

hearth; she was the *big sister* and he the *little brother*. He accustomed himself to conform to the will of Nastasia; the more decided, bold and imperious she, the more mild, gentle and docile he became. He gave in to her in everything; it was she who decided on their games; he was always ready to give up his own will to her wishes and desires. Paul Belorouki was the girl, Nastasia the boy. This one protected the brother, that respected the sister. The two children grew up thus; in spite of this change of parts, they loved each other tenderly.

It was a disappointment for the count when Nastasia attained the age that she must again take the dress of her sex, and he said, throwing a look at Paul, not without a shade of disdain, "Now, I am going to have two girls." To preserve for her father a lingering illusion, Nastasia often dressed as an Amazon. As for Paul, the same metamorphosis had operated in his costume, but the two characters had not participated in the change. Nastasia was the proudest and most intrepid young lady in all the Russias; Paul was a timid young lad, mild, submissive, whom a nothing frightened, and in spite of his fifteen years, accepted the protection of his sister. His father groaned under this degradation of his race. The countess said nothing, but she quietly hoped, and beheld why she hoped. One day a conversation arose in their drawing-room on the new work of Glinka, relative to the battle of Borodini, transformed by the historian into a triumph for Russia. The count, who had spoken little, suddenly exclaimed: "Let all that pass. That is poetry, but poetry is not history. I was there—at this famous battle. We were beat like lions, but we had to do with Hercules, who choked us. You may call our resistance a sublime defeat if you like; but facts are facts, and the victory was on the other side." Then Count Belorouki, who rarely became excited, related with military ardour the different phases of this gloomy and terrible battle. It was not the academic recital of an author by profession, but the testimony of a soldier who had assisted in this formidable contest—who had been in the midst of it. He said, "There I saw our infantry three times charge bayonets into the French squares, and retire three times, cut up and beaten." He added, "I led a charge of cavalry, which failed to give us victory. The troops of the Russian guard did wonders; but we were thrown back by the heavy shot of the French batteries, and by a charge of cuirassiers and dragoons lead by Ney and Murât in person." The battle revived, as it were, in the eyes of the listeners. They seemed to hear the rolling of the drums, the battle call of the trumpets, the discharge of musketry, and the roaring of the cannon. The cavalry seemed to pass like a hurricane, the earth to shake under the measured tread of the infantry. War appeared in the great-

ness of its horror,
we die for our country.

In the most
Paul. She failed
young lamb—mild
his eyes dazzled;
as if to seize his
the mind of the m
finished, the featu
aside. He became
full of admiration
of timidity before
that the heir of hi
but a tender and f

Nastasia was tw
some days, at a d
came to them in
wounded in a bear
to see his children.

The snow had fi
that they should ve
of being buried in
wait till the morrow
get ready the sleigh
horde has taken me
I will conduct you,
who loved her father
said she, "our fath
given you his bless
I shall set off alone

"I will go with y
night is dark, and t
have been obliged t
he heard wolves how

"Then let us ha
sleigh. If the wolves
the proud young gir

The sleigh ready,
with a firm hand. I
the plain with an un
that he was wanted t
like an arrow drawn