

*Н.М. КАРАМЗИН*

**БЕДНАЯ ЛИЗА**

*(отрывок)*

Может быть, никто из живущих в Москве не знает так хорошо окрестностей города сего, как я, потому что никто чаще моего не бывает в поле, никто более моего не бродит пешком, без плана, без цели – куда глаза глядят – по лугам и рощам, по холмам и равнинам. Всякое лето нахожу новые приятные места или в старых новые красоты. Но всего приятнее для меня то место, на котором возвышаются мрачные, готические башни Си...нова монастыря. Стоя на сей горе, видишь на правой стороне почти всю Москву, сию ужасную громаду домов и церквей, которая представляется глазам в образе величественного амфитеатра: великолепная картина, особливо когда светит на нее солнце, когда вечерние лучи его пылают на бесчисленных золотых куполах, на бесчисленных крестах, к небу возносящихся! Внизу расстилаются тучные, густо-зеленые цветущие луга, а за ними, по желтым пескам, течет светлая река, волнуемая легкими веслами рыбацких лодок или шумящая под рулем грузных стругов, которые плывут от плодоноснейших стран Российской империи и наделяют алчную Москву хлебом.

На другой стороне реки видна дубовая

*NIKOLAI KARAMSIN*

**LISA**

*(excerpt)*

*Translated by John Elrington*

Whenever I contemplate the beautiful scenery which surrounds the city of Moscow, I feel myself particularly interested by the adjacent hill, overtopped by the gloomy walls which rise from the monastery of Simeon, On the right, the churches and houses of the city appear a vast amphitheatre; and the picture is enriched with brilliant cupolas, and golden crosses, which the various steeples oppose, in glittering beauty, to the soft purple of the setting sun. Beneath, Nature has spread her variegated carpet of endless sweets over the extended meadows, bounded by the river Moskwa, whose playful stream wantons o'er the yellow sands;...its swelling bosom now panting beneath the pressure of the deep-laden barge, ...now playful with the light boundings of the fisherman's boat. To the left wander innumerable flocks, amid which the young shepherd, courting the sweet shade of the venerable oak, in rustic melody tunes his oaten pipe, and cheats his labours of their tedious length. The twilight begins to shadow the lofty poplars, the distant horizon, with the Sparrow mountains, fade on the sight.

On the other side, vast fields, interspersed with villages and woods, seem to form an avenue to the castle of Kolomensko, and terminate the view.

*NIKOLAY KARAMZIN*

**POOR LIZA**

*(excerpt)*

*Translated by Leo Wiener*

Perchance none of those who live in Moscow know the surroundings of that city so well as I do, because nobody is oftener in the open than I, nobody oftener wanders about, planlessly, aimlessly, whither his eyes carry him, through meadows and groves, over hills and vales. Every summer I discover new places of delight, or new beauties in those I already know.

But most pleasant to me is the place where rise the sombre Gothic towers of the monastery of St. Simeon. Standing on that mound, you survey upon your right nearly all of Moscow, that enormous mass of houses and churches, that presents itself to the eyes in the form of a majestic amphitheatre, a superb picture, especially when the sun shines upon it, when his evening rays gleam on the innumerable gilded cupolas and the innumerable crosses that tower to heaven!

Below, stretch the luscious, dark-green, blossoming fields; beyond them, there flows over the yellow sands the limpid river, stirred by the light oars of fishing-boats, or splashing under the prows of freighted barges that come from the more fertile parts of the Russian Empire and supply hungry Moscow with grain. On the other side of the river there is seen an oak grove, and near it graze nu-

роща, подле которой пасутся многочислен-ные стада; там молодые пастухи, сидя под тению дерев, поют простые, унылые песни и сокращают тем летние дни, столь для них единообразные. Подалее, в густой зелени древних вязов, блистает златоглавый Данилов монастырь; еще далее, почти на краю горизонта, синеются Воробьевы горы. На левой же стороне видны обширные, хлебом покрытые поля, лесочки, три или четыре деревеньки и вдали село Коломенское с высоким дворцом своим.

Часто прихожу на сие место и почти всегда встречаю там весну; туда же прихожу и в мрачные дни осени горевать вместе с природою. Страшно воют ветры в стенах опустевшего монастыря, между гробов, заросших высокою травою, и в темных переходах келий. Там, опершись на развалинах гробных камней, внимаю глухому стону времен, бездною минувшего поглощенных, – стону, от которого сердце мое содрогается и трепещет. Иногда вхожу в келий и представляю себе тех, которые в них жили, – печальные картины! Здесь вижу седого старца, преклонившего колена перед распятием и молящегося о скором разрешении земных оков своих, ибо все удовольствия исчезли для него в жизни, все чувства его умерли, кроме чувства болезни и слабости. Там юный монах – с бледным лицом, с томным взором – смотрит в поле

It is my delight frequently to visit this spot. I mourn with Nature the declining year, and celebrate the glad return of spring. While the tempest thunders through the solitary walls, and the neglected walks of the old monastery, busy Fancy pours to my view the appearance of objects which had once existence.

On a decayed tomb, overgrown with wild grass and briars, I sit, and listen to the groans of centuries past, while a sweet sadness steals on my heart, and gives a luxury to anguish. And when, with unmeasured steps, I wander through the desolate cells, spirits of their former inhabitants encircle me. I see an aged man, whose scattered locks vie with the whiteness of the snow, prostrate at the crucifix;... his eyes, with enthusiastic fervor, dwell on the sacred mage;...he implores to be released from the weary toils of this life....his feelings are extinguished....he is merely sensible of sickness and debility..... A young monk, pale with confinement, haggard with despair, his lengthened visage the sad emblem of his soul,.... casts a gloomy look through a small grated window:....he beholds the birds of the air, as they lightly wing their flight in mockery of his woes,...and ponders on the charms of liberty, while his young, but feeble eye, moistens with tears. Nature has resisted to her uttermost....he mourns....he dies, and the deep tones of the convent bell proclaim his early fate.

Then I direct my thoughts to the walls, conse-

merous flocks. There young shepherds, sitting in the shade of trees, sing simple, doleful songs, and thus shorten the monotonous summer days. A little farther off, in the dense verdure of ancient elms, gleams the gold-domed monastery of St. Daniel's; still farther away, almost on the verge of the horizon, loom the blue outlines of the Sparrow Hills. To the left appear vast, grain-covered fields, groves, three or four villages, and, in the distance, Kolomna with its high palace.

I often repair to that spot, and nearly always meet spring there; thither I also repair in the gloomy days of autumn, to mourn together with Nature. The winds moan terribly within the walls of the deserted monastery, in the rank grass of the graves, and in the dark corridors of the cells. There I lean against the ruins of the tombstones and hearken to the hollow groan of Time, the groan of those swallowed by the abyss of the past, which makes my heart flutter and tremble. At times I enter into the cells, and I picture to myself those who have lived in them, sad pictures! Here I see a greyhaired old man bending his knee before the crucifix and imploring a swift liberation from his earthly fetters, for all pleasures of life have left him, all his feelings are dead, except the feeling of ill-health and weakness. There a youthful monk, with pale face and languishing glance, looks through the latticed window, sees the merry birds that freely swim in the aerial ocean, sees them, and bitter tears issue from his eyes. He pines,

сквозь решетку окна, видит веселых птичек, свободно плавающих в море воздуха, видит – и проливает горькие слезы из глаз своих. Он томится, вянет, сохнет – и унылый звон колокола возвещает мне безвременную смерть его. Иногда на вратах храма рассматриваю изображение чудес, в сем монастыре случившихся, там рыбы падают с неба для насыщения жителей монастыря, осажденного многочисленными врагами; тут образ Богородицы обращает неприятелей в бегство. Все сие обновляет в моей памяти историю нашего отечества – печальную историю тех времен, когда свирепые татары и литовцы огнем и мечом опустошали окрестности российской столицы и когда несчастная Москва, как беззащитная вдовица, от одного Бога ожидала помощи в лютых своих бедствиях.

Но всего чаще привлекает меня к стенам Си...нова монастыря воспоминание о плачевной судьбе Лизы, бедной Лизы. Ах! Я люблю те предметы, которые трогают мое сердце и заставляют меня проливать слезы нежной скорби!

Саженья в семидесяти от монастырской стены, подле березовой рощицы, среди зеленого луга, стоит пустая хижина, без дверей, без окончнн, без полу; кровля давно сгнила и обвалилась. В этой хижине лет за тридцать перед сим жила прекрасная, любезная Лиза с старушкою, матерью своею.

crated with miracles..... Tradition has so handed it down, that the cloisters, being surrounded by an hostile army, the heavens rained fishes to support its inhabitants, and the Holy Virgin compelled the enemy to fly.

All these circumstances recall to my memory the history of my country, and represent those melancholy times, when wild hordes of Tartars devastated Russia with fire and sword, and the unfortunate Moscow, like a deserted widow, looked to Heaven, alone, for aid.

It is impossible to separate the fate of poor LISA from the recollection of these scenes. My heart is susceptible of all the softer emotions. I love to dwell on subjects which arrest my feelings,.... and my soul continues the indulgence till a flood of tears breaks the charm.

At a short distance from the convent walls, in the centre of a green plat, close to a grove of birch, stands a ruined cottage,...without doors or windows. The roof seems to have fallen in long ago;...and this cottage, about thirty years since, fostered the growing virtues of LISA, the beautiful and good, who, with her aged mother, were its sole inhabitants.

The father of LISA had been an industrious peasant, ever attentive to the cultivation of his lands; and a frugal, but comfortable, economy, marked his regular life. All prospered with him; but at his death his wife and daughter sunk into poverty. The hand of the hireling ill supplied that

withers, dries up, and the dismal sound of a bell announces to me his untimely death.

At times I scan on the doors of the sanctuary the representation of miracles that have taken place in this monastery: there fishes fall from heaven to appease the hunger of the denizens of the cloister that is besieged by a multitudinous host; here the image of the Mother of God puts the enemy to flight. All that refreshes in my mind the history of our country, the sad history of those times when the savage Tartars and Lithuanians with fire and sword laid waste the surroundings of the Russian capital, and when luckless Moscow, like a defenceless widow, awaited from God alone succour in her dire distress.

But most frequently of all I am attracted to the walls of St. Simeon's monastery by the memory of the tearful fate of Liza, poor Liza. Oh! I love those objects that touch my heart and cause me to shed tears of tender sorrow!

Some five hundred feet from the cloister wall there stands, near a birch grove, amidst a green field, a deserted hut without doors, without windows, without a floor; its roof is decayed and has fallen in long ago. In that hut there lived, some thirty years ago, lovely Liza with her old mother.

Liza's father was a fairly well-to-do peasant, for he loved work, carefully tilled the soil, and always led a sober life. But soon after his death his wife and daughter fell into poverty. The indolent hand of the hired servant ploughed the field carelessly,

Отец Лизин был довольно зажиточный поселянин, потому что он любил работу, пахал хорошо землю и вел всегда трезвую жизнь. Но скоро по смерти его жена и дочь обеднели. Ленивая рука наемника худо обрабатывала поле, и хлеб перестал хорошо родиться. Они принуждены были отдать свою землю внаем, и за весьма небольшие деньги. К тому же бедная вдова, почти беспрестанно проливая слезы о смерти мужа своего – ибо и крестьянки любить умеют! – день ото дня становилась слабее и совсем не могла работать. Одна Лиза, которая осталась после отца пятнадцати лет, – одна Лиза, не щадя своей нежной молодости, не щадя редкой красоты своей, трудилась день и ночь – ткала холсты, вязала чулки, весною рвала цветы, а летом брала ягоды – и продавала их в Москве. Чувствительная, добрая старушка, видя неутомимость дочери, часто прижимала ее к слабо биющемуся сердцу, называла божескою милостию, кормилицею, отрадою старости своей и молила бога, – чтобы он наградил ее за все то, что она делает для матери.

«Бог дал мне руки, чтобы работать, – говорила Лиза, – ты кормила меня своею грудью и ходила за мною, когда я была ребенком; теперь пришла моя очередь ходить за тобою. Перестань только крушиться, перестань плакать; слезы наши не оживят батюшки».

which they had lost; and in a little time they were obliged to abandon their farm, which they let out for a trifle.

Added to all this, the poor widow incessantly mourned the loss of her husband, (for love is no stranger in a cottage) till grief had so taken possession of her mind, that her health visibly declined, and she was unable to work. LISA had just attained her fifteenth year, and was left at this perilous time of life, to her own guidance.

Regardless of her beauty, she worked day and night, wove, knit, gathered flowers in the spring, and berries in the summer, which she carried for sale to Moscow. The good and affectionate mother would often press her industrious and indefatigable daughter to her feebly-beating heart,...bless her as the support of her declining years, the consolation, the delight, of her age implore the protection of Heaven to guard her innocence, and reward her filial piety.

"God has given me these hands to work;" answered the amiable daughter, "besides, have you not nourished me at your breast, dear mother? Have you not raised me with the fondest care from helpless childhood? Now, 'tis my turn to nurse you;...only cease to weep,...do, dear mother. Grieve no more; our tears cannot recall my poor dear father from the grave."

With the artless but impressive language of duty, the tender-hearted LISA stifled, in her own bosom, the rising tear at the recollection of her

and the grain began to give diminished returns. They were compelled to let their land to a tenant, at an inconsiderable income. At the same time the poor widow, who continuously shed tears for her deceased husband, for peasant women also know how to love, grew weaker and weaker from day to day, and finally could not work at all. Liza alone, who was fifteen years old at her father's death, Liza alone did not spare her tender youth nor her rare beauty, and laboured day and night: she wove hempen cloth, knit stockings; in springtime picked flowers, and in winter berries, and sold them in Moscow. Seeing the indefatigableness of her daughter, the sensitive, gentle old woman frequently pressed her to her feebly beating heart, called her "divine grace, protector, consolation of my old age," and prayed to God to reward her for all she did for her mother.

"God gave me hands to work," Liza would say. "You nourished me at your breast, watched me in my childhood. Now it is my turn to look after you. Only stop grieving, stop weeping! Our tears will not bring father to life."

But often gentle Liza could not restrain her own tears, for oh! she recalled that she had had a father, and that he was no more; but to comfort her mother she tried to hide the grief of her heart, and to appear calm and gay.

"In the world to come, beloved Liza," the sorrowing old woman answered, "in the world to come I shall cease to weep. There, they say, we

<p>Но часто нежная Лиза не могла удерживать собственных слез своих – ах! она помнила, что у нее был отец и что его не стало, но для успокоения матери старалась таить печаль сердца своего и казаться покойною и веселою. «На том свете, любезная Лиза, – отвечала горестная старушка, – на том свете перестану я плакать. Там, сказывают, будут все веселы; я, верно, весела буду, когда увижу отца твоего. Только теперь не хочу умереть – что с тобою без меня будет? На кого тебя покинуть? Нет, дай бог прежде пристроить тебя к месту! Может быть, скоро сыщется добрый человек. Тогда, благословя вас, милых детей моих, перекрещусь и спокойно лягу в сырую землю!»</p>	<p>forlorn and defenceless state; and, with a mien gay as it was innocent, by fascinating attentions smoothed the sorrows of her aged parent.</p> <p>"It is only on the other side of the grave," said her mother,...."only there, my child, my sorrows can find a resting place. There my tears will cease to flow, for there, we are assured, we shall all be happy.... and I shall certainly be so, my LISA, for there I shall meet your father again..... But I don't wish for death; for what, then, would become of you? What could you do alone? No..... Heaven will, I hope, permit me first to see you provided for. Some honest, industrious young man, sensible of your worth, may be found for you. Then, I shall bless you both, my children, and willingly retire to the grave"</p>	<p>shall all be happy; I shall certainly be happy when I see your father again. But I do not wish to die now, for what would become of you without me? To whom could I leave you? No, God grant me first to see you provided for! Maybe some good man will be found for you. Then I will bless you, my dear children, will make the sign of the cross, and willingly will lie down in the damp earth."</p>
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