

baton to you, — take it." And he extended the insignia to Vishnyevetski.

A moment of such silence followed that flies on the wing could be heard. At last the solemn voice of Yeremi was heard: "For my sins — I accept it."

Then a frenzy of enthusiasm ruled the assembly. The crowds broke the benches, fell at the feet of Vishnyevetski, cast down their money and treasures before him. The news spread like lightning through the whole city. The soldiers were losing their senses from joy, and shouted that they wished to go against Hmelnitski, the Tartars, the Sultan; the citizens thought no longer of surrender, but of defence to the last drop of blood; the Armenians brought money of their own accord to the city hall, before anything was said of a levy; the Jews in the synagogue raised an uproar of thanksgiving; the guns on the walls thundered forth the glad tidings; along the streets was firing of muskets, pistols, and guns. Shouts of "Long life!" continued all night. Any one not knowing the state they were in might suppose that the city was celebrating a triumph or some solemn festival. And still three hundred thousand enemies — an army greater than any which the German Emperor or the King of France could place in the field, an army wilder than the legions of Tamerlane — might at any moment invest the walls of that city.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A WEEK later, on the morning of the 6th of October, news as unexpected as terrible burst upon Lvoff. Prince Yeremi, with the greater part of the army, had left the city secretly and had gone it was unknown whither.

Crowds gathered before the archbishop's palace; they would not believe the report at first. The soldiers insisted that if the prince had gone, he had gone without doubt at the head of a powerful division on a reconnoissance of the surrounding country. It appeared, they said, that lying spies had spread reports announcing Hmelnitski and the Tartars at any moment; for since September 26 ten days had passed, and the enemy was not yet in sight. The prince wished undoubtedly to convince himself of the danger by actual inspection, and after obtaining intelligence would return without fail. Besides, he had left a number of regiments, and everything was ready for defence.

The last was true. Every disposition had been made, the places marked out, the cannon planted on the walls. In the evening Captain Tsikhotski arrived at the head of fifty dragoons. He was surrounded immediately by the curious, but would not speak with the crowd, and went directly to General Artsishevski. Both called the grozwayer, and after consultation they went to the city hall. There Tsikhotski informed the astonished councillors that the prince had gone, not to return.

At the first moment the hands of all dropped at their sides, and some insolent lips uttered the word, "Traitor!" But that moment Artsishevski, an old leader famed for achievements in the Dutch service, rose and began to speak as follows to the military and the councillors: —

"I have heard the injurious word, which I wish no one had spoken, for even despair cannot justify it. The prince has gone and will not return. But what right have you to force a leader on whose shoulders the salvation of a whole country rests to defend your city only? What would have happened if the enemy had surrounded in this place the remaining forces of the Commonwealth? There are neither supplies of food nor of arms for so many troops

here. I tell you this, — and you may trust in my experience, — that the greater the force shut up here, the shorter the defence would be; for hunger would overpower you sooner than the enemy. Hmelnitski cares more for the person of the prince than for your city; therefore, when he discovers that Vishnyevetski is not here, that he is collecting new troops and may come with relief, he will let you off more easily, and agree to terms. You are murmuring to-day; but I tell you that the prince, by leaving this city and threatening Hmelnitski from outside, has saved you and your children. Bear up, and defend yourselves! If you can detain the enemy some time, you may save your city, and you will render a memorable service to the Commonwealth; for during that time the prince will collect forces, arm other fortresses, rouse the torpid Commonwealth, and hasten to your rescue. He has chosen the only road of salvation; for if he had fallen here, with his army overcome by hunger, then nothing could stop the enemy, who might march on Cracow, on Warsaw, and flood the whole country, finding resistance in no place. Therefore, instead of murmuring, hurry to the walls, defend yourselves and your children, your city and the whole Commonwealth!"

"To the walls! to the walls!" repeated many of the more daring.

The grozwayer, an energetic and bold man, answered: "Your determination pleases me; and you know that the prince did not go away without planning defence. Every one here knows what he has to do, and that has happened which should have happened. I have the defence in hand, and I will defend to the last."

Hope returned again to timid hearts. Seeing this, Tsi-khotski said in conclusion, —

"His Highness informs you also that the enemy is at hand. Lieutenant Skshetuski struck on a party of two thousand Tartars whom he defeated. The prisoners say that a great power is marching behind them."

This news made a deep impression. A moment of silence followed; all hearts beat more quickly.

"To the walls!" said the grozwayer.

"To the walls! to the walls!" repeated the officers and citizens present.

Meanwhile a tumult was raised outside the windows; the uproar of a thousand voices, which mingled in one undistinguishable roar like the sound of the waves of the sea.

Suddenly the doors of the hall were thrown open with a crash, and a number of citizens burst into the room; and before the councillors had time to inquire what had happened, shouts were raised: "Flames in the sky! flames in the sky!"

"The word has become flesh," said the grozwayer. "To the walls!"

The hall was deserted. Soon the thunder of cannon shook the walls, announcing to the inhabitants of the city, the suburbs and villages beyond, that the enemy was coming. In the east the heavens were red as far as the eye could see. One would have said that a sea of fire was approaching the city.

The prince meanwhile had thrown himself on Zamost, and having dispersed on the road the party which Tsi-khotski had mentioned to the citizens, occupied himself with repairing and arming that fortress, naturally strong, which he made impregnable in a short time. Skshetuski, with Pan Longin and a part of the squadron, remained in the fortress with Pan Weyher, the starosta of Volets. The prince went to Warsaw to obtain from the Diet means to assemble new forces, and also to take part in the election which was near. The fortunes of Vishnyevetski and the whole Commonwealth hung upon that election; for if Prince Karl were chosen the war party would win, and the prince would receive chief command of all the forces of the Commonwealth, and it would perforce come to a general struggle for life and death with Hmelnitski. Prince Kazimir, though famous for his bravery and altogether a military man, was justly considered an adherent of the policy of Ossolinski, the chancellor, therefore of the policy of negotiations with the Cossacks, and considerable concessions to them. Neither brother was sparing of promises, and each struggled to gain partisans for himself; considering therefore the equal power of both parties, no one could foresee the result of the election. The partisans of the chancellor feared that Vishnyevetski, thanks to his increasing fame and the favor which he possessed among the knighthood and the nobles, would carry the balance of minds to the side of Prince Karl; Yeremi, for these reasons, desired to support his candidate in person. Therefore he hastened to Warsaw, sure that Zamost would be able to hold in check for a long time the whole power of

Hmelnitski and the Crimea. Lvoff, according to every probability, might be considered safe; for Hmelnitski could in no wise spend much time in capturing that city, since he had before him the more powerful Zamost, which barred his way to the heart of the Commonwealth.

These thoughts strengthened the resolution of the prince, and poured consolation into his heart, torn by so many terrible defeats of the country. Hope possessed him that even if Kazimir were elected, war would be unavoidable, and the terrible rebellion would have to be drowned in a sea of blood. He hoped that the Commonwealth would again put forth a powerful army, for negotiations were only possible in so far as a powerful army sustained them.

Flattered by these thoughts, the prince went under the protection of a few squadrons, having with him Zagloba and Pan Volodyovski, the first of whom swore by everything that he would carry the election of Prince Karl, for he knew how to talk to the brother nobles and how to manage them; the second commanded the escort of the prince.

At Sennitsa, not far from Minsk, a delightful though unexpected interview awaited the prince; for he met Princess Griselda, who was going from Brest-Litovsk to Warsaw for safety, with the reasonable hope that the prince would go there too. They greeted each other with emotion after a long separation. The princess, though she had an iron soul, rushed with such weeping into the embrace of her husband that she could not compose herself for several hours; for, oh! how many were the moments in which she had no hope of seeing him again, and still God granted him to return more famous than ever, covered with praise, such as had never yet beamed upon one of his house, the greatest of leaders, the one hope of the Commonwealth. The princess, tearing herself time after time from his breast, glanced through her tears at that face emaciated and embrowned, at that lofty forehead on which cares and toils had ploughed deep furrows, at those eyes inflamed with sleepless nights; and again she shed plentiful tears, and all her ladies wept too from the depths of their excited hearts.

When after a time she and the prince had become calm, they went to the house of the priest, and there inquiries were made for friends, attendants, and knights, who as it were belonged to the family, and with whom the memory of Lubni was bound up. The prince quieted the princess concerning Skshetuski, first of all explaining that he had

remained in Zamost only because he did not wish to lose himself in the noise of the capital on account of the suffering which God had sent him, and preferred to heal the wounds of his heart in military service. Then he presented Zagloba and told of his deeds. "Vir incomparabilis," said he, "who not only saved Kurtsevichovna from Bogun, but took her through the camps of Hmelnitski and the Tartars; later he was with us to his great glory, and fought admirably at Konstantinoff." Hearing this, the princess did not spare praise on Zagloba, giving him her hand to kiss repeatedly, and promising a still better reward at a proper time; and the "vir incomparabilis" bowed, veiling his heroism with his modesty. Then he strutted and looked at the ladies in waiting; for though he was old and did not promise himself much from the fair sex, still it was pleasant to him that the ladies had heard so much of his bravery and his deeds. But mourning was not absent from this otherwise glad greeting; for mentioning the grievous times of the Commonwealth, how often did the prince reply to the questions of the princess about various knights: "Killed, killed, lost." Then young women were saddened, for more than one name was mentioned among the dead that was dear.

So gladness was mingled with grief, tears with smiles. But the most afflicted of all was Volodyovski; for in vain did he look around and cast his eyes on every side,—Princess Barbara was not there. It is true that amid the toils of war and continual battles, skirmishes, and campaigns, that cavalier had forgotten her somewhat, for he was by nature as prone to love as he was inconstant; but now, when he saw the young ladies of the princess once more, when before his eyes the life at Lubni stood as if actual, he thought to himself that it would be pleasant for him too if the moment of rest should come to sigh and occupy his heart again. Since this did not happen, however, but sentiment, as if through malice, sprang up in him anew, Volodyovski suffered grievously, and looked as if he had been drenched in a pouring rain. He hung his head upon his breast; his slender mustaches, which usually curled upward like those of a May-bug till they reached his nose, were hanging too; his upturned nose had grown long; the usual serenity had vanished from his face, and he stood silent, did not even move when the prince gave unusual praise to his bravery and superiority,—for what mattered all praises to him when she could not hear them?

Finally Anusia Borzobogata took pity on him, and though they had had quarrels, she determined to comfort him. With this object, keeping her eyes on the princess, she pushed unobserved toward the knight, and at last was by his side.

"Good-day," said she; "we have not seen each other for a long time."

"Oh, Panna Anna," answered Pan Michael, in sadness, "much water has flowed past since then. We meet again in unpleasant times, and not all of us."

"True, not all! So many knights have fallen." Here Anusia sighed; then continued, after a time: "And we are not the same in number; for Panna Senyutovna has married, and Princess Barbara has remained with the wife of the voevoda of Vilna."

"And she is going to marry, of course."

"No, she is not thinking much of that. But why do you ask?"

Having said this, Anusia closed her dark eyes till two thin lines were left, and looked sideways from under her lashes at the knight.

"Oh, through good-will for the family," answered Pan Michael.

"Oh, that is proper," answered Anusia, "for Pan Michael has a great friend in Princess Barbara. More than once she inquired: 'Where is that knight who in the tournament at Lubni took off most Turkish heads, for which I gave him a reward? What is he doing? Is he still alive, and does he remember us?'"

Pan Michael raised his eyes in thankfulness to Anusia; first he was comforted, and then he observed that Anusia had improved beyond measure.

"Did Princess Barbara really say that?"

"As true as life; and she remembered, too, how you were riding over the ditch for her when you fell into the water."

"And where is the wife of the voevoda of Vilna now?"

"She was with us in Brest, and a week ago went to Belsk; from there she will go to Warsaw."

Pan Volodyovski looked at Anusia a second time, and could not restrain himself: "But Panna Anusia has attained such beauty that one's eyes ache in looking at her."

The girl smiled thankfully. "Pan Michael only says this to capture me."

"I wanted to do so in my time," said he, shrugging his

shoulders. "God knows I tried to, but failed; and now I wish well to Pan Podbipienta, for he was more fortunate."

"And where is Pan Podbipienta?" inquired Anusia, dropping her eyes.

"In Zamost, with Skshetuski. He has become lieutenant in the squadron, and must attend to service; but if he knew whom he could see here, as God is in heaven he would have taken leave and come with long steps. He is a great knight, and deserving of every love."

"And in war — he met no accident?"

"It seems to me that you wish to ask, not about that, but about the three heads that he wanted to cut off."

"I do not believe that he really wanted to do that."

"But you would better, for without that there will be nothing. And he is not slow in looking for a chance, either. At Makhnovka, when we went to examine the places where he had struggled in the throng of battle, the prince himself went with us; and I tell you I have seen many a fight, but such execution I shall not see again while I live. When he puts on your scarf for battle, he does awful things. He will find his three heads; be at rest on that point."

"May each find what he seeks!" said Anusia, with a sigh.

Then Volodyovski sighed, raised his eyes, and looked suddenly toward one corner of the room. From that corner peered a visage, angry, excited, and entirely unknown to him, armed with a gigantic nose, and mustaches great as two bushes on a tavern-sign, which moved quickly, as if from pent-up passion. One might be terrified at that nose, those eyes and mustaches; but little Volodyovski was by no means timid; therefore he only wondered, and turning to Anusia asked, —

"What sort of figure is that over there in the corner, which looks at me as if it wished to swallow me whole, and moves its mustaches just like an old tom-cat at prayers?"

"What?" said Anusia, showing her white teeth; "that's Pan Kharlamp."

"What sort of Pagan is he?"

"He is no Pagan at all, but a light-horse captain in the squadron of the voevoda of Vilna, who is escorting us to Warsaw, and has to wait for the voevoda there. Let Pan Michael not come in his way, for he is a dreadful man-eater."

"I see that, I see that. But if he is a man-eater, there

are others fatter than I. Why should he whet his teeth at me instead of them?"

"Because —" said Anusia; and she laughed quietly.

"Because?"

"Because he is in love with me, and has told me that he will cut to pieces every man who approaches me; and now, believe me, it is only out of regard for the prince and princess that he restrains himself. Were it not for them, he would pick a quarrel with you at once."

"Here you've got it," said Volodyovski, merrily. "That's how it is, Panna Anna. It was not for nothing, I see, that we sang, 'Tartars carry captive prisoners, you seize captive hearts.' You remember, I suppose? You cannot move, you know, without making some one fall in love with you."

"Such is my misfortune," answered Anusia, dropping her eyes.

"Ah, Panna Anna is a Pharisee; and what will Pan Longin say to this?"

"How am I to blame if this Pan Kharlamp pursues me? I can't endure him, and I don't want to look at him."

"But see to it that blood is not shed on your account. Podbipienta is so mild that you could heal a wound with him, but in love affairs it is dangerous to joke with him."

"If he cuts Kharlamp's ears off, I shall be glad."

When she had said this, Anusia whizzed off like a top, and tripped to the other side of the room to Carboni, the physician of the princess, to whom she began to whisper something with animation, and then converse; but the Italian fastened his eyes on the ceiling, as if carried away by ecstasy.

Meanwhile Zagloba approached Volodyovski, and began in merry mood to wink his one sound eye. "Pan Michael," he asked, "what sort of crested lark is that?"

"That is Panna Anusia Borzobogata, lady-in-waiting to the princess. Ah, she is a pretty little rogue, — eyes like plates, a pug as if painted, and a neck — u!"

"Oh, she'll pass, she'll pass! My congratulations to you!"

"Oh, give us peace! She is betrothed to Podbipienta, or the same as betrothed."

"To Podbipienta! My dear sir, have fear of the Lord's wounds! Why, he has made vows of celibacy. And besides, the disproportion between them! He could carry her at his collar; she might sit on his mustaches, like a fly."

"Ah! she will manage him yet. Hercules was stronger, but a woman trapped him."

"Yes, if she only does n't give him horns; though I should be the first to help that about, as I am Zagloba."

"There will be more than you of that sort, though in truth the girl is of good stock and honest. This is too bad, for she is young and pretty."

"You are an honorable cavalier, and that is why you praise her; but she is a lark."

"Beauty attracts people. For example, that captain over there is desperately in love with her."

"Pshaw! But look at that raven with whom she is talking now! What sort of devil is he?"

"That is an Italian, — Carboni, the physician of the princess."

"Look, Pan Michael, how his lanterns are lighted up, and his eyeballs roll as if in delirium. Oh, it is bad for Pan Longin! I know something of this business, for I had more than one experience in my youth. Another time I'll tell you of all the scrapes in which I have been, or if you wish you can listen this minute."

Zagloba began to whisper in the ear of the little knight, and to wink with more vigor than usual. But the end of the visit came. The prince seated himself by the princess in the carriage, that they might talk all they wished after the long absence; the ladies occupied carriages, the knights mounted their horses, and all moved on. The court went in advance, and the troops at some distance in the rear; for those parts were peaceable, and the squadrons were needed for ostentation alone, not safety. They went from Sennitsa to Minsk, and thence to Warsaw, stopping frequently for plentiful refreshments, according to the custom of the time.

The road was so thronged that it was barely possible to move at a walk. All were going to the election, from near neighborhoods and from distant Lithuania; so that here and there were met lordly households, whole trains of gilded carriages, surrounded by haiduks, gigantic Turkish grooms dressed in Turkish costumes; after which marched household troops, — now Hungarian, now German, now janissaries, now Cossack detachments, and finally squadrons of the matchless heavy cavalry of the Poles. Each one of the more important personages tried to appear in the most showy manner and with the greatest retinues.

Among the numerous cavalcades belonging to magnates, came also the smaller local and district dignitaries. Every little while single wagons of nobles appeared from out the dust, covered with black leather and drawn by two or four horses, and in each sat a noble with a crucifix or an image of the Most Holy Lady hung on a silk ribbon around his neck. All were armed, — a musket on one side of the seat, a sabre on the other. Former or actual officers of squadrons also had lances sticking out two yards behind the seat. Under the wagons were dogs, — either setters or hounds, — not for use (for they were not going to the chase), but for the amusement of the owner. Behind were stable-boys leading horses covered with cloth to protect rich saddles from dust or rain. Farther on were drawn squeaking wagons with willow-bound wheels, in which were tents and supplies of provisions for servants and masters. When at times the wind blew the dust from the highway into the fields, the whole road was uncovered and changed like a hundred-colored serpent, or a ribbon artistically woven from gold and brocade. Here and there on the road were heard orchestras of Italians or janissaries, especially before the squadrons of royal or Lithuanian escort, of which there was no lack in this throng, for they had to go in the company of the dignitaries; and every place was full of shouts, calls, questions, disputes, since precedence was not yielded willingly by one to another.

From time to time mounted servants and soldiers galloped up to the retinue of the prince, demanding the road for such or such a dignitary, or to ask who was travelling. But when the answer came to their ears, "The voevoda of Rus!" immediately they informed their masters, who left the road free, or if they were in advance, turned aside to see the passing retinue. At places of refreshment the nobles gathered in crowds to feast their eyes with a sight of the greatest warrior of the Commonwealth. Cheers also were not lacking, to which the prince answered with thanks, first by reason of his innate politeness, and secondly wishing with that affability to win adherents for Prince Karl, of which he gained not a few by his appearance alone.

With equal curiosity did they look on the squadrons of the prince, — "those Russians," as they were called. They were not so tattered and haggard as after the battle at Konstantinoff, for the prince had given them new uniforms at Zamost; but they were always gazed at as wonders from

beyond the sea, since in the opinion of those dwelling in the neighborhood of the capital they came from the end of the earth. Marvels were related of those mysterious steppes and pine-groves in which such a knighthood was born. They wondered at their sunburnt complexions, embrowned from the winds of the Black Sea; at their haughtiness of look, and a certain freedom of bearing acquired from their wild neighbors.

But after the prince, most eyes were turned on Zagloba, who, noticing that he was the centre of admiration, looked with such haughtiness and pride, and turned his eyes so threateningly that it was whispered at once in the crowd: "This must be the foremost knight of them all!" And others said: "He must have let a power of souls out of their bodies; he is as fierce as a dragon!" When words like these came to the ears of Zagloba, his only thought was to conceal his inward delight by still greater fierceness. Sometimes he answered the crowd, sometimes he joked with them, but especially with squadrons of the Lithuanian escort, in which the men of the heavy cavalry wore golden, and of the light, silver loops on their shoulders. At sight of this Zagloba would call out, "Pan Loop, there is a hook on you!" More than one officer frowned, gritted his teeth, and grasped his sabre; but remembering that that was a warrior from the squadron of the voevoda of Rus who took such liberty, he spat at last, and let the matter drop.

Nearer Warsaw the throng became so dense that it was only possible to push forward at a walk. The election promised to be more crowded than usual; for nobles from remote Russian and Lithuanian districts, who by reason of the distance could not have come for the election itself, assembled now at Warsaw for safety. The day of election was still distant, for the first sessions of the Diet had barely begun; but they had assembled a month or two in advance, so as to locate themselves in the city, renew acquaintance with this one and that, seek for promotion here and there, eat and drink at the houses of great lords, and enjoy luxury in the harvest of the capital.

The prince looked with sadness through the windows of his carriage on those crowds of knights, soldiers, and nobles, on that wealth and luxury of costume, thinking what forces could be formed of them, what armies could be put in the field. "Why is this Commonwealth, so powerful, populous, and rich, filled with valiant knights, so weak that it

is not able to settle with one Hmelnitski and the Tartar savagery? Why is this? The legions of Hmelnitski could be answered with other legions if those nobles, those soldiers, that wealth and substance, those regiments and squadrons were willing to serve public as well as private interests. Virtue is perishing in the Commonwealth," thought the prince, "and the great body is beginning to decay. Manhood has long since begun to disappear in pleasant leisure; it is not warlike toil that the army and the nobles love!" The prince was right so far; but of the shortcomings of the Commonwealth he thought only as a warrior and a chieftain who wanted to turn all men into soldiers and lead them against the enemy. Bravery could be found, and was found, when wars a hundred times greater threatened soon after. It lacked still something more, which the soldier-prince at that moment saw not, but which his enemy, the chancellor of the Crown, an abler statesman than Yereimi, did see.

But behold in the gray and azure distance appeared indistinctly the pointed towers of Warsaw. Further meditations of the prince ceased. He issued orders, which the officer on duty bore immediately to Volodyovski. In consequence of these orders Pan Michael galloped from the carriage of Anusia, around which he had been hovering hitherto, to bring up the squadrons which had lagged considerably in the rear, to strengthen the line and lead it on in order. He had ridden barely a few paces when he heard some one rushing after him. It was Pan Kharlamp, captain of the light cavalry of the voevoda of Vilna, Anusia's worshipper.

Volodyovski held in his horse; for he understood at once that it would surely come to some quarrel, and Pan Michael loved such things from his soul. Kharlamp came up with him, and at first said nothing; he only puffed, and moved his mustaches threateningly, as if looking for words.

"With the forehead, with the forehead, Pan Dragoon!"

"With the forehead, Pan Escort!"

"How do you dare to call me Escort," demanded Kharlamp, grinding his teeth,—"me an officer and a captain, hei?"

Volodyovski began to throw up a hatchet which he held in his hand, turning his whole attention as it were to catching it by the handle after every turn, and answered as if unwillingly: "For I am not able to recognize rank by the loop."

"You offend a whole body of officers with whom you are not equal."

"How is that?" asked with pretended simplicity the rogue Volodyovski?

"For you serve in the foreign levy."

"Put yourself to rest," said Pan Michael. "Though I serve in the dragoons, I belong to that body of officers not of the light, but of the heavy cavalry of the voevoda. You can talk with me therefore as with an equal or as with a superior."

Kharlamp reined himself in a little, seeing that he had not to do with so insignificant a person as he had thought; but he did not cease to grit his teeth, for the coolness of Pan Michael brought him to still greater rage.

"Why do you get in my way?"

"I see that you are seeking a quarrel."

"Maybe I am; and I will tell you this [here Kharlamp bent to the ear of Volodyovski and finished in a lower voice], that I'll trim your ears if you come in my way before Panna Anna."

Volodyovski began again to throw up the hatchet very diligently, as if that were the special time for such amusement, and answered in a tone of persuasiveness: "Oh, my benefactor, permit me to live a little yet; let me go!"

"Oh, no! Nothing will come of that; you won't escape me!" said Kharlamp, seizing the little knight by the sleeve.

"I will not get away from you," said Pan Michael, with a mild voice; "but now I am on service, and am going with the order of the prince my master. Let go my sleeve, let go, I beg you; for otherwise what shall I, poor devil! do unless I go at you with this hatchet and tumble you from the horse?"

Here the voice of Volodyovski, submissive at first, hissed with such venom that Kharlamp looked at him with involuntary astonishment and dropped his sleeve. "Oh, it is all one!" said he. "You will give me a chance in Warsaw. I'll look after you!"

"I won't hide; but how can we fight in Warsaw, be so kind as to instruct me. I have never been there yet in my life; I am a simple soldier, but I have heard of court-martials which execute a man for drawing his sabre in the presence of the king or during an interregnum."

"It is evident that you have never been in Warsaw, and

that you are an ignorant clown, since you are afraid of court-martials and don't know that in the interregnum a chapter is in session with which the question is easier, and you may be sure they won't take my head for your ears."

"Thank you for the information, and I will ask you for information frequently; for I see that you are a man of no ordinary experience, and I, since I practise only the lowest of the rudiments, am barely able to make an adjective agree with a noun, and if I wanted to call (which God forbid) your Honor a fool, then I know that I should say 'stultus,' and not 'stulta' or 'stultum.'"

Here Volodyovski began again to throw up the hatchet, and Kharlamp was astonished again. The blood rushed to his face, and he pulled his sabre out of the scabbard; but in the twinkle of an eye the little knight, putting his hatchet under his knee, drew his own. For a moment they looked at each other, like two stags, with distended nostrils, and with fire in their eyes; but Kharlamp considered that he would have an affair with the voevoda himself if he fell upon his officer going with an order, therefore he sheathed his sabre.

"Oh, I'll find you, you son of a such a one!" said he.

"You'll find me, you'll find me, you fish-broth!" said the little knight.

And they parted, — one going to the cavalcade, the other to the squadrons, which had approached considerably during this time, so that through the clouds of dust was heard the clatter of the hoofs on the hard road. Volodyovski straightened the cavalry and the infantry to the proper line, and moved to the head. After a while Zagloba trotted up to him.

"What did that scarecrow of the sea want of you?" asked he of Volodyovski.

"Oh, nothing! — he called me out to a duel."

"Here is trouble for you; he will punch a hole through you with his nose. Look out, Pan Michael, that you don't cut off the biggest nose in the Commonwealth, for you will have to raise a separate mound over it. Happy is the voevoda of Vilna! Others must send scouting-parties out to look for the enemy, but this one could scent them for miles. But why did he challenge you?"

"Because I rode by the carriage of Anusia Borzobogata."

"You ought to have told him to go to Pan Longin at Zamost. He would have dressed him with pepper and

ginger. That fish-broth fellow has struck badly; it is evident that he has less luck than his nose."

"I said nothing to him about Pan Poddipienta," said Volodyovski, "for he might have dropped me. I'll pay court now to Anusia with redoubled fervor out of spite. I want to have my sport too; what better employment can we have in Warsaw?"

"We'll find it, Pan Michael, we'll find it," said Zagloba, winking. "When in my younger years I was a deputy from the squadron in which I served, I travelled through the whole country, but such life as I found in Warsaw I found nowhere else."

"You say it is different from what we have in the Trans-Dnieper?"

"Of course it is!"

"I am very curious," said Pan Michael. After a while he added: "Still, I'll trim the mustaches of that fish-broth, for they are too long."