

Bulba," is the connecting link between the two. It is a realistic novel, and yet is touched with the fast disappearing light of romanticism. In his "Dead Souls," Gogol deals with social evils, in "Taras Bulba" he is content with relating great deeds.

The following is a selection from this "epic," of Russian literature.

The two sons of Taras Bulba have returned from school to their father's house, after a long absence. The father begins to ridicule their student dress.

"Do not mock at us father," says the elder.

"Listen to the gentleman! And why should I not mock at you, I should like to know?"

"Because even though you are my father, I swear by the living God I will smite you."

"Hi! hi! What? Your own father?" cries Taras, receding a step or two.

"Yes, my own father; for I will take offense from nobody at all."

"How shall we fight then—with fists?" exclaims the father in high glee.

"With fists, then," answers Taras, squaring off at him. "Let us see what sort of a fellow you are, and what sort of fists you have." * * *

"Why, he fights well," exclaims Taras, stopping to take breath. "He is a hero," he adds readjusting his clothes, "I had better not have put him to the proof. But he will be a good Cossack! Good, my son, embrace me now!"

The following morning Taras takes his sons to the Cossack camp. How eagerly he longs for war that he may display their valor! The opportunity at length comes. They are engaged in the bombardment of a Polish city.

While at school Andry, the younger, had fallen in love with a beautiful Polish maiden. He learns that she is starving in the besieged city. What is his own army, his own father to him then? As if they had never been, he said, and at night, while the Cossack host is sleeping, he steals away to

the Polish maiden. The next morning he appears among the Polish troops.

At the head of the squadron galloped a horseman, handsomer and haughtier than the others. His black hair floated from beneath his bronze helmet; around his arm was bound a beautifully embroidered scarf. Taras was stupified on recognizing in him his son Andry. * * * Old Taras stood for a moment watching him, as he cut his way by blows to the right and left, laying the Cossacks about him. * * * Andry galloping hard away, suddenly felt a strong hand pulling at his bridle rein. He turned his head and saw Taras before him. He grew pale. His ardor cooled as though it had never blazed; he saw only his terrible father, motionless and calm before him.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Taras. * * * Andry could not reply and his eyes remained fixed on the ground.

"You commit felony, you barter your religion, you sell your own people. * * * But wait, wait. * * * Get down." Like an obedient child Andry alighted from his horse, and, more dead than alive, stood before his father.

"Stand still. Do not move. I gave you life, I will take your life away," said Taras then. * * * Andry was white as wax. He seemed to move his lips and to murmur a name. But it was not his country's name, nor his mother's name, nor his father's, it was the name of the beautiful Polish maiden. Taras fired. As the wheat stalk bends after the stroke of the sickle, Andry bent his head and fell upon the grass without uttering a word. The man who had slain his son stood a long time contemplating the body, beautiful even in death.

"What was lacking to make him a true Cossack?" said Bulba. He was tall, his eyebrows were black, he had a brave mien and his fists were strong and ready to fight. And he has perished, perished without glory like a cowardly dog."

It is in this simple yet majestic language that Gogol tells the story of Taras Bulba.