

infantry, cavalry, artillery, the auxiliary Tartar and Turkish divisions formed one disorderly mass; distracted, wild, blinded with terror, whole companies fled before one man. The hussars, having broken the infantry and cavalry, had done their work; now the dragoons and light squadrons emulated them, and with Volodyovski and Kushel at their head extended this catastrophe, passing human belief. Blood covered the terrible field, and plashed like water under the violent blows of the horse-hoofs, sprinkling the armor and faces of the knights.

The fleeing crowds were resting in the centre of their tabors when the trumpets called back the cavalry of the prince. The knights returned with singing and shouts of joy, counting on the way with their streaming sabres the corpses of the enemy. But who could with a cast of his eye estimate the extent of the defeat? Who could count all when at the trench itself bodies were lying to the height of a man? Soldiers were as if dizzy from the odor of the blood and the sweat. Fortunately from the side of the ponds there was rather a strong breeze, which carried the odor to the tents of the enemy.

Thus ended the first meeting of the terrible Yeremi and Hmelnitski.

But the storm was not ended; for while Vishnyevetski was repulsing the attacks directed against the right wing of the camp, Burlai on the left barely missed becoming master of the ramparts. Having surrounded the town and the castle in silence at the head of his warriors of the Trans-Dnieper, he pushed on to the eastern pond, and fell violently upon Firlei's quarters. The Hungarian infantry stationed there were unable to withstand the attack, for the ramparts at that pond were not yet completed; the first squadron fled from its banner; Burlai sprang to the centre, and after him his men, like an irresistible torrent. The shouts of victory reached the opposite end of the camp. The Cossacks, rushing after the fugitive Hungarians, scattered a small division of cavalry, captured a number of cannon, and were coming to the quarters of the castellan of Belsk, when Pan Pshiyemski at the head of a number of German companies hurried to the rescue. Stabbing the flag-bearer with a single thrust, he seized the flag, and hurled himself on the enemy. Then the Germans closed with the Cossacks. A fearful hand-to-hand struggle raged, in which on one side the fury and crushing numbers of Burlai's legions, on the

other the bravery of the old lions of the Thirty Years' War, were contending for superiority. In vain Burlai pressed into the densest ranks of the combatants, like a wounded wild boar. Neither the contempt of death with which the Cossacks fought nor their endurance could stop the irresistible Germans, who going forward in a wall, struck with such force that they swept them out of their places, pushed them against the trenches, decimated them, and after half an hour's struggle drove them beyond the ramparts. Pshiyemski, covered with blood, first planted the banner on the unfinished bulwark.

Burlai's position was now desperate, — he had to retreat on the same road by which he had come; and since Yeremi had crushed the assailants on his right wing, he could easily cut off Burlai's whole division. It is true that Mrozovetski had come to his aid with his mounted Cossacks of Korsun; but at that moment the hussars of Konyetepolski, supported by Skshetovski returning from the attack on the janissaries, fell upon Burlai, hitherto retreating in order.

With a single onset they scattered his forces, and then began a fearful slaughter. The Cossacks, having the road to the camp closed, had open to them only the road to death. Some without asking for quarter defended themselves with desperation, in groups or singly; others stretched forth their hands in vain to the cavalry, thundering like a hurricane over the field. Then began pursuit, artifice, single struggles, search for the enemy hidden in holes or uneven places. Tar-buckets were now thrown out from the trenches to light up the field. These flew like fiery meteors with flaming manes. By the aid of these red gleams they finished the remainder of the Trans-Dnieper Cossacks.

Subahazi, who had shown wonders of valor that day, sprang to the aid of the Cossacks; but the brave Marek Sobieski, starosta of Krasnostav, stopped him on the spot, as a lion stops a wild buffalo. Burlai saw now that there was no salvation for him from any side. But, Burlai, thou didst love thy Cossack glory beyond life; therefore thou didst not seek for safety. Others escaped in the darkness, hid themselves in openings, slipped out between the feet of horses; but he still sought the enemy. He cut down with his own hand Pan Dombka and Pan Rusitski, and the young lion Pan Aksak, the same who had covered himself with undying glory at Konstantinoff; then Pan Savitski; then he stretched out together two winged hussars upon their native

earth. At last, seeing a noble enormous in size coursing over the field and roaring like an aurochs, he sprang forward and went at him like a glittering flame.

Zagloba, for it was he, bellowed still louder from fear, and turned his horse in flight. What hair he had left stood straight on his head; but still he did not lose his presence of mind. Stratagems were flashing through his head like lightning, and at the same time he roared with all his power: "Whoever believes in God!" and he drove like a whirlwind toward the thickest mass of Polish cavalry. Burlai was heading him off from the side, as a bow the string. Zagloba closed his eyes, and in his head a voice was roaring, "I shall perish now with my fleas!" He heard behind him the rushing of the horse, saw that no one was coming to his aid, that there was no escape, and that no other hand but his own could tear him from the grasp of Burlai. But in that last moment, almost in the agony of death, his despair and terror suddenly turned to rage; he bellowed as no wild bull has ever bellowed, and wheeling his horse in his tracks, turned against his opponent.

"You are pursuing Zagloba!" cried he, pushing on with drawn sabre.

At that moment a new lot of burning tar-buckets was thrown from the trenches, and there was light. Burlai saw and was astounded. He was not astounded at hearing the name, for he had never heard it in his life before; but he was astounded when he recognized the man whom a short time before he had feasted in Yampol as the friend of Bogun. But just that unfortunate moment of surprise destroyed the brave leader of the Cossacks, for before he recollected himself Zagloba cut him on the temple, and with one blow rolled him from his horse.

This was in view of the whole army. A joyful shout from the hussars answered a cry of terror from the Cossacks, who seeing the death of their old lion of the Black Sea, lost the rest of their courage, and abandoned all resistance. Those who were not rescued by Subahazi perished to a man; no prisoners were taken in that night of terror.

Subahazi fled to the camp, pursued by Sobieski and the light cavalry. The assault along the whole line of trenches was repulsed; only near the Cossack tabor was the cavalry sent out by the prince in pursuit still at work.

A shout of triumph and joy shook the whole camp of the attacked, and mighty cries went up to heaven. The bloody soldiers, covered with sweat, dust, black from powder, with raging faces and brows still contracted, with fire still unquenched in their eyes, stood leaning on their weapons, catching the air with their breasts, ready again to rush to the fight if the need should come. But the cavalry too returned gradually from the bloody harvest near the tabor. Then the prince himself rode out on the field, and behind him the commanders, the standard-bearer, Marek Sobieski, and Pshiyemski. All that brilliant retinue moved slowly along the intrenchment.

"Long live Yeremi!" cried out the army. "Long live our father!"

The prince, without helmet, inclined his head and his baton on every side. "I thank you, gentlemen, I thank you!" repeated he, in a clear, ringing voice. Then he turned to Pshiyemski. "This trench," said he, "encloses too much space."

Pshiyemski nodded his head in sign of agreement.

The victorious leaders rode from the western to the eastern pond, examining the battle-field, the injuries done to the ramparts by the enemy, and the ramparts themselves.

Immediately after the retinue of the prince, the soldiers, carried away by enthusiasm, bore Zagloba in their arms to the camp, as the greatest conqueror of the day. Borne aloft by twenty sturdy arms, appeared the form of the warrior, who, purple, sweating, waving his arms to keep his balance, cried with all his power,—

"Ha! I gave him pepper. I pretended to flee, so as to lure him on. He won't bark at us any more, the dog-brother! It was necessary to show an example to the younger men. For God's sake, be careful, or you will let me fall and kill me! Hold on tight; you have something to hold! You may believe me, I had work with him. To-day every trash was thrusting itself on nobles; but they have got their own. Be careful! Devil take it, let me down!"

"Long life to him, long life!" cried the nobles.

"To the prince with him!" repeated others.

"Long life to him! long life to him!"

The Zaporozian hetman, rushing into his camp, roared like a wounded wild beast; he tore the coat on his breast and disfigured his face. The officers who had escaped the

defeat surrounded him in gloomy silence, without bringing a word of consolation, and madness almost carried him away. Foam was on his lips; he drove his heels into the ground, and with both hands tore his hair.

"Where are my regiments, where are my heroes?" asked he, in a hoarse voice. "What shall I tell the Khan, what Tugai Bey? Give me Yeremi! Let them put my head on the stake!"

The officers were gloomily silent.

"Why have the soothsayers promised victory? Off with the heads of the witches! Why have they said that I should get Yeremi?"

Generally when the roar of that lion shook the camp the colonels were silent; but now that the lion was conquered, trampled, and fortune seemed to be forsaking him, defeat gave insolence to the officers.

"You cannot withstand Yeremi," muttered Stepka.

"You are destroying us and yourself," added Mrozovetski.

The hetman sprang at them like a tiger. "And who gained Jóltya Vodi, who Korsún, who Pilavtsi?"

"You!" answered Voronchenko, roughly, "but Vishnyevetski was not there."

Hmelnitski tore his hair. "I promised the Khan lodgings in the castle to-night!" howled he, in despair.

To this Kulak replied: "What you promised the Khan concerns your head. Have a care lest it drop from your neck; but do not push us to the storm, do not destroy servants of God! Surround the Poles with trenches, put ramparts round your guns, or woe to you!"

"Woe to you!" repeated gloomy voices.

"Woe to you!" answered Hmelnitski.

And thus they conversed, terrible as thunders. At last Hmelnitski staggered, and threw himself on a bundle of sheepskins covered with carpet in the corner of the tent. The colonels stood around him with hanging heads, and silence lasted for a long time. At length the hetman looked up, and cried hoarsely: "Gorailka!"

"You will not drink!" said Vygovski. "The Khan will send for you."

At that time the Khan was about five miles from the field of battle, without knowledge of what was passing. The night was calm and warm. He was sitting at the tent in the midst of mullahs and agas in expectation of news; while waiting, he was eating dates from a silver plate

standing near. At times he looked at the starry heavens and muttered, "Mohammed Rosulla!"

Meanwhile Subahazi, on a foaming horse, rushed in, breathless, and covered with blood. He sprang from the saddle, and approaching quickly, began to make obeisance, waiting for a question.

"Speak!" said the Khan, with his mouth full of dates.

The words were burning Subahazi's mouth like flame, but he dared not speak without the usual titles. He began therefore in the following fashion, bowing continually, —

"Most mighty Khan of all the hordes, grandson of Mohammed, absolute monarch, wise lord, fortunate lord, lord of the tree commended from the east to the west, lord of the blooming tree —"

Here the Khan waved his hand and interrupted. Seeing blood on Subahazi's face, and in his eyes pain, sorrow, and despair, he spat out the uneaten dates on his hand and gave them to one of the mullahs, who took them as a mark of extraordinary honor and began to eat them. The Khan said, —

"Speak quickly, Subahazi, and wisely! Is the camp of the unbeliever taken?"

"God did not give it."

"The Poles?"

"Victorious."

"Hmelnitski?"

"Beaten."

"Tugai Bey?"

"Wounded."

"God is one!" said the Khan. "How many of the Faithful have gone to Paradise?"

Subahazi raised his arm and pointed with a bloody hand to the sparkling heavens. "As many as of those lights at the foot of Allah," said he, solemnly.

The heavy face of the Khan became purple; rage seized him by the breast. "Where is that dog," inquired he, "who promised that I should sleep to-night in the castle? Where is that venomous serpent whom God will trample under my foot? Let him stand before me and give an account of his disgusting promises."

A number of murzas hurried off for Hmelnitski. The Khan calmed himself by degrees, and at last said: "God is one!" Then he turned to Subahazi. "There is blood on thy face!"

"It is the blood of the unbeliever," answered the warrior.

"Tell how you shed it, and console our ears with the bravery of the believers."

Here Subahazi began to give an extended account of the whole battle, praising the bravery of Tugai Bey, of Galga, of Nureddin; he was not silent either of Hmelnitski, but praised him as well as the others, — the will of God alone and the fury of the unbelievers were the causes of the defeat. But one circumstance struck the Khan in the narrative; namely, that they did not fire at the Tartars in the beginning of the battle, and that the cavalry of the prince attacked them only when at last they stood in the way.

"Allah! they did not want war with me," said the Khan, "but now it is too late."

So it was in reality. Prince Yeremi, from the beginning of the battle, had forbidden to fire at the Tartars, wishing to instil into the soldiers that negotiations with the Khan were already commenced, and that the hordes were standing on the side of the mob merely for show. It was only later that it came to meeting the Tartars by the force of events.

The Khan shook his head, thinking at that moment whether it would not be better yet to turn his arms against Hmelnitski, when the hetman himself stood suddenly before him. Hmelnitski was now calm, and came up with head erect, looking boldly into the eyes of the Khan; on his face were depicted daring and craft.

"Approach, traitor!" said the Khan.

"The hetman of the Cossacks approaches, and he is not a traitor, but a faithful ally, to whom you have pledged assistance not in victory alone," said Hmelnitski.

"Go pass the night in the castle! Go pull the Poles out of the trenches as you promised me!"

"Great Khan of all the hordes!" said Hmelnitski, with a powerful voice, "you are mighty, and except the Sultan the mightiest on earth; you are wise and powerful, but can you send forth an arrow from your bow to the stars, or can you measure the depth of the sea?"

The Khan looked at him with astonishment.

"You cannot," continued Hmelnitski, with still more force; "so can I not measure all the pride and insolence of Yeremi! If I could dream that he would not be terrified at you, O Khan, that he would not be submissive at sight of you, would not beat with his forehead before you, but would raise his insolent hand against your person, shed the blood of your warriors, and insult you, O mighty monarch,

as well as the least of your murzas, — if I could have dared to think that, I should have shown contempt to you whom I honor and love."

"Allah!" said the Khan, more and more astonished.

"But I will tell you this," continued Hmelnitski, with increasing assurance in his voice and his manner: "you are great and powerful; nations and monarchs from the east to the west incline before you and call you a lion; Yeremi alone does not fall on his face before your beard. If then you do not rub him out, if you do not bend his neck and ride on his back, your power is in vain, your glory is empty; for they will say that one Polish prince has dishonored the Tsar of the Crimea and received no punishment, — that he is greater, that he is mightier than you."

Dull silence followed; the murzas, the agas, and the mullahs looked on the face of the Khan, as on the sun, holding the breath in their breasts. He had his eyes closed, and was thinking. Hmelnitski was resting on his baton and waiting confidently.

"You have said it," answered the Khan at last. "I will bend the neck of Yeremi; I will sit on his back as on a horse, so it may not be said from the east to the west that an unbelieving dog has disgraced me."

"God is great!" cried the murzas, with one voice.

Joy shot from the eyes of Hmelnitski. At one step he had averted destruction hanging over his head, and turned a doubtful ally into a most faithful one. At every moment that lion knew how to turn himself into a serpent.

Both camps till late at night were as active as bees warmed by the spring sun in the swarming-season, while on the battle-field slept — an endless and eternal sleep — the knights thrust through with spears, cut with swords, pierced with arrows and bullets. The moon rose, and began her course over the field of death, was reflected in pools of stiffened blood, brought forth from the darkness every moment new piles of slain, passed from some bodies, came quietly to others, looked into open and lifeless eyeballs, lighted up blue faces, fragments of broken weapons, bodies of horses; and her rays grew pale, at times very pale, as if terrified with what they saw. Along the field there ran here and there, alone and in little groups, certain ominous figures, — camp-followers and servants, who had come to plunder the slain, as jackals follow lions. But superstitious fear drove them away at last. There was some-

thing awful and mysterious in that field covered with corpses, in that calmness and quiet of human forms recently alive, and in that silent harmony with which Poles, Turks, Tartars, and Cossacks lay side by side. The wind at times rustled in the bushes growing over the field, and to the soldiers watching in the trenches it seemed that those were the souls of the slain, circling above their bodies. It was said in fact that when midnight had struck in Zbaraj, over the whole field, from the bulwark of the Poles to the tabor of the Cossacks, there rose with a rustle as it were a countless flock of birds. Wailing voices were heard also in the air, enormous sighs, which made men's hair stand on end, and groans. Those who were yet to fall in that struggle, and whose ears were more open to cries from beyond the earth, heard clearly the Polish spirits, when flying away, cry: "Before thy eyes, O Lord, we lay down our sins;" and the Cossacks groan: "O Christ, O Christ, have mercy on us!" As they had fallen in a war of brothers, they could not fly straight to light eternal, but were predestined to fly somewhere in the dark distance, and hover in the wind over this vale of tears, to weep and groan by night, till the full remission of their offences, — till they should receive pardon at the feet of Christ, and oblivion for their sins.

But at that time the hearts of men grew harder yet, and no angel of peace flew over the field.

CHAPTER LVIII.

NEXT morning, before the sun had scattered its golden rays over the sky, a new protecting rampart encircled the Polish camp. The old ramparts included too much space. Defence and the giving of mutual assistance were difficult within them. The Prince and Pan Pshiyemski, in view of this, decided to enclose the troops within narrower intrenchments. They worked vigorously, the hussars as well as all the other regiments, and the camp-servants. Only at three o'clock in the morning did sleep close the eyes of the wearied knights, but at that hour all save the guards were sleeping like stones. The enemy labored also, and then was quiet for a long time, after the recent defeat. No assault was looked for that day.

Skshetuski, Pan Longin, and Zagloba sat in their tent drinking beer, thickened with bits of cheese, and talked of the labors of the past night with that satisfaction peculiar to soldiers after victory.

"It is my habit to lie down about the evening milking, and rise with the dawn, as did the ancients," said Zagloba, "but in war it is difficult! You sleep when you can, and you rise when they wake you. I am vexed that we must incommode ourselves for such rubbish; but it cannot be helped, such are the times. We paid them well yesterday; if they get such a feast a couple of times more, they won't want to wake us."

"Do you know whether many of ours have fallen?" asked Podbipienta.

"Oh, not many; more of the assailants always fall. You are not so experienced in this as I am, for you have not been through so many wars. We old soldiers have no need to count bodies; we can estimate the number from the battle itself."

"I shall learn from you, gentlemen," said Pan Longin, with amiability.

"Yes, if you have wit enough; but I have n't much hope of that."