

THE FIRST DISTILLER
Or, How the Devil Earned a Crust of Bread

by Leo Tolstoy

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ACT I

Scene I.

Peasant (ploughing, looking up). It is noon and time to unhitch. Whoa ! Come now ! You are tired, my dear. I'll make one more turn over there, will go down the last furrow, – and then to dinner. It was lucky I thought of taking a crust of bread with me. I won't go home. I'll have a bite near the well, and will take a nap, while the dun horse will nibble at some grass, – and then, back to work. God willing, I'll get through early.

Scene II.

Little Devil (running out from behind a bush). What a good fellow ! He is mentioning God all the time. Wait awhile, and you will mention the devil. I'll carry off his crust of bread. He'll find it gone and will be looking for it. He'll be hungry, and will swear, and will mention the devil. (Takes the crust, goes with it behind a bush, and waits to see what the peasant will do.)

1 Dramatized version of the legend in Vol. XVII., p. 439.

Peasant (loosening the hame lugs). The Lord be blessed ! (Leads out the horse and lets it loose ; goes to his caftan.) I am awfully hungry ! The old woman gave me a big chunk, and I'm sure I'll eat it all. (Goes up to the caftan.) Gone ! I must have covered it with my caftan. (Lifts up his caftan.) Not here, either. This is remarkable ' (Shakes his caftan.)

Little Devil (behind the bush). Look for it, look for it ! Here it is ! (Sits down on it.)

Peasant (lifts up the plough beam, and shakes the caftan). Wonderful, truly wonderful. There was nobody here, and the crust is gone. If the birds had pecked it, there would be crumbs, but there are none. Nobody was here, and yet somebody carried it off.

Little Devil (rises and looks around). He will mention me this very minute.

Peasant. Well, it can't be helped. I sha'n't starve to death. Let him have it. May he eat it to his health !

Little Devil (spitting out). Accursed peasant ! He ought to be swearing, and he says, "To his health !" I can't do anything with him. (The peasant lays himself down, makes the sign of the cross, yawns, and falls asleep.)

Little Devil (comes out from behind the bush). Talk to the chief ! The chief keeps saying, " You do not bring me enough peasants to hell. Look there : merchants, gentlemen, and all other kinds come here every day and in large numbers, but there are but few peasants." How shall I get at him ? I do not know how. What better could I have done? I took away his last crust. And still he did not swear. I do not know what to do now. I'll go and report. (Sinks through the ground.)

ACT II.

Hell.

In the main seat sits the Chief Devil. The Devils' Scribe sits below, at a table, with writing material. Guards stand at each side. On the right are five Little Devils of various descriptions ; on the left, near the door, is the Doorkeeper ; a Dandyish Devil is standing in front of the Chief.

Dandyish Devil. My whole booty for three years amounts to 220,005 men. They are all in my power now.

Chief. All right, thanks, move on ! (Dandyish Devil moves to the right)

Chief (to Scribe). I am tired. How much business is there left ? From whom have we had reports, and who is still to be heard from ?

Scribe (counts on his fingers and, as he proceeds, points to the Little Devils standing on the right. Every time he names a Little Devil, the Little Devil bows). I have a report from the Nobility Devil, - he took in altogether 1,836. From the Merchant Devil - 9,643. From the Court Devil - 3,423. From the Woman Devil we have just received 186,315 women and 17,438 girls. Two are left: the Pettifogger and Peasant Devils. In all 220,005.

Chief. Well, I see, we shall get through to-day. (To Doorkeeper.) Let them in ! (Enter Pettifogger Devil, bowing to the Chief.)

Chief. Well, how is your business ?

Pettifogger Devil (laughing all the time, and rubbing his hands). My business is as white as soot. My booty is such as I do not remember since the creation of the world.

Chief. Well, did you take in a lot ?

Pettifogger Devil. It is not so much a question of numbers. Though the number is small, – in all 1,350 men, – they are all fine lads. They are such lads that they could pass for devils. They themselves trouble people worse than devils. I taught them a new fashion.

Chief. What new fashion ?

Pettifogger Devil. It is like this : formerly the pettifoggers were connected with the judges, and used to deceive people. Now I have taught them to get along without judges. They work for those who pay them most. And they work in such a way that they start cases where there is nothing to do. They trouble men much better than do the devils.

Chief. I'll see. Move on ! (.Pettifogger Devil passes to the right.)

Chief (to Doorkeeper). Let in the last !

{Enter Peasant Devil with the crust, bowing low.}

Peasant Devil. I can't exist any longer, – give me another job !

Chief. What job? You are talking nonsense. Get up and talk sensibly. Make your report, and tell me how many peasants you have gathered in this week.

Peasant Devil (weeping). Not one!

CHIEF. What? Not one? Mow so? 'What have you been doing ? Where have you been loafing ?

Peasant Devil (snivelling). I have not loafed ; I have worn myself out working, but have not accomplished anything. Here I stole the last crust from under a man's nose, and he did not even swear, but wished me to eat it to my health.

Chief. What ? What are you babbling there ? Wipe your nose and talk sense, for I can't make out a thing you say.

Peasant Devil. Well, a peasant was ploughing, and I knew that all he had with him was a crust of bread and nothing else to eat. I stole the crust. He ought to have sworn, but what did he do ? He said : " Let him who took it eat it to his health." I have brought the crust with me, – here it is !

Chief. Well, and how about the others ?

Peasant Devil. They are all alike, – I did not get one.

Chief. How dare you come back to me with empty hands? And there you have brought a stinking crust with you ; do you mean to make fun of me ? Eh ? Do you intend to eat bread in hell for nothing ? The

others try and work hard. Now, these here (pointing to the Devils) have brought with them a thousand and twenty thousand apiece, and this one has brought as high as two hundred thousand. And you come back empty-handed, and bring with you a crust or something like it. Tell me no fairy-tales ! You loaf, and do not work. That's why they get away from you. Wait, friend, – I'll teach you!

Peasant Devil. Don't have me punished, but let me talk ! These devils have an easy time of it : they deal with noblemen, or merchants, or women. We know what that means. Show a nobleman a sable cap or an estate, and straightway you have him, and lead him whither you wilt The same with a merchant. Show him money and fire him with envy, and you may lead him as by a halter,– he will not get away. And so it is with women. Dresses and sweetmeats, – and again do with them as you please. But just try it with a peasant. He works from morning until night, and even into the night, and does not begin anything without God, – so how will you get in with him ? Father, free me from the peasants, – they have worn me out ! I have even angered you.

Chief. You lie, good-for-nothing ! Don't point to others. They get the merchants, and noblemen, and women, because they know how to treat them, – they keep inventing new things. Now, the pettifogger has turned a new leaf. Invent something yourself. The idea of boasting of having stolen a crust ! How clever ! Throw nets over them, and they will fall into one of them. But you have been loafing, and so you have given your peasants a chance to gather strength. They do not even regret the loss of a crust. If they are up to such tricks, and teach them to their women, they will entirely get away from us. Think out something ! Stretch yourself the best way you can !

Peasant Devil. I do not know what to think out. Believe me. I can't stand it.

Chief (angrily). You can't ? Well, do you want me to work for you ?

Peasant Devil. I can't.

Chief. You can't? Just wait. Oh, there! Bring in rods, and wallop him ! (The guards seize the Devil and flog him.)

Peasant Devil. Oh, oh, oh !

Chief. Have you thought it out ?

Peasant Devil. Oh ! Oh ! I can't think it out.

Chief. Wallop him ! {They flog him.} Have you thought it out ?

Peasant Devil. I have, I have !

Chief. Well, tell me what you have thought out.

Peasant Devil. I have thought out something by which I will get them all into my hands. Just let me hire out as a farm-hand with the peasant, – but I cannot tell you about it beforehand. –

Chief. All right. Only remember: if you do not earn a crust in three years, I'll flay you alive.

Peasant Devil. In three years they will all be mine.

Chief. All right. In àee years I'll go and take a look myself.

Scene III.

Farm-hand hides his horns.

act in.

Granary. Wagons with grain.

Scene I.

Devil, as Farm-hand (filling measures with grain from the wagon, which measures Peasant carries away). Seven.

Peasant. How many chétverts ?

Farm-hand (looking at the marks on the door). Twenty-six ; seventh measure on the twenty-seventh.

Peasant. It won't all go in, – it's full already.

Farm-hand. Spread it well.

Peasant. I have done so. (Carries off the measure.)

Scene II.

Farm-hand (alone, takes off his cap, displaying his horns). He won't come out soon, so I will straighten my horns a little. (Horns straighten up.) I'll take off my boots, – I can't do so when he is around. (Takes his fert out of his boots, showing his hoofs. Sits down on the threshold.) It's going on the third year. I have to settle soon. He can't store away all the grain. I must teach him the last trick. Then the Chief himself may come and see. There will be something to show. He will pay me for the crust. (Neighbour comes up.)

Neighbour. Good morning !

Farm-hand. Good morning !

Neighbour. Where is your master ?

Farm-hand. He has gone to spread the grain in the grain loft, – he can't get it all in.

Neighbour. What prosperity your master has, – he has even no place to store it all in. We are all marvelling at the grain your master has raised these two years. It is as though somebody is helping him out. Last year was a dry year, and he sowed in the bog : other people did not get anything, and you had your granaries full. This year it rained a lot, and he had the sense to sow on the uplands. Other people's grain has all rotted, and you have more than you want. And what grain! (Shakes it in his palm and tries it between his teeth.)

Scene IV.

Peasant (returning with empty measure). Good morning, friend !

Neighbour. Good morning! I am just talking with your hand about how you guessed where to sow. All the people are envying you. What a mass of grain you have garnered ! You won't eat it up in ten years.

Peasant. I owe it to Potap. (Points to the Farm-hand.) It is his luck. I sent him out last year to plough, and he took it into his head to plough in the swamp. I scolded him, but he persuaded me to sow there. So we did, and it came out for the best. This year he guessed it again, and sowed on the uplands.

Neighbour. Yes, he knows exactly what kind of a year it is going to be. Yes, you have a lot of grain.

(Silence.) I have come to ask you for an eighth of rye. I am all out of it, – I'll give it back to you next summer.

Peasant. Why, take it.

Farm-hand (nudging the Peasant). Don't give it to him.

Peasant. Stop talking ! Take it !

Neighbour. I'll just run down for a bag.

Farm-hand (aside). He won't give up his old habit, – he gives. He does not obey me in everything. Just give me a chance, – he will soon stop giving. (Neighbour exit.)

Scene V.

Peasant (sitting down on the threshold). Why should I not give to a good man ?

Farm-hand. It's easy enough to give, but you will not get it back. To loan is the same as throwing downhill, and to collect the debt – the same as pulling up-hill. Thus old men say.

Peasant. Don't worry, – there is grain enough.

Farm-hand. What of it, if there is enough ?

Peasant. There is not only enough until the next crop, but even for two years. What shall I do with it ?

Farm-hand. What shall you do with it? Why, I will make something so good out of this grain that you will rejoice your whole life.

Peasant. What will you make of it ?

Farm-hand. I will make a drink, such that, if you have no strength, it will give you strength, and if you want to eat, it will fill you up. If you can't fall asleep, you will fall asleep at once ; if you are sad, it will cheer you up. If you have lost courage, it will give you courage. That's the kind of a drink I will give you.

Peasant. You are fibbing.

Farm-hand. Fibbing ! You did not believe me even when I told you to sow grain, at first in the swamp, and later on the uplands. Now you know it was right. And you will know so about the drink.

Peasant. What will you make it of ?

Farm-hand. Why, of this same grain.

Peasant. Will it not be a sin ?

Farm-hand. I declare, a sin ! Everything is given to man for a joy.

Peasant. Where have you, Potàp, learned so much ? As I look at you, you are not a wise man, but a labourer. You have been living with me these two years, and have never taken off your clothes. How have you come to all this wisdom ?

Farm-hand. I have been in lots of places.

Peasant. So you say that this drink will give me strength ?

Farm-hand. You will see, – everything good comes from it.

Peasant. How are we going to do it ?

Farm-hand. It is not a hard matter, if you know how. All we need is a kettle and two iron pots.

Peasant. And is it pleasant to the taste ?

Farm-hand. As sweet as honey. Try it once, and you will not give it up in a lifetime.

Peasant. Oh, indeed! I'll go to my neighbour, he had a kettle. I must try.

the old woman. Oh, Marfa, come here ! It's done. Are you coming ?

Scene II.

Wif c and girl, and the former.

ACT IV.

The scene represents a shed, in the middle of which a walled-up kettle stands on the fire, with an iron pot and faucet. Peasant and farm-hand.

Scene I.

Farm-hand (holds the glass under the faucet and drinks the liquor.) Well, master, it is done.

Peasant (squatting and looking on). That's clever ! Water coming from the dough. Why do you let the water off first?

Farm-hand. This is not water, – it is the stuff.

Peasant. Why is it so light ? I thought it would be as red as beer. This is just like water.

Farm-hand. Just smell it !

Peasant (smells). Ugh, how strong ! Come now, come now, let me taste it in my mouth. (Tears it out of his hands.)

Farm-hand. Wait, you'll spill it. (Turns the faucet, drinks himself, and clicks his tongue.) It is done,– here, drink it.

Peasant (first hardy tastes it, then again and again, and drinks it all. Gives him the glass). Let me have some more. I have had so little, I cannot make out the taste.

Farm-hand (laughs). Well, do you like it ? (Fills the glass.)

Peasant (drinking). I must say, it is fine ! I'll call

Wife. What makes you shout so ?

Peasant. Just try what we have distilled. (Gives her the glass.) Smell it : what fragrance !

Wife (smelling). I declare !

Peasant. Drink it !

Wife. If only it won't hurt !

Peasant. Drink, silly !

Wife (drinking). I must say, it is good !

Peasant (a little tipsy). I should say it is. Wait for what is coming. Potap says that it makes all tired feelings leave the body. Young people grow old, – I mean, old people grow young. I have just had two glasses, and I feel good in my bones. (Strikes an attitude.) You see ? Just wait ! As soon as we shall be drinking it every day, we shall grow young again ! Well, Masha ! (Embraces her.)

Wife. Come, now ! It has made you lose your senses.

Peasant. Indeed ! You said that Potap and I were wasting the grain, and see what we have invented. Well, say, is it good ?

Wife. Why should it not be good, if it makes old people young ? How cheerful you have become ! It even cheers me up. Fall in with me : ee (singing).

Peasant. That's it. We shall all be young and happy.

Wife. I must call in mother-in-law, for she is scolding all the time and feeling lonely. We must change her, too. She will be younger and kinder.

Peasant (drunk). Call mother, call her in ! O Mashka, run and call grandmother, and tell grandfather, too, to come. Tell him I want him to get off the oven and come. What's the use of his lying there : we'll make him young. Begone, lively ! One foot here and another there. Shoot ! (The girl runs away.)

Peasant (to Wife). Come, another glass each ! (Farmhand pours out and gives them another glass.)

Peasant (drinking). First I grew younger above, in my tongue, then it went to my hands. Now it has reached my legs. I feel my legs are younger. See there, they are walking by themselves. (Begins to dance.)

Wife (drinking). Come, good fellow Potap, and give us some music ! (Potap takes the balaldyka and plays on it. Peasant and Wife dance together.)

Farm-hand (playing at the front of the stage and laughing, while blinking in their direction. Stops playing, but they continue dancing). You will pay me for the crust. The good fellows are done up, – they will not get away. Let him come and see.

Scene III.

Enter a healthy-looking old woman and a white-haired old man, and the same.

Old Man. Have you lost your senses ? People are working, and you are dancing.

Wife (dancing, and beating time with her hands). Ha, ha, ha ! (In a singsong.) I have sinned before God. God alone is sinless !

Old Woman. Ah, you slut! Your oven is not attended to, and you dance !

Peasant. Wait, mother. See what we are doing ! We are changing old people into young ones. Here, take a glass ! (Hands her a glass.)

Old Woman. There is enough water in the well. (Smelling.) What did you put in here ? Whew, what a smell !

Peasant and Wife. Just drink it!

Old Woman (tasting it). I declare ! Won't it kill me ?

Wife. It will just revive you. It will make you young.

Old Woman. Indeed ? (Drinking.) It is good, though ! It is better than beer. Father, have a taste of it yourself. (Old Man sits down, and shakes his head.)

Farm-hand. Leave him alone ! But grandmother ought to have another glass. (Offers the Old Woman a glass.)

Old Woman. If only nothing will happen ! Oh, how it burns ! But it draws me.

Wife. Drink ! You will feel it running through your veins.

Old Woman. Well, I suppose I shall have to try it. (Drinks.)

Wife. Has it gone to your legs ?

Old Woman. I should say so. It is down here. And I feel so light. Let me have some more ! (Drinks another glass.) Fine ! And it makes me so young !

Peasant. That's what I told you.

Old Woman. Oh, my old man is not here. If he could only see how young I am again. (Farm-hand plays. Peasant and Wife dance.)

Old Woman (walking to the centre). Is this the way to dance ? I'll show you how. (Dances.) That's the way. And this way, and this way. Have you seen it ? (Old Man walks up to the kettle and lets the liquor out on the ground.)

Peasant (noticing this, and rushing up to the Old Man). Rascal, what are you doing there? You have wasted all this good thing ! Oh, you old duffer ! (Pushes

him and holds the glass under the faucet.) You have let it all out.

Old Man. This is bad, and not good. God has given you a crop of grain, to feed yourself and other people with, and you have distilled it into the devil's drink. No good will come of it. Give up this business, or you will perish and will ruin other people. Give it up ! You think that this is a drink, but it is fire and will burn you. (Takes a chip from under the kettle and puts the fire to the liquor, which burns up. All stand in horror.)

ACT V.

Scene L

Peasant's hut. Farm-hand, alone, with his horns and hoofs.

Farm-hand. He has a lot of grain, and no place to put it in, and he has now a taste for it. We have distilled some again, and have poured it into a barrel and have hid it away. We will not give drink to people for nothing. We will give drink to those whom we need. I taught him to-day to call the old parasites of the village and fill them with liquor, so that they might separate him from the old man, leaving nothing to the old man. To-day my time is out, - three years have passed and my work is done. Let the Chief himself come and see. I am not ashamed to show things to him.

Scene II.

The Chief comes out from under the ground.

Chief. Well, to-day is the time. Have you earned the crust ? I promised you that I would come myself to see. Have you worked the peasant ?

Farm-hand. I have worked him well. Judge for yourself. They will assemble here very soon. Sit down in the oven and see what they will do. You will be satisfied.

Chief (climbing into the oven). We shall see.

Scene III.

Enter Master and four Old Men; behind them Wife. They seat themselves at the table. Wife covers table and puts on it gelatine and cake. Old Men exchange greetings with Farm-hand.

First Old Man. Well, have you made a lot of liquor ?

Farm-hand. Yes, we have distilled as much as we wanted. What is the use of wasting what we have ?

Second Old Man. And is it good ?

FARM-HAND. Better than the first.

Second Old Man. Where did you learn it ?

Farm-hand. Travelling over the world a man will learn a lot.

Third Old Man. Yes, yes, you are a man of experience.

Peasant. Eat !

Wife (brings decanter and fills the glasses). Do us the favour.

First Old Man (drinking). To your health ! Oh, it is good ! It just goes through me ! (The three other Old Men do likewise. Chief issues from the oven ; Farmhand stands near him.)

Farm-hand (to Chief). Watch what will happen. I will trip up the old woman, and she will spill the glass. Before this he did not bother about the crust, but just watch what will happen on account of the glass of liquor.

Peasant. Wife, fill the glass, and carry it around: to Gossip, and then to Uncle Mikhdylo.

Wife (fills glass and goes around the table. Farm-hand trips her up, she stumbles and spills the glass). Oh, dear, I have spilled it ! The devil has brought you here.

Peasant (to Wife). What an awkward witch ! You are yourself as though without hands, and there you talk against people. What a precious thing you have spilled there !

Wife. But I did not do so intentionally.

Peasant. Not intentionally ! Just let me get up and teach you how to spill the liquor. (To Farm-hand.) And you, accursed one, what are you doing near the table ? Go to the devil ! (Wife fills the glass again and takes

it around the table.)

Farm-hand (walking over to the oven, and speaking to the Chief). You see: before this he did not regret the last crust ; but now he almost struck his wife for a glass of liquor, and sent me to you, the devil.

Chief. Good, very good. I like that !

Farm-hand. Wait awhile. Let them empty the bottle, and you will see what will happen. Now they speak smooth, oily words, but soon they will begin to flatter one another, and will be like cunning foxes.

Peasant. Well, old men, how are you going to settle my case ? Grandfather lived in my house and I fed him, but now he has gone to uncle, and he wants to take his part of the house and to give it to uncle. Decide what is best. You are wise men. Without you we are as without a head. There are no people like you in the whole village. Let us take Ivan Fedotych, – people say that he is a first-class man ; but I tell you the truth, Ivan Fedotych, – I love you more than my parents. And Mikhayla Stepânych is my old friend !

First Old Man (to Peasant). It is nice to speak with a good man, – it gives you wisdom. So it is with you. It is hard to find a man like you.

Second Old Man. You are wise and kind, and so I love you.

Third Old Man. I can't tell you how I love you. I told my wife so to-day.

Fourth Old Man. You are a friend, a true friend.

Farm-hand (nudging the Chief). You see ? They are all lying. When they are by themselves, they curse one another. And now you see what oily words they use, and how they wag their tails like foxes. It's all from the liquor.

Chief. The liquor is good ! Very good! If they are going to lie like that they will all be ours. Very good, I like this.

Farm-hand. Wait: let them drink another bottle, and it will be still different.

Wife (treating). Drink, to your health !

First Old Man. Is it not too much ? To your health ! (Drinking.) It is a joy to drink with a good man.

Second Old Man. We cannot help drinking. To your health, host and hostess !

Third Old Man. Friends, to your health!

Fourth Old Man. What a brew ! Drink ! We'll do everything, because I do what I will.

First Old Man. Not exactly your will, but as those who are older than you will say.

Fourth Old Man. Older, but sillier. God, where have you come from ?

Second Old Man. Why are you calling names ? You fool !

Third Old Man. He is right, because the host is not treating us for nothing. He means business. We can settle the business. All you have to do is to treat us. Pay your respects to us, because you need me, and not I you. You are a brother to a hog.

Peasant. Eat it yourself. Don't yell so. What is the matter with you ? You are all great on eating.

First Old Man. What are you blabbing there ? I'll knock your nose edgewise.

Peasant. Who will ?

Second Old Man. Who are you anyway ? The devil take you ! I do not want to talk with you, and will go away.

Peasant (holding him back). Don't break up the company.

Second Old Man. Let me go, or I'll slap you !

Peasant. I will not let you. What right have you ?

Second Old Man. This right ! (Strikes him.)

Peasant (to Old Men). Help ! (Fight. Peasant and Old Men speak all together.)

First Old Man. Because, you know, we are celebrating.

Second Old Man. I can do anything I have a mind to !

Third Old Man. Let us have some more !

Peasant (shouts to Wife). Let us have another bottle! (All seat themselves at the table, and drink.)

Farm-hand (to Chief). Now you have seen it. The wolf's blood is talking in them now. They are now as bad as wolves.

Chief. It's a good drink, I like it.

Farm-hand. Wait: let them drink a third bottle, and it will be still different.

ACT VL

Scene represents a street. On the right Old Men are sitting on logs, and the Grandfather is 'between them. In the middle the women, girls, and lads dance the round dance. They sing a dancing song and dance. In the hut a noise and drunken sounds are heard; out comes an Old Man, shouting in a drunken voice ; behind him comes the host,

who leads him back.

Scene I.

Grandfather. Oh, what sins ! What more does one want ! Work during the week, and when a holiday comes, wash yourself, fix the harness, take a rest, sit down with your family, go into the street to the old men, and discuss public matters ! And if you are young, have a good time ! They sing well, and it is a pleasure to look at them. It is all good and peaceful. (Noise in the hut.) But what is this? They only provoke people and give pleasure to the devils. It is all from too good living !

Scene II.

From the hut rush drunken men. They make for the women of the round dance, and shout, and seize the girls.

Girls. Let me go, Uncle Karp ! Shame on you !

Lads. We shall have to go to the lane, for there is no fun here; (All go away, except the drunken man and Grandfather.)

Peasant (walks up to Grandfather, and shows him a fig). V hat did you get ? The old men have promised to give it all to me. This is what you get. Eat it ! They have given it all to me, and you have nothing. They'll tell you so.

First Old Man. Because I know what is what.

Second Old Man. I can get the best of any one, because I myself have whiskers.

Third Old Man. Dear, deary, dearest !

Fourth Old Man. Walk hut, walk oven, – no place for the hostess to sleep ! We are celebrating !

(The Old Men take hold of one another in pairs and walk off, tottering. Peasant walks toward the house, but stumbles before reaching it, falls down, and grumbles unintelligibly, as if grunting. Grandfather and peasants get up and walk away.)

Scene III.

Chief and Farm-hand come forward.

Farm-hand. Did you see it ? Now the pig blood is talking in them. They have turned from wolves into pigs. (Points to the Peasant.) He is lying like a swine in the mud, and grunting.

Chief. Serves him right! First like foxes, then like wolves, and now they are like pigs. It's a great drink. Tell me how you made such a drink. You must have put fox, wolf, and pig blood into it.

Farm-hand. No, I only raised more grain than usual. So long as he had barely enough grain, he did not mind a crust ; but when he could not store it away, there arose in

him the blood of a fox, a wolf, and a pig. The beast blood has always been in him, but it did not have a chance before.

Chief. You are a fine fellow ! You have earned the crust. Let them just go on drinking liquor, and they will always be in our power !