

**THE HERETIC; OR, THE GERMAN  
STRANGER, AN HISTORICAL  
ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF  
RUSSIA IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.  
IN THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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The heretic; or, the German stranger, an historical romance of the Court of Russia in the fifteenth century. In three volumes, vol. II by Thomas B. Shaw

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**THOMAS B. SHAW**

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1853

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THE HERETIC.

THE HERETIC;

OR,

THE GERMAN STRANGER.

An Historical Romance

OF

THE COURT OF RUSSIA

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LAJETCHNIKOFF.

BY

THOMAS B. SHAW, B. A.

OF CAMBRIDGE; ADJUNCT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE  
IN THE IMPERIAL LYCEUM OF TSÁRSKÓË SELÓ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

1845.

# THE HERETIC.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE PATIENTS.

"And what if I thy bold-faced scoundrel cheat  
Before the time to all the world discover?" . . . .

PÓTSHEIN.

From this moment Andrióasha was a frequent visitor to Ehrenstein: he taught him Russian; and the intelligent pupil, with the aid of the Tchekh language, made rapid progress. It was delightful to see how the boy dressed himself in magisterial importance during the lessons; and how obediently the Paduan bachelor listened. Sometimes the master would knit his brows when the pupil's obstinate tongue—accustomed to the easy sounds of the Italian—refused to utter the sometimes difficult combi-

nations of Russian consonants. The lesson ended, the professor and disciple were gone, and in their place appeared friendship with her smiles, her lively conversation, and caresses. Friendship! when one of them was more than twenty-five, and the other not above half that age! . . . what matter? Both were young in soul—both felt aspirations after all that was noble, and a mysterious attraction for each other. They seemed to have riveted some indescribable chain which fate alone could undo. They called each other friend, and could not understand how strangers could find any thing extraordinary in their connexion. Antony was almost alone in a foreign land: the artist, in consequence of the multitude of his various occupations, could but seldom visit him. The master of the house, and almost all the Russians, continued to estrange themselves, or rather to shun him with abhorrence; Andrea was the only being in Russia that loved him, that understood him, that communicated with him the thoughts of an intellect early developed, and a warm and benevolent soul. To Andrióusba no less did the young physician become something indispensable—a fifth element, as it were: without him the world would have been a blank. Born in Italy, he still remem-



bered, like some spirit exiled to this dull earth from another and brighter world—he remembered with lively regret the luxuriance of southern nature, the skies of those lands—their groves of orange and cypress; and it seemed as if there breathed on him from Antony the warm odorous air of that blessed region. Something strange and mysterious, too, attracted him to the young German . . . what it was, he could never describe, even to himself. The boy warmly loved one other being, good and beautiful too—but this being he loved less than Antony. This was Obrazétz's daughter, Anastasia. Frequently did he go from Ehrenstein to her, and from her to his friend; and this intercourse, which began in innocence, established between them a kind of magic, threefold bond.

Ehrenstein had never seen Anastasia; but had often listened to the steps of her little feet upon the ceiling of his chamber. Often Andrióusha would relate how beautiful she was, how good, how kind, how she loved him, how she kissed him. This close proximity to a young maiden, to whom the descriptions of his friend, as well as his own imagination, gave all that was nearest perfection, external as well as intellectual; the mystery that surrounded her;

her close retirement ; the difficulty of beholding her—all this awoke in Antony's heart a feeling to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He frequently thought upon her, listened to any story about her with peculiar delight, kissed Andrióusha more frequently, when the latter mentioned that Anastasia had kissed him—and often beheld in his dreams a lovely female form, which he called by her name. In one word, he was in love with her, though he had never seen her. But soon he called this feeling folly—the caprice of solitude ; and he extinguished it by renewed application to his science, to which he devoted himself with fresh warmth and sedulity. If he mentioned any thing about Anastasia now, it was only as a jest ; even the sound of her step over-head he now learned to hear with indifference, as we listen to the unvarying beat of the pendulum of a clock. The visitors who soon besieged him on all sides, aided him to cast away every thought about her ; and at last Muscovite patients presented themselves to him. They had, then, thrown aside their hatred of the foreigner, and their dread of the sorcerer, as he had been hitherto accounted. At last, to work, Antony ! Thy heart bounds with the sweet hope of helping suffering humanity ; let them besiege thee

night and day —let them give thee no rest ! These toils, these importunities will be delightful to thee. Thou wouldst not exchange them for all the lazy luxury of wealth.

“ Who is there ? ”

“ I, your most obsequious servant, his highness’s interpreter, Bartholoméw; and I come not alone. With me there is an obsequious patient, if you will permit him to be so, right worshipful Master Leech.”

“ I pray ye, enter.”

And — dot-and-go-one, dot-and-go-one ! — there glided into the chamber the splendidly illuminated face of the printer, the terrible vanquisher of all women from the Rhine to the Yaóuza. Clinging to him by his clawlike fingers, there crawled in, as if for contrast, an animated skeleton, covered with a wrinkled hide; its head and chin were fringed with a few remnants of white hair, and it was swathed in a shóuba. He seemed to breathe out, as it were, an odour of corruption. This being, which had once been man, might have dwelt on earth perhaps eighty years; by his eyes, his lips, his voice, by each convulsive jerk that replaced movement, death seemed to be saying—“ Forget not that I am here; I sit