

THE COURT  
OF  
SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS,  
OR  
POLAND  
IN  
THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY  
ALEXANDER BRONIKOWSKI:  

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DONE INTO ENGLISH  
BY A POLISH REFUGEE.

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"A tale of the times of old!  
The deeds of the days of other years."—*Ossian*.

"Despair and Poland's name must never link."—*Campbell*.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1834.

TO  
THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.,  
AUTHOR OF  
"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE," "POLAND," ETC.,  
AS  
A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE  
FOR HIS  
UNWEARIED EXERTIONS IN BEHALF OF  
INJURED POLAND,  
THIS WORK  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY  
THE TRANSLATOR.

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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**T**HE events which have recently agitated Poland have cast me upon the hospitable shores of a country which I have admired from my earliest days ; and the misfortunes of my native land have drawn me closer to that island, whose literature, history, and social institutions furnish the best models for the establishment of rational liberty, and the spread of true civilization over the world.

At an early age I acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English language to read its best authors ; but it was not till after my arrival in this country that the desire I felt of introducing the chronicles and the spirit of my injured nation to the English reader, prompted me to attempt to write in it.

Deep indeed has been the interest which the inhabitants of Great Britain have expressed for the fate of Poland ; an interest far exceeding any that the previous communications between these two countries would seem to warrant. The Poles had hitherto scarcely met their future friends, except as the enemies of that Leader, under whose banners they fought, in every part of the world, for the promised boon of independence and restoration. Their efforts in the earlier years of this century were as manly as their disappointment was severe. But when, in 1830, the standard of our country was raised in the name of Poland and Independence, the applause of the free British nation readily distinguished the passionate love of liberty from the rash zeal which had made our countrymen the tools and the victims of an unprincipled conqueror. The achievements of the Polish army were watched with enthusiasm in England ; its defeat was lamented with general sympathy: and whilst present events are fresh in the mind of the reader, I trust that some nearer acquaintance with our

past history, with the manners, customs, popular traditions, and even the superstitions of Poland, may not be found unacceptable.

The present work is a free translation from the German of my countryman Alexander Bronikowski ; and it is acknowledged to contain a faithful picture of the customs and opinions of the religious and political parties in Poland during the sixteenth century.

Bronikowski, though descended from one of the most ancient Polish families, was born in Saxony. He was educated in Germany, until he entered the Polish army of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. He distinguished himself in his military career both in the Peninsula and in the memorable campaigns of 1812-14, during which he was rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honour and the military cross of Poland. Some years after the new organization of the Polish kingdom, by the treaty of Vienna, he left the service, and retired to Germany, where he has since

devoted himself to literary pursuits\*. His novels have been favourably received by the Germans, in whose language they are written; and perhaps no works have appeared which are so well fitted to display the details of the Sclavonic nations to foreign readers.

The Introduction which I have prefixed to my translation is intended to delineate the history of Poland previous to the action of the tale, and to convey some just notions of the government and domestic manners of that time. Such notes have likewise been added as were necessary to elucidate expressions not familiar to the English public.

Should I be fortunate enough to succeed in attracting the attention of my readers to the traditions of my native land, I may be encouraged to venture upon some more serious narration of those extraordinary events which marked the conflicts of the established and

\* We have just learned that this distinguished writer died at Dresden a few months ago.

reformed religions,—of jealous families and rival kings,—and which form one of the most romantic pages of the history of modern Europe.

Presumptuous as it must appear for a foreigner to write in English, I can only venture to claim, for my intentions and for my subject, that indulgence which the merit of my style cannot procure for me.

London,  
August 1st, 1834.





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## INTRODUCTION.

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*Fuimus.*

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**THE** earliest history of Poland is involved in darkness. Christianity was established in the year 965 by Mieczyslaw\* the First, whose ancestor, Piast, a common peasant and wheelwright, was raised to the throne, for his virtues and hospitality, about the middle of the preceding century. The introduction of the Christian religion was followed by the arrival of priests and monks, who flocked in great numbers from Italy, France, Germany, and other parts of the West, to spread the doctrines of the Gospel amongst the newly converted barbarians. The first monastic establishments were formed by Benedictine monks, from Cluny in France, who spread the first seeds of civilization and learning, which consisted then almost exclusively in the knowledge of Latin. Mieczyslaw was succeeded in 972 by his son, Boleslaw Chrobry, or the Brave. This monarch, worthy of his surname, made great

\* We have preserved the Polish original names, Mieczyslaw, Boleslaw, Wladyslaw, instead of adopting the Latinised Miecyslaus, Boleslaus, Ladislaus.

conquests over the Russians, and led many successful wars against the Hungarians and Germans. In the year 1024, the Roman emperor Otho the Third came on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the holy Adalbert at Gnezno in Poland. Boleslaw received this illustrious guest with the greatest honours, and with all the magnificence that it was possible to display at that time. The Emperor, charmed with such a reception, and anxious to gain the friendship of so powerful a prince, proclaimed him King of Poland, encircled Boleslaw's brow with his own diadem, and presented him with the spear of St. Mauritius, which was to be the sceptre of the Polish monarchs,—a token fit for the ruler of a warlike nation.

Boleslaw died in the year 1025, and was succeeded by his son, Mieczyslaw the Second, a weak and indolent monarch, who was entirely governed by his queen, Rixa, a niece of the Emperor Otho the Third. His reign, which terminated in 1034, was very unfortunate; but the sufferings of Poland increased even more during the minority of his son, Cazimir the First. Rixa, to whom the government was entrusted, rendered herself so unpopular that she was obliged to fly the country. She retired to Germany with her son; and Poland, left without a king, became a prey to all the horrors of

anarchy. Tired of this state of affairs, the Poles recalled Cazimir, who restored order, and governed the country with great wisdom. His reign was followed, in the year 1058, by that of his son, Boleslaw the Second, or the Dauntless. He was a most warlike and chivalrous prince. He restored two monarchs of Hungary, Bela and his son Geyza, as well as the Duke of Bohemia, to their respective thrones, from which they had been driven by opposite factions. He defeated the infidel Prussians; and when Iziaslaf, grand duke of Russia, expelled from his states, came also to implore his assistance, he led him back in triumph to his country, and reestablished him on the throne of Kiow. The residence in that city proved to Boleslaw and his army a second Capua. The immense riches which the gratitude of Iziaslaf lavished on him and on his soldiers, as well as the refinement and luxuries of Byzantium which he found in Kiow, corrupted his manners. Elated by continual success, he became overbearing, rapacious, and cruel. Stanislaw Szczepanowski, bishop of Cracow, boldly remonstrated against his disorderly conduct. The King, incensed at the manly behaviour of the virtuous prelate, murdered him with his own hand at the altar. Gregorius the Seventh occupied at that time the pontifical see :

he excommunicated the Polish monarch, deposed him from his dignity, and exempted his vassals from their allegiance. Boleslaw the Dauntless, abandoned by his subjects, descended from the throne of his forefathers, which he had rendered illustrious by so many victories and conquests. He fled, a homeless wanderer, from his own kingdom, and died unknown in some obscure corner of Hungary. The vacant throne of Poland was occupied by his brother, Wladyslaw Herman. He was a feeble prince, and his reign was continually disturbed by foreign aggression and domestic strife. He was succeeded in the year 1102 by his son, Boleslaw the Third, or the Wrymouth, a great monarch, renowned by the conversion of Pomerania and a glorious victory which he gained over the Emperor Henry the Fifth. He marred, however, all the good effects of his long and prosperous reign by dividing, at his death in 1139, the kingdom amongst his four sons. All the miseries of anarchy, internal warfare, and foreign invasion, were the natural consequences of this division. Poland remained in this state during nearly two centuries, when Wladyslaw the Second, or the Cubit (thus surnamed for his short stature), reunited in the year 1306 the divided provinces, with the exception of the dukedom of



Mazovia, which remained independent; under the sovereignty of the kings of Poland; and that of Silesia, whose dukes had become lieges to the King of Bohemia. Wladyslaw the Cubit was one of the greatest monarchs that ever governed Poland. He was educated in the school of adversity, having been twice driven from his throne into exile, and it was now the third time that he became invested with the supreme power. He exerted himself to pacify the country, to repulse the foreign aggressors, and to curb the license of many a powerful vassal. After having succeeded in his efforts, he was crowned at Cracow in the year 1319, and by this act restored a solemnity which had fallen into disuse since the death of Boleslaw the Wry-mouth. His most formidable enemies were the Lithuanians and the Teutonic order, whom Conrad duke of Mazovia called about the year 1230 from the Holy Land against the Prussian pagans, and granted them a large tract of land and many castles. These warrior monks subdued, and partly exterminated, the half-savage Prussians, and soon became the most dangerous neighbours of Poland. Wladyslaw gained a great victory over them at the battle of Plowce in 1331. He was then already seventy years old, and he died two years afterwards. But the most memorable event of his

reign is the first Diet of Poland, which he assembled at Chenciny a few months before the battle of Plowce, and which deliberated on different matters of state.

His son, Cazimir the Great, exerted himself strenuously, during his whole life, to consolidate the advantages gained by his father. He made great territorial concessions to Bohemia and to the Teutonic order, for the maintenance of peace, necessary to a kingdom which had for so long a time laboured under the evils of war. The improvements which he made were immense, and the chroniclers say that he found Poland built of wood, and left it built of stone. He rebuilt the ruined cities, and repopled them with foreign emigrants, whom he attracted by great privileges. His chief care was directed to the protection of the agriculturists; and the nobles, who were no longer permitted to oppress them at their will, gave him the nickname of the Peasant King. The first code of laws in Poland was published by his orders, at the Assembly of Vislica, in the year 1347; and it was during his reign that the Russian principality of Halicz was united with Poland. The inhabitants were gained by great privileges, which the King granted them; and it remained a Polish province till 1772, when it was taken by

Austria, and is known at present by the name of Galicia. Notwithstanding his public virtues, Cazimir had many foibles ; but as we hope shortly to present the public with a picture of this reign in a separate work, we will not at present enlarge upon that subject.

Cazimir was succeeded, in 1370, by his nephew, Lewis of Anjou, king of Hungary. This monarch, who descended from Charles of Anjou, brother to Lewis the Ninth, king of France, merited the name of Great from his Hungarian subjects ; but he had no right to claim such an appellation from the Poles. Engaged in continual wars with the powers of Italy, and particularly in the affairs of the renowned Joan of Naples, who had formerly been married to his brother Andrew, he entirely neglected Poland, which he visited only twice during his reign. But although he paid little attention to this country during his lifetime, yet he was very anxious to secure the succession of his throne to one of his daughters. He succeeded in his wishes by granting to the equestrian order privileges incompatible with the authority of the sovereign and the welfare of the country. After his death in 1382, his youngest daughter, Hedvige, was proclaimed Queen of Poland, and she was crowned at Cracow, not being more than fifteen years of age.

According to the words of contemporary writers, she was beautiful as Helen. Her beauty was even surpassed by her virtues, and she soon became the idol of her new subjects. Her life, however, was a continued series of trials; but it gave her full scope to display the sublime virtues with which she was so richly gifted. She was fondly attached to William of Austria, a youthful and accomplished prince, who had been her playmate, and to whom she had been betrothed from her earliest childhood; but the hand of a queen cannot be given without the consent of her nation, and the nation consults in such a case their own interest, and not the feelings of their sovereign. William arrived secretly at Cracow. The Queen was apprised of his arrival, but she dared not to grant him an interview. A dangerous rival presented himself in the person of Ziemowit duke of Mazovia. The union of his dukedom with the crown of Poland would have insured his success with the nation, and restored the throne to the family of Piast; but he was superseded by a new and powerful competitor: it was a heathen prince, Jagellon grand duke of Lithuania. He proposed, as the price of the hand of Hedvige, that he and his pagan subjects should embrace the Christian religion. He also offered to restore the Polish prison-

ers, numbers of whom suffered captivity in Lithuania, and to unite for ever his vast dominions with the kingdom of Poland. This offer was too brilliant to have any chance of being rejected by the Poles. The consideration of uniting the first power in the North with Poland, and of changing their most dangerous enemy into a friend and ally, produced an unanimous decision in his favour. But what must have been the feelings of the Queen ! We may easily imagine the struggles of her heart, when we reflect on her attachment to William, and on the prospect of becoming the consort of a half-savage pagan, no longer in the prime of youth, and who was represented as a kind of monster. Yet all these considerations were overpowered by the idea of converting millions and millions to the faith of the Cross ; and she sacrificed her love, to heaven and to her country. Jagellon arrived at Cracow ; was baptized ; wedded Hedvige, and ascended the throne of Poland. He was not so great a monster as he had been described ; but he was ignorant, narrow-minded, and credulous. He continually persecuted his virtuous Queen by the most absurd jealousy. A miscreant of the name of Gniewosz dared to stain Hedvige's reputation by the poison of his calumny. The offended Queen demanded a public trial. Twenty knights presented

themselves to defend her innocence ; but the villain confessed the falsehood of his accusation, and was condemned to a degrading punishment. A painful task awaited Hedvige : her husband being engaged in Lithuania, the Hungarians invaded the province of Russia. The Queen herself marched at the head of her army against her former countrymen, repelled their invasion, and pacified the disturbed provinces by her clemency. Poland had not the felicity of long enjoying her reign. She died in the twenty-eighth year of her age, in consequence of her first confinement. When she was approaching the time of her delivery, her husband wrote to her, desiring her to prepare for the expected heir a sumptuous cradle, adorned with gold and precious stones ; but she answered, " I have long resigned the vanities of this world ; and in the dangerous moment which is approaching, my prayers and humility will be more agreeable to God, who has allowed me to bear this child, than all the gems in the world." When her husband, at her request, restored to the subjects of the chapter of Gniezno the flocks which were confiscated by his orders, she addressed to him these memorable words : " Their flocks can be restored ; but who can give them back their tears ?" A great part of the Bible was translated by her orders into the

vernacular language, and she was a diligent reader of holy writ. She founded a college at Prague for the education of Poles and Lithuanians. Her most cordial desire was the establishment of a university at Cracow, already projected by Cazimir the Great. She was thwarted by her premature death in the accomplishment of that great design; but she exacted from her husband a solemn promise that he would fulfill her wishes, and she bequeathed her jewels for the endowment of the new institution. The virtues and sufferings of this pious Queen can meet with a due reward only in heaven. The Roman See has not awarded to a princess who converted millions to the Cross the honours of canonization, which it conferred on her ancestor Lewis the Ninth of France for having led thousands of his subjects to be butchered in the Holy Land by the infidels; but the memory of Hedvige of Anjou is enshrined in the heart of every true Pole, whatever may be his religious persuasion.

After the death of Hedvige, Jagellon, who had assumed on his baptism the name of Wladyslaw, desired to leave Poland and to retire to his own country; but the Poles soon persuaded him to remain on their throne. His reign will ever be memorable by the union of Poland with Lithuania; and as both these countries henceforward follow

the same destinies, a little digression is necessary, to give the reader some information about the latter.

The Lithuanians are of quite a different origin from the Poles. They are not Selavonians, and their language, excepting very few words, has no resemblance to any dialect of that numerous race. This language is even now spoken by the peasantry of Lithuania, Samogitia, and a part of Prussia. The great number of Latin words which it contains has given rise to the wildest conjectures as to its origin. The most popular tradition is that of a colony of Roman exiles having settled on that part of the Baltic shores. The names of Junius, Lucius, Plinius, Mucius, and other Latin appellations, common to many families among the lower classes, give an appearance of truth to this supposition. It has, however, no historical foundation; and we think that if such had really existed, King Alfred, who has collected many accounts of Danish adventurers about the Baltic, and has added them to his translation of Orosius's *Hormisda*, would certainly have known so important a fact. The most probable conjecture about the origin of these Latin words is, that the present Lithuanians are the descendants of the Heruli, who overthrew, under Odoacer, the Western Empire, and who, being in their turn defeated by the Ostrogoth king Theo-



doric, returned to their native shores, and imported the Latin words which abound in the present language of Lithuania. This last conjecture has been especially defended by our learned historian, Lelewel, who founds it upon some fragments of the language of the Heruli, which bears a strong resemblance to that of the Lithuanians. As I do not possess his work, I am unable to give the authorities whence he has taken the materials that serve as a foundation to his ingenious conjectures.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Lithuanians, they were certainly a most extraordinary nation. Until the beginning of the thirteenth century, we are almost entirely ignorant of their history, which is founded only on the traditions of their waidelots, or bards. All that we are certain of is, that they were a warlike and savage race, making continual inroads on the adjacent Polish and Russian provinces. The territory which they occupied was comparatively small; and the present amount of the population which preserved the Lithuanian language is no more than about 1,300,000. Towards the year 1200, Albert bishop of Riga founded the military order of the Knights Swordbearers (*Ensiferi*), in order to conquer the pagans who inhabited the shores of the Baltic

from the Curish Haff to the Gulf of Finland. The half-savage barbarians were soon crushed by the valour and military skill of these warrior monks, and reduced to a state of most oppressive bondage. Not long afterwards, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem came, as we have already mentioned, to Prussia, inhabited by a Lithuanian race, which they likewise converted by dint of fire and sword, and reduced the new Christians to the most galling slavery. These two powerful orders effected a union in the year 1238, and became more formidable to the still unconverted heathens of Lithuania. These monks were certainly the bravest, the most skilful, and the best-armed militia of that time; and their numbers were continually recruited by German adventurers, who flocked to their standard in order to gain the remission of their sins in heaven and a grant of land on earth. Such were the enemies with whom the Lithuanians had to contend, they themselves being ignorant of the science of war, almost destitute of defensive armour, and having for the most part no other weapons than spears, clubs, and arrows. In spite of all these extraordinary disadvantages, they not only succeeded in resisting the German invaders, but they gradually conquered the adjacent provinces of Russia, and became in

the course of a century the most formidable power in the North. The most extraordinary circumstance attending their conquest, and which is perhaps unparalleled in history, is, that having remained pagans, they succeeded not only in conquering, but in strongly attaching to their sway, a Christian population at least five times more numerous than their conquerors. The Russian Christians became the most loyal subjects of the pagan grand dukes of Lithuania, and few monarchs of other countries could boast of such devoted vassals amongst the members of their own persuasion. The government of Lithuania was feudal; every province was given as a fief, generally to a prince of the reigning family, who acknowledged the Grand Duke of Lithuania as his sovereign, and rendered to him all the services which a vassal owed to his liege lord. These great vassals had often other minor vassals that depended upon them, and who might be compared to the *vavassours* of France. Every new conquest was subjected to this *régime*; and the invariable principle which guided the policy of the Lithuanian conquerors, was to invest with the new fief only such princes of their blood as became converts to Christianity of the Eastern Church professed by the subjects; and it was a condition, *sine quâ non*, for the vassal prince

to be a Christian, though the sovereign continued a pagan. It was this prudent policy which secured the attachment of the Russian provinces to the Lithuanian sway. Two nations of different origin and creed were soon blended together. The Russian idiom became the official language of Lithuania, and continued so until the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was superseded by the Polish language.

Ringold was the first of the Lithuanian rulers who assumed the title of Grand Duke, about the year 1235. Mindog having received from the Pope the royal diadem, embraced the Christian religion, and was crowned at Novogrodek in the year 1252; but not having obtained the advantages which he expected from his conversion, he soon relapsed into paganism, and was murdered in the year 1263. At the end of the 13th century, Witenes established a new dynasty on the throne of Lithuania, and its most brilliant era commenced after the accession of Gedymin, in the year 1315. During his reign of five-and-twenty years he made the most extensive conquests of the ancient Russian principalities, and attached them by the policy to which we have before alluded. He was killed in the year 1340, at the siege of a fortress of the German knights; but his successor, Olgerd, defeated the

Tatars, and extended the limits of Lithuania to the shores of the Black Sea and the banks of the Don. The republics of Novogorod and Pzkow were compelled to acknowledge his supremacy, and the Tatars of Crimea to become his vassals. He presented himself in triumph before the gates of Moscow, in the years 1368, 1370, and 1373, and died in the year 1381, in the Christian communion of the Eastern Church, which he embraced on his deathbed, by the solicitations of his consort, a Russian princess of Twer. His son and successor was Jagellon, who became the husband of Hedvige, and King of Poland.

The conversion of his pagan subjects became the object of the most strenuous efforts of Jagellon after his baptism, and he was powerfully assisted in this pious enterprise by his virtuous queen. It is true he had no great difficulties to encounter, and it is asserted that the reward of a new white woollen coat was a sufficient inducement for the half-savage Lithuanian to desert his idols, and to approach the baptismal font. The new converts were gathered in large crowds of men and women : instead of an individual aspersion, every crowd was baptized together, and received their names, as Peter, John, Maria, &c. Jagellon himself translated, for the instruction of his subjects, the Credo and the Lord's

Prayer into the Lithuanian language. In this manner the establishment of the Christian religion was soon effected, though the new converts long afterwards retained many a heathen rite of their forefathers; and even in our days the common people preserve many customs which derive their origin from the pagan times.

We beg pardon of our reader for this long digression, and we return to our former subject. Jagellon still reigned a long time after Hedvige's demise, and married successively three wives. His reign is rendered conspicuous by the battle of Grunwald, where the power of the German knights was crushed by the united forces of Poland and Lithuania; and if the King had been possessed of greater prudence and energy of character, this formidable order might have been entirely reduced; but he lost a precious opportunity, and afforded time to the enemies of his country for recovering their forces. At his accession to the throne of Poland, he gave Lithuania to his cousin Vitold, a bold, enterprising, and ambitious prince, who gave him much trouble, by endeavouring to become an independent king of Lithuania: however, he never succeeded in obtaining the desired crown. Vitold is particularly renowned by the contest he had with the celebrated Timour, or Tamerlane, having espoused the party

of his antagonist, Taktumysh chan of the Kipchak horde. He also convened (1428) a congress of monarchs at Lutzk, in Volhynia. It was attended by the Emperor Sigismund, the Kings of Poland and Sweden; the Grand Dukes of Moscow, Twer and Rezan; the Chan of Crimea, and the ambassadors of the Emperor of Constantinople. The ostensible purpose of that congress was to advise the means of opposing the increasing power of the Turks; but the real object of Vitold was to be acknowledged king of Lithuania: but he did not succeed in his wishes. The congress lasted seven days; during which time Vitold entertained his illustrious guests with most extraordinary magnificence. An ancient chronicle says, "There was a great deal of eating, drinking, and carousing; an enormous expense, but very little counsel."

Wladyslaw Jagellon died in the year 1434, and was succeeded by his son Wladyslaw the Third, a minor prince, eleven years old. He was scarcely of age when the Hungarians, threatened by the fast-spreading power of the Ottomans, called him to their throne. The young monarch defeated the Turks (1443) in repeated battles, and advanced to within six days' march of Adrianople. The Mussulmans sued for peace, and it was concluded on terms the most advantageous for the Christians. This treaty was soon, however, shamefully broken

at the instigation of the Pope. The Cardinal Julian Cesarini absolved the King from his oath, and promised succour from the Italian powers. The young Wladyslaw rushed headlong into a new and unjust war : he was betrayed by the Italians, who, instead of assisting him, transported the Turks across the Hellespont ; and he perished in a chivalrous manner at the battle of Varna (1444), in the twenty-first year of his age. Yet it is needless to dwell upon events recorded by the eloquent pen of a Gibbon\*. The death of the young monarch plunged all Poland into a kind of stupor. The nation was unwilling to believe the reality of that melancholy fact, and numerous reports were abroad about his existence as a wandering pilgrim in distant countries. The throne remained a long time vacant ; but when the hope of Wladyslaw's return had finally vanished, it was offered to his brother Cazimir, Grand Duke of Lithuania.

Cazimir reluctantly accepted the crown of Poland. He delayed to ascend the throne of his father during the space of three years, continually urging, as a pretext, the possibility that his brother might return ; but, in fact, he preferred to govern the Lithuanians, whose nobility did not enjoy at that time the extensive privileges of the

\* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, ch. lxxvii.



Polish equestrian order, and were consequently less turbulent subjects than the Poles. However, when the states of Poland threatened to transfer their allegiance to a new sovereign, he finally accepted their offer, and left his dear Lithuania, for which he all his life preserved a strong predilection. The most important event of his life was the union of the Prussian provinces with Poland. The inhabitants of this rich country, tired of the oppression of the Teutonic order, declared themselves (1454) subjects to the crown of Poland. A long and bloody war ensued, which was protracted by the inability of the King, and by the internal discords which agitated Poland and Lithuania. It was terminated in the year 1462 by the peace of Thorn. Poland acquired by this treaty a territorial extension of about 1600 square leagues (25 to a degree) of a rich and fertile country, with an industrious population. The acquisition of Dantzic gave new life to Poland's commerce, and a degree of prosperity unknown in former times. Cazimir's great negligence afforded the neighbouring nations a free scope to make frequent inroads on the borders, and the Czar of Moscow succeeded in detaching an extensive tract of land from Lithuania. Cazimir died in the year 1492. Though negligent and slothful himself, his reign was distinguished

by the acquisition of Prussia. He was also a promoter of learning, and gave a very superior education to his sons, having entrusted them to the care of the celebrated Philip Buonacorsi, better known under the name of Callimachus Experiens, who sought refuge at the Court of Poland from the enmity of Pope Paul II. His eldest son, Wladyslaw, was called to the throne of Bohemia in the year 1474, and in 1492 he also became king of Hungary. Cazimir was succeeded in Poland by his second son, John Albrecht; and by his third son, Alexander, in Lithuania.

John Albrecht was a warlike prince, but of an indolent and careless disposition. His tutor, Callimachus, had great influence over him, and strongly advised him to check, by every means, the overgrown power of the nobility. The means which he recommended to that effect were worthy of the school of Italian politics; but there can be no doubt that if his aim to increase the monarch's power and to curtail the privileges of the nobility could have been attained, the decline and consequent fall of Poland would have been prevented. But Callimachus soon died, and John Albrecht was too thoughtless to be able to follow the precepts of so wily a policy. He inconsiderately engaged in an expedition against the Wallachians,

Entangled in narrow passes, he was surprised by the enemy; a great part of his army was cut off; and it was only with great difficulty that, with the remnant of his forces, he escaped death or imprisonment. The Turks soon after invaded the southern provinces of Poland with an army of 70,000 men; but they were almost entirely destroyed by unusually severe frosts. John Albrecht died in the year 1501. He was of a chivalrous, open character, brave, well informed, and particularly fond of learning. His reign was disturbed by an almost continual border warfare against the inroads of the Wallachians, Turks, and the Tatars of Crimea, who had recently become vassals of the Ottoman monarchs. The nobility, afraid of the rumoured projects of Callimachus against their privileges, became more unruly than ever, and were continually striving to extend their encroachments on the royal power, and on the rights of the other orders of the state. Yet it seems that the state of the agricultural population was prosperous during that reign, for a sumptuary law was enacted, forbidding the peasants to wear costly dresses.

After the death of John Albrecht, the nation was divided between his brother Alexander, Grand Duke of Lithuania, and Sigismund, Duke of Troppau in Silesia; but as Alexander threatened to separate

Poland from Lithuania, his party prevailed. He was a weak monarch, and entirely governed by his favourite Prince Michael Glinski. His marriage with Helena, daughter of the Grand Duke of Moscow, and of the Greek Princess, Sophia Paleologue, did not prevent his father-in-law from repeatedly invading the frontiers of Lithuania, nor from occupying some castles and districts in that country. The Tatars, who had invaded Lithuania, were defeated by Glinski a few days before Alexander's death. He expired after a protracted illness, in 1506. The royal power was completely destroyed by the immoderate extension of the privileges which the nobility had extorted under his reign. Shortly before his death, all the laws existing in Poland were collected by John Laski, Chancellor of Poland, into one body, and promulgated under the name of King Alexander's Statute, better known under the appellation of the Statute of Laski.

Sigismund, Duke of Troppau, arrived shortly after the death of King Alexander at Vilna, whither he was invited by his dying brother to assist him during his illness, and by the grandees to oppose the intrigues of Glinski, who was suspected of secretly meditating most ambitious and dangerous schemes, and even of aiming at an independent

sovereignty for himself. Sigismund lent, perhaps, a too willing ear to all the accusations heaped upon this overbearing but most talented prince by his enemies, and particularly by John Zabrzezinski, palatine of Troki, and grand marshal of Lithuania. He denied him a public trial, which Glinski requested as a favour, and probably urged him, by such rigour, to the crime of high treason, by which that renowned warrior stained his own reputation, and plunged his country in all the horrors of a civil war and foreign invasion. Yet, as the particulars of Glinski's story occupy a part of this novel, we shall now only mention that he murdered Zabrzezinski, joined the Czar of Muscovy with numerous adherents, and opened his own castles and those of his friends to the enemies of his country.

Sigismund found the affairs of Poland and Lithuania in the most unfavourable state. The southern provinces of the empire were converted into a desert by the repeated inroads of the Tatars, and even some parts of the interior of Lithuania had experienced the disastrous effects of their forays. The Czars of Moscow, recently emancipated from their subjection to the Kipchak horde, to whom they only ceased to pay tribute about the years 1470-80, reduced and united to their vast domi-

nions the principalities of Rezan and Twer, as well as the republics of Novogorod and Pskow; and by these important acquisitions they became very formidable neighbours to Poland. Though experience sufficiently proved that the Muscovite armies were inferior to the Polish in courage and military skill, yet they always surpassed them in numbers. The resources of the Muscovite sovereign were immense; he ruled despotically over many rich and populous provinces; and his mandate was sufficient to gather thousands and thousands round his standard. It was quite the reverse in Poland, where the turbulent nobility frequently opposed, in the most wanton manner, the best views of the monarch, and often resisted his commands only to assert their own rights, an encroachment upon which they dreaded more than any foreign aggression. The warriors who generally flocked to the King's standard were the bravest of the brave, but their numbers were few; and though they fought with the utmost gallantry, they were soon tired of the fatigues of the camp. The *arrière-ban*, or the general levy of the equestrian order, could only be raised with great difficulty, and it dispersed very soon to return home. The treasury was empty, and the nobility, unwilling to submit to any taxation, sought to throw all the imposts on the inhabitants of towns,

whose number was comparatively small, and on the peasants, who were already crushed by the oppression of the landowners. It is true that the Crown was in possession of extensive domains (starosties), but they were generally granted for life to some noble, and the prodigal Alexander had almost entirely squandered them away.

Such were the difficulties which, at his accession to the throne, beset Sigismund, who became Grand Duke of Lithuania at the demise of Alexander, by his birthright, and was elected a few months afterwards King of Poland. However, by his firm administration he soon established order in the country; and the Treasurer of the Crown, Bonar, succeeded, by his great industry and strict economy, in restoring the finances of the country. About two years after his accession, the revolt of Glinski involved Lithuania in a most bloody and destructive war with the Muscovites, who, abetted by the treason of this grandee, joined his forces and occupied a great part of Lithuania. Sigismund assembled an army, which was very small in comparison with the hostile forces: he repelled his enemies, who retired beyond the Dnieper and awaited the Poles on the opposite banks of that river. Sigismund plunged on horseback into the stream, forded it at the head of his bands, attacked

the enemy, far superior to him in numbers, and gained a most complete victory. But this brilliant feat of arms produced no other advantage than that of freeing the country from its external and internal enemies. Instead of pursuing the Muscovites to the interior of their own country, and reconquering the ancient possessions of Lithuania, lost during the reign of Sigismund's father, Cazimir,—which could have been easily effected if the disorganizing spirit of insubordination had not been already so powerful in Poland;—the King, unable to retain his army in the field, accepted the Czar's proposition of peace, which was soon concluded. By this treaty the frontiers of the belligerent powers were preserved in the same state as they had been before the war. The estates and castles of Gliniski, and those of his adherents, were forfeited to the Crown; but their families were permitted to join them in Muscovy. Many of them, however, received their pardon, and were restored to their estates and former dignities.

This war was not yet terminated when Bohdan, prince of Wallachia and Moldavia, invaded with considerable forces the southern provinces of Poland; but he was soon defeated, and compelled to conclude a treaty, by which he subjected himself to proffer fealty and to pay homage to the kings



of Poland. The acquisition of this right became afterwards the origin of long and bloody wars with the Ottoman Porte.

The Roman Pontiff, Julius the Second, who was renowned for his warlike spirit, sent an embassy to Sigismund, complimenting him on his recent successes, and persuading him to enter into a league against the Turks, whose expulsion from Europe was meditated by this enterprising Pope. He offered to the King the command of the army of the projected league, promised him powerful assistance, and expressed his hope, that under the auspices of such a leader as Sigismund he was sure of celebrating mass at Constantinople. However, all these flattering propositions remained without any effect upon the King's mind; he was too prudent to engage in such an unreasonable enterprise, and the example of his uncle, who perished at the battle of Varna, gave a sufficient lesson how much it was possible to rely on the assistance promised by a Pope.

The Tatars, who made continual inroads on the Polish borders, were defeated at the battle of Wisniowitz, by the renowned Lithuanian general Constantine, prince of Ostrog, and 24,000 of these barbarians were slain in this battle. This victory secured for a long time the tranquillity of the frontiers.

Sigismund married Barbara, daughter of Stephen Zapolya, waiwode of Transylvania. The emperor Maximilian—who watched with jealousy the influence which Poland exercised over Bohemia and Hungary, and which was increased by Sigismund's marriage—incited by his intrigues, and particularly through the agency of Glinski, the Czar of Muscovy to attack Poland. He succeeded in his wishes, and the Muscovites invaded the frontiers of Lithuania in the year 1514 with immense forces, under the command of Tcheladnin and Glinski, who took Smolensk after a long siege. The subsequent fate of that extraordinary man, his disgrace with the Czar, long imprisonment, future exaltation, and miserable end, will be related in the novel, and we will for the present limit our narration to the public events. After the capture of Smolensk, the Muscovite army, consisting of 80,000 men, under the command of Tcheladnin, advanced further into Lithuania. They were met at Orsha, about a hundred English miles from Smolensk, by the Grand General of Lithuania, Constantine, prince of Ostrog, at the head of 33,000 men. The numerous host of Muscovy was entirely defeated, and half of their number were slain or taken prisoners. This brilliant victory remained, however, without producing any great

result. The triumphant army soon dispersed, and it was even impossible to retake Smolensk, which remained at the ensuing peace in the possession of the Muscovites, and was not regained by Poland until a century afterwards.

The Emperor Maximilian, having lost every hope of crushing Sigismund's power, became anxious to conciliate his friendship. He invited him to a congress at Vienna, which took place in the year 1515. This renowned meeting produced no advantage whatever to Poland. The promises of the Emperor to interfere with the Teutonic order and the Muscovites, for the benefit of Poland, proved entirely delusive; and the conjugal alliance between an Austrian duke and a Jagellonian princess of Bohemia, which was agreed on there, placed in time the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia on the head of the Austrian monarchs, and greatly increased the power of this dangerous neighbour of Poland.

After the death of the Queen Barbara of Zapolya, a princess of exemplary piety, and adorned with all the virtues befitting her high station, Sigismund, at Maximilian's persuasion, married Bona, the daughter of John Galeazzo Sforza, last duke of Milan, and of Isabella of Arragon, a sister of Catherine, queen of Henry VIII.,

king of England. She was a most beautiful and accomplished princess; but these qualities were more than counterbalanced by her immoderate pride, ardent love of pleasure, restless spirit of intrigue, unbounded desire of power, and insatiable avarice. She was another Catherine de Medicis; and if her influence did not produce as much harm in Poland as that of Catherine did in France, it was only owing to the different circumstances in which these kingdoms were placed. It is true, that the Italian refinement and Spanish courtesy which she introduced soon rendered the Court of Poland one of the most brilliant and refined in Europe, but she introduced likewise the corruption and the intrigues of the West, unknown to the warlike and free Sarmatians.

The most memorable events of Sigismund's subsequent reign were the troubles excited by the reformation of Luther in the provinces of Prussia, and particularly in the town of Dantzic; but they were soon quelled by the firmness of the King and pacified by his prudence and conciliatory spirit of religious toleration. Albert of Brandenburg, Grand Master of the Teutonic order, and nephew to the King, who had formerly (about 1514) refused longer to acknowledge the supremacy of his uncle and liege lord, but was soon brought back

to his former allegiance by the Polish arms, became, about the year 1525, a convert to Protestantism. The part of Prussia still held by the Teutonic order was erected into a secular principality, and the above-mentioned Albert of Brandenburg, its last grand master, was erected hereditary Duke of Prussia, and vassal to the crown of Poland. He paid public homage at Cracow to his liege lord Sigismund, and his successors continued to acknowledge the supremacy of the Polish monarchs till the treaty of Welaw, (1657,) by which these rights were resigned, and Prussia was declared an independent dukedom. This was the origin of the dominion of the Brandenburg family over Prussia, from which it assumed, in the course of time, the royal title.

The dukedom of Mazovia was united with Poland after the death of its last duke, 1526. He died almost at the same time with his brother; and their premature and nearly simultaneous end gave rise to a general suspicion that poison, administered to them at Bona's instigation, had produced an event so favourable to the sovereign of Poland. According to the feudal law, Mazovia reverted to its liege lord the King of Poland, and the pretensions of the late Duke's sister, Princess Anna,

married to Odrowonz, palatine of Podolia, were entirely disregarded.

The Wallachians, who again rose against Poland, were crushed by the battle of Obertyn, (1530,) where Tarnowski, one of the most prominent characters of that time, defeated with 5000 men an enemy of 22,000. The King, as an acknowledgement of this service, granted him a triumphal entry into Cracow.

Towards the end of his reign, the Wallachians having again disturbed the peace of the country, Sigismund ordered the arrière-ban of the equestrian order to assemble at Leopold, desiring to make the conquest of Wallachia, and to crush for ever this troublesome neighbour. According to a contemporary historian (Orichovius), 150,000 splendidly armed militia assembled at the King's summons. But this numerous force, instead of marching against the common enemy, raised a general outcry against the authority of the King, claiming the redress of imaginary grievances, and the extension of their already too overgrown privileges. In this manner they separated, without producing any effect whatever; and the memory of this miserable expedition was ridiculed by the nickname of the *Chicken War*.

Sigismund died soon after, in the year 1548, at a very advanced age. He was just, wise, and magnanimous. He earnestly desired the welfare of his subjects, and though personally brave and fond of glory, he cautiously avoided war. Firmly attached to the tenets of the church in which he had been educated, he was during all his life averse to religious persecution. When Henry the Eighth of England sent him his book written against Luther, entreating him to oppose the progress of reformation, he thus answered the English monarch, after praising his zeal: "But what concerns it me?" said he in his letter; "permit me to be king of sheep and goats (*ovium et hircorum*)."

Unfortunately, in the latter part of his reign he fell under the influence of his Queen, Bona, to whom he was doatingly attached. It is easy to imagine what were the effects of such pernicious influence. The most important offices of state were sold by Bona, or bestowed on her unworthy favourites, and she rendered this once beloved monarch completely unpopular. At his death, however, all his foibles were forgotten; the Poles remembered only his virtues, and he was sincerely lamented by all his subjects.

Sigismund the First was succeeded by his son Sigismund Augustus, who had been elected and

crowned during the lifetime of his father, being only ten years of age. Before his accession to the throne, and soon after the demise of his first consort, Elizabeth of Austria, he wedded secretly Barbara Radziwill, widow of Stanislaw Gastold, palatine of Troki, a most beautiful and accomplished lady, and declared his marriage publicly a few days after he was proclaimed king. This union, though agreeable to the Lithuanians, was a horror to the Poles and to his mother, Queen Bona. It was also an infringement of the constitution, which did not permit the king to conclude a matrimonial alliance without the assent of the states; and, moreover, the nation was afraid that it would give the Radziwills and other Lithuanian families related to Barbara an undue influence over the monarch, who was fondly attached to his young bride. The Diet of Warsaw remonstrated strongly against the King's marriage; but Sigismund Augustus met all the representations of the senate and of the equestrian order with a haughty indifference. The Diet of Piotrkow, assembled in the year 1549, manifested its opinions even stronger on this subject. The senators and the deputies besought the King on their bended knees to part from his wife, and the Primate Dzierzgowski offered to divide the sin of



divorce among all the individuals of the Polish nation. Yet Sigismund remained unshaken, and he obtained by his firmness the complete fulfilment of his wishes. He proposed to remedy different abuses which had crept into the government, and particularly to prevent the higher nobility from accumulating many offices in one person. By such an adroit policy he succeeded in frightening some of his opponents, and he gained others, particularly by the intervention of Tarnowski and the Bishop of Cracow Maiajowski. Barbara was crowned by the Primate; but the King did not long enjoy his domestic happiness. She died soon after; and strong suspicion was excited that she was poisoned by her mother-in-law.

Sigismund afterwards married Catherine of Austria, the widowed Duchess of Mantua. This was a very unfortunate marriage, the Queen being plain and subject to epilepsy, which inspired a great aversion in her husband. Sigismund tried in vain to obtain a divorce from the Pope, and being unable to procure it, he plunged into a dissolute life and had many favourites.

Queen Bona, having lost all hope of governing her son, resolved to leave Poland, and to retire to her hereditary dukedom Bari, in the Neapolitan

dominions. After a long resistance from the King and the states, she effected her design, carrying away immense riches, which she had hoarded with the greatest rapacity. She died at Bari, poisoned by her favourite Papagoda ; but before her death she lent to Philip the Second of Spain 430,000 ducats, which have never been repaid, in spite of all the remonstrances which the Polish Court has repeatedly made.

Walter Fürstenberg, grand master of the Knights of Livonia (Sword-bearers), having embraced Lutheranism, attacked the Bishop of Riga, a prince of Brandenburg, and who was related to King Sigismund Augustus. He took him prisoner, and put to death the Polish ambassador, sent to protest against his violent proceedings. The King summoned, (1557,) the arrière-ban of the nobility, and marched at the head of a numerous force to chastise the insolence of the grand master ; but Fürstenberg, having no chance of resisting Sigismund's power, met him at Pozwole, on the frontiers of Livonia, sued for pardon on his bended knees, and acknowledged himself vassal to the Crown of Poland. Soon after, the Czar of Muscovy, Ivan Vasilevich the Terrible, invaded Livonia, and Poland was involved in a most bloody war with Muscovy. A final destruction of the Teutonic order was

the result of this long contest. The last grand master, Gothard Ketler, was created Duke of Courland, which had formerly constituted a part of the dominions of the order, and became hereditary sovereign of that country under the supremacy of Poland. Estonia was ceded to Sweden, and Livonia became a Polish province. The reign of Sigismund Augustus is particularly remarkable by the union effected between Poland and Lithuania, at the Diet of Lublin, in 1569. By this transaction it was enacted that the deputies and senators of both nations should deliberate in common. The rights of the Polish nobility were extended to the Lithuanian, and the throne of both nations became equally elective; yet the laws, finances, and army remained separate. This union was for a long time strenuously opposed by the grandees of Lithuania, who were losing much of their personal influence by being united into one body with Poland, as well as by the rights acquired to the minor nobility; but the influence of the King, and the exertions of some magnates favourable to that measure, were ultimately successful in vanquishing their opposition. This union was continued in the same form till the fall of Poland in the year 1794.

Sigismund Augustus died in 1572 at Knyshyn,

his favourite country residence, on the borders of Poland and Lithuania. His mother, anxious to rule under his name, gave him purposely an effeminate education, and he remained till his seventeenth year almost entirely under the care of women. However, his naturally strong mind overcame this defect of his education, and he displayed, after his accession to the throne, a strength of character which astonished the Court and the nation. He was hot-tempered, and of great versatility of humour ; but he was generous, kind-hearted, affectionate, and fondly attached to his country. His manners were elegant and courteous. He was very fond of learning, and spoke Latin and Italian as perfectly as his own language. A zealous patron of learning at home and abroad, he was particularly anxious to promote national literature, and his reign is the Augustan era of the Polish language and literature. A firm protector of religious liberty, he was suspected of inclining towards Protestantism ; and there was a time when it was generally supposed he would become a convert to its tenets. Poland reached, under his reign, the acme of its grandeur, and the subsequent time was only a continual decline towards its final destruction. But before we conclude this Introduction, we must give our reader a short notice of the state of

Poland, of its constitution, literature, and manners.

The origin of the nobility was the same in Poland as in other parts of Europe, viz. military service. All those who could afford to serve on horseback were considered to be of a superior rank to the pedestrian soldier, and formed a separate or equestrian order. The wars in which Poland was continually involved necessarily increased the importance of this class of subjects. Military services were generally rewarded by grants of land, which were inherited equally by all the sons of the grantee. The law of primogeniture being unknown in Poland, the descendants of the wealthiest landowners were soon reduced, by the consequent subdivision of the estate, to the condition of small farmers, and were obliged to seek fortune by their own exertions. The equestrian order was also recruited by new nobles, who received the promotion called *nobilitatio* from the Sovereign as the reward of their services. Many foreigners were also received into their ranks by naturalization, *jure indigenato*. During the anarchy, which lasted from the death of Boleslaw the Wrymouth till the accession of Wladyslaw the Cubit, many nobles, favoured by some peculiar circumstances, usurped an illegal power, and assumed the title of *Barones*.

The princes who ruled the different parts of Poland during that unsettled period, in order to gain partisans, gave to the nobles in general, and to the most powerful of them in particular, an importance formerly unknown in the country; but in default of the law of primogeniture, such an influence could never long remain in the same family. The clergy, as the more enlightened body of the nation, gained in Poland the same preponderating influence that they had over all Europe.

A general synod of the Polish clergy was held at Lenczyca in 1180. Many dukes who at that time ruled over different parts of Poland, and the most influential grandees, were present at that assembly, which issued some new regulations. It is considered by some authors as the first beginning of the Polish senate; but as all the laws promulgated by that assembly were rather of a spiritual than temporal character, we may with more propriety consider the assembly of Chenciny, in the year 1331, to which we have alluded under the reign of Wladyslaw the Cubit, as the first legislative Diet in Poland. This, as well as all subsequent parliaments, till the year 1468, must be considered rather as assemblies of the notables, called together at the will of the monarch, than regular Diets. In that year, under the reign of

Cazimir Jagellon, the Diet of Korczyn enacted that the nobility of every district should send two deputies, called *nuncii terrestres*, to every Diet. The deputies of the towns were also admitted to the legislative body, which was then constituted into two chambers,—the chamber of the *nuncii*, or deputies, and the senate, composed of bishops, palatines, and castellans. The *nuncii terrestres*, as well as the deputies of the towns, were returned only for one Diet; and after its dissolution their mandate was no longer valid. The Diets were generally held every year; but they could be postponed, and sometimes convoked, before the usual term. The senate was composed, after the union with Lithuania, of two archbishops, viz. of Gnezno and of Leopold; of fourteen bishops, thirty-four palatines, eighty-six castellans, and of the starost of Samogitia.

The Archbishop of Gnezno, who enjoyed the title of prince, was primate of the kingdom, and *legatus natus a sede apostolica* in Poland. He was the first senator (*princeps senatus*), and during the interval between the demise of the king and the election of the new monarch he was the *interrex*; and it was he who convoked the senate, received the foreign ambassadors, fixed the place and the time for the election of the new sovereign,

proclaimed him after he was elected, and performed the ceremony of the coronation. The duty of the palatines, besides their presence in the senate, was to command, in time of war, the arrièrebau of the nobility at their respective palatinates\*; and in time of peace, to call together the meetings of the nobility, and to preside over them; to regulate the market prices, the weights and measures. The palatines were called in Polish *wojewoda*, an ancient Sclavonian word, which signifies a military leader, because their dignity was of a military origin. The Latin appellation of *palatinus* was assumed by analogy to the count palatines of the Roman empire. There were more than one castellan in every palatinate or county, according to the number of districts of which it was composed. They were originally, as their title indicates, commanders of castles; but at the time of our history they had, besides their senatorial office, no other duty than to command, in time of war, the nobi-

\* The united empire of Poland and Lithuania was divided into thirty-four palatinates, or counties, viz. Cracow, Sandomirz, Russia, Poznan, Calisz Sieradz, Brest Cujavian, Inowloz, Lenczyca, Mazovia, Plock, Wolhynia, Podolia, Lublin, Rava, Chelm, Bratzlaw, Marienburg, Pomerania, Belzk, Podlachia, included in Poland; Vilna, Troki, Brest Lithuanian, Kiow, Smolensk, Polock, Novogrodek, Vitepsk, Mcislaw, Minsk, Dorpat, Wenden, Parnaw, and the dukedom or starosty of Samogitia, for Lithuania.



lity of their respective districts under the authority of the palatine. The bishops, or the spiritual senators, had the precedence before the temporal ones. The first place among the temporal senators belonged, by an ancient privilege, to the castellan of Cracow. The castellans of Vilna and Troki had also their seats amongst the palatines, as well as the starost of Samogitia.

Besides these spiritual and temporal senators, there were ten great officers of state, who had a voice in the senate. They were as follow :

- Two grand marshals,—one for Poland, and the other for Lithuania.
- Two chancellors,—ditto.
- Two vice-chancellors,—ditto.
- Two treasurers,—ditto.
- Two court marshals,—ditto.

The grand marshal was the governor of the royal court, and the first public officer of state. He convoked the assemblies of the senate by the order of the king or of the primate, and he maintained order during the Diet; he received the foreign ambassadors, and provided them with all that was necessary for their sustenance; he proclaimed the decrees of the king in cases of capital punishment, as well as the laws enacted by the senate. It was also his office to preside over public ceremonies,

and to maintain every kind of police in the place of the king's residence. In public solemnities he preceded the king with a staff, which was the badge of his dignity. During the absence of the grand marshal, all these offices devolved upon the court marshal.

The chancellor and the vice-chancellor differed only in names and precedence, but their authority was alike. They had under their management all the documents issued by the king, to which they gave the legal sanction by affixing the seals, which were in their keeping. Those which belonged to the chancellor were called the great, and those of the vice-chancellor the small seals. They were also judges in different private cases, civil as well as ecclesiastical, and therefore one of them was always a clergyman. The treasurer's office is sufficiently expressed by its name.

There was always a number of senators with the king to decide the most important matters, and they formed the council of state. In many cases the senate could enact laws without the concurrence of the nuncii, particularly when the rights and privileges of the equestrian order were not concerned.

The royal power, though exceedingly limited by the continual encroachments of the equestrian or-

der, was still considerable. The king was surrounded with every mark of exterior respect; his person was sacred; and he was the fountain of every honour and grace. He could refuse his assent to every law proposed in the Diet; and he nominated to all the dignities of the state, not only temporal, but even spiritual. He granted the starosties, or crown lands; and he could pardon in criminal cases, and remit the payment of fines. The articles of the constitution which he swore at his coronation were called *pacta conventa*.

The officers of state who did not belong to the legislative body were, the grand generals of Poland and of Lithuania, who had the supreme command of the army, and to whom belonged all the concerns of the war department; the grand masters of the camp, who were second to the grand generals in command; the commander of the household troops; the secretaries of state for Poland and Lithuania, who sometimes supplied the place of chancellors; the referendaries, who took care of all the petitions, &c. Though the grand generals had not a voice in the senate of their own right, they were generally invested with a senatorial dignity besides their military office.

The officers of the Polish court were nearly the same as those of other courts in Europe,—cham-

berlains, cupbearers, falconers, &c. &c. Every district had its local magistrates and public officers, who had the same names as the great officers of state, and whose duties were for the most part nominal. But it would be too long, and too uninteresting, here to enumerate them.

We have already stated that the laws promulgated by different sovereigns of Poland were collected into one body, and published for the first time under the reign of Cazimir the Great, in the year 1347. These laws were obligatory only for the country, and not for the towns. Justice was administered by local judges in every district. They were nominated by the king, one of four candidates presented by the nobility of the district. The appeal from their judgements was made to the king in the assembled Diet, who finally decided all the cases. A noble could not be, even in a criminal case, subjected to bodily constraint: he was only summoned to appear before the Diet, *sub poena infamiæ*. When he disregarded this summons, he was declared infamous, and outlawed; but when he voluntarily repaired to the tribunal, he was, in case of conviction, banished, imprisoned, or beheaded; but his honour was declared safe (*salvo honore*).

The towns, chiefly inhabited by German emi-

grants, were governed by the Teutonic or Magdeburgian law, which conceded great privileges to them, and of which the principal was to elect their own magistrates, who were the burgomaster, the counsellors or assessors (*scabini*), &c. The appeal from their judgements was during a long time sent to Magdeburg, the magistrates of that city being considered as the chief oracle in all doubtful cases. Cazimir the Great respected this law; but he abolished the appeal to a foreign court of justice, and established for that purpose a supreme tribunal at Cracow. This Magdeburgian law governed the greater part of the towns till the year 1792, when the new constitution decided that all Poland should be indiscriminately governed by a uniform code of laws.

There were two kinds of starost (*capitanei*, or *præfecti*). The starosts with a jurisdiction (*capitanei castrenses*), and those without jurisdiction. The former were placed over castles and towns, and had a very extensive authority; the latter were only holders of royal estates, for which they paid to the sovereign a small annuity.

The revenues of the king consisted in the annuities paid from the starosties; in a small land-tax, called *rastrale* in Latin, and in Polish *poradlne*, i. e. plough-tax; in the salines of Bochnia, Wie-

liczka, and Samborz; the silver mines of Olkusz; the customs, and the tribute paid by the Jews. He had also many starosties, the revenue of which was destined for the maintenance of his table. The monarchs of Poland had the advantage of being able to command the services of a numerous cavalry without incurring any expense, the equestrian order being obliged to serve, in case of emergency, at their own cost. They were summoned by royal letters sent to every district and borne on long poles attached by ropes, and called therefore *litteræ restium*,—Polish *wic*. The nobility were obliged to obey this appeal by repairing on horseback, and in arms, to the place of gathering, in order to march thence to the theatre of war. As long as they remained within the limits of the country, they received no emolument whatever; but as soon as they crossed the frontiers, they were entitled to regular pay. The infantry consisted of mercenary troops, chiefly Hungarians and Germans. Part of the cavalry was heavily armed. They had a helmet, a shirt of mail, and a target; and were provided with a long lance, a sword, and sometimes with a battleaxe. The nobles serving as private soldiers were called *towarzysz*, or companion; and out of the ranks they were treated by their official superiors as equals. As soon as the

nobles joined the camp, their privileges ceased ; and they were subjected during the campaign to martial law, which was exceedingly severe. Almost every offence against military discipline was punished with death and infamy.

We have already described the origin of the Polish nobility, or of the equestrian order, and we have observed that as the law of primogeniture was unknown in Poland, the estates were continually subdivided amongst all the members of each family, who all enjoyed equal rights and privileges. This caste, which was particularly distinguished from the other classes of the population by the privilege of bearing a coat of arms, became in time very numerous ; and some contemporary authors assert, that in case of need 150,000, or even 200,000 of them, could be called into the field.

It was natural that the greater part of these nobles should be poor, and, indeed, they were nothing more than farmers, who themselves tilled their own small estates in peace, and served in the field during war. The aristocracy consisted of families who by their riches enjoyed a great influence in the country. The members of those families were commonly called lords, *panowie*, whilst the general appellation of the nobility was *szlachta* (pronounced *shlacta*), from the German *geschlecht*, race

or lineage, and *ziemianie*, or landowners, from the Polish word *ziemia*, earth or ground. Except some Lithuanian princes, who were descended from the ancient dukes of Lithuania and Russia, as the Ostrogski, Glinski, Czartoryski, and some few others, all the titles of princes, counts, and barons, enjoyed by different Polish families, are of a foreign origin, generally of the Roman empire. These last titles were considered in Poland illegal, derogatory to the equality of nobles, and were often prohibited. In point of law, these powerful families were nothing more than the poorest nobles; but, in fact, this equality was but imaginary. They had always under their patronage many poorer families, who flocked to them to seek protection and means of bettering their fortunes. These lords, or magnates, displayed extraordinary magnificence in their houses, and some of them were possessed of immense riches. They generally resided in the country, and they had not only brilliant courts, and many officers attached to them, who imitated the titles of the royal courtiers, as marshals, equerries, &c., but they had often fortified castles, well furnished with ordnance and numerous household troops. All these offices were filled by the poorer nobles, who considered it not derogatory to their rank to



serve their equals in birth. The duties of their service were for the most part nominal, and they were only maintained for the sake of the influence of the master, who paid and fed numbers of these nobles in order to secure their voices, and often their swords, at the elections. Their master never exacted from them a menial service, and addressed them always by the name of brother. It was rather the relation of a patron to a client than that of a master to his servant. It often happened that the sons of the magnates were sent as pages to the courts of those noblemen who enjoyed a high military or political reputation; but it was considered rather a school than a service. The ladies of the magnates had also their female courts, composed of the daughters of the poorer nobles. A contemporary Italian author, who spent a great part of his life in Poland, gives a very amusing description of the court of a Polish magnate. He says, "All the duty of the courtiers is to partake of the meals of their patron, to make a deep obeisance to him when the repast is over, and to go wherever they like. It frequently happens that their master does not see them during many days, and if he should ask them where they have spent their time, they answer: 'We have merrily drunk your health.' He always thanks

them with a gracious smile, and sometimes even gives them a handsome present. In Poland, he who drinks the health of his master the most frequently is considered the best servant. It occurred once to a bishop, who was paying his courtiers at the usual term, that an idle fellow, who lived at his court, and did nothing but eat and drink at his table, put himself among the other courtiers, who began to murmur that he desired to be paid, having no right to it. The bishop asked this man whom he served. 'I serve you, my lord,' was his answer, 'and I do it as well as the others.' 'What kind of service is yours?' continued the bishop. 'I eat and drink twice a-day at your table,' was the answer. The bishop laughed, and ordered his treasurer to pay him like the others. All these noble servants or retainers have their servants, who are maintained at the expense of the patron\*."

In time of war, the magnates repaired to the camp with their household troops, as well as their courtiers and retainers. These private contingents considerably increased the royal forces; but they gave these magnates an undue influence in the councils of war, and it happened often that

\* Guagnini apud Ramusio. Venice, 1583.

they retired in anger from the camp, with all their forces, and spoiled the best plans of the commander-in-chief, so that the advantages derived from their assistance were often more than counterbalanced by affording a free scope to their unruly passions. It is true that these powerful nobles had often repelled with their own troops the forays of the Tatars, and even chastised them in their own homes; but the mischiefs arising from such an overgrown individual power were much greater than the advantage resulting from their services; and it is needless to observe, that the influence which the magnates exerted over the elections was generally directed to the advancement of their own interests, and often directly opposed to those of the country\*.

We have already remarked that it was by no means derogatory to a noble to serve his equals in birth. He never lost his caste by tilling the ground, performing all the hard work of a common labourer on his estate, or carrying to market the produce of his farm; but he forfeited his rank by becoming a retailer, a publican, or a handicraft.

\* The wealth of these magnates consisted in extensive estates, and they recruited their exhausted riches by the grant of starosties, which they extorted from the sovereign.

The Polish clergy, both secular and regular, were richly endowed. We have already mentioned the influence of the Archbishop of Gnezno, but there were also many other bishops who, being possessed of immense incomes, maintained a great influence over the country, and whose courts were not inferior to those of other magnates. The Bishop of Cracow was sovereign prince of Severia, a little principality on the frontiers of Silesia; and though a vassal to the Crown of Poland, he enjoyed in his principality all the rights of an independent sovereign. The ecclesiastical order in Poland numbered among their members during the sixteenth century many eminent literary characters, and, to do them justice, it is fair to observe that they were generally more liberal than in any other Roman Catholic country. Yet, unfortunately, at the end of that century the Jesuits invaded the kingdom, extirpated learning, and plunged all ranks into a state of ignorance and religious fanaticism, which contributed more than any other cause to the decline of Poland.

The commerce of Poland was in a flourishing state during the sixteenth century. This country exported a great quantity of corn of different descriptions, timber, hemp, flax, hides, tar, &c. A con-

siderable object of exportation at that time was the *kermes*, a product of a plant indigenous to Poland, and giving the finest scarlet dye. This commerce, however, was entirely superseded by the introduction of cochineal. Besides these articles, which were generally exported by the sea-ports of Dantzic, Konigsberg, Memel, and Riga, Poland sent large droves of cattle to Germany, Italy, and France. The imports consisted of different productions of arts and manufactures, in which Poland was very deficient; in wines, spice, and all the products of southern climates. The interior commerce was almost entirely in the hands of Jews.

The peasants were slaves, and this word alone conveys an idea of their wretchedness. There were, however, many cases in which some of them, having received by a happy chance a better education, emerged from their state of abjection, and rose to eminence, particularly in the church.

The Poles are described by contemporary authors as being of an open, unsuspecting character; easily deceived; not very persevering; hospitable to profusion; exceedingly brave; and, as Guagnini says, ignorant of such a thing as fear (*ne conoscono che cosa sia paura*); fond of learning, particularly foreign languages; animated with a

high sense of honour, and ready to sacrifice everything in defence of their country and their liberties; ostentatious, and addicted to immoderate eating and drinking; very fond of going abroad, and of bringing back to their own country many foreign fashions, so that there was no such thing as a true national costume, but the inhabitants of Poland were dressed in the Hungarian, German, Spanish, Tatarian, and Turkish manner. The costume which ultimately prevailed, and which, having become national, is known at present under the name of the Polish dress, was originally the Circassian and Persian costume, and closely resembles that which both these nations use at present.

The state of learning in Poland during the sixteenth century was very flourishing. The university of Cracow, founded in the year 1400 by King Wladyslaw Jagellon, in accordance to the will of his deceased queen, Hedvige of Anjou, diffused information throughout the country. There were besides many schools in different towns, kept generally by Benedictine or other monks. The Reformation gave a new impulse to learning, and many new scientific establishments sprung up in different parts of the united empire. Typographical establishments also became greatly multiplied, and sent forth numerous productions, not only of a polemical, but

also of a scientific nature. The Polish language attained its perfection in that century, and the authors belonging to that era are considered, even now, as models of style and purity of diction. The higher nobility; after having studied at the university of Cracow, generally went to complete their education at Padua, and spent afterwards some years in a foreign military service. They usually made choice of Spain, as a country which was considered at that time to be the most perfect school for all the accomplishments befitting a nobleman. Besides the Latin, which was spoken by almost every one in Poland, being the official language of the country, the knowledge of the German, Italian, and even the Spanish language, was very common. The last two were rendered particularly fashionable at the Court by Queen Bona. The celebrated French historian Thuanus (De Thou), in his description of the arrival of the Polish embassy at Paris in the year 1574, to compliment their newly elected king, Henry of Valois, (afterwards Henry the Third of France,) writes thus: "There was not a single one among them who did not speak Latin; many knew the German and the Italian languages; and some of them spoke our own tongue with such purity, that they might be taken for men educated on the banks of the

Seine and the Loire, rather than for inhabitants of a country watered by the Vistula and the Dnieper. They have quite shamed our courtiers, who not only are ignorant themselves, but are moreover declared enemies of everything called knowledge. They could never answer any question addressed them by these foreigners otherwise than by a sign, or by blushing with confusion."



THE COURT  
OF  
SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS,  
OR  
POLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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CHAPTER I.

“ Here some are thinkin’ on their sins,  
An’ some upo’ their claes ;  
Ane curses feet that fyl’d his shins,  
Anither sighs an’ prays.  
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,  
Wi’ screw’d-up grace-proud faces ;  
On that, a set o’ chaps, at watch,  
Thrang winkin’ on the lasses.”—BURNS.\*

THE *Ite missa est* was said ; and still the congregation filled the church ; the choristers still continued to swing the censers before the altar. The priest, having ceased to sing the *Benedictus*, had advanced to the steps of the altar, to offer the golden *patina* to the adoration of the principal

\* The mottoes have been added by the Translator.

persons among the congregation. The first who approached the sacred place to perform this pious ceremony, was an old man of a strong muscular frame and proud deportment : his dark and towering brow was shaded by thin silvery hair. He knelt down, and pressed his lips to the sacred plate ; but, as he rose, he looked round upon the assembled multitude with a mingled expression of pride and contempt, as if some compensation were due to his feelings from those who had witnessed his act of religious humiliation. His travelling dress of costly furs, and a numerous retinue of nobles and servants, declared his high rank. As he retired from the altar, his retainers sheathed their swords, which, according to an ancient custom, they had partly drawn from their scabbards during the service. (1) Instead of returning to his former place, he approached a priest who was standing near the altar in the act of dismissing the chorister who, on his bended knees, had swung the censer before him. The priest appeared about fifty years old : he also wore a travelling dress : it was perfectly plain ; but the diamond cross glittering on his breast, and the honours he had just received, declared him to be a dignitary of the church. He answered the greetings of the old lord with some embarrassment ; but an expression of great displeasure was visible on

his countenance, when his companion directed his attention to a distant part of one of the aisles.

Many of the congregation now approached the altar, to perform their parts in the concluding ceremony. Amongst this number were two young men, who had entered the church in company with a distinguished-looking old man, whose dress denoted him to be a Lithuanian of rank. He remained quietly in his place, while his two companions left him for the purpose of finishing their devotions; a duty to which the younger, who did not appear to be more than fifteen, had hitherto shown but little attention, having spent his time in turning over the leaves of his book, and looking about him with all the symptoms of weariness and juvenile impatience. As they returned to their former places, the younger of the two touched his companion on the arm, and pointing out to him the same corner which had already attracted the attention of the old lord and of the priest, smiled archly on seeing the cheeks of his friend covered with a deep blush.

As the bishop and the old nobleman departed through the door of the vestry, the congregation began to leave the church; and two females, enveloped in deep mourning, quitted their seats in the distant aisle. The first was a lady of com-

manding figure and majestic gait: she advanced with a firm step, and, raising her veil, surveyed the assembly with sharp inquisitive looks. Her companion was very young, and followed closely with a light, gentle step. The two young men approached the first of the ladies; and the eldest of them, saluting her with the greatest respect, presented to her the holy water. Having performed this act of courtesy, he turned to her young companion and whispered some words, but was prevented from hearing her answer by the sudden pressure of the crowd, occasioned by the re-appearance of the prelate from a side-door. He approached the elder lady, and making a deep obeisance, said in a low voice: "If it be your pleasure, illustrious lady, I will conduct you to your carriage. I have tidings I would communicate to your private ear." The lady stared at him for a moment, and then, acknowledging his respectful obeisance by a slight bow, replied in a cold but courteous tone: "You do me honour, my lord;" and accepting his arm, motioned to her companion to follow. They quitted the church, leaving the congregation full of wonder and curiosity as to who the lady could be, whom Andreas Zebrzydowski, bishop of Cujavia, treated with such deference, while she appeared to value his attentions so little. The

young men, who had been separated from the ladies in the crowd, were soon joined by the aged Lithuanian lord; and mounting their horses, they rode to the inn, where their servants had prepared refreshments for them.

The little inn of Ivanovice, situated near the church, as is customary even now in Poland, was at this moment the scene of great bustle. Many unharnessed wagons, laden with sundry kinds of furniture, stood before the door. From time to time a soldier or a noble on horseback stopped at the inn to recruit himself with a glass of Hungary wine, which having obtained after much trouble and scolding, he gave spurs to his jaded horse, and started at full gallop to continue his journey. The spacious kitchen of the inn was occupied by the cooks of the principal travellers, who thronged round the large fire-place, having driven away the humble house-menials with their pots full of sour cabbage, and their frying-pans of smoking sausages: but still they wanted room; each one endeavouring to remove his neighbour, by claiming precedence in the name of his own master. The morning repast was at length prepared, and many hungry travellers sat down to partake of it in the upper apartment. This room was very large, and commodiously furnished: a long table extended

from one end of it to the other, with wooden benches on each side; many chairs, stools, and small tables were in readiness to accommodate those who could not find a place at the larger one. Notwithstanding the common purpose to which this room was destined, it was not only remarkably clean, but there was an attempt at decoration in the manner in which the images of the favourite saints, scattered about the room, were ornamented with wreaths of dried wild-flowers, and boughs of fir and other evergreen plants. Whilst many of the company were busily employed in this room, others remained in the hall, some walking up and down, engaged in serious conversation; others laughing, talking, and amusing themselves as they best could; but the door leading to the chamber reserved for the use of the Grand Marshal of the Crown, was guarded against every intruder by two servants dressed in rich liveries, and armed with long staves.

Hippolyte Boratynski, the eldest of the two young men whom we introduced to our reader in the church, remained in the hall; but he kept aloof from the company, and stood in a window, gazing on the parsonage, which was nearly opposite to the inn. He seemed to be too completely absorbed in his own reflections to pay any attention

to what was going on in the room. After some time, an old servant approached him with a respectful obeisance, and told him that breakfast was ready, and his uncle waiting for him; but the young man made no reply, merely motioning with his hand that he would be alone. The servant withdrew, and in a few minutes his young companion entered the room, and going up to his friend, took his hand, and said in an affectionate manner, "Come to breakfast, my dear cousin; my father is impatient to set off, as he wishes to reach Cracow before night." "Go, go, dear Stanislaw," said Hippolyte; "I will join you by dinner-time, but now I wish to be alone." "I know what spoils your appetite, Hippolyte," said the boy roguishly, "but I am afraid you will be obliged to wait a long time: the lord (\*) has seen her, and he was very much vexed that he had not been informed of her arrival earlier; but now he cannot be of any use, as the Bishop of Cujavia has conducted her to the parsonage. The old lord, who stood under the canopy in the church, is also gone with her, and people say he is the Palatine of Cracow. Pray do come, my dear cousin, you will have plenty of time to see her at Cracow." "Peter Kmita!" exclaimed Hippolyte, with astonishment. One of the staff-bearers, who heard

this exclamation, approached the young man, and said, "If you have any request to make to His Grace the Grand Marshal, you must postpone it until his arrival at Cracow: it is his positive order that nobody shall be admitted to his presence when he returns from church." "Room, room for the Lord Palatine!" resounded from outside, and all the assembly fell back to the walls. Hippolyte, meanwhile, saw through the window that the Grand Marshal was advancing with his retinue to the inn, and that a close carriage had left the parsonage, and taken the road to Cracow, followed by Andreas Zebrzydowski in an open calash, besides many other carriages and a numerous train on horseback.

The folding-doors of the hall were opened, and Peter Kmita entered. The expression of his countenance was even more lowering than it had been in the church. He was passing through the hall without marking, by the slightest courtesy, the respectful obeisances of the company, until catching sight of the young Hippolyte, he stopped for a moment, and addressed in a whisper the landlord, who preceded him with every token of respectful humility. Having received an answer in the same low voice, he acknowledged the obeisance of the young man with more affability than could



have been expected, considering his rank and age, but more especially the immoderate pride for which Peter Kmita, palatine and starost of Cracow, and grand marshal of the Crown, (3) was noted among his cotemporaries.

The greater part of the distinguished travellers had already left the inn, when the horses of the Lithuanian lord were announced. While descending the staircase with his young fellow-travellers, he entered into a conversation with Caspar Gierzanek, master of the house ; the departure of Kmita having permitted the honest publican to pay his other guests the attention he considered due to them, according to their rank and the money they had expended in his house. "Then," said the Lithuanian, "the Palatine of Cracow has had a long conversation with the lady of Podolia?" (4) "Yes, indeed, high-born Lord Starost," affirmed Caspar, with many bows, "His Grace the illustrious Grand Marshal passed a whole hour in the parsonage with the lady Princess Palatine, as well as the most reverend lord of Cujavia ; and they had some very high words, as the *pater vicarius*, who listened at the door, told my girl,—yes, my daughter Theophila, with Your Grace's permission. There was a great deal of disputation, and the voice of the most illustrious Lady Odrowonz was heard

distinctly; but the young Lady Palatine<sup>(5)</sup> was sent into another room, and she remained all this time at a window, from which she could see my poor house; and I am sure she must have been very much amused at all she saw; for, as the *pater vicarius* says, she did not pay the least attention to all that was going on in the *oratorium* of the reverend Prebendary, though there was plenty of altercation and loud talking."

The little Stanislaw began to laugh, but his father rebuked him severely, and turning to Hippolyte said, "Well, nephew, if you wish to await your brother here, you may do so, but do not delay to join us with him. You will find us at the Eye of Providence, in St. Florian's Street; and you, Stephen Bielawski," continued he, calling to one of the attendant nobles of his retinue, "do you remain here with four servants, to attend Lord Hippolyte, and see that you secure a comfortable lodging for the Starost of Samborz, if he should desire to spend the night here." Then, taking leave of his nephew, he mounted his horse, and accompanied by his son rode away with the rest of his attendants.

"If it be your pleasure, Lord Boratynski," said Caspar Gierzanek to the young man, who stood at the door, gazing pensively on his de-

parting friends, "I will conduct you to your apartment; it is the same that the Lord Grand Marshal occupied; it will soon become very noisy on the ground-floor, as they are already preparing their fiddles." Hippolyte gladly accepted the landlord's offer, and retiring to his own room, he dismissed Bielawski and the servants, and remained quite alone.

## CHAPTER II.

“ Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.”

GOLDSMITH.

THE ground-floor of the inn now assumed a gay and cheerful appearance, and the young and lively folks who filled it were too happy in themselves to think, or indeed to know, anything of the dangers that threatened their country. Poland was at that time in a very critical situation; public feeling was gradually dividing the country into two opposite factions, and all persons of rank and influence enrolled themselves in one or other of these parties. This spirit of faction was carried to such an extent among the higher classes, that the artificial courtesy, and even Spanish etiquette, which was then in fashion at the Court of Poland, was scarcely sufficient to conceal their mutual hatred and ill-will. The honest inhabitants of Ivanovice were as yet uncontaminated by this general evil, and their great anxiety was, to make the most of their

Sunday evening's enjoyment. The rusty iron lamps of the great hall were already lighted; the miners<sup>(1)</sup> tuned their instruments, and the young folks of both sexes, attired in their Sunday finery, awaited impatiently the commencement of the dance. The voice of the busy Caspar Gierzanek was constantly heard amidst the crowd, urging the musicians to begin, inquiring after the wants of his guests, and sometimes admonishing his daughter Tosia,<sup>(2)</sup> a girl of sixteen, when she was too much surrounded by the young men, to whom she was an object of great attraction, and whose rather too forward courtships she opposed with all the address and coquetry which characterize the highland lasses of Cracow. A little removed from the crowd, and near the blazing chimney, some persons, seemingly the most important of the company, sat down to a round table, on which were pitchers and glasses filled with Hungary wine. Stephen Bielawski was amongst this number. The increasing heat of the room had induced him to doff the fur-brimmed cap which covered his thin grey hair. His brown *zupan*,<sup>(3)</sup> studded with silver buttons, excited in the company, as well as in the landlord, a certain degree of respect; the sash which upheld his crooked sword was worked in silver thread, as it was

usually worn by the class of nobles who devoted themselves, from generation to generation, to the service of some powerful family. These noble retainers were generally rewarded, after many years of service, with an estate, granted to them by their patrons for life, and where they retired to spend their old age in peace and comfort. Bielawski had already reached this point of his career; but his attachment to the noble house of Boratynski induced him to leave his retreat for a time, to accompany his young master on this his first outset into the world; he was also very desirous of seeing the eldest son of the family, who had recently returned from a protracted embassy at the Courts of Rome and Vienna. The public voice pointed him out as the most proper person for holding the situation of Marshal of the equestrian order at the Diet, which was soon to be convened for the purpose of deliberating on matters of the greatest importance, both to the royal house and the country at large.

Stephen Bielawski was the leading personage at the round table, and the company listened with much attention to his words, which he uttered with an air of great importance. His neighbour on the left side alone seemed disconcerted at the general attention shown to the old man, and at-

tempted, by frequently interrupting and contradicting him, to assert his own pretensions to be considered a man of consequence. His dress, which was handsomer than that worn by the old Bielawski, was a green pelisse, richly adorned with gold lace and fringe: his black curled head was covered with a red cap, ornamented with a black plume; and his sword was of the finest Damascene polish: this he frequently grasped, to give effect to what he said, and he did not dissemble the contempt in which he held the company. Opposing to the plain words of the honest country gentleman all the pretensions and absurdity of ignorance and self-conceit, he spoke of all the first personages of the state as if he were on the most familiar terms with them, and accompanying his observations on passing events with a sly and mysterious smile. The vicar,<sup>(4)</sup> two burghers of Ivanovice, and a young man in a military dress, completed the party. This young man took no part in the conversation, but seized every opportunity to address the little Theophila in a low voice: she very readily afforded him the occasion, by approaching the table under different pretexts, more often than was necessary, and always at the side which the young soldier occupied. "And so," continued Stephen Bielawski, elevating his voice in proportion to the increasing noise, "and

so, I told you, our lordling<sup>(3)</sup> started in the world, after having studied the sciences very successfully in the Benedictine schools of Halicz, and all the knightly accomplishments at the Court of the Palatine of Podolia: he then joined that honoured lord, old Lacki\*, who was married to the sister of his father, for the purpose of being presented to the young King and the most serene Barbara, who is nearly related to the Lord Lacki. I felt that I could not stay quietly at home, wishing to see how my young master, whom I have so often rocked upon my knee in his infancy, would conduct himself when exposed to all the dangers and novelties of the great world: and right properly will he act his part; truly, he will not disgrace his ancestors." "With your permission, sir nobleman," said he of the green coat, interrupting the old man with a sneer, and assuming what he thought an air of dignity, "I think the young Lord Boratynski has not made the best choice of a guardian on his first entrance into the world; it would be much better for him to await the return of his brother, whom it is now the fashion to praise so extravagantly, than to appear before the King and Queen-mother in company with that old rebel Lacki, who was outlawed for more than twenty years." "I imagine," said Bielaw-

\* Pronounced *Latzki*.



ski, drawing himself up, and looking sternly at the impertinent speaker, "you forget that you are speaking to a nobleman who belongs to a family nearly related to the distinguished person whom you have mentioned with so little respect; I advise you to be more circumspect in future, unless you wish to receive an explanation of a very different kind. I will now content myself with telling you, that the Lord of Pinsk,<sup>(6)</sup> whom His Majesty the late King, God bless his soul! restored to his honours and dignities, shall not be lightly spoken of by you or your equals. The eldest brother of my master, who is so much and justly praised, being a renowned warrior, and held in much esteem by foreign potentates, is quite satisfied that his brother should appear at Court in company with this nobleman; and if you have any objection to make to it, you may do it to himself, for we are now awaiting the arrival of the high-born Lord Starost of Samborz." "Is the Starost of Samborz, indeed, coming to Cracow?" exclaimed the other in surprise: "his presence will give great pleasure to my master." "It will give pleasure to every one who wishes for the welfare of his country; and if your master be of that number, you may tell him, that Lord Peter Boratynski will very soon be here." "Why do

you speak as if you doubted my master's intentions?" retorted the other; "is it your desire to insult the Lord of Cracow, Kmita, whom I serve as secretary and confidential messenger?" "The Grand Marshal is a great lord," replied the old man quietly; "and as it does not become me to give any opinion of him, neither does it become you to speak rashly of those who are related to the family I serve." "But," observed the vicar with some embarrassment, "Lord Lacki is a schismatic<sup>(7)</sup> and a non-conformist. The disunion of the church has done much harm both to the Grand Duchy and the Crown; it has kindled the rebellion, which had lasted so many years, and the old lord had been one of its strongest adherents." "Lord Lacki is a very old man," said Bielawski; "I thank God that I was born and bred in the Roman Catholic Church, and I should be ashamed to abjure the faith of my fathers, being on the brink of the grave; but, alas! there is now so much heresy in the world, that nobody can be certain of what he ought to believe; and since the new doctrine has been spread abroad from Wittenberg, there are, with your permission, many priests who——; but what business have we to talk about it? The Lord of Pinsk has educated his son in the Roman Catholic

religion, according to the promise he had given his wife on her death-bed ; so let him end his life in peace !” “ ’Tis very true,” said the vicar with a sigh, “ that the world has strayed from the path of righteousness ; but, talking of fickle priests, you of course mean Stanislaw Orzechowski, (\*) who has profaned the priesthood by a sinful marriage, as well as Zebrzydowski, the pupil of the accursed Erasmus Rotterodamus, whom Heaven in his wrath has placed in the episcopal see.” “ *Exempla sunt odiosa,*” said Bielawski ; “ the example of the canon of Przemysl is a great *scandalum*, and not likely to bring back the stray sheep to the bosom of the holy church : but, with respect to what concerns the installation of the spiritual lord of Cujavia, much may be said regarding that. It was reported on the banks of the Dniester, that many lords of the Court were in favour with the Queen-mother, in spite of their heresy, and therefore, I suppose, nobody will grudge the old Lithuanian his religion, particularly as he is nearly related to the young Queen.”

“ What Queen ?” asked the servant of the Grand Marshal with a sneer : “ we know only one to whom that title belongs,—the same whom you mentioned, in spite of your assumed modesty, with so little respect,—the most serene Bona.

But the lady you probably mean we know only as Barbara Radziwill, widow of Gastold; and I have heard with my own ears my master, the Lord of Cracow, speak of her as such; yes, even in the presence of Sigismund Augustus." The countenance of Bielawski reddened with ire; he was about to make an angry answer, but he restrained himself, and quenched his anger with a long draught of wine. "This unfortunate marriage will bring no blessing to the country," said one of the burghers; "no, it will prove the cause of great discord and ill-will; but the great lords are always happy when they have a pretence for feuds and quarrels. Such doings may suit them; but who, I wonder, will in the end be the losers? We, poor burghers!" "It will not be so bad," replied the green-coat, with a contemptuous smile; "His Grace<sup>(9)</sup> the Grand Marshal, as well as the Primate, has explained his opinion on this subject to the Diet of Warsaw, and who will dare to oppose their judgement?" "Bad enough," said Stephen, "that so powerful a lord should have thrown the gauntlet to His Majesty. The King is young and hot-tempered, and will not yield his own wishes to please others; but I marvel that the most reverend Lord of Gniezno, a prince of the senate and of the church, and who

wishes to be called a minister of peace, should seek to promote discord by attacking the sacrament of marriage." "I can assure you, gentlemen," continued the hireling of Kinita, "that what the Lord of Cracow once undertakes, that he performs." The young man, who during all this conversation had been whispering with Theophila, now turned, and said, in an impressive voice, to the last speaker, "It seems that you have quite forgotten the Count of Tarnow. This is the third time I have heard you style your master Lord of Cracow, a title which exclusively belongs to the first temporal lord of the senate, John Tarnowski, castellan of Cracow, whom I have the honour to serve; and nobody shall deprive him of a name, which has been given to him by the King and the country, at least not in my presence." "You are, then, of the Grand General's people," muttered the other to the young soldier, casting a look of scorn upon him, a feeling which was carried to the greatest excess between the retainers of the hostile families; and then continuing in a louder voice, "We will not quarrel about names; you may designate your master as you will, but mine has the power in his hands." "Hold!" exclaimed the exasperated young soldier, interrupting the dependant of

Kmita: "right and power are with John Tarnowski! He is respected by all the good and worthy in the kingdom; the country as well as the King himself call him the father of the fatherland! Wait but a little, and the intriguers will be put to shame; the Grand General, with the Bishop of Cracow and His Majesty himself, will be more than a match for your Grand Marshal, the Primate, and the Milanese Bona!" The servant of Kmita looked on the strong frame of the young man, and saw in it very substantial reasons for restraining the violent anger he really felt. Affecting a careless tone of voice, he said, "Why put yourself in such a fret, my young fellow? Neither you nor I can manage this business; but," added he in a subdued tone, "perhaps the moment may yet come when I shall be able to give you an answer." The young soldier, without paying further attention to the words of his opponent, turned to the old Bielawski, who had been attentively listening to all he said with an expression of delighted approbation on his countenance, and said, "You see, my father, the world is a little disturbed, and many changes have taken place since you left the banks of the Dniester; but honesty and fidelity are still to be found." "Always keep firm in these principles, my son

Valenty," answered old Stephen with a solemn air; "spare neither tongue nor sword whenever it is right to make use of them. Thy father counsels thee to do in thy time as he has done in his; thou wilt prosper as he prospered, though toil and trouble were oftentimes his portion." He then turned to the vicar, and the conversation became general. Waclaw Siewrak, the servant of Kmita, took no further part in it, but frequently asked if his horse was ready, saying, it was absolutely necessary that he should not be detained, as he was charged with important letters to Gomolin, near Piotrkow, the present residence of the Queen Bona.

The party continued in conversation at the round table, whilst the young people removed the furniture, and prepared the hall for the dance. They were on the point of beginning their favourite amusement, when the door opened, and three men, in furred garments covered with snow, entered the hall. One of them, an elderly man, whose usually pale and sickly countenance was now of a death-like hue, immediately approached the chimney, his chattering teeth and benumbed hands showing how sensibly the cold had affected him. The ready host waited with a humble bow the strangers' commands, who in a

few minutes ordered a cup of warm wine. He spoke in broken Polish, intermingled with foreign oaths, and getting close to the fire, continued to grumble in Italian, and curse the horrible climate into which his evil stars had led him. One of his fellow-travellers wore the clerical dress, and also spoke with a foreign accent; he returned with much affability the respectful greetings of the company, and recommended to the landlord's instant care his servants and his horses, as they had a long and severe journey before them, and had little time for rest. The third of these newly arrived visitors was a very aged man, whose silvery hair produced a strange and unpleasing contrast with the lurid fire of his black eyes. His carriage was erect, and his sharp features bore the stamp of deep and dark passions, which even now appeared controlled rather than conquered. His sunken mouth was disfigured by an expression of wicked malevolence and profound villainy; a hideous scar, caused apparently by a knife, completed his forbidding exterior. His situation appeared to be that of a confidential servant, and he bore under his arm a square case, studded with latten plates, which resembled a medicine-chest.

Stephen Bielawski accosted the priest with an



air of great pomposity, and said, "*Quomodo vales, reverendissime? miror ut in frigidissimo tempore vestra domīnatio currat per lassos et gajos.*"<sup>(10)</sup> "*Si vales, Stephane, ego valeo,*" answered the priest; "but let us rather speak in your native language; I have made great progress in Polish since I saw you at Samborz, which, I must confess, does not seem to be the case with you in regard to the Latin tongue; and you have not lost the right to say, *Nos Poloni non cūrāmus quantitātēm syllābārūm.* But I am very happy to see you again, Mr. Bielawski, and I often think of you as of a very excellent man, and of the good old times when the late lord, John Boratynski, was alive, and when I was his domestic chaplain and physician." "It is not every one who remembers his old acquaintances when he advances in honours and dignities, as you do, my reverend lord," replied Bielawski, forgetting in these kind words the ridicule which had been thrown upon his highly valued Latin scholarship, in spite of the great reputation in which it was held in all the country about Halicz and Samborz; "the church is always a gainer when persons like you, my lord, are appointed to its high offices. Are you not of my opinion?" asked he, turning to address the vicar; but the

honest ecclesiastic, probably not wishing to be found by Bartholomæus Sabinus, archdeacon of the cathedral of Cracow, and physician to the King, drinking in the public room of an inn, had already effected his retreat. Bielawski, seeing he had no chance of an answer, turned again to his old acquaintance, saying, "I crave your reverence's permission to introduce my son, who has lately had the honour to be received into the retinue of his Grace the Lord of Cracow. Come here, Valenty," continued the old man, calling his son; "leave off flirting with the little girl; do you not see that the most reverend Archdeacon stands here, and I——." Sabinus gave Bielawski no time to finish his paternal admonition, but said kindly to the young man, who approached him blushing with confusion, "Welcome, my young lad; your father is a very respectable man, and your master a most worthy lord; follow their example, and you will never have reason to regret having done so. Look not on him so sternly, good Mr. Bielawski; young blood should be buoyant. Yes, as I said before, you have a most worthy master, my brave boy, and such a one as we seldom find in these times; valiant in the field and wise in the council; firm in his faith, yet tolerant, as becomes a Christian. When you re-

turn to your lord, salute him on my part, and tell him that Bartholomæus Sabinus is arrived, and that he will present his respects to him tomorrow morning, having a request to make to his Grace." Valenty bowed in silence, and the Archdeacon continued: "I have known this honoured lord many years, since I was quite a boy; he was a handsome young knight, distinguishing himself at the Court which the late King Sigismund, then Duke of Silesia and Margrave of Lusatia, held in Glogau. At that time he gave promise of being, what he now is, the pride and ornament of the Christian nobility."

"I will not fail to execute the orders of your reverence," said Valenty Bielawski; "and I will do my best to deserve your favour, by following the example of my father, and by serving with the utmost fidelity my illustrious patron." "I give you my blessing for these good intentions, my son; but, in holding up your father as an example worthy of your imitation, I must make one exception,—I mean the study of the *humaniora*, in which he has not made great progress; and you will have an excellent opportunity to improve yourself in this at Cracow, where it is taught by the prebendary Czarnkowski, who is a capital scholar." "He may be a good scholar," inter-

rupted the old Bielawski, "but, with your reverence's permission, he is not a good priest, like him whom I have now the honour to address." The archdeacon said nothing, but smiling at the old man's words, shook his head, and approached the chimney. The old servant, who had been whispering aside with Waclaw Siewrak, left him, and going up to the foreigner, who still continued shivering by the fire, said to him in a low voice, "Sir Doctor, here is a messenger from the Grand Marshal to the Queen-mother; what is to be done? shall he continue his journey?" "From the Grand Marshal to Her Majesty?" said the doctor in a hurried tone. "Is this the letter?" at the same time snatching the paper from the hands of Siewrak. "Your pardon," said the messenger, "but my master sent me to Gomolin, with strict orders to deliver the letter into Her Majesty's own hands." "The Queen is not at Gomolin; she has pursued her way by Slomniki, and will arrive today at Cracow. Tell thy master thou hast entrusted thy message to Doctor Monti, physician to the Queen, and return with speed to town." Waclaw Siewrak withdrew, after some hesitation, but he felt greatly displeased with the imperious behaviour of the Italian, who put the letter into a large pocket-book

of gilt leather, and took the cup of warm wine, which the landlord at that moment presented to him. "What wretched trash they sell here for tokay!" grumbled he, tasting the wine; "it is quite impossible to get a glass of Aleatico in this country; not to mention Montepulciano, which is not to be found even at the table of Her Majesty. Assano, Assano!" he continued impatiently and in a loud voice to his attendant, "Assano, give me some elixir, to make this insipid beverage drinkable. May I help your reverence?" said he to the Archdeacon, as he took a flask from the chest, which his old servant held open before him. Sabinus refused the offer, and the doctor was about to put some drops into his own glass, when Assano slightly touched his arm; he started back in terror, and returning the flask into the chest, carefully examined the labels of the other bottles, till he found the one he wanted, when pouring a few drops of its contents into the wine, he drank it off hastily, called for his horses, and continued his journey to Cracow.

When the travellers were gone, and the company was relieved from the restraint which the presence of the Archdeacon had imposed on them, they were all impatience to begin the dance. Stephen Bielawski took his son aside, and with

great earnestness said, "How now, sir Valenty! what means this delay, when you ought to be on horseback, hastening to fulfill the orders of the reverend lord? I hope my son is not so degenerate as to let the black eyes of the innkeeper's daughter interfere with his duty? It is, indeed, but too true, as his reverence says; young blood is seldom good: but pleasure comes after duty; so, quick, my boy, hie thee to Cracow!" "I have not yet had time, my father, to tell you the reason of my coming here, where I have had the good fortune to meet you so unexpectedly," said Valenty, in evident dissatisfaction, endeavouring at the same time to catch a glimpse of the pretty brown-eyed maiden, who at that moment was the object of the tipsy Siewrak's ardent admiration, his broad shoulders so entirely concealing her whole figure as to excite her lover's utmost anger: "I bear a letter from my master to the Starost of Samborz, which I must deliver into his own hands; and, as he is expected here immediately, I am awaiting his arrival, for my master said it was of great importance that lord Peter Boratynski should read this letter before he enters Cracow." "You judge well, my son, and I will present you to my revered master when he arrives; meanwhile, I will take some repose, which my

age requires, and I advise you to do the same, that you may be fresh and active for tomorrow.”

“Let me remain here a little, my father,” said the young man; “I will soon join you. You have yourself seen how insolent is the scrivener of Kmita, and if I retire he will think that he is master here, and that I am afraid of him.” The old man shook his head and left the hall, muttering about the rashness of young people.

## CHAPTER III.

“ A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell.”—BYRON.

WHEN Theophila saw that the old Bielawski had quitted the room, and that his son regarded her with a dissatisfied look, she withdrew herself by a playful turn from the dull courtship of the tipsy Siewrak, and approached the place where Valenty stood. The fiddles of the miners sounded merrily, and the national dance began. A young burgher of the town, with a lively laughing girl for his partner, led the dance. The young couple flew round the hall in animated windings ; and when they were for the second time opposite to the musicians they stopped, and the young man, stamping on the ground, sang in a loud voice the following couplet :

“ Free today as free of old,  
 Free Cracowiaks we are ; (†)  
 Blithesome are our lads and bold,  
 Our lasses fond and fair !”

They again whirled twice round the hall, and



when they stopped, his partner sang in a playful voice :

“ The sunbeams o’er the river’s stream,  
 We maidens know how light they are :  
 Light flies the gnat, light flits the dream ;  
 Yet, oh ! man’s love is lighter far.”

A second couple now started forward : a smart beardless youth, whose straight hanging hair, bare neck, and chequered girdles proved him to be a highlander from the environs of the abbey Tyniec (\*), led out a fishwoman of Podgorze (†). She was no longer in the bloom of youth ; and so unwieldy in person as to make it impossible for her to imitate the daring steps of her active companion. The bystanders looked on, highly amused at this ill-matched pair ; but they burst into loud and uncontrollable laughter, when the dancers stopping before the musicians, the youth cast an arch look on his aged fair, and sang :

“ I bow to those kind eyes,  
 Though green as grass their hue ;  
 I might have wooed them otherwise,  
 Were they of purer blue.”

The offended belle tore herself away, and took refuge in a corner of the room, pursued by general shouts and clamour. Waclaw Siewrak then seized the hand of the pretty Tosia, and would have en-

gaged her for his partner, but she quickly withdrew it, and looked kindly on the young Bielawski, who led her out for the dance.

This really pretty girl was dressed in a scarlet boddice, adorned with buttons and silken embroidery, a snow-white shirt, and short full-plaited petticoat. Her nut-brown hair was divided in the middle; and, falling in great beauty on each side, fluttered round her white neck in glossy curls. Even the old Bielawski had left the room, feeling the hopelessness of prevailing on his son to retire while this attraction remained. When they arrived at the usual stopping-place, Tosia looked bashfully at her partner; then turning to Waclaw Siewrak, sang in a clear soft voice :

“ I love a soldier’s jacket more,  
 Though dimm’d with dust it be,  
 Than villein’s garb, though cover’d o’er  
 With gold embroidery.”

Siewrak’s anger was raised to the highest pitch; but the furious expression of his countenance disappeared as Valenty sung in answer :

“ I wis that marriage is a state  
 Right full of fretful cark and care;  
 Its dull and changeless round I hate—  
 Give me to rove from fair to fair.”

The disappointed girl withdrew her hand from her cavalier; a tear started in her eye; and, with

a glance of silent reproach, she was turning from the dance ; but Valenty detained her, winding his arm round her slender waist. She sang, in her turn, half playfully, half reproachfully :

“ Men now from youth and beauty turn  
To ugliness and gold ;  
No more with generous love they burn,  
But hearts are bought and sold.”

The young soldier sang, when his turn came again :

“ My little bird, in vain thou'd'st try  
Far off to wing thy way ;  
Thy nest is here, and thou must fly  
Homeward ere close of day.”

Then pressing the hand of the still pouting girl, he whispered some words as he led her out of the dancing circle ; but she lifted up one finger in a threatening manner, as if she had not yet forgiven his inconsiderate song, or had some other reasons for her displeasure. Whatever might have been her meaning, when the servant of the Grand Marshal again asked her to dance, she accepted his offer.

The scrivener now exerted himself to astonish the assembly by his manifold daring jumps and awkward *grandezza* ; and if he did succeed in fixing the attention of the company on himself, he entirely failed in respect to his partner, whose eyes

were constantly turned to the place where the young Bielawski stood, equally agitated by tenderness and jealousy. Her partner now stamped loudly on the ground, and sang in a boisterous voice :

“ A soldier’s glittering garb and sword,  
 But purse with nought therein,  
 Girls’ eyes may please ; but, take my word,  
 Good coin their hearts will win.”

But this warning had little effect upon the pretty Tosia, who in her turn sang, casting a tender glance on Valenty :

“ Oh, fainty-hearted ! dost thou not  
 Thy cruel words repent?  
 Though gloom and sorrow were my lot,  
 Thy days in mirth were spent.”

Other couples now followed each other in rapid succession, and many were the efforts at wit and repartee which this national dance gave rise to, until it degenerated by degrees into a wild jumping and whirling, which is called in Poland an *obertass*. Valenty Bielawski accosted Waclaw Siewrak, and said, “ May I ask you, sir scrivener, and chancery messenger of the Grand Marshal’s office, was it to me, as I have reason to suppose, that you alluded in the insolent couplets with which you have been pleased to insult the honourable profession of a warrior ?” “ Sir soldier,” answered Siewrak, en-

deavouring to conceal his embarrassment by assuming an air of contempt, "you have no right thus to question one who holds the high offices you have just mentioned." "It is in vain to expect manly or honourable conduct from one who carries the sharp tongue and the blunt sword," cried the incensed Valenty, "of that infamous spy, who first instigated the scholars of Cracow to an act of violent insubordination, and then accused them to the prebendary Czarnkowski. You see, I know you well; nor shall you, by an appearance of sincerity, deceive those who are unacquainted with you. You may seek to shelter yourself under the name of your master, but that shall not serve you with a noble retainer of John Tarnowski. I have not forgotten what you said,—that the moment might come when you would be able to give me an answer. I say the moment is now come,—sooner, perhaps, than you expected. You have offended me, and you must give me satisfaction, if you do not bear the sword to the dishonour of your master, to whom it would be charity to expose the real character of the cowardly rascal he keeps in his service." "I am now employed as a state messenger; but as soon as I have finished the duty upon which I am sent, you will find me ready enough to satisfy your demand." "The duty," exclaimed the young

man, "which permits you to loiter in the public room of an inn, and to begin a quarrel, will assuredly permit you to finish it before you pass the door." This altercation interrupted the dance, and the assembly surrounded the antagonists in a close circle. "Defend yourself!" cried Valenty, "unless you wish me to write a lesson on your ugly visage in your own vile blood." The scrivener, pale from terror, and hard pressed by the provoked soldier and mocking crowd, grasped his richly adorned sword with a trembling hand. The circle widened; and the duel was on the point of beginning, when Theophila, rushing between the combatants, implored them to desist from such wicked strife; but her father seized her, and, dragging her back, exclaimed roughly, "Away to the distaff, ill-mannered wench! Thou hast brought all this mischief into my house with thy foolish singing and dancing. Let them cut their throats if they will, and no great pity for either of them." At this moment the door opened: four Tatars (4), with burning tapers, entered the hall, and were closely followed by a man of distinguished appearance wrapped in a large cloak.

"What does all this noise mean?" said he, on entering the room; then turning to our host, who quickly resumed his wonted humility in the pre-

sence of his distinguished guest, continued in an imperious voice, "Dismiss your guests, and restore order! Some ladies are advancing to rest here: this noise and fighting will alarm them." "Hey, peace!" cried Gierzanek, emboldened by the presence of his new guest, whom he now recognised. "Hold your tongues, I say! 'T is a shame for Christians to have such merry-making on a Sunday night. Good night, fathers and mothers<sup>(5)</sup>—good night, lads and lasses. To your homes! I say there is now no room for you. Go in peace! such is the will of the high-born Lord Starost of Samborz." The company quickly dispersed. Valenty sheathed his sword, and approaching Boratynski with a respectful obeisance said, "Permit me, noble lord—" But the Starost interrupted him, and impatiently replied, "What do you wish of me, young brawler? Do you think I am come here to arrange your quarrel? Yet stay—if I am right, you are Valenty, the son of our old honest Bielawski. For shame, young man! What will your father say when he hears that you seek quarrels in the public room of an inn?" "My father never brooked an insult in his younger years," answered Valenty, "neither would he wish me to do so. I came here with this letter to you from my master the Lord of Cracow; and Lord Hippolyte

Boratynski is also here, waiting your arrival. The Starost of Samborz took the letter, and immediately approached one of the iron lamps to read it. Doubt and agitation were visible on his countenance as he continued to read; then, after a little consideration, he asked the younger Bielawski if he had not said that his brother was in the house; and having received an answer to that effect, he left the hall to join him. Casper Gierzanek launched out in great praise of the Starost of Samborz, and became very friendly to the young soldier, who now endeavoured to console the still weeping Theophila. Her father withdrew to another corner of the room, leaving the young people to themselves, but evidently well satisfied with them.



## CHAPTER IV.

“The joys of meeting pay the pains of absence ;  
Else who could bear it ?”—Rowe’s *Tamerlane*.

HIPPOLYTE BORATYNSKI was busily engaged in deciphering the contents of a fragment of a letter which he had found on the floor of his room. The little insight he could obtain into its meaning perplexed and grieved him, and his anxiety to comprehend it fully was so great, that he was scarcely aware of any one’s approach, when the Starost of Samborz entered his room. Many years had passed since the brothers had seen each other. Time, constant warfare, and distant journeyings, in which the elder Boratynski had been engaged, had given to his countenance an expression of perfect self-possession and fixed determination ; whilst the younger brother had sprung from the blooming boy into the stature and the beauty of manhood. They looked at each other in mutual uncertainty ; then Peter said, “Are you indeed my brother ?” At the sound of a voice so familiar to the early recollections of Hippolyte, he fell into his brother’s arms, saying, with joy,

“ Yes, yes, I am indeed, Hippolyte ! I am your brother !” The Starost of Samborz pressed him to his bosom ; then gazing on him with delight, exclaimed, “ How handsome you are grown, my brother ! You are a true image of our father, of blessed memory ; a worthy scion of our noble house !” “ ’Tis you who are the pride and support of our ancient family,” said Hippolyte ; “ and I thank Heaven for having given me, in my brother, a guide and protector in whom I can place the fullest reliance. My greatest ambition is to follow in your steps, and to win, like you, the love and respect of all those who are friends to their country’s welfare. It is said that you will soon be called to fill the office of the leader of the equestrian order. It is an honourable office ; more to be coveted than any of the advantages that Court favour can bestow.” “ Yes,” answered Peter with a melancholy smile, “ it is generally said that I shall be elected Marshal of the next Diet ; but why should this idea give you so much pleasure, my Hippolyte ? Oh, how enviable is thy youthful imagination, which only sees bright anticipations in the future. But do not misunderstand me. I do indeed consider this mark of my brother’s<sup>(1)</sup> confidence a great honour, and I will deserve it, however much it may cost me.” “ Ah, my bro-

ther," replied Hippolyte, " I begin to feel that much in this world is the reverse of what it seems; and in this very moment I have found what appears to me a dark and ominous riddle." " Riddle! my Hippolyte; I fear you will meet with many such; but tell it to me, and I will do my best in assisting you to unravel it." " Here it is," said Hippolyte, showing his brother the fragment of writing which had so much excited his attention; then continued he, with downcast eyes, " Perhaps you know not that the Princess of Mazovia has just passed through this place, on her journey to the capital?" " Lady Anna Odrowonz, the lady of Podolia!" exclaimed Peter, with unfeigned astonishment: " I am sorry, very sorry. Did you see her?" " Yes, I saw her, but I had only time to say a few words to Helena, when the Bishop of Cujavia approached, and conducted the ladies to the parsonage, where they were directly joined by the Palatine of Cracow." " Zebrydowski and Kmita!" said Peter musingly: " and what can lead hither this unfortunate lady, whose gloomy mind seems to be constantly agitated by hatred and a desire of revenge? She has, alas! but too just grounds for such bitter feelings; but what can be her reason for quitting her voluntary banishment, and coming forward at this moment of tumult and

discord? She can have no good motives, for she is not—" "She is not like her daughter," said Hippolyte, interrupting his brother with great animation, "as I have good reason to believe; and you will agree with me, if you will only look upon this piece of paper. I picked it up in this room, which had been occupied before I came into it by Kmita. The Starost took the paper, and read the following incoherent words:—"Queen—just has your faith—parsonage—an important conversation with the lady of Podol—brzydowski also—I have often admonished—of this ambitious priest—can spoil all these advan—follies—daughter Helena—and I have not taken—important pledge—seemed on the chess-b—perchance—prudent play—ambition and vengeance—stronger than the—time won all won—arbara not yet—all fails—tima ratio regum." "Can you explain what these words mean?" asked Hippolyte, in great agitation. "For Heaven's sake, tell me what business can this proud Palatine have with the pious, innocent Helena? What can he report about her to the Queen, to whom, as it appears, his letter was directed?" "Inquire not of it," answered Peter, burning the paper on the taper; "these mysteries are not fit for thy uncontaminated mind: doubt not the time of disclosure will

come. But," continued he, striving to assume a gayer countenance, "I have quite forgotten to tell you that I have found an opportunity for the exercise of your first knightly service. It is both agreeable and dangerous, and will therefore well suit a Boratynski. In a few moments some ladies will arrive here. Among them is one whom I know not exactly how to mention. I dare not yet call her as I wish to do. I mean Barbara Radziwill, widow of Stanislaw Albrechtowicz Gas-told, Palatine of Troki." "The Queen!" exclaimed Hippolyte, in astonishment. "The consort of Sigismund Augustus," replied his brother, in a stern tone; and continued, with some embarrassment: "I met her at Opoczno: she was unattended, except by her Lithuanian ladies and retinue: none of the Polish nobility accompanied her on her progress; as soon as the King had left Warsaw, they all deserted her. She requested me to bear her company, as it was unbecoming that the consort of the monarch should enter his capital without suitable attendance. I was moved by her noble confidence; for she well knew what I was compelled to say at the Diet of Warsaw: I could not refuse her this knightly service. I shall now resign it to you; because there are many reasons (which I cannot at present explain) that

do not allow me to enter Cracow with Barbara Radziwill. There are no such objections in your case ; therefore I appoint you her squire." There was no time for rejoinder : the noise of the carriages containing the Queen and her retinue obliged the brothers to descend, that they might be in readiness to receive the ladies.

## CHAPTER V.

“ I hardly yet have learned  
T'insinuate, flatter, bow and bend my knee.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE curiosity of the inhabitants of Ivanovice was greatly excited by the few words which the Starost of Samborz had said respecting the arrival of the ladies, and a great crowd had, in consequence, surrounded the inn. The carriages soon drove up to the door: the first of them, though considered a masterpiece of its own times, would cut a very indifferent figure at the side of our modern barouches and chariots. On four clumsy wheels, of equal size, was placed a long, narrow chest, covered with gilt leather, and richly studded with glittering nails of copper. Large steps, reaching nearly to the ground, were placed on each side of the carriage; from the top, which was supported by eight strong pillars, hung leather curtains. The inside was lined with scarlet velvet, adorned with silver lace. The escort, consisting of about ten horsemen, with Lithuanian colours on their lances, dismounted, and surrounded the

door, so as to conceal as much as possible from the crowd the youthful lady, who, wrapped in veils and furs, descended from the vehicle, and glided quickly over the straw mats spread on the floor for her reception by Caspar Gierzanek. Five other ladies followed her, and the other carriages speedily yielding up their inmates, the lady was surrounded by a retinue suitable to high rank, though not to the highest, in a country and at a time when every one of note travelled with a numerous suite.

“ See, our squire is here,” said the lady, in a gentle tone of voice and with a pleased expression of countenance, to the Starost of Samborz, who, with his brother, received her with a respectful salutation. She accepted his arm, and ascended the staircase leading to the apartment which had been hastily prepared for her ; while the landlord, standing at the head of all his domestics, bowed low and often. “ I confess,” continued the lady, “ that I began to fear your great anxiety to reach the capital might cause you to forget your present office, or to resign it sooner than I should have wished.” Peter answered only by a deep obeisance ; and as they arrived at the door of the apartment, Barbara turned to her ladies, and said, “ You may now take the repose you must stand so much



in need of, after the fatiguing journey you have had. We shall remain here a short time for that purpose. The Lady Treasurer (<sup>1</sup>) will remain with me; and one of my waiting-women, with the aid of this little girl, who I suppose is the daughter of the landlord, will do all that I require." She then dismissed the wearied Lithuanian ladies, gave a sign to Peter to remain, and entered her apartment, followed by the consort of Stephen Hornostay, grand treasurer of Lithuania, both the brothers Boratynski, and the little Tosia, who, equally frightened and delighted, withdrew to a corner of the room to observe this beautiful lady, so unlike the generality of people who came to her father's house, and to be in readiness to do whatever was desired.

"I owe you thanks, Lord Starost, for all the trouble you have taken on my account," said the young consort of Sigismund Augustus, trying to assume a gay tone: "everything is as well arranged as is possible on a journey performed under the present circumstances." "I am gratified, most serene lady," answered Boratynski with becoming deference, "that it pleases you to approve of the trifling efforts I have been able to make in your service, at the very moment that I am obliged to resign the honourable office of your squire, and

to transfer it to another, who perhaps will be more acceptable than I am." "Then you really are so wearied of the knightly service you have undertaken, that you are impatient to shorten even the few hours which still remain for you to fulfill that service?" said Barbara, endeavouring to conceal her displeasure by assuming a tone of raillery; "I confess that I did expect more perseverance from the Lord Boratynski." "It is not want of perseverance which obliges me to quit Your Grace,—such a reproach I trust I shall never deserve," replied Boratynski, with an impressive voice; "but I have just received a message from the Grand General, who requires my presence this night at Cracow; and I am sure you will excuse me for resigning the more agreeable service of the ladies for the necessary duties of the state: but permit me to present to Your Grace my brother Hippolyte, who will faithfully discharge the office which I am obliged to abandon." Barbara Radziwill cast a hasty glance on the young Boratynski, and said, in a tone of derision, to the Lady Hornostay, "What do you think, Lady Treasurer? shall we be able to perform the four remaining miles (\*) of our journey under the protection of the Paladin whom the Lord of Samborz has in his great zeal provided for us?" The lady thus addressed had

been, during the preceding conversation, busily engaged in freeing herself from the numerous furs and coverings in which she had enveloped her tall thin person, and she now stood before the blazing fire, shivering with cold, and breathing with her toothless mouth on her bony ringed fingers. She curtesied deeply, and replied, in a screaming voice, "I think, most gracious lady, that, considering our journey is so much more like a pilgrimage than a royal progress, we must not be very angry with the Lord Starost at his declining to be the leader of our unpretending train. Moreover, it appears to me of very little importance whether Your Majesty is attended by the Lord Starost or his brother, neither of them being of sufficiently high rank to attend their Queen on her entrance into her capital, a duty which belongs, at Vilna, to the Court-Marshal of Lithuania, and at Cracow to the same officer of the Crown." A melancholy smile passed over Barbara's countenance at this untimely effusion of the old lady: she turned to Hippolyte, and said, with cold dignity, in a firm tone of voice, though without harshness, "You will, then, perform the knightly service to your Queen, which your brother has for a time so generously bestowed upon Barbara Radziwill?" "I await your commands, most gracious lady," an-

swered the elated young man, "and I consider myself most happy that my first service is accepted by Your Grace." Barbara now turned to the wondering Theophila, and said, "Will you call one of my waiting-women?" then, advancing a step to Hippolyte, she said, "You are dismissed, but in five hours await our orders." Upon receiving this command the brothers made a deep obeisance, and retired into their own apartment, where they entered into a long and serious conversation.

After some time spent in this way, the elder Boratynski left the inn, and Hippolyte, unable to rest, went into the public room, where, throwing himself into a chair before a blazing fire, he reviewed in his mind the events of the day. He remained so long in this state that a sleepy sensation began to steal over him, when he was disturbed by a slight touch upon his arm. He started up, and saw a stranger standing before him, who, though unknown to Hippolyte, we can easily recognise, by his green pelisse, broad shoulders, and curled black head, as our former acquaintance, Waclaw Siewrak. "Hearken ye, comrade!" he said in his usual impertinent manner; "with your permission, are you not in the service of the lady who has just arrived at Ivanovice?" "I am," answered Hippolyte; "but how does that concern you?" "Not

much, sir soldier," said the scrivener of Kmita, who was not sober enough to observe the noble features and rich dress of the younger Boratynski ; " but it concerns me a little. You see I have asked that rascal, mine host, to tell me the name of this great lady, but he pretends that he does not know her ; therefore I beg you will be good enough to tell me the name of your mistress." " What is your reason for being so anxious to know the lady's name ?" replied Hippolyte, who felt little inclination to converse with one whose countenance and manners were so disagreeable. " I will answer your question," said Waclaw ; " but permit me to ask you, are there not two ladies, one old and the other young ? You may as well tell me, for I have been in the yard to look on the carriages, and I saw that one of them bore the royal arms ; so I have good reasons for supposing this lady to be the same to whom I have been sent on important business ; and I request you will instantly procure me an audience." " You dream, my good fellow," answered Boratynski ; " do you really think I would disturb my mistress at such a time to request an audience for any one, and particularly for you, who are not in a state to appear in the presence of a lady ?" " Eh, eh," grumbled Siwrak with great vexation ; " my mother's son has

often had intercourse with persons of rank, as Her Majesty the Queen well knows. May the hangman take the Italian quack! These stupid folks! who cannot pronounce a Polish name in a Christian manner, nor even understand the difference between Slomniki and Ivanovice. He has contrived to get away the letter which was entrusted to me, and now it will reach the Queen-mother later than it ought to do. The old Kmita, who never understands a joke, will take me to task; and, what is worse, I shall lose the messenger's fee, which is always worth having." "You had, then, a letter from the Lord Grand Marshal to Her Majesty the Queen Bona, and you have entrusted it to some one else?" said Hippolyte, guessing the mistake of the scrivener. "To be sure I had; but the Queen's physician, Doctor Monti, whom I wish the ague might shake, (3) persuaded me that Her Majesty was gone to Cracow with the Princess Anna, by Slomniki. I believed him, and now I suspect the Queen is actually here, and perhaps impatiently waiting for this message." "Do you think the Marshal's letter was of so much consequence?" "You may be sure of that," answered Siewrak, assuming an air of importance. "If that is the case," replied Hippolyte, "I would advise you to ride as fast as possible, and get back

the letter before the Queen will arrive in the capital : by doing so, you will avoid the anger of the Grand Marshal and the loss of your fee." "I think you are right," answered Siewrak after a pause ; " yet hearken ye, friend, you know the proverb, ' Scratch my back, I will scratch thine ; ' and a servant must never betray a comrade ; therefore do not tell the most gracious lady, or anybody else, that Waclaw Siewrak, scrivener's assistant of the Palatine of Cracow, was guilty of such negligence. The old lord is a fierce fellow, and he requires from his subordinates the strictest obedience to his orders. 'Tis true the Grand Marshal has good reason for treating me with particular consideration ; but after all, the devil may trust the old grudger." " Have no care about it," said Boratynski, anxious to get rid of him ; " if you are discreet yourself, you will be sure to escape punishment. Only take care to recover your letter, and you had better not lose time in riding to Cracow." Waclaw thought this advice too good to be disregarded, and calling for his horse immediately rode away.

The whole establishment was soon in motion ; the carriages were harnessed, the lancers mounted their horses, the servants were busily running about, and the youthful squire of Barbara thought

it was time he should be in his place. When he entered the hall, which served as an antechamber to the apartment of his royal mistress, he found the greater part of her retinue already assembled, and the lady Hornostay enumerating in a loud voice, and with great prolixity, all the hardships she had encountered in this miserable inn, not sparing the little Theophila, who bore her reproaches in silent submission. All the other ladies were more or less displeased with the accommodations of the night, and expressed with great vehemence their impatience to reach the capital, and to enjoy the pleasures of the Court. They all became silent when Barbara Radziwill entered the hall. She saluted the assembly with great affability, and expressed her regret to the lady Hornostay that she had suffered so much inconvenience; then turning to the landlord's daughter, who, abashed by the harshness of the old lady, stood in a corner, scarcely able to suppress her tears, she said in a very mild tone, "We thank thee, child; thou hast done thy best to serve us, and thou hast accommodated us as well as it was possible in thy father's small house. If thou shouldst ever come to Cracow, inquire at the royal castle for Lady Bárbara, and thou shalt be well received. The little Theophila, astonished at such condescension, could only embrace the knees of



her royal patroness, who put a small but heavy purse into her hand ; and then turning to her retinue, gave orders to pursue the journey.

It was not yet dawn when the cavalcade arrived in the vicinity of Cracow ; but the full moon, shining on the snow-covered ground, brought the most prominent parts of the country sufficiently into view. The carriages drove on rapidly, and the silence of the night was only interrupted by the crackling of the frozen snow under the ponderous wheels, the occasional shouts of the coachmen, and the howling of the wind, which blew from the Vistula over the undulated plain. No sound was heard from the royal carriage except the dry cough of the Lady Hornostay, and the smothered cries of fear uttered by the other ladies when the carriage was too much inclined on either side of the uneven road. Hippolyte, in accordance with his duty, rode on horseback close to the door of the coach. The tops of the mountains on the opposite side of the river began to emerge from the darkness ; and the old city of Krak, illuminated by the moon, was fully displayed to his sight, when the leathern curtains of the coach were drawn aside, and the pleasing voice of his royal mistress, calling him by his name, asked if he were well acquainted with this part of the country. " I spent some weeks here in

my childhood, and I retain some recollection of it," he said, reining his horse nearer to the carriage. "I hope, then, you will be able to perform some of the duties of the office which has been forced upon you, and can give me some account of these environs. Tell me, for instance, the name of yonder hill, not far from us on the left, which looks so black and steep; and of the other, more distant, but much of the same form and size." "Yonder distant hill," said Hippolyte, "is called the Grave of Krak, whom history mentions as the first King of Poland, and the founder of the ancient metropolis, which stands on these hills; but the other, which is nearer to us, and looks so dismal, is called the sepulchral monument of his daughter Vanda, who sacrificed her life to preserve her country from the dangerous consequences of a fatal marriage." These last words were pronounced by Boratynski in a lower voice than the rest of his narration, but they did not escape the attention of Barbara. She closed the curtain, and it was not till after a long pause that she again addressed him. "Vanda you call this unfortunate princess? O how wretched it must be to part with love and life,—to descend into the cold grave, and that by one's own act! Do you think, Lord Boratynski, that this Vanda loved him not who wooed her? You are still so

young," added she with a smile, "you can best tell me the particulars of this extraordinary story." "The tale says otherwise," replied Hippolyte. "An early love had united the hearts of Vanda queen of Poland and of Ritiger duke of Arkona, on the isle of Rugen. However, when the murder of a brother, and the punishment which befell the guilty, called the daughter of Krak to the throne, the Sarmatian nation disapproved the alliance of their Queen with a foreigner; and the call of duty proved stronger than the voice of love." "And what did Vanda do?" asked Barbara with great animation. "She resigned Ritiger, most gracious lady." "And was he coward enough to suffer his beloved to be wrested from him by the insolence of her overbearing vassals?" "O no," said Hippolyte; "he assembled an army, marched against the nation of his beloved, and prepared for battle. Then look, most gracious lady, on that dark cliff on the right side, not far from the sepulchral monument: close under its height the Vistula now reposes in icy fetters, but in summer it pursues its rapid course,—to that dark spot the virgin Queen ascended. She surveyed the numerous huts that afforded rest and shelter to the people committed to her care; she gazed upon the peaceful banks, so soon to resound to the horrors

of war ; and the struggle in her heart was soon decided. One long look upon the camp of the beloved enemy was followed by a spring into the roaring flood ; and the billows closed over the devoted virgin, the voluntary sacrifice to the welfare of her country. The enemy retired ; and this hill marks to posterity the achievement of this sublime deed." Barbara hid her face in her hands, and Boratynski continued. "Many of these hills which surround us are also of monumental origin, and the village we have just passed bears the name of the 'Abode of the Dead.'" The consort of Sigismund Augustus remained silent, and it seemed to her squire that she wept. The carriage soon entered the suburbs. Barbara exerted herself to appear composed ; and said in a tremulous voice, pointing to one side, "Is that house on the hill, whose windows so brilliantly reflect the rays of the moon, the castle ? And tell me what is the round edifice with a roof glittering like gold ?" "It is the royal castle, most gracious lady ; and the richly adorned cupola adjoining the cathedral is the sepulchre of the Jagellonian family." "Graves, graves ! nothing but graves !" said the young Queen to herself : then continuing after a pause, "These brightly illuminated windows, through whose silken curtains a blood-red light is seen, do they

belong to the apartments of my royal husband ?”  
“ When I was at Cracow in my boyish years with my father, the Queen Bona held her court in them.”  
This name seemed to produce a disagreeable impression on Barbara’s mind. She turned from her squire, and addressed her ladies in a commanding and almost harsh tone. At this moment the carriage stopped before the city gate. It was closed ; but the guard, which seemed to be prepared for the arrival of the *cortège*, presented arms ; and when Hippolyte whispered some words to the commanding officer, the drawbridge was lowered, the gates were thrown widely asunder, and the train pursued their way over the deserted streets of Cracow. When they approached the castle, soft music was heard issuing from the apartments of the Queen Bona ; and as they ascended the broad staircase of the palace, they met some of the company in rich dresses, returning from the royal entertainment. Nobody, however, seemed to suspect that the muffled lady, who was leaning on Hippolyte’s arm, as she walked along the gallery in a state of great agitation, was the consort of his sovereign ; and she shrunk from the inquisitive looks cast upon her with all the sensitiveness of wounded feeling. At the end of a long corridor, a gentleman of high rank received her with a deep obeisance ;

and said in a low voice, "His Majesty the King awaits Your Grace; but he desires to see you alone." "Lead me, oh! lead me to him, Lord Tarnowski!" exclaimed Barbara, seizing his arm, and dismissing her retinue by a sign.

The Lady Hornostay turned to Boratynski, and said with a studied curtesy, "Permit me, my lord, to thank you, in the name of Her Majesty, for the kind attendance you have granted us, and chiefly for the agreeable conversation by which you have beguiled our time. Indeed, my lord," added she, with a still lower courtesy, "if in future you adapt your speeches to time and circumstances, as you have done tonight, I can foretell you a speedy and brilliant career at Court." Having said this, she turned from him with an air of derision; and, followed by the rest of the company, retired, leaving the new courtier alone in the deserted gallery.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back ;  
It is a swelling and the last affection  
A high mind can put off : it is a rebel  
Both to the soul and reason, and enforces  
All laws, all conscience ; treads upon religion,  
And offers violence to nature's self.”—BEN JONSON.

WE must now conduct our reader to a house situated in a remote street of the north-west part of Cracow, not far from the Castle Hill ; and having passed through a long suite of apartments, richly furnished according to the taste of the time, we must enter a withdrawing room, whose cedar-panelled walls were tinged of a dark shade by the hand of time. Immense blocks of blazing wood brightened the spacious chimney. Round the walls were placed large cabinets of nut-wood, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, representing the figures of various kinds of birds, intermixed with bunches of fruit and flowers, alternately with high-backed chairs, covered with a grey woollen stuff worked in silken embroidery. In the centre of this room, beneath a magnificent chandelier of yellow metal, stood a round table of red Italian

marble. A covered balcony, large enough to form a room in itself, was attached to this apartment, and added greatly to its size ; but the rooms could easily be separated by closing the full heavy curtains, which were now drawn back. The floor of the balcony, as well as the few steps which led to it, were covered with a Persian carpet richly wrought in gold and silver. Five Gothic windows admitted light and air into this little boudoir of the sixteenth century. A cedar table, covered with different-coloured silks and everything appertaining to needle-work, occupied a corner of it. A neglected mandeline, and many books bound in gilt parchment, were thrown upon the estrade, or low cushioned seat, placed round the walls of this balcony, which formed an essential part of the furniture in every well-arranged household of that period. But we must now turn our attention to the interior of this abode. At the round table of the withdrawing room was seated a lady of middle age, busily engaged in the perusal of various papers, which she took from a morocco case. Her black robe was composed of a rich heavy stuff, much worn at that time ; her head-dress and lappets were of the same sombre hue ; the band under her chin, resembling that worn by nuns, marked her recent widowhood ; and a large medallion, set in precious



stones, and hanging from a string of costly pearls, completed her dress, and indicated her high rank. She appeared to be agitated by the most painful recollections. The changing colour of her cheeks, and varying expression of her brow, at one moment contracted and at another open and serene, indicated the contradictory feelings that were struggling in her breast. She leaned her head on her hand, and gazed with an expression of fond affection, mingled with fear and uncertainty, on a young and beautiful girl, who apparently was busily engaged at the work-table in the balcony room. Her simple morning dress, of white muslin, was well suited to her youth and peculiar style of beauty; her rich brown ringlets fell in uncontrolled luxuriance around her well-formed shoulders; and, while her fingers mechanically pursued her work, her eyes often rested upon the window with a long look, that showed all was not peace within her youthful breast.

“Tell me, Helena,” said the elder of the ladies, putting back into the case a paper which she had just finished reading, “how do you like Cracow? I suppose the high stone buildings, and the bustle of the streets, afford you more amusement than the wooden huts of Kaminiec, and the dismal view of the fortifications? Do you not hear me, He-

lena?" repeated the lady, as her daughter, somewhat startled by the sudden question, withdrew her eyes from the window, and directed them to her frame. "Come hither, my child; I have something to say to you." Helena immediately left her work, and approaching her mother took a chair near her.

"You are now grown up, my Helena, and if a fond mother's partiality does not deceive me, you are beautiful. I thought, therefore, it was time the daughter of Leon Odrowonz and Anna of Mazovia should leave the retirement in which she has spent her youth, and assume that station in the world to which her high birth entitles her. I have for that reason brought you to the capital, where all that is great and distinguished in the realm is assembled, and which must afford a striking and magnificent scene to a youthful mind accustomed to simplicity and retirement. Tell me, do you feel pleasure at the change?" "How good you are, my mother!" answered the timid girl. "What signifies my opinion, when you have decided that we should come to Cracow! but I will answer your question, and confess that, though Kaminiac certainly is not so fine a town as Cracow, I like it very much; there I spent a happy childhood, and there my father——"

“Rarely, very rarely,” said her mother, interrupting her with vehemence, “is it the fortunate lot of a mortal to end his life where his ancestors have dwelt, where his cradle was rocked. I, as you well know, was born in the ducal palace of Warsaw; there parental love called my young affections into being; my infant steps were first tried in those lofty halls, adorned with the long line of ancestral portraits, beginning with Piast, the founder of our dynasty; and,” continued she with increasing vehemence, “fate has cast me out from the palace of my princely forefathers! —not led, as you are, by a mother’s hand; no, a foreign race drove me into banishment and misery from those walls which still resounded to the agonizing shrieks of my dying brothers.” “O mother, forbear these horrible recollections!” cried the frightened maiden; “you are always so painfully affected when you speak of the past. I beseech you, do not dwell on those events; think upon Kaminiec, where you found peace, and upon my father, who so often declared how far preferable were the calm pleasures of domestic happiness to all the high-soaring dreams of ambition.” “You say, I have found peace,” replied the Princess of Mazovia in a hollow voice; “have you ever heard of the mount Vesuvius in Italy?”

It burns continually, though its eruptions are often long delayed. What had your father to regret, being nothing but a nobleman? 'Tis true, he suffered much; but was it not for the honour of a princely alliance? And Kaminiec, what has it been to me? a miserable asylum, which the wearied tyranny of my persecutors was compelled to leave to the daughter of so many monarchs! What interest can you feel in a castle belonging to the Crown, of which your father was only the governor? You have no paternal house! You say that I found peace! There are only two places where the heiress of Conrad of Mazovia can have rest: in the grave, or on the throne." She paused for a moment, collected herself, and continued in a solemn tone, "Helena, thou art the daughter of the Palatine of Podolia; but Anna of Mazovia is thy mother. Thou art—alas! it is but too true—thou art the sole offspring of the ancient stock which once spread its branches over the widely extended race of Sarmatians. Thou art the last descendant of Piast in the paternal kingdom. The Silesian dukes of our dynasty long since resigned their country and their native rights,—they became Germans, and proffered fealty to the King of Bohemia. Yes, Helena, thou art now the sole remaining scion of the

Piasts in Poland. O, my beloved daughter ! when taking refuge in a wretched hut from my cruel persecutors I gave thee life ; when the daughter of a sovereign embraced her first-born on a miserable couch of straw, thou appearedst to me the bright star of hope in the night of my degradation, and I adorned in my mind thy infant head with the crown of my ancestors. Behold," continued she, drawing her trembling child close to her, " behold, how many princes and lords surround the throne of the young monarch ; the Margrave of Brandenburg, the Dukes of Prussia, the Princes of Moldavia and Wallachia, and the young King of Hungary. Our Silesian cousins will also appear in such pomp as thou, poor child, hast never seen. But there is one who stands high above them all,—one who stands on the place of thy ancestors,—Sigismund Augustus ! Why dost thou start, Helena ? 'T is true," continued she, mistaking the cause of her daughter's agitation, "'t is true, he is a descendant of the heathen race who ravished from thy ancestor Ziemowit the throne of Poland and the hand of the royal Hedvige ; but it is said he is himself an accomplished prince, and his subjects cherish the hope that he will restore the times of Cazimir, the last monarch of our dynasty. Thou shalt see him tomorrow,

Helena; prepare thy heart." "I understand you not, my mother," answered her daughter, with a throbbing breast and tearful eyes: "what have I to do with the king? You know that he is married." "Married!" repeated the mother with a calm tone of derision; "ask that question in the royal palace; ask it of the counsellors of the monarch; ask it wherever thou wilt, and thou shalt receive but one answer: he is not married. No! the daughter of a subject, the widow of a rebel, can have no place on the throne of thy ancestors!" "The daughter of a subject!" exclaimed Helena; "and what was my father? and what right can I have which is denied to Barbara?" "Thou art the daughter of the Princess of Mazovia!" said Anna Odrowonz, drawing herself up with haughty mien, "and the descendant of so many monarchs! Barbara is repelled by the King's own family; the nobles and all the nation repudiate her. They will turn to thee, because the Sarmatian never forgets the Piastian blood. But why do I argue with an inexperienced child? it is the will of thy mother: thou must obey; success is guaranteed to me by my friend the Queen Bona." "Bona Sforza!" exclaimed Helena, "the same Bona who at one time mortally offended you! who drove you from the ducal

palace of your fathers into exile! Bona, whom you have so often cursed in your hours of bitterness! O mother! believe not her; as sure as God is truth, so surely will Bona deceive you!" "Dost thou suppose that?" said Anna, assuming an affected smile in order to conceal the painful impression which her daughter's words produced upon her mind; and continuing after a pause, "but it must be so; the die is cast!" "O mother, there is sin in our staying here!" cried Helena, folding her hands imploringly; "let us return to the banks of the Dniester before you have seen this Milanese, who in her wily schemes will destroy the remnants of an unfortunate house, who are odious to her." "Foolish girl! dost thou think I come unarmed to the strife?" replied her mother with a gloomy expression of countenance: "'t is not in vain that they have evoked from the tomb the ghost of Samuel! Helena, thou art destined to great things, and the fate of an empire is in thy hands!" "For mercy's sake, my mother!" cried Helena in the utmost agitation, "what do you mean? Oh, my foreboding heart tells me too truly it is a sepulchral wreath, and not a royal crown, you will place upon my head." "Not a sepulchral wreath," answered her mother in a severe tone of voice,

“neither shall it be the myrtle crown of which the childish girl had dreamt. Must I mention the name of Hippolyte Boratynski in this eventful hour?” “And why should you not?” exclaimed Helena, with a degree of firmness that surprised her mother: “why should you not name him who is my betrothed, with your own and my lamented father’s sanction?” “Thy father is dead, and I withdraw my consent,” said the Princess of Mazovia in a quiet but firm tone. “And since when has it been permitted to withdraw a consent freely given, and to destroy the happiness of your devoted child?” “Since the death of Elizabeth of Austria. But enough of this useless discussion, I hear the steps of one whom I expect; go to your room!” The afflicted Helena retired, and she had scarcely drawn the curtain which separated her closet, when the opposite door opened, and a man wrapped in a large cloak entered the room.

“You have commanded my presence, most serene lady,” said the Bishop of Cujavia, casting away his disguise, “and I hasten to prove to you that I am now, as I have ever been, ready to serve you.” “Yesterday,” answered the Lady of Podolia, sitting down, and motioning to the Bishop to take a chair, “yesterday, my lord, your manners



implied but little disposition to serve me, considering our ancient acquaintance; nor was your reception of me what was exactly due to Anna of Mazovia from Andreas Zebrzydowski, the born feudatory of her father Conrad duke of Mazovia, and in whose mind the sight of the Princess Anna might well recall the memory of the past." "Pardon me, my princely lady," said Zebrzydowski, whose agitated countenance, at this allusion to former times, betrayed the strength of his youthful feelings, "if I take advantage of the present moment to speak to you with the same sincerity and devotedness that I have frequently done before. No; I will confess that your arrival has not given me the pleasure it seems to have given to the Palatine of Cracow. How, indeed, could it? I only ask you to look back to the time which your words recall to my mind; nor can I conceive how you, with your superior mind, can suspect the fidelity of an old servant, because he acknowledges his disapprobation of a dangerous enterprise." "You are indeed become very sincere, my lord bishop. 'Tis true, many years have passed since my presence would have produced a very different effect upon your mind; but it is not usual, I think, to remind us of those truths," replied the Princess, casting a hasty glance at the opposite mirror. "Who has

given you this baneful advice," said the Bishop impatiently, "to appear at such a moment? What can be your intention in coming here? Beware, O! beware how you trust to the deceitful illusions which are presented to you by those who seek your ruin. You told me yesterday that the Queen Bona had summoned you hither; that the old rancour which had existed between you was appeased; and that the nation should soon be gratified by a reconciliation between the last scions of the ancient dynasty and the actually reigning house. Do you think it possible that a feeling of enmity which has existed for twenty years, and been nurtured by many an unhallowed deed, can be so easily extinguished? Beware, I again repeat to you, of such an idea: as little may it be relied upon, as the apparently extinguished embers, which only require air to fan them into a consuming fire. Must I remind you of Wadylaw Jagellon, the ancestor of our king, who deprived Duke Ziemowit, your forefather, of the crown of Poland by wedding Hedvige, and ascended a throne which had been possessed by your ancestors for the space of six centuries? Must I recall to your memory horrors of a later date,—those awful days when two young princes, struck by an invisible hand, sunk down from their ducal seat into a premature grave? Think upon the

horrible suspicions which were then whispered by every one, and which you loudly uttered in the height of a violent but most just grief. Must I remind you that your husband was deprived of his starosties and hereditary estates; and that you were for many months a persecuted wanderer, surrounded by dangers and vigilant enemies, until the general voice of the assembly of Lvov compelled the late king to maintain Leon Odrowonz in his Crown office, and the mediation of John Tarnowski opened the castle of Kaminiac to the persecuted exile? Have you forgotten that the voice of your hatred resounded, not only through all Poland and Lithuania, but that even at the Courts of Moscow, Presburg, and Vienna you have accused the Milanese of usurpation, and of a still darker crime? Think you she has forgotten it? You are greatly deceived: she will never forget the injury she has done to you; and you—yes, you remember it but too well,” added the Bishop, fixing a penetrating look upon the lady: “your unsteady look, your burning cheeks, betray you. ‘Beware of a reconciled enemy,’ says a sage of old; and I say beware, threefold beware, of a reconciled female enemy.” “I confess my error,” said the Princess, with undisguised bitterness; “I expected, in addressing myself to you, a dignitary of the

church, to have been counselled to forgive my enemies, and forget old animosities ; I expected to find a faithful friend, who would be rejoiced by the hope of the restoration of an ancient house, to whom he was bound, not only by the ties of gratitude, but by many other considerations ; and, instead of this, I find a zealot, content to display, in a confidential dialogue, the rhetorical arts which he had learnt in the heretical school of Erasmus of Rotterdam, heedless how he lacerates the heart of the listener by the enumeration of horrible deeds, provided he may deliver a fine speech. I will pass over in silence all that you have said, my lord, respecting myself ; but I cannot conceal my astonishment at what you have said of the Queen, to whose favour you owe the episcopal mitre, in spite of a strong suspicion of heresy against you, for it is very generally said that the door by which you entered the church was not exactly a canonical one." "You try in vain to smother the voice of a friend by harsh words," answered Zebrzydowski with suppressed pique ; "I am convinced that I best prove my attachment to your family, and the gratitude I owe to the Queen, by endeavouring to prevent an alliance which must end in the destruction of one of the parties, unless indeed a third person should be fixed upon as the expiatory victim." "You have

conceived very unfavourable ideas of our sex since we met, my lord bishop," said the Princess of Mazovia after a pause. "Much of what you say,—alas! all—may be true. A long solitude, however, and years of submission, can soften the most stubborn heart. The past is irrevocably gone; and as its retrospect grows more dim, new hopes spring up." "I understand you," exclaimed the Bishop with great emotion; "a phantom has been presented to your mind, and you are grasping at it with a fatal ardour. Open your eyes, I beseech you; it is but a shadow which Bona offers you in compensation for all the real good she has deprived you of. Permit me, most gracious lady, to lay aside all restraint, and in speaking the truth to prove my devotion to yourself and your noble house. I know the bait by which you have been allured from the banks of the Dniester. Trust not to it. She whom they desire to remove at any price is more strongly established than you are aware of. I was present at a synod secretly assembled last night at the house of Samuel Maciejowski, Bishop of Cracow. You may easily guess the subject of debate. The different collections of canon laws, the writings of the fathers of the church, the decrees of the general councils, were consulted. All this led to much discussion; and, upon the exa-

mination of every fresh opinion, the defenders of Barbara's rights gained new ground. The primate alone was still opposing them, more however as a statesman than a priest, when the Bishop of Cracow arose, and read the apology of the priest who had performed the marriage ceremony at Vilna, himself adding a short but conclusive speech, which no one was able to answer. I left the assembly convinced, as indeed I had formerly been, that all the opposition I had made at Warsaw to the King's marriage as a senator, I must lay aside as a priest of the Roman church. Consequently, Barbara's fate depends on the King; and can you suppose that a haughty mind like his will abandon the object of his tender love to quiet the murmurs of his subjects?" "You are ingenious, my lord, in opposing imaginary projects," said the Princess, with assumed indifference; "but you must allow that it is very natural for a Piastian princess to appear at the Court of Poland." "I see, lady, that my zeal for your interests has deprived me of your confidence; but I entreat you to hear me a little longer. If even anything so incredible should happen as Barbara's being torn from the arms of her doating husband, and that she should be precipitated from the throne to a cloister, or a still darker abode, even that would not avail you. The place

which Barbara occupies is not destined for your daughter. No; her successor dwells beyond the Alps. Therefore, desist from an enterprise which threatens with utter ruin the tottering fortunes of your house, and which can bring no other fruit than the bitter one of disappointment." "Enough, lord bishop!" interrupted the princess: "the useless waste of argument by which the Bishop of Cracow has probably succeeded in intimidating low-minded priests, so bewildered with the contradictory nonsense of mouldering scrolls that they forget their duty, and betray the interests of their country, which they are bound to protect, can have no effect on me. Forget our conversation; or if you do recollect it, remember that it was yourself who assigned the reasons for my arrival, which you have been pleased to discuss so pathetically." "Beware," replied the Bishop, undismayed by the harsh rebuke of the Princess, "beware of provoking the anger of the young monarch by entering into a league against the object of his fondest affection. The thunderbolt will pass over his mother's head, protected by a crown and by filial duty; but it will strike you, and utterly destroy your house. Confide rather in the generosity of his heart, and believe me that you will find him ready to wipe away the guilt of his father, and to restore the fortunes of your

illustrious house." "Enough, enough, I tell you again!" exclaimed the Princess, rising from her seat: "I do not desire to be told what I am to fear; and you little know me, if you imagine that I will humbly sue from the son of the usurper a mean compensation for that highest of earthly boons, which his ancestors have ravished from my family." The Bishop arose from his chair, and retired to a window, where he remained standing, his arms folded on his breast, and his countenance expressing how more than hopeless he thought the plan which the Princess of Mazovia was determined to prosecute; and as he looked upon her who was still so dear to him from early recollections, he felt how gladly he would save her from ruin, if she would accept his guidance.

At this moment a servant entered the apartment, and said, with a low obeisance, "His Grace the Grand Marshal of the Crown Palatine of Cracow desires to attend the most serene lady." "He is welcome," answered the Princess, casting a triumphant look on the Bishop. Kmita entered immediately after; and, the usual salutations being over, he turned to Zebrzydowski, and said, "I am glad to find you here, most reverend lord. Her Majesty the Queen has inquired for you several times. I am happy in having such agreeable tid-



ings to communicate to you." The Bishop then approached the Princess to take leave of her; and she said in a low voice, "If your business with the Queen is of a similar nature to that you have had with me, I wish you equal success." Zebrzydowski bowed silently, and left the room.

When the Bishop was gone, the Palatine of Cracow approached the Princess of Mazovia, and said, with studied courtesy, "Her Majesty the Queen has sent me to inquire for Your Grace's health, and to know if she may depend on having the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow at Court?" "I feel obliged to Her Majesty for her gracious inquiries, and I will not fail to appear at Court as soon as the Queen shall be pleased to decide in what manner the daughter of Conrad duke of Mazovia is to be received at the royal palace." "I am astonished," replied the Palatine, "that the Bishop has not informed you of the arrangement. I was present when he received the command to do so. However, I am obliged to him for having left me the agreeable task of acquainting you with Her Majesty's dispositions, which I have no doubt will entirely satisfy you. The Queen's pleasure is, that you should be received on an equal footing with your cousins, the dukes of Ratibor and Liegnitz, who are shortly expected at Cracow. Her Majesty considers you

and the young Lady Helena, not as the widow and daughter of Leon Odrowonz, but as princesses of the ducal house of Mazovia." "You may report to Her Majesty that I am perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, and that I am ready to present myself with my daughter at her Court." "The Court would be sorry to be longer deprived of your presence, most serene lady," replied Kmita; "it has long wished to see you and your daughter in your proper places." "My daughter," said the Princess, "is but an artless girl, brought up in all the simplicity of country life. The Court will produce, no doubt, a great change upon her; though whether that change may be for the better, I know not." "Do you know, lady," asked Kmita, anxious to bring their conversation to a more confidential nature, "that Barbara Radziwill, the consort of the King, has arrived here within the last hour?" "Will she hold a Court at Cracow?" said the Princess in a tone of indifference: "and shall I enjoy in her apartments the same rights that are promised to me by the Queen Bona?" "You ask more than I am able to answer, lady. 'T is true, the King this morning announced her expected arrival, and therefore it is probable that many persons will be induced to appear in her apartments. The Queen-mother will certainly not be there; but

if you do not wish to follow her example, you will be sure of a kind reception, for I am also commissioned by the King to salute his princely cousin upon her arrival in his capital." "Do you not think, my lord Palatine, that the Queen will take it unkind of me if I go to a place which she will not sanction by her presence?" "Where the King is, there is also the Court," answered Kmita gaily; "and so long as it pleases the King to hold his Court in the apartments of Barbara Radziwill, neither the Queen Bona, nor any other person, can blame your appearing there. Her Majesty is also too just to deprive you, and particularly your daughter, of the amusements that are to be found in the eastern part of the castle, and which will better suit the age of Lady Helena than the serious conversation in the apartments of the widow Queen. I see no reason why you should not both enjoy this mummerly while it lasts." "What you are pleased to call mummerly is a serious game, my lord, and much more serious than I had supposed, according to letters I have received at Kaminiec Podolski; and though I am entirely of your opinion, that many faces are now masked, the question is how they will appear on the day of trial." "What mean you by this, my gracious lady? Have not our interests long since been the same? Is it possible that the

high mind of Anna of Mazovia can be perverted by the whispers of envy and falsehood?" "I will be candid, my lord, and confess that I have found the real state of things very different from what I was given to understand. I was told, that though the King did not positively repent of the marriage he had contracted in opposition to the laws of the country and the wishes of his family, he had yet taken into consideration the mischievous consequences it might produce, more especially since the loudly expressed displeasure of the Diet assembled at Warsaw." "And who says that it is not so?" interrupted the Palatine quickly. "Who can deny that the senators, and principally the Palatines of Sieradz, Sandomierz, and Posnania have declared, in the most solemn manner, that the marriage of a king of Poland, concluded without the assent of the orders of the state, is not valid? Who dare deny that the equestrian order had commissioned the Marshal Sierakowski, Lupa Podlowski, and Peter Boratynski, so well known to you, to remind the King of the *pacta conventa* which he swore to maintain at his coronation? Is it not known that the higher clergy, headed by the Primate, and by Andreas Zebrzydowski himself,—mark it well,—by Andreas Zebrzydowski in his own person, manifested their disapprobation of

this conjugal alliance?" "Will you be so kind, my lord Palatine, as to listen to me without interruption?" replied the Princess; "and do not oppose to what I am about to say events which are as well known to me as they are unimportant. It was further written to me, that the Roman See was not disinclined to comply with the representations of the Polish priesthood, respecting the propriety of dissolving the King's marriage; that Sigismund Augustus was so averse to an alliance with a foreign princess, that it was chiefly to avoid such a union that he married so soon after the death of his first wife; and that he would more easily submit to what indeed he could not avoid, if Barbara could be replaced by a princess of the lineage of Piast. Tell me, my lord Palatine, was not all this told me in letters, the contents of which cannot be quite unknown to you?" "If even the contents of the letters you allude to were known to me," said Kmita, with some irritation, "I cannot be considered answerable for the fulfilment of the schemes and plans they may have held out to you, and which, after all, were nothing more than the private hopes and opinions of the writers. My situation in the Crown office effectually prevented me from performing the duties of a privy secretary to the Queen, or being in any way the medium of

communication between her and her friends ; but what reason have you now to doubt the truth of their contents ? And how can you, after so short a stay at Cracow, know more of the present state of things, than those who have been long engaged in observing, and perhaps in directing, the intrigues of the Court ? In what respect do you think, my gracious lady, you have been deceived ?” “ Oh, in a mere trifle,” answered the Princess with derision. “ During my journey hither, and since my arrival in the capital, I have heard of nothing but the dove-like tenderness of the young couple to each other. I have also heard of the King’s haughty answer to the highly praised representation of the senate and of the equestrian order. The report I have received of the Pope’s opinion is quite the reverse of what you have been pleased to give me. His Holiness has a great dislike to grant a divorce, which might hereafter furnish the heretics with new arguments against his authority ; and the clergy of the kingdom, far from making representations to the Roman See, think rather that the canonical impediments which oppose the dissolution of this marriage are insurmountable. That is all, my lord, that I have heard about this business, which I have no reason to disbelieve. You may yourself judge how much all this agrees with the contents of the above-

mentioned letters. A hasty perusal of them would not be derogatory to the dignity of your high office.” “I can easily guess from whom you have received this information, and he has given his own colouring to all that he has communicated to you ; but he knows but little of human nature. You can bear the truth ; and to you, in whose noble mind vanity and selfishness can find no harbour,—to you I will recall how transient is the power of beauty,—how different is the husband of two short years from the doubting and importunate lover. Lady, depend on me, we have good reasons for supposing Sigismund Augustus no exception to this general rule. The stedfast opposition which he displayed at the Diet of Warsaw is more to be ascribed to his natural pride, than to the violence of that feeling which is usually called love. As to the Apostolical See, we need not fear it. You must, lady, be aware of the relations between the Queen Bona and the Courts of Vienna and Madrid, and of which Her Majesty very well knows how to avail herself. We are both, princely lady, good Roman Catholics ; still we must confess that certain hints, given in proper time by these Courts, have often induced the Roman *Curia* to pronounce decrees not strictly conformable to the canon law.” “Oh, I have not the least doubt of the wavering infallibility of the

holy father," answered Anna of Mazovia with scorn; "I doubt still less Her Majesty's zealous exertions; and least of all the ready aid she will find at the Courts of Madrid and Vienna,—an aid which, as some experienced persons maintain, is not quite disinterested. Do you think, my lord," added she with an impressive voice, and fixing on the Palatine a searching look, "I have not heard the name of Catherine of Austria, the widowed Duchess of Mantua?" "Catherine!" exclaimed Kmita with well-feigned astonishment, "the daughter of the Roman king, Ferdinand! the sister of the late Queen! Know you not that this highly accomplished lady is very unprepossessing in her appearance, and in a bad state of health? I know of nothing," added he laughing, "that would tend more to strengthen the attachment of Sigismund Augustus to Barbara than the prospect of such a change. But, my gracious lady, when you bring forward so many difficulties, permit me to ask you if there be none on your own, or at least on your daughter's side, to the success of our scheme? I have heard of an attachment between her and the younger Boratynski; indeed, some people talk of an engagement between them!" "My daughter has Piastian blood in her veins, and she well knows what is due to her princely de-



scent; if she should forget it, her mother, by one word,—yes, by one look, can remind her of her duty.” “Should such remembrance be necessary,” said the Palatine, “time it well, and be not too harsh. Peter Boratynski, the eldest brother of the young man, is held in high consideration by the King, and is very popular throughout the country. It is probable that he will be Marshal of the next Diet, which is to decide the fate of Barbara. He has adhered, from a sense of duty, to the same party that we have embraced from considerations of policy:—but it is useless to expatiate on this subject with you.” “Spare yourself all trouble, my lord Palatine,” said the lady with a contemptuous smile; “I require no advice as to how I am to conduct myself. I am mistress in my own house and of my own children, which is, I believe, more than the Queen can boast of; and do you take care, on your side, that I find things to be just as you have described them. I believe you now,” added she in a louder voice, perceiving an expression of satisfaction beaming on the countenance of the hoary statesman, “I believe what you have now just told me; but let the time come that I find you have deceived me, then be assured you shall not escape my vengeance. For the present, I beg you will announce to Her Majesty my intention

of waiting upon her tomorrow.”—“Go, go!” said she to herself, when Kmita had left the room: “it is well for you and for the Queen if you have acted honestly for the first time in your lives. But should it prove otherwise,” continued she with increasing agitation,—“should this scheme be planned with a view to add to the unutterable wrongs I have already suffered,—if, scorned by the usurper’s race, I am compelled to take refuge in my former solitude, a banished and insulted exile,—Bona, Bona! should that hour ever arrive, thou wouldst gladly give up all thy hoarded treasures that thou hadst not awakened the sleeping lioness!”—“What a painful situation for a statesman to be placed in!” soliloquised the Palatine of Cracow on his return home from the Princess of Mazovia. “Who can satisfy the unreasonable demands of two angry women, either of whom is sufficient to upset a hemisphere, or to mar the wisdom of all the senators in the world? It was contrary to my advice that this violent spirit was invited to the Court, and I can scarcely be angry with Zebrzydowski for trying to frighten this fury back to her den; but this Italian, to whom a simple intrigue is not sufficient, would have it so. I am afraid that all the powers we stand in need of to oppose our enemies we shall be obliged to employ in managing this dangerous friend; and

then, when the moment comes that all her suspicions must be realized—Oh! why do I involve myself with these hellish furies?” added he, with a sigh; “why do I disgrace my silvery head by mingling in base intrigues, when, by pursuing the fair and honourable path, I could avoid this humiliation, and remain what I am—the first among the nobles of my country?” At this moment his eyes caught the palace of Christopher, the dwelling of the Count of Tarnow. “The first among the nobles of Poland! Aye, that is precisely the spur which goads me to all these unhallowed intrigues. Forward, forward! lest this Mauritano-Spanish adventurer should suppose that the old Kmita is afraid of him.”

## CHAPTER VII.

“ Vain human kind! fantastic race!  
Thy various follies who can trace?  
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,  
Their empire in our hearts divide.”—SWIFT.

AFTER our young hero, Hippolyte Boratynski, had received the lady Hornostay's unpleasant adieu, he repaired to the inn which the old Lacki had mentioned to him. Tired with his nocturnal ride, and vexed at having been exposed to the raillery of the Court ladies, he stretched himself on a couch; but the painful feeling to a very young mind of having been laughed at when he was particularly desirous of acquitting himself well, entirely prevented him from closing his eyes. He had been some time musing on the events of the last four-and-twenty hours, when the little Stanislaw entered the room.

“ Aha! here you are, my dear Hippolyte!” exclaimed the boy; “ I have been very impatient to see you, and to know all that has happened to you since we parted yesterday. But you are a great man now, and a lord of the Court, and I suppose will not take notice of the little Stanis-

law; yet wait a little, and then, my father says, I shall also be a courtier, as my cousin Barbara is become a queen. But pray tell me all the particulars of your attendance upon Her Majesty." "When you hear all the details, my little cousin," answered Hippolyte, "you will not be so anxious to become a courtier. I have neither eaten nor slept since my appointment to attend upon Her Majesty, and, moreover, I have been ridiculed and derided." "Ridiculed and derided!" exclaimed the little Stanislaw furiously; "and you put up with it? I should have known how to act if any one had dared to treat me so." "Peace, my little hero! it was a lady who thus treated me,—the lady Hornostay." "Oh, that ugly old lady!" cried the boy; "I know her well, having met her at Pinsk; but," continued he archly, "I have seen somebody not quite so ugly as your old lady. Guess who it was. I have been with the old Bielawski to hear the matins, and in the church I saw the lady of Podolia with her daughter, accompanied by a large retinue. Bielawski tells me that they are here called the Princesses of Mazovia." At this moment Peter Boratynski entered the room. "Good morning, my brother!" he said; "I wanted very much to see you. Go, my little Stanislaw, and tell the

Starost of Pinsk, it is time for the morning repast. We have both too much business to allow of any unnecessary delay."

When the boy was gone to fetch his father, Peter Boratynski said to his brother, "I come now from the Grand General Tarnowski, who told me that the King, having received from his consort a favourable report of your attendance on her, has graciously offered you a place in his household. The Court of Sigismund Augustus is a very proper place for a young nobleman to see something of the world, and to improve himself for whatever may be his future destination; therefore I would advise you to accept the offer. The fortune which our ancestors have left us enables you to maintain an expenditure suitable to your birth; and if your own means should sometimes prove insufficient, you may always depend on your brother, who has more than he wants, through the starosties granted to him by the late king. I also, for my own sake, wish to see you near the monarch. I told you at Ivanovice that I shall in all probability be charged with a most painful duty, and that I shall be obliged to act against the dictates of my heart in attacking a feeling that ought to be sacred to every one. A long and obstinate struggle must ensue; Sigismund will prove himself of

true Lithuanian descent, though of the result I can form no idea. But it is very possible that the strict fulfilment of my duty, which is to maintain the fundamental laws of the realm and the rights of the equestrian order, will be construed by the King into a rebellious spirit and a desire to encroach upon his prerogative. Then you must defend the honour of your brother, whose dearest wish on earth is to promote the welfare of the republic and the splendour of the crown. O my brother!" continued he with a sigh, "it is an unhallowed duty to require from others what we ourselves ought not to consent to. However, if I should be elected by the unanimous voice of my brothers, I have but one line of conduct to pursue; I must neither shrink from their confidence nor betray it. You must be well aware that a Pole's first duty is obedience to the laws of his country; his second, a faithful adherence to his king. I hope the honest, upright path I shall follow will bring to nought the mischief that is hanging over the country, which the ambitious machinations of another would still increase. I will neither prescribe rules for your conduct, nor bias your judgement. Always follow the dictates of your conscience, and never let the interest of your brother tempt you to swerve from what you

know to be right." The entrance of the old Lacki and his son terminated the conversation between the brothers.

"You have allowed me no sleep, my worthy lord," said the sturdy old man; "do you think that the aged hermit, who mounted guard for Prince Constantine of Ostrog and for the King Alexander, God bless his soul! is still as strong and active as yourself, my dear Starost of Samborz, and our young Castellanic?"<sup>(1)</sup> "The Grand General Tarnowski has charged me to tell you that he awaits you, and will be very glad to talk over old times with the friend of his youth," answered Peter Boratynski. "Did he say so?" exclaimed Lacki with joy; "I consider it a great honour that he remembers the time when we tilted together at the Court of Constantine, prince of Ostrog. He was much the youngest; but he always gave me a great deal of trouble, for he was a very bold young fellow. He has since become a great man, and deserves the high reputation he has obtained. I am sure he will feel pleasure in seeing one whom he has so much befriended. To him I owe my restoration to my native land, and the prospect of ending my days in my own country. Through his kind offices my boy may appear among the nobles of Lithuania without



shame;—but let us take our repast, and I will hasten to the lord of Tarnow.”

In one of the far distant apartments of the royal castle at Cracow sat Leonardo Monti, close to a large fire. He also had made a hurried journey from the little inn of Ivanovice, and he was now endeavouring to do away the ill effects of fatigue by indulging in rest and refreshment. His morning repast consisted of Montepulciano wine and dry preserved fruits, for which the town of Kiow is much celebrated. The large fire, close to which he sat, was very congenial to the feelings of one who had been exposed during many hours to the frosty night air. An old man stood near him, and partook of his repast with more familiarity than was usually allowed between a master and a dependent. This old man was the same Assano who had entered the inn with the physician and Bartolomæus Sabinus, archdeacon of Cracow. “Assano,” said the doctor, in Italian, “except that it is so profitable to serve the Queen, these continual journeys over snow and unbeaten tracts would long since have driven me back to Palermo.” “You must accustom yourself to the climate,” answered the old man; “you have plenty of fine furs; and when you do return home, you will enjoy your own country much more than if you had never left it.”

“The service of Her Majesty is become very fatiguing since the death of the King,” said Monti; “there is now no respite from these journeys; formerly it was not so. I thought we should have good times upon the death of the King; but it is quite the reverse, and we are more tormented than ever.”

“The Queen pays well,” replied the servant, “and that is the main point. You say that formerly it was much better, as if you could know anything of former times.”

“But you must know something about them, Assano?” said Monti with an expression of great curiosity; “you have been a long time in this country, and yet you have never told me anything about them.”

“Nobody can accuse me of being a prattler; indeed, if I were, I should not be fit for your service,” replied the old man in a hollow voice, and fixing his gloomy eyes on the ground: “when once a deed is done I see no use in speaking of it, and I forget it directly. I think it is much better for you that I can so easily forget all that I have seen or heard in your learned company. If I am asked questions, I cannot tell what I do not know.”

“That is quite another thing,” answered the physician, stretching himself in his chair; “you could not be so imprudent as to talk of state mysteries: you know very well that the mouth that betrayed such

secrets would be soon closed for ever. But when you first came to this country, the people were simple and rude; the science and refinement which have been derived from the courts and colleges of Italy were not then understood. Each person redressed his own wrongs by cut and thrust, which every trooper understands how to manage, and which nobody would keep secret." "Cut and thrust!" answered the hoary servant, passing his trembling fingers over his scar; "to be sure, there was plenty of that; but there were also other things: philters, love-draughts, &c." "Love-draughts!" said Monti, laughing; "nonsense,—tales of old women." "When I say love-draughts," continued Assano, fixing his piercing eyes upon his master, "you should understand me. Do you really think that all the balsam of St. Nicholas is contained in the bottle out of which you were yesterday on the point of helping yourself and the honest Bartolomæus Sabinus?" "Don't speak of it," replied Monti with a shudder, and putting back by an involuntary movement the cup he held in his hand; then continuing with a smile, "My German colleague was in danger of making acquaintance with a mixture which certainly is not to be found among his prescriptions; but Heaven protected us in the dangerous moment." "How

well that word sounds in the mouth of my learned master!" said the old man with a malicious grin. "If you will not say that Assano warned you, why do you not ascribe your preservation to the miraculous interposition of the little image which the legate of the Pope gave you to preserve you from every kind of danger?" "When we are alone, Assano, you may say what you like; but it would be advisable to pay more respect to appearances. I never see you at church, and you often make extraordinary observations on religious matters, which you had better avoid; you attract an unnecessary degree of attention on us both." "Do you really think so, my orthodox and pious doctor?" said the old man with a strange smile; "I think as Her Majesty the Queen and the most reverend legate of the Pope have not blamed me, you may well grant a little indulgence to an old servant. But I confess I have a higher opinion on certain points that you have alluded to than you are aware of; and my former master understood the subject well." "I know what you mean, Assano; I have passed through the school of superstition, and I am well acquainted with all the follies which spread a veil over true knowledge, substituting false names for real principles." "The name is often not the best part of a trade,"

grumbled Assano, "as you probably know much better than myself." "And what was the name of your ancient master, who was obliged to assist his imperfect knowledge by the aid of pretended witchcraft?" "The name of my present master," answered the servant, retiring back a step, "is Leonardo Monti, whose science requires no aid." "You are right, my hoary mysteriarch," said the doctor, "and I must confess that the Queen, when she recommended you to my service, did not make a bad choice. I dare say Her Majesty had known you long, and that she has had many proofs of your excellent qualities, of which secrecy is not the least precious." "It is of little consequence how long I have known the Queen. Her Majesty has plenty of money, and that is all that you want to know, with all your orthodox Christian learning, and I with my—; but what signifies talking? you may depend upon it, when the Queen chooses she will tell you all that is necessary about her concerns."

At this moment they heard the noise of heavy steps; the door opened, and the clumsy figure of Waclaw Siewrak ushered itself into the room. "Good morning to you sir doctor, and to you sir Assano," said the scrivener with a stiff salutation. The physician looked on Waclaw with an

air of uncertainty, and exchanged a few words in Italian with Assano. "I come," said Siewrak with some embarrassment, "to ask if you have delivered to Her Majesty the letter which you took from me yesterday?" "Of course," answered Monti with anger; "and what induces you to intrude upon me with such unbecoming rudeness?" "I beg your pardon," replied the scrivener, turning his bonnet on his thumb, "it was exceedingly dark in the public room of the inn, and——". "And you have drunk too much," interrupted Monti with great impatience. "Drunk!" said Waclaw with a drawling tone and an expression of astonishment; "I swear by St. Stanislaw that I drank nothing yesterday except some glasses of mead and a pint of Hungary wine, and today I have not had a drop in my mouth, whilst your worship is indulging yourself with the bottle. But I come to tell you what has happened to me: about an hour after you had left the inn of Ivanovice, I was lying on a bench near the stove, lost in meditation, when I heard a stir near the chimney; I rose, and saw a man wrapped in a cloak, who told me that he was in the service of the Queen. You see, sir doctor, it is very hard for a faithful servant to be deprived of his well-earned messenger's fee, which will be my case by your taking the letter that was entrusted

to me. I thought that you had made a mistake, and that Her Majesty had taken the road by Ivanovice, and not by Slomniki, as you told me; so I explained my business to him." "What have you done, wretch?" cried Monti in the greatest rage; "you have entrusted to a servant of Barbara what was intended for the Queen Bona. It was not Her Majesty, but that pseudo Queen, who spent the night at Ivanovice!" "It is precisely as you say," said Siewrak with the greatest coolness; "it was the young Boratynski; I have just found it out, and I recognised him by his voice, for it was too dark in the inn of Ivanovice to see his features. I am blessed with a very good ear, for the benefit of my master's service, and when I heard him speaking to his uncle, the old Lithuanian, Lacki, I guessed that he was the very man." "Whom did you name?" asked Assano with a hollow, trembling voice; "did you not say that the Starost of Pinsk, John Lacki, is at Cracow?" "To be sure I did," answered the scrivener; "his servants called him so when I inquired who he was, and I see no reason why you should look on me in so strange a manner, my worshipful sir Assano." The old man grew pale, turned away, and leaning his head on his hand, abandoned himself to his thoughts. "I thought it was neces-

sary to tell you all these particulars, sir doctor," continued Siewrak; "if this business had happened with one of my equals, I should myself have called him to account for his impertinent curiosity, but as he is not, you had better arrange it all; but he knows no more of the contents of the letter than I do, and that is very little." "Go, go," said Monti with impatience, "I will not betray you this time to your master, in consideration of your having immediately told me of your imprudence; but I warn you to be more careful in future, and to drink less." "I thank you," said Waclaw with an air of satisfaction at the promise of the doctor that he would not expose him, "and I must now take my leave; I have, as you perhaps know, a great deal of business with the students."

"How fortunate that this blockhead could not betray us," thought Monti; "he knows nothing; I must, however, report this accident to Her Majesty, that she may keep a watchful eye on the young Boratynski." Then turning to his servant, he called "Assano!" "Here I am," answered the old man in a sepulchral voice, his gloomy eyes still fixed on the ground. "Go to Tarnowski, and deliver to him the Queen's message; give attention to his countenance, but do not tarry long.



## CHAPTER VIII.

“ Proud was his tone, but calm ; his eye  
Had that compelling dignity,  
His mien that bearing haught and high,  
Which common spirits fear.”—SIR W. SCOTT.

THE events of our story lead us now to the palace of Christopher, so called from a gigantic statue of this saint which formerly stood at its entrance. It belonged then to the family of Tarnowski (<sup>1</sup>), and was inhabited by John Tarnowski, count of Tarnow, castellan of Cracow, and grand general of the Crown. The count was pacing up and down a large apartment, meditating upon a conversation he had just had with the bishops of Cracow and Cujavia. He stopped occasionally, and, looking upon the many papers which covered the table, said to himself, “ I will most assuredly do my best to bring these matters to an amicable issue :” then, after a few minutes of deep reflection, he continued : “ but the difficulties are very great ! Will Boratynski, indeed, yield to the influence of the church, as the pious Maciejowski expects, of which the more cautious Zebrzydowski is doubtful ?

and is it becoming my character to try to influence the independent votes of the equestrian order?" At this moment the noble in waiting, our former acquaintance, Valenty Bielawski, entered the room, and announced the Starost of Pinsk.

"Welcome, my old friend," said Tarnowski, giving him his hand, "welcome to Cracow, lord Lacki; I am very happy to see you. How are you, and when did you arrive in the capital?" "Can you suppose," answered the Lithuanian, "that I could be so forgetful of all I owe to you as to remain a moment at Cracow without presenting myself at your house, my lord Castellan? I arrived yesterday evening very late, and even without your kind invitation I should have come to request the continuance of your favour to myself and to my son, whom I shall take an early opportunity of introducing to your notice. His mother was Theophania Boratynska, aunt to the Starost of Samborz, whom I married in Hungary." "You contracted a very honourable alliance, my lord of Pinsk," said Tarnowski; "I have the greatest regard for your nephew, and I consider him as one of my best friends." "Your commendation is highly honourable to the Starost of Samborz, who is indeed a very worthy man, in spite of some odd opinions which I suppose he con-

tracted during his long travels in the west, Spain; Rome, &c.," replied Lacki. "I beg your pardon," continued he, perceiving the smile which Tarnowski was unable to suppress; "I know that you also have travelled a great deal, and traversed the world over and over again; but it is much longer since you visited these parts, and I believe it was not formerly as it is now in foreign countries, where there is nothing talked of but innovation and subtleties, as I am told by the pleban (<sup>s</sup>) of Pinsk, with whom I hold frequent communion, though I am a follower of the Oriental church, and he is a Roman Catholic priest." "Believe me, my dear Starost," said Tarnowski, inviting his guest to take a seat, "your nephew has lost nothing by his sojourn in foreign countries: he has rather improved his talents for the service of his own country, and to the great joy of his family and friends." "Yes, indeed, my lord of Cracow, the family of Lacki has no reason to be ashamed of its relations, though it has lost so much of its ancient splendour—and, alas! by my fault." "I think you are nearly related to the king's consort?" said Tarnowski. "My father was first cousin to Lady Theodora Radziwill, the Queen's grandmother," answered Lacki with an air of importance. "Then it is probably to her arrival

that I owe the pleasure of seeing once more the long-absent friend of my youth?" "Yes, I must confess that was one of the principal motives for my journey hither. I thought I could not have a better opportunity for advancing the future prospects of my boy Stanislaw, and therefore I left my solitude in order to recommend him to the patronage of his royal relative, as well as to yours, my lord of Cracow, to whom I already owe so much. I have been thinking that perhaps the King will not be disinclined to grant me the place of the chief warden of the demesnes and castles which he has bestowed on his consort in Lithuania. It is not for myself that I am anxious to obtain this place; I am old, and have enough for the rest of my days; but it is for the advantage of my son, who, I hope, will become a good citizen, and make up for the faults of his father. If you would favour me with your interest, I have no doubt I should succeed in my wish. It is not a Crown office; and a relation of the Queen has more right to it than another." "My dear Starost," said Tarnowski, much embarrassed by this unexpected appeal, "you have no idea how painfully you have affected the heart of a friend, from whom you naturally expected cooperation in your plans, instead of which I am obliged to refuse your first

request at the very moment of meeting after so long a separation." "No, indeed, I did not expect a refusal," replied Lacki, rising from his seat in visible anger and vexation; "and I beg your pardon for having trusted too much to our ancient fellowship." As he finished these last words, Assano entered the room to deliver a message to Tarnowski from the Queen; but catching sight of Lacki, his countenance assumed an expression of horror and amazement. This lasted but a moment; he quickly recovered his self-possession, and approaching the Count of Tarnow with a deep obeisance, said, "Her Majesty the Queen has charged me, one of her humblest servants, to present her compliments to Your Grace, and to let you know that His Majesty the King is gone to the castle of Lobzow (<sup>s</sup>), and will not return till the afternoon; and that the conference to which Their Majesties had invited Your Grace, is postponed until the evening, when there will be a musical entertainment in the apartments of the Queen, which His Majesty has promised to honour with his royal presence." "You may report to the Queen, that I will have the honour of waiting on Her Majesty," said Tarnowski, in that tone of voice which is used to dispatch an unwelcome messenger. Assano bowed in a submissive manner to

Tarnowski, and casting a long look on Lacki, who had never taken his eyes off him, left the room. Tarnowski saw with surprise an expression of horror on his friend's countenance, and said, "My dear Starost, what is the matter with you? You have looked with as much amazement at that old man, as if he had been a ghost."

These words increased the agitation of Lacki, who remained silent, his eyes fixed on the ground, and grasping his karabella (<sup>4</sup>) with both hands. Tarnowski receiving no answer, continued with a smile, "It is true old Assano has not the most pleasing appearance, but I cannot conceive why you are so startled at his aspect. You could not be more so if you had seen a snake, or the moon-calf of Brankow (<sup>5</sup>), which made so much noise some years ago." "Your words have more meaning than you imagine, my lord of Cracow; but I beg Your Grace's pardon for my vagaries; your time is too precious to be spent in listening to the reveries of an old exile." "My dear Starost," replied Tarnowski, "you have greatly excited my curiosity; you seem to have a very bad opinion of this old man. I should like to know where you had met him before; and as your knowledge of him has not left a favourable impression on your mind, you will not be surprised to hear that he

does not bear a very good character with us, nor in truth does his patron, Doctor Monti, or any of the Italians brought here by the Queen Bona."

"Do you call him an Italian, my lord of Cracow? Assano is certainly an Italian name, but it forcibly reminds me of the name of Hassan." "You jest, my dear Starost," said Tarnowski with surprise: "would you indeed turn this Christian-catholic Neapolitan, protégé of the Cardinal Legate, and even, I suppose, servant of the Inquisition, which His Eminence would gladly establish in Poland,—would you, I say, turn him into a Mahometan?"

"I have long forgotten how to jest; but perhaps I dream; and as I before said, your time is too precious to be wasted on my reveries; therefore permit me, my lord, to take my leave." "You are angry, my old friend," said Tarnowski, seizing the hand with which the fretful old Lithuanian had taken his cap, "and you are going to part with me thus! 'T is easily seen that you are of Lithuanian blood; you no sooner see the interest you have awakened, than you would turn it to your advantage, and cause me to quarrel with the lords of the council; for you must know, my good friend, it will be necessary to decide in the first place who is Queen, before the warden of her demesnes can be appointed. I hope we shall finally succeed in our wishes, but at present we only

know Barbara Radziwill. When the time comes that my services can be of use to you, you may depend upon John Tarnowski's having as much pleasure in serving you now as he ever had in our early friendship." "For God's sake, my gracious lord of Cracow!" exclaimed Lacki, affectionately pressing the hand of Tarnowski, "forgive me for having for one moment forgotten to whom I was speaking. Nobody, indeed, has ever repented having relied on John Tarnowski, and no one knows it better than I do. I would gladly serve you in any way, and you shall know all that I can tell you of this hellish fiend whom I have so unexpectedly met here. In giving you this information I shall rend asunder many a wound that is scarce yet closed; but it may be useful, for it is necessary that you should be upon your guard whilst this monster is abroad." "Very likely," replied Tarnowski; "and I assure you it is not mere curiosity which induces me to require this sacrifice from you. But," added he, giving a signal with a silver whistle, which was commonly used in former times instead of our modern bells, "a sacrifice cannot be without a libation. You must try my tokay, which is certainly genuine, as it was a present from my guest, the late king of Hungary, the unfortunate John of Zapolya.



## CHAPTER IX.

“ Wine cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires  
The young, makes weariness forget his toil,  
And fear her danger : opens a new world  
When this, the present, falls.”—BYRON.

THE whistle was answered by the appearance of the cup-bearer and two pages of the Count of Tarnow. One of them bore on a massive salver two large flagons of silver filled with the finest tokay; the other carried on a similar standish two golden cups and two plates of the same metal, one filled with cut radishes, and the other with almonds. The cup-bearer embraced the knees of his master, then putting some wine into one of the cups, tasted it, and having wiped the cup with a napkin, again performed the same kind of obeisance he had made upon approaching his master, and retired with his companions. “ Your health, my worthy lord of Pinsk !” said Tarnowski ; “ the health of your illustrious cousin, and of all the lords and knights of Lithuania !” “ I accept the toast in the name of my countrymen,” replied Lacki, “ and I pledge this cup to the welfare of our young king,

the senate, and the equestrian order of Poland.”

“ I wish that both nations were united, and I hope we may soon be enabled to drink to the health of Lithuanians and Poles as fellow-countrymen : it would give them more strength, and enable them better to resist their foreign and domestic enemies. Do you not agree with me, my lord of Pinsk ?”

“ Separately or in conjunction we have always been able to defeat our enemies,” answered Lacki ;

“ but as to the advantages of this boasted union, about which people talk so much now, I leave to others to decide ; and if my opinion was asked, I should probably be against it, for this reason : you lords of the Crown are too clever for us, and in your wisdom you consider us as savages and half pagans.”

“ A curious speech, indeed, for a cousin of the King of Poland’s consort !” said Tarnowski with a smile.

“ The queen Barbara is also grand duchess of Lithuania,” answered Lacki ; “ but I will say nothing more on this subject.”

“ You are right,” replied Tarnowski, “ and I am anxious to hear your story about Assano.”

The Starost of Pinsk raised his cup to his lips, drank off a long draught, and, after a few minutes of recollection, began as follows :

“ You must remember, my lord of Tarnow, that our acquaintance began in our boyish years, at the

Court of the renowned Prince Constantine of Ostrog (<sup>1</sup>), where we were both sent for the purpose of completing our military education ; but at the time that the prince was taken prisoner by the Muscovites at the battle of Wiedroja, and that your father died, we both left Ostrog : you set out on your travels over the world, and I returned to my father, who was castellan of Kiow. I remained a short time in that town, and afterwards joined the Court of the King Alexander Jagellon, at Vilna. It is now about forty-two years since I arrived at the Court, which was plunged in every kind of debauchery. I was young, and tired of the severe discipline ever kept up in the house of the prince of Ostrog ; it was no wonder, then, that I eagerly joined the revellers, and soon became one of the most profligate of the Court.

“ One morning, returning from a merry bout, which lasted all night, I met, on the great staircase of the castle, John Zabrzezinski, palatine of Troki, and grand marshal of Lithuania, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. I did not see him, or rather, to confess the truth, I saw him, but would not appear to do so, being highly excited by wine, and having besides a secret cause of anger against him. I will tell you hereafter the reason of this anger, of which I cannot even now

think without pain. I passed proudly through the middle of the retinue, without showing any token of the respect which I owed to a man of his age and rank, though I was so near as to touch him. Zabrzezinski stopped, and, turning to me, said in a tone of derision, 'Aha, my lordling of Kiow! is this the discipline and courtesy you have learned at Ostrog? Are you so ignorant of the respect due to the Grand Marshal? I advise you to return to school, and to remain there until you become acquainted with your duties.' Consider, my lord of Tarnow, that he who spoke to me was very old and of high rank; but I was blinded by wine and anger. I drew my sword; and I know not what might have happened, if the retinue of Zabrzezinski had not instantly disarmed me, and shut me up in the prison of royal Palaestra<sup>(2)</sup>. On my way thither, I heard the words, 'Infringement of the peace of the royal palace,' 'assault on the Grand Marshal,' 'his hand shall be cut off,' and many other equally pleasant prognostications. This soon brought me to my senses; and I sat a considerable time in my prison, leaning my head on my hand, and inwardly cursing the Palatine of Troki, myself, and a certain Anna Wasilowna, who was the real cause of my anger against the old lord. I was so absorbed by these unpleasant thoughts, that it was some time

before I perceived I had a companion in my distress. He began to sing in a foreign language, but still I did not speak to him. When he saw that I took no notice of him, he asked me, in a very courteous manner, the reason of my imprisonment. I knew him a little, having met him frequently at the banquets of the young nobility. He was a Saxon nobleman of the name of Shleinitz<sup>(3)</sup>, attached to the service of Prince Glinski, court-marshal of Lithuania. It was in an evil hour that we met. He was the cause of all our misfortunes; but he is dead, and may his ashes repose in peace! Though his name is linked with many a crime, he did not wish to harm me, nor was it his fault that our evil stars came in conjunction, as the pleban of Pinsk has clearly proved to me. In the end I have been the least unfortunate of the two, having finally returned to my country, while that ill-fated man perished on the scaffold at Moscow.

“A common prison soon makes people communicative; and so it came to pass that I confessed everything to this Saxon, without even excepting the cause of my anger against Zabrzezinski. He greatly approved of my conduct, equally abused the Palatine of Troki, and said this was a good opportunity to put down the pride of the old man; that I need not fear,—he was sure of being released

the next day from prison, where he was put for an insignificant youngster's trick, and that I should soon hear from him ; that it was not so easy to cut off my hand, for though the Palatine of Troki was a powerful lord, there were persons whose intercession would have as much influence with the King as Zabrzezinski's accusation.

He kept his word ; and the next day, a few hours after he had left the prison, my two cousins, George Nikolayewicz Radziwill, the father of our present Queen, and his brother, entered the room with the royal pardon, for which, they told me, I was particularly indebted to the court marshal of Lithuania, Prince Michael Lwcowicz Gliniski. I dressed myself, and went directly to the apartments which the Prince occupied in the royal castle. I do not know that you have ever seen him, my lord of Tarnow ; but he was a noble-looking being : his proud eye was that of a chieftain, his words were those of a sage. The inborn pride of a Lithuanian, and the haughty demeanour of a magnate, were softened by the courteousness of manner he had acquired by his long residence at the Court of the King of Bohemia, and his long sojourn in the camps of the Emperor Maximilian, with whom, as you well know, he was an especial favourite. To me at least his noble bearing seemed

only the consciousness of his own dignity and power. Some were, it is true, of a very different opinion ; but I and many others considered him as a perfect pattern of a warrior and a noble.”

“ You have drawn the picture of Charles de Bourbon, constable of France,” said Tarnowski. He was in many respects the counterpart of Glin-ski, and I have met him more than once during my travels ; but let us return to your story.”

## CHAPTER X.

“ On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly pressed its signet sage ;  
Yet had not quench'd the open truth,  
And fiery vehemence of youth ;  
Forward and frolic glee was there,—  
The will to do, the soul to dare,  
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
Of hasty love or headlong ire.”—SIR W. SCOTT.

“ AT that time,” continued Lacki, “ King Alexander was dangerously ill, and confined to his apartment, where none were admitted except the attendants and his favourite, Prince Michael Glin-ski. This circumstance made Prince Glin-ski of great consequence ; and it is not to be wondered at that he was universally sought after, and that every mark of respect was shown to him. When I entered the apartment, I found him surrounded by lords and knights, whose only occupation seemed to be to watch his words and motions. Had I then possessed the same experience that I have since acquired, I must have observed on many a countenance the expression of ill-concealed hatred and offended pride ; but I had eyes only for Glin-ski, and I thought all those who surrounded him were



his friends and admirers. He received every one more with an air of patronage than of courtesy; but he was particularly occupied with a little man, whose piercing eyes and pointed chin must have been taken for a Jew's, if his rich variegated dress, and his sash, embroidered with different strange devices, had not proved him to be a Greek. Upon asking his name, I found he was no other than the renowned Hernippus Theophilactus Laskaris, the flower of Thessaly, the illustrious scion of the emperors of Trebizond; in a word, the recently arrived miraculous doctor, just appointed physician to the King."

"Aha!" interrupted Tarnowski, "you certainly mean Master Balinski, the alchemist, who formerly practised his tricks in Mazovia, and came here afterwards, where he continued cheating the honest burghers of their money, until the old burgomaster Severin Bethman put an end to his juggling by confining him in prison, where he remained many years. He disappeared, however, in some unaccountable manner; perhaps with the aid of the lord and master whom he so faithfully served."

"He was the very man," answered Lacki, "to whom Glinski was speaking when I entered the hall. The Saxon Shleinitz, with some of Glinski's

noble retainers, stood near ; and behind them I saw a pair of glowing eyes, beneath a green turban, whose expression I can never forget. Those very eyes have glared on me today ; nor has an interval of forty years weakened their expression, or lessened their horror. At that time I first met the same Hassan, whom I now meet under the name of Assano, attached to the household of the Queen Bona."

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Tarnowski ; "your narration is indeed far more important than I had imagined ; but I beg you will pardon my interruption. Pray go on."

"I afterwards was informed," said Lacki, "that this man was an infidel Turk, who came to the Court with the strolling Master Lascaris, and that he had been taken into the service of Prince Gliniski." "A moment, if you please," said Tarnowski : "there is something in your story which deserves particular attention. Are you quite sure that the Hassan you saw with Prince Gliniski ; and this Assano, are one and the same ? Remember, forty years make a great difference in countenance and person."

"The eyes I have seen today are the eyes of Hassan," replied Lacki with warmth ; "and the scar which disfigures his mouth is the consequence

of a wound he received whilst performing the deed that banished Glinski for ever, and myself for a long period, from Lithuania. Believe me, my lord of Tarnow, this supposed Neapolitan is no other than the Turk Hassan: so help me the Holy Virgin and the sacred graves of Kiow (²).” “ Hassan in the retinue of Lascaris!” said Tarnowski thoughtfully: “ Assano the protégé of the Italian Monti! ’T is strange, and a dangerous coincidence.”

“ As I approached the Prince,” continued Lacki, “ he advanced some steps, and said in a lively tone, ‘ Here you are, my lordling of Kiow! I congratulate you on having escaped so soon from your birdcage, and it gives me much pleasure to assure you of the King’s pardon. Your father is a friend of mine, and therefore I am one to his son. I also consider it my duty to defend my friend against oppression and every injustice. I hope to see you often, my dear castellanitz——’ At this moment a royal chamberlain entered the room in haste, and, approaching Glinski with a deep obeisance, whispered something to him. The Prince answered him by a sign; said a few words secretly to Lascaris; and, bowing slightly to the company, entered the corridor leading to the interior apartments. From that time I became a constant attendant in the

apartments of Glinski, and grew very intimate with the Saxon Shleinitz, who worshiped his master; and I so entirely partook of his enthusiasm, that I soon became one of Glinski's most zealous adherents. I was deaf to the general voice of discontent which daily increased against the favourite. I ascribed the many accusations heaped upon him to envy, and I despised the repeated warnings of my cousins the Radziwills, who by degrees withdrew from the dangerous grandee. There was much talk at the Court about the manner in which Lascaris treated the King. The chancellor of the crown, John Laski<sup>(8)</sup>, Adalbert Tabor bishop of Vilna, the treasurer of the crown Bonar, and Zabrzezinski, were the loudest in their complaints. They asserted publicly that the new physician was but an insolent juggler, if not something worse; and that the intoxicating vapours in which he daily bathed the King, and the immoderate use of wine and other heating draughts he prescribed to him, were nothing less than murder. Nor was my patron spared in their speeches. They said that he who placed the sacred person of the monarch under the care of the ignorant quack, contrary to the advice of all the physicians, and in opposition to the general opinion of the Court, was not a whit better than the murderer

himself; and that he had probably his own reasons for acting against the wishes of all honest people. Prince Gliniski opposed to all these accusations only a contemptuous silence, and Lascaris continued to attend the King. All I know is, that the royal patient gradually got worse and worse, and the hatred of the magnates was continually increasing. The streets of Vilna were daily the scene of strife and bloodshed between the retainers and adherents of Zabrzezinski and those of Prince Gliniski. In these rencontres I gave and received many sound blows, convinced that I was fighting for the best cause in the world.

“ About this time the Tatars of Crimea made a sudden inroad into the country. The grand general of Lithuania, Stanislaw Kiszka, was too ill to take the command of the army, which was intrusted to Prince Gliniski, and the King issued orders for assembling the arrière-ban of both nations. I now observed that the apartments of my patron were constantly filled with Lithuanian nobles, that there were many conferences, and the usually calm countenance of Gliniski was often gloomy and thoughtful; but of this, and indeed of all that was passing around me, I took little notice, being taken up from morning till night in exercising the troops sent by my father from Kiow, and placed under my

command. However, the Prince's displeasure became so constant, that I at last asked Shleinitz what could be the reason of it, and when we were to march against the enemy? He answered, laughing, that I must be both deaf and blind if I did not know what was going on; that the King was not so ill as he was said to be; that he did not wish to join the army, but was anxious to retire into Poland to restore his health, entrusting the government to his brother Sigismund, duke of Silesia, during his absence. This arrangement, however, would not suit the Lithuanian nobility, and particularly Prince Glinski, who was not in favour with Duke Sigismund. He also said that the Lithuanian nobility refused to follow the *arrière-ban*, unless the King would put himself at their head, and of this they had commissioned Glinski to acquaint His Majesty. He added, that as the Prince was of the same opinion, the King would be obliged to comply with the general wish; and that my own destination was to remain at Vilna until more troops should arrive from Samogitia, and then join the army with the reinforcements.

“Three days after this conversation, I heard that the King was on the point of departing for Lida. Though it was already very late, I went to the

castle to ascertain if there was any truth in the report. I found some companies of the King's household troops arrayed in the castle yard, and the Court service busily engaged in leading the royal carriages by the light of tapers. The night was dark and stormy, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind was roaring with a dismal moan. I entered the principal vestibule of the palace, where I met a numerous train descending the broad staircase. I waited to see what all this meant, and saw the King lying on a litter, borne by six Tatars<sup>(4)</sup>. At his right side was the Muscovite Helena<sup>(5)</sup>, engaged in conversation with Prince Glinski, whose countenance expressed more strongly than ever pride and contempt. The Greek Lascaris followed them. On the left side were John Laski, chancellor of the crown; Adalbert Tabor, bishop of Vilna; Zabrzezinski, and many other lords and bishops. They descended the stairs as slowly as if it were a funeral procession they were attending. Notwithstanding Shleinitz had told me that the King was not so ill as it was generally believed, his whole appearance gave me the idea of a dying man. His pale and worn countenance looked, perhaps, more livid, from the glaring contrast to the gilt litter upon which he rested: he was carefully wrapped in large Persian shawls, and held a crucifix in his

muffled hands. When the train had descended the stairs, it stopped, and the bearers laid the litter gently on the ground. John Laski seized the hand of his sovereign, pressed it to his lips, and a tear rolled from his eye. The monarch turned his heavy head, and lifted his eyes towards the face of his faithful counsellor. He was going to speak ; but seeing Glinski's eyes fixed on him, he turned away, as if terrified by his presence. The Prince gave a sign, the Tatars resumed their burthen, and the dying monarch was carried through the raging storm, in utter helplessness to meet the savage invaders. This scene made a great impression on my mind. In the loud howling of the storm I fancied I heard the complaints of an aggrieved people, and that my good genius continually whispered in my ears that all was not right. I stood for a time absorbed in melancholy thoughts, when Glinski came back, having accompanied the King only to the exterior gate of the palace. He was surrounded by officers, to whom he was giving orders for his immediate departure to the camp. When he saw me, he gave me a sign to approach him ; and having taken me aside, said, ' My dear lord Lacki, you must remain at Vilna, and await the arrival of the contingents of Samogitia, with whom you must join the army. I have chosen you



for this service because I consider you a brave Lithuanian nobleman, as well as my particular friend, on whom I may place the most perfect reliance. Be watchful; observe all that is going on; and I have no doubt, in case of need, that the hand which Zabrzezinski would have cut off will understand how to manage the karabella for the interests of him who is your particular well-wisher.' These words, I confess to my shame, silenced the voice of my good genius. I forgot the helpless King, the pitiless storm to which he had been exposed, and the Greek physician. My anger against Zabrzezinski was rekindled. I pledged my word to the Prince that his orders should be strictly fulfilled, and when he left the town I occupied the castle with my troops.

## CHAPTER XI.

“ The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ **SOME** weeks afterwards I was informed by my spies that Sigismund Jagellon, duke of Silesia, and brother to the King, urged by the requests of all the lords of Poland, and by many of those of Lithuania, was on his way to Vilna. I sent this intelligence to the Prince by a courier, and also a list of those who had been the most violent in their hostility against him. Though I have tried by penance and prayer to expiate the evils that resulted from that deed, yet to the last moment of my life I must deplore this folly and inconsiderate zeal as one of the causes of the inhuman vengeance that produced the destructive war which so long has raged in our country.

“ Not long after this I was walking one evening, according to my custom, on the terrace before the castle; I perceived a few masked horsemen who were approaching the little wicket. When they arrived, one of them dismounted, and looked cautiously all around. I accosted him and in-

quired his name and his business in the royal castle at so late an hour. He took off his mask, and I saw Lascaris. I had never liked him; but as he had just come from the army, and could give me some intelligence about my patron, I received him with courtesy. He looked harassed and fatigued, and told me in a low voice that I must bring him and one of his companions as secretly as possible to a remote apartment which he named to me; that it was the wish of Prince Glinski, and that he had brought for this purpose a written order from him. I did as he desired, and when we got to the tower of Skirgiello, the apartment he mentioned, he gave me a letter from Glinski, in which he expressed himself satisfied with my watchfulness, and that he had sent me Doctor Lascaris and his chamber-groom, Hassan; that I should keep them concealed in the tower of Skirgiello, furnish them with the necessaries of life, and not disturb them in their occupations. When I had read the letter, I asked the physician to tell me something of the army. He gave me a very bad account: the arrière-ban of the nobility, chiefly that of Poland, was advancing very slowly; the grand general of the Crown, Stephen Czarnkowski, refused to serve under the command of Glinski; the pride of the magnates became daily more inflexible; the

King was very ill, and could not remain long in Lida, which was in great danger from the Tatars. It appeared to me that Lascaris's journey was not a voluntary one: he abused many of the lords, and particularly Zabrzezinski, who was very anxious to force upon the King his own physician, an ignorant man, who understood nothing about the hermetic science. 'You have told me,' said I, interrupting his narration, 'that the King will be obliged to leave Lida; he must in that case return to Vilna, and perhaps he will meet with his brother Sigismund, who is shortly expected here. The officers of the Court have already received orders to prepare his apartments, and I do not know how long you can remain in the tower, as it belongs to the suite of apartments destined for his use.' 'He will not come so soon,' answered Lascaris with a mysterious smile, 'as not to give us time to make ourselves at home here.' 'And even if he should arrive,' said Hassan with a malicious expression, 'it would be all the better, and he shall find us ready for his reception.' 'According to the instructions of the Prince,' said Lascaris to me, 'it is your duty, my worthy lord castellanitz, to execute my requests; but they are not numerous. I want solitude for the pursuit of my deep studies, and I must on no account be disturbed in my oc-

cupations. I will request you, therefore, never to enter this room, but to leave in the antechamber, at certain hours, all that is necessary for mine and my companion's sustenance; knock on the metallic plate upon the door, and we shall understand that our wants are provided. Now go, my son, and be blessed in the ternary number. I left the room, and they immediately bolted the door inside.'

"I provided my mysterious guests regularly three times a-day with all they wanted, but I never saw them, nor did I much care about them, my attention being too much taken up by the disturbed state of the country. We had just received intelligence that the Tatars had defeated the troops which the Lithuanian nobility had hastily assembled, and were rapidly advancing on Vilna. The extreme illness of the King, and the discord of the nobility, increased the general terror; and, as it frequently happens in such cases, some accused the Polish lords, and some the Lithuanian. Many agreed in accusing Glinski as the cause of all the present evils, while every one, without exception, impatiently awaited the arrival of Duke Sigismund as the only saviour of the country.

"About a week after the arrival of Lascaris I was trying to convince the alarmed burghers that

there was no reason to despair as long as a warrior like Glinski commanded the army; that he would soon put his enemies to shame by a glorious victory over the Tatars, and return to Vilna with rich spoils; that we should have public rejoicings; the bonfires would burn bright, and the mead flow in abundance; when I heard many voices saying, 'Give no credit to his words; he is one of the profligate companions of Glinski.' There were, however, others that answered, 'Shame! shame! is he not the son of the old Gregorius Lacki, castellan of Kiow, and starost of Vilna? We will trust to him; he is a worthy nobleman and our staroscic (!).'

"At this moment I perceived the royal banner hoisted on the castle, and an officer of the Court came up hastily and said, 'Quick! quick! Lord Lacki; array your troops for the reception of His Majesty; he is already close to the town.' A sudden idea crossed my mind that I ought to inform the Greek physician of His Majesty's arrival. I gave orders to the lieutenant for the disposition of the troops, and ran hastily to the tower of Skirgiello. I was in such a hurry that I forgot the instructions of Lascaris about the metallic plate. I knocked at the closed door, but I received no answer; I only heard a hollow murmur from

within. I knocked once more, and still receiving no answer I kicked the door with such violence that it fell from its hinges. I entered the room, and beheld a most extraordinary sight. The apartment was entirely changed. The oaken panels of the walls were covered with tapestry adorned with strange figures; a little iron stove stood in one corner, and notwithstanding the warm season, was heated to an uncommon degree. The Turk was squatting on the ground stirring the fire of the stove, which spread a narcotic vapour. A great number of retorts and flasks of different sizes were standing along the walls; the floor was covered with looking-glasses of different shapes, and many pieces of furniture (not such as are used in our houses) were scattered about the room. Exactly in the middle of it was something that appeared to be a pagan altar made of silver. Two figures of the same metal were standing on it; one of them represented an old man with a bundle of snakes in his hands, the other a beautiful woman holding a mirror. Under this shrine was placed a purple couch, on which a figure was stretched. Lascaris himself, attired in a dark garment, knelt before the altar, bending towards the figure, which was of half the natural size and dressed like a monarch. I could not observe its features, but I

saw that its arms and legs were pierced with small silver arrows.

“As I thus unceremoniously ushered myself into the room, Lascaris jumped up with a shriek of horror. The Turk did the same, and seizing my arm with one hand he grasped the hilt of his poniard with the other, looking to the Doctor for further directions: he signified to him to be quiet; and when I had pushed away the insolent slave, I saw Lascaris pointing with his right hand to the door. I understood his sign, and retired to the antechamber, where he immediately followed me. ‘What leads you hither,’ said he in a solemn voice, ‘in the eventful hour when the elements, in submission to the will of the Powerful, were disposed to further the great work?’ ‘With your permission, my learned sir doctor,’ answered I, ‘I have just received intelligence that His Majesty is on the point of entering the town, and I come to inform you, as you are his physician, that His Majesty is very ill.’ Lascaris lifted his eyes to heaven, and assuming an inspired air, exclaimed, ‘Fate has conducted the blind in the predestined moment, that he may fulfill the destiny already known to the foreknowing and enlightened. Know, my son, that the predicted hour of which it is written, ‘the humble shall be exalted, and those



of high degree shall be brought low,' is arrived. 'The house of Jeroboam shall be cast out from its palace, and the descendants of David shall re-enter the abode of their ancestors.' The final sign was wanting, and you have brought it, John Gregoriewicz Lacki, whom I salute, not as the son of the castellan of Kiow, but as the descendant and future successor of the sovereign princes of Dorogobuz. As a confirmatory token of what I foretell, you shall receive, before the sun has passed the meridian, a message from the mouth of the dumb about the task imposed on you by the will of higher powers. Now go, my son, and may the Lord conduct your steps through darkness in safety !'

" I must confess that I did not understand the meaning of these words, and that all this biblical eloquence appeared to me rather a contradiction of the imagery I found him worshipping, and of which I had never seen anything bearing the slightest resemblance, either in a Roman Catholic or a Greek church. However, as he was a man of great learning, and highly esteemed by Glinski, I was satisfied with all I had heard, and particularly with that part of his speech which alluded to the known pretensions of my family. In short, I received my part of the infernal bait by which so many were deluded from the path of duty.

“ The King had in the mean time arrived, accompanied by the Queen Helena, the chancellor, the treasurer of the crown, the bishop of Vilna, and a small retinue. When I entered the royal antechamber, I found several lords assembled there. They one and all abused Glinski. It was said that he had carried the monarch in a dying state to the army, where his presence must have caused more harm than good ; that he had been extremely backward in assembling the forces, and had neglected all the necessary measures for the safety of the royal head-quarters ; that he had by his immoderate pride offended the Grand General and the nobility of the Crown ; and had prevented the King going to Poland, where he wished to join his brother Sigismund, by the insolent declaration, that as soon as the monarch left the country he would dismiss the arrière-ban of Lithuania ; and that by his violence and pride he had placed the country in the greatest jeopardy, and that it would be impossible to save it unless Duke Sigismund should arrive before it was too late to retrieve all the mischief that Glinski had done.

“ Neither my age nor my rank permitted me to interfere in the conversation of these grandees. I had the greatest wish to do so, and particularly to answer Zabrzezinski, who was the most vehement in his accusations against my patron. I stood

leaning against a window, thinking how well Glinski would manage the Tatar business, and how disappointed all these calumniators would be, when I felt myself pulled by the sleeve of my zupan. I turned, and saw Gawryla, the favourite dwarf of the King, an ugly dumb creature. He gave me a sign secretly to follow him out of the room. I remembered what Lascaris had said to me about a sign from the mouth of the dumb, and I followed the dwarf, who led me through many rooms and corridors to the royal closet, which I entered for the first time in my life. The windows were shaded by thick curtains, and it was so dark that I could not see anything, but I heard a heavy respiration, as if it proceeded from the breast of a dying man. I guessed that I was in the presence of the King, and I stood silently awaiting his orders. When my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness of the apartment, I perceived the monarch stretched on a purple couch. His naturally oblong face, characteristic of the Jagellonian family, was so attenuated by long suffering, that it had the appearance of a skeleton, and it would have been easy to count the bones of his naked breast, which was more striking as he was naturally of a very strong make, like all the sons of the late king Casimir Jagellon (\*). When I made a

little noise to announce my presence, he asked me in a tone of voice expressive of great pain, who was in the room? I answered, 'I am John, the son of your faithful servant, Gregor Lacki, castellan of Kiow, and I await Your Majesty's commands.' 'Tis well,' said he, and continued in a faint voice, with frequent interruptions, 'Prince Gliniski told us, at our departure from Lida, that you have in your custody the Greek Doctor Lascaris, our physician. Conduct him to us by the same way that you came: be careful that nobody shall know of his visit, because every one is against him, and they try to persuade us that he deals unfairly with us. God alone knows the heart of man, but we much want medical advice after the fatigues of the journey. It is true that we feel ourself enervated after the use of the vapour-baths, but we suppose they drive away the malignant air we have caught, and his potations exhilarate our dejected spirits. Go, therefore, and fetch him.' When I turned to execute his orders, he again began: 'Your father,' said he, 'has seen us in happier days, and he has always behaved as becomes a faithful servant and a gallant nobleman; but you see your monarch in an evil hour; our strength has abandoned us, and instead of wielding the sceptre and the sword with a power-

ful hand, and leading our nobility against the Tatars, we linger out our last moments in this dismal abode of sickness. Heaven will soon, however, put an end to it, and you will gain in exchange a gallant and active monarch in our brother Sigismund, to whom may God give a happy reign !' ' Do not abandon yourself to such melancholy thoughts, my royal lord,' replied I ; ' many have recovered from a worse illness than Your Majesty is now suffering from, and your faithful servant, Prince Michael Glinski, will lay at your feet the laurels that illness alone prevents Your Majesty from gathering yourself.' ' God grant it may be so !' said the King, and continued soliloquizing, ' He cannot be false to us ; we have trusted to his fidelity, and loved him as our brother John Albrecht did. No, no ! he cannot have deceived us ! Should it indeed be so, it would be more than we could bear. No, no ! we will persevere in our ancient confidence, and not mistrust our friend, because the hand of the Lord lies heavily upon us : our days are numbered ; but few remain to us in this world : our brother will sit in our seat ; he will separate the wheat from the chaff. Be faithful to him, my dear castellanitz,' said he ; ' persevere in unshaken loyalty, as you value the blessing of Heaven to yourself and your

family. Ever bear in mind the truth of what I tell you : Fidelity sustains the castles of the nobles, while treason levels them even to the ground, and strews their courts with weeds. Alas ! I am faint and weary ; hasten to the physician, and bring him here.'

" I did as I was desired, and reported to Lascaris the message I had received from the dwarf, and the command of the King to attend him immediately. ' As truly,' said the doctor, ' as the first part of my prediction is already fulfilled, so truly shall the latter part be fulfilled hereafter.' I thought of his words about the principality of Dorohobuz, and in my folly I imagined I listened to the voice of Heaven in the preconcerted plans of the juggler and the cheat. Foolish and wicked that I was ! the emotion with which I had listened to the words of my dying sovereign had not yet subsided, and even at that moment I could with greedy ears imbibe the selfish lures held out to me by one whom I had no reason to trust. Yes ; allegiance, loyalty, and good faith, were all forgotten ; even the injunction of my honoured King, to be faithful to his brother—all were absorbed in my selfish madness ! But deeply have I since repented, when, alas ! repentance could be of no avail. We may lose sight of our sins, but they

will not lose sight of us. Sooner or later they will lay their iron grasp upon us. But why do I moralise? I forgot all that I should have remembered; but thirty years afterwards I was reminded of all that I have been telling you in a most extraordinary manner. I conducted Lascaris to the royal closet by the way that I had been commanded, and continued to facilitate his visits for several days.

## CHAPTER XII.

“ The tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention, like deep harmony.  
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain ;  
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.”  
SHAKSPEARE.

“THE Court and the town were now in the greatest agitation, and the complaints against Glinski became general. The Chancellor, John Laski, looked on me with suspicion and dislike. All the lords of the Crown, and many nobles of Lithuania, but particularly my cousins the Radziwills, shunned me as the adherent and tool of the odious Glinski. Still the sun of the Prince's glory was not set. The battle of Kleck was fought, the Tatars were defeated, the realm was saved. The entrance of the victorious Prince into Vilna was like the triumph of a Roman general; it was like your own, my illustrious lord of Tarnow, when you returned to Cracow after your glorious victory over the Wallachians at Obertyn, in the year 1531. Innumerable prisoners and rich spoils increased the pomp of his train. Immense crowds of people pressed



round the triumphant general, calling him their saviour, who a few days before was the object of general hatred and suspicion. This event silenced the voice of his enemies. Immediately upon his arrival, he went to the King, who was too ill to give him a public audience. The conference was long; while it lasted I remained in the royal ante-chamber, which was filled with lords and nobles. When Glinski returned from the royal presence, his countenance expressed more forcibly than ever pride and contempt. He stopped for a moment on the threshold, and fixing his eyes on the Chancellor with a haughty look, said in a loud voice, 'You have now proofs, my lord, that my sword is as sharp as your pen or tongue: beware that its edge be not turned against you!' 'Take heed to yourself, my lord Prince,' answered the Chancellor with great composure, 'your sword is double-edged, and is very likely to hurt its own master.' The Prince paid no attention to the Chancellor's reply, but turning to Zabrzezinski, said, 'My lord of Zabrzezi, the King commands your instant departure for Troki, of which town you are still the palatine, and you are there to await His Majesty's pleasure.' Zabrzezinski made no answer, but looking earnestly on the Prince, quitted the hall.

“The enemies of Glinski were humbled; his honour was restored in the eyes of the world; but he bore his triumph with little moderation. He grew daily more overbearing to those who were his equals in rank and dignity, and the country groaned under his oppression. The nobility, afraid of his persecution, retired from the Court; the Chancellor Laski, the Treasurer Bonar, and the Bishop of Vilna, alone, equally invulnerable from their station and their characters, remained in town; they seldom, however, appeared at the palace, and never approached the King. A great change took place in Glinski; he became harsh even to rudeness with his most faithful adherents. Care and anxiety clouded his brow; and when he did relax, which was very seldom, and only with his most intimate friends, he abandoned himself to the most wild and extravagant mirth. A great number of the lower Lithuanian nobility flocked to his house, and they were all loaded with presents. There were continual conferences and mysterious dealings going on in his apartments, where Doctor Lascaris, whose presence was no longer a secret, appeared every day. Shleinitz made frequent journeys; the Turk, Hassan, seemed to be very busy, and the Prince himself

was daily invisible for many hours, but nobody knew how or where he spent that time.

“ One night, which I must ever remember, it was the night of the 15th of August, 1506, all the most intimate companions of Glinski were assembled in his hall. The bowl circulated freely ; the Prince himself, who was not in the habit of drinking, indulged in repeated draughts, which soon threw him into one of those fits of extravagant mirth that had become usual to him since the battle of Kleck. We followed his example, and every one gave way to strange opinions respecting a new order of things. It was said that all should be again as it had been formerly ; that Lithuania should again become the Lithuania of former days, and that it did not want either Poles or Silesians to rule it ; that the old race of Skirgiello had quite degenerated in a foreign country, and was no longer capable of governing its native land, and that it must be replaced by an indigenous plant, which would not be difficult to find. Many other such things were said ; Glinski made no comment, nor did he discourage the conversation ; and when the abuse of the Polish lords, and particularly of the Duke Sigismund, became violent, he laughed in triumph, and rising from his seat, filled a bowl with wine, and said, ‘ Which

of you, my lords, will join me in drinking the health of the Palatine of Troki?' The company looked at each other with astonishment, and their cups remained untouched. 'I marvel, my noble lords and friends,' continued Glinski, 'that you should have any scruples in pledging me in this toast.' He then went to a chest, took out a parchment, which he unfolded, and read as follows:—

'Alexander, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Lithuania, has determined to deprive John Zabrzezinski, Grand Marshal of Lithuania, of his dignity of Palatine of Troki, and to confer it on the high-born Michael Lwowicz, Prince Glinski, as a proof of the particular favour and grace in which he holds him; and be it known, that the same Prince Glinski is nominated, in case of the monarch's demise, Regent of Lithuania, until the arrival of the Duke Sigismund, successor to the throne, which dispositions should receive the legal sanction of the Diet, convoked for this purpose for the 15th of the next month.' It is needless to say that our objections were removed, and we quaffed our bowls to the health of the Palatine of Troki. Glinski received our toasts with courtesy, and continued: 'It is right that every one should receive his due; I hope I shall not long remain Regent of Lithuania, and that the principalities

of Smolensk and Dorohobuz will return to their lawful masters; in short, we shall revive the happy times of Jagellon, before he was called Wladyslaw, and those of the old Vitold, of glorious memory.'

"I was forcibly struck by these words, which reminded me of Lascaris's predictions; and being unable to suppress my agitation, I went to the open window, in order to recover myself, whilst the rest of the company continued drinking, carousing, and uttering seditious cries. I saw lights moving in various directions in the royal apartments, and I heard a hollow noise. As I turned from the window to communicate my observations to my companions, the door opened, and a royal chamberlain entered in great agitation, saying, that His Majesty had just been seized with a sudden attack of illness, that he was in great danger, and that he desired to see the Prince. Glinski grew a little pale at this intelligence, and replaced on the table the cup which he held in his hand; but quickly recovering himself, said to the chamberlain, 'You are, sir, a messenger of woe, but I will follow you instantly; Glinski will not desert his adored master in his last extremity, which may Heaven in its mercy still avert!' He said a few words in a low voice to Shleinitz and to Has-

san, and repaired immediately to the royal apartment with some of the nobles.

“ When we entered the royal antechamber, we found it filled with lords spiritual and temporal and many minor nobles. Grief and anxiety were on every countenance, and nothing was heard but a few low whispers. Glinski entered the royal closet, but we, his companions, remained in the antechamber. I heard from within a loud conversation, much louder indeed than I could have expected at the death-bed of a monarch. I listened attentively, though I could not hear distinctly anything that was going on, when at last Zabrzezinski entered the antechamber, accompanied by more than sixty lords and nobles; he went straight forward to the King’s closet, and was directly admitted. I was astonished to see Zabrzezinski, who had been exiled from the Court, and immediately concluded that his appearance foreboded nothing good to my patron. The conversation in the royal apartment became louder, and it appeared to me that there was a violent dispute. It had lasted about an hour, when Prince Glinski returned from the royal chamber. A deadly paleness covered his face, and his vacant eye seemed unconscious of the surrounding objects; I saw, however, that he struggled hard to

conceal the agitation which oppressed him. He went to a seat, and leaning his head on his hand fell into a gloomy reverie. The conversation in the royal apartment had totally ceased, and I heard a monotonous murmuring, as if the priests were reading the prayers for the dying. At about four in the morning there was a noise of people walking to and fro in a hurried manner in the interior apartments, and soon the dismal knell resounded from the tower. Zabrzezinski entered the antechamber with the Chancellor Laski, who said in an agitated voice, "Most reverend, high-born, and noble lords of the Crown and the Grand Duchy, it has pleased the Almighty Ruler of kings to call from this temporal abode His late Majesty Alexander Jagellon, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Lithuania, Russia, Prussia, Samogitia, &c. May God have mercy on his soul !"

"Glinski was so much absorbed in his own meditations, that at first he appeared as if he had not understood the meaning of the Chancellor's words ; but he soon recollected himself, and aware that no time was to be lost in assuming the duties of his station, he advanced towards the room of the deceased monarch ; but Zabrzezinski intercepted him, saying, ' Whither, Prince Glinski ? ' He answered, not with his usual pride, but rather in

a subdued tone, 'Where my duty as Court Marshal of Lithuania calls me.' 'You are relieved from that duty for the present,' replied Zabrzezinski; 'such was the will of the late King, and such are the orders of Sigismund, the present Grand Duke of Lithuania, your sovereign and mine.' 'And are you not fearful, Prince Gliniski,' said the Chancellor in a solemn voice, 'that the blood of your victim will flow even now at your approach, and accuse you before the world as his spirit does now in the presence of God?' Gliniski answered not, but left the hall, and as he passed through the assembly, every one fell back, startled at the ghastly fire of his eyes.

"We returned to the same hall that a few hours before had been the scene of the wildest merriment; we found the guests and attendants overwhelmed with gloom and anxiety. Gliniski retired to his private closet to write, and ere sunrise six couriers were despatched in various directions. We remained in the hall until the fourteenth hour, when one of our nobles arrived, and told us, that the Greek physician was put in prison by order of the Chancellor Laski, who suspected him to be a born subject of the Crown of Poland, and consequently subjected to his jurisdiction. Soon after this Gliniski re-entered



the hall. He was perfectly calm and even more affable and courteous than he had been the last few days. He listened to the intelligence of Lascaris's imprisonment without any particular emotion, and walked up and down the hall in conversation with many of us. Suddenly he stopped, and addressing the company in a solemn tone, said, ' You have heard, my lords and friends, how the Chancellor of Poland has accused me of a horrible crime. Whichever of you believes me to be guilty of such a deed, let him come forward and declare it openly. But I protest to you and take Heaven to witness, that I am innocent of the King's death !' It appeared to me that at these words a sunbeam had fallen on my gloomy mind, for, as I have a Christian soul, it was the voice of unfeigned truth in which he spake."

## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Let him do his spite :  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“ I ENTIRELY agree with you,” said Tarnowski, “ nor did I ever for one moment believe Gliniski the author of the King’s death, in spite of all the accusations with which Laski, blinded by hatred, persecuted the unfortunate man. There are already too many crimes linked with the name of Gliniski; it is unnecessary to increase the number by one which was never proved, nor even probable, for were not the fortunes of Gliniski buried with King Alexander? I confess, however, I do not understand what the figure pierced with arrows could be; I remember to have heard of such things in France, and that they were supposed to be used for the purpose of witchcraft.” “ I did not say,” replied Lacki, “ that the figure was a representation of Alexander. I could not see the features. My own opinion is, that it was a representation of Sigismund, for it is impossible to absolve

Glinski of every evil intention, however innocent he may be of Alexander's death.

“ On the same day, Glinski left the apartments he had inhabited in the castle, and returned with all his people to his own house, which was in the town, and surrounded by walls and ditches like a fortress. Many weeks passed in an ominous calm. The Queen left Vilna, and departed to Minsk,<sup>(1)</sup> which was to be her residence. Glinski very seldom appeared in public, but he continually received and despatched messengers to and from different places, and I observed that he assembled in the vicinity of the capital a great number of armed men from his castles and demesnes.

“ One morning in October, the salute of artillery and the tolling of bells announced the arrival of the Grand Duke Sigismund Jagellon. All the dignitaries of the State assembled in the palace to salute their new sovereign. Glinski, being Court Marshal, was of course present. The King received all the magnates with extreme affability; but when Glinski approached, he stared at him in a cold and supercilious manner; then turning from him, addressed the person who stood next with great condescension.

“ Two days afterwards it was reported that

Laski, Zabrzezinski, and some other lords had arraigned Glinski on a charge of high treason ; but the Prince, trusting to the justice of his cause, or relying on other means of defence, remained quiet at Vilna, without paying any attention to the report. But I observed that his messengers were constantly on the alert, and that he held many secret assemblies in his own house by night, composed of officers and nobles who were under the patronage of Glinski's family.

“ Time passed on ; still there was no formal arraignment, and it was rumoured that the Grand Duke had postponed the decision of this important affair until the next Diet of Lithuania, which was to be convened at Brzesc,<sup>(2)</sup> and that he had ordered the opposing parties to keep the peace. He seldom spoke to Glinski at the public assemblies of the Court ; and the private apartments of the monarch, which during the reigns of John Albrecht and Alexander were at all moments accessible to him, were now entirely shut against him. The Chancellor Laski and the other Polish lords set out for Piotrkow, where the Primate had convened a Diet for the election of the King. Towards the end of the year 1506 Sigismund was proclaimed sovereign of Poland, and a brilliant embassy arrived to congratulate the newly elected

monarch. Sigismund went to take possession of his kingdom, accompanied by a large retinue of Lithuanian nobles; Glinski, who began to cherish the hope that the King would receive him into favour, joined the royal train. I was called to my father, who was very ill at Kiow. He soon afterwards died, and I went to Sluck, where my relative the Princess Anastasia held her court. I remained there some time, and arrived at Vilna in the sixth week of the year 1507, where Glinski had already returned from Cracow. I found the state of affairs even worse than when I left Vilna. The suspicious conduct and the overbearing pride of which even in this critical position Glinski could not divest himself, again awakened the King's displeasure, which had in a great degree subsided, owing to the splendour which the Prince had displayed at the coronation, which gave a high opinion of the hereditary states of Sigismund to all the foreign princes and ambassadors present at that solemnity. Zabrzezinski brought a solemn charge of high treason against my patron, but the King postponed it again to the next Diet, under a pretext that the accusation was too much connected with the memory of his brother; but, in fact, he did not feel himself strong enough openly to attack so powerful a vassal as Glinski, until he

had collected the necessary evidence to strike a sure blow. It was easy to foresee that a great catastrophe would sooner or later overwhelm Glinski. His house was deserted by all the lords and knights who were faithful to the King, and it was in vain that he endeavoured to recall those who were frightened away by his pride and impending danger. 'Tis true that a great number of the lower nobility flocked to his house, but of the great families there were very few who remained with him. His fury broke through all bounds; his people attacked villages belonging to Zabrzezinski, and behaved as if they were in an enemy's country. Zabrzezinski retaliated these injuries on the estates of the Prince. Blood was constantly shed in the streets of Vilna, and the sovereign being absent, each party carried on their aggressions with unchecked violence. No patron ever had warmer adherents than Shleinitz and myself proved to Prince Glinski. We executed all his orders, and fulfilled his every wish; we considered him as our benefactor and paternal friend; and since the battle of Kleck, had looked upon him as the saviour of the country and the victim of party spirit. Glinski's house at Vilna resembled a besieged fortress; the walls were spiked with cannon, and eight hundred foot-soldiers

formed the garrison. Nobody was admitted into it or allowed to leave it without a strict examination; and when the Prince rode out, he was attended by more than twenty nobles and fifty armed horsemen.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“ I had much rather see  
A crested dragon, or a basilisk ;  
Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.”

DRYDEN.

“ HAVING spent the winter in this way, Glinski determined to go to Hungary, having a powerful ally in Wladislaw Jagellon, king of Hungary and Bohemia, brother of Sigismund king of Poland, who had promised to befriend him in case of need. We set out from Vilna with a numerous train, and were received at Buda with great distinction. But a few days showed us the hopelessness of our plan. The King became every day more reserved towards Glinski, and we soon perceived that we were surrounded by spies, who watched our words and actions. Glinski was of course greatly provoked by this disappointment; he dispatched Shleinitz to Vienna, under pretence of purchasing Italian furniture, but in reality to treat with the Roman emperor Maximilian. The result of this negociation was then unknown to me, though I have since become acquainted with these circum-



stances. We remained about four weeks at the Court of Hungary, when we received intelligence of King Sigismund's arrival at Vilna, which Glin-ski made a pretext for his departure. At the parting audience, King Wladyslaw was very affable, feeling perhaps glad to get rid of so unto-ward a guest. He encouraged the Prince to be of good cheer, telling him to trust to the mercy of his brother Sigismund, who would in Glin-ski's future services forget any cause of displeasure he might now have reason to feel against him. He also promised to intercede by his ambassador, Stephen Tekely, to obtain from his brother a pledge to that effect.

“ We left Hungary and returned to Lithuania. Whether Glin-ski merely wished to give the am-bassador time to make his peace with Sigis-mund, or he had other purposes in view, instead of going to Vilna, we travelled about the estates and visited the castles of Glin-ski, particularly those in the vicinity of the Dnieper. Glin-ski commanded the fortifications to be repaired, and the castles to be furnished with victuals and am-munition; he enlisted a great number of troops to garrison them, saying, that it was impossible to trust the Muscovites, and that an inroad could be easily effected on that part of the borders.

“ We arrived at last at Novogrodek<sup>(1)</sup>, a royal castle, situated not far from the Niemen, and of which Glinski was the warden. Having put it in a complete state of defence, he resolved to remain there until he heard from the Hungarian ambassador from Vilna, and opened his house to the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, entertaining them with magnificent banquets and princely sports. His military renown, and the extreme courtesy he so well knew how to assume, gained him many friends and admirers, and the castle of Novogrodek was crowded with visitors. But it was in vain that his merits were thus magnified and his vanity flattered, while the Princess Anastasia, for whom all this parade and exertion was made, refused to partake of his civilities or honour his castle with her presence. Twice or thrice a week he sent complimentary messages to invite her to his sumptuous entertainments, but she uniformly refused his civilities in the most decided though courteous manner. The Princess Anastasia was the widow of Simeon Olelkowicz, Prince of Sluck and Kopyl<sup>(2)</sup>, and she governed those principalities during the minority of her son Prince George, then a boy of fifteen, but who four years after distinguished himself by a glorious victory over the Tatars. All the country

between the Dnieper and the Niemen resounded with her praises, and indeed she well deserved the high reputation she had obtained ; having brought back her late husband, by her prudence and kindness, to the allegiance of his lawful sovereign King Cazimir Jagellon ; and since his death she had entirely devoted herself to the education of her son, and to the government of his lands, without listening to the numerous flattering proposals she received, being still young and beautiful. Prince Glinski had been acquainted with her during her husband's lifetime, and it was generally thought he had long been in love with her, and that he only remained at Novogrodek to be near her. One day Glinski sent for Shleinitz, the young Simeon, Prince of Bielsk, who was one of the many inmates of his house, and myself. He desired us to prepare ourselves for paying a ceremonious visit to a fair lady, and we went with him to Sluck. As we approached the town, and looked on its castellated walls, towers and moats, he turned to me, and said with a smile, ' It is indeed a very fine castle, and almost impregnable : I would that its warden your fair cousin, lord Lacki, were less invincible ! ' I laughed, and answered, that, although the Princess Anastasia was not very sentimental, he ought not to despair, having

compelled many a stronger fortress to surrender at discretion; that he had better try his fortune, and if he succeeded I should consider myself highly honoured. When we entered the court, we found several young men amusing themselves by shooting with bows at the painted heads of Turks and Muscovites. Among them was a handsome young boy, who clapped his hands and shouted with joy when an arrow hit one of these heads. This boy came up to Glinski, and asked in a courteous manner his name and business. Glinski having told his name, said, he and the lords who attended him came to present their respects to the Princess Anastasia;—‘but who are you, my dear boy?’ ‘I am George Simeonowicz, prince of Sluck and Kopyl,’ answered the boy peevishly, and ordering a servant to conduct the guests to his mother. However, when he saw me, he exclaimed with joy, ‘Ah! here you are, my cousin John! I am right glad to see you; we knew that you were at Novogrodek, and my mother wished much to welcome you; but,’ continued he aside, ‘I would rather see you alone.’ Saying this, he seized my hand and conducted me to the castle, without paying further attention to Glinski. In the great hall of the castle we found the Princess; she

was busy with her frame-work, and surrounded by her female attendants. She received us with great courtesy, but confined her address to the Prince to a few words of cold politeness; she spoke principally to me and the Prince of Bielsk, who was also related to her. Glinski entered into conversation in his most courteous manner, and we retired a little that he might have an opportunity of speaking to the Princess. Though not near enough to hear what was said, I saw that my fair cousin was anxious to put an end to the interview; but Glinski would be heard, and frequently put his hand to his heart, as if in solemn asseveration of the truth of what he said. The Princess listened in silence and evident displeasure, and the little George looked on highly amused at the whole scene. When Glinski had finished speaking, the Princess said loud enough to be heard by all the company, ‘My lord Prince, I thank you for the good will you express towards me, and am grateful for all that you would do in my service; but I must assure you, you have nothing more to expect from me.’

“Glinski said something of futurity and hope, but she answered, ‘Futurity will not render me more worthy of the honour you propose to me

—and here is my hope!’ continued she, pointing to her son, ‘to whom Prince Glinski would, I fear, be a dangerous protector.’ ‘Then you persist, noble lady, in disregarding my fidelity,’ retorted Glinski with some vexation, ‘and all the advantages which would result from my proposal to yourself and to your son.’ ‘You speak of fidelity,’ replied Anastasia with a significant smile; ‘look on this castle, with its towers and battlements! ’Tis a stronghold, founded on the firm ground of fidelity, and fidelity will still uphold it, by the blessing of Heaven. I am afraid, my lord, I should act against that principle were I to introduce as an inmate one on whom I can have no dependence, one whom I dread as I do the sudden storm, which causes the ruin and devastation of all within its influence.’ ‘And are you not afraid,’ exclaimed Glinski, unable longer to suppress his rage, ‘that this very storm may crush this stronghold, and sweep from their foundations the walls and towers of which you are so proud?’ ‘It will be as Heaven wills it!’ answered Anastasia proudly; then turning to us, continued, ‘Pardon me, noble lords, that you are obliged yourselves to do the honours of the cup, the masters of this house being a widow

and an orphan boy.' Having said this, she saluted us with courtesy, and taking her son by the hand left the room.

“ When, having taken some refreshments, we descended to the yard to mount our horses, little George called from a balcony, ‘ My cousin John, I have something to say to you.’ The Prince desired me to go and see what he wanted. I returned to the castle, whilst Glinski rode away with the rest of the company. The seneschal conducted me to the inner apartments, where the Princess received me with great kindness; and giving me her hand, said, ‘ I beg your pardon, my cousin Lacki; but I would speak to you upon a subject of importance.’ I suspected that all she had said in answer to Glinski was only the result of female modesty and pride, and that she desired to arrange the business by my intervention, and began to extol the great qualities of the Prince, his finished manners, his wealth, and great power; at the same time expressing astonishment at her behaviour, and trying to persuade her that in accepting Glinski’s proposal she would do what was most for her own and her son’s advantage; but she interrupted me impatiently, and said, “ It is useless to say anything upon this subject; I am quite de-

terminated ; and I asked you to return, that I might speak to you about your own concerns. Instead of trying to persuade me to form a conjugal alliance with this Gliniski, you had better reflect upon what may, nay must, in all probability, be the result of your own connexion with him. Pardon my sincerity, and do not look as if you thought me unkind for wishing to withdraw you from a bad companion. Remember I am your relative, and reflect on my well-meant advice. Is it possible you can have lived in intimate intercourse with him for two years, and not have seen that he and his ways are alike evil ? Did he not abuse the favour of the kings, John Albrecht and Alexander, and estrange them from their people to further his own views ? A king of Poland and grand duke of Lithuania was always the father of his subjects and the friend of his nobles, and they were allowed free access to his person ; but did not Gliński withdraw these monarchs from their nation, and surround them with a wall of brass ? Did he not contrive that they should spend their time in idle revelry, like the sultans of the East, so that no warning voice could reach them ? Did he not trample on the necks of his equals ; and, abusing the favour of the monarchs, deprive them



of their dignities, contrary to every law and custom? I do not believe the horrible reports respecting the Queen Helena, or the circumstances connected with King Alexander's death. They may be entirely groundless, or much exaggerated; but you were present at the scene which took place in the royal apartments, when the death of the King was announced. Can you deny that Laski made an accusation of the most horrible nature against Glinski? and that your hero, with all his pride and ready eloquence, was unable to answer it? and that King Alexander himself suspected on his death-bed that his life had been practised upon?'

"I interrupted her with great vehemence, protesting that all this story about King Alexander's death was a mere calumny; that it was too absurd to suspect Glinski of having anything to do with the King's death, as she must know perfectly well that he was not in favour with Alexander's successor, and had nothing to hope from Sigismund. But the Princess replied, 'Woe to the man who is acquitted of a crime only because the commission of it would not benefit him! His honour rests upon a frail foundation. And how can you justify Glinski's patronage of Peter Balinski, whose real name is now discovered,—the same infamous jug-

gler who pretended to be a descendant of the imperial house of Trebizond, and who escaped from prison by the aid of the gold by which Gliniski bribed his jailors? How can you defend him who was not only the first counsellor, but the personal friend of the monarch, entrusting the anointed head of his benefactor to the skill and judgement of an ignorant quack? What was his reason for protecting that wretch against the opinion of all honest and experienced men? Was it not a guilty pride, or perhaps some worse motive? And now that he finds he cannot entangle Sigismund in his snares, as he did his brothers, he scruples not to kindle a civil war in the heart of his country, and to form treasonable connexions with foreigners! Look to his conduct with Maximilian of Austria and the Czar of Muscovy! He abuses the power entrusted to him by his sovereign, that he may betray him and ruin his country! And this is the man you advise me to marry, and to give as a father to your young cousin! 'As to our journey to Buda,' said I, 'I can assure you it had no objectionable intention. Who can blame the persecuted Prince for seeking the protection of the King's brother against his enemies, even the very men whose lives and properties he had saved by his victory at Kleck? I can also assure you that

King Wladyslaw has promised to intercede for him. I know not what you mean respecting the Emperor Maximilian ; but we have none of us been to Vienna, except a Saxon noble, who went there for a few days to exchange some horses and fine furs for gold and silver furniture of Italian workmanship ; and all that you tell me of the connexions of Muscovy is nothing more than the idle talk and base calumny of Zabrzezinski and others, who represent everything according to their own views and feelings.' ' It is of little consequence,' replied Anastasia, ' where I heard all that I have been telling you ; suffice it that what I say is true. You are stricken with blindness, my cousin Lacki, and I am afraid it will be too late when the scales fall from your eyes. I warn you again, the ways of this man lead to destruction, and sooner or later you will be his victim !' ' You have a high idea of the duties of honour and good faith,' said I ; ' would you have me abandon him in his hour of need, who shared with me his splendour and fortune ?' I took my leave, and confess that during my solitary ride to Novogrodek many thoughts unfavourable to Glinski arose in my mind. I was grateful to him for befriending me when I was in trouble ; but now the Princess Anastasia had in

some degree opened my eyes, and I felt almost inclined to return to Sluck, and give up Glinski; but remembering his former kindness, I could not bear to act so ungratefully, and setting spurs to my horse I continued my journey.

## CHAPTER XV.

“To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation! To this point I stand,—  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I’ll be revenged!”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ON reaching home, I went immediately to Gliniski, and told him of the unsuccessful result of my interview with the Princess. He listened to my account with an air of assumed indifference, as though he had made up his mind to bear an inevitable disappointment.

“We remained at Novogrodek till the Christmas of 1507, at which time we returned to Vilna. The intercession of the Hungarian King was of little service. Sigismund continued to treat Gliniski with cold civility; and when the Prince entreated him to decide the quarrel between himself and Zabrzezinski, and thereby remove the stain of high treason which had been thrown upon his character, the King constantly returned for answer, that he had more important matters to attend to, and that

such an accusation as Glinski laboured under could only be decided by a Diet.

“Towards the middle of January Sigismund went to Cracow. The magnates of Lithuania were assembled in the castle of Vilna to pay their respects to His Majesty before he began his journey, when Glinski seized the moment to make another effort to have his cause decided. He implored the King to do him immediate justice ; and, in his eagerness to be attended to, seized His Majesty’s hand, and begged permission to be allowed to bring forward his cause without further delay. Sigismund knit his lofty brow ; and extricating his hand from the grasp of Glinski, said in a stern voice, ‘ You mock our justice, my lord Court Marshal. Beware you do not venture too far ; for so may God prosper us as we seek out the guilty and punish them !’ These words exasperated the Prince to the utmost : he caught the King’s cloak, and exclaimed in a transport of rage, ‘ By my troth, lord King, beware of pushing me to such an extremity as you and I may both repent.’ Sigismund answered not a word, but withdrew his cloak, and left the hall, without even casting a look on Glinski.

“ The Candlemas fair at Vilna had now arrived. This is a time of great bustle and enjoyment to the many who frequent it either for the purpose of

profit or pleasure. I went to it, in company with Glinski and many of his retinue. We rode directly to the place where the horses for sale were exposed for public view. Amongst many fine animals, we saw one of surpassing beauty; it was an Arabian, which a Jew merchant from Brody (<sup>1</sup>) brought to the fair, and by which he hoped to make a great profit. One of his lads held it by the bridle; while a noble stood by, patting the fine creature and talking with the boy. Glinski no sooner saw the horse than he wished to have it, and sent Hassan to inquire if it were for sale, and what was its price. The Turk returned with the answer, that it had just been sold to the Grand Marshal of Lithuania for two hundred ducats. Glinski exclaimed aloud, 'Such a horse is not fit for the old Zabrzezinski; a mule even would be too good for him. Go, Turk, and bid the Jew four hundred ducats in my name.' The Turk returned and made the offer, as he had been commanded, and we all drew nearer to see the effect of it. When the Hebrew heard it, he darted a cunning grin on the noble, and said, 'Do you hear, my gracious sir nobleman, what the worshipful sir Turk says? I make no bargain without ready payment. He who gives more is the purchaser.' Though the noble knew perfectly well who his opponent was, and saw him surrounded

by numerous friends and attendants, he said aloud, 'Art thou mad, Jew, that thou wouldst sell what belongs to another? This horse is no longer thine. I have purchased it for His Grace the Palatine of Troki, and thou hast nothing more to say to it.' The Prince said meanwhile, in an authoritative tone, 'Make haste, Jew! Give up the horse, and take the money.' The Jew turned to the noble in frantic agony, crying, 'What is it to me who gets the horse, so I get my money? I have received no money, and the horse is mine until I get my money.' 'Rascal of a Jew!' continued the noble, 'is not my word and that of the Palatine of Troki sufficient for thee? and have I not sent for money?' But the Jew continued to cry, 'What is it to me? I have nothing to do with his Grace the Palatine. A word is a word; a word is no money. I wont have your word; I will have my horse.' Glinski cried in a commanding voice, 'Make haste, sir nobleman, and deliver the horse I have purchased. I have no time to argue with the menials of Lord Zabrzezinski.' 'You are mistaken, my lord Prince,' answered the Lithuanian with great composure; 'I am not a menial of the illustrious Palatine of Troki, Grand Marshal of Lithuania, but a free nobleman, and his inmate; and as such I will not surrender the property of my patron to all



the princes in the world, and least of all to you, Prince Glinski.' The Jew, in terror at the prospect of losing the four hundred ducats, rushed furiously on the horse, and seized its bridle; but the noble pushed him back so violently, that he fell in the mud, and remained there crying and tearing his beard and his hair. 'Come and take thy money,' said Glinski, pointing to the purse which the Turk held in the air, jingling the gold. The prostrate wretch jumped up, covered with dirt, and ran like a madman to seize his prize; while the horse, frightened by the uproar, began to prance and kick. The crowd increased every moment, admiring the frisky gambols of the noble animal, and loudly expressing their admiration of the boldness of the Lithuanian, who dared to oppose Glinski, who was greatly disliked by the inhabitants of Vilna. The Under Palatine (<sup>2</sup>), attracted by the noise, came up with the patrol; but when he saw whom he had to deal with, he remained at some distance, without venturing to interfere. Glinski cried to the noble, 'Away from my horse, vassal!' But he only grasped stronger the reins with his right hand, pressed with his left his bonnet firmly on his brow, and answered quietly yet boldly, 'Yes, I am a vassal; but only to the Grand Duke of Lithuania, like you, and a noble

equal in birth to you (3). You have no right to command me, and I advise you to look about for some other horse.' The Prince gave a sign to his followers, when some of them instantly dismounted, and drew their swords. The Jew filled the air with his lamentations, and the crowd clapped their hands, shouting and exclaiming, 'Courage, sir nobleman! keep firm! A bargain is a bargain, and the first comer first grinds his corn. Advance, sir Under Palatine! perform your duty, and have no fear: we are here to help you. Have no fear, we say! we will help you against the Prince who ravages the country and makes the bread dear.' When I saw that this affair was taking a bad turn, I entreated Glinski to desist, for it would do him no honour; but Hassan whispered a few words in his ear, and he exclaimed, 'Away with the mob! give room, in the name of the devil!' At this moment I saw that Zabrzezinski galloped through the market with a few nobles; but the troop of fifty horsemen, who generally attended Glinski, came up, and, forcing their way through the angry crowd, took their place close behind us.

"Hatred and desire of revenge were never more plainly expressed on the human countenance than at this moment in the features of Glinski and Za-

brzezinski. They met face to face. A momentary silence ensued, in which the furious looks they cast upon each other showed they were both equally determined to maintain their right. Zabrzezinski spoke the first. 'What is the matter?' said he in a stern voice; 'who dares to attack my property, and insult a noble inmate of mine? Wherefore are you here, sir Under Palatine, if you do not do your duty? Be quick, sir! perform it directly. I, the Grand Marshal, command you in the name of the King!' The Under Palatine, completely puzzled, wishing to do something, and afraid of Gliniski, gave orders to seize the Jew, but the poor wretch ran to Gliniski, and clasped his foot. Zabrzezinski continued: 'So it is you, my lord Gliniski, who disturb the peace of the capital, and attack the property of other people!' 'The horse is mine!' answered Gliniski with suppressed rage. 'I have dealt with your menial as I would have done with his master.' 'The horse is then yours?' replied Zabrzezinski with scorn: 'No, no! this good horse deserves a better fate than to carry you through the crooked path in which you wander; but I will not have what you have bargained for.' So saying, he drew a pistol from the holster of his saddle, and a bullet scattered the brains of the noble animal. The horse made a

tremendous leap, fell on the ground, and expired. The Jew rushed forward in horror, and throwing himself upon the dead carcass howled in despair. Zabrzezinski threw him a purse full of money, saying, 'Take thy money, Jew, but hasten away, or thou shalt be hanged.' The Jew greedily seized the money, and was running away, but he turned back, and quickly disengaging the bridle, carried it off with his well-filled purse. Glinski's rage is not to be described. He exclaimed in a thundering voice to Zabrzezinski, 'You shall pay for this insult, infamous greybeard!' and instantly drawing his sword, the blades of all his retainers glittered in the sun. Zabrzezinski and his small party did the same; the crowd rallied round him, and a terrible onslaught would have been the consequence, but at this moment we heard the tinkling of bells, and saw white banners waving over the heads of the crowd, who uncovered themselves, and gave way on both sides to a procession of priests preceded by the holy cross, and led by the venerable Adalbert Tabor, bishop of Vilna. The Under Palatine hastened towards him, and embracing his knees told him what was going on. The procession turned towards the scene of tumult; we dismounted from our horses and uncovered our heads, notwithstanding many of us were of Greek

persuasion. The bishop, attended by the crucifer (<sup>4</sup>) with the sign of salvation, entered into the midst of the crowd, and exclaimed in a solemn voice, ‘ What do I see ! am I among Christians, or are we returned to the times of our pagan forefathers, that the nobles of the country prepare themselves to spill human blood on the day of the Blessed Virgin, as if they were solemnizing the infernal feast of Pieklos ? (<sup>5</sup>) Put up your swords, my lords and nobles ; return to your houses, my children. I command you to do so for the love of Christ and his most holy Mother !’ The crowd immediately dispersed ; the swords were sheathed ; Zabrzezinski bowed his head and joined the procession. Glinski approached him, and said in a whisper, ‘ We must meet again !’ ‘ I never wish to meet a traitor,’ answered Zabrzezinski, taking a taper from a chorister. ‘ It may be perhaps sooner than you expect or wish,’ said Glinski. He then mounted his horse ; we all did the same, and followed him home.

“ A few days after this event Zabrzezinski left Vilna and retired to his house near Grodno, where he generally resided during the King’s absence from Lithuania. Shortly after, Shleinitz, who had been on a distant journey, returned. He had immediately a long and private communication with

the Prince ; and when he joined us afterwards, his countenance bore an expression of care which was quite unusual to him, and which he strove in vain to conceal by an affectation of gaiety and high spirits ; but I saw it was assumed, and asked if anything had happened to vex him. He did not reply to my question, but told me to prepare for the evening, as there would be a great banquet, and that we must be all gay and happy, though perhaps it would be for the last time in our lives. This speech surprised me, but seeing that he was not inclined to give any further information, I made no inquiries. The household troops of Glinski marched out of the town in small detachments, and all the best furniture was packed up and carried away. The steward told me that the Prince had determined to spend some time at his estates, and that his house at Vilna was to remain unoccupied. I ordered my servants to have my horses, and everything I might want on a long journey, in readiness, and went in the evening to the great hall, where I found Glinski with a numerous party. Among them was Simeon, Prince of Bielsk, and my patron's brother, Prince Vasil Lwowicz Glinski. It was the first time I had ever seen him ; I took the greatest dislike to him ; and time has since proved that in one instance at least

the first impression was a right one. There was a cringing obsequiousness in his manner towards his brother, and an overstrained civility towards every one, that it was impossible to overlook: it was anything but sincere. He had all the bad qualities of his brother, Prince Michael, without possessing his courage, or any other of his noble talents. He was ever on the watch to share the booty, though he always kept aloof from the danger; like the vulture which hovers round the scene of carnage, and seizes the spoil which he had run no risk to obtain. He was a good political tool, and was very useful in this way to Prince Michael, though he finally employed those very arts against his brother and benefactor.

“The cup circulated freely; there was the greatest profusion of choice wines. Shleinitz became as wild at the banquet as he had been depressed in the morning. He gave vent to such strange comments, that I thought the wine had affected his head. We soon talked and drank ourselves into a state of great exhilaration. This was what Glinski wanted: as soon as he perceived it he rose from his seat, and said he was obliged to leave Vilna immediately, having important business to arrange in the country, and expressed his hope that all those who were really his friends would

accompany him. We all unanimously exclaimed that we would follow him wherever he wished to lead us, even against the Tatars or Muscovites ! He smiled, and said that things were not quite so bad ; and then took a large bowl and quaffed it to the success of our journey. We followed his example, and having emptied our silver cups, with loud cries of exultation we dashed them through the windows, rushed into the court, mounted our horses, and rode off at a quick pace by the light of a clear moon. Prince Michael was engaged in conversation with his brother and Hassan. I rode between the Prince of Bielsk and Shleinitz, and the rest of the company followed. The cold frosty air acting upon our excited spirits, we went on, happy in the present, and careless of the future. After a ride of a couple of hours, we got into a forest, and perceived several fires lighted in various parts of it. As we approached I saw a body of Glinski's household troops, to the amount of about seven hundred foot and two hundred horse, encamped around the fires. On seeing us they stood to arms. Glinski dismounted, and we did the same. He ascended a small eminence covered with ice and snow ; when, the troops surrounding us in a circle, he addressed us in the following manner : ' My lords and friends, it is neither a



party of pleasure, nor an expedition against the Tatars or Muscovites, to which I have invited you. No, I have brought you here under the lofty canopy of heaven to declare my wrongs, and to demand the assistance of those who are really my friends, in aiding me to procure for myself the justice that has been denied to me. You all know how often I have led you to victory and glory. You all know that I have despised the wealth and honours which were offered to me by the Emperor and other sovereigns of Europe. You know that I have done it for the sake of my oppressed country; that I have led her armies and vanquished her enemies; that I have defended the weak against the tyranny of the strong. You all know that when the country was overrun by the Tatars, whose bones lie mouldering on the fields of Kleck, the King was stretched on his couch, enervated by a mortal sickness; the magnates were plunged in the inactivity of despair; and Sigismund, to whom all looked for succour and safety, kept aloof from danger. I saved the tottering realm from imminent ruin by a glorious victory over the savage invaders. Are not the borders of the country defended by a long line of castles, which I have erected at an immense loss of my paternal heritage? Look round through all Lithuania, and tell

me where is the spot that does not remind you of the services of Glinski! and how have those services been requited? By calumny, envy, ingratitude, and every kind of persecution. My enemies accuse me of crimes of which I never even dreamt. My friends desert me: soon there will be not a house opened to the saviour of the country, and my honour is trampled in the dust. I have implored the monarch in vain for justice,—a sacred right which ought not to be refused to the meanest serf, and yet it is denied to me, the descendant of the sovereign princes of Severia (<sup>6</sup>), a grand dignitary of the state, a seventeen-times victorious general. The King, our grand duke, who ought to be my judge, whose duty it is to protect the oppressed, has leagued himself with my enemies, and is deaf to my importunities:—I, who was a prophet to his brothers, kings Albrecht and Alexander. My enemies laugh at my complaints, and make me publicly the object of their scorn. Tell me, does any one here think that it becomes a prince and a knight to brook such insults?’ After a pause, during which the soldiers clashed their arms, and the nobles uttered a confused murmur, he continued: ‘When law is silent, honour commands a nobleman to avenge himself. Will you take part with me against my enemies? They are

your enemies also, because you are my friends ! Will you assist me in executing just vengeance on our enemies, and particularly on John Zabrzezinski ?' ' We will assist you ! Vengeance ! vengeance !' resounded from every mouth ; and this watchword of hell reechoed widely through the boundless forest.

“ Glinski, well satisfied with the zeal and spirit of his followers, lost no time in making use of their services, and we pursued our way towards Grodno, only stopping when rest and nourishment were absolutely necessary to men and horses. The third day's march brought us to the banks of the Niemen ; the river was frozen. Glinski commanded the cavalry to dismount, and to search out a part of the river where the ice was sufficiently strong to afford them a safe passage : the infantry was meanwhile encamped in the wood. After all these arrangements had been attended to, he began to look for a resting-place for ourselves. We saw a light in the distance, and Glinski proposed my going there to reconnoitre the place while he visited the outposts : he also desired Hassan to accompany me, and if we could find an inn, or any place of temporary shelter, to prepare it for our reception, as we must remain in our present neighbourhood for some hours. When we came up to

the house we found a carriage with three horses standing at the door ; a servant was riding quickly away on the fourth, and the coachman was fast asleep. I entered the house, and found two females sitting at the fire. One of them was dressed in a pelisse of sables ; she was evidently the mistress, and the other her servant. I went up to salute them, and discovered the lady to be Anna, daughter of Vasil Jergasz, with whom I had once been very much in love ; but she preferred the gold of the Palatine to my affection, and, in short, became the favourite of Zabrzezinski, and that was the real cause of my violent anger against him. Though I was much troubled by this unexpected meeting, I soon collected myself, and concealing my feelings under an air of mockery, said, ‘ Welcome, fair lady ! I am glad to see you ; do you come from your grey lover, or are you going to visit him ? What an uncourteous lover is old Zabrzezinski to allow you to travel at so late an hour !’ Hassan, who was all this time staring on the unfortunate girl with a look of gratified malevolence, left the room as soon as he heard the name of Zabrzezinski, and Anna replied in a tone scarcely audible from shame and confusion, ‘ Be generous, lord Lacki, and do not upbraid me with my misfortune : my poverty, aided by my father’s en-

treaties, has thrown me into this wretched situation. I am now returning from Grodno to my father's house, not far from hence; one of my horses has lost a shoe, and I am obliged to remain here.' At this moment the door opened, and Glinski entered with Hassan and many others. Prince Vasil took me by the arm, and said I must go with him to the banks of the river, in order to ascertain if the ice was sufficiently strong on the part of the river which had been fixed on to attempt the passage. We walked about for some time, giving all the directions we thought necessary for the safety of the troops, and when we returned towards the house I heard from within violent shrieks. I thought I knew the voice, and attempted to run on, but Prince Vasil putting his arm through mine, said, laughing, 'What do you want? it is only the soldiers frightening the landlord, and his wife is shrieking; it is better to leave them to themselves; soldiers like to play the fool.' Glinski now came up with the rest of the party, and we began to effect our passage.

"It was long afterwards that I became acquainted with the true cause of these screams. Glinski had first made use of every means of bribery and persuasion to prevail on Anna to show him the secret passage which led to the interior of Zabrze-

zinski's house, but she would not listen to him ; he then proceeded to threats, and finally to torments. The tortures at last wrung the secret from her : she gave up the key of the secret passage ; and when she had disclosed all they wished to know, the infernal Hassan stabbed her. Had I known what was going on, I would have defended the unfortunate wretch at the risk of my life ;— better to have lost it than have lived to witness what followed. O that my eyes had been sooner opened to the villany and depravity of those with whom I had connected myself ! but I despised the advice of my friends, and in very wilfulness endangered both soul and body for those who, had I known them thoroughly, I would have instantly abandoned. This they well knew, and took care to send me out of the way before they began their foul practices.

“ It was a beautiful night, and the smooth surface of the frozen river reflected the rays of the moon like a mirror. We walked over the ice, leading our horses with the greatest caution and silence. Not a word was spoken ; no sound was heard but the heavy tread of the horses, and the occasional crackling of the ice where it was less able to bear our weight. We landed on the opposite bank, close to Zabrzezinski's garden wall, and

on reaching a little wicket Shleinitz produced a key and unlocked it. Glinski then said to me, 'Now, lord Lacki, go and let the old villain feel the weight of that hand of which he would have deprived you.' I had always wished to bring Zabrzezinski to a fair duel, and gladly seized the present moment so favourable to me. I therefore entered the garden, in company with Prince Vasil, Shleinitz, Hassan, and some of the horse-men : Glinski remained outside with Prince Biel-ski and the rest of the party. Crossing the garden we came to a dark passage, which communicated with the house : at the end of this passage was a door ; Shleinitz unlocked it, and we instantly found ourselves in the closet of Zabrzezinski, who was stretched on his bed in a profound sleep. I went up to the bed with the intention of awakening the old man and calling upon him to defend himself, but Prince Vasil seized me by the arm, and whispered, 'Stop ! I command you in the name of my brother.' Hassan seized the sword and the pistol from off the table at the bed-side, while Shleinitz approached Zabrzezinski, and clapping him on the shoulder, said, 'Awake, Lord Palatine of Troki ! here is a message from your friend, Prince Michael Lwowicz Glinski.' The old man opened his drowsy eyes, and seeing how he was surrounded

cried for help, but Hassan thrust his broad two-edged knife under his ribs. Zabrzezinski, who in spite of his age was very strong, leaped from his bed, caught hold of the Turk, and wresting his knife from him stabbed him in the face. That, believe me, is the cause of the scar which the honest Assano, your pious Neapolitan, still bears and will ever bear on his hideous visage. The murderers all fell upon the unfortunate old man with the most pitiless fury. The Turk, puffing like a wounded tiger, drew his curved sword, and seizing the Palatine by his hair, struck off his head. I saw this horrid sight; for Prince Vasil had taken such firm hold of me that I had not the power to move; but now that all was over I burst from his weakened grasp in the confusion created by the entrance of Zabrzezinski's servants, many of whom I believe were murdered, and fell senseless upon the ground. When I awakened to consciousness I found myself at the garden gate, where I had parted from Glinski, but had no idea how I came there. Hassan arrived in a few minutes, his hands and face covered with blood, and threw at his master's feet the head of Zabrzezinski. Prince Vasil said in a hollow voice, 'So perish all the enemies of the Glinskis!' His brother gazed with savage joy on the bloody head, whose eyes even in death



seemed to glare on his murderers, and upbraided them with their cruelty. Glinski kicked the bloody trophy from him; a horseman placed it on a spear, and we marched back on the road to Vilna. I was too much stupified to act for myself: I followed Glinski no longer from a feeling of attachment, but I was implicated in his crime, and could no more retrace my steps. We pursued our way for about four miles, when we came to a pool in the middle of a wood. Glinski ordered them to throw the head into it; and the place is marked by a pillar of stone.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ Thus do all traitors :  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself.”—SHAKSPEARE.

“WE now quitted the high road to Vilna, which we had pursued for some miles, and bent our steps towards the Dniéper. It was on its banks that a communication reached us that the Princes Michael and Vasil Glinski, as well as all their accomplices in Zabrzezinski's murder, had been outlawed by a decree of the King and the Diet assembled at Cracow. The same day we were joined by the Hetman of the Zaporovian Cossacks, Ostafi Daszkiewicz (<sup>1</sup>), who had passed to the Muscovites, and was now sent by the Czar with a strong force to the succour of Glinski. Soon after, the Muscovite general, Ivan Andrieyewich Schednin, arrived, with great pomp, at our camp, to conclude an agreement between the Czar and Glinski, to whom he promised, in the name of his monarch, the government of Lithuania, and the hereditary dignity of a sovereign prince of Smolensk. All the malcontents among the Lithuanian

nobility joined Glinski with their forces, and opened to him their castles. Amongst them were the Princes Drucki, Prince Michael Lingwiniewich Mstislawski, and Stanislaw Albrechtowicz Gastold, the first husband of Queen Barbara. Glinski marched with his army towards Kleck, and sent his brother to seduce, by great promises, the nobility of the southern provinces to break their allegiance to King Sigismund, and to transfer their fealty to the Czar of Moscow, and his lieutenant Glinski. I had many friends and relations in that part of the country, with whom I had become particularly acquainted during the period in which my father had been castellan of Kiow, and was therefore despatched with Prince Vasil. We succeeded in our efforts, and returned with numerous allies. I had assembled from my own castles and estates eighty horsemen and three hundred foot-soldiers. Glinski was besieging Sluck when we joined him. When we entered his tent, and gave him an account of our mission, he took me aside, and having dismissed the others, said, 'My dear Lacki, you have given me such undeniable proofs of your friendship that I will again put it to the test, and speak to you with the greatest confidence. You well remember our visit to the Princess Anastasia. I feigned to be indifferent about her refusal, but it

was quite the reverse. For many years I have been attached to this lady ; her image is always present to my mind, and I will not desist till my wishes are fulfilled. Have, therefore, the kindness to ride to the castle of Sluck, which will be opened to you as a relative of the Princess, and represent to her the strength of my attachment, which neither time nor the obstinacy of her refusal can abate. Represent also to her the advantages that would result to the princely house of Sluck from an alliance with the governor of Lithuania and sovereign prince of Smolensk. You can give her likewise a hint, that the power produced by such a union may enable us in time to drive away the foreigners we have been compelled to call to our assistance. But if she persist in her obstinacy, give her the choice either to become the consort of a hero and the most powerful princess in Lithuania, or to behold her lands wasted by fire and sword, her vassals murdered, her castle levelled with the ground, and her race utterly annihilated, so that no trace of it shall be left on the earth. Represent all this to her, if you are my friend, and if you wish to save your relative from certain destruction ; for you know the mode in which Glinski avenges himself on his enemies.'

“ It was indeed a most unpleasant task for me,

and I confess that I was sorely ashamed to appear in the presence of the Princess Anastasia, having disregarded her warnings, which had now been verified in so terrible a manner. However, I thought it my duty to do my best, in order to save my relative from almost inevitable ruin ; for how was it possible for a lady, and a minor, with a small number of troops, to defend the castle against a renowned warrior, at the head of a considerable army? I therefore mounted my horse, and rode with a white banner towards the castle of Sluck. I was stopped at the outer posts, where, having given my name, I was detained awhile, until an answer was brought from the castle. My eyes were then bound, and I was introduced with all the precautions usual in a besieged fortress. When my blind was taken off, I saw the Princess Anastasia at dinner with her son and many lords, who had arrived to join her in the defence of Sluck. She saluted me with courtesy, saying, ‘ Welcome, lord Lacki ! you are indeed an unexpected guest. I beg you will sit down and partake of our fare, which we shall always be glad to share with you as long as anything remains in the castle.’ I accosted my little cousin, and offered to shake hands with him ; but he turned from me, blushed deeply, and a tear glistened in his eye. Ashamed of his

emotion, he sprang from his seat, stamped with his foot, and ran out of the hall, whence he did not return for some time. I sat down in great embarrassment; but my cousin bade me be of good cheer, and entertained the company with the greatest self-possession. When the conversation fell upon passing events, she instantly gave it another turn, and behaved with such ease and cheerfulness that none could possibly believe she was in such imminent peril. The repast being over, I requested a private conference; but she answered, ‘By no means, lord Lacki. All my guests here are noble lords, and my best friends, who are come hither to defend an oppressed widow, and I can have no secrets from them. Speak therefore openly, son of the honoured castellan of Kiow; but if your business be of such a kind that you dare not explain it in the presence of these worthy lords, rather be silent, for it would not be fitting that I should listen to it.’

“I sincerely wished at this moment that I had never undertaken the mission of Glinski. However, I collected myself, and said, ‘I have much pleasure in explaining the cause of my coming in the presence of these noble lords, who, notwithstanding their known valour and chivalrous feeling, will certainly admit that it is sometimes becoming

to hearken to the voice of prudence, and submit to the dictates of necessity.' Having concluded this exordium, I reported faithfully all that Glinski had commissioned me to say, adding many arguments of my own, which I deemed capable of shaking Anastasia's firmness. She listened to me without interruption, and when I had ended my speech, replied to me in the following manner: 'I have patiently listened to your words, lord Lacki, and I will reply to them instantly. Return to the man who has sent you, and tell him that this is the answer which Anastasia, princess of Sluck and Kopyl, gives to his message:—I formerly rejected his suit in a decided manner, because I hate him like the refuse of hell, and regard him less than the bondsman who tills the ground in humility and submission to his lord, or even the dog which is faithfully attached to his master. And does he think himself more worthy of becoming the husband of a princess of spotless reputation, and father to the descendant of so many heroes, by having added to his numberless crimes the cowardly murder of a defenceless old man? Is it because he is proclaimed an outlawed felon, and his name cancelled from the list of the nobles of Lithuania, or because he has openly joined the enemies of his country and become a perjured villain, that he dares associate

himself, even in thought, with the Princess Anastasia? I here raise my hand to heaven, and swear by the Almighty, in the presence of these noble lords, that this ancient house shall be levelled with the ground, and its memory lost in the annals of our country, before I consent to pollute its walls by introducing within them so foul a traitor!

“ All the company were deeply affected by her words. The young Prince pressed her hand to his lips, and I stood amazed and speechless. After a pause I summoned up courage, and again tried to represent the fatal consequences of her refusal, the great advantages which would result from the proposed union, and hinted at the possibility of delivering in time the country from all foreigners; but she interrupted me, saying with a bitter smile, ‘ Is then every thought of this man a new sin? and does he think to efface one treason by another? I tell you this will be his stumbling-block, and his destiny will overtake him on his crooked ways. And are you not ashamed, lord Lacki, to become the advocate of so bad a cause in the house of your relatives, to a princess whose conduct is irreproachable, and in the presence of worthy Lithuanian nobles?’ Having thus spoken, she dismissed me with a sigh; but



when I was near the door she recalled me, and said in a melancholy voice, and with tearful eyes, 'Probably we shall meet no more in this world; therefore farewell, my cousin! I will pray fervently that heaven may enlighten you, and lead you back from the evil way you are pursuing.' I was overpowered by emotion, and, unable to proffer a word, I pressed her hand to my lips, while my little cousin, approaching me, offered his hand, but turned away his face. I returned to the outposts, mounted my horse, and rode away like a madman driven by the furies of hell!

"When I reported to Glinski the unsuccessful result of my errand, he gave orders the same day to lay waste the surrounding country. The towns and villages were destroyed by fire, and the inhabitants murdered, or led away into Muscovite bondage; the castle was strongly besieged, and continually assaulted; but all these attacks were repelled with great skill and bravery. One day, when I rode out to make a reconnoissance with a small detachment, I was surprised by a strong party which sallied from the fortress. After a desperate resistance, my people were all killed or dispersed, and compelled to fly. My horse stumbled with me over the trunk of a tree, and I fell to the ground. Many swords glittered over my head,

and I had resigned all hope of life, when I heard a boyish voice crying out, 'Let him go, comrades! it is my cousin Lacki. Do him no harm, for such are the positive orders of my lady mother.' They left me, and returned to the fortress; but on arriving at the camp, afflicted and deeply humiliated, I entreated Glinski to send me to another part of the army, for I did not wish to fight against my own relatives. Glinski granted my request with a smile of scorn, and I marched with my band towards the banks of the Niemen, to join the troops commanded by Simeon prince Bielski. Providence did not permit Glinski to execute his wicked designs; and after having made a desert of the surrounding country, he was obliged to withdraw from Sluck. The towns and villages are now rebuilt, and the illustrious house of the princes of Sluck and Kopyl remains in all its splendour.

“Glinski assembled his army not far from Novogrodek, and sent from thence Prince Vasil with all his treasures to Moscow. We soon had intelligence that he had been received by the Czar with the greatest distinction, and that this monarch and all Moscow were exceedingly anxious to behold the renowned warrior Glinski. The prince set out for the capital of the czars with great pomp, and a

numerous train of princes, lords, and minor nobles. When we approached the immense city of Moscow, and arrived at the outer gate of Kitaygorod, or Chinese Town (\*), we met innumerable crowds of people. A deputation of boyars received us, and Glinski entered the capital with honours due only to a sovereign. On reaching the Kremlin, we found the Czar, Vasil Jvanovich, standing, with all his court, before the gate of his palace. According to the accustomed ceremonial, Glinski desired to embrace the knees of the monarch; this he would not suffer, but clasped him in his arms, saying, 'Welcome to our court, Prince Michael Lwowich Glinski! and be assured of our protection and favour.' Glinski replied, 'Most potent sovereign! you see before you an oppressed man, who comes with his friends and relatives to implore of Your Highness's power and generosity defence against injustice and persecution.' 'We promise it to you,' said the Czar, 'and vengeance against all your enemies. We have now ample means in our power, since we possess the best warrior of Poland and Lithuania.' We found among the courtiers Prince Vasil, who had acquired an additional degree of haughtiness. After having saluted his brother, he greeted the nobles with an air of patronage; and we heard the same

day that his daughter Helena, who was very beautiful and highly accomplished, and whom Prince Glinski loved like his own child, having himself superintended her education, had so captivated the Czar that he could not pass a day without her and her father's company.

“ Some weeks passed in continual banquets and festivals. Glinski and all his friends were treated with such favour as to excite the envy of the Muscovites. The preparations for the war were, however, eagerly pursued. The Czar entered into a negotiation with the Emperor Maximilian for an alliance against the King of Poland. It was carried on by the interference of Glinski, who during a long time had entertained a secret correspondence with the Court of Vienna; and this was the real object of Shleinitz's journey from Buda to the capital of Austria. Maximilian promised his aid, and we received at the same time intelligence that King Sigismund was on the point of marching from Brzesc with only five-and-twenty thousand men. An immense Muscovite army took the field, under the command of Glinski and the Muscovite generals Zacharyn and Prince Daniel Shtchenia, and a bloody war began. I will not tire you with the description of all the horrors committed in Lithuania. The circumstances are

too well known, as well as all the details of the battle, when King Sigismund, having crossed the Dnieper with his little army, suddenly attacked the numerous host of Moscow. Discord prevailed in our camp; the best dispositions of Gliniski were impeded by the envy of the Muscovite leaders, and the immense army of the Czar was struck by a panic, and dispersed like chaff before the wind. Gliniski strove in vain to arrest the flight of the Muscovites; in vain he entreated Zacharyn and Shtchenia to cooperate with him, and to destroy on the very field of battle the small victorious army. He was answered only by accusations of treason and curses, and finally was hurried away in the general flight.

“ I assure you, my illustrious lord of Tarnow, that if the King had then advanced with his army, he would have entered Moscow almost without resistance, the terror inspired by this defeat being such that none would have opposed his march. It is needless to say that many things might have been better than they now are.”

“ It was certainly the wish of the King and the advice of Constantine, prince of Ostrog, to do so,” answered Tarnowski; “ but of what avail is prudence against the insubordination of the nobility and the discord of the magnates? Things were

not much better in the Polish camp than they were in yours. The mutual animosity of some grandees impeded all the efforts of the King, and the army was dismissed. Scarcely could the King retain a sufficient number of troops to enable Constantine of Ostrog to invade the Muscovite lands and to conquer Viazma. The Poles always understood how to gain a victory, but seldom how to profit by it; and when will it be otherwise?"

They were interrupted by the noise of steps in the antechamber. The nobleman in waiting opened the folding-door with a profound obeisance, and a young man upwards of twenty years of age entered the room. He was of a middle size, and of a slender but well-proportioned form. His dress consisted of a long doublet of brown velvet, and a Lithuanian cloak thrown over it. A bonnet of the same colour, with three heron's feathers, adorned his head, which was covered with brown curled hair, overshadowing his pale and somewhat wan cheeks. An expression of melancholy clouded his lofty brow and his dark sparkling eyes; whilst his aquiline nose and fine mouth bore an expression of irony. He hastily accosted Tarnowski, who received him with great respect; and when the stranger stretched out his hand and unfolded his cloak, Lacki observed on his breast the order of

the Golden Fleece, suspended by a diamond collar. "How are you, my worthy Grand General?" said he to Tarnowski in a pleasing tone of voice: "I come from Lobzow, and I desired to see how you, my father, were." Tarnowski answered only by a deep obeisance, and the stranger continued: "*Cospetto di Bacco!* I dare say you are spending your time very well, *inter pocula*, as I see." He then took Tarnowski by the arm, and, leading him to a window, began to speak eagerly in a low voice. Tarnowski answered him in the same manner. The stranger's countenance became clouded, and at last he exclaimed aloud, "As I live, that cannot and shall not remain as it now is!" Tarnowski replied with great composure, "Time brings counsel." "Yes, yes," answered the stranger, "I know beforehand all your *adagia*, my dear lord of Cracow,—*accidit in punctum quod non speratur in annum*; but that leads to no conclusion. *Corpo d'Iddio!* forgo for once all your scruples. Have you not spoken with the Bishop of Cracow? Let Boratynski talk as much as he likes; when he is tired he will stop. But, O my dear Tarnowski!" added he with a melancholy expression, "my aurora is overclouded, and forebodes a stormy day."

Lacki, who quickly perceived that he was in the presence of the King Sigismund Augustus, withdrew respectfully to the other side of the room, and stood silently during his conversation with Tarnowski. Sigismund's eyes caught the old man, and, changing the expression of his voice with a facility peculiar to him, he inquired, "Who is your companion? I think it is the old Swidrigaylo<sup>(3)</sup>, or at least my grand uncle Vitold, of grim memory. I swear by Hercules that he is a real Lithuanian!" "It is such that I have the honour to present to Your Majesty," answered Tarnowski; "but it is neither Swidrigaylo nor Vitold, but the high-born John Lacki, your starost of Pinsk." "John Lacki," said the King, with a protracted tone and a mingled expression of pride and irony. "It seems to us that we behold today, for the first time, our starost of Pinsk. We have heard that you have been a traveller for a long period,—where have you passed your time?" "When I returned to my own country, most gracious lord," answered the Lithuanian in a firm tone, "your royal father, of glorious memory, was still reigning, and Your Majesty was but a minor prince." "We have been a minor," replied Sigismund with sudden anger; "but we have been already crowned



king of Poland, and grand duke of Lithuania. It seems that you have forgotten beyond the Dnieper what you owe to your sovereign. You come late,—even too late. You are dismissed.” The King accompanied these last words with an expressive gesture, and turned to Tarnowski. Lacki, amazed by so sudden a burst of royal anger, was about to withdraw; but Tarnowski gave him a sign to remain, and said to the King, “ My royal lord, the starost of Pinsk was of opinion that he could best atone for the errors of his youth by devoting his time entirely to solitude, prayer, and the fulfilment of the duties of his office; and I can pledge myself to Your Majesty that he has discharged them faithfully. He certainly would not again visit the Court in his old age, were it not for the purpose of recommending his son to the patronage of an illustrious relative.” “ What relative ? ” asked Sigismund hastily. “ The lord starost of Pinsk,” replied Tarnowski, “ has the honour to be nearly related to the most serene Barbara.” “ To the Queen ! ” exclaimed Sigismund, and every trace of anger instantly disappeared from his countenance. “ Welcome, my cousin of the morasses of Pinsk ! You may remain at the Court of your relative as long as it pleases you. *Cospetto!* the relatives

of my Queen are also mine; and I now recollect that she has a great regard for you." The Lithuanian, surprised by this sudden change of the royal mood, was transported with joy, and bowed with silent emotion over the hand which Sigismund extended to him. The King continued: "My dear starost of Pinsk! if you come to Cracow with some particular object in view, I beg of you to declare it openly to us; for no relative of my sweet Barbara shall request from us in vain anything that is just, in spite of the Primate, of Kmita, or any one else." Lacki was on the point of declaring his business; but he caught a disapproving look of Tarnowski, and therefore recommended himself only in general terms to the royal favour. Sigismund observed the look, and a transient flush overspread his face as he cast down his eyes and said, after a pause, "I hope to see you often, lord Lacki." Then, turning to Tarnowski, he continued with a smile: "The Italian musicians perform this night a concert in the apartments of the Queen-Mother: she desired me to be present. I would she never desired anything more difficult to comply with! but that is not always the case. I hope to see you at the Queen's entertainment, for I have to speak with you about many things."

The King saluted both the lords with great affability, and departed. Lacki desired also to take leave ; but Tarnowski pressed him to remain, and to conclude his narration.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“ The man who rises on his country’s ruin,  
 Lives in a crowd of foes, himself the chief :  
 In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasure !  
 His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,  
 Steal in unseen, and stab him in his triumph.”

MARTYN’S *Timoleon*.

THE Lithuanian accepted the invitation of Tarnowski, and the pitchers being replenished he continued his narrative as follows : “ Shortly afterwards peace was concluded between Moscow and Poland. The conquered towns were surrendered on both sides, the prisoners delivered up, and the families of Gliniski’s adherents sent with a safe-conduct to Moscow ; while those who desired to abjure the treasonable alliance, and to return to the allegiance of their lawful sovereign, received an entire amnesty. Many followed the call of their country ; among others Stanislaw Albrechtowicz Gastold, who afterwards became palatine of Troki, and was the first husband of the Queen Barbara. The accomplices of Zabrzezinski’s murder were, however, excepted from the amnesty, and I remained an exile.

“ Glinski advanced daily in the monarch’s favour, and his brother was considered the father of the future Czarina. They were both invested with the highest dignities of state, and all his friends were appointed to high offices, and received considerable grants.

“ But notwithstanding all these advantages I could not feel myself at home in the Muscovite land. The voice of my native country resounded from afar to my heart, and my lonely hours were hours of bitterness and corroding remorse. Simeon, prince of Bielsk, whose evil star had made him, like myself, a witness of the horrible scene at Grodno, was my constant companion, and we often rode about the environs of Moscow, filled with gloomy thoughts, and engaged in melancholy conversation. Sometimes we tried mutually to cheer each other by the hope that some of our friends, who returned to their country, would obtain our pardon, as Gastold had promised us at his departure, and we exulted in the anticipation of returning to our native land. Conversing in this manner, we one day reached Krasnoy Ostrog, a villa which the Czar had presented to Glinski. We did not expect to meet him there, for it was in the middle of winter, and he was seldom permitted to absent himself from the Court. However, when

we rode through the wooden colonnade at the entrance, we met Shleinitz, who saluted us, saying, 'Welcome at Krasnoy Ostrog, my noble lords! come and see the Prince, who is now here in a fit of ill-humour, and try to cheer him up.' We entered the hall, and found Glinski pacing it up and down with a knit brow and absorbed in thought. I accosted him, saying, 'How is it that we find here in solitude the illustrious Prince Glinski, who is the object of the greatest attention of the Court and of all Moscow?' He answered in a significant tone, 'How is it possible that you who have wandered so long with Glinski are still unaware that all is not gold that glitters? I have marked that neither of you have a particular predilection for the revelries of the Kremlin, and I confess I cannot longer find pleasure in them myself. Believe me, I am sick of all this pomp, and often prefer solitude, in spite of the gloomy thoughts which beset me when I am alone. But it cannot continue. Have I resigned my own country, and committed deeds at which I shudder, only to become the courtier of a half-savage despot? I, for whom the chivalrous Sigismund was not sufficiently good as a master, have I done all this only to be continually wearied by tasteless prodigality, Tatarian manners, and disgusting excess? I, who have seen

the palaces of the monarchs of the south and the west, and lived at the brilliant court of the Jagellons, have I abandoned the first dignities, power, and wealth in a free country, to become the first servant of my own niece, the beautiful Helena, who already forgets the paternal care with which I have educated her, and looks down on her father and uncle, because a drunken barbarian values her but half as much as his bowl? It is in sooth a glorious reward for so many daring achievements! 'But,' replied Bielski, 'it is precisely that which establishes for ever your influence in this country.' 'It may be quite the reverse,' answered Gliniski: 'I have long observed that neither of you are particularly partial to my brother, the prudent Vasil, and you have once even confessed to me that you perceived yourselves to be an encumbrance to him and to his daughter. How should I feel if it were one day my own case? When once this little wily snake is crowned, she will rule the idiotic old man, and consequently the Muscovite empire. May it not happen that she will become tired of the persons to whom she owes respect, and dismiss her uncle, and perhaps even her father? Believe me, I know this lady well. I have educated her after my own mind, and I am alone of my kind in this world. I see now that the tool grows dangerous

to the workman, but its edge must be blunted. Helena Glinski will soon be called the Czarina of Moscow, and then our destiny must be fulfilled. I am no longer excited by vengeance against the King Sigismund; he is a noble, chivalrous monarch, and I have learnt duly to appreciate him by comparing him to Vasil Jvanovich, who is overbearing in prosperity and dejected under misfortune, and who feels himself to be a sovereign only when he swings the scourge over the head of his trembling slaves. Yes, my lords and friends, my heart is turned, and I know that it will be no scandal to you, for it cannot be otherwise with yourselves. However, it must not be said that things begun with such magnitude had such a trifling issue. I care not to be the Czar's lieutenant in Lithuania, and his first slave in a country which he never will conquer; but I must ascend the princely seat of Smolensk, which the Czar has promised to me, and I will not rest till I have obtained it. Yes, I must obtain this prize, that it may not be said Glinski has acted like an imprudent boy, having performed incredible things without any consideration of the future. What may hereafter ensue is still a mystery.'

“ ‘ May you become the bulwark of your country!’ exclaimed I with the greatest enthusiasm;



‘ may you oppose the savage hordes that pant to overrun the west, to invade the habitations of civilized nations, and to renew the times of the wild Attila, overwhelming in a state of barbarism civilization, arts and sciences ! And indeed it is your duty so to do, or posterity will accuse you of having introduced these wild hordes, and your name will be accursed throughout Europe,—your name, to which our fate is attached, and that of so many other noblemen.’ ‘ I am glad to hear you speak in this manner,’ answered Glinski ; ‘ your voice is the voice of a friend and of a countryman, and such as I have not heard for a long time amidst the revelries of the Court. I tell you, when you shall hear the great bell of the Kremlin announcing the marriage festival of the Czar, prepare yourselves, for the decisive hour is at hand ! Now farewell ; the Muscovites are suspicious, and I am beset with spies in my own house.’

“ A fortnight afterwards the brothers Glinski received the solemn proposal of the Czar for the hand of Helena Vasilevna Glinska. All the Lithuanian lords present at Moscow assembled in costly dresses and with numerous retinues at the palace of Prince Vasil Glinski, in order to conduct the princely bride to the Kremlin. She was thickly wrapped in veils, and borne in a gilt litter ; her

father marched at her left, and her uncle at her right side. The train proceeded slowly amidst the continual salutes of artillery, the tolling of the bells, and the hurrahs of an immense crowd. The Czar awaited his bride at the entrance of his palace, adorned with all the emblems of his dignity, and surrounded by his boyars. The Patriarch was also present with his chief clergy. The litter stopped, but Helena sat motionless and with downcast eyes, as is the custom in Moscow. The Chancellor Zacharyn, read with a loud voice the proposal of his sovereign. The Princes Michael and Vasil Glinski returned thanks with the usual etiquette, then accosted Helena and took her under their arms, which she feigned to oppose, according to the national custom; then lifting her from her seat, they conducted her to the feet of the Czar, where she remained a while lying on the ground before the Czar gave her his hand to raise her up. He then led her to the church, preceded by all his Court, and the Patriarch performed the wedding ceremony. Immediately afterwards began the customary rejoicings, drinking, carousing, and every kind of revelry. After midnight, when the Czarina had retired to her apartments, and the Czar, who had drunk very much, prepared to follow her, he dismissed the company, retaining only Glinski,

with other Lithuanian lords, as well as the Chancellor Zacharyn, and the General Iwan Andreyewich Tcheladnin. He announced then to the Glinskis that he intended to grant them a boon more worthy of the donor than of the receiver; consequently they should make each a request. Prince Vasil answered with many vows and asseverations, that he was satisfied with the great honour his house had received, and requested for himself only the permission to bask continually in the rays of the Czar's favour. When it was the turn of Prince Michael Glinski to make his request, he cast a significant look on me, and began in a solemn voice: 'It is worthy of you, most potent Czar, to manifest in this manner to all your empire the regard you bear to the relatives of Your Highness's consort. It is now precisely the time that you can execute such a generous design, not only for our advantage, but for your own glory and the welfare of the Muscovite empire. The Tatars are crushed by your victorious arms; your star shines in the most fortunate constellation, and the West awaits in hope and fear that you may decide its destiny. The Emperor Maximilian offers you once more, through me, the crown of the Russian lands (!), if you will arise, conquer it, and crush the King of Poland. I will lead your armies

to victory and glory, and receive from your hands the princely coronet of Smolensk, which you promised me in the camp of Kleck, by Iwan Andreyewich Tcheladnin, and which you have confirmed to me many times by your own words. I will plant your colours not only on the walls of Smolensk, but even on the towers of the Jagellonian castle at Vilna, from the battlements of which you shall survey the course of the sun, and choose how far you may pursue it in its brilliant career. This is a boon worthy alike of the Czar of Moscow and of Michael Lwowicz Glinski.' 'You have spoken well,' replied the Czar; 'and if you keep to what you have promised, I salute you as the Prince of Smolensk.'

"As soon as the roads became practicable in the spring, the Muscovites took the field with immense forces. Eighty thousand men, under the command of Glinski and Tcheladnin, besieged Smolensk, and the Czar himself joined the army.

"It was, indeed, the most favourable moment to attack Poland. The Emperor Maximilian was provoked at Sigismund's marriage with Barbara Zapolya, daughter of the Waiwode of Transylvania, which destroyed his project of a conjugal alliance between the King of Poland and one of his granddaughters, sister to Charles the Fifth, and

the same that was afterwards married to the cruel King of Denmark, Christiern. The grand master of the Teutonic order, Albrecht of Brandenburg, raised the banner of revolt against his liege lord, the sovereign of Poland. The friendship of the Chan of Crimea was uncertain, and Bohdan, Waiwode of Wallachia, threatened with an invasion the southern provinces of the Crown. Only a small number of nobility had followed the summons of the King, and the state of the country became hourly more perilous. The Czar, elated by the hope of certain success, declared in his pride, that before the leaves should fall from the trees he would tear the crown from Sigismund's head, and cover it with a monk's cowl, and that the Queen of Poland should bear the train of the Czarina's gown.

“ Smolensk was bravely defended by its commander, Solohoub. The siege began the 10th May, 1514, and during twelve weeks three hundred pieces of artillery fired continually on the town, which was nearly reduced to ashes. Famine began to make havock among the inhabitants, and the garrison was exceedingly reduced by repeated sallies, when a report was spread that King Sigismund had started with his small army, and was hastily advancing to rescue the besieged fortress. The Czar forgot his boastings at the approach of

danger, and leaving Smolensk with Prince Vasil, marched with a part of the army along the Dnieper, to ravage the country. Glinski remained before Smolensk, and as soon as the Czar departed, he assembled in his tent the principal officers, and declared to them, that though the Czar had left the camp, he would rather die than abandon Smolensk.

“ ‘ Let us only carry this point,’ said he once to me secretly, ‘ and then it shall be known for whom I have drawn the sword. If I succeed, we shall once more clear our honour, which we have disgraced by an alliance with so unworthy a monarch.’

“ Glinski kept his word. A few days afterwards deputies arrived from the town, in which Glinski had secret agents; the gates of the fortress were opened, and its brave commander, Solohoub, brought forth in fetters. But Glinski received him with courtesy, took away his bonds, invited him to his table, and bade him be of good cheer. When we were alone, he said to Solohoub, ‘ God forbid that I should detain prisoner a noble countryman, and so gallant an officer of King Sigismund! I know that Glinski is called a traitor, but he has not so forsaken every chivalrous feeling as to deliver a Lithuanian nobleman, and the

son of his own country, to the half-savage barbarians. Return, therefore, to your monarch, and tell him that Michael Glinski is not quite so bad as he is represented, and that many things may yet be changed.' We entered Smolensk the same day; and Glinski gave strict orders to spare the inhabitants and the disarmed garrison. The Czar arrived directly himself to take possession of Smolensk: he ordered that the town should be garrisoned with Muscovite troops, and the Lithuanian bands were quartered in the adjacent villages.

“ When Glinski conducted the Czar round the fortifications of the town, he overloaded him with praises and thanks for the conquest of such an important place, but he did not make the least mention of what he had formerly promised him. In the evening he gave a great banquet, to which all the principal officers of the army were invited. When the feast began to degenerate into wild revelry, Glinski approached the Czar, who sat in a state of intoxication near the window, holding a cup in his hand. He addressed him for a long while in a low voice, entreating him now to fulfill his promises concerning the sovereignty of Smolensk; but the Czar answered, laughing, ‘ You are a little too quick, my cousin Michael Lwo-wicz; we have not yet been in the Jagellonian

castle at Vilna ; when that happens, you may ask us for Smolensk, but not before.' ' Not before !' replied Glinski in a loud voice ; ' then I cannot hope for the fulfilment of a solemn promise given on the troth of Your Highness ?' ' Troth !' said the Czar with derision, ' this word sounds vastly well in your mouth, my cousin Michael Lwowicz ; it is a good warning into what faithful hands we should have trusted this castle and town, had we committed it to your care. As we before told you, we must see a complete fulfilment of your promises, and until that time we remain your well affectionate.' Having said this, he called a page to replenish his cup.

“ When Glinski left the Czar, and approached the lamps which illuminated the banqueting-hall, I could scarcely recognise his features. A deadly paleness covered his visage, his contracted mouth quivered with convulsive agony, and his vacant eyes stared unconsciously on the assembly, which attentively observed him. However, he quickly succeeded in collecting himself, and in concealing the violent agitation of his mind under an air of assumed indifference. He even contrived to say some friendly words to his brother, who had just had a long conversation with the Czar ; but Prince Vasil answered him in an absent manner, and with



great confusion. Meanwhile the vice-commander of Smolensk entered the hall, and presented to the Czar, on his bended knee, the keys of the city gates, which were locked for the night. The Czar took them, and directing a significant look towards Glinski, gave them to Tcheladnin, saying, 'Guard them well.' Glinski quitted the hall under pretence of performing some duties of his office, and gave a sign to me and Shleinitz to follow him.

"When we entered his apartment, where Hassan was busy in preparing all that was necessary for the night, he gave free vent to his suppressed rage. 'Have you heard,' exclaimed he, 'have you heard the words of the drunken barbarian? Thou takest from me the princely coronet of Smolensk in spite of the most solemn promises, and I will tear from thy head the royal crown! Thou desirest to invade with thy barbarians the rich West, and I will throw thee back into thy frozen deserts! I would rather never have existed than that I should be the means of opening the road to civilized Europe for thee and thy savage hordes. He is mistaken,' continued he, after a pause caused by exhaustion; 'I am still a Lithuanian, my dear Lacki; I have not ceased to be a man, my faithful Shleinitz! I have not yet abjured every sentiment of honour and chivalry! and thou, my native land,

receive me again into thy bosom, and forgive the penitent wanderer!’ ‘God be praised!’ exclaimed I in rapture, and the Saxon covered the hand of his patron with silent tears.

“ ‘We must lose no time,’ continued Gliniski, with more calmness; ‘we must execute without delay our designs. Therefore you, Shleinitz, must ride disguised before dawn through the little sallyport in the dry fosse, which the ignorant barbarians have overlooked, and direct your way towards Borissow. I will write a letter, which you must deliver into the King’s own hands. Make haste to return, because the business you are entrusted with is of the most-important nature. Hassan, my faithful fellow!’ said he to the Turk, ‘’tis needless to warn thee—thou shouldst be silent as the grave on all thou hast seen and heard. Take care that six of my swiftest horses be immediately stationed in the wood on the left side of the sallyport.’ Hassan bowed silently, and the dim light of the apartment permitted me not to observe the expression of his countenance.

“ Five days passed on after this conversation; Gliniski continued to perform the duties of his office, but he rarely appeared in the presence of the Czar. The sixth day we were sitting, in the early morn, with him and Prince Simeon Bielski, who

was initiated in our secrets, engaged in conversation about our preparations for escape, which we had the intention of executing immediately after the return of Shleinitz, whom we expected shortly. Glinski observed, with some anxiety, it was strange that Hassan, who was sent to look whether our preparations were all made, had not yet returned. 'He is faithful,' said the Prince; 'therefore I am afraid that something has happened to him; and the most trifling accident may lead to dangerous consequences in such an important moment.'

"We suddenly heard a noise of footsteps in the antechamber and a loud knocking at the door; I opened it, thinking it was the Turk, but one of the Czar's servants entered, and told Glinski that the monarch awaited him in the great hall. We directly followed his summons, and not without great anxiety. On entering the hall, we found the Czar, surrounded by many Muscovite lords. Shleinitz stood on one side in fetters; next him was Hassan, free, and looking on with a sneer. A little further was Prince Vasil Glinski, whose changeful countenance expressed his great anxiety. We then saw that all was lost. The Chancellor Jacob Zacharyn addressed Glinski, who stood silent and without making any obeisance, and presented to him a scroll, saying,

‘By the order of His Highness, I demand of you, Prince Gliniski, if this disguised messenger is yours, and if this letter is addressed to you?’ He then read the scroll with a slow, impressive voice. It was King Sigismund’s answer to Gliniski, and its contents were as follow : ‘That King Sigismund, moved by his natural clemency, was not disinclined to receive the repentant supplications of Michael Lwowicz, Prince Gliniski, formerly Court Marshal of Lithuania, and promised to grant him and all his adherents and accomplices in the crime of high treason, and in the murder of John Zabrzezinski, Grand Marshal of Lithuania, a safe conduct and amnesty as soon as they should break off their criminal alliance with the enemies of their country, and appear in person at the footstool of the throne to implore the King’s mercy ; that they would obtain the royal favour in future if they deserved it by their faithful services.’ Gliniski listened to the reading of the letter without saying a word ; he only cast a furious look on the infamous infidel, who stood by with insolent carelessness, and another on his brother Vasil, who turned from him in the greatest embarrassment. The Chancellor exchanged a look with the Czar, who was trembling with rage, and continued : ‘ You are silent ; but there is no

need of further evidence ; His Highness and we all know well this disguised traitor, who was delivered into our hands by this honest Mussulman as a confidential servant of yours.' ' Yes,' exclaimed the Czar in a thundering voice, ' and thou shalt directly receive thy reward !' Gliniski drew his sword, and we followed his example, being resolved to sell our lives to the Muscovites as dear as possible ; however, after a short struggle we were overwhelmed by numbers, disarmed, and transported during the night to the castle of Viazma.

“ Upon our arrival there we were placed, Gliniski, Bielski, and myself, in an empty room on the ground-floor. We found in a corner of our prison some straw mats, and its grated windows and iron door sufficiently foretold what we had to expect. Gliniski had not uttered a word since the speech of the Chancellor in the great hall of Smolensk. He sat down on the straw couch, and covered his face with his hands. We conversed with Bielski in a low voice, bitterly regretting the failure of a project which promised to be so propitious, and mutually consoling each other as well as we could in so desperate a condition. A deep sigh burst from the breast of the unfortunate Gliniski ; we lowered our voices still more, not

wishing to increase his grief by our presence. A few moments after, he suddenly arose from his seat, and approaching us, said in a voice of profound distress, ' You turn from me, unhappy men ! you cannot support the sight of your destroyer.' We seized his hands and endeavoured to console him, but he continued, ' Such is then the end of Michael Gliniski, the friend of two kings, the renowned warrior, the descendant of sovereigns ! and the reward he bestows on his friends is, ruin, infamy, and death ! Oh, do not look on me in such a friendly and forgiving manner ! I have deserved all that may happen ; but you, my injured friends——. My pride is crushed, my dreams are over ; if I could only save you, I care not that the next moment should bring on myself the doom which now awaits me, and which I have long merited by many dark and unhallowed deeds.' After a pause he continued, ' It is not that my last act was a wrong one that I am now reduced to this wretched state. No ! 't is because it is the first step I have taken in opposition to the powers of darkness ; but it is more difficult than I supposed to turn from a wrong path. I thought my will and my actions were free, and I felt not the heavy chain I have wound round me until it was too late to break it ;

and now it drags me into an abyss, from which I see no hope of salvation. Such is the curse of the guilty, that when they would leave the path of crime, they are abandoned by the powers of darkness, and unable to supplicate for the assistance of Heaven, which they before neglected.'

“ ‘ You must not be cast down by misfortune,’ replied I; ‘ you are a renowned warrior, and you have numerous friends and adherents. As long as the Czar nourishes the hope of becoming Grand Duke of Lithuania and King of Russia, he will never dare to lay violent hands on you. You cannot trust to his clemency, but you may rely on his self-interest. Remember that you stand under the patronage of the Emperor Maximilian, from whom the Czar expects the fulfilment of his dearest wishes. Cheer up, Prince Glinski! and be not like Vasil Ivanovich, of whom you have yourself said, that he is overbearing in prosperity and dejected in adversity.’ ‘ You are right,’ exclaimed Glinski, and a ray of serenity flashed over his pale countenance. ‘ No! I will not resemble yon degenerate Vasil! Glinski must be greater in his dungeon than that crowned slave on his throne. And shall I, who have sown the seeds of mischief, now stand like a weeping school-boy, and marvel that they have sprung up? What

you say of Maximilian of Austria is not without foundation, and it is the sheet-anchor on which we may base our hopes. But whatever may happen, I am prepared to bear it, since you, Lacki, and you, Prince Bielski, have forgiven me.'

"We spent the night in similar conversation, and in much better spirits than could be supposed in our position. The distracted mind of Glinski grasped eagerly at the hope I had awakened. His anger subsided into the contempt which he had long cherished for the Czar, and he consoled himself by the idea, that even in the depth of misfortune he was superior to his tormentor, not only in mind and courage, but also in the opinion of the world.

"The morning came, and we heard a great noise in the castle-yard. Soon afterwards the door of our prison opened, and Tcheladnin entered with many soldiers and jailors. Glinski met him with resolution, supposing he was going to an instant death; but Tcheladnin addressed him in the following manner: 'Michael Lwowicz, as long as thou didst appear to serve the Czar faithfully, he showed thee much grace and kindness, much more than was due to a foreign deserter like thee. Thou hast requited his favour with treason, and he sends thee these presents.' The jailors lifted



the heavy iron chains ; Glinski stretched his hands in silence. They bound him, and carried him away to Moscow, where we were conveyed the same day, and consigned separately to deep subterraneous dungeons ; but Shleinitz died on the scaffold.

“ One morning, in the beginning of our imprisonment, the warder entered my dungeon, and ordered me to follow him. He conducted me through many corridors into a large room, which had the appearance of a hall of justice. The Chancellor Jacob Zacharyn sat at a long table, in company with many judges ; on one side stood a man surrounded with guards, and dressed like a Roman priest of high rank. He looked very tranquil and undisturbed ; but when he perceived me, he lifted his hand to his face as if by accident, but I distinctly saw that he pressed his finger on his lips, to enjoin silence. I cast down my eyes, only secretly looking on him from time to time : it appeared to me that I had formerly seen his countenance, but I could not distinctly remember where. When I entered, the Chancellor said to him, in broken Latin, ‘ This is a Lithuanian nobleman, and perhaps acquainted with you.’ ‘ No,’ replied the priest. Zacharyn then began to question me : ‘ Have you ever seen this

lord at the court of King Sigismund at Cracow?' I answered that I could not have seen him there, having never been in that town. 'Have you seen him elsewhere?' This question rendered me speechless, because I believed that I recognised the stranger by his voice, and I thought it was Boguslaw Trepka<sup>(3)</sup>, a Polish noble, whom I had often seen at Vilna, in the retinue of King Sigismund. 'How can it be,' continued the Chancellor, 'that you, who have been at the Court in Vilna, if not in Cracow, have never seen this lord, who calls himself the legate of the Pope?' 'I have often seen the legate of Pope Julius the Second,' answered I. 'What was his name?' 'Hieronymus Pamphili.' 'Is this the man?' 'No.' 'You see, lord legate of the Pope, that this noble does not know you,' said Zacharyn turning to the priest, 'therefore it is necessary we should make acquaintance with you in some other way.' 'Do as you like,' answered the stranger proudly, 'but when I must speak to you, who disregard the law of nations and lay violent hands on a minister of the church, I will tell you, that this unhappy prisoner speaks the truth in saying that he does not know me. Hieronymus Pamphili, the legate of Pope Julius the Second, has long since returned to Rome, and taken his seat in the

sacred college as a cardinal, by the title *Sancti Petri in vinculis*. I was sent by Leo the Tenth, who now occupies the holy see, to His Majesty the King of Poland, which you would have known were you not plunged in gross ignorance and barbarity, and you would have seen it by the *breve*, in which the holy father has announced that I should soon arrive. My name and my dignity are : Andreas Piso, Bishop of Ptolemais, *in partibus infidelium*.' ' We do not acknowledge any *breve* of the Pope,' answered Zacharyn with irony ; ' you are here in the land of the infidels, and we will prepare you a bishopric not more comfortable than that of Ptolemais would be to you if you wished to take possession of it.' ' I am in the hands of Providence,' answered the stranger undismayed ; ' act towards me as you will justify it towards your own consciencæ.' ' That is our business,' answered Zacharyn ; ' but you must account to the all-piercing eye of the Czar for your audacious pretensions. Tell us, I pray you, why we, schismatics as you call us, the followers of the primitive orthodox church, are so honoured that the Bishop of Rome sends us one of the first dogs of his spiritual herd ?' ' I throw back your scorn upon yourself,' replied the priest in a firm tone of voice, and with a look of contempt ; ' the

Pope is the father of all Christendom, even of those who have seceded from the true church. His paternal solicitude embraces all the world, from the east to the west, and therefore has he sent me, one of his meanest servants, in the pious hope that I may be able to stop the shedding of the Christian blood, and put an end to the destructive war between Poland and Moscow. But why should I speak more? You know the purpose of my mission by the *breve* of the Pope and by the letters you have taken violently from me, contrary to every custom and law of nations.' 'These letters are precisely what condemns you. There is too much and too little; therefore, most reverend Bishop of Ptolemais, we must seek an explanation of them in our own manner. Carry him away! You know to what place,' said he to his guards; 'but you,' continued he, turning towards me, 'try to recollect yourself; your turn will be next.' The stranger cast a contemptuous look on the Chancellor, and then following his warders, left the hall with a firm step.

"In a short time I heard in the little court beneath the windows a rattling, as if of rusty wheels; this noise lasted about an hour. Zacharyn looked repeatedly out of the window. Every time that he returned to his seat his dissatisfac-

tion seemed to increase ; he shook his head, and secretly spoke to the other judges. Finally, he arose once more from his seat, went again to the window, and exchanged a few words with some persons below, but I stood too far off to understand their meaning. The rattling of the wheels ceased, and the tread of many steps resounded in the court. Soon after a flame was seen through the windows, and a thick offensive smoke penetrated into the room. I heard also a low murmur, as if of prayer, interrupted at intervals by an interrogating voice and a groan of pain. I bent my head and wept bitterly. After a while, Zacharyn, who still continued to pace up and down the hall, and to look from time to time out of the window, was interrupted by a servant of the tribunal, whose words, uttered in a whisper, highly excited his anger. He threw violently on the table a scroll which he held in his hand, and cried, turning to me, ' Back to your prison, traitor ! ' I was then led back to my dungeon, resigning every hope of life, of which I expected to be deprived on the morrow amidst the most horrible torments. I was also heartily grieved for him whom I supposed to be a faithful servant of King Sigismund, being uncertain whether the torments had wrung from him his

secret, or whether he had sealed his fidelity by an agonizing death.

“ The second day I was again conducted to the tribunal, where the stranger entered a few moments after me. He looked like the personification of sorrow, and all his features were horribly disfigured by the infernal torments which had been inflicted upon him. His hair, his beard, and his brows were singed; the skin of his face seared and covered with blisters; his nails were cloven, and all his members hung powerless and unnerved. I looked on his figure, which predicted to me what I should soon experience myself. Though weak, he stood with dignity before Zacharyn, casting on the barbarian looks of deep contempt. The Chancellor resumed his examination. I thought it would be disgraceful in me if I showed less constancy than he had done, or if I was the cause of his death by a deposition of the truth of which I was not quite certain. I therefore answered in the same manner as I had done the day before. The stranger either gave no reply to the questions of Zacharyn, or answered them only by threats and bitter reproaches. The Chancellor gave a sign, and the guards approached in order to lead us to the torture, when a noble of the Czar’s household entered and pre-

sented him a letter. Zacharyn pressed it to his lips, according to the Muscovite custom; then opening it, as he read his countenance darkened; he paused for a moment, and then said to the priest, 'It is the will of my most gracious sovereign that you appear in his presence, Lord Bishop of Ptolemais. Go, then, and try if your eyes can bear the rays of his face.' 'My eyes,' replied the stranger, 'are accustomed to the sight of a greater lord than yours; think not they will shrink before Vasil Ivanovich or any of his slaves.' Having said this he left the hall, leaning on the guards who accompanied him; but I was led back to my prison. I have never seen him since, and I am still uncertain whether it was Trepka whom I saw, or if it were really a Roman priest, as was supposed at Moscow."

"You have not been mistaken," said Tarnowski to the narrator; "it was really Boguslaw Trepka whom you saw conduct himself with so much firmness. The King had sent him with commissions to Glinski, being ignorant of his imprisonment. Trepka having learnt the fate of the Prince at Smolensk, resolved to follow him to Moscow. He adopted the bold and extraordinary plan of passing for the Roman legate Piso, whose arrival was announced at Moscow.

His constancy under the torture, as well as the reproaches and threats with which he overwhelmed the Czar when in his presence, completely deceived Vasil Ivanovich. He was afraid that the insult done by him to the legate of the Pope might draw upon him the resentment of the Roman Catholic monarchs, and particularly of the Emperor. He therefore ordered Trepka to be attended with the greatest care, and when recovered, sent him back to Poland, loaded with rich presents. When Trepka returned to the King, he begged to be pardoned for his long absence, but did not say a word of all that had happened to him. But the King, being already informed of his manly behaviour, embraced him, and granted him the starosty of Sieradz, that he might spend the remainder of his life in undisturbed quiet and ease, which he had so well earned. This worthy old man is still alive, and I hope you will see him. You may greet him as a friend, my dear Lacki, for I assure you that the account he gave to the King of the manner in which you behaved in the justice-hall of Moscow did you no harm in the mind of His late Majesty."

"Here let me pass over in silence a period of seventeen years," continued Lacki; "for what



is it possible to say of so long a time spent in the darkness of a dungeon, where there was no other change than the alternate hope and fear, which succeeded each other until both subsided into a senseless apathy ?

“ The battle of Orsha was fought ; thirty thousand Poles defeated eighty thousand Muscovites, and took half of this number prisoners ; but you know it well, having yourself been present at the battle. The Emperor Maximilian abandoned the Muscovites, and contracted an alliance with King Sigismund, which was strengthened at their interview in Vienna by an intermarriage of the Austrian house and the Jagellonian family. All the schemes of the Czar were frustrated, and his anger against the unfortunate Glinski still more increased.

“ The Emperor Maximilian, his successor Charles the Fifth, the King of Hungary, and some other monarchs, interceded in behalf of Glinski<sup>(4)</sup>, but in vain. His brother, the cowardly Vasil, made no effort whatever to soothe the Czar’s anger, and the Czarina was unwilling to intercede for her uncle, whose former care and kindness she requited with ingratitude and hatred, being afraid of his superior mind. Years passed in this manner, during which time Prince Vasil

Glinski died, the Czarina bore a son, the present Czar Ivan Vasilewich, and gradually acquired great influence and power.

“ At the beginning of the eighteenth year of our imprisonment, some persons represented to the Czarina that it was unbecoming her dignity to permit her nearest relative to linger in prison; that Prince Michael was no longer to be feared, as in former days; that his spirits were broken by a long captivity, and that there would be no danger in releasing from prison such a weak old man; that by doing so she would gain great honour in the country and amongst foreign potentates, who took a lively interest in Glinski. Helena consequently went to the old Czar, who spent all his time in drinking and amidst his buffoons. The little Ivan, instructed by his mother, knelt before his father, and requested him to give freedom to his grand-uncle. This request was instantly granted, and Glinski, with all his friends, was restored to liberty.

“ It is impossible to describe the emotions of joy and pain with which we embraced one another after our long and solitary confinement, and mutually beheld the dismal change wrought in our features by years of suffering. When I met Prince Bielski we were unable to utter a word, and could

only press each other's hands in mute emotion. Some days afterwards we went to the Kremlin, to be presented to the Czar, and to thank him, according to the Muscovite custom, for the gracious punishment we had undergone. We there found Glinski engaged in a confidential conversation with the Czar, as if nothing had ever happened. Age had quenched the passions of both, and worn out the hatred in their hearts. Oh, what a change we beheld in Glinski! A few grey hairs covered his pale wrinkled brow. An inanimate smile, the smile of a slave insensible to his own degradation, played round his mouth, from which formerly resounded the words of command amidst the thunders of battle; which had often hurried away, by its irresistible eloquence, the minds of listening senates, and bidden defiance to the monarchs of the earth. The hand which had swayed the sword of a hero and the staff of a leader, now held with a convulsive grasp the crutch of the powerless old man. When we had saluted the Czar, we approached Glinski; but he turned his weak eyes upon us with the indifference of a stranger, and, on hearing our names, greeted us with as much insensibility of manner as though we had parted but yesterday.

“ We were restored to our ancient offices, and

Glinski advanced daily in the favour of the Czar. It was reported that they often disputed violently about things which had happened many years ago, confessing without any reserve all the harm they had done each other, and mutually boasting of their craftiness and audacity; but all this without anger, as if they spoke about things that had occurred to others, and in which they were not the least concerned. We lived with Simeon Bielski in retirement, submitting to our fate, which, as we thought, had prepared for us a grave far from our native country.

“ Some years passed in this manner. During this time the Czarina bore another son, and Prince Obolenski, who was related to the Czar, began to gain great influence at the Court. Czar Vasil Ivanovich sunk by degress into a state of complete idiotcy. He did not care about anything in the world, and his sole occupations were, his bowl, the jests of his buffoons, and his disputes with Glinski, whilst Helena and Obolenski ruled the empire.

“ One day, in the year 1535, the tolling of the great bell on the Kremlin announced to the inhabitants of Moscow that the Czar Vasil Ivanovich was no more. The second day after this event, the princes and boyars were summoned to

the Court. In the great hall of the palace was erected a throne under a canopy. On the right side of it stood the widowed Czarina, holding her two sons by the hand. Not far from her stood Obolenski, bearing the sword, Glinski with the sceptre, and a third grandee with the crown. Opposite to the throne, before a table on which a parchment scroll was lying, stood the Chancellor Lew Romanowich Baturyn. Ranged along the walls were the patriarch with the clergy, as well as the boyars and principal officers of state. The dwarfs and buffoons of the Czar were also present, dressed in mourning, and their baubles wrapped in black stuff: they appeared much afflicted, and perhaps they alone were sincere in their grief. Baturyn having addressed the assembly in a speech, in which he compared the late Czar to the sun, to the moon, and to the stars, opened the parchment, which contained the last will of his sovereign: he kissed it, and then read aloud. The contents were to the following purport: Vasil Ivanovich, Czar and Grand Duke of Moscow, &c. &c., appointed, in case of his death, his eldest son, Ivan Vasilewich, his successor, and entrusted the regency during the minority of the young monarch to his beloved consort, the Czarina Helena Vasilewna, and his cousins Mi-

chael Lwowicz, prince Glinski, and Simeon Fiedorowich, prince Owchyn Obolenski.

“ When the Chancellor ended his speech, a loud hurrah resounded three times from the whole assembly. The Czarina occupied the throne, holding on her knees the little Ivan, who was nine years old. Glinski took a place on her right, and Obolenski on her left side.

“ The next day Prince Bielski and I received an order from the Regent Glinski to present ourselves in his apartments at the Kremlin. When we entered his closet, we found an extraordinary change in his appearance. He no longer made use of the crutch on which he had constantly leant since he left his prison; but now walked with a firm step. The deadly inane smile which so disfigured his countenance had completely disappeared, and his eyes sparkled with their former fire. ‘ I salute you today for the first time,’ said he in a strong voice; ‘ you, John Lacki, and you, Prince Bielski, who have been my companions in danger and in victory, in banishment and in prison. Now you shall be my companions in fortune and honour. A long and gloomy time has passed, and Fortune again showers her favours on the hoary head of Glinski.’

“ We congratulated him on this favourable

turn in his fortunes, expressing our wishes that he might recover his health and former vigour. He smiled, and said, 'The door of my prison was small and low, I was therefore obliged to bend, that I might be able to pass; but we will speak no more of the past, we will rather take care of the present, that we may fare better for the future. You think, as many do, that I have now attained a summit where no thunderbolt can reach me, and whence no storm can precipitate me back to the abyss where I lingered for so long a time. But judge yourselves if it be so, when I recall to your remembrance what I told you about the Czarina one-and-twenty years ago, when she was only a girl of fifteen, and when you observe Obolenski, who thinks himself the greatest warrior and the wisest statesman in the world, because he succeeded in pleasing a vain and ill-disposed woman. I tell you, I am an obstacle to both. My dear niece has long since repented the intercession she made in favour of her uncle and second father, and perhaps I should have returned to my dungeon if I had not played the part of a Brutus at the court of this Tarquin. Therefore let us all Lithuanians who still remain here keep fast one to another, that we may be able to oppose the Muscovite wiles. In virtue of

my office, I have appointed you, Prince Bielski, commander of the life-guards, which are formed from men levied in the provinces recently torn from Lithuania; and you, Lacki, chamberlain and tutor of the young Czar. You, Bielski, must endeavour to win for me the affections of the guards, that, in case of need, they may be on our side; and you, Lacki, try if possible to gain the confidence of the princely boy, to make him love his grand-uncle, and to instill into his mind good feelings. He is wild and unmanageable, and threatens to resemble his late father, who, may his soul rest in peace! was not the most exemplary of monarchs.'

“ We promised the Regent to make the utmost exertions in executing his commands, and were greatly rejoiced by all we heard and saw: yet our joy was of short duration; the hopes of Glinski, and the renewed vigour of his mind, were as the transient sunshine of a November day. We immediately entered upon our functions; but Bielski, whose task was more easy than mine, soon began to complain of the bad success of all his efforts. The paymaster of the guards, and many inferior officers appointed by Obolenski, did all in their power to spread disaffection amongst the soldiers. His orders, as well as those of Glinski, were slowly



executed, and often entirely disregarded. Some measures of a severer discipline, which Bielski had adopted, almost produced an open revolt. I had still worse success. Innumerable spies and intruders continually hindered me in performing my duty; and it was seldom that I could remain alone with my pupil. Far from winning his attachment, he seemed daily to take a greater dislike to me. He was also of a sulky and wicked disposition: his favourite amusements, in which his Muscovite teachers and servants willingly lent him assistance, were of a wicked and cruel kind. He delighted to tease and to maim animals, and to flog his slaves<sup>(5)</sup>. His mother, and the Regent Obolenski, considered these traits as the early tokens of a warlike spirit and uncommon wit. When I reproved him for his cruelty, the young viper answered, that he was the Czar, and it became him to act according to his pleasure with his dogs, and with his bondmen, who were the same; but that I was a Lithuanian slave and deserter, and that he would rather have his meanest slave for a tutor than me.

“ When first we entered upon the duties of our new offices, I often went with Bielski to the Regent, Glinski, and told him the mischief that was going on. Our complaints always made him angry: he promised to redress the evil; but we were soon

aware that he had not sufficient power to do so. By degrees he was removed from the councils of the regency; his antechamber was deserted; even the honours due to his station were unwillingly rendered to him; and we saw with regret and anxiety that the old lion, whose name was once so dreaded, had become a vain phantom. Whilst he was entirely abandoned in his splendid apartments, the Court of Helena was plunged in every kind of excess. Banquets, revelries, and all sorts of amusement, succeeded each other. All manners and decorum becoming her high station were abandoned by the Czarina: she no longer made a secret of her criminal intercourse with Obolenski, and all the Court repeatedly witnessed scenes of the greatest scandal.

“ Bielski and I reported to Glinski all that we saw and heard of the proceedings of the Court, strongly representing to him that it foreboded nothing good either to him or to us. We urged him to retire while he might do so with honour, and before any circumstances might lead to an open rupture and acts of violence, which he would be unable to oppose. But our remonstrances ever made him angry, as is often the case when old people remember their former vigour, and flatter themselves they still enjoy it. He never could be persuaded that

his influence was gone, and imagined he should be able to check all these disorders by uttering a single word. Under this impression he adopted a very unwise line of conduct, considering the character of the Czarina. He went to the apartments of his niece, rebuked her severely, and reminded her of what she owed to the dignity of her station. At the beginning she listened to him with seeming attention, and promised amendment; but notwithstanding all her promises, she persevered in the same disgraceful life. When Glinski renewed his reproaches, the Czarina and Obolenski treated him with contempt and ridicule, all the Court following their example. Glinski became every day more incensed, and reminding his niece of all he had done for her during her childhood, he threatened to interfere, in virtue of his office as Regent.

“ One morning, as I was entering the apartments of the young Czar to perform my painful duty, I met with Fedor Borisowich Godunof, whom I always disliked for his ignorance and cunning. He greeted me, and said I might spare myself the trouble of entering, as the Czarina and the Regency had dismissed me from my office, and appointed him in my place. I stood uncertain how I should reply to such a message, when the young Czar ran in, holding in his hand a bird whose eyes he had just picked out.

‘Look here!’ said the promising boy, ‘how shouldst thou like to be as this bird is? Wait but a little, and it shall be so with all the Lithuanian vagrants. It is already so with one—with my grand-uncle!’ and laughing maliciously, he ran away. I retired, glad to be released from the useless and painful task, but much perplexed at what the boy had uttered regarding Glinski. I met in the castle-yard with Bielski, who told me that he was also dismissed from his command, in the name of the Czarina and the Regency, and that he had likewise heard some unintelligible and ominous reports about Prince Michael. We hastened in the greatest anxiety to his apartments, where we found our worst fears realized.

“My worthy Count of Tarnow, permit an old man to cast a retrospective glance on him whom I so truly loved, and to whom I sacrificed, during many years, everything that was dear to me on earth. Though the world condemns Michael Lwowicz Glinski—though the ruins of so many Lithuanian cities accuse him to posterity, and the blood of many cries vengeance upon his head,—I, whom he greatly injured, cannot join those who hate and curse his memory. He was ever a chivalrous hero, brave in battle, and considerate as became a general. His voice in the council was

the voice of a sage, and his liberality was royal. He was as warm in his affections towards his friends as he was violent in his hatred towards his enemies. The vice which drew him from the path of honour, and precipitated him into infamy and destruction, was the same that caused the fall of the angels from the regions of heaven to the infernal abyss."

"Well!" said Tarnowski with deep emotion, "let us not heap more accusations on the memory of this unfortunate man, but rather strike our breast, saying, 'Lord, enter not into judgement with us sinners.'"

"If Prince Gliniski," continued Lacki after a pause, "has sullied his glorious career by ingratitude and treason, he himself fell a victim to still blacker ingratitude. Helena, whom he had loved as his own daughter, and educated from her childhood—to whom he cleared the way to the throne she disgraced,—this very Helena accused him, with the aid of her insolent paramour, in a nightly assemblage of boyars, of a treasonable correspondence with the King of Poland. He was unanimously deposed from the regency; the Czarina ordered his arrest; and the same night his eyes were put out, and he was cast into a dungeon.

"Gliniski did not long support the fresh load of

misery heaped on his hoary head : he soon afterwards died in the arms of a natural daughter who followed him to prison. Bitter complaints and maledictions on his treason to his king and his country, and curses against his ungrateful niece, were the only preparations for his end. The spirits of the murdered hovered over his deathbed, and the bats and snakes of the dungeon sang his funeral dirge.

“The imprisonment of the Regent was not without consequences. Many lords, enemies to Obolenski and the Czarina, seized the opportunity of raising the bloody standard of civil war, which raged during some time in the provinces adjacent to the capital. Nobody cared about us ; so taking advantage of these new troubles, I and Prince Bielski mounted our horses, and journeyed to Hungary, where we joined the army of King John of Zapolya. We fought many years in the ranks of this unfortunate Prince against Ferdinand of Austria ; and when he died at Buda, wearied with the Turkish protection, we conducted the Queen Isabella and the royal orphan back to our common country, Poland, whence I had been banished during more than thirty-five years.

“We presented ourselves to King Sigismund, who was then at Lithuanian Brzesc. He re-

ceived his repentant subjects to favour, and granted, at your intercession, to me, whose estates were forfeited to the Crown, Zoludek Trocki and Krasny Dwor, and afterwards the starosty of Pinsk. It happened that on a journey I passed by Lack, the ancestral castle of our family, which was given by the King to another. I went to see the place where my ancestors dwelt during many years. When I entered the yard of the castle, which was empty and uninhabited, I saw the grass growing between the stones of the pavement. I remembered then what the dying Alexander had said to me thirty-six years before, and tears gushed from my eyes. I passed also by Sluck, but I did not enter it. The Princess Anastasia had long been dead, and the little George Simeonowich, who had become a distinguished warrior, also slept in the grave of his ancestors. Being now a stranger in my own country, alone and friendless, I retired to my starosty of Pinsk, and lived there in the recollection of the past, devoting all my time to the care of my eternal salvation and the education of my only son. The King should certainly have spared his reproaches to an old exile for not appearing amongst the gay crowds of his Court; but the mind of youth is ever inconsiderate, and mine, alas! was but too much so."

Tarnowski pressed the hand of his old friend

with deep emotion, and they continued some time in earnest conversation upon passing events. Tarnowski said, "We have here, unfortunately, some persons that are not better than Helena Glinska, though the refined manners of the West have taught them to conceal their worst passions with more art. There are also those who resemble Obolenski and Hernippus Lascaris. May Heaven avert the dangers that threaten us!" "Yes!" exclaimed Lacki; "and Hassan, who disappeared from Moscow during our imprisonment, is also here; and you will allow that I had sufficient reason to be shocked at meeting him again. But it is time that you should go to the Court. We have already heard the tramp of horses, and the light of many passing tapers proves that you are late in paying your respects to the Queen-mother. Permit me now to take leave of you." The old friends shook hands cordially, and the Lithuanian departed.

END OF VOL. I.



# NOTES.

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## CHAPTER I.

1. *During the service.*—It was an ancient custom in Poland, that at the beginning of the reading of the Gospel every one unsheathed his sword to the middle, as a token of his readiness to fight for the defence of religion. This custom was continued until the middle of the eighteenth century.

2. *The Lord, &c.*—It was customary in Poland, for children, when speaking of their parents, to call them Lord, Lady, *Pan, Pani.*

3. *Of the Crown.*—All the dignities and offices of Poland were called of the Crown; those of Lithuania, of the Grand Duchy.

4. *Lady of Podolia.*—We have already observed, in the Introduction, that in Poland the palatines and castellans were called lords of the provinces to which they were proposed; so that the lady of the Palatine of Podolia was called simply the *Lady of Podolia.*

5. *Young Lady Palatine.*—Polish, *Wojewodzianka.* It was formerly a general custom in Poland, and it is still preserved in some remote provinces, to call the sons and the daughters after the dignity of their father.

## CHAPTER II.

1. *Miners.*—In Germany, and on the borders of Poland, the miners are commonly all musicians, and every year they

leave their subterraneous works for some time, during which they go about the country playing for money.

2. *Tosia*.—The Polish diminutive for Theophila.

3. *Zupan*.—A Polish coat.

4. *The Vicar* is the same as the curate in England.

5. *Lordling*.—Polish, *Panicz*, from *Pan*, Lord.—The common appellation given in Poland to the sons of richer nobles, particularly by their attendants.

6. *Lord of Pinsk*.—The starosts were also called lords of their respective *starosties*.

7. *Schismatics*, are called by the Roman Catholics the followers of the Eastern Church, while the Protestants enjoy the honour of being called *heretics*.

8. *Stanislaw Orzechowski*.—Canon of Przemyśl, one of the most eminent literary characters of Poland in the sixteenth century. He is particularly renowned for having married a wife, notwithstanding his being a Roman Catholic priest, and for having maintained with Rome a celebrated controversy as to the legality of his marriage. He succeeded so far, that the Pope, being afraid of Orzechowski's joining the Protestants, granted him permission to keep his wife, or at least tolerated his marriage.

9. *His Grace the Grand Marshal*.—The title of Grace was given in Poland not only to persons of high rank (as the Grand Marshal), but even to almost every one. We have examples in history that a general, in thanking his soldiers after the battle, addressed them, saying, "I thank Your Graces!" In general our language is exceedingly complimentary, and the appellations of *illustrious*, *high-born*, &c. are very commonly given. The royal personages were addressed by the terms Most Serene and Most Gracious. We have preserved this complimentary language, in order to give the reader a better idea of our national manners.

10. The Latin spoken by the worthy Bielawski is pur-

posely accentuated incorrectly, the Poles having been always accused of making frequent blunders in prosody when speaking Latin. *Gajos* and *Lassos* are Polish words signifying woods and forests, and are turned into Latin by the change of the terminations. These words are here introduced in order to give a specimen of the Latinity, which at that time was spoken by the lower classes of society in Poland, as it is even now in Hungary. *Latina culinaria*.

### CHAPTER III.

1. *Cracowiaks*.—The inhabitants of Cracow and the adjacent country. This couplet and the following are imitated from the national songs of the Cracowian peasants.

2. *Tymiec*.—A renowned Benedictine abbey not far from Cracow.

3. *Podgorze*.—A little town in the vicinity of Cracow.

4. *Four Tatars*.—A colony of Tatars, consisting of about 100,000 individuals, was planted in Lithuania by the Grand Duke Vitold in the year 1396. Many of them, who were *mursas*, or nobles, were admitted into the equestrian order, and the free exercise of their (Mahometan) religion was guaranteed to them all. These Tatars still preserve their persuasion, and are distinguished by their honesty and fidelity. They composed some regiments of cavalry, and have ever proved faithful to their adopted home in all the wars, even against their own countrymen, the Tatars of Crimea and the Ottomans. It was formerly the fashion in Poland and Lithuania, among the higher nobility, to keep Tatar grooms, and even to have in their service whole armed companies of this nation. There were also many of them always in the royal household. We have adopted the spelling of the name of this nation as it is used by themselves and by the two nations who had the greatest intercourse with them, viz. the Poles and the Russians.

5. *Fathers and mothers.*—The common appellation by which the lower orders in Poland address married people among themselves.

## CHAPTER IV.

1. *Brothers.*—All the nobles in Poland called themselves brothers.

## CHAPTER V.

1. *The Lady Treasurer.*—In Poland the ladies were always called after the office of their husbands.

2. *Four remaining miles.*—The miles mentioned in this novel are Polish, which are the same as the German (15 to a degree).

3. *The ague, &c.*—A national curse.

## CHAPTER VII.

1. *Castellanic*, son of a castellan.

## CHAPTER VIII.

1. *Tarnowski.*—As this eminent man is one of the leading characters in this novel, we must give to the reader a more particular notice of him.

John Tarnowski, of one of the most ancient and illustrious families in Poland, was born in 1488. His father was palatine of Cracow, and his mother granddaughter of Zawisza the Black, one of the most chivalrous characters of Poland in the fifteenth century. From his earliest youth he displayed extraordinary talents; and he explained Virgil when only ten years old. King John Albrecht took the boy into such favour, that during his last illness he admitted nobody to his closet except the little Cracowiak, as he was called, being the son of the Palatine of Cracow. After having completed his education at the Court of Constantine prince of

Ostrog, and at that of Mathias Drzewicki bishop of Przemysl and chancellor of Poland, he went on his travels, paying a particular attention to all that could assist his progress in literature and military science. After having visited the coasts of the Black Sea, and those of the Mediterranean, Syria, and the Holy Land, he joined Emmanuel king of Portugal on his expedition to Africa, where he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in such a manner, that this monarch made him the most brilliant offers in order to retain him in his service; and when Tarnowski refused them, he dismissed him with rich presents. He afterwards spent a long time in France, Italy, and Germany, where he obtained the favour of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and of Pope Leo the Tenth, who gave him commendatory letters to the King of Poland, Sigismund the First. Tarnowski, soon after his arrival in Poland, joined with a small band of volunteers the army of Lithuania, which marched against the Muscovites, under the command of Constantine prince of Ostrog. He was present at the renowned battle of Orsha. Before the battle began, Tarnowski, dressed as a Spanish knight, rode out before the ranks, and challenged the enemy to single combat, which was not customary in Lithuania. The Prince of Ostrog rebuked him severely, and said, "Know that Lithuania is not Luzytania, and that the Muscovites are not Maures." Tarnowski answered, "I have exposed only myself, and none of the army." He amended, however, his inconsiderate rashness by displaying during the battle not only great courage, but also much prudence. In 1521 Tarnowski was sent to Hungary with an auxiliary corps of 6000 men. The Turks, however, retired before the arrival of the Polish troops. Tarnowski was created Castellan of Woynitz soon after he had arrived from his travels; he was afterwards advanced to the dignity of Palatine of Russia, and finally promoted to the eminent station of Grand General

of Poland. In course of time he was invested with the rank of the Castellan of Cracow, which was the first temporal dignity in Poland. He defeated and drove back to their country the Wallachians, who had invaded the frontiers of Poland, in the year 1530. As there appeared to be no longer any danger from that side, the army was disbanded; but Peter, Prince of Moldavia and Wallachia, secretly collected an army of 25,000 men, and unexpectedly overran the southern provinces of Poland, which were almost in a defenceless state. Tarnowski hastily assembled 5000 men, advanced to encounter the enemy, and, in spite of the great inferiority of his forces, completely routed the Wallachians, slew 4000 of them, and took fifty pieces of cannon, amongst which were many that had been lost during the unfortunate expedition of King John Albrecht against the Wallachians.. After this victory Tarnowski made a triumphal entry into Cracow. The clergy, the senate, and the inhabitants met him at the gates of the town; and when, after having deposited at the shrine of St. Stanislaw the trophies he had conquered, he went to the royal palace; King Sigismund descended from his throne, and advanced as far as the door of the hall to meet him,—an honour which had never before been awarded to any person. In 1534 he repelled the Tatars, who threatened Podolia, and was soon afterwards called by the King to join him in Lithuania, which was invaded by the Muscovites. The Grand General of Lithuania resigned his command to Tarnowski, who united in his person the authority over the two armies, which was very remarkable; considering the mutual jealousy which animated the Lithuanians and the Poles. He obtained great success during this campaign, and not only repelled the Muscovites, but even conquered some districts and castles. When, in the year 1538, the Wallachians had begun new hostilities against Poland, and Tarnowski marched to chastise their insolence,

King Sigismund entrusted to his care his son Sigismund Augustus, in order that he might learn the military art under such a leader as Tarnowski. The Queen, however, too anxious about the health of her infant son, succeeded in recalling him from the camp; but the expedition of Tarnowski was entirely successful, the Prince of Wallachia and Moldavia having been compelled to submit, and to swear fealty to the King of Poland. After Sigismund's death, Tarnowski faithfully served Sigismund Augustus, who always treated him with the utmost respect, and called him his father. It was particularly owing to Tarnowski's influence that the difficulties arising from the King's marriage with Barbara Radziwill were happily smoothed. The higher clergy having excited by their encroachments the anger of the equestrian order, the Diet proposed the most violent measures against the bishops. Tarnowski took part with the nobility; but succeeded, by his conciliatory spirit, in arranging matters satisfactorily to all, though new restrictions were imposed on the clergy. The town of Dantzic was on the point of revolt against the authority of the king. Tarnowski accompanied thither the young sovereign, and arranged all the difficulties by his prudence and firmness. John Zapolya, King of Hungary, having been driven from his states by Ferdinand of Austria, Tarnowski received him in his own hereditary estate, the town of Tarnow, and maintained him there at his own expense, with all his Court, during two years, in a style becoming his royal dignity. When this monarch reascended the throne of Hungary, he sent, as an acknowledgement of Tarnowski's hospitality, a shield of massive gold, and a commander's staff, valued at 40,000 ducats. The best proof of the high consideration in which Tarnowski was held by his contemporaries, is, that when the Emperor Charles the Fifth created him Count of the Roman Empire, he expressed in the patent, that it was not with the intention of adding

any lustre to Tarnowski's dignity that he granted him this title, but that it was in order to honour the body of the Counts of the Empire, by his accession to their number. Tarnowski died at Tarnow in the year 1571, being 83 years old. His funeral was solemnized with extraordinary pomp, and honoured by the presence of many foreign ambassadors, who were purposely sent by their monarchs to assist at this ceremony. He was very fond of learning, had a splendid library, and was a great patron of learned men, of whom he always maintained some at his Court. Tarnowski himself composed the following works:—1. *Advices on the Art of War*, written in Polish, and printed at Tarnow 1558. 2. *De Bello cum juratissimis Christianæ fidei hostibus gerendo, &c.*, ad Carolum V<sup>um</sup> Imp. R. Aug. He wrote this work when Charles the Fifth entreated him to take the command of his armies against the Turks. 3. *A Treatise on Laws*, published with a collection of speeches which he had delivered on many important occasions in the senate (in Latin). He wrote also the history of his own times; but it has never been published.

2. *Pleban*.—The common appellation of the parish priest in Poland, from *plebanus*, a term of the Latinity of the middle ages.

3. *Lobzow*.—A royal villa near Cracow, renowned for having been the favourite residence of King Cazimir the Great in the fourteenth century.

4. *Karabella*.—A Lithuanian sword.

5. *Mooncalf of Brankow*.—A monster, which is reported to have been born, about the time of our history, in the little town of Brankow, and who had produced a great noise in that epoch.

## CHAPTER IX.

1. *Constantine, Prince of Ostrog, or Ostrogski*.—A cele-



brated character in Lithuania, in the first part of the sixteenth century. He was a lineal descendant of the ancient Russian sovereigns of Gallicia; and he is renowned not only as a warrior and statesman, but also for his private virtues. An Italian priest, who was sent by the Pope in the sixteenth century to Poland and Muscovy, compares him to Numa for his piety and virtues, notwithstanding that he was a follower of the Eastern Church, and a staunch opponent of the union with Rome. The riches possessed by this grandee were immense, and it is said that he had an income of two millions of Polish florins, equal to 80,000*l.* sterling, an enormous sum for that time. He maintained always at his court two thousand household troops, and had many fortified castles of his own. During the reign of the King Alexander, he rashly engaged with the Muscovites, who were far superior to him in numbers, and was defeated at the battle of Wiedroja, and taken prisoner. He lingered some time in prison, until he swore allegiance to the Czar of Muscovy, who, considering him as a relative, invested him with the highest honours, and granted him estates even greater than those he had left in Lithuania. Yet, in spite of all these advantages, and the community of the Greek persuasion with the Muscovite, he could not long live under the despotic government of the Czar, and fled secretly to Lithuania, where he afterwards gained the celebrated battle of Orsha.

2. *Palaestra*.—The younger part of the royal Court was thus named in Poland, as well as the young men attached to the Chancery.

3. *Shleinitz*.—This German is a real character.

## CHAPTER X.

1. *Hernippus Lascaris*.—This juggler, who assumed the name of Lascaris, and whose real one was Peter Balinski,

enjoyed a kind of celebrity at that time ; but his end is unknown. The reasons which Glinski had to force his attendance upon the King remain unexplained ; but there is no probability that King Alexander died from poison.

2. *The sacred graves of Kiow.*—A great number of well-preserved bodies of different saints are collected in extensive subterranean vaults at Kiow. These bodies are an object of worship to the confessors of the Greek persuasion, even to those that are united with the Roman Church in Russia, Lithuania, and Poland, who consider their incorruptibility the best proof of their sanctity. Those who do not believe it, assert that these excavations, being very dry, possess such an absorbing quality that every dead body deposited in these caverns will be perfectly dried up in a short time.

3. *The Chancellor John Laski.*—He is renowned for having published the statute of laws under King Alexander, and he was uncle to the celebrated John Laski (Alasco), who came to England with other foreign Reformers called-in by Cranmer.

4. *Tatars.*—See note 4, chap. iii. Mr. Keightley says, in his *Outlines of History*, that “ Tartar, a corruption of Tatar, owes its origin to a pun of St. Louis on *Tatar* and *Tartarus*.”

5. *Muscovite Helena.*—King Alexander was married to a princess of Muscovy. (See Introduction.) She was never crowned queen of Poland, having refused to adopt the Roman Catholic religion.

## CHAPTER XI.

1. *Staroscic.*—Son of a Starost.

2. *Like all the sons of Casimir Jagellon.*—Ambrosio Contarini, ambassador from Venice to Persia, says, in describing an audience which King Cazimir Jagellon gave him at Troki, in Lithuania, in the year 1477, “ There were two of

the king's sons, young and handsome, who seemed to be two angels (*parevano due angeli*)."—Ramusio Viaggi, Venice, 1583.

## CHAPTER XII.

1. *Kleck*.—A small but very commercial town in Lithuania, about twenty Polish miles from Vilna, belonging to the princes Radziwill.

## CHAPTER XIII.

1. *Minsk*.—A great town in Lithuania, at present the capital of a government or county of that name. In the time of our history it was the chief town of a palatinate and had a fortified castle.

2. *Brzesc*, or *Brest*.—A town on the frontiers of Poland and Lithuania, formerly the capital of a palatinate, and recently fortified by the order of the present Emperor of Russia. It is commonly called *Lithuanian Brest*, in order to make a distinction between this town and another of the same name, situated in the Polish province of Cujavia.

## CHAPTER XIV.

1. *Novogrodek*.—A miserable little place in Lithuania, but in the time of our history a large town, capital of a palatinate, and had a fortified castle. During the thirteenth century it was the capital of all Lithuania, and its Grand Duke Mindowg received there, in the year 1252, the royal crown from the Pope's legate. See Introduction.

2. *Prince of Sluck and Kopyl*.—There are many dukedoms in Lithuania, amongst which the most renowned is that of Sluck. Although its prince acknowledges for his sovereign the King of Poland as grand duke of Lithuania, he is absolute master in his principality, which extends in length and

in breadth thirty Polish miles, and he possesses more riches than any prince in Germany or Italy."—Alessandro Guagnini, *Descrizione della Lithuania, apud Ramusio*. Venice, 1583.

#### CHAPTER XV.

1. *Brody*.—A town in the present Galicia, or Austrian Poland, renowned for its extensive commerce.

2. *Under Palatine*.—The superintendent of police in great towns.

3.—See Introduction.

4. *Crucifer*.—The Cross-bearer precedes the Bishop on solemn occasions.

5. *Pieklos*.—The infernal deity of the ancient Lithuanians.

6. *Descendant of the sovereign princes of Severia*.—We have already mentioned that many Lithuanian families claimed descent from the ancient sovereigns of Lithuania and Russia. Severia had been formerly an extensive independent principality, situated between the Dnieper and the Desna, but conquered and united with Lithuania, and afterwards torn from it by the Czar of Muscovy, under the reign of Cazimir Jagellon.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

1. *Ostafi Daszkiewicz*.—A renowned Lithuanian adventurer, who had passed to the Muscovites during Glinski's rebellion, and did great harm to his country. He however afterwards repented his conduct, and having returned to the allegiance of his lawful sovereign, amended his former errors by many eminent services to his monarch.

2. *Kitaygorod, or Chinese Town*.—A part of Moscow, which surrounds the Kremlin, or the Castle.

3. *Swidrigaylo*.—An ancient sovereign of Lithuania.

## CHAPTER XVII.

1. *The crown of the Russian lands.*—The Czars of Muscovy claimed the possession of all the Russian lands, of which the greater part was incorporated many centuries ago with Poland and Lithuania, and entirely merged in those countries. The Czar expected to conquer them with the aid of the Emperor Maximilian, who was the first monarch who addressed him by the title of Emperor of Russia; and this was the foundation upon which Peter the Great assumed the Imperial title.

2. *Having been present yourself.*—See note 1, chap. viii.

3. *Boguslaw Trepka.*—This episode is historical. This heroic man became, after his return to Poland, a convert to the Protestant religion, and his descendants continue in this persuasion. The author of this novel, Alexander Bronikowski, was a lineal descendant, on the female side, of this celebrated character.

4. *Interceded in behalf of Glinski.*—Baron Herbersteyn, who was twice ambassador to Moscow from the Emperors Maximilian and Charles the Fifth, and who has published a very curious account of his travels, relates many particulars about Glinski. He was commissioned by both the Emperors to intercede in behalf of this renowned grandee, and the Emperor Maximilian even wrote a separate letter to the Czar of Muscovy for that purpose.

5. *To teaze animals, &c.*—Ivan Vasilevich, introduced here as a boy, is the famous conqueror of Cazan, Astrakan, &c., and it was during his reign that the commercial intercourse between England and Muscovy was established. He is described by all historians, foreign and Russian, as the greatest monster that had ever disgraced humanity; but the general opinion is that the early part of his life did not

predict the horrible dispositions which he afterwards displayed, and that, like Nero, his youth promised a most auspicious reign. However, we have thought it proper to follow the author's narration.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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