#### BATYUSHKA.

From yonder gilded minaret Beside the steel-blue Neva set, I faintly catch, from time to time, The sweet, aerial midnight chime-"God save the Tsar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats Of the grim citadel it floats; And men in dungeons far beneath Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth-"God save the Tsar!"

The soft reiterations sweep Across the horror of their sleep, As if some demon in his glee Were mocking at their misery-"God save the Tsar!"

In his Red Palace over there, Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer How can it drown the broken cries Wrung from his children's agonies?-"God save the Tsar?"

Father they called him from of old-Batyushka! . . . How his heart is cold! Wait till a million scourged men Rise in their awful might, and then-God save the Tsar! -T. B. Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine.

# THE EARTH-SPIRIT

A RUSSIAN GHOST STORY.

#### Translated for "Progress" from a German Rendering of Gogol.

In the month of June, the roads round Kiew swarmed with students from the seminary, on the way to their homes. Those who had no parents wandered about, eating and sleeping in the open air. When they came to a village they left the main road, planted themselves in front of the best looking house and sang a psalm. The owner, generally an old Cossack, listened to them, leaning his head on his hands, then would sigh deeply and say to his wife: "Woman, edifying. Give them what eatables you have." Immediately a great basket of provisions, black bread, lard, perhaps even a hen tied by the legs, was transferred to the students' sack, and all of them, grammarians, rhetoricians, philosophers and theologians, went on their way rejoicing.

In such a way, one summer, three students left the high road in order to seek food sessed a gloomy temper, so that when he was drunk he hid himself in the thickest authorities of the seminary. The philosopher Thomas had a totally different disposi- go. tion. He was lively, smoked his pipe, and after he had well drunk, would hire musicians to dance the Tropak by himself. The rhetorician Tiberius, finally, had not yet attained to the privileges of brandy and tobacco. He wore his hair short, a proof that his character had not yet had time to develop itself. Still, to judge by the bumps and bruises on his face, with which he frequently appeared in class, he showed promising signs of becoming in time a valuable member of the church militant.

It was already late as they left the high road. The sun had set and the heat of the day lingered in the sultry air. The philosopher and the theologian walked together in silence, smoking their pipes; the student of rhetoric amused himself by striking off the heads of the thistles with his staff. More than an hour passed and there was no sign of a house. The last colors of the sunset had faded in the horizon, and only a faint afterglow tinged the western sky. The students at last perceived that they had lost their way. After the philospher had sought the path with his feet in vain, he exclaimed, "Where can the road be?" The theologian considered for a time and answered: "In truth, the night is a dark one!" The friends marched further, but the ground became more and more rough. They shouted, but their voices were lost in the stillnesss of the boundless steppe. "The devil! what shall we do?" said the philosopher. "Nay, what?" replied Haliava, "we must halt and pass the night in the fields." But the suggestion did not please the student of philosophy. He was accustomed to consume every evening, before going to rest, five pounds of bread, with four of lard, and his stomach was insufferably empty.

"O no! Haliava, that is impossible," he cried. "Lay ourselves down like dogs, without a supper! Let us push on a little more and perhaps we may reach a house, and drink a glass of brandy before sleeping."

At the word brandy the theologian spat on the ground and exclaimed: "It is true;

we must not stop here!" Ouce more the companions resumed their

march and soon to their great joy they with greatest attention, and at length saw a light. Not long after they reached a small enclosure, containing two houses. Looking through the gate the students perceived a courtyard filled with the carts of travelling dealers. At the same moment some stars began to appear in the sky. The three students knocked loudly at the door and shouted as with one voice, "Open!" After a short delay the hinges of the door began to creak, and an old woman, dressed in a sheepskin, appeared. She led the students into the house and placed each in a separate | the great kibitka reached the tavern when

upon a dried fish extracted from the pocket their own accord at every public house. from their carved niches. He betook no prayer can stand against her."

he seemed to see flowers from which came a sound like the ringing of silver bells. Then he saw a fairy raising herself from a entered into his very soul.

Notice of the state of the second sec

perienced a sort of horrible enjoyment, and door. began to think that his heart was taken out of him. He tried to recollect prayers and repeated some forms of exorcism which he had learned. Suddenly he felt some relief. His gallop became less rapid, the pressure of the witch less severe; his feet began to touch the ground, and he saw no longer

the strange visions. "Capital!" thought the philosopher, and repeated the exorcisms with a louder voice. He extricated himself suddenly from the witch's hold and with a staff that he found on the ground, struck at her with all his might. She raised a bitter ery, at first fierce and threatening, then fainter-at last there was what the students there sing must be very silence. The dawn was beginning and the first gleam of light showed him a fair maiden lying on the ground. Thomas trembled said the nobleman with trembling voice, "I like an aspen leaf; his pity was over-mas- had then learnt all. 'Send, father, to the tered by fear, and he escaped as quickly as seminary at Kiew and invite the student he could in the direction of Kiew.

But a few days after his return the rumor whose estate lay about 50 versts from Kiew, thou art famed for thy holy life; my daughhad been brought back in a dying state to ter had heard of thee. in the nearest village. They were the theo- her home, wounded in every limb. She had logian Haliava, the philosopher Thomas asked, it was added, that the prayers for adjoining room. The floor was entirely cov- company played kragli, a species of skittles, Brutus, and the student of rhetoric, Tiber- a passing soul should be read by a student ered with red cloth. In one corner, sur- in which sticks took the place of balls, and ius Gorobetz. The theologian was a tall of the Kiew seminary named Thomas Bru- rounded with sacred pictures, lay the corpse where the winner gained the right of riding fellow with broad shoulders and very strange tus. These tidings the rector communicated of the departed lady. The bier was surcharacter. He had the habit of appropriat- to Thomas in person, adding that he must ing everything that came into his hands, not delay, since the nobleman had sent ser- light over the room. For some time the and together with this peculiarity he pos- vants, horses and a kibitka. The philosopher felt a thrill of terror without knowing the corpse, as the father sat in front of him. why. He had a presentiment that some- But when directed to take his place at a wood, causing often deep anxiety to the thing fearful awaited him, so he declared lectern, he cast a glance upon the open

> rector. "Nobody dreams of asking your beauty. She seemed to live still. But in consent. I will only tell you that if you the features there was something terrible show obstinacy your back shall be so treated | that instantly struck him. with rods that for a long time you will not

> departed in silence. But he made up his the bearers, and it seemed as if an icy mind to seize the first opportunity for current passed into him. The church was thought, he heard the voice of the rector, it had been long disused. The coffin was giving directions to someone who was evidently a messenger from the nobleman.

> "Thank his honor for the eggs and the fruit," said the rector, "and tell him I will well tended, and brought back to the send the books as soon as they are copied. And forget not, friend, to remind your master in my name that he has excellent fish in his ponds, particularly fine sturgeon. Pray him to send me some, for fish in this market is bad and dear. And do not forget to hold the philosopher tast, for else he will

"What a dog of Satan!" said Thomas to himself; "he has smelt a rat, has he?"

In the courtyard below he remarked a been taken for a barn upon wheels. Indeed, it was so lofty that a chimney could Cossacks, all somewhat advanced in years, service in former time.

Thomas thought in himself, what must come, will come, so he turned to the Cossacks and said:

with you? A glorious kibitka you have. peated, similar only in the heroine and the

dance in it!" "Yes, it is a well proportioned carriage," replied one of the Cossacks, seating himself by the summons to his duties in the church. by the driver, whose head was covered by He had not failed to arm his courage by a a cloth, as he had found occasion that moru- potent draught of brandy, but the stories ing to leave his cap at an inn as security for he had listened to filled his imagination. payment. The five others climbed into the | They passed through the village street, and kibitka, which set out on its way.

caused his summons. But all questions were in vain. The Cossacks seemed to be philosophers like himself, for they smoked their pipes in silence. Only one of them said to the driver:

"Take care, Owerko, old sleeper that you are! When you come to the tavern on the road to Tchukrailoff, forget not to halt

and wake us if we are dozing." After saying this, he fell asleep and began to snore loudly. His reminder, however, was perfectly needless, for hardly had all shouted at once, "Halt!" Owerko's The philosopher made a frugal supper horses were accustomed, besides, to stop of the saints cast upon him more gloomy looks

of the theologian, who had purloined it in Notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the himself to his desk, opened the book and bepassing from a cart in the yard, and then July day, all descended from the kibitka gan to read with loud voice, in order to laid himself down to sleep. Suddenly the and entered the dirty inn. The Jewish give himself courage. Something within door opened, the old woman entered and landlord came to greet them as old acquaint- him said that the corpse was moving, that without a word came towards him. He ances. He brought forth some sausages it was raising its head. . . . started back and a dumb terror overcame from his pocket and placed them on the was still; the body lay as before; the him as he noticed her glittering eyes. His table. All seated themselves and received tapers shed their pale light around. Still limbs refused to move. She approached enormous stone jugs. The philosopher was the question arose in his mind: "If she him, crossed his arms on his breast, bent invited to share the banquet, and as all in- arose." . . . He raised his head. The down his neck, and with the agility of a cat habitants of Little Russia, when they have corpse was no longer recumbent: it was leapt upon his shoulders. On a sudden, he | well drunk, are wont to embrace one an- sitting upright. Slowly it descended, and found himself bounding out of the house. A other and weep, the room soon echoed the began to approach him, with eyes closed strange feeling, terrible and yet not without tenderest salutations. Only as evening and arms extended. Hastily he drew a a certain pleasure, took possession of him. came on the company remembered that they circle with his fingers around his person The steppe seemed like the bottom of a must proceed. Half the night they wan- and began to recite exorcisms which he transparent sea. He saw his own image dered, losing the way continually, but at had learned from an old monk, well with that of his terrible rider. Instead last descended into a valley entering a large acquainted with sorcerers and evil spirits. of the moon, an unknown sun illuminated village. It was too dark for our philosopher the depths of this sea. In the far distance to make out the appearance of the noble- not pass it. On a sudden, the face became man's house, and he was besides glad to rest. Early the next day he was summoned bush, who gazed on him with piercing was already advanced in years. He sat at glance, and a song came to his ears which a table, leaning his head on his hands, and Was he dreaming or waking? He ex- sance of the other, who remained near the through the church. Thomas repeated his

"Who are you and whence come you, good man?" he asked at length, in a voice that was neither severe nor kindly.

"I am a student," replied the philosopher, 'Thomas Brutus.'

"How have you known my daughter?" "I have never known her, gracious lord, I swear it. Never in my life have I had dealings with noble ladies."

"Why then did she choose you to say the prayers for her?"

The philosopher shrugged his shoulders. "God may know. Great people sometimes ask for things which the learned cannot understand. Does not the proverb say 'Dance, devil, as thy master bids'?"

"Oh, had she but lived a moment longer!" Thomas Brutus to pray three nights for my soul. He knows \* \* \* \* more spread that the daughter of a nobleman, she could not say. Good man, doubtless

rounded with wax tapers, which cast a pale philosopher could not discern the face of without circumlocution that he would not coffin. A convulsive trembling took possession of him. Never had he beheld a "Listen, Domine Thomas!" replied the face of such expressive and harmonious

At sunset the coffin was carried into The philosopher scratched his head and the church. The philosopher was one of placed before the altar, after the nobleman had given a last embrace to the body, and had ordered that Thomas was to be church at nightfall.

Hunger soon extinguished for the time all recollection of the dead. The whole esample kitchen, which served as a sort of club for everybody connected with the estate. At supper-time the slowest tongues became active; talk turned on all subjects, about the new slippers that one had made himself, the wolf that another had seen, kibitka. which at the first glance could have Usually there were one or two makers of

jokes in the company. have been erected inside it. Six stalwart in the supper, and afterwards had abundant material to satisfy his curiosity as to the awaited him. Their kaftans of fine cloth character of the departed lady. Indeed, proved that they belonged to a rich master, no other topic was discussed. One old their scars gave evidence that they had seen | Cossack related that the huntsman Mikila had been bewitched, and had finally wasted away. Another told how a woman and child had been attacked by her, and their blood sucked. Then all tongues were "Good day, comrades. So, I am to go loosened, and the strangest tales were re-You only want musicians and one could ending. It was quite dark when the company thought it time to retire to rest, and the philosopher was disagreeably awakened entered the enclosure which surrounded The philosopher would willingly have the old church. Beyond it no tree was to Cossacks who had accompanied him, left not continue to watch by the corpse. He him to his function, wished him a prosperous issue, and obeyed their master's injunetion by doubly locking the door.

The philosopher gazed round the church. In the midst was the black coffin. Lighted tapers were placed before the pictures of the saints, illuminating the iconostasis, and disclosing some portion of the nave. In all the corners was deepest darkness. As he moved about, he found a packet of candles, with which he proceeded to light up the church. But the shadows in the vaulted roof were only made darker, and

. . . It approached the circle, but could pale and blue as a corpse that has been some days dead. The teeth chattered; to the master of the estate. The nobleman the eyes opened, but seemed not to see anything; it groped along the walls, and finally returned to the bier. Suddenly the nodded slightly in return for the deep obei- coffin itself was raised in the air, and soared exorcisms, and it returned to its place with a loud noise. The corpse once more raised itself: but at that moment a distant cockcrow was heard. Again it sank back, and the coffin-lid moved of its own accord to its place.

At the first gleam of dawn the old Cossack came to relieve the philosopher from not sleep; but fatigue at last overcame the impressions of the past night. On waking, all seemed to him as a dream. At dinner he was restored to his former self, for he belonged to the class of people which a hearty meal can always furnish with happiness. But he made up his mind to say nothing of his adventure, and to all curious questions made no reply but this:

"Yes! all manner of things happened

When the meal was over, the philosopher became very lively. He explored the whole village, made acquaintance with everybody and was turned out of two houses. Indeed, it is said that a young and pretty damsel gave him a box on the ear. But as evening approached his high spirits were much With these words he led the way to an diminished. An hour before supper all the on the back of the loser. Thomas tried to take part in the game, but his mind was filled with fear, which increased with the oncoming darkness.

At length the old Cossack gave the summons, and, as before, he was conducted to the church and left with the corpse. He tried to encourage himself with the belief that there could be nothing new to fear; that his exorcisms were sufficient to protect him. But when he had made the circle, and taken his place at the desk, he dared not raise his eyes, but read on. So an hour passed, and wearied by the exertion, he took out his snuff-box, and halfunconsciously raised his eyes. His blood was almost frozen in his veins as he beheld the corpse standing close to him at the escape. As he descended the stairs in at the end of the village and seemed as if edge of the circle. Hastily he cast down his eyes and began to read once more. He perceived that the figure stretched out its arms towards him, and at length gave utterance to a deep murmur. The words could not be understood; they sounded like the bubbling of boiling pitch. But he had a feeling that they boded evil to him, perhaps a counter-exorcism, by which his safeguard tablishment was gathered together in the would be destroyed. At once a violent wind arose outside the church, and a noise was heard like the passing of a large flight of birds. He heard innumerable wings rattling at the panes and bars of the windows, and a heavy weight seemed to press on the door, which creaked on its hinges. and what existed in the middle of the earth. His heart beat quickly, but he did not cease to utter the prayers. Almost immediately another sound was heard in the distance. The philosopher took his part manfully It was the first cock crowing. Then, for the first time, he ceased to read: . . Those who came later to fetch him found him half dead. He was leaning against a wall, and stared at the Cossacks as if he did not know them. It was almost needful to carry him to the village. There he drank brandy, passed his hand through his hair and said: "There are all sorts of fearful things in

the world, and last night -"

But the philosopher did not continue; he only made a gesture. At this moment a young woman passed, who, at sight of Thomas, uttered a cry of astonishment:

"You have become quite gray!" "Yes, she speaks the truth," said one of the Cossacks, "you are gray, like our old

The philosopher ran to the kitchen, where was a broken mirror, and there he found that, indeed, part of his hair was learned more about the nobleman and his be seen, but the steppe extended to a grey. He made up his mind at once to go the building was invaded by a swarm of heard the barking of a dog. They listened daughter, and the circumstances which had seemingly endless distance. The three to the nobleman and declare that he could flying monsters. would return at once to Kiew.

He found the master of the estate in the same room, and almost in the same attitude, as before. He looked up, as Thomas stood at the door with cap in hand, and asked him if all was going well. "Going well, lord! Such devilish things

are happening that one would like to escape as fast as one can run!"

"How so?" "Lord, your daughter -; be not angry, and may heaven have her soul -"

"Well, well-my daughter?" "Lord, she has to do with the devil, and

self out in the sun and closed his eyes.

the master, "and I will reward you well."

the philosopher. "Received in large quan-

"Ah, but you do not know how my serfs

can heat a bath! With us, they make a

great fire, and then pour on brandy and

heat it again! Go away; do your work.

The philosopher held his tongue; he

perceived that, with a character like this,

his philosophy itself was of no use. But

escape. He waited till after the midday

meal, when all the village took a long

siesta. Even old Javtukh stretched him-

read again!"

what good kartchukis are?"

tities, they are intolerable."

Thomas entered the garden, which seemed the best way of reaching the outskirts of his task. Long after his return he could | the estate. With the exception of a narrow path, the whole was overgrown with fruit-trees, bushes and weeds. Beyond the hedge lay a wide expanse of high brushwood, through which no path seemed possible. As he pushed his way among the knotty stems, he believed that before him lay the road to Kiew. At any rate, he saw a tract of forest, in which there would be ample security from pursuit. Entering it, he found an open glade, containing a clear pool of water. He flung himself down at its brink and slaked his thirst in long, eager

> draughts. "What capital water!" he exclaimed half aloud. "Here must be an excellent place to rest!"

"No: let us rather push on," replied a voice behind him; "perhaps we are already

stood by him, and said quietly, without a to his memory." movement of his countenance:

"You could have saved a great distance by taking the path by which I have come. And what a pity your kaftan is torn. The cloth is not bad; what did it cost an ell? But we must be going back, we have walked quite far enough.'

They returned to the village, and Thomas tried to still his terrors by copious draughts of brandy. Suddenly he cried out: "Bring me a musician, I will have some music!" And without delay he began to dance the tropak in the middle of the court. He danced on till the hour of vespers, so long that the servants, who had formed a circle round him, grew tired of looking on and retired, saying, "He can't get enough of it." At last, he sank down with fatigue and fell asleep. It needed a pail of water thrown over him to awake him for supper. During the meal he spoke continually about being a Cossack, and that a Cossack was

"It is time," said Javtukh, "let us be

As they took their way to the church, the philosopher looked round on all sides, and attempted to converse with his companions. But Javtukh was silent; even the usually loquacious ones said few words. It was a fearful night: wolves were heard howling on the steppe, and even the barking of the village dogs sounded strange and unearthly.

"One would think they were not wolves that are howling," said one of the Cossacks, "but something else."

They left him once more in the church alone. All was as before, the coffin in the middle of the building.

"I will not be afraid," he said to himself: 'No, I will not be afraid."

After he had marked the magic circle, he began hastily to read the exorcisms. A deep silence prevailed, the flame of the tapers flickered and cast a yellow light round the church. Suddenly he realized that he was uttering quite different words from those before him. He made the sign of the cross, and began to recite the prayers afresh. This reassured him somewhat; he went on steadily, page followed page. Then, with a loud noise, the coffin-lid burst open and the corpse sprang forward more ghastly in appearance than ever before. A strange cry passed from its lips, a sort of whirlwind filled the church, the figures of saints fell from their niches, the door was forced from its hinges, the window-panes were shattered as with an explosion, and

the brain of Thomas Brutus. He made sign upon sign of the cross and stammered forth his prayers, as the obscene brood swept over his head, deafening him with the clatter of their movements, and ever and anon touching him with their wings.

He had not the courage to examine them carefully, but he could distinguish one monstrous object, which almost filled he opposite wall with its extent. It was covered with long, matted hair, through which glowing eyes protruded. All gazed on Thomas, all sought him, but none could

reach him in his magic circle. "Summon the king of the Gnomes,"

"Read, read on, my good fellow," said | cried the corpse, for the first time uttering intelligible words; "quick, bring him "But I care not for reward; by my faith,

And then there was an unutterable stilllord, do what you please, but I will not ness in the church. Soon a distant howling was heard; then the very foundations "Listen, fellow," replied the master, trembled under heavy footsteps. The whose voice became on a sudden strong philosopher saw a man of strange appearand piercing: "I do not receive contradicance and deformed stature led in. He was tion. At your seminary you may do as covered with earth-strins; his hands and you please, not here. If I have you feet were like knotted roots; he stumbled flogged, it will be something different from what you get there. Do you know, friend, heavily at every step. The long lashes of his closed eyes hung to the ground. Thomas noted with horror that his face was "How should I not know," whimpered of iron. This being was brought to the

"Raise up my eyelids, I do not see!" said he with sepulchral voice:

"Do not look upon him!" said an inward voice to the philosopher.

But he could not restrain an impulse, and If you neglect it, you shall not escape; if he looked up. you do it well, you shall have a thousand

"THAT IS HE!" cried the king of the Gnomes, and pointed with his finger at him. In a moment he was overwhelmed by the whole swarm, which swooped upon him, and fell dead on the ground. Then none the less he made up his mind to the cock's crowing was heard. It was for the second time, the spirits had not heard the first. With fearful cries they rushed to the windows for escape. But it was too late: all remained as if petrified around the doors and windows. When the priest came the next day to say the funeral mass, he dared not cross the threshold. The church was forever deserted from that time; it was gradually overgrown with wild plantations, and now the very path to it is lost.

> The rumor of this adventure reached Kiew, and when the theologian Haliava heard of the death of the unhappy philosopher, he thought about the matter deeply. In the interval fortune had smiled on him; he had become bell-ringer of the highest tower in the city, and always appeared with a damaged nose, since the tower steps were in a neglected state.

"Have you heard what happened to Thomas?" asked Tiberius, who had now entered the class of philosophy, and had grown a beard.

"It was God's will," replied the bell-The philosopher started up. Javtukh ringer; "come to the tavern, we will drink

The young philosopher, who was enjo ing his new privileges so much that all his clothes smelt from afar of brandy and tobacco, eagerly accepted the proposal.

"He was an admirable man, was Thomas!" said the bell-ringer, when the limping landlord had placed the third can before them-"an admirable man, and yet he must perish for nothing."

"And I know why," answered Tiberius: "because he was afraid. If he had not feared, the witch could not have hurt him. In such cases one has only to make the sign of the cross and spit on her tail. I know this, for all the old wives in Kiew are

The bell-ringer nodded with approval. But as he perceived that his tongue no longer obeyed him, he rose up slowly, staggered out and took a devious way towards his tower. But seeing an old shoe in the road, the force of habit prevailed, and he placed it in his pouch as he went his way.

## A WOMAN'S DOUBLE LIFE.

#### A Strange Case That Rivals the Story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is quite outdone by a recent revelation of the story of Miss Clara Blalock of this place. Here is one Miss Clara Blalock, first a promising school-girl, graduating with honor in the city schools, and promoted to be a teacher, and here is the same person, the master-spirit of a dark conspiracy against the lives and property of the citizens of a great stretch of country.

The curious feature of the case is, that while Clara, the school teacher, was perfectly good, Clara, the horse-thief, was perfectly bad. The letters penned by the same fair hand that wrote copies for the children, are filled with the foulest and most profane words, used with design in a sort of cipher. No wicked word ever escaped the lips of the school teacher, and the while her brain must have been filled with the darkest designs and fiendish purposes. When she came to the schoolhouse in the morning no shadow rested on her brow from her guilty knowledge that the night before a business house had been burned in the town by her accomplices, and when she had looked over the children's examination papers and filled out her school report, she sat down to write directions where horses should be stolen and whither in the darkness they should be ridden; to write pages in hideous jargon of the drama that finally culminated in murder. - Columbus, Kan., Dispatch.

## Advice of a Philadelphia Chesterfield.

A modern Lord Chesterfield in Philadelphia was lately giving his son some advice about getting on in society. In answer to the question, "What is the best subject to talk to a lady about at a ball?" he replied: "Talk to her about her beauty." "But," said he. The last remains of his intoxication left "suppose she has no beauty?" "Ah, then, replied the experienced pateriamilias, "talk to her about the ugliness of the other women present if you want to get on." Philadelphia Times.

## HER THOUGHTS.

"Sweet maid, what anxious thoughts tonight Keep you lingering here on the stair? Are you thinking of eyes that with love's deep light Pleaded with yours a share?"

Ah, no? A far more important thing Troubled the throbbing brain, As up the winding stair she swept, Daintily holding her train.

She was wondering if, at the coming ball,
With a little artistic taste,
She could make that look like another dress
By wearing a different waist. -New York Life.