ; at once the vision fled,
 By the noise terrified ; he waited, yet
 It came not back ; he only heard again
 A knocking thrice repeated, and these words :
 "Get up, sir ; it is time for hunting. You
 Have slept too long." He sprang up from his
 couch,
 And with both hands he pushed the shutter back,
 Until the hinges shook, and flying wide,
 It struck both walls. He sprang out, and looked
 round,

Thoughtful, confounded ; nothing did he see,
 Nor trace perceived of aught. Not far beyond
 The window stretched the paling of the orchard.
 Upon it leaves of hop and flowery garlands
 Waved to and fro ; had some light hands dis-
 turbed,
 Had the wind stirred them ? Thaddeus long gazed
 Upon them, but he ventured not to pass
 Into the garden ; only leaned against
 The garden wall. He lifted up his eyes,
 And with his finger on his lips commanded
 Silence unto himself, that he might not
 By ev'n a hasty word the silence break.
 Then sought he in his forehead, knocked at it,
 As if for memories long laid to sleep.
 At last his fingers gnawing ev'n to blood,
 "'Tis well, 'tis well, thus !" shouted he aloud.

And in the mansion where a while ago
 Was so much shouting, now 'twas void and still
 As in the grave ; all to the field had gone.
 Thaddeus pricked up his ears, and placed both
 hands
 As trumpets to them, listening till the wind
 Bore towards him, blowing from the forest land,

The clamour of the horses, shouts of all
The hunting crowd.

The horse of Thaddeus
Already saddled waited in the stall.
He seized a rifle, mounted, and he galloped
On headlong like a madman to the taverns,
Which stood beside the chapel where the beaters
Should gather in the morning.

The two taverns
Leaned towards each other on each side the way,
Each with their windows threatening one another
Like enemies. The old one 'longed by right
Unto the Castle's lord ; Soplica built
The other to the Castle's prejudice,
And in the first, as in his heritage,
Gervasy would preside, and in the other
Protasy took the highest place at table.

The newer tavern nought remarkable
Had in its aspect ; but the older one
Was builded after a most ancient model,
Invented by the artificers of Tyre,
Which afterwards the Jews spread through the
world ;

A kind of architecture, quite unknown

To foreign builders ; we received it from
The Jews.

The tavern in the front was like
An ark, behind a sanctuary resembling.
The ark, the true square-cornered chest of Noah,
To-day known by the simple name of barn ;
Therein are various kinds of animals,
Horses, and cows, and oxen, bearded goats,
But overhead the company of birds.
And though of reptiles but a pair, there are
Insects besides.* The hinder part, erected
In form of wondrous sanctuary, recalls
That famous edifice of Solomon,
Which, highest in the trade of building skilled,
The artificers of Hiram raised on Sion.
The Jews still imitate it in their schools ;
And the designing of the schools is seen
In barns and taverns. Formed of planks and straw,
The roof, sharp-pointed and high raised, was bent,
And tattered as the *kolpak* of a Jew.
The corners of a gallery protrude
Upon the top, supported by a row
Of wooden pillars. What a wonder seems

* Very probably indeed.

To architects, these columns still endure,
 Although half-rotten, and all crooked set,
 As in the tower of Pisa ; not according
 To Grecian models, for they are devoid
 Of pedestals or capitals. Above
 The columns arches run half-circular,
 Likewise of wood ; and, copying Gothic art,
 Above there are artistic ornaments,
 Not carved by chisel or by graving-tool,
 But cut out by the axe of carpenter ;
 Crooked like arms of Sabbath candlesticks.⁸
 At the end hang balls,—resembling somewhat
 buttons,
 Which on their heads the Jews in praying hang,
 And which they *cyces* call in their own tongue.
 In one word, seems the crooked, tottering tavern,
 From far off, like a Jew, who to and fro,
 In praying nods ; the roof is like a cap,
 The thatch disordered like a beard, the smoky
 And dirty walls resemble a black veil,
 And from the front protrudes the carving, like
 The *cyces* on his forehead.

In the middle

Of the tavern a division is, as in
 The Jewish schools ; one part entirely full

Of long and narrow chambers, serves to lodge
 Ladies and travelling gentlemen ; the other
 Contains a great hall ; and along each side
 A narrow wooden table, many-legged ;
 Beside the table there are stools, which, though
 Lower than the table, yet are like to it,
 As children to the father.

On the stools

Around sat peasant men and peasant women,
 And likewise petty nobles, in a row.
 The bailiff at a separate table sat.
 For after early mass at chapel, since
 'Twas Sunday, all had come to amuse themselves,
 And drink at Jankiel's house. Before each one
 Already hummed a goblet of grey *wodka*.
 The serving-maiden with the bottle ran
 To every one. In middle of the room
 Stood Jankiel, the proprietor, who wore
 A lengthy *sarafan* which reached the ground,
 Fastened with silver clasps ; upon his girdle
 Of silk one hand was planted, with the other
 He solemnly stroked down his hoary beard.
 Glancing around him he gave forth commands,
 Welcomed the guests who entered, stood beside
 Those sitting down. He opened conversation,

And made those quarrelling agree, but yet
 Himself served no one, only walked around.
 An ancient Jew, and everywhere well known
 For honesty, he many years had held
 On lease the tavern; of the peasants none
 Or nobles ever had complaining brought
 Against him to the mansion. Why complain?
 He had good drinks at choice; strict reckoning
 He kept, but void of cheating; cheerfulness
 Forbade not, but allowed not drunkenness;
 He was of pastimes a great lover, weddings
 And christenings were celebrated at
 His house; and every Sunday he had music
 There from the village, wherein a bass-viol
 And bagpipes used to be.

He understood
 What music was; himself had great renown
 For talent; with the cymbals, of his nation
 The instrument, he formerly was used
 To go to mansions, and astonishment
 Rouse by his playing and by singing. He
 Could sing with science and with learning. Though
 He was a Jew, he had a Polish accent
 Of tolerable purity, and most
 Loved national songs. He brought a number back,

From every expedition beyond Niemen;
 From Halicz *kolomyjki*, and mazurkas
 From Warsaw.⁹ Fame reported through the district
 (I cannot tell if truly) that he first
 Brought from beyond the boundary, and spread
 That song throughout his district, now renowned
 Through all the world; but which for the first
 time

The trumpets of the Polish legions played
 To the Italians.* Well the power of singing
 In Litva pays; it gains the people's love,
 And brings both fame and riches. Jankiel
 Had made a fortune; satiate with gain
 And glory, he had hung up on the wall
 The nine-stringed cymbals; with a family
 He settled down, and occupied himself
 With selling liquor in the tavern. He
 Was also under-rabbin in the town;
 But everywhere agreeable both as guest,
 And governor of his house. He understood
 Right well the trade of corn, by means of barges;
 Such knowledge is most needful in the country.
 He also had the fame of a good Pole.¹⁰

* In 1806.

'Twas he who first the quarrels reconciled,
 So often bloody, that had raged between
 The taverns, hiring both upon a lease.
 And equally respected him the old
 Supporters of Horeszko, and the servants
 Of Judge Soplica. Only he could hold
 In check the threatening Kluczniak of Horeszko,
 And quarrelling Wozny ; they repressed before
 Jankiel their ancient causes of offence ;
 Gervasy dreadful with the hand, Protasy
 With tongue.

Gervasy was not there, for he
 Had gone unto the hunt, as wishing not
 The young and inexperienced Count should be
 Alone on such a parlous expedition,
 And one so weighty ; so he went with him
 To be his counsellor and to protect.

To-day, Gervasy's place, that from the threshold
 Was most removed, between two benches placed
 In the very corner of the tavern, called
Pokucie,¹¹ by Friar Robak occupied
 Appeared. 'Twas Jankiel had placed him there.
 'Twas seen he for the friar had great respect ;
 For soon as he perceived his goblet low,

He quickly ran, and ordered to fill up
 The glass with July mead¹² unto the brim.
 'Twas said that he had known the Bernardine
 From youth, somewhere in foreign countries.

Robak

Came often to the tavern in the night,
 And held there conference on weighty things,
 In secret with the Jew ; the priest, 'twas said,
 A smuggler was, but 'twas a calumny,
 Unworthy of belief.

Now Robak, on
 The table leaning, half-aloud discoursed.
 A crowd of nobles him surrounded, lending
 Their ears, and bending down their noses to
 The priestly snuff-box ; from it they took pinches,
 And all the nobles snorted like to mortars.

"*Reverendissime*," Skoluba said,
 "This is tobacco, this goes up into
 The crown of the head. Since first I wore a nose"—
 (Here stroked he his long nose)—"I never had
 A pinch of such tobacco." Here he sneezed
 A second time. "'Tis truly Bernardine.
 No doubt it comes from Kowno, famous town
 Through all the world for mead and for tobacco.

I went there"—— Robak interrupted him :
 "The health of all you gentles, gracious sirs !
 As touches the tobacco, hum ! it comes
 From further parts than good Skoluba thinks.
 It comes from Jasna Gora,* and the Paulines
 Make snuff like this in Czenstochowa's town,
 Where is that picture for such wonders famed,
 The Virgin, Mother of our Lord, and Queen
 Of Poland, and Princess of Lithuania.
 True, still she watches o'er her royal crown,
 But now the schism † in Litva's duchy reigns."
 "From Czenstochowa?" Wilbik said ; "I went
 There to confession thirty years ago,
 When I was there for pardon. Is it true
 That in the town the Frenchman resteth now,
 And that he wishes to throw down the church,
 And seize the treasure, for all this is in
 The Lithuanian Courier?"——"Tis not true,"
 Replied the Bernardine ; "illustrious sir,
 Napoleon is a Catholic, and most
 Exemplary ; the Pope anointed him ;
 They live in harmony together, and
 Convert men in the Frankish nation, which

* Bright mountain.

† The Greek, or Russian Church.

Had grown somewhat corrupt. 'Tis true much silver
 Was given from Czenstochowa to the treasury
 Of the nation, for the Fatherland, for Poland ;
 For so the Lord himself commands, his altars
 Are aye the treasury of the Fatherland.
 We have a hundred thousand Polish troops
 In Warsaw's duchy, and perhaps shall soon
 Have more, and who should for the army pay,
 If not yourselves, Litvini ? you but give
 Your money to the coffers of the Russians."
 "The devil may give !" cried Wilbik, "they take
 from us
 By force !"——"Alas ! good sir," a peasant said
 Humbly, while bowing to the priest, and scratching
 His head ; "that's for the nobles ; they but bear
 Half of the burden ; we are stripped like bark."
 "Thou churl !" ¹³ Skoluba cried ; "thou fool !
 thou hast
 The best of it ; you peasants are used thereto
 As eels to skinning ; but to us *well-born*,
 To us *Most Powerful*, used to golden freedom—
 Ah, brothers ! 'once a noble on his land' "——
 "Yes, yes," cried all ; "'might with a Wojewode
 stand.' ¹⁴
 To-day they our nobility dispute,

Command us to search papers through and prove
 Our noble birth by paper."—"That's a less
 Affair for you," Juraha cried, "for you
 From peasant ancestors have been ennobled;
 But I am sprung of princes! Ask of *me*
 A patent! When I first became a noble,
 The Lord alone remembers. Let the Russian
 Into the forest go to ask the oaks
 Who gave to them a patent to grow high
 Above all plants."—"Prince," answered Zagiel;
 "Tell tales to whom you list; here will you find
 No doubt a mitre, and in not one house."
 "A cross is in your 'scutcheon," cried Podhajski;
 "A hidden allusion to a neophyte
 Once in your family."—"Tis false!" cried Birbasz;
 "I come of Tartar Counts, and bear the cross
 Above my crest of Arks."—"The Poraj,"¹⁵ cried
 Mickiewicz; "with a mitre on field or,
 A princely 'scutcheon is. Strykowski¹⁶ wrote
 Concerning this a great deal."

Thereupon

Arose loud murmurs in the tavern. Then
 The Bernardine resorted to his snuff-box;
 In turn all speakers he regaled. At once
 The murmurs ceased, and each one took a pinch

From courtesy, and several times they sneezed.
 The Bernardine continued, profiting
 By this divergence: "Ah! great men have sneezed
 On this tobacco! Would you, gentlemen,
 Believe that from this snuff-box General
 Dombrowski took a pinch three times?"—"Dom-
 browski?"

They cried.—"Yes, yes, the General himself.
 I was in camp when from the Germans he
 Recovered Dantzic.¹⁷ He something had to write,
 And, fearing he might sleep, he took a pinch.
 He took one, sneezed, twice clapped me on the
 shoulder.

"Priest Robak," said he, "Friar Bernardine,
 We'll meet again in Litva, may be ere
 A year has passed; tell the Litvini they
 With Czenstochowa snuff must me await,
 For I will take no other kind but this."

The friar's discourse such great astonishment
 Aroused, such joy, that all that company
 So noisy now kept silence for a while.
 Then they repeated, in half-silent words,
 "Tobacco brought from Poland? Czenstochowa?
 Dombrowski? from Italian land?"—until

At last together, as though thought with thought,
 And word with word together ran, they all
 With one accordant voice, as at a signal,
 Shouted: "Dombrowski!" All together shouted,
 Pressed close; the peasant with the Tartar Count,
 The Mitre with the Cross, the Poraj with
 The Griffin and the Ark, forgetting all,
 Even the Bernardine, they only sang,
 Exclaiming, "*Wódka*, mead, and wine!"

Long time

Friar Robak hearkened to the melody.
 At length he wished to break it off; he took
 His snuff-box in both hands, and with his sneezing
 Confused the melody, and ere they might
 Tune up again, thus made he haste to speak:
 "You praise my snuff, good sirs; now pray observe,
 What's doing in the inside of the box."
 Here, wiping with a cloth the inside soiled,
 He showed a tiny army painted there,
 Like swarm of flies; a horseman in the midst,
 Large as a beetle, certainly their leader.
 He spurred the horse, as though he fain would leap
 Into the heavens; one hand upon the reins,
 The other at his nose. "Look here," said Robak,
 "Look at this threatening form; guess ye who 'tis?"

All looked with curiosity. "He is
 A great man, and an Emperor, but not
 That of the Muscovites; their Czars have never
 Taken tobacco."—"That a great man!" Czydzik
 Exclaimed; "and in a capote! I had thought
 That great men went in gold. Because among
 The Muscovites each petty general,
 Good sir, shines all in gold, just like a pike
 In saffron!"—"Pooh!" said Rymza; "I once
 saw,

When I was young, our nation's chief, Kosciuszko,
 And he wore a Cracovian *sukmana*,
 That's a *czamara*."—"What sort of *czamara*?"*
 Objected Wilbik; "that's a *tarataska*."
 "But that has fringes, this thing is quite plain,"
 Cried Mickiewicz. Thereon arose disputes
 Concerning *tarataski* and *czamary*.¹⁸

The prudent Robak, seeing the discourse
 Was scattering thus, began once more to gather
 All to the central fire, unto his snuff-box.
 Regaled them, they all sneezed, and wished good
 health

* See note 3 to Book I.

To one another ; he proceeded further
 Upon the theme. "When the Emperor Napoleon
 Takes in a battle snuff, time after time,
 It is a sure sign he will win the fight.
 At Austerlitz for instance ;¹⁹ thus the French
 Stood with their guns, and on them charged a cloud
 Of Muscovites. The Emperor looked thereon,
 And silence kept. Each time the Frenchmen fired,
 The Russian regiments strewed the earth like grass.
 For regiment after regiment galloped up,
 And fell down from their saddles. Often as
 A regiment lay low, the Emperor
 Took snuff. Till at the last did Alexander,
 His brother Constantine, the German Emperor
 Francis, take to their heels. The Emperor then,
 Seeing the fight was over, looked on them,
 And laughed, and shook his finger. Now if any,
 Of you, sirs, who are present, ever should
 Be in the Emperor's army, recollect this."

"Ah !" cried Skoluba, "when shall all this be ?
 As often now as in the almanac
 A saint's day stands, on every holy-day
 They still do prophesy the Frenchmen to us.
 A man may look, may look, till wink his eyes !

But as the Russian held us still he holds,
 Ere the sun rises eyes are wet with dew."

"Sir," said the Bernardine, "like an old woman
 'Tis to lament, and it is like a Jew
 To wait with folded hands, till some one ride
 Up to the tavern knocking at the door.
 'Twill be no hard work for Napoleon
 To beat the Muscovites ; already he
 Has three times thrashed the Swabians' skin, has
 driven

The English back beyond the sea ;*²⁰ he surely
 Will finish off the Muscovites ; but what
 Will follow thence ? are you aware, good sir ?
 Why, the Litvanian nobles will to horse,
 And draw their sabres, at that very time
 When none are left to fight with ; and Napoleon,
 Having defeated all his foes alone,
 Will say, 'I'll do without you, who are you ?'
 Thus it is not enough to expect a guest,
 Nor to invite him either ; one must gather
 The household, and the tables must be laid.
 But ere the festival the house must be

* Quite untrue in 1811.

Cleansed of its sweepings. I repeat it, children,
Sweep, sweep the house clean."

Thereon followed silence ;
Then voices in the crowd, "How cleanse our house?
We will do all things ; we for all are ready.
But let the good priest deign to explain himself."

The priest gazed from the window, breaking off
The conversation ; something he perceived,
That his attention did engage. From forth
The window looked he ; then he rising said,
"To-day I have not time ; we'll talk of this
More fully later on. To-morrow I
Shall be on business in the district town,
And I shall come to you upon my way."

"And for night quarters come to Niehrymow,"
The bailiff said ; "right glad the Standard-bearer *
Will be ; indeed, the Litwin proverb says,
'Happy as is a friar in Niehrymow.'
"To us," Zubkowski said, "come, if it please you ;
For there are linen sheets, a tub of butter,
A cow, or sheep ; remember, priest, these words ;

* *Choronzy*, another purely honorific title. See note 8 to
Book I.

'A happy man, he chanced on luck, as came
The friar to Zubkow.'"—"And to us," exclaimed
Skoluba ; "unto us, Terajewicz.
No Bernardine departed ever hungry
From Pucewicz." Thus all the noblemen
With prayers and promises led forth the priest,
But he already was beyond the door.

He had beforehand through the window seen
Thaddeus, who flew along the roadway, in
Fast gallop, with no hat, with head bent down,
With pale and gloomy visage ; ceaselessly
He spurred the horse, and flogged it. Much this
sight

Troubled the Bernardine ; so hastened he
After the young man forth with rapid steps,
Towards the great forest, which, as far as eye
Could follow, blackened all the horizon's verge.

Who the abysmal regions has explored
Of the Litvanian forests, to the very
Centre, the inner kernel of the woodlands?
The fisher coasting round the shore, scarce visits
The deep seas ; so the sportsman hovers round
The bed of the Litvanian forests ; yet

He knows them scarcely on the outer side,
 Their form, their countenance ; but unto him
 The inner secrets of their heart are strange.
 Rumour alone or fable knows what passes
 Therein ; for shouldst thou ev'n the pine-woods pass,
 And outer forests, thou wouldst come upon
 A rampart in the abyss, of trunks, stumps, roots,
 By quaking turf defended, thousand streams,
 And net of high-grown plants, and lofty ant-hills,
 With nests of wasps, of hornets, coils of snakes.
 And even if, by courage passing man's,
 Thou shouldst surmount these barriers, it were but
 To encounter graver perils further on.
 At each step lie in wait, like pits for wolves,
 Lakelets, whose borders are with grass o'ergrown,
 More deep than human searching may discern.
 Great is the likelihood that fiends sit there.
 The water of these ponds is sticky, spotted
 With blood-like rust, and from within a smoke
 Arises ever, vomiting foul smells,
 Whereby the trees are stripped of leaves and bark,
 Bald, dwarfish, worm-devoured, diseased, their
 boughs
 Drooping with tetter of a loathsome moss,²¹
 And humpy trunks, with ugly toadstools bearded,

They sit around the water, like a troop
 Of witches, warming them around the caldron,
 Wherein they seethe a corpse.

Behind these lakes,

Not merely by a step, but by the eye
 Vain to be reached, for everything is now
 Veiled in a cloud of mist that evermore
 Arises from the quaking marshy lands ;—
 But latterly beyond this mist, as fame
 Does commonly report, a region lies
 Most fair and fertile, the chief kingdom this
 Of beasts and capital of plants. Therein
 The seeds of every tree and herb are stored,
 From whence their races spread o'er all the earth.
 Therein, as in the ark of Noah, all kinds
 Of animals preserve one pair at least
 For propagation. In the very centre,
 'Tis said, the ancient urus, bison, bear,
 Do hold their courts as emperors of the waste.
 Around them, on the trees, the agile lynx,
 The ravenous glutton,—watchful ministers,
 Do rest them. Further yet, like feudal vassals,
 The wild-boars dwell, the wolves, and large-horned
 elks.
 Above their heads are falcons and wild eagles,

Living like courtly parasites at tables
 Of lords. These patriarchal pairs of beasts,
 Hidden in the forest's heart, and to the world
 Invisible, send forth as colonists
 Their children to the forest's verge; themselves
 Meanwhile dwell quiet in the capital.
 They never die by sharp-edged arms, or gun;
 But being old they fall by natural cause.
 They have their cemet'ry, where, nearing death,
 The birds lay down their plumes, the quadrupeds
 Their hairs; the bear, when, all his teeth decayed,
 He can no longer chew his food; the stag
 Decrepit, when he scarce may stir his limbs;
 The venerable hare, when that the blood
 Is stagnant in his veins; the hoary raven,
 The falcon, when grown blind; the eagle, when
 His ancient beak so crooks into an arch,²²
 That, closed for aye, it nourishes his throat
 No more; they pass unto their cemetery;
 And even the lesser beasts, when hurt or sick,
 Hasten to die here in their native place.
 Hence in those places which mankind may reach,
 Dead bones of animals are never found.²²
 'Tis said that thither in the capital,
 Among the beasts good customs are preserved,

Because they rule themselves, yet uncorrupt
 By civilising influence of man.
 They know no laws of property, which vex
 Our world, nor duels know, or warlike arts.
 And as the fathers dwelt in Paradise,
 So live to-day their children, wild and tame,
 In love and concord. Never bites or gores
 The one the other. Should a man e'en enter,
 He might, although unarmed, in safety pass
 Among the beasts; they would upon him gaze,
 With that same wonder, as upon the last
 And sixth day of creation their first fathers,
 Who dwelt within the garden, looked on Adam,
 Before they quarrelled with him. Happily
 No man shall ever stray unto this place,
 For Difficulty, Care, and Death prevent him.

Sometimes alone have mastiffs, hot in chase,
 Entered unguardedly 'mid marshes, moss,
 Ravines, and, wounded by their inner horror,
 Fled back, loud whining, with distracted looks;
 And by their master's hand though long caressed,
 Yet mad with fear still tremble at his feet.
 These central wastes, to mankind all unknown,
 The hunters in their tongue call *Mateczniki*.

Thou foolish bear ! if thou hadst stayed at home,
 In the Matecznik, never would the Wojski
 Have heard of thee ; but whether the sweet smell
 Of beehives lured thee, or thou wert possessed
 By a desire unto the ripened barley,
 Thou camest forth unto the forest's verge,
 Where thinner grows the wood, and there at once
 The forester did thine existence track ;
 And he sent forth the beaters, cunning spies,
 To mark where thou didst posture, and where thou
 Didst make thy night-lair. Now the Wojski comes,
 With all the hunt, and stationing the ranks,
 Has shut out thy retreat to the Matecznik.

Thaddeus now learned that but a short time since
 Into the deep abysses of the wood,
 The mastiffs entered. All was still. In vain
 The hunters stretched their ears. In vain they
 listened
 To silence, as to most engaging speech,
 And waited long, unmoving, in the place ;
 Only the music of the forest played
 To them from far ; the dogs plunge in the forest,
 As sea-mews underneath the waves ; the hunters,
 Turning their double-barrels to the wood,

Upon the Wojski gaze. He, kneeling down,
 The earth doth question with his ear ; and as,
 Upon the countenance of a physician,
 The glance of friends peruses the decree
 Of life or death of one unto them dear,
 The hunters, in the Wojski's skill and art
 Confiding, fixed upon him looks of hope
 And fear. " It is, it is," he whispering said,
 And sprang upon his feet. He heard ; they still
 Must listen. At last they hear ; one dog whined loud,
 Then two, then twenty ; all the dogs together
 In scattered crowd perceived the scent, and
 whined,
 Fell on the track, bayed loud, and still barked on.
 It was not now the bark deliberate
 Of dogs pursuing hare, or fox, or hind,
 But a continual cry, short, frequent, broken,
 Eager. Now had the dogs upon a track
 Not distant fallen ; they pursue by sight,
 When now the cry of chase on sudden ceased ;
 They had reached the beast. Again a shriek, a
 whine,
 The beast defends himself, and certainly
 Inflicts some hurt ; among the bay of dogs
 More and more frequent comes a dying groan.

The hunters stood, and each with loaded gun,
 Bent himself forward like a bow, with head
 Thrust in the forest. Longer can they not
 Stay there ; one after other from the place
 Escapes, and in the forest thrusts himself ;
 Each would be first to meet the beast, although
 The Wojski gave them warning ;—though the Wojski
 On horseback passed the standpoints round, ex-
 claiming

That be he peasant churl, or nobleman,
 Whoever from the spot should stir, should feel
 His leash upon his back. There was no help ;
 Each rushed, despite command, into the wood.
 Three guns went off at once ! Then straightway
 sounded

A cannonade, till louder than the shots
 The bear did roar, and echo filled the woods,
 A horrid roar of rage, despair, and pain ;
 And after it the shriek of dogs, the shout
 Of hunters, and the prickers' horns resound,
 From midmost of the forest. In the wood
 Some of the hunters hasten, others cock
 Their triggers, all rejoiced ; alone the Wojski
 Exclaims in sorrow they have missed. The
 hunters

And prickers one side went athwart the beast,
 Between the forest and the toils. But now
 The bear, alarmed by all that throng of dogs
 And men, turned backwards to that place, that with
 Least diligence was guarded, towards the plains,
 Whence all the hunters stationed had removed,
 And where, of all the numerous hunters' ranks,
 The Wojski, Thaddeus, and the Count alone
 Remained, with a few toilers.

Here the forest

Was thinner. In its depths was heard a roar,
 A shaking of the ground, till from the thicket,
 As though from out the clouds, the bear rushed
 forth

Like thunderbolt ; the dogs pursued him, they
 Were frightened, rushed about ; he reared aloft
 Upon his hind legs, and around him gazed,
 Frightening his enemies by dreadful roars ;
 And with his forepaws tearing now beneath
 Stones overgrown with moss, now blackened
 branches,

Hurling them over dogs and men, until
 He broke away a tree, and whirling this
 Round like a club, to leftward and to right,
 He rushed on those who guarded last the toils,

The Count and Thaddeus. They stood fearlessly,
 And ready to step forward, towards the beast
 Pointing the barrels of their guns, like two
 Lightning conductors in a dark cloud's bosom,
 Till both, in the same instant, drew their triggers.
 Ah! inexperienced!—their guns both sounded
 Together; they had missed! The bear sprang
 forward.

They seized a hunting spear implanted there,
 With all their four arms, and for its possession
 Struggled together. Looking, they beheld
 From forth that great red muzzle gleam two rows
 Of tusks, and now a great paw armed with claws
 Descends upon their heads. They both grew pale,
 And backwards sprang, escaping unto where
 The wood grew rarer. After them the bear
 Reared up behind; now had he hooked his claws,
 Missed them, ran nearer, and again upreared,
 And with his black paw stretched unto the yellow
 Hair of the Count;—he would have torn his skull
 Off from his brains, as from his head the hat.
 When the Assessor and the Regent sprang
 From either side; but by some hundred paces
 Gervasy ran before them, and with him
 Was Robak, though without a gun; but all

The three together fired as at command.
 The bear sprang up, like hare before a hound,
 And fell, his head on earth, and turning o'er
 All four paws like a mill, a bloody load
 Of flesh, that rolled o'er just where stood the Count,
 And hurled him from his feet upon the earth.
 The bear still roared; he tried once more to rise,
 When on him fastened the enraged Strapczynia
 And furious Sprawnik.

Then the Wojski seized
 His buffalo horn that hung down from a string,
 Long, mottled, twisted like the serpent boa,
 And pressed it with both hands unto his lips.
 His cheeks swelled out like gourds, and shone his
 eyes
 With blood; * he shut them half, and half his chest
 Drew back into its depths, and forth therefrom
 Sent half his store of spirit to his lungs,
 And played. The horn, like to a stormy wind,
 With whirling breath, bore music to the waste,
 And twofold made itself with echo. Silent
 The hunters and the prickers stood in wonder,
 At that strong, pure, and wondrous harmony.

* The literal translation.

The old man now once more to hunters' ears
 Displayed that art, whereby he once had been
 Renowned in forests. Presently he filled,
 And made alive, the forests and the oaks,
 As though he had a kennel loosed therein,
 And had begun to hunt. For in his playing
 There was of hunting an epitome.
 At first a clamouring noise—the *réveille* ;
 Then groans succeeded groans, with whining cries,
 And baying of dogs, and here and there a tone
 Harsher like thunder—the discharge of guns.

Here broke he off, but held the horn ; to all
 It seemed as though the Wojski still played on,
 But echo 'twas that played.

He blew again.

Thou wouldst have thought the horn had changed
 its shape,
 And now waxed greater in the Wojski's hands,
 Now thinner grew, while counterfeiting cries
 Of various beasts. Now in a wolfish neck
 Outstretching in a long and plaintive howl ;
 Again, as seething in a bearish throat,
 It roared ; then bellowing of bisons tore
 The winds in twain.

Here broke he off, but still
 He held the horn ; it seemed to all as though
 The Wojski still played on, but echo played.
 Having this masterpiece of horn-playing art
 Once heard, the oaks repeated it unto
 The oaks, the beeches to the beeches.

Now

He blew again. As though a hundred horns
 Were in that horn, were heard the mingled cries
 Of pricking on, and fear, and anger ; noise
 Of hunters, kennels, and of beasts, till high
 The Wojski raised the horn, and with a hymn
 Of triumph smote the clouds.

He broke off now,

But held the horn ; to all it did appear
 As though the Wojski still played on, but echo
 It was that played. As many as the trees,
 So many horns were in the pine-wood ; they
 Bore on the song to others, as from chorus
 To chorus ; on the music went, aye wider,
 Aye further, softer aye, and ever purer,
 And aye more perfect, till it disappeared
 Somewhere, upon the threshold of the heavens.*

* "It seemed to go right up to heaven,
 And die among the stars."

The Wojski, taking both hands from the horn,
Wide spread them ; down the horn fell, on the belt
Of leather rocking. With a face o'erblown
And radiant, with uplifted eyes, the Wojski
Stood as inspired, pursuing by the ear,
The last tones vanishing ; but meanwhile sounded
A thousand plaudits, thousand gratulations,
And shouts of "*Vivat !*"

Silence gradually
Succeeded, and the chatters' eyes all turned
Upon the great, fresh bear-corpse. He lay there,
With blood all sprinkled, riddled through with balls,
His breast entangled in the thick grass fast,
And wide his fore-paws like a cross seemed spread.
He breathed as yet ; his nostrils poured a stream
Of blood ; his eyes still opened, but his head
Moved not ; the Chamberlain's two bulldogs held him
Fast by each ear. Upon the left *Strapczynna*,
And *Sprawnik* on the right hung, strangling him,
And sucking the black blood.

Thereon the Wojski
Gave orders to insert an iron rod
Between the dogs' teeth, and to open wide
Their jaws ; then with the gun-stocks were o'er-
turned

The animal's remains upon their back.
Once more a threefold *vivat* smote the clouds.

"How?" cried the Assessor, turning round his gun ;
"How then? my carabine? We have the best o't.
How then? my carabine? 'Tis no great bird ;"²³
But what has it performed? This is not new
To it, it lets no charge loose on the wind.
I had it as a gift from Prince Sanguszko."
He showed a gun of marvellous workmanship,
Though small, and he began to reckon up
Its virtues.—"I," the Assessor interrupted,
Wiping his brow, "I rushed on hard behind
The bear ; but the Pan Wojski cried, 'Stand still.'
But how stand still? The bear was straight
advancing

Upon the plain, on rushing like a hare,
Further and further, till I had no breath,
No hope to overtake him. Lo! I looked
Towards the right ; he stopped, and here the forest
Was thinner, so I measured with my glance.
'Stand still,' I thought ;—*e basta*, there he lies
Lifeless! A fine gun this! true *Sagalas*!
'*Sagalas London à Balabanowka*'
The inscription ; there a famous gunsmith lived,

A Pole, who manufactured Polish guns,
But in the English manner them adorned.

“How?” snorts the Assessor; “many hundred
bears!

Did not that one nigh kill you? What a story!”
“Just listen then,” the Regent answered back;
“Here’s no court of inquiry, sir; this is
A hunt; I take all here as witnesses.”

Then a fierce quarrel ’mid the crowd began,
Some took the Assessor’s, some the Regent’s side.
Gervasy none remembered, for they all
Had run up from the sides, nor had observed
What passed in front. The Wojski gathered voice:
“At least this time the quarrel is for something;
This, gentlemen, is not that wretched hare,
But ’tis a bear; you well may seek amends,
Either with sabre, or the pistol even.
’Tis hard to arbitrate your quarrel, so,
According to the ancient custom, we
Will grant permission for a duel. I
Remember in my time there lived two neighbours,
Both honourable men and noblemen,
From their forefathers; they on either side

Of the Wilejka river lived. One was
Domejko called, the other named Dowejko.²⁴
Both fired together once at a she-bear.
Who slew ’twas hard to tell, and terribly
They quarrelled, and they swore to exchange their
shots

Across the bear-skin. How like noblemen!
Barrel to barrel nearly! And this duel
Made a great noise then; songs were sung about it
At that time. I was second; how it happened,
I’ll tell you all the story from the first.”

Before the Wojski might begin to speak,
Gervasy had composed the quarrel; he
Went round the bear, observed it heedfully.
As last he drew his cutlass, and the muzzle
Severed in twain, and in the hinder part
Of the head, the substance of the brain dividing,
He found the ball. He drew it forth, and cleaned it
Upon his coat, then measured with the cartridge,
Adjusted to the gun, and then his hand
Uplifting, and the bullet in his hand:
“Sirs!” said he; “not from your guns is this ball.
It comes from this Horeszko single-barrel”—
Here raised he the old flint-lock, with a band

Engirdled round—"but 'twas not I that fired it.
 Oh! that required courage; terrible
 'Tis to remember! dark before my eyes
 It seemed! For both young gentlemen were running
 Straight towards me, and the bear was right behind,
 Just, just above the Count's head, last of the
 Horeszkos, although by the spindle side.
 'Jesus! Maria!' I cried, and the Lord's angels
 Sent to my help the Bernardine. He shamed us
 All! O most valiant priest! While I was trembling,
 And dared not touch the trigger, from my hands
 He snatched the gun, took aim, and fired!

Between

Two heads to fire! a hundred steps! not miss!
 And in the very centre of the jaws
 Thus beat the teeth in! Sirs, I long have lived,
 But one man only have I seen who could
 By such a shot have signalled himself.
 That fellow once among us so renowned
 For duelling, he who was used to shoot
 The heels off women's slippers;²⁵ that same rascal
 Above all rascals, memorable for aye,
 That Jacek, *vulgo* Whiskered, I do not
 Recall his surname! But 'tis now no time
 For him to go a-hunting bears; no doubt

The villain to his very whiskers sits
 In hell. But glory to the priest, for he
 Has saved the lives of two men, and perhaps
 Of three. Gervasy will not praise himself;
 But had the last child of Horeszko's blood
 Fallen in the wild beast's jaws, I should not now
 Be in the world, and mine old bones the bear
 Had gnawed. Come, priest, your Reverence's health
 We'll drink."²⁶

In vain they sought the priest; they knew
 So much alone, that when the beast was slain,
 He for a moment showed himself; he sprang
 Towards the Count and Thaddeus; and seeing
 That both were whole and sound, he raised his
 eyes
 To heaven, and said a silent prayer, and ran
 Back quickly to the plains, as though pursued.

Meanwhile, by order of the Wojski, bundles
 Of heather, twigs, and brushwood, in a pile
 Were thrown. The fire bursts forth, and groweth up
 A pine of smoke, and spreads itself aloft
 In likeness of a canopy. Above
 The flame they crossed two hunting spears at top.
 Upon the points they hung a cauldron huge,

And from the waggons brought out vegetables,
And flour, and roasts, and bread.

The Judge then opened
A lock-up bottle-case, wherein appeared
In rows white heads of bottles ; he from them
Chose out the largest case of crystal ; 'twas
A present from Friar Robak to the Judge,
'Twas Dantzig *wódka*, liquor dear to Poles.
"Long live," exclaimed the Judge, and lifted high
The flask, "the town of Dantzig, once our own,
It shall be ours again !" and he poured out
The silvery liquor round, till at the end
The gold began to dribble,²⁷ and to shine
In the sun's light.

The *bigos* in the kettles²⁸
Was warming. It were hard to express in words
The wondrous taste of *bigos*, colour, and
Its wondrous odour. One may hear the sound
Of words, and sequences of rhymes, but yet
The citizen digestion cannot prize
Their substance ; for, to value at the full
Litvanian songs and dishes, one must be
In health, live in the country, be returning
From hunting.

Still, without these preparations,

Bigos is not a dish to be despised,
For it is artfully compounded of
The choicest vegetables ; one must take
Chopped pickled cabbage, which, as says the proverb,
Goes of itself into the mouth ; enclosed
Within a kettle, let its bosom moist
O'ercover chosen pieces of best meat ;
And let it simmer till the fire express
All vital juices, till the boiling liquor
Spurts from the vessel's borders, and the air
Around is with its odour redolent.

The *bigos* now was ready. All the huntsmen
With threefold *vivat*, armed with spoons, ran up,
And stirred the vessel. Roared the brass, the smoke
Burst forth, the *bigos* disappeared like camphor.
It vanished, fled ; and in the cauldron's mouths
The steam alone was boiling, as within
The crater of extinct volcanoes.

When
They all had eat and drunk their fill, they mounted
On horseback. All were in high spirits, all
Were full of talk, except the Assessor and
The Regent. They were angrier now to-day
Than yesterday ; they quarrelled with each other

About the virtues, one of his Sanguszko
Rifle, the other of his Sagalas.
The Count likewise, and Thaddeus unjoyful
Rode on, and felt ashamed because they missed
And had retired, for he in Litva who
Has let the beast escape the toils must labour
Long ere he may redeem his reputation.

The Count declared he first had seized the spear,
And Thaddeus would not let him meet the beast.
Thaddeus maintained, that being of the two
The stronger, and the better skilled to wield
A heavy spear, he would forestall the Count.
Thus talked they 'mid the murmur and the noise
Of all the throng.

The Wojski in the centre
Rode ; merry was the good old man beyond
His usual custom, full of conversation.
He, wishing to amuse the quarrellers,
And bring them to agree, the story of
Domejko and Dowejko ended thus :
“ Assessor, if I wished that thou shouldst fight
A duel with the Regent, do not think
That I am eager after human blood.
Forbid it, Heaven ! I wished but to amuse you,

To give you as it were a comedy,
And to renew that same conceit, which I
Imagined forty years ago—it was
Most excellent ! You all are young, you do not
Remember this, but in my time it made
The forests loud ev'n to Podlachia's woods.

“ Domejko and Dowejko's disputes
Came from a strange cause, likeness of their
names

Most inconvenient ! For in time of *sejmiks*,
When that Dowejko's friends were gaining o'er
Supporters, some one whispered to a noble,
'Vote for Dowejkó ;' and he, hearing but
Imperfectly, his vote gave to Domejko.
When at a feast Marshal Rupejko once
Proposed a health, 'Long live Dowejko !' others
Cried out 'Domejko !' And who midmost sat
Could never get it right, especially
In speaking indistinct of dinner-time.

“ It came to even worse. One day in Wilna,
Some drunken noble with Domejko fought,
And got two sabre wounds. And later on,
That nobleman, returning home from Wilna,

By strange hap crossed the ferry with Dowejko.
 As in one boat they crossed o'er the Wilejka,
 He asks his neighbour, 'Who is that?'—'Dowejko,'
 The answer was. Without delay, this noble
 Whips forth his rapier from beneath his cloak,
 And cut Dowejko underneath the whiskers,
 Thinking he was Domejko. But at last
 As for the finishing stroke, it needs must be,
 That at a hunting party thus it chanced:
 The namesakes stood, and at the same she-bear
 Together fired. 'Tis true, she lifeless fell
 After their shots; but she already bore
 Ten bullets in her body; many persons
 Had guns of like calibre; who had slain
 The she-bear? Well, find out! But by what means?

"Here then they cried: 'Enough, the thing must be
 Once for all ended. Whether God or devil
 Joined us, we must be parted. Two of us,
 Like two suns, are too many in the world.'
 So to their sabres, and they stood at distance.
 Both honourable men, the more the nobles
 Surround them, the more fiercely on each other
 They strike. They changed their weapons; and
 from sabres

It came to pistols; and they stood. We cry
 That they too nearly have approached the stand-
 points.

They in pure spite swore then to fire across
 The bear-skin! death inevitable! nearly
 One barrel to the other! both sure shots!
 'Be second now, Hreczecha!' I replied,
 'Agreed; but let the sexton dig a grave
 At once, for such a quarrel cannot end
 In nothing; fight like noblemen, and not
 Like butchers. 'Tis enough to place the standpoints
 More near; I see that you are desperadoes.
 Will you then fight, the barrels on your chests?
 I will not suffer this. Agreed, let it
 With pistols be, but at no greater distance,
 Or less, than o'er the bear-skin. I, as second,
 With mine own hands will stretch it on the ground,
 And I myself will station you; you, sir,
 On one side, stand upon the muzzle's end,
 And you, sir, on the tail.'—'Agreed!' they shouted.
 'The time?'—'To-morrow.'—'Place?'—'The
 tavern Usza!'

They rode away. But I went to my Virgil."

A shout the Wojski interrupted: "Vytcha!"

And right from underneath the horses' hoofs
 Darted a hare. Now Kusy, and now Sokol
 Pursued him. To the hunt the dogs were brought,
 Since on returning one might easily
 A hare encounter on the plain. The dogs
 Beside the horses free from leashes ran,
 And when they saw the hare, straightway, before
 The hunters urged them, swiftly they pursued.
 The Regent and the Assessor too would urge
 Their horses onward ; but the Wojski stayed them,
 Crying : "Ware ! stand and look on ! I allow
 No one to stir from this place by a step.
 From hence we all shall well observe ; the hare
 Is going to the plains." In truth the hare,
 Perceiving dogs and hunters close behind,
 Rushed headlong to the plain ; his long ears he
 Like to a roe's two horns erected. O'er
 The plain he spread himself, his legs, stretched out,
 Beneath him like four rods appearing. Well
 Might one have said he moved them not, but only
 Skimmed o'er the surface of the earth, like swallow
 Kissing the waters. Dust behind him, dogs
 Behind the dust ; from far away it seemed
 That hare, and dogs, and greyhounds formed one
 body,

As though some sort of viper o'er the plain
 Were gliding, with the hare as head, the dust
 The snake's blue length, that like a double tail
 Kept wagging to and fro the dogs.

The Regent

And the Assessor gazed ; their lips stood open ;
 They held their breath. At once the Regent turned
 Pale as a linen cloth, the Assessor pale
 Turned also. They behold, most fatally
 It chanced. The further off that viper ran,
 The more it lengthened, and it broke in two.
 Now vanished was that neck of dust, the head
 Already neared the wood ; the tails, where are
 they?
 Behind. The head had vanished ; once it seemed
 As some one waved a tassel ; it had entered
 The wood ; the tail broke off beside the wood.

The poor dogs, stupefied, beneath the thicket
 Ran, seeming to take counsel, and accuse
 Each other. They at last return ; they slowly
 Spring o'er the brushwood, drooping low their ears,
 Their tails close pressed unto their chests, and when
 They had approached, they scarce dared raise
 their eyes

For very shame, and 'stead of going to
Their masters, stood upon one side.

The Regent

Drooped down his gloomy brow upon his breast ;
The Assessor cast a glance, but one unjoyful.
Then to the hearers both would demonstrate
How that their greyhounds were unused to go
Unleashed, how unforeseen the hare ran out,
How ill they set upon him, in a field
Where the dogs truly should have put on boots ;
So full it was of pebbles and sharp stones.

Wise things expounded these experienced prickers.
The sportsmen might therefrom have reaped much
profit,

But they did not attend with diligence.
Some began whistling, others laughed aloud ;
Some, having in their memory the bear,
Of him talked. With the late hunt occupied,
The Wojski scarce had glanced upon the hare,
And seeing it escape, turned round his head
Indifferently, his interrupted story
Concluding : " Where did I leave off ? Ah ! ha !
Just where I took them both so at their word,
To fire at one another o'er the bear-skin.

The noblemen cried out 'twas certain death !
Barrel to barrel nearly. But I laughed,
For my friend Maro taught me that a bear-skin
Is not a paltry measure ; for you know
How when Queen Dido sailed to Libya,
She with the greatest trouble, for herself
Purchased such piece of land as might be covered
O'er with an ox-hide ; and she founded Carthage
Upon this bit of land.²⁹ So in the night
This passage I discussed with care.

" The day

Had scarce begun ; from one side in a carriage
Dowejko drove, Domejko from the other
On horseback came. They look ; across the river
Behold a hairy bridge, a girle of
The bearskin cut up into strips. I placed
Dowejko on the beast's tail on one side,
Domejko on the other. ' Now,' I said,
' Bang off at one another, though it be
Your whole life long, but I'll not let you go
Till you are friends together.' Both were furious ;
But here the nobles rolled upon the ground
With laughter, and the priest and I with solemn
Words, from the Gospels now, now from the
Statutes,

Discoursed to them. There was no help for it,
They laughed, and were obliged now to be friends.

“Their quarrel changed into a lifelong friendship.
Dowejko wed the sister of Domejko ;
Domejko also wed his brother’s sister.
They shared their property in equal halves,
And on the spot where this had come to pass,
They built a tavern, calling it the Bear.”

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

1. “*Of threatening Witenez and great Mindowe.*”

Witenez was the father of Gedymin, who was the progenitor of the Jagellons ; his sons were Kiejstut and Olgierd, from the latter of whom sprang Wladyslaw Jagellon, afterwards King of Poland. Mindowe, or Mendog, flourishing in the middle of the thirteenth century, was the first prince who freed Lithuania from foreign dominion. He rose to great power, and became terrible to his enemies, accepted Christianity, and by permission of the Pope crowned himself King of Lithuania in 1252. Near Nowogrodek is a hill, called that of Mendog, which is said to be the grave of this hero.

2. “*The iron wolf.*”

* According to tradition, the Grand Duke Gedymin had a dream about an iron wolf, and, by the counsel of the bard Lizdejko, built the town of Wilna.

The bard, or Wajdelote, Lizdejko, occupies a prominent place in Lithuanian legend. He is said to have been discovered as a child in an eagle’s nest.

3. “*The last of the Jagellons, happy warrior !*”

* Sigismund Augustus [*d.* 1572] was the last king crowned, according to ancient custom, in the capital of Lithuania, girding on the sword, and crowning himself with the *kolpak* of Witold. He greatly loved hunting.

4. "*Lives still great Baublis.*"

Tree, as well as serpent worship, formed a large part of the religion of ancient Lithuania. Those oaks which gave forth oracles were called *Baublis*, an onomatopoeic word, derived from a sound they gave forth, resembling a bull's roar. They were remarkable for being evergreen, both in summer and winter, and were probably examples of a peculiar variety. The remains of the one specially mentioned in the text still existed in 1845 in the district of Rosien, on the estates of a certain Paskiewicz. Inside it were constructed two small chambers, one above the other, as a museum of Lithuanian antiquities. When cut down the rings on its trunk amounted to 1417.

5. "*Does Mendog's thicket flourish yet, hard by
The parish church?*"

* Not far from the parish church of Nowogrodek grew several ancient linden trees, called Mendog's Grove, many of which were cut down about the year 1812.

6. "*That linden tree,
Responsive to the voice of John.*"

John Kochanowski [1530-1584], though not actually the first of Polish authors to write in his own tongue, was the first poet of merit therein, and was chief in the Augustan age of Polish literature. He translated the Psalms, and also wrote satires, and other poems, both in Polish and in Latin. He declined all court dignities and honours, and lived in retirement at the village of Czarnolas (black wood) composing most of his verses under the shadow of a celebrated linden tree.

7. "*Unto the Cossack bard.*"

Severyn Goszczynski, a writer of the present century, and a poet of the so-called Ukraine school in Polish literature.

8. "*Sabbath candlesticks.*"

Those used for the candles regularly lit by the Jews on Friday at sunset, to avoid the "work" of kindling light or fire on the Sabbath.

9. "*From Halicz kolomyjki, and mazurkas from Warsaw.*"

The *kolomyjki* of Galicia, and *mazurkas* of Warsaw, are popular airs sung and danced at the same time. [The word *kolomyjki* is derived from the town of Kolomyja in Galicia.—E. S. N.] *Mazurka* is sufficiently familiar to English readers, and is merely the feminine form of *Mazur* or Masovian, as *Polka* is of *Polak*.

10. "*He also had the fame of a good Pole.*"

The Jews in Poland have always occupied an anomalous position. Though not exposed, as they were in other countries, to persecution for their religion, yet having nearly all the trade of the country in their hands, and being the most conservative of their race in regard to manners and customs, there is the widest separation between them and the rest of the nation. Most of the Jews, in fact, speak a dialect of their own, and understand scarcely more of Polish than is needed for purposes of buying and selling with the people. In 1831 the attitude of the Jews in regard to national insurrection was one of the most embarrassing questions Polish patriots had to deal with. It may as well be mentioned that travellers in the East say that the majority of the Hebrew immigrants now settling in Syria and Palestine are Polish and Russian Jews.

11. "*Pokucie.*"

* The place of honour, where in former times were placed the images of the domestic gods, and where the Russians

still hang up their images of saints. The Lithuanian villagers there place those guests whom they wish to honour.

12. "*With July mead.*"

The best kind of mead is made from honey, called *lipcorwy*, either because made by the bees from the flowers of the linden tree, or from the month of July, *Lipiec* in Polish. But this is because the linden flowers are then in bloom. The Polish names of months are nearly all of national origin, and derived from some natural phenomenon characteristic of each.

13. "*Thou churl!*"

In the original *cham*. For the meaning of this word, and the opinion thereby implied, see Book XII.

14. "*Might with a Wojewode stand.*"

"*Szlachcic na zagrodzie równy Wojewodzie,*" a rhyming proverb, in substance as above translated. It was used to express the perfect equality between all Polish noblemen, of whom the poorest, only possessing a small plot of land, or *zagroda*, had equal rights with the highest functionaries of the Republic. So strictly was this perfect equality formerly maintained, that till the latter end of the seventeenth century the foreign titles of Duke, Marquis, or Count were unknown and discountenanced in Poland. As before observed, no official titles could be inherited. But later on we shall have occasion to mark how the "magnates" strove to exalt themselves into a superior social caste above the ordinary *szlachta*, or nobility.

15. "*The Poraj.*"

The *Poraj* is in heraldry a white rose with five leaves on a field gules. Polish heraldry is comparatively simple beside that of other countries. The use of family names was

unknown till the fifteenth century; before that the different branches of one stock were only recognised by one common escutcheon. One might belong to the stock of the arrow, the two daggers, the horse-shoe, the double or triple cross, &c. There were only 540 of these escutcheons for the whole of Poland. A great number of families were grouped together under each one of these signs; we shall often find a man described as being of such and such a crest. This would tend to prove that the escutcheon originally designated a whole clan, rather than a mere family.

[It may be added that a wealthy and powerful nobleman often rewarded his retainers and *famuli* by "admitting them to his escutcheon," *i.e.*, obtaining for them a diploma of honour from the king, ratifying the knightly adoption. Hence it is common to hear of the greatest and most ancient Polish families having the same armorial bearings with some very obscure ones.—E. S. N.]

16. "*Strykowski.*"

Matthias Strykowski, an historical writer of the sixteenth century, published in 1582 a history, partly in prose, partly in verse, entitled, "What beforehand the World never saw, a Chronicle of Poland, Lithuania, Samogitia, and all the Russias." It is the chief authority for ancient Lithuanian history.

17. "*When from the Germans he recovered Dantzic.*"

Dantzic was taken by the French and their Polish allies in 1807. It had belonged from 1310 till 1454 to the Teutonic Order; then became a free port under the protection of Poland, and an important member of the Hanseatic league. It was seized by Prussia in the second partition.

18. "*Concerning taratarki and czamary.*"

The *taratarka* is a species of capote; the *czamara* a long frock-coat, braided on the back and chest like a hussar's

uniform, and with tight sleeves. The *sukmana* is a sort of peasant's coat made of cloth, the wearing of which by Kosciuszko indicated his strong democratic tendencies, and sympathy with the lower classes.

To some of these observations upon splendour of dress, and its reference to worldly position or moral worth, we may compare Artemus Ward's remark: "You may always notice how high up a man is in the world by the least good harness he puts on."

19. "At Austerlitz for instance."

The battle of Austerlitz was fought on the 2d December 1805. The allied Russian and Austrian armies were there signally defeated by Napoleon.

20. "He has driven
The English back beyond the sea."

In an English translation it is hardly to be expected that an implied slur on England should be passed without comment. Our chief warlike operations being for so long almost entirely confined to our proper dominion of the ocean, and this being insurmountable to Napoleon's ambition, it may have for some time appeared to Continentals that we were of necessity driven from the Continent. But it is somewhat singular that in 1811, three years after the beginning of the Peninsular war, it could ever have been thought that English forces had obtained no advantage over the French by land.

21. "With tetter of a loathsome moss."

The original is *koltunowate*, i.e., afflicted with plica polonica; a forcible image, but at the same time one not to be literally translated.

22. "Hence, in those places which mankind may reach,
Dead bones of animals are never found."

* In reality there is no instance of the skeleton of a dead animal being found. [Because when a carcass in a state of nature does not immediately become the prey of the carnivora, it is speedily destroyed by the action of the elements. This is the reason of the comparative rarity of fossils, considering the infinite number of individuals of extinct species, that must have lived and died in geologic ages. Such remains as have been preserved, have either been washed down in rivers, or embedded in morasses, for they are invariably found in sedimentary strata, or consolidated peat.—M. A. B.]

23. "'Tis no great bird."

* Guns of small calibre, which are loaded with small shot, are called *ptaszynki* (small birds). Good shots can hit birds on the wing with such guns. [Compare our own word *musket*, also the earlier names for different sorts of cannon, *falcon*, *culverin*, &c.]

24. "Domejko."

It may be interesting to know that one of the yet surviving friends and schoolfellows of Mickiewicz, Ignatius Domejko, the present Rector of the University of Santiago (Chili), related during his stay in Warsaw last year (1884) that he challenged the young poet, then at Wilna, to find a proper name rhyming with Domejko. Mickiewicz improvised a verse rhyming Domejko with Dowejko. It is not, however, quite certain whether there was actually a family of that name.—E. S. N.

25. "Who was used to shoot
The heels off women's slippers."

This was formerly a common trial of skill among Polish marksmen. In the "Memoirs of Soplica," already referred

to, is an amusing story of a certain nobleman who insisted on performing this Tell-like feat on the slippers of his wife ; but the lady, being as good a shot as her husband, retaliated by cutting in two the fastening of his girdle with the bullet from the remaining pistol.

26. "*We'll drink your Reverence's health.*"

The point of this whole passage, as often is the case in our author's works, is only seen on full acquaintance with the whole.

27. "*The gold began to dribble.*"

* In bottles of Dantzig brandy there is generally a little gold-leaf (Germ. *Goldwasser*).—E. S. N.

28. "*The bigos in the kettles,*" &c.

The *bigos* was not of course prepared then and there on the spot. It is usually made in large quantities, put into barrels, and stored in cellars. The oftener it is heated the more savoury it is. I should suggest the derivation is *bis-coctum*, or *bis-gotowane* (prepared) as the whole undergoes two or more fires.

Zrobic bigos, as a proverb, means to make a mess of anything.—E. S. N. Compare our own, "Make a hash of it."—M. A. B.

29. "*She founded Carthage
Upon this bit of land.*"

* The Wojski had not read the account of this circumstance in the *Æneid*, but probably in the commentaries of the Scholiasts. [The origin of Carthage is only referred to by Virgil, not related circumstantially.]

BOOK V.

THE QUARREL.

Telimena's hunting plans—The gardening nymph comes out into society, and receives the instructions of her guardian—The hunters' return—Great astonishment of Thaddeus—The second meeting in the Sanctuary of Meditation, and reconciliation effected by means of ants—The subject of the hunt is discussed at table—The Wojski's story of Rejtan and Prince Denassau interrupted—The conclusion of conditions between the parties, likewise interrupted—An apparition with a key—The quarrel—The Count and Gervasy enter on a council of war.

HAVING the chase thus ended gloriously,
The Wojski from the pine-woods home returns ;
But Telimena now begins a hunt
Deep in the lonely mansion. She indeed
Sat motionless, with hands upon her lap
Folded ; but she two heads of game pursued
In thought ; considered best how to surround
The two of them, and how best hunt them
down ;—

The Count and Thaddeus. The Count, he was
 A young lord, heir of a great family,
 Good-looking very, and already somewhat
 In love; but what of that? he well might change.
 Then, did he love sincerely? Did he wish
 To marry with a woman some years older,
 Not rich? Will his relations suffer it?
 What will the world say?

Telimena, thus
 Considering, from the sofa rose, and stood
 Her full height; one might say her stature grew.
 She somewhat bared her bosom, bent aside,
 And with attentive eyes herself reviewed,
 And once again asked counsel of the mirror.
 A moment past, she dropped her eyes, and sighed,
 And sat down.

Well, the Count was a young lord,
 And rich men are inconstant in their tastes.
 The Count was fair-complexioned, they are not
 Over emotional. And Thaddeus?
 He was simplicity its very self,
 A good boy, very near unto a child!
 He now begins for the first time to love,
 And if looked after, will not easily
 These first bonds sever; and besides, he is

Obliged to Telimena. Men, while young,
 Though changing in their thoughts, are in emotions
 Far steadier than their grandsires; they possess
 A conscience. Simple is a young man's heart,
 And maidenlike, and long it will retain
 For love's first sweetness gratitude, and will
 Both welcome joy, and bid farewell to it
 With pleasure, like a modest banquet shared
 With friends; the ancient debauchee alone,
 Whose entrails are already scorched, doth loathe
 That drink wherewith he drenched him to excess.
 These things to Telimena well were known,
 For she had wit and great experience.

But what will people say? Why then, depart
 From out their sight, to other parts remove;
 Live in retirement, or far better yet,
 Remove entirely from the neighbourhood.
 As for example, go a little journey
 Unto the capital, and introduce
 The young lad to the world, direct his steps,
 And be his helper and his counsellor,
 And form his heart, to have in him a friend,
 A brother, and at length—enjoy the world,
 While years suffice.

Thus thinking, through the alcove
Gaily and boldly many times she passed.
Again she dropped her eyes.

It seemed worth while
Of the Count's destiny to think ; would it
Not answer to push Sophy in his way ?
She was not rich, but in her birth his equal,
Of senatorial house, a dignitary's
Daughter. And if this marriage come to pass,
Then Telimena for the future owns
A sure asylum in their house, as being
Sophia's relation, and the Count's betrother.
To this young couple she will be a mother.

When she this plan of action thus had formed
In council with herself, she called Sophia,
Who in the orchard was at play.

Sophia,
In morning dress, and with uncovered head,
Stood, in her hands a sieve upraised. Around
Her feet the poultry hastened. On one side
The tufted hens pressed forward in a knot ;
And there the crested cocks, upon their heads
Shaking the coral helmets ; with their wings
Oaring their way through furrows and through bushes,

Widely their spur-armed feet they stretch. Behind,
The bloated turkey slowly pushes on,
Snorting at grumbles of his noisy spouse.
Thither, like rafts almost, with lengthy tails,
Steer o'er the meadow, and at times descend,
Like flakes of snow, the pigeons silver-plumed ;
In centre of a circle of green turf
The poultry circle, noisy, stirring, crowds,
Engirdled by a band of pigeons, like
A snowy ribbon, varied in the midst
By stars, by spots, by stripes. Here amber beaks,
There coral crests, from out the depth of plumage
Like fish from under waves, rock to and fro,
Like water-tulips ; thousand eyes like stars
Gleam towards Sophia.

In the centre she
Towered high above the birds, herself all white,
Like to a fountain, playing amid flowers ;
O'er wings and heads she scattered from the sieve
With pearl-white hand, a plenteous, pearly rain
Of wheaten grains. Such grain, of noble tables
Worthy, is used to make Litvanian *rosol*.*
Sophia from the household stores abstracts

* *Consommé*.

This grain to feed her poultry, doing mischief
Unto the housekeeping.

She heard the call

Of "Sophy!" 'twas her aunt's voice. So she
flung

The dainty's last remains unto the birds,
And twirling round the sieve, as dancers whirl
A tambourine around, and beating time
Upon it, did the playful girl skip o'er
The peacocks, pigeons, hens. The birds, confused,
Did flutter upwards all tumultuously.
Sophia, the ground scarce touching with her feet,
Appeared to soar the highest among them all.
Before her the white doves, which in her course
She startled, flew as though before the car
Of Pleasure's lovely goddess.

In Sophia

Flew through the window, with a joyous cry,
And rested on her aunt's lap, out of breath.
And Telimena, kissing her, and stroking
Beneath the chin, considered with delight
The child's high spirits, and her beauty, for
She truly loved her charge. But now again
Her features she composed to gravity ;
She rose, and walking to and fro along

The alcove, with her finger on her lips,
Pronounced these words :

"My dear Sophia, you quite
Forget your age and station ; this same day
You end your fourteenth year. It now is time
To abandon cocks and turkeys. Fie ! a fit
Amusement for a dignitary's daughter !
And you have been caressing at your will
The unwashed children of the peasantry.
To look upon you, Sophy, grieves my heart ;
Your face is tanned quite horribly, just like
A very gipsy. And you walk and move
Quite like a country girl. Now, for the future
I will amend all this, to-day begin ;
And I will bring you out into the world,
Into the drawing-room, unto the guests.
We now have many guests here. Take thou heed
Thou dost not make me be ashamed of thee."

Sophia sprang up from her seat, and clapped
Her hands with joy, and with both arms she hung
About her aunt's neck ; and by turns she laughed,
And wept aloud with joy.

"Oh ! auntie, 'tis
So long since I saw any visitors !

Since here I have been living among hens
 And chickens, I have only seen one guest,
 A wood-pigeon ; and I am just a little
 Wearied of sitting here in the alcove ;
 And even the Judge says it is bad for health."

"The Judge," her aunt broke in, "was constantly
 Tormenting me to bring thee out into
 Society ; he mutters to my face,
 That thou already art grown up ; he knows
 Not what he says ; the old man never lived
 In good society. But I know better
 How long a damsel must have been prepared
 To cause sensation, entering in the world.
 For know, Sophia, that when young persons grow
 In people's very sight, though fair, though witty,
 They can cause no sensation, where all folks
 Were used to see them from a child. But let
 A finished, grown-up damsel suddenly
 Shine forth, from neither here nor there, before
 The world, then all around her press, desiring
 To see her ; they consider all her movements,
 And every look ; they listen to her words,
 Repeat them unto others ; and when once
 A damsel is the fashion, every one

Must praise her, even though she please them not.
 I trust thou knowest how to find thy level ;
 Thou in the capital hast grown up. Though
 Thou hast lived for two years in this neighbourhood,
 Thou hast not quite forgotten Petersburg.
 Then, Sophy, make your toilet, from the bureau ;
 For in it thou wilt find all things for dressing.
 Make haste, for they will soon be back from hunt-
 ing."

A lady's maid and serving-girl were called ;
 A pail of water in a silver basin¹
 Was poured. Sophia, like a sparrow in
 The sand, did flutter, hands and face, and neck
 She washed ; and Telimena all her stores
 From Petersburg did open, of perfumes,
 Pomades ; with choice perfume she sprinkled o'er
 Sophia, the odour filled the room, she smoothed
 Her locks with gum. Sophia then put on
 White silken stockings, and morocco shoes
 Of thin white leather ; meanwhile were her stays
 Laced by the lady's maid, who over her
 Then threw a dressing-jacket ; then were pinched
 The papilottes with heated tongs ; the curls
 Not being too short, were woven in two braids,

The locks upon her forehead waving free.
 But freshly gathered cornflowers in a braid
 Woven, the servant brought to Telimena,
 Who fastened them with skill to Sophy's locks,
 Passing from right to left; the flowers stood forth
 In pleasing contrast with the light fair locks,
 As though with corn-ears; then the dressing-gown
 Removed, the toilet all was done. Sophia
 Threw on a white frock o'er her head; her hand
 Held a white cambric handkerchief; and thus
 She looked completely like a lily white.

The last completing touch to locks and dress
 Now given, she received command to walk
 Across the chamber, and again its length,
 While Telimena, with a practised eye,
 Reviewed her niece, grew angry, shrugged her
 shoulders;
 Till at Sophia's curtseying, in despair
 She cried, "Ah me! Sophia, thou seest now
 What 'tis to live with birds and shepherd folk.
 Thou standest with thy feet apart, just like
 A boy, and starest round to right and left.
 A thorough hoyden! Curtsey! See how awkward!"

"Oh! auntie," cried Sophia, quite sadly; "how
 Am I to blame? You kept me shut up, auntie,
 And I had none to dance with; and I liked
 From very weariness to nurse the children,
 And feed the poultry; wait a little, auntie;
 Let me but be a little among people,
 And you shall see how I will cure myself."

"In truth," her aunt replied, "of two bad things,
 'Tis better far to live with birds, than with
 Those vulgar folks who late were guests with us.
 That parish priest for ever muttering prayers,
 Or playing draughts, and that solicitor
 With his pipe! Nice cavaliers! and pretty
 manners
 You would have learned from them. But now at
 last
 There's somebody to whom to show oneself.
 We in the house have some distinguished guests.
 And mind, Sophia, there's a young Count here,
 A gentleman of breeding, kinsman to
 A Wojewode; remember, pray, to be
 Polite to him."

 The neigh of horses near,
 And hunters' murmurs were already heard;

They are near the door already. "There they are!"

And seizing by the hand Sophia, she ran
 Into the drawing-room. As yet the hunters
 Had entered not the room; they first must change
 Their dresses, for they had no wish to meet
 The ladies in their shooting jackets. First
 Of all the young men Master Thaddeus
 And the Count entered, soon as well might be.

Then Telimena fills a hostess' duties,
 She welcomes those incoming, places them,
 And entertaineth them with conversation.
 To every one in turn presents her niece;
 To Thaddeus first, as a near relative.
 Sophia politely curtseyed; he bowed low.
 He wished to speak to her, half-oped his lips;
 But looking in her eyes such trouble seized him,
 That standing dumb before her, he now blushed,
 And now grew pale. What was within his heart
 Himself he guessed not, but he felt himself
 Most miserable, for he knew Sophia;
 He knew her by her stature, her bright hair,
 Her voice; that form, that little head, he saw
 Upon the garden wall, and that sweet voice

Had woken him unto the hunt to-day.
 At length the Wojski from this aberration
 Roused Thaddeus, and seeing him so pale,
 Unsteady on his feet, he counselled him
 To go and lie down in his room. Within
 A corner Thaddeus stood, against the chimney
 Leaning, nought saying, his wide, wandering
 eyes

Now turning on the aunt, now on the niece.
 Well Telimena marked what strange effect
 This first sight of Sophia upon him made.
 She guessed not all; but yet, how'er embarrassed,
 She entertained the guests, while from her glance
 She lost him not. At last her time observing,
 She ran towards him; was he well? why sad?
 She asked, insisted; of Sophia she spoke,
 Began to jest with him. Still Thaddeus stood
 Unmoving, leaning on his elbow, nought
 Replying, with knitted brow and twitching lips,
 And thus still more to Telimena caused
 Confusion and surprise. She changed at once
 Her countenance, and the tone of her discourse.
 She rose up angrily, with bitter words
 Began to heap reproach and taunt on him;
 And Thaddeus started, ev'n as though a sting

Had pierced him through ; he looked away, and
coloured,
Unspeaking. Then he kicked his chair away,
And rushed from out the room, and slammed the
door.

But happily to none this scene had meaning,
Except to Telimena.

Through the gate

He fled, and straightway rushed into the field ;
As when a pike, pierced by a fish-spear through,
Splashes and plunges, thinking thus to fly,
Though dragging rope and iron along with him,
So Thaddeus after him vexation drew,
As he o'er ditches and o'er hedges sprang,
Without a goal, or settled road. Around,
He wandered not a little time ; at length
He entered in a woodland depth, and came,
Either by fixed design, or else by chance,
Upon that mount, which yesterday had been
The witness of his happiness, and where
That billet he received, of love the token ;
The spot, as well we know, called Sanctuary
Of Meditation.

As he looked around,

He saw—'twas she ! Alone there, Telimena !

In thought deep buried, changed from yesterday
By dress and form ; in white, upon a stone,
Herself as turned to stone, her face concealed
Within her open hands ; although no sob
Was heard, he saw that she was drowned in tears.

In vain strove Thaddeus against his heart ;
He pitied her, and felt by sorrow moved.
Long time he gazed unspeaking, while concealed
Behind a tree. At length he sighed, and spoke
In anger to himself : " Fool that I am !
Is she to blame because I thus mistook ?"
So from the tree to her he slowly turned,
When sudden from her seat sprang Telimena ;
She threw herself to right and left, she sprang
Across the brook, with arms stretched out, with hair
Dishevelled, pale, she dashed into the wood.
She skipped about, and half knelt down, then fell.
Unable now to rise, she writhed upon
The turf ; her movements showed that she endured
Some torture most exceeding ; she clutched fast
Her bosom, neck, feet, hands. Then to her side
Sprang Thaddeus, believing she was mad,
Or seized with some most fearful malady.
But from quite other cause these movements came.

There was within the neighbouring birchen grove
 A mighty ant-hill. Black and rapid swarmed
 Around the industrious insects, through the grass.
 But whether it were from necessity,
 Or for their pleasure, they especially
 To visit Meditation's Sanctuary
 Delighted. From their ant-hill capital,
 As far as to the border of the brook,
 They had a pathway trodden, by the which
 Their ranks could march; and to her great mishap
 In middle of this road sat Telimena.
 The ants, attracted by her stockings white,
 Rushed on them, and began to bite and tickle.
 And Telimena was constrained to fly,
 To shake them off, at length upon the turf
 To sit, and try to chase away the ants.

Assistance Thaddeus could not her refuse,
 And making clear her dress, he bent him down
 Unto her very feet. By chance his lips
 Approached her forehead, in such friendly posture,
 Though of their morning quarrel said they nought,
 Yet ne'ertheless they were agreed again.
 How long their converse had endured none ever
 Can know; but suddenly the bell aroused them,

From Soplicowo ringing as the signal
 Of supper; it was time now to return
 Unto the mansion, all the more that far
 Was heard a crackling on the ground, may be
 That they were sought for. It were unbecoming
 They should return together; Telimena
 Stole therefore by the garden to the right,
 And Thaddeus took the highway to the left;
 And both adopting this manœuvre felt
 No little fear.

It once to Telimena
 Appeared that from behind a bush looked forth
 The pale and hooded face of Robak. Well
 Saw Thaddeus how at one time and again
 A shadow long and white appeared to left;
 He knew not what it was; but yet an inkling
 He had that 'twas the Count, in long surtout
 Of English cut.

They supped within the castle.
 The obstinate Protasy, heeding not
 The Judge's orders, in the master's absence
 Again had stormed the castle; as he said,
 A *credence* intromitted thereupon.
 The guests in order entered, and around
 In circle stood; the Chamberlain then took

The highest place at table ; from his years
 And dignity this precedence was his.
 In going there he to the ladies bowed,
 The old men, and the youths ; the friar this time
 Was not at table ; in his place to-day,
 Upon the right hand of her husband, sat
 The lady of the Chamberlain. The Judge,
 When he had placed the guests as fitting, spoke
 A prayer in Latin, blessing on the board.
 Then *wódka* was presented to the men.
 All after that sat down, and speedily
 The whitened *chlodnik* ate.

The *chlodnik* done,
 Came crabs, asparagus, and chicken ; in
 Their company Hungarian wines appeared,
 And Malaga. They ate, they drank, but all
 Preserved a gloomy silence. Never since
 These castle walls were builded, they which had
 So many brother nobles feasted, heard
 And given back so many joyous *vivats*,
 Did they remember such a gloomy supper ;
 Only with sound of corks and clash of plates
 The great and empty castle halls resound.
 Thou wouldst have said indeed some evil sprite
 Had sealed all lips.

The causes of this silence
 Were many. From the toils the hunters came,
 Sufficiently loquacious ; but when cooled
 Their ardour, when considering the chase,
 They soon perceived that they with little glory
 Had come therefrom. So was it needful that
 One priestly hood, that came where from Heaven
 knew,
 Like Philip from the hemp,² should so surpass
 The hunters of the district ? Shame ! oh ! shame !
 What would be said concerning this affair
 In Oszmiano, and in Lida, which
 So many ages with their district had
 Contended for precedence in the chase ?
 They thought of this.

The Regent and Assessor
 Had also in their memories the first
 Ill-will between them, likewise they remembered
 Their greyhounds' shame ; before their eyes still
 stood
 That naughty hare ; his long legs stretching out,
 And from beneath the thicket them defying,
 Wagging his tail ; and with that tail he lashed
 Their hearts as with a whip. They sat with faces
 Bent downwards to their plates. The Assessor had

Another grievance to lament, as he
 On Telimena and his rivals gazed.
 She sat by Thaddeus, but, all confused,
 Scarce dared to glance at him ; the gloomy Count
 She made endeavour to beguile, to challenge
 To longer conversation, and to bring him
 To better humour. For the Count had come
 Back strangely cross from walking, or the rather,
 As Thaddeus imagined, from his ambush.
 Hearing, he raised his forehead boldly, frowned,
 And looked well-nigh with scorn upon her ; then
 He drew as near Sophia as well he might,
 And poured out wine for her, and brought her
 plates,
 A thousand courtesies performing, bowed
 And smiled ; but sometimes turned away his
 eyes,
 And sighed full deeply. But in spite of such
 Deceit adroitly played, 'twas evident
 That all these coquetries were merely played
 From spite to Telimena ; for round turning,
 As though unwittingly, he gazed on her
 With dreadful glance.

She could not understand
 What this should signify ; her shoulders shrugging,

She thought unto herself, he must be mad.
 Then of the Count's new wooing pretty glad
 She turned towards her other neighbour.

Thaddeus,

In deep gloom likewise buried, nothing ate
 Nor drank, he seemed to listen to discourse,
 And kept his eyes close fixed upon his plate.
 As Telimena poured out wine for him,
 He angry grew at her officiousness ;
 He took it ill—one day had changed him so—
 That Telimena was so quick to woo.
 It shocked him that her dress was cut so low,
 It seemed immodest ; when he raised his eyes,
 As fearing so to do, far sharper now
 They were, for scarcely on her rosy cheeks
 They rested, when he quick became aware
 Of a most terrible and frightful secret ;
 Good heavens ! she wore rouge !

It might have been

The rouge was of a bad sort, or rubbed off
 The face by accident ; it here and there
 Was thinner, and revealed the coarser skin
 Below ; may be that Thaddeus himself,
 In Meditation's Sanctuary, too close
 Conversing with her, from the white had brushed

The carmine, lighter even than the dust
 From wings of butterflies, and Telimena,
 Returning in a hurry from the wood,
 Had found no time her colours to repair.
 Around her lips especially were freckles.
 The eyes of Thaddeus now, like cunning spies,
 Discovering one treason, all around
 Began a visitation with the rest
 Of all her beauties, and in every part
 To track some falsehood out ; two teeth were gone
 From out her mouth, and on her brow appeared
 Some wrinkles, on her temples, and a thousand
 Of wrinkles lurked concealed beneath her chin.

Alas ! now Thaddeus felt how needless 'tis
 To scan a lovely thing too closely, and
 How shameful to be spy upon his love,
 How wicked even to change one's taste and heart !
 But who may rule their hearts ? He tried in vain
 The loss of love by conscience to supply,
 And with the light-rays of her glance again
 To warm his spirit's chillness. For that glance
 Now like a moonbeam bright, but void of heat,
 Played o'er the surface of his spirit, frozen
 Down to the very depths. Lamenting and

Himself reproaching, he bowed down his head,
 Was still, and bit his lips.

Meantime an evil
 Spirit allured him with temptation new,
 And made him list to what Sophia said
 Unto the Count. The damsel, vastly glad
 At the Count's courtesy, first blushed, and drooped
 Her eyes ; the Count, 'twas seen, was praising her
 By flattery most delicate, and then
 They both began to laugh ; at length they talked
 Of some unlooked-for meeting in a garden,
 Some trampling over garden-beds and burdocks,
 Which Thaddeus, listening to the utmost, heard.
 The bitter words he swallowed, in his soul
 Digested them ; he had a dreadful banquet.
 As when a viper in a garden drains
 With double tongue herbs venomous, then twists
 Himself up in a coil, and on the path
 Lies, threatening the unwary foot that treads
 Upon him unforeseen, so Thaddeus,
 With envy's poison drunken, outwardly
 Appeared indifferent, with spite yet bursting.

Let but a few in merriest company
 Be angry, all at once their gloominess

Is shed upon the rest. The hunters long
Had silent been ; and on the other side
There too was silence at the table ; they
Were all infected by contagion
Of that ill-humour shown by Thaddeus.

And even the Chamberlain, in this deep gloom
So unaccustomed, had no will to talk,
On seeing how his daughters, pretty girls,
And dowered well, and in the flower of youth,
Were silent, by the silent youths neglected.
The hospitable Judge was like concerned.
The Wojski, noting general silence round,
Said this was not a Polish supper, but
A wolfish one. Hreczecha did possess
An ear to silence very sensitive ;
Himself was a great talker, and he loved
All chattering greatly. 'Twas no wonder ; he
Had spent his life in banquets, expeditions,
And hunts, and diets. He was used to hear
Each moment something drumming in his ear,
When he kept silence even, or was stealing
With fly-scare to smite down a fly, or when
He sate him down to dream with closed eyes.
By day he sought for conversation ; even

By night he must be counting o'er his beads,
Or telling fables. Therefore was he aye
A deadly enemy unto the pipe,
Invented by the Germans to convert us
To foreigners ; he always used to say,
"Make Poland dumb, 'tis making Poland German."³
The old man, having passed an age in noise,
In noise desired to rest. And silence woke him
From slumber. Millers thus are lulled to sleep
By rattle of their mill-wheels ; scarcely stand
The axles still, than they awake exclaiming
In anguish, "And the Word became"⁴——

The Wojski

Unto the Chamberlain signed with a bow,
And with light movement beckoning from his lips,
Towards the Judge, entreated to be heard.
At once both gentlemen at this mute sign
Did bow, as saying, We entreat you ; so
The Wojski in this wise began to speak :

"I venture to entreat the young men here,
To entertain themselves at supper in
The ancient fashion, not keep still and chew.
Are we then Capuchins? Who ever keeps
'Mid nobles silence, does the same as does

The sportsman who allows a charge to rust
 Within his gun. I for this reason praise
 Our forefathers' loquacity; they went
 To table after hunting, not alone
 To eat, but talk out mutually those things
 Which each had nearest to his own heart; praise
 And censure, marksmen, beaters, mastiffs, shots,
 Were called upon the place; a shout arose,
 Sweet as another hunt to sportsmen's ears.
 I know, I know what ails ye! All this cloud
 Of sable cares * has risen from Robak's hood.
 You are ashamed of missing. Let not shame
 Consume you; I have better hunters known
 Than you are, and they missed. To hit and miss,
 And still improve, that is the hunter's course.
 Myself, although from childhood I have borne
 A gun, have sometimes missed. That famous hunter
 Tuloszczyk sometimes missed. The late Pan
 Rejtan

Did not invariably hit. Of Rejtan
 I'll tell you later on. But as to what
 Concerns the bear escaping from the toils,
 That the young gentlemen did not, as fitting,

* *Atra cura.*

Engage the beast, although they had a spear,
 No one will praise this, neither blame. To fly,
 With charge already loaded, formerly
 Had shown a man a coward of cowards; and
 To fire off blindly, as too many do,
 Not letting come the beast in rifle range,
 Nor taking aim, were a disgraceful thing.
 But who well measureth, and lets the beast
 Approach him as is fitting, though he miss,
 May without shame retire, or with the spear
 Engage him, but of free will, not compulsion;
 Because the spear to hunters is not given
 To make attack, but for their own defence.
 And so believe me, and your drawing back
 Take ye not thus to heart, beloved Thaddeus,
 And you, most powerful Count. But often as
 You shall recall this day's events, remember
 The ancient Wojski's warning; let not one
 Thus place himself upon another's way,
 Nor either let the two of you again
 Together measure at like game."

Soon as

The Wojski had this latter word pronounced,
 The Assessor whispered half aloud, "Like *dame*." ⁵
 "Bravo!" exclaimed the young men. Murmurs rose,

And laughter ; they repeated all around
 Hreczecha's warning, chiefly the last words,
 And others, laughing loud, said, "At one dame."
 The Regent whispered, "Woman ;" the Assessor
 "Coquette,"⁶ on Telimena fixing eyes
 Sharp-piercing as stilettos.

Never thought

The ancient Wojski to upbraid a soul,
 Nor marked he what they whispered all around ;
 But glad indeed that he had caused to laugh
 The ladies and the young men, he turned round
 Towards the hunters, wishing likewise these
 To gladden. He began, outpouring wine :

"In vain my eyes do seek the Bernardine ;
 I should be glad to tell him a strange chance,
 Like that occurrence of our hunt to-day.
 The Klucznik said he only knew one man
 As true a shot as Robak from so far ;
 But I have known another, just as good—
 He saved two gentlemen. Myself I saw it,
 The time when, in the Naliboko woods,
 Our nuncio, Thaddeus Rejtan, and the Prince
 Denassau went to hunt. These gentlemen
 Did envy not the glory of that noble ;

But rather, they were first to drink his health
 At table, and bestowed on him great gifts
 Unnumbered, and the skin of the slain boar.
 Concerning this wild boar, likewise the shot,
 I will relate the tale, for I was present
 As an eye-witness, and it much resembled
 To-day's occurrence ; but it chanced unto
 The greatest hunters of my time, our envoy
 Rejtan, and Prince Denassau."

But just then

The Judge, his goblet filling up, began,
 "I drink the health of Robak ; in your hands,
 Wojski ! If we may not make rich a friar
 By presents, let us try at least to pay him
 For powder spent. We may be sure the bear,
 Slain in the forest, will two years at least
 The convent kitchen furnish forth. But I
 Will not bestow the skin upon the priest,
 For either I must take it back by force,
 Or else the friar must from humility
 Abandon it, or I must buy it back
 Even with a tithe of sable. Let us then
 Bestow this skin according to our will,
 The servant of the Lord already has
 The chiefest garland ta'en and highest praise.

Let then the Most Illustrious Chamberlain
Adjudge the gift to him who has deserved
The second prize."

The Chamberlain then smoothed
His forehead, and half shut his eyes. The hunters
Began to murmur; each one something said,
The one how he had first espied the beast,
The other how he wounded it; one there
Had called the dogs, another had driven back
The game into the toils. The Regent quarrelled
With the Assessor, one extolling loud
The excellence of his Sanguszko gun,
The other of his Sagalas.

"My neighbour!
Judge," said the Chamberlain at last, "most justly
The servant of the Lord has won the first
Reward; but 'tis not easy to decide
Who next to him in glory stands. For all
Appear to me in merit equal; all
Alike in skill, experience, courage seem.
However, fate distinguished two to-day
By danger; two men nearest were unto
The creature's claws; the Count and Thaddeus.
The skin is theirs. But Master Thaddeus,
I am sure, will waive his right, as of the two

The younger, and related to our host.
Take then, Sir Count, the *spolia opima*,⁷
And let these spoils your hunting-chamber deck.
Be it a memory of this day's sport,
An emblem of the hunter's fortune, spur
To future glory."

Here he ceased, in joy,
Believing that the Count was much rejoiced.
He knew not how he pierced his breast with grief,
For at the mention of the hunting-chamber
The Count, despite himself, upraised his eyes;
Those heads of stags, those branching horns, a
forest

Of laurels planted by the fathers' hands
As garlands for their sons; those columned rows
Adorned with portraits, and that shining crest,
The half-goat on the archèd roof, called loud,
On every side, with voices of the past.
He roused him from his dreams, remembered where
He was, and whose guest. He, the proper heir
Of the Horeszkos, in his fathers' halls,
A banquet-sharer of Soplicas, foes
Eternal of his race.

With bitter laugh
He answered thus: "My house is far too small;

There's no place in it worthy of a gift
Of such magnificence. Let then the bear
Rest here among these hornèd beasts, until
The Judge will condescend to give it me
Together with the castle."

Quickly guessed
The Chamberlain the thing of which he spake.
He tapped his golden snuff-box, asking hearing.

"You are of praise deserving, neighbour Count,"
He said, "in that to business you attend
At dinner even; not like men of fashion
Of your age, who without a reckoning live.
I'll pledge myself, and do desire to end
By compromise my verdict. Heretofore
The only difficulty doth consist
In the court foundation. But I have a plan
Of making an exchange, and compensating
With land for the foundation, in this wise;"—
And here in order he began to unfold
In order, as he aye was wont to do,
The plan of this exchange. Already half
The subject he had ended, when began
A sudden movement at the table's end.
Some there observed an object strange; they pointed

Towards it; others ran there with their eyes.
And all the heads at last, like ears of corn
Bent backwards by the wind, turned towards the side
Opposing, to a corner.

From that corner,
Where hung the portrait of the dead man, last
Of the Horeszkos, of the Pantler, from
A little door, among the columns hidden,
Glided a silent figure, like a phantom;
Gervasy by his face and height they knew,
And by the silver half-goats on his vest
Of yellow. Like a pillar steep he forth,
Upright, severe, and mute, nor doffed his cap,
Nor bowed his head; he bore a gleaming key
Like to a dagger; straightway did he ope
A cabinet, and straight began to wind
A something in it.

In two corners of
The hall there stood, against the pillars leaning,
Two ancient clocks with chimes, in cabinets
Enclosed. The old and crazy things had been
Long in discordance with the sun; they oft
Would point out noon at sunset. No idea
Gervasy had of mending the machines;
But would not leave the clocks unwound, so long

Each even he tortured with the key the clocks.
 And now the time of winding had arrived,
 And while the Chamberlain kept speaking still
 Concerning the affairs of both the parties,
 He lifted up the weight ; the rusty wheels
 Did gnash their broken teeth ; the Chamberlain
 Did shudder, and break off. "My brother," cried he,
 "Postpone thy busy labour." Then he ended
 His project of exchange. But in despite
 The Klucznik pulled this time with greater force
 The second weight ; the bullfinch then that sat
 Upon the summit of the clock began,
 Fluttering its wings, to chirp the chime-notes
 out.
 The bird with art was fashioned ; pity 'twas
 That it was spoiled ; it groaned and squeaked, the
 more
 The worse. The guests laughed loud. The
 Chamberlain
 Must break off once again.

"Sir Klucznik," cried he,
 "Or rather screech-owl,⁸ if you prize your beak,
 I have had enough of shrieking."

But Gervasy
 Betrayed no terror at this threat ; he laid

With dignity his right hand on the clock,
 And on his side his left. Supported thus
 With both hands, he exclaimed : "Sir Chamberlain !
 You are free to jest ; a sparrow smaller is
 Than is a screech-owl ; but 'mid his own chips
 He is bolder than a screech-owl in another's
 Mansion ; a Klucznik is no screech-owl ; he
 Who creeps by night to strangers' garrets is
 A screech-owl, and I'll frighten him away."

"To the door with him !" cried the Chamberlain.

"Sir Count !" exclaimed the Klucznik, "do you see
 What things are doing ? Is your honour not
 Already stained enough, in that you eat
 And drink with these Soplicas ? and was this
 Needed, that I, the castle's governor,
 Gervas Rembajlo, Klucznik of Horeszko,
 Should in my masters' house insulted be,
 And you endure it ?" Then Protasy cried
 Three times, "Be silent ! Stand aside ! For I,
 Protasy Balthasar Brzechalski, of
 Two names, once General of Tribunal, *vulgo*
 Wozny, perform a Wozny's summoning,
 Formal revision, summoning all here,

These well-born persons present, witnesses,
 And summoning the Assessor to inquiry,
 On the behalf of the Most Powerful Judge
 Soplica ; for incursion, that is, trespass,
 Across the boundary ; for violence done
 Unto the castle, which the Judge by right
 Rules over, whereof here is open proof,
 In that he eats therein !"—“ Brzechaczu,” cried
 The Klucznik, “ I will teach thee !”— and he drew
 The iron keys from out his girdle, whirled
 The keys about his head ; with all his force
 He flung them. Like a stone hurled from a sling
 The bunch of keys flew forth, and doubtlessly
 Protasy’s head had shivered ; by good luck
 The Wozny bent aside, and thus ’scaped death.

All started from their seats ; deep silence reigned
 A moment ; then the Judge exclaimed : “ In hand-
 cuffs

This insolent fellow ! Hallo ! lads !” the servants
 Rushed by the narrow way between the walls
 And benches. But the Count then barricaded
 Their passage with a chair, and this weak rampart
 Supported with his foot ; “ Ware ! ware !” he cried.
 “ Judge ; none shall be allowed to wrong my servant

In my house. He who has complaint to make
 Against this old man, let him bring’t to me.”

The Chamberlain then gazed askance into
 The Count’s eyes. “ I am able, sir, to punish,
 Without your help, an insolent petty noble.
 And you, Sir Count, too quickly do usurp
 This castle, ere is given the decree.
 Sit still as you have sat ; if you respect not
 Grey hairs, at least respect the highest office
 Within the district.”

“ As for me,” the Count
 Grumbled, “ I’ve had enough of idle talk !
 Make others weary with respect and office !
 Sufficient fool I have already been,
 In joining with you all in drinking-bouts,
 That end in rudeness ! Give me satisfaction
 For wounding of my honour ! Now good-bye
 Till you are sober. Come with me, Gervasy.”

The Chamberlain such answer never had
 Expected. He was filling up his glass,
 When, smitten by the County’s insolence
 As by a thunderbolt, his glass he rested
 Against a steadfast bottle ; to one side

He bent his head, and lent his ear ; his eyes
 Stared wildly, and his lips half opened. Silent
 He yet remained, but in his hand the goblet
 So strongly grasped he, that the glass was shivered,
 Loud-ringing, in his eyes the liquid spirted ;
 And one had said that with the wine a fire
 Was poured into his spirit, even so flamed
 His visage, and his eyes glowed. He addressed
 Himself to speak, but inarticulate,
 The first words were ground down upon his lips ;
 At last they flew forth from between his teeth.
 " Fool ! miserable Count ! I'll—Thomas ! bring
 My sabre !—I will teach thee manners here !
 Fool ! damn him ! offices and reverence weary
 A delicate ear ! I'll cut thee round about
 Those precious ears ! Fora ! out at the door !
 Thomas ! my sabre ! "

To his side at once
 Sprang friends. The Judge now grasped him by
 the hand.

" Stop, friend, 'tis our affair ! I first was challenged.
 Protasy, bring my sabre ! Such a dance
 I'll lead him, as a bear with sticks." But Thaddeus
 Restrained the Judge : " Sir uncle, is this fitting ?
 And you, Most Powerful Chamberlain, is't worthy

Of you with such a coxcomb to engage ?
 Are there no young men here ? Leave it to me.
 I'll punish him as suits.—And you, bold sir,
 Who challenge old men, we will see if you
 Are such a valiant knight ; we'll talk of this
 To-morrow ; we will choose the place and weapons.
 To-day depart while you are safe."

The counsel
 Was good. The Klucznik and the Count now fell
 Into no trifling trouble. At the upper
 End of the table a loud shrieking rose.
 But from the lower end flew bottles round
 The County's head. The frightened women all
 Were praying, weeping. Telimena cried
 " Alas ! " With lifted eyes she rose, and fell
 Down in a swoon, upon the Count's arm drooped,
 And on his breast her swan-like bosom laid.
 The Count, though angry, checked his furious zeal,
 And strove to rouse her, and to dry her tears.

Meanwhile exposed to stool and bottle strokes
 Gervasy tottered ; now with tucked-up sleeves
 The servant throng rushed on him from all sides ;
 When happily Sophia, as she saw
 The assault, with pity moved, to the old man

Sprang forward, with her little hands wide spread
 She shielded him. The assailants ceased ; Gervasy
 Drew slowly backward, vanished from their eyes.
 They looked to see if he were hid beneath
 The table, when he suddenly came forth
 Upon the other side, as though emerged
 From under ground, and in his powerful arms
 A bench high-raising, like a windmill's sails
 He whirled it round, and half the hall made clear ;
 Then took with him the Count, and both thus
 screened

With the defending bench, retired towards
 The little door, and reached the threshold ; yet
 Gervasy stood, and looked upon his foes.
 He stood awhile in thought, uncertain whether
 To draw back under arms, or once again
 With newer arms his fortune try in war.
 He chose the second course. He lifted high
 The bench like battering ram behind to strike.
 He bent his head, with breast thrust out in front,
 With lifted foot, he for attack prepared,
 When he perceived the Wojski, and he felt
 In spirit terror.

 Sitting still, the Wojski
 Appeared as deep in meditation plunged.

At the beginning, when the Count began
 The quarrel with the Chamberlain, and when
 He spoke those threatening words unto the Judge,
 The Wojski turned away ; he twice took snuff,
 And rubbed his eyes ; though but a distant kinsman
 Unto the Judge, he dwelt within his house,
 And heedful of his good friend's safety eye
 Was he ; and so with deep concern he gazed
 Upon the fight. He lightly stretched his hand
 Across the table, palm and fingers, laid
 Upon one hand a knife, the handle placed
 Upon the index finger-nail ; but turned
 Towards his elbow was the steely blade.
 Then balancing the hand turned somewhat back,
 It seemed like sport—but on the Count he gazed.

The art of throwing knives, most terrible
 In single fight, already at that time
 In Litva was disused, and only known
 To old men ; but the Klucznik sometimes had
 Proved it in tavern combats, and the Wojski
 Excelled therein ; it well might be perceived,
 From action of his hand, he aimed towards
 The Count, the last of the Horeszkos, though
 By spindle-side. The younger men, less heedful,

Knew not what signified the old man's movements.
 Gervasy turned pale ; with the bench he covered
 The Count's retreat, and to the doors retired.
 " Catch him ! " the throng cried.

As a wolf, surprised

On sudden at his feast of carrion,
 Will cast him blindly on the throng that break
 Upon his feast, pursue them, and proceed
 To tear them into pieces ; all at once,
 Amid the canine shriek, a trigger's click
 Doth sound ; the wolf doth know it, searches round,
 Perceives the huntsman there behind the dogs,
 On one knee bending, who the barrel turns
 Towards him, and the trigger stirreth now.
 The wolf drops down his ears, and hies away
 With tail between his legs ; the pack, with cry
 Of triumph, rush upon him, tear the tufts
 Of hair upon him. Round the beast at times
 Will turn, he looks, and grindeth with his jaw ;
 And by the gnashing of his white tusks, scarce
 The pack doth threaten, when with whining cry
 They all disperse. Even thus Gervasy held
 With threatening mien assailants all at bay,
 With eyes and bench ; until he with the Count
 Did enter in a dark and deep recess.

" Catch 'em ! " the cry once more arose. Not long
 That triumph, for above the heads of all
 The crowd, the Klucznik showed him in the
 choir,

Beside the ancient organ, and began
 To tear off with loud crash the leaden pipes,
 And smiting from above, he surely had
 Inflicted great disaster. But the guests
 In tumult left the hall ; the frightened servants
 Dared not approach ; and quickly gathering up
 The table-vessels, rapidly they fled
 In footsteps of their masters ; left behind
 The covers, with their spoons and forks in part.

Who latest did retire, not heeding blows
 Or threatenings, from the battle-field ? It was
 Protasius Brzechalski. He, unmoved,
 Stood by the Judge's chair, and with the voice
 Of summoner his declaration made,
 Until he ended it, and backward drew
 Leaving the empty battle-field, where lay
 The dead and wounded, and a mighty ruin.

No loss was there in men. But every bench
 Had legs put out of joint ; the table, too,

Was lame, and naked of its table-cloth.
 It lay upon the plates, wine-deluged o'er,
 As 'twere a knight on bloody shields, among
 The many bodies of the chickens and
 The turkeys, in whose breasts forks lately planted
 Remained.

A little while, and everything
 Within the lonely castle of Horeszko
 Had to its rest accustomed come again.
 The twilight thickened ; the remainder of
 That lordly, stately banquet lay there, as
 In that nocturnal festival, wherein,
 At the solemnity of ancestors,⁹
 The dead are gathered. Now three times had
 shrieked
 The screech-owls in the garret, like the wizards.*
 The rising of the moon they seemed to hail,
 Whose beam fell through the window, quivering
 Upon the table, as it were a soul
 In purgatory ; from the under-ground
 Sprang rats, like damnèd souls ; they gnaw, they
 drink.
 At times, forgotten in the corner, burst

* *Gustarze.*

A bottle of champagne, as if to toast *
 The spirits.

But upon the upper floor,
 Within that chamber called the mirrored room,
 Though there were now no mirrors, stood the Count
 Upon the balcony against the door.
 He cooled him in the wind, upon one arm
 He wore a surtout, but the other sleeve
 And skirts were folded round his neck, and draped
 The surtout like a mantle o'er his breast.
 Gervasy strode with wide steps through the hall ;
 And both, in deep thought, talked unto themselves.
 "Pistols," the Count said ; "sabres if they will."
 "The castle," said the Klucznik, "and the village
 Are both our own."—"The uncle, nephew," cried
 The Count, "I'll challenge the whole race to-
 gether !" †
 "The castle," cried the Klucznik, "village, land,
 Seize them, sir !" Saying this he turned towards
 The Count : "If you, my lord, do peace desire,
 Seize everything. Why go to law, Mopanku ?

* "The English word *toast* is employed in the text.

† "Who dare this pair of boots displace
 Must meet Bombastes face to face :
 Thus do I challenge all the human race."

The cause is clear as day ; the castle was
 In the Horeszkos' hands four hundred years.
 Part of the revenues were wrested in
 The time of Targowica, and, as well
 You know, were given to Soplica's rule.
 Not this part only we must get from them ;
 The whole, for costs of lawsuits, punishment
 Of robbery. I always told you, sir,
 Abandon lawsuits ; always told you, sir,
 Invade them, harry them ! yes, thus it was
 In former days ; who once had held the land
 Was owner ; win in field, thou also wilt
 In law-courts win. And as for former quarrels
 With the Soplicas, better is the Penknife
 For them than lawsuits. But if Matthew will
 Lend me his Rod to help me, we will soon
 Chop both of these Soplicas up to chaff."

"Bravo !" the Count exclaimed ; " this plan of
 thine,

Gothic Sarmatian, better pleases me
 Than wrangling of the advocates. We'll make
 A noise throughout all Litva with this thing,
 Unheard of since the ancient times, and we
 Shall also reap amusement. These two years

That I have dwelt here, what battles have I
 seen ?

Among the peasants for a boundary ridge.
 This enterprise of ours doth promise bloodshed.
 During my travels I have been in one.
 In Sicily a certain prince's guest
 Was I, when brigands carried to the mountains
 His son-in-law, and from his relatives
 The daring wretches asked a ransom. We
 In haste collected all the serving-men
 And vassals, and upon the robbers fell.
 Myself two brigands slew with mine own hand,
 And first was in their fortress, setting free
 The prisoner. Ah ! Gervasy mine ! what triumph
 'Twas then ! Our coming back, how beautiful !
 So knightly-feudal ! All the people met us
 With flowers ; the prince's daughter in my arms
 Fell, grateful to the brave deliverer.
 When in Palermo I arrived, the whole
 Was known already from gazettes. The women
 Would point me out ; there even had been printed
 A novel on the whole affair, wherein
 I mentioned am by name. The title of
 The novel is as followeth : 'The Pole,
 Or Mysteries of the Castle of Birbante-

Rocca !' Are there within this castle dungeons ?"
 "There are enormous cellars," said the Klucznik,
 "But they are empty ; the Soplicas have
 Drunk all the wine up."—"We must arm the
 jockeys,"

The Count said, "in the house ; the vassalage
 Must summon from our own domains."—"What !
 lackeys !

Forbid it, Heaven !" Gervasy cried ; "is then
 A foray but a deed of villainy ?
 Whoever knew a foray made with peasants
 And lackeys ? You, my lord, know nought at all
 Of raids. But nobles, that is something other
 Than vassals ; they are found not on estates,
 But in the nobles' farmsteads there in Dobrzyn,
 In Rzesikow, in Cietycz, in Rabanki ;
 And nobles are they from eternity,
 In whom flows knightly blood, all friends unto
 Horeszko's family, and deadly foes
 Unto Soplica. I will gather from them
 A hundred whiskered nobles. That I'll do.
 You, sir, return unto your palace, sleep
 Your fill ; to-morrow there will be great work.
 You love to sleep ; 'tis late ; the second cock
 Has crowed already. I will stay to guard

The castle until dawn ; but with the sun
 I stand within the farmsteads of Dobrzynski." ¹⁰

The Count at these words left the balcony,
 But ere he went he through a shot-hole gazed,
 And as he viewed a multitude of lights
 Within Soplica's house : "Light up !" he cried.
 "To-morrow at this hour it will be bright
 Within this castle, in your mansion dark."

Gervasy sat upon the ground, and leaned
 Against the wall, while sank upon his breast
 His thoughtful brow. The moonlight fell upon
 The summit of his bald head ; with his finger
 Gervasy traced upon it many strokes.
 He dreamed of warlike plans in coming raids ;
 But more and more his heavy eyelids weighed
 Upon him, and he bowed his powerless neck.
 He felt that sleep was overtaking him,
 And as his custom was, he did begin
 His evening prayers. But 'tween the Paternoster
 And Ave Mary wondrous phantoms rose,
 Who crowded round the Klucznik, and who whirled
 About him. He beholdeth the Horeszkos,
 His former lords ; some bearing sabres, others

With truncheons ; each one looks with threatening
glance,
His whiskers twirls, and flourishes his sword,
Or shakes his truncheon ;¹¹ after them there came
One silent, gloomy shade, a bloody spot
Upon his breast. Gervasy shuddered, for
He recognised the Pantler ; he began
To sign the cross around him, and more surely
To drive off fearful dreams, he said aloud
The litany for souls in purgatory.
Again his sight was shut ; within his ears
There was a sound. He saw a crowd of nobles
On horseback, and the sabres gleamed. "A foray !
A foray !" Korelicz and Rymza lead them.
And he beheld himself on charger grey,
His dreadful rapier lifted o'er his head ;
He flies, his mantle with wide-streaming folds
Rustling, the cap from his left ear falls back.
He flies, o'erthrowing horse and foot upon
The road ; at last Soplica in his barn
He burneth up. Then sank upon his breast
His brow, with heavy dreaming weighted down.
Thus the last Klucznik of Horeszko slept.

NOTES TO BOOK V.

1. "In a silver basin."

In rich houses in Poland washhand basins and jugs are often made of silver, even at the present time.

2. "Like Philip from the hemp."

* A deputy named Philip, from the village of Konopie (hemp) having obtained a hearing in the Diet, wandered so far from the subject in hand, as to excite general laughter in the Chamber. Hence came a proverb, to emerge suddenly, like Philip from the hemp.

3. "Make Poland dumb, 'tis making Poland German."

The word *Niemiec* (pl. *Niemcy*), applied by the Poles to the Germans, means literally *dumb*. The words *Slawa* (glory) or *Slowo* (word) have, on the contrary, furnished the root of *Slave*, which from other causes has obtained so widely different a meaning in all other European tongues. The habit of applying the term of speakers only to those who speak the language intelligible to themselves is characteristic of many peoples. The name of *Mlekas*, given to the non-Aryan races of India by their Sanskrit-speaking conquerors, has the same meaning as *Niemiec* in Polish. We

recognise in the uneducated of all countries an inability to comprehend ignorance of their own languages, and a propensity to ascribe such ignorance to mere imbecility. Even now Polish peasants only recognise two nationalities, Poles, and the Dumb ones, *i.e.*, Germans, those not speaking Polish.

4. "And the Word became" —

These words of the Gospel of St. John are often used as an exclamation of astonishment.

5. "The Assessor whispered, half-aloud, 'Like dame.'"

In the original, Hreczecha's warning concludes with the words, *do jednej zwierzyny*, literally, "at one animal," and the whispered comment of his auditors is, *do jednej dziewczyny*, "at one damsel." We have tried, by employing English words that rhyme together, to make something like the same effect in translation.

6. "The Regent whispered, 'Woman,' the Assessor, 'Coquette.'"

The joke is continued in an untranslatable sequence of puns, by means of the similarly sounding words, *kobieta*, woman, and *kokieta*.

7. "Take then, Sir Count, the spolia opima."

Spolia opima in Roman history were spoils taken by a general from the leader of a hostile army in single combat. Such spoils were always dedicated to Jupiter Teretrius. Only two or three instances occur in the whole course of history; those of Romulus and Cornelius Cossus are among them.

8. " 'Sir Klucznik,' said he,
'Or rather screech-owl.' "

Puszczyk = screech-owl, rhymes with *Klucznik*, and produces one of those peculiar effects in the music of the poem, which frequently occur, but can seldom be translated.

9. "The solemnity of ancestors."

The famous nocturnal festival among the Lithuanian peasantry, celebrated on the 2d of November, when the souls of the dead are feasted. It forms the groundwork of the grand dramatic poem of the *Dziady*, by Mickiewicz.

10. "The farmsteads of Dobrzynski."

* In Lithuania a settlement of nobles is called a *zascianek* (*za* = behind, *sciana* = a wall), in contradistinction to *wies* or *siolo*, a village proper, inhabited by peasants.

11. "Or shakes his truncheon."

The original is *buzdygan*, a formidable steel weapon, planted on a short wooden handle. As no one was allowed to use a staff except the generals, so none of the army were allowed to use the *buzdygan* except captains, lieutenants, and standard-bearers.

[*Buzdygan* is commanding officer's staff, as *bulawa* was that of the four hetmans, viz., the Grand Hetman of the Crown, Field Hetman of the Crown, Grand Hetman of Lithuania, and Field Hetman of Lithuania.—E. S. N.]

BOOK VI.

THE FARMSTEAD.¹

*The first warlike movements of the foray—Protasy's expedition
—Robak takes counsel with the Judge about the public cause
—Continuation of Protasy's bootless errand—Episode of
the hemp—The farmstead of the noble family of Dobrzyn
—Description of the homestead and person of Matthias
Dobrzynski.*

FROM the damp twilight stole forth, dimly seen,
Light without blushing, leading on the day
With lightless eye. The day had risen long since,
But scarce as yet was visible. A mist
Hung o'er the earth, as thatch of straw o'erhangs
A poor Litvanian hut; towards the east
A circle somewhat whiter than the rest
The sun betokened, risen in the sky.
Thence must he to the earth descend, but he
Passed joylessly, and slumbered on his way.

By heaven's example all was late on earth,
The cattle to their pasture went forth late,
And stumbled on the hares, still feeding late,
Though used to come back to their groves at dawn.
To-day, enveloped in the rolling mists,
Some crunch the damp grass, others burrowing
Upon the field, in couples flock together,
And think to enjoy the open air betimes.
But they before the cattle must retreat
Unto the forest.

In the forests too
Was silence. The awakened bird sang not;
He shook his feathers clear of dew, and pressed
Close to the tree, and thrust his head again
Beneath his wings, half-shut his eyes, and waited
The sun. On shores of water 'mid the mire,
The storks do clatter with their beaks; the crows
Sit dripping wet, with large and open beaks,
And carry on their lengthy chattering;
Hateful to farmers, prophets of the rain.
The husbandmen had long gone forth to work.

The reapers now began their 'customed song,
Monotonous and gloomy, full of longing,
Like to a rainy day; the sadder sounding,

As sinking without echo in the mist.
 The sickles in the corn clashed, and the mead
 Resounded; in a row the mowers cut
 The after-grass, and whistled loud their song;
 With ending of each stanza they stand still,
 Sharpen the steel, and beat upon the hones
 In time. The folk unseen in mist, alone
 The sickles, scythes, and songs resounded, as
 Music from voices of the invisible.

In midmost on a sheaf of corn, the bailiff,
 Sitting, grew weary, turned around his head,
 Regarding not the labours; on the road
 He looked, upon the cross-ways, where there passed
 Some unaccustomed things.

Upon the paths
 And highways, from the morning had there reigned
 Unusual movement. There was creaking loud
 The peasant's cart, that like a post did fly;
 And here a noble's carriage rattling flew.
 It meets another, and a third. From left
 There rode an envoy like a courier;
 And many horses from the right-hand way
 Flew, as though racing. All seemed hastening
 To various quarters. What may all this mean?

The bailiff rose up from the sheaf, he wished
 To look around him, and inquire. Long time
 He stood upon the road, but called in vain,
 He could not stay the course of any one,
 Nor in the mist could recognise a soul.
 And horsemen flitted fast like spirits, only
 Time after time the hollow fall of hoofs,
 Was heard, and stranger yet, the clash of sabres.
 This much rejoices, but yet terrifies
 The bailiff's heart; for though in Litva then
 Was peace, long time low murmurs went around
 Of war, the French, Dombrowski, & Napoleon.
 Should then these horsemen war portend? these
 arms?

The bailiff ran to tell it to the Judge,
 Trusting himself to learn of something news.

In Soplicowo guests and household both,
 After the quarrellings of yesterday,
 Rose sad and discontented on this morn.
 In vain the Wojski's daughter would invite
 The ladies unto fortune-telling. Vainly
 Were given playing-cards unto the men.
 They will not seek amusement, neither play.
 Silent they sat in corners, and the men

Smoked pipes, the women knitted ; even the flies
 Appeared asleep.

The Wojski, throwing down
 His fly-scare, wearied by the silence, went
 Among the servants. He was glad to hear
 Within the kitchen the housekeeper's cries,
 And the cook's threats and blows, and scullions'
 noise,
 Until the sound monotonous of spits,
 Turning with various roasts, did gradually
 In sweet and pleasant dreaming steep his sense.

Since morning shut up in his room the Judge
 Was writing, and the Wozny since the morn
 Beneath the window in the ante-room
 Was waiting. Having finished now his summons,
 The Judge called in Protasy, read aloud
 An accusation couched against the Count,
 For outrage to his honour, and reviling ;
 Against Gervasy for assault and battery ;
 Against them both for insolence and costs,
 He enters in the criminal register !²
 This must that very day by word of mouth
 Delivered be, and openly, ere sunset.
 The Wozny, with a solemn mien, outstretched

Both hands and hearing when he saw the summons.
 He stood right gravely, but had fain jumped high
 For very joy, for thinking of a lawsuit
 He felt him growing young again, remembering
 When he went out with summons, to earn blows,
 But likewise liberal pay. The soldier thus,
 Whose life was spent in war, but old and broken
 Now rests in hospital, soon as he hears
 The trump and drum far off, from off his couch
 Springeth, and in his sleep cries out, " Upon
 The Muscovites ! " and on his wooden leg
 So fast he rushes from the hospital,
 That young men scarcely may him overtake.

Protasy hastes to don forensic dress ;
 Yet wears he nor the *zupan* nor *kontusz*.
 They serve alone the law-court's grand parade.
 For journeying he has a different dress :
 Wide riding hose, and jacket, whose long skirts
 With buttons may be shortened, or let down
 Below the knee ; a cap with ears, and band
 That fastens round the crown, in sunshine raised,
 Let down in rain. Accoutred thus he took
 A cudgel, and on foot set forward, since
 The Wozny, like a spy before the war,

Must hide himself before the suit begin,
Beneath another form, another name.

Well did Protasy, that such haste he made
Upon the road, else had he not for long
Enjoyed his summons. For in Soplicowo
The plan of the campaign had all been changed.
On sudden to the Judge came Robak, breathless,
Thus saying: "Judge, the aunt will work us woe,
This lady Telimena's a coquette
And flirt. When as a helpless child Sophia
Was left, to Telimena's care did Jacek
Confide her, since he heard that she was good,
And had great knowledge of the world. But I
Perceive that she is carrying on intrigues,
And possibly enticing Thaddeus.
I have watched her—or perhaps it is the Count,
Perhaps the two at once. Let's think of means
To rid ourselves of her, else may result
Some complications hence, an ill example,
Quarrels between the young men, which may mar
Thy legal compromise!"—"My compromise!"
The Judge exclaimed, with unaccustomed heat;
"I'm quit of compromises! I have ended,
I've broken 'em all off!"—"But how is this?"

Broke Robak in; "what reason's in't or sense?"
"No fault of mine," the Judge said; "and the lawsuit
Will make all clear. The Count, that proud young
fool,

Was cause of all the quarrel, and that rascal
Gervasy. But all this is for the courts.
Pity thou wert not in the castle, priest,
At supper, for thou couldst have then been witness
How grievously the Count offended me."
"Why did you creep again into those ruins?"
Said Robak; "for you know I cannot bear
That castle. Henceforth never shall my foot
Enter within it. What! another quarrel!
Chastisement of the Lord! How was it? tell me.
All this must be forgotten; I am weary
Of all these fooleries! I've weightier business
Than to conciliate brawlers, but I fain
Would bring ye to agree!"—"Thou! make agree!
What means this? Get ye gone with make agree
Unto the devil!" stamping with his foot
The Judge exclaimed. "Just see this monk!
Because

I have received him here with courtesy,
He wants to lead me by the nose. Learn thou
That the Soplicas are not used to agree;

When once they send a summons they must win.
 Not one time only in their name a suit
 Has lasted full six generations long,
 Until they gained it. I have done enough
 Of fooleries by your counsel, calling in
 Three times the judgment of the Chamberlain.
 Henceforth there is no peace, no, none! none! none!"
 And thus exclaiming he rose up, and stamped
 With both his feet. "Besides this, for last night's
 Discourtesy, he must entreat my pardon,
 Or else we fight."

"But, Judge, how would it be
 If Jacek heard of this? why, his despair
 Would slay him. Have not the Soplicas done
 Enough of evil in that castle yet?
 Brother, I will not unto thee recall
 That terrible event. Thou knowest also
 That Targowica did make confiscate
 Some of the castle holdings, and did give them
 To the Soplicas. Jacek, for his sins
 Grieving, must under absolution make
 A vow to render back these lands; and so
 Did he adopt Sophia, the destitute
 Inheritrix of the Horeszkos; he
 Laid out much money on her bringing up;

He would betroth her to his Thaddeus,
 And thus unite two families at feud,
 Again in brotherhood, and without shame,
 Thus yield the plunder to its rightful heiress."
 "But how is that my business?" said the Judge;
 "I never knew him, never even saw
 My brother Jacek. Scarcely by report
 I knew his life of rioting, as then
 I studied rhetoric in a Jesuit's school,
 Then at the Wojewode's as a page I served.
 The estates were given me. I took them; he
 Commanded that I should receive Sophia.
 I did receive her, gave to her a dowry,
 And for her future also will provide.
 But this old woman's tale has wearied me
 Enough! And then why has this Count come down
 Upon me with a claim unto the castle?
 For thou, my friend, well knowest, he is kin
 To the Horeszkos only distantly.³
 Shall he insult me thus, and I invite him
 To concord?"—"Brother," said the priest, "for that
 Thou shouldst thus do, there are important reasons.
 Rememb'rest thou how Jacek once desired
 To send his son unto the wars; but after
 Caused him to stay in Litva? Why was this?"

Because at home and in his Fatherland
 He will be far more needed. Thou hast heard
 This thing whereof they are speaking everywhere,
 Of which not seldom I have tidings brought.
 Now is it time to tell all things, 'tis time!—
 Most weighty things, my brother. War among us!
 A war for Poland, brother! we'll be Poles!
 A war for certain! When I hastened here
 On secret embassy, our army's foreposts
 Already stood upon the Niemen's shore.
 Napoleon gathers now a mighty host;
 Our Joseph, our Dombrowski, our white eagles,
 Our Polish hosts beside the Frenchmen march.
 Now are they on the way, and at the first
 Sign from Napoleon they will cross the Niemen,
 Our brothers! Then our country shall awake!"

The Judge, while listening, laid his glasses down,
 And gazing fixedly upon the priest,
 Said nought awhile, but deeply sighed, and tears
 Were circling in his eyes. At last he rushed
 Upon the priest's neck, and embracèd him.
 "My Robak!" cried he, "is this but the truth?
 So many times deceived! Dost thou remember?
 They said, 'Napoleon now is coming, and

We looked for him.' They said, 'He is in Poland;
 He has the Prussians beaten, he will soon
 Break through to us.' And he, what then? He made
 At Tilsit peace!⁴ Is this the truth? Art thou
 Thyself deceived not?" "Truth!" cried Robak;

"true

As God in heaven!"—"O blessed be the lips
 That tell such news!" the Judge exclaimed, and
 raised

Both hands on high. "Thou shalt thine embassy
 Regret not, Robak, neither shall thy convent
 Regret it; twenty sheep at choice I give
 Unto the convent. Priest, thou yesterday
 Didst burn to own my chestnut, and didst praise
 My bay; they shall immediately be harnessed,
 This day, unto thy waggon. Ask of me
 What thing thou wilt to-day, what pleases thee,
 I will not thee refuse. But as concerns
 This business with the Count, leave me in peace.
 He wronged me, and already have I sent
 A summons. Does this please thee?"

Then the priest,
 Astonished, wrung his hands, and fixed his eyes
 Upon the Judge, his shoulders shrugged, and said:
 "So when Napoleon bringeth liberty

To Litva, when the whole world trembles, thou
 Art thinking of a lawsuit? And yet more;
 Thou, after all that I have said to thee,
 Wilt sit here peaceably, with folded hands,
 When needful 'tis to act."—"To act, and how?"
 The Judge inquired. "What! hast thou read it not,"
 Said Robak, "from my eyes? Hast not thy heart
 Yet told it thee? Ah! brother, if thou hast
 Still something in thee of Soplica blood,
 Only consider. If the French in front
 Should strike, and if the nation rise behind?
 What thinkest thou? Then let the Horseman
 neigh!"⁵

Let the Bear roar in Samogitia!
 Ah! if some thousand men, if but five hundred,
 Should strike upon the Russians on their rear,
 Then like a fire would insurrection spread
 Around. If we might snatch from Muscovy
 Their cannon, ensigns, then as conquerors
 Come forth to hail our countrymen, the land's
 Deliverers! We march; Napoleon,
 When he beholds our lances, will inquire,
 'What army are ye?' We reply, 'Insurgents,
 O most illustrious Emperor, volunteers
 Of Litva.' He: 'Beneath whose captaincy?'

'We are led by Judge Soplica.' Ah! who then
 Will dare of Targowica but to whisper.
 Brother, while still the trees of Ponar stand,
 While flows the Niemen, shall Soplica's name
 Be famed in Litva; and the capital
 Of the Jagellons shall point out thy grandsons,
 And grandsons' sons, and say, 'Behold, that man
 Is a Soplica, sprung from those Soplicas
 Who first made insurrection!'"

But to that

The Judge: "To me a lesser matter is
 The talk of men; ne'er recked I much of praise.
 God is my witness, of my brother's sins
 I am not guilty, never much I mixed
 In politics; my office exercising,
 And ploughing on my bit of land. But I
 A noble am; I gladly would efface
 This stain upon my house. I am a Pole,
 Would gladly for my country aught achieve,
 Though yield my life up. Never greatly I
 With sabre did excel, though men from me
 Have taken blows. The world doth know them in
 The latest diets of Poland; I once challenged
 And wounded two Buzwiki, who—— But this
 Is of no moment. What is your opinion?"

Needs it that we should take the field at once ?
 To gather marksmen is an easy thing.
 I have good store of powder, some few cannon
 Are at the parish priest's house. I remember,
 Once Jankiel said that he had lance-heads stored,
 Which I could take at need. He brought them
 here

In secret, and in packages prepared
 From Königsberg. We will take them, and at once
 We'll make the shafts. Of sabres we've no lack.
 The noblemen shall then on horseback mount,
 I and my nephew at their head ; and somewhat
 Shall be !”

“O Polish blood !” the Bernardine
 Cried with deep feeling, and towards the Judge
 He sprang with open arms, embracing him.
 “True child of the Soplicas ! Heaven designs thee
 To cleanse the sinning of thine exiled brother !
 I ever honoured thee, but at this moment
 I love thee, as though we own brothers were.
 Let us prepare all things ; but 'tis not time
 To go forth yet. I will myself appoint
 The place, and will to you proclaim the time.
 I know the Czar sent lately couriers
 Unto Napoleon, to beg for peace ;

War is not yet declared ; but our Prince Joseph *
 Has heard from Binion, a Frenchman, who
 Is of the Emperor's Council, that all these
 Negotiations will but end in nought,
 That war will come to pass. The prince sent me
 As scout to give commands that the Litvini
 Be ready to inform Napoleon, when
 He shall arrive, that Litva would again
 Unite herself to Poland, to her sister,
 And that they ask that Poland be restored.
 And meanwhile, brother, it is needful you
 Should with the Count agree ; true 'tis that he
 Eccentric is, and somewhat singular,
 But young, and honourable ; a good Pole.
 We've need of such. In revolutions such,
 Eccentric men are necessary. I
 Can say this from experience ; even fools
 May be of use, if they are honest, and
 Beneath good governance. The Count's a lord,
 And he among the nobles has great weight.
 The district all will move, if that he stir
 In insurrection. Knowing his great riches,
 Each nobleman will say : “'Tis a sure thing,

* Poniatowski, nephew of Stanislas Augustus.

If lords are in it.' I'll make haste at once
 To him."—"Let him the first declare himself,"
 The Judge replied; "let him come here to me,
 And beg my pardon, for I am his elder,
 And I hold office. As concerns the suit,
 Let it be judged by arbitration." But
 The Bernardine had slammed the door to.

"Well!

A happy journey!" said the Judge.

The priest

Mounted a waggon standing at the door.
 He touched the horses with his whip, and shook
 The reins upon their sides; the waggon swift
 Vanished in clouds of mist. The monk's grey cowl
 Alone rose here and there above the wreaths,
 Like to a vulture o'er the clouds.

The Wozny

Had long gone forth unto the County's house.
 As an experienced fox, when lured by smell
 Of bacon, runs towards it, but as he
 Knows well the wiles of hunters, as he runs
 He stands, and sits still, raises up his tail,
 And with it towards his nostrils drives the wind
 As with a fan; interrogates the wind,
 If may be hunters have not poisoned

The meat—Protasy went thus off the road,
 And circled by a field of hay around
 The house, pretending that he there perceived
 A vicious ox. Thus making tacks expert,
 He stood beside the garden, and he stooped,
 And ran; thou wouldst have said he followed after
 A landrail, till he all at once sprang o'er
 The hedge, and entered in among the hemp.

In this sweet-smelling, green, and thick-grown plant,
 Round a house planted, lies a sure asylum
 For beast and man. Not seldom does a hare,
 Surprised among the cabbages, spring out
 To hide among the hemp, than brushwood surer.
 For deep in the thick green no greyhound can
 O'ertake him, neither mastiff track him out,
 For the strong odour of the hemp. Among
 The hemp a servant of the mansion can
 Escape from whip or fist; there may he sit
 Until his lord has stormed away his rage:
 And even peasants, or escaped recruits,
 While the authorities in forests seek them,
 Do sit among the hemp. And hence in time
 Of battles, seizures, raids, the parties both
 Will spare no efforts to possess this stronghold

Of hemp, which to the house's front extends
Beneath the well, and usually behind
Does border on the hops.

Protasy, though

A bold man, yet felt not a little fear.
The odour of the hemp recalled to him
His past adventures as a Wozny, one
After another, taking as his witness
The hemp. How one time he with summons
served

A nobleman of Telsz, a Dzindolet,
Who, holding to his breast a pistol, ordered
That he should crawl beneath the table, there
Recant his summons with a voice of cur.⁶
How later Wolodkowicz,⁷ a proud lord,
And insolent, who Diets would disperse,
And violate tribunals; and when he
Received official summons, tore the paper,
And placing *heyduks* * at the door with sticks,
Himself upraised above the Wozny's head
His naked rapier, crying, "Either die,
Or eat thy paper." So the Wozny made
As he would eat it, like a prudent man;

* This frequently used word is of Hungarian origin.

Till, stealing to the window, in the garden
Of hemp he entered.

At that time indeed

'Twas no more Litvin custom to resist
A summons by the sabre or the whip,
And seldom did the Wozny hear at times
A scolding. But Protasy could not know
As yet this change of custom, since for long
He had served no summons, though aye ready,
though

He would entreat the Judge; the Judge till now,
Through due respect to ancient years, refused
The old man's prayers. To-day this sacrifice
He would accept from sheer necessity.

The Wozny gazes, watches; everywhere
'Tis silent; slowly pushes he the hemp
Aside with both hands, parting wide the thicket
Of stalks, he glided onward through the plants,
As dives a fish beneath the waves. He raised
His head, but everywhere is silence round.
He searches through the windows all the palace
Interior; 'tis empty all; he enters
The gallery. Not fearless, he uplifts
The latch; all void as an enchanted castle.

He draws his summons forth, and reads aloud
 His declaration. At this moment he
 Did hear a rattling, and he wished to fly,
 When some one from the doors towards him came,
 By good luck, some one known to him. 'Twas
 Robak!

Both marvelled. Plainly it was seen the Count
 Had marched off somewhere with his household all,
 And in great haste, for all the doors stood wide.
 'Twas seen he went off armed; for guns and rifles
 Were strewn about the floor, and further on
 Were ramrods, triggers, with the gunsmith's tools,
 Wherewith they had the firearms late repaired;
 And gunpowder and paper for the making
 Of cartridges. Was then the Count a-hunting
 With all his servants gone? But what should mean
 These hand-arms; here a headless sabre, that
 Had rusty grown, here lay a beltless sword;
 No doubt a weapon had selected been
 From out that store; and even been disturbed
 The ancient armoury. With heed did Robak
 Both guns and swords consider; then he went
 Towards the farm to get intelligence.
 While looking for the servants, to inquire
 About the Count, he in the empty farm

Found hardly two old women, and from them
 He learned, the master and his household train
 Had marched tumultuously in arms to Dobrzyn.

Throughout Litvania widely had renown
 The settlement of the Dobrzynskis, through
 Its mankind's courage, and its women's beauty.
 In former days 'twas numerous and strong;
 For when King John the Third by *wici*⁸ called
 A general levy, from this very Dobrzyn
 The standard-bearer of the region led
 Two hundred nobles to him under arms.
 To-day the family was fewer and poorer.
 In former days, in courts of lords, or in
 The army, or incursions, *sejmik* broils,
 Had the Dobrzynskis eaten bread of ease:
 Now, like the hireling peasantry, must they
 Work for their living; they however wore not
 The peasants' russet, but the white capote
 With stripes of black, on Sundays the *kontusz*.
 Likewise the dress their noble ladies wore,
 The poorest even, from the jackets worn
 By peasant women was quite different.
 They wore fine calicoes and muslin gowns;
 And when they led the beasts to pasture, they

Went not in shoes of bark, but slippers wore,
And they reaped corn, and even spun in gloves.

And 'mid their Litvin brothers the Dobrzynskis
Were by their tongue distinguished, by their stature,
And by their features. Of pure Lechite blood,⁹
Black hair had all, high foreheads, eagle noses,
Black eyes. They from the Dobrzyn land derive
Their ancient race, and though four hundred years
In Litva settled, they had still preserved
Their Mazov speech and customs. When a child
Of theirs received a name in christening, they
Chose for its saint a patron of the Crown,
'Twas Saint Bartholomew, or Saint Matthias.
Thus was the son of a Matthias named
Bartholomew; his son again was called
Matthias; and the women all were named
Catherine or Mary. In such great confusion
To know apart each other they conjoined
Unto their surname other different names,
From some defect or virtue, men and women.
At times the men received cognomina,
In sign of countrymen's contempt or scorn.
A noble sometimes by one name in Dobrzyn
Was known, and in the neighbourhood around

By something other. And the nobles round
Would copy the Dobrzynskis, and assume,
Like them, such surnames, *imioniska* * styled.

Now well-nigh every family has such,
But 'tis not generally known that they
In Dobrzyn had their origin, and there
Were necessary, though through all the rest
Of Litva, the same custom only rose
From senseless imitation.

Thus Matthias

Dobrzynski, head of all the family,
Was called the Weathercock; then in the year
A thousand, seven hundred, ninety-four,
He changed his surname, and was *Zabok* † named,
And the Dobrzynskis christened him the "Rabbit;"
But the Litvini Matthew of the Matthews.

As he o'er the Dobrzynskis, so his house
Ruled o'er the hamlet, as it stood between
The tavern and the church. Well might be known
'Twas visited but rarely, and a rabble

* *Imioniska* (pl.) are properly sobriquets.—*Author's note.*

† *Za*, at, and *bok*, side. This term is explained later on in the text of the poem.

Did dwell therein, for doorless stood the gate.
 The gardens were unfenced, unsown, the peach-trees
 Upon the borders were o'ergrown with moss.
 And yet this farm the hamlet's capital
 Appeared, and shapelier than the other houses ;
 Far more extensive, and its right side, where
 A window stood, was built of brick. Besides,
 There was a storehouse, granary, and barn,
 A cattle-shed, and stables ; all were placed
 Together in a group, by nobles' custom,
 All things seemed wonderful, decayed, and old.
 The house's roofs were shining, as though formed
 Of some green metal, from the moss and grass
 That grew thereon, luxuriant as a mead.
 Upon the barn-thatch, like a hanging garden
 Of various plants, red crocus, and the nettle,
 The yellow stoncrop, many-coloured trails
 Of mercury, the nests of various birds ;
 Within the garrets pigeons ; in the windows
 The nests of swallows ; at the house's threshold
 White rabbits skip, and in the untrodden grass
 Do burrow. In a word, the house resembled
 A cage or rabbit-hutch.

But it had once
 Been fortified. For on each side it bore

The trace of many and of fierce attacks.
 Still lying in the grass before the door,
 Large as a child's head, was a cannon-ball
 Of iron, come down from the Swedish wars ;
 And formerly a door-wing open wide
 Was by this ball as by a stone retained.
 Within the courtyard, from between the weeds
 And absinth, rose the heads of ancient crosses,
 In this unconsecrated ground the sign
 That here lay some surprised by sudden death.
 Who closely might consider storehouse, barn,
 And cottage, saw their walls all speckled o'er,
 From ground to roof, as by an insect swarm.
 In midst of every spot a bullet lurked,
 As in an earthy hole a humble-bee.

Around the doors all latches, hooks, and nails
 Were cut asunder, or bore sabre marks.
 Here certainly the temper had been proved
 Of steel of Sigismund, which severs nails
 From off the head, or cuts a hook straight through,
 Yet in the sword-blade never comes a notch.
 Above Dobrzynski's door were coats of arms ;
 Yet were the armorial bearings hidden quite
 By ranks of cheeses, thickly archèd o'er

By nests of swallows. In the house itself,
Coach-house, and stable, was a weapon-store,
As in an ancient armoury. Beneath
The roof there hung four monstrous helmets,
once

The ornament of martial brows ; to-day
The birds of Venus, pigeons, cooed therein,
And cherished there their nestlings ; in the stable
A coat of mail upon the crib outspread,
And ringèd cuirass, as a manger served,
In which the stable-boy did clover throw
To young colts. In the kitchen several rapiers
The sacrilegious cook had blunted, placing
The roast upon them, using them as spits.
A horse-tail, trophy from Vienna, served
As winnow to a hand-mill ; in a word,
Industrious Ceres thence had banished Mars,
And with Pomona, Flora, and Vertumnus,
Reigned o'er Dobrzynski's house and granary.
But now the goddesses must yield again
To Mars returning.

At the dawn of day,
A messenger on horseback had appeared
In Dobrzyn, hastening from house to house,
Arousing all as for the *corvée*. All

The brother nobles rise, the streets are filled
With crowds ; a shout is in the tavern heard,
And lights are seen within the priestly house.
The old men counsel take, the young men
saddle

The horses, while the women hold them back.
The boys all struggle forward ; all are eager
To run, to fight, but know not whom to fight,
Nor where, and willy-nilly they must stay.
In the priest's dwelling lengthy council lasts,
Tumultuous, and confusèd fearfully.
But as the opinions could not be agreed,
It was at last resolved to lay before
Father Matthias the whole business straight.

Years seventy-two Matthias numberèd ;
A hale old man, of lordly stature, he,
An old Confederate of Bar.¹⁰ Both friends
And enemies remembered yet the strokes
His curved Damascus sabre gave, which cut
Asunder pikes and lances like to straw,
And which in jest received the modest name
Of Rod. He from Confederate became
A royalist, and held with Tyzenhaus,¹¹
The Lithuanian Treasurer ; but when

The king acceded to the Targowica,*
 Matthew once more the royal party left.
 So from his frequent change of politics,
 He formerly was called the Weathercock,
 Since, like the Weathercock, he changed his standard
 With every turn of wind. In vain it were
 To seek to know the cause of all these changes.
 Matthew perhaps loved fighting overmuch ;
 And conquered on one side, would seek again
 For war upon another. Or, may be,
 In politics far-seeing, he had searched
 The spirit of the times, and wheresoe'er
 He saw his country's good, he thither went.
 But yet one thing was certain, the desire
 Of glory, or vile gain, had lured him never.
 For never with the Muscovitish party
 He held, and if he only saw a Russian,
 He foamed, and writhed about ; and when the land
 Was conquered, not to meet a Muscovite,
 He kept within his own house, like a bear
 Who sucks his paws, deep in the forest.¹²

He

Had long since for the last time gone to war,

* See note 4 to Book II.

To Wilna with Oginski, where they both
 Together served beneath Jasinski ; * there
 He with the Rod had wonders shown of courage.
 Well known it was that he, being all alone,
 Had sprung from Praga's ramparts down, to rescue
 Pan Pociiej,¹³ who, upon the battle-field
 Deserted, wounds had gotten twenty-three.
 'Twas long supposed in Litva both were slain ;
 But both returned, though riddled through like
 sieves.

Soon as the war was over, Pociiej,
 Like to an honest man, would have repaid
 His benefactor, the Dobrzynski, richly.
 He gave him a five-acre farm for life,
 And a yearly pension of a thousand florins
 In gold assigned to him. But said Dobrzynski :
 " Let Pociiej have Matthew, and not Matthew
 Have Pociiej, for a benefactor." Thus
 The farm refused he, and would take no pay.
 Returning to his house alone, he lived
 By labour of his hands, made hives for bees
 For cattle medicine ; he went to market
 To sell the partridges he snared, and game.

* See note 4 to Book I. *et seq.*

In Dobrzyn there were sage old men enough,
 Who Latin understood, and in the courts
 From their youth upward had been exercised,
 There were a many richer ; but of all
 The family, the poor, unlearnèd Matthew
 Was highest honoured, not alone as swordsman
 Renowned, by wielding of the Rod ; but as
 A man of sure and wise opinion, who
 The history of the country, and the clan's
 Traditions knew completely, and was skilled
 In law as husbandry ; who secrets knew
 Of hunting, and of medicine. They even
 Ascribed to him (the parish priest said no)
 Knowledge of strange and superhuman things.
 One thing is certain, that he perfectly
 Did understand the changes of the air,
 And oftener than the farmer's almanac
 Would rightly guess. No wonder, then, that whether
 The question were, when sowing to begin,
 To send off barges, or to reap the corn,
 Or go to law, or an agreement close,
 Nought but by his advice was done in Dobrzyn.
 The old man sought such influence not at all ;
 Rather desiring to be rid of it,
 He grumbled at his clients, oftenest

He thrust them forth in silence from his house ;
 Advice he rarely gave, and not to all.
 In most important quarrels or disputes
 He scarce, when they inquired, his sentence gave ;
 And in not many words. 'Twas thought that he
 Would sure take up the question of to-day,
 And would in person head the enterprise,
 Because he greatly loved to fight from youth,
 And to the Russians was eternal foe.

The old man through his lonely garden walked,
 Singing the song, "When morning dawn doth rise."¹⁴
 Right glad he was the weather clearer grew.
 The mist had not arisen yet on high,
 As it is wont to do when gather clouds,
 But still fell down. The wind spread out its hands,
 And stroked the mist, and smoothed it, spread it wide
 Upon the meadow ; meanwhile, from above,
 The pale sun with a thousand rays pierced through
 The web, and spread it o'er with gold and silver,
 And rosy hues ;—as when an artist pair
 In Slucko weave rich girdles ; on the ground
 A maiden sitting lades the loom with silk,
 And smoothes the warp down with her hand.
 Meanwhile

A weaver from above throws down to her
 Silver and golden threads, and purple, colours
 And flowers creating ; so the wind to-day
 Outspread the earth with wreaths of mist ; the sun
 Uplifted them. And Matthew sunned himself,
 And said his prayers ; then to his husbandry
 Betook himself ; he gathered grass and leaves,
 And sat before his house, and gave a whistle.
 Upon this whistle, swift from out the earth
 A flock of rabbits spring, upon the grass,
 Like flowerets of narcissus. Whitely gleam
 Their long ears, and their little eyes beneath
 Glitter like blood-red rubies, thickly set
 On velvet of the green grass. On their hind-legs
 The conies rear ; each listens, looks ; at last
 The white-downed flock all run to the old man,
 Allured by cabbage-leaves. Unto his feet
 They spring, upon his knees, his shoulders ; he,
 Himself like a white rabbit, loves to gather
 The conies thus around him, and to stroke
 Their warm fur. But he with the other hand
 Throws millet to the sparrows from his cap ;
 And from the roof the chattering rabble flock.
 But as the old man thus did please himself,
 Viewing that banquet, all at once the cor-

Vanished beneath the ground, and to the roof
 The sparrow crowds before new-comers fly,
 Who with quick steps now enter in the farm.
 The envoys these were from the assembly sent
 Of nobles in the priest's house, and they came
 To Matthew for advice. They from afar
 Saluted him, low bowing ; with these words
 They welcomed him : " May Jesus Christ be
 praised ! " ¹⁵
 " For ever and ever, Amen ! " he replied.
 But when he heard the weight of their commission,
 Within his cottage he invited them.
 They entered, sat upon a bench ; the first
 Of these ambassadors stood in the midst,
 And now began his sentence to unfold.
 Meanwhile a crowd of other nobles came ;
 All the Dobrzynskis nearly, of the neighbours
 Several from *zascianki* round about,
 Armed and unarmed, in chaises and in cars,
 On foot and horseback. Carriages were stayed,
 And ponies to the birch-trees tied ; around
 The house they gather, curious of the issue.
 The room was full already ; in the hall
 They gather ; others in the windows thrust
 Their heads, and list attentive the discourse.

NOTES TO BOOK VI.

I.

In respect to the title of this book, I have been advised to use *Farmstead* instead of the original *zascianek*, derived from *za*, behind, and *sciana*, wall, meaning, in a forgotten corner of the world.

[These *zascianki* were inhabited by the poorest of the lesser nobility, who were in fact peasants, but possessed of truly Castilian pride. The wearing of a sword being restricted to nobles, it was not unusual to see such *zasciankowicze*, or peasant nobles, following the plough barefooted, wearing an old rusty sword hanging at their side by hempen cords.—E. S. N.]

2. "*He enters in the criminal register.*"

The original is *taktowy rejestr*, i.e., the register of the criminal tribunal, which took cognisance of offences in the law-courts, happening a mile from a town, or directed against the person of a deputy. [The meaning of the expression is: He registers into the books of the *gród* (district) court any suit about to be judged, or after it had passed out of court.—E. S. N.]

3. "*He is heir*

To the Horeszkos only distantly."

The original is "the tenth water from *Kisiel*," which peculiar expression the author explains as follows:—

* *Kisiel*, a Lithuanian dish, a sort of jelly, made of oaten leaven, soaked in water till all the farinaceous parts are washed out; hence the proverb.

4. "*At Tilsit peace.*"

After the victories of Pultusk, Eylau, and Friedland, following in quick succession, it appeared highly probable that Napoleon would at once cross the Niemen, and enter Lithuania. Instead of this he held a personal conference with the Emperor Alexander on the bridge at Tilsit, where they arranged a peace, July 7, 1807. By this treaty part of Poland was taken from the King of Prussia, and erected into the Duchy of Warsaw, but much was still left in the hands of the Germans, and the province of Bialystok was detached and given over to Russia. The treaty of Tilsit is sometimes known to Polish historians as the fourth partition.

5. "*Let the Horseman neigh.*"

The arms of Lithuania are a Horseman pursuing on a field azure. ("Pursuit" is the appellation.)—E. S. N.

6. "*Recant his summons with a voice of cur.*"

A convicted slanderer was compelled to crawl under the table or bench, and in that position to bark three times like a dog, and pronounce his recantation. Hence the Polish word *odszczekac*, to bark back, generally used to express recanting.

7. "*How later Wolodkowicz,*" &c.

* * This Wolodkowicz, after making several disturbances, was seized in Minsk, and shot by a tribunal decree.

8. "When King John the Third by wici called," &c.

* When the king ordered a general levy of the nobility, he commanded a high pole to be set up in each parish, with a broom, or *wicia*, bound to the top, and this was called sending out *wici*. Every adult man of the equestrian order was obliged, under penalty of losing his nobility, to repair immediately to the Wojewode's standard.

9. "Of pure Lechite blood."

The Lachy, or inhabitants of Poland proper, have various origins assigned to them. One opinion frequently adopted is that they were a conquering race from the Caucasus, who overran and mingled with the original Slavonic Polani. It is urged, that the difference of social and legal position between the nobles and peasants points to the relations of a conquering and a conquered people. For the alleged Caucasian origin the similarity of the name Lachy with Lazi, a warlike tribe in the Caucasus, formerly allies of Justinian, is quoted, as well as many local names both in those regions and in Poland. Another opinion is that they were of Norse or Scandinavian origin. *Vide* the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

10. "An old Confederate of Bar."

The Confederacy of Bar was formed in 1768 to resist Russia. It was named from the town of Bar in Podolia, where the Confederates first united, and the siege of which forms the first episode of a war replete in traits of heroism, but also abounding in painful details.

11. "And held with Tyzenhaus."

"No one was equal in magnificent and useful designs to Tyzenhaus, the Lithuanian Treasurer, who from the beginning of the reign of Stanislas Augustus commenced gigantic projects for advancing progress in Lithuania. He built near Grodno the suburb of Horodnica; on the other side of the

river Lososna, he raised buildings where numerous manufactures were established. He founded in Grodno a school of natural sciences and medicine. Tyzenhaus, knowing the king's partiality for amusements and spectacles, soon procured him, from peasants' huts, accomplished musicians and ballet-dancers. The king confided greatly in Tyzenhaus, to such a degree that he intrusted to him the distribution of offices in Lithuania. Envy was soon aroused against the treasurer, whose zeal caused him to exceed moderation in the expenses of his enterprise, so that he was not able to pay the interest of a debt to the King of Holland. This circumstance contributed to excite indignation and ill-will against him. The empress Catherine supported this clamour, and demanded of the king that he should dismiss the treasurer. The king abandoned Tyzenhaus in 1782. Calumny, violence, and injury rendered it impossible for him to justify himself. Under the pretext that he had a deficit of a million, four millions of his property were put in execution. Tyzenhaus died in poverty and misery at Warsaw, under the very eyes of his weak and ungrateful master. The manufactures of Horodnica still subsist, and have not ceased to be productive of benefit to the country, although at one time abandoned, and even persecuted. Thus enlightened opinions, crushed down by prejudice and malice, as soon as implanted, begin to produce fruit, and in spite of hindrances flourish and elevate society."—*Lelevel's "Reign of Stanislas Augustus."*

12. "Who sucks his paws deep in the forest."

Referring to the popular idea that a bear, while hibernating, lives by sucking his own paws.

13. "To rescue Pan Pociiej."

* Alexander, Count Pociiej, after returning from the war to Lithuania, assisted those of his fellow-countrymen going

beyond the frontier, and sent considerable sums to the military chest of the legions.

14. "*When morning dawn doth rise.*"

A well-known matin hymn by Francis Karpinski, beginning, "*Kiedy ranne wstaja zorze.*" The following is an attempt to render it into English.

"When morning dawn doth rise,
To Thee earth, sea, and skies,
To Thee each living thing,
Be praised, O Lord, doth sing.

And man, whom measureless
Thy various gifts do bless,
Who dost preserve his days,
Shall he not give Thee praise?

Scarce sleep unseals mine eye
To Thee, O Lord, I cry ;
My Lord in heaven I call,
And seek Thee round in all.

Many are dead who lay
To sleep but yesterday ;
We have awaked once more,
To praise Thee and adore."

15. "*May Jesus Christ be praised.*"

The ordinary form of greeting among the common people in Slavonic countries, and also among the German inhabitants of the Black Forest.