



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
COUNT TOLSTÓY
VOLUME V.





WAR AND PEACE

BOOKS I-IV

By COUNT LEV N. TOLSTOY

Translated from the Original Russian and Edited by
LEO WIEGER

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Emperor Alexander I.

Engraved on Steel by Montaut



Emperor Alexander I.
Painted by G. A. Stroganov

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VOLUME I.

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Assistant Professor of Slavic Languages at Harvard University



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FRANCIS

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING THE BOOK "WAR AND PEACE"

IN printing the work on which I have spent five years of constant and exclusive labour, under the best conditions of life, I should like in the introduction to this work to expound my view upon it and thus to disperse the misunderstandings which may arise in the readers. I wish my readers would not see or seek in my book what I did not want or could not express, and would direct their attention to what I meant to convey, but (considering the conditions of the production) did not think it suitable to dwell on. Neither my time nor my skill permitted me to do in full what I had intended to do, and I will make use of the hospitality of this special periodical for the purpose of expounding, even though briefly and incompletely, the author's view of his production for those readers who may be interested in the matter.

1. What is *War and Peace*? It is not a novel, still less is it a poem, still less a historical chronicle. *War and Peace* is what the author wanted and could express in the form in which it is expressed. Such an announcement as to the author's neglect to attend to the conventional forms of an artistic prose production might appear

as a bit of self-confidence if it were intentional and if it had no precedent. The history of Russian literature since the time of Púshkin not only furnishes many examples of such a departure from the European form, but does not offer even a single contrary example. Beginning with Gógol's *Dead Souls* and ending with Dostoévski's *Dead House*, in the new period of Russian literature, there is not a single artistic prose production, which ever so little rises above mediocrity, that is completely arranged in the form of a novel, epic, or story.

2. The character of the time, as some readers said to me at the appearance of the first part in print, is not sufficiently defined in my work. To this rebuke I have the following answer to make: I know in what consists that character of the time which is not found in my novel,—the horrors of the serf right, the immuring of wives, the flogging of grown sons, Saltýchikha, and so forth; but this character of that time, as it lives in our imagination, I do not consider correct and did not wish to express. In studying letters, diaries, and traditions, I did not find all the horrors of this savagery to any greater extent than I find them at present or at any other time. In those days they also loved, envied, searched after the truth and virtue, were carried away by passion; there was also a complex, mental, and moral life, at times even more refined than at present in the upper class. If in our conception there has been formed an opinion of arbitrariness and brute force as regards that time, this is so only because in the traditions, memoirs, stories, and novels there have come down to us exaggerated cases of violence and brutality. To conclude that the prevailing character of that time was brutality is as incorrect as it would be for a man, who beyond a mountain sees nothing but the tops of trees, to conclude that in that locality there is nothing but trees. There is a character of that time (just as there is a character to every epoch), which

results from a greater alienation of the upper circle from the other classes, from the ruling philosophy, from the peculiarities of education, from the habit of using the French language, and so forth. It is this character that I tried to express as well as I could.

3. The use of the French language in a Russian production. Why in my work do not only Russians but also Frenchmen speak partly Russian and partly French? The reproach that persons speak and write French in a Russian book is like the reproach a man would make, who, looking at a picture, sees black spots (shadows) on it, which do not exist in reality. The artist is not to blame because to some the shadow which is made by him on the face of the picture appears as a black spot, which does not exist in reality; the artist is to blame only if these shadows are put on wrongly and coarsely. Busying myself with the epoch of the beginning of the present century, and representing Russian persons of a certain class of society and Napoleon and the French, who took such a direct part in the life of that time, I was involuntarily carried away more than was necessary by the form of expression of that French manner of thinking. And so, without denying that the shadows put on by me are in all likelihood incorrect and coarse, I wish only that those to whom it will appear funny that Napoleon speaks now Russian and now French should know that this only seems so to them, because, like a man who is looking at a portrait, they do not see the face with its lights and shadows, but see a black spot under its nose.

4. The names of the acting persons, Bolkóuski, Dru-betskóy, Bilíbin, Kurágin, and so forth, remind one of well-known Russian names. In confronting acting non-historical persons, with other historical persons, I felt the awkwardness for the ear of making Count Rostopchín speak with Prince Prónski, with Stryélski, or with some other princes and counts, of an invented double or single

family name. Bolkónski or Drubetskóy, although they are neither Volkónski nor Trubetskóy, sound familiar and natural in the Russian aristocratic circle. I was unable to invent for all persons such names as would seem to me to be false to the ear, such as Bezúkhi and Rostóv, and I was not able to avoid this difficulty in any other way than by taking at random names which were most familiar to the Russian ear and changing a few letters in them. I should be very sorry if the similarity between the invented names and the real ones could give any one the idea that I wanted to describe this or that actual person; especially, since that literary activity which consists in the description of actually existing persons has nothing in common with the one I busied myself with.

M. D. Akhrosímov and Denísov are the only persons to whom I involuntarily and without thinking gave names that closely approach two extremely characteristic and charming actual persons of the society of that time. That was my mistake, which arose from the peculiar intrinsic character of these two persons, but my mistake in this respect is limited to the mere introduction of these two persons. All the other persons are purely invented, and have not even for me any definite prototypes in tradition or reality.

5. My divergence in the description of historical events from the narrative of the historians. It is not accidental, but inevitable. The historian and the artist, in describing a historical epoch, have two entirely different subjects before them. Just as the historian will be wrong if he shall try to represent a historical person in all his entirety, in all the complication of his relations to all the sides of life, so also will the artist not fulfil his work, if he always represents a person in his historical significance. Kutúzov did not always ride a white horse, with a field-glass in his hand, pointing to the enemy. Rostopchín did not always, with a torch in his hand, burn the Voronóvski

House (he even never did that), and Empress Márya Féodorovna did not always stand, clad in an ermine mantle, leaning with one hand on the code of laws; but it is as such that the popular imagination represents them to itself.

For the historian there are heroes, in the sense of people who contribute to some one purpose; but for the artist there cannot and must not be a hero, but must be a man, in the sense of this person's correspondence with all the sides of life.

The historian is at times obliged, by bending the truth, to subordinate all the actions of the historical person to the one idea which he has put into this person. The artist, on the contrary, in the very singleness of this idea finds an incompatibility with his problem and only tries to comprehend and show, not a certain actor, but a man.

In the description of the events themselves the distinction is still more sharp and essential.

The historian has to deal with the results of the event, the artist with the fact of the event. The historian, in describing a battle, says: “The left flank of such and such an army was moved toward such and such a village, defeated the enemy, but was compelled to retreat; then the cavalry which was sent to the attack overthrew,” and so forth. The historian cannot speak otherwise. And yet these words have no meaning for the artist and do not even touch upon the event itself. Either from his own experience, or from letters, memoirs, and stories, the artist deduces his own conception about the course of the event, and frequently (as in the example of the battle) the deduction about the activity of such and such armies, which the historian permits himself to make, turns out to be the very opposite to the artist's deduction. The difference of the results obtained is also to be explained from those sources from which the two draw their information. For the historian (we continue the example of the battle)

the chief source is found in the reports of the private commanders and of the commander-in-chief. The artist can draw nothing from such sources,—they tell him nothing, explain nothing to him. More than that: the artist turns away from them, as he finds in them a necessary lie, to say nothing of the fact that every battle is described by the two enemies in absolutely opposite ways. In every description of a battle there is a necessity of lying, which results from the demand for a description in a few words of the actions of thousands of men scattered over several versts and acting under the strongest moral incitement, under the influence of fear, shame, and death.

In the descriptions of battles they generally say that such and such armies directed their attack upon such and such a point, and then they were commanded to retreat, and so forth, as though assuming that that discipline which submits tens of thousands of men to the will of one man on the parade-grounds will have the same effect where life and death are in the scale. Everybody who has been in a war knows how untrue that is;¹ and yet, on this assumption are based the reports, and upon them the military descriptions. Make the round of the troops immediately after a battle, even on the next day, or the day after, before the reports are written out, and ask all the soldiers, the superior and inferior commanders, how the affair took place; you will be told what all these men experienced and saw, and you will form a majestic, complex, infinitely varied and heavy, indistinct impression,

¹ After my first part was printed with the description of the battle of Schöngraben, I was told of the words of Nikoláy Nikoláevich Muravév-Kárski concerning this description of the battle,— words which confirmed for me my conviction. Nikoláy Nikoláevich Muravév, the commander-in-chief, said that he had never read a more correct description of a battle, and that he had become convinced through his own experience that it is impossible during a battle to carry out the orders of the commander-in-chief. — *Author's Note.*

and from no one, least of all from the commander-in-chief, will you find out how the affair took place. But two, three days later they begin to bring in the reports, the talkers begin to tell how that happened which they did not see; finally a general report is made out, and from this report the general opinion of the army is formed. It is a relief for any one to exchange his own doubts and questions for this deceptive, but clear and always flattering representation. Question a man who has taken part in this battle a month or two later, and you will no longer feel in his story that raw vital material which there was before, for he is telling it now in accordance with the report. Thus I was told about the battle of Borodinó by many wide-awake, clever participants in the battle. They all told one and the same thing, in accordance with the incorrect description of Mikhaylóvski-Danilévski, Glínka, and others; even the details which they told, though the narrators were several versts distant from one another, were all the same.

After the loss of Sevastopol, the commander of artillery, Kryzhanóvski, sent me the reports of the officers of artillery from all the bastions, asking me to make up a report from these more than twenty separate reports. I am sorry I have not described these reports. This was the best example of that naïve, unavoidable, military lie from which descriptions are made up. I assume that many of my comrades who at that time made up those reports will, as they read these lines, laugh at the recollection of how they, by order of the authorities, wrote what they could not know. All those who have experienced a war know how capable Russians are of doing their work in a war and how little fit they are to describe it with the necessary boastful lie. Everybody knows that in our armies this duty of writing out the reports is for the most part attended to by men of foreign birth.

All this I say in order to show the inevitableness of

the lying in military descriptions, which serve as material for the military historians, and, therefore, to show the inevitableness of frequent disagreements between the artist and the historian in the comprehension of historical events. But besides the inevitableness of the untruth in the exposition of historical events, in the historians of the epoch in which I was interested, I observed (no doubt in consequence of the habit of grouping events, of expressing them briefly, and of complying with the tragic tone of the events) a special form of soaring diction, in which the lie and the distortion frequently pass, not only to the events, but even to the comprehension of the meaning of the events. In studying the two chief historical productions of this epoch, Thiers and Mikhaylóvski-Danilévski, I frequently marvelled how such books could have been printed and read. To say nothing of the fact that they treated the same events in a most serious, significant tone, with references to materials, and yet were diametrically opposed to one another, I came across such descriptions in these historians that I did not know whether to laugh or weep, considering that these two books are the only monuments of this epoch and have millions of readers. I will adduce but one example from the book by the famous historian Thiers. After telling how Napoleon brought with him counterfeit assignats, he says, "*Relevant l'emploi de ces moyens par un acte de bienfaisance digne de lui et de l'armée française, il fut distribuer des secours aux incendiés. Mais les vivres étant trop précieux pour être donné longtemps à des étrangers, la plupart ennemis, Napoleon aima mieux leur fournir de l'argent, et il leur fit distribuer des roubles papier.*"

This passage is striking in itself by its stupendous, I shall not say immorality, but simply stupidity; but in the whole book this is not so startling, because it fully corresponds to the general, soaring, solemn tone of the discourse, which makes no direct sense.

Thus the problem of the artist and of the historian in

the description of events and persons in my book must not startle the reader.

But the artist must not forget that the representation of historical events, as formed among the people, is not based on fancy, but on historical documents, to the extent to which the historians have been able to group them; therefore, though the artist understands and represents these persons and events differently, he must, like the historian, be guided by historical material. Wherever historical persons in my novel speak and act, I have not invented, but have made use of material of which during my work a whole library has been formed, the books of which I do not find it necessary to cite here, but to which I can always refer.

6. Finally, the sixth and most important consideration for me refers to the small significance which, according to my ideas, is to be ascribed to so-called great men in the historical events.

In studying that epoch, so tragical, so rich in the grandeur of its events, and so near to us, in regard to which there live so many varied traditions, I arrived at the evident fact that the causes of the historical events, as they take place, are not accessible to our reason. To say (what to everybody seems very simple) that the causes of the events of the year 1812 consist in Napoleon's spirit of conquest and in the patriotic firmness of Emperor Aleksánder Pávlovich is as senseless as to say that the causes of the fall of the Roman Empire are these, that a certain barbarian led his nations to the west, and a certain Roman Emperor mismanaged the state, or that an immense hill which is being torn down fell because the last labourer struck it with his spade.

Such an event, where millions of people killed one another and in all killed half a million, cannot have for its cause the will of one man: just as one man could not have torn down the hill, so one man cannot cause five

hundred thousand men to die. But what are the causes? Some historians say that the cause was the French spirit of conquest, the patriotism of Russia. Others speak of the democratic element which Napoleon's hosts carried abroad and of the necessity for Russia of entering into an alliance with Europe, and so forth. But how did millions of people begin to kill one another, — who told them to do so? It is possible to make an endless number of retrospective conclusions as regards the causes of this senseless event, and these conclusions are actually made; but the great majority of these explanations and their coincidence in one purpose only proves that there is an endless number of these causes and that not one of them may be called the cause.

Why have millions of people killed one another, when it has been known ever since the creation of the world that this is both physically and morally bad?

Because that has been inevitably necessary, because, doing so, men have performed an elementary, zoological law, the one performed by the bees, when they destroy one another in the autumn, and the one according to which the male animals destroy one another. It is impossible to give any other answer to this terrible question.

This truth is not only apparent, but is so inherent in every man that it would not be worth while to prove it, if there did not exist another sentiment in man, which convinces him that he is free at any moment, whenever he is acting.

In viewing history from a common point of view, we are unquestionably convinced of the Pre-eternal Law according to which events take place. Looking at it from the personal point of view, we are convinced of the opposite.

A man who kills another, Napoleon who gives the order to cross the Nyeman, you and I, petitioning about

a governmental appointment, raising and dropping our arms, are unquestionably convinced that every act of ours has for its base rational causes and our free will, and that it depended on us whether we should act in this manner or in that, and this conviction is to such a degree inherent in us and dear to every one of us that, in spite of the proofs of history and of the statistics of crimes (which convince us of the absence of freedom of the will in the acts of other men), we extend the consciousness of our freedom to all our acts.

The contradiction seems insoluble. In committing an act I am convinced that I commit it according to my will; but viewing this act in the sense of its participation in the general life of humanity (in its historical significance), I am convinced that this act was predetermined and inevitable. Where is the error?

The psychological observations concerning man's ability on the spur of the moment retrospectively to find a whole series of imagined free ratiocinations for an accomplished fact (this I intend to expound at a greater length in another place) confirm the assumption that man's consciousness of freedom, in the commission of a certain kind of acts, is erroneous. But the same psychological observations prove that there is another series of acts in which the consciousness of freedom is not retrospective, but sudden and unquestionable. No matter what the materialists may say, I am always able to commit an act or to keep from it, so long as the act refers to me alone. I have unquestionably by nothing but my will just raised and dropped my arm. I can at once stop writing. You can at once stop reading. Unquestionably I have by nothing but my own will and regardless of all obstacles just transferred myself mentally to America or to any desired mathematical question. I can, testing my freedom, raise and forcibly drop my hand in the air. I did so. But near me stands a child, and I raise my hand over

him, and I want to drop it upon him with the same force. I cannot do so. A dog makes for this child, and I cannot help raising my hand against the dog. I am standing in the battle-line and I cannot help following the motions of the regiment. I cannot avoid in a battle making an attack with my regiment and running, when all men about me are running. When in the court-room I stand as a defender of a defendant, I cannot stop talking or knowing what I am going to say. I cannot help winking when a blow is directed against my eye. Thus there are two kinds of acts: some that depend on my will, others that do not depend on it. And the mistake which produces the contradiction is due only to this, that the consciousness of freedom (which legitimately accompanies every act that refers to my ego, up to the highest abstractions of my existence) is involuntarily transferred by me to my acts which are committed in conjunction with other men and which depend on the coincidence of other free wills with my own. It is very hard to determine the border between freedom and dependence, and the determination of this border forms the essential and only problem of psychology; but, observing the conditions of the manifestation of our greatest freedom and greatest dependence, it is impossible to avoid seeing that the more our activity is abstract and therefore the less it is connected with the activities of other men, the more it is free; and, on the other hand, the more our activity is connected with the activities of other men, the less free it is.

The most potent, indissoluble, heavy, and constant bond with other men is the so-called power exerted by one set of men against another, which in its true meaning is but the greatest dependence upon others.

Whether this is faulty or not, having become fully convinced of it in the course of my work, in describing the historical events of the years 1805, 1807, and es-

pecially 1812, in which this law of predetermination appears boldly in relief,¹ I was unable to ascribe any significance to the acts of those men to whom it seemed that they guided the events, but who less than all the other participants of the events introduced into it a free human activity. The activity of these men was interesting to me only as an illustration of that law of predetermination which in my opinion guides history, and of that psychological law which compels a man who commits a most un-free act to find in his imagination a whole series of retrospective ratiocinations, the purpose of which is to prove his freedom to himself.

¹ It is worthy of note that nearly all those who have written about the year '12, have seen in this event something peculiar and fatal. — *Author's Note.*

WAR AND PEACE

PART THE FIRST

I.

“*EH bien, mon prince, Gênes et Lucques ne sont plus que des apanages, des country estates, de la famille Buonaparte. Non, je vous previens que si vous ne dites pas que nous avons la guerre, si vous vous permettez encore de pallier toutes les infamies, toutes les atrocités de cet Antéchrist (ma parole, j’y crois) — je ne vous connais plus, vous n’êtes plus mon ami, vous n’êtes plus my faithful slave, comme vous dites. Well, good evening, good evening! Je vous que je vous fais peur, — sit down and talk to me!*”

Thus spoke, in July, 1805, the well-known Anna Pávlovna Scherer, lady of honour and intimate of Empress Máriya Fédorovna, upon meeting the dignified notable, Prince Vasíli, the first to arrive at her soirée.

Anna Pávlovna had been coughing for a few days: she had the grippe, as she said (“grippe” was then a new word, used only by a few).

The notes, which had been sent out in the morning by a lackey in red livery, were all, without exception, of the following contents:

“*Si vous n'avez rien de mieux à faire, M. le Comte (or Mon Prince), et si la perspective de passer la soirée chez une pauvre malade ne vous effraye pas trop, je serai charmée de vous voir chez moi entre 7 et 10 heures. Annette Scherer.*”

“*Dieu, quelle virulente sortie!*” answered the prince, upon entering, not in the least disconcerted by such a reception. He was clad in his embroidered court uniform, in stockings and shoes, and wore his stars; there was a bright expression on his flat face.

He spoke in that laboured French in which our grandfathers not only spoke, but thought, and in those quiet, patronizing intonations which are peculiar to one grown old in society and to an important man at court. He walked over to Anna Pávlovna, kissed her hand, presenting to her the perfumed and shining bald spot on his head, and calmly sat down on the divan.

“*Avant tout dites-moi, comment vous allez, chère amie? Allay a friend's fears,*” he said, without changing his voice, and in a tone in which through propriety and sympathy there shimmered indifference and even sarcasm.

“How can one be well, when one suffers morally? Can a person who has feeling remain calm in our day?” said Anna Pávlovna. “I hope you will be with me all the evening!”

“And the fête of the English ambassador? To-day is Wednesday. I must show up there,” said the prince. “My daughter will come for me and will take me there.”

“I thought that to-night's fête was postponed. *Je vous avoue que toutes ces fêtes et tous ces feux d'artifice commencent à devenir insipides.*”

“If they had known that you wanted the fête postponed, they would have done so,” said the prince, from habit, like a wound-up clock, saying things which he did not even wish to be believed.

“ Ne me tourmentez pas. Eh bien, qu'a-t-on décidé par rapport à la dépêche de Novosilzoff? Vous savez tout.”

“ What shall I say?” said the prince, in a cold, dull tone. *“ Qu'a-t-on décidé? On a décidé que Buonaparte a brûlé ses vaisseaux, et je crois que nous sommes en train de brûler les nôtres.”*

Prince Vasili always spoke indolently, like an actor speaking his part in an old play. Anna Pávlovna Scherer, on the contrary, in spite of her forty-five years, was brimful of animation and enthusiasm. Her social position consisted in being regarded as an enthusiast, and at times, even when she did not wish to be so, she became an enthusiast, only not to deceive the expectations of men who knew her. The repressed smile which was always playing on Anna Pávlovna's face, though not in keeping with her faded features, expressed, as with spoiled children, a constant consciousness of her sweet defect, which she did not want, and was not able, and did not find it necessary to correct.

In the middle of her conversation about political actions, Anna Pávlovna grew excited.

“ Ah, do not tell me about Austria! It may be that I do not understand anything, but Austria never has wanted war. She is betraying us. Russia must be the saviour of Europe all by herself. Our benefactor knows his high calling and will be true to it. That is the one thing I believe in. Our good and charming emperor has the greatest rôle in the world before him, and he is so virtuous and good that God will not abandon him; he will be true to his calling, which is to choke the hydra of the Revolution, which now is even more terrible in the person of the assassin and scoundrel. We alone must atone for the blood of the just — On whom may we depend, I ask you? England, with her commercial spirit, will not and cannot understand all the elevation of soul of Emperor Alexander. She has refused to clear out Malta. She

wants to see first, — she is looking for the mental reservation of our actions. What did they say to Novosiltsov? Nothing. They did not understand, they cannot understand the self-renunciation of our emperor, who wants nothing for himself and everything for the good of the world. And what have they promised? Nothing. And what they have promised will not be! Prussia has already announced that Bonaparte is invincible, and that all of Europe is powerless against him — And I do not believe a word of Hardenberg's nor of Haugwitz's. *Cette fameuse neutralité prussienne, ce n'est qu'un piège.* I trust only in God and in the high destiny of our dear emperor. He will save Europe."

She suddenly stopped, with a smile of ridicule at her own excitement.

"I think," said the prince, smiling, "that if you had been sent instead of our dear Wintzingerode, you would have taken by assault the consent of the Prussian king. You are so eloquent. Will you give me some tea?"

"Directly. *A propos,*" she added, again quieted down, "to-day I shall have here two very interesting men, *le Vicomte de Mortemart, il est allié aux Montmorency par les Rohan,* one of the best families of France. He is one of the good emigrants, one of the real emigrants. And then *l'Abbé Morio*: you know that profound mind, don't you? He was received by the emperor. Do you know him?"

"Ah! I shall be very happy," said the prince. "Tell me," he added, as though just recalling something and in an offhand manner, whereas that which he was asking was the chief aim of his call, "is it true that *l'impératrice-mère* wishes to see Baron Funke appointed first secretary to Vienna? *C'est un pauvre sire, ce baron, à ce qu'il paraît.*"

Prince Vasíli wanted to have his son appointed to the place which they were trying through Empress Máriya Fédorovna to obtain for the baron.

Anna Pávlovna almost covered up her eyes, as a sign that neither she nor any one else could pass judgment on what the empress wished, or what pleased her.

"*Monsieur le Baron de Funke a été recommandé à l'impératrice-mère par sa sœur,*" was all she said in a sad, dry tone. As Anna Pávlovna mentioned the empress, her face suddenly assumed a profound and sincere expression of devotion and respect, united with sadness, which happened to her every time when she in her conversation had occasion to mention her high protectress. She said that her Majesty had deigned to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d'estime*, and again her vision was veiled with sadness.

The prince looked indifferent and grew silent. Anna Pávlovna, with the courtly and feminine agility and quick tact peculiar to her, wanted to sting the prince for having dared to refer in such terms to a person recommended by the empress, and at the same time to console him.

"*Mais à propos de votre famille,*" she said, "do you know that your daughter, ever since she has been going out, *fait les délices de tout le monde? On la trouve belle comme le jour.*"

The prince bowed in token of respect and recognition.

"I often think," continued Anna Pávlovna, after a moment's silence, moving up toward the prince and graciously smiling at him, as though to let him know that the political and worldly conversation was ended, and now was to begin an intimate chat, — "I often think that the happiness of life is frequently distributed unjustly. Why has fate given you two such fine children (excepting Anatól, your youngest, — I do not like him," she added without a chance of appeal, raising her eyebrows), "such charming children? And you value them less than others do, and so you do not deserve them."

And she smiled her ecstatic smile.

“*Que voulez-vous? Lafater aurait dit que je n'ai pas la bosse de paternité,*” said the prince.

“Stop jesting. I wanted to speak with you in earnest. Do you know, I am dissatisfied with your youngest son. Between us be it said” (her face assumed a sad expression) “they mentioned him to her Majesty and you are pitied —”

The prince did not answer, while she, looking significantly at him, waited silently for a reply. Prince Vasíli frowned.

“What do you want me to do?” he finally said. “You know that I have done everything a father can do for their education, and both have turned out *des imbéciles*. Ippolít is at least a quiet fool, while Anatól is a restless fool. That is the difference,” he said, smiling more unnaturally and more vivaciously than usual, and at the same time displaying something unexpectedly coarse and disagreeable in the sharp wrinkles gathered about his mouth.

“Why are children born of such people as you are? If you were not a father, I should not be able to rebuke you for anything,” said Anna Pávlovna, thoughtfully raising her eyes.

“*Je suis votre true slave, et à vous seule je puis l'avouer. My children, ce sont les entraves de mon existence. They are my cross. That is the way I explain it to myself. Que voulez-vous?*”

He grew silent, with a gesture expressing his submission to his cruel fate. Anna Pávlovna fell to musing.

“Have you ever thought of getting your prodigal son Anatól married? They say,” she said, “that old maids *ont la manie des mariages*. I do not yet feel that weakness, but I have a *petite personne*, who is very unhappy with her father, *une parente à nous, une Princesse Bolkónski.*”

Prince Vasíli made no reply, though he showed by a

motion of his head that he took in the information with the rapidity of comprehension which is characteristic of men of the world.

"Really, do you know that this Anatól costs me forty thousand a year?" he said, apparently unable to check the sad course of his thoughts. He was silent for awhile.

"What will happen in five years from now, if it keeps on that way? *Voilà l'avantage d'être père.* Is she rich, your princess?"

"Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. Do you know, it is the famous Prince Bolkónski, who took his dismissal during the reign of the late emperor, and who is called the King of Prussia. He is a very clever man, but odd and hard to get along with. *La pauvre est malheureuse comme les pierres.* She has a brother, the one that lately married Lise,—Méynen, Kutúzov's adjutant. He will be here this evening."

"*Ecoutez, chère Annette,*" said the prince, suddenly taking the hand of his interlocutrice and for some reason turning it down. "*Arrangez-moi cette affaire, et je suis votre truest slave à tout jamais (slafe comme mon village elder m'écrit des reports: a-f-e afe).* She is of a good family and rich. That is everything I want."

And with these free, familiar, and graceful motions which distinguished him, he took the hand of the lady of honour, and, having kissed it, swung it, while throwing himself back in his armchair and looking aside.

"*Attendez,*" said Anna Pávlovna, reflecting on something. "I will this very evening speak with Lise (*la femme du jeune Bolkónski*), and maybe that can be arranged. *Ce sera dans votre famille que je ferai mon apprentissage de vieille fille.*"

II.

ANNA PÁVLOVNA'S parlour began slowly to be filled. There arrived the highest notables of St. Petersburg, the most varied of people as regards their ages and characters, but similar as to the society in which they lived. There arrived the daughter of Prince Vasíli, beautiful Héléne, who came to take her father away, in order to go with him to the ambassador's fête. She wore a ball dress with the decoration of a lady of honour. There also came the young little Princess Bolkónski, known as *la femme la plus séduisante de Pétersbourg*, who had married the winter before, and who now did not go out in grand society on account of her pregnancy, but who still appeared at small soirées. There came Prince Ippolít, the son of Prince Vasíli, with Mortemart, whom he introduced; and there came also Abbé Morio, and many others.

"You have not seen *ma tante?*" or "You have not met *ma tante?*" said Anna Pávlovna to each of the assembled guests, and very solemnly took them up to a small old woman in a tall headgear who sailed out of another room the moment the guests began to come. She told her their names, slowly transferring her eyes from the guest to *ma tante*, and then walked away. All the guests went through the ceremony of greeting the unknown, uninteresting, and unnecessary aunt. Anna Pávlovna watched their greeting with a sad and solemn interest, silently approving of them. *Ma tante* spoke to all in the same set words about their health, about her own health, and about the health of her Majesty, which, "thank God, was better to-day." All who came up out of politeness showed

no haste, but, after having performed the heavy duty, went away from the old woman with a feeling of relief, and did not go up to her again in the course of the whole evening.

The young Princess Bolkónski arrived with some handiwork in a velvet, gold-embroidered bag. Her pretty upper lip, with a barely perceptible moustache, was too short for her teeth, but it opened up so much the more charmingly, and so much the more charmingly stretched and fell down on the lower lip. As is always the case with extremely attractive women, her defect — the shortness of her lip and her half-open mouth — appeared as an especial beauty, peculiarly her own. It gave everybody pleasure to look at this pretty future mother, who, full of health and vivacity, bore her condition so lightly. Old men and lonesome, gloomy young men, looking at her, thought that they became like her, if they stayed and talked with her for a little while. He who spoke with her and at every word saw her bright little smile and her shining white teeth, which showed all the time, thought that he was uncommonly amiable just then. And thus thought all.

The little princess, in a waddling gait and with short, quick steps, went around the table, with her work-bag on her arm, and, merrily adjusting her garment, sat down on a divan, near the silver samovár, as though everything which she was doing was a *partie de plaisir* for her and for all who surrounded her.

“*J’ai apporté mon ouvrage,*” she said, unrolling her reticule and turning to all at once.

“Look here, Annette, *ne me jouez pas un mauvais tour,*” she addressed the hostess. “*Vous m’avez écrit, que c’était une toute petite soirée ; voyez, comme je suis attifée.*”

And she moved her arms so as to show her elegant gray lace-trimmed dress, which a little below the breasts was girded by a broad ribbon.

"*Soyez tranquille, Lise, vous serez toujours la plus jolie,*" replied Anna Pávlovna.

"*Vous savez, mon mari m'abandonne,*" she continued in the same tone, addressing a general, "*il va se faire tuer. Dites-moi, pourquoi cette vilaine guerre?*" she said to Prince Vasíli and, without waiting for an answer, turned to the daughter of Prince Vasíli, to beautiful Héléne.

"*Quelle délicieuse personne que cette petite princesse!*" Prince Vasíli said softly to Anna Pávlovna.

Right after the little princess there entered a massive, fat young man with closely cropped hair, in spectacles, light-coloured trousers of the latest fashion, tall jabot, and cinnamon-coloured dress coat. This fat young man was an illegitimate son of a famous dignitary of the time of Catherine, Count Bezúkhi, who was now on the point of death at Moscow. He had not yet served anywhere, having just returned from abroad, where he had been educated. He was for the first time in society.

Anna Pávlovna received him with a bow which belonged to people of the lowest hierarchy in her salon. Yet, in spite of this greeting of a lower order, Anna Pávlovna's face expressed, at the sight of Pierre entering the room, restlessness and fear, something like what is expressed at the sight of something too large and out of proportion with the place. Although Pierre really was a little taller than the rest of the gentlemen in the room, that fear could have reference only to that intelligent and at the same time timid, observing, and natural glance, which distinguished him from all in the drawing-room.

"*C'est bien aimable à vous, Monsieur Pierre, d'être venu voir une pauvre malade,*" Anna Pávlovna said to him, exchanging a frightened glance with her aunt, to whom she was taking him. Pierre mumbled something unintelligible and kept looking for something. He smiled joyfully, merrily, bowing to the little princess, as to a near relative,

and walked over to the aunt. Anna Pávlovna's terror was not in vain, because Pierre went away from her without waiting to hear about the health of her Majesty. Anna Pávlovna, terrified, stopped him with the words:

"Do you not know Abbé Morio? He is a very interesting man —"

"Yes, I have heard about his plan of an eternal peace; that is very interesting, but hardly possible —!"

"Do you think so?" said Anna Pávlovna, in order to say something and again to return to her occupations as lady of the house, but Pierre now committed the opposite impoliteness. Before, he had gone away without listening to what his interlocutrice had to say; and now he stopped his interlocutrice with his conversation, though she was in a hurry to get away from him. He bent his head and spread his big feet, and began to prove to Anna Pávlovna why he supposed that the abbé's plan was chimerical.

"We will speak of it later," said Anna Pávlovna, smiling.

Having freed herself from the tactless young man, she returned to her duties as hostess and continued to listen and look, ever ready to come to the rescue where the conversation was slackening. Just as the master of a spinning factory, having placed his workmen in their seats, walks up and down in the establishment, watching the immobility of a spindle, or some unusual, creaking, loud sound from it, hurriedly walks over to it, and holds it back or sets it into proper motion; even thus Anna Pávlovna, marching up and down the drawing-room, went up to a silencing or overzealously chatting circle, and with one word or by permutations started again the even, proper talking machine. But through all these cares of hers appeared her fear of Pierre. She looked anxiously at him as he went up to hear what was being said in the circle about Mortemart, and passed over to the other circle where the abbé was talking.

For Pierre, who had been educated abroad, this evening at Anna Pávlovna's was the first which he attended in Russia. He knew that all the intelligence of St. Petersburg was gathered there, and his eyes ran all around, like those of a child in a toy-shop. He was afraid lest he should miss some of the clever conversations which he might hear. Looking at the confident and elegant expressions of the faces of those assembled there, he was all the time waiting for something extremely clever. Finally he walked over to Morio. The conversation seemed interesting to him, and he stopped, waiting for a chance to express his ideas, being as eager to do so as all young men are.

III.

THE soirée of Anna Pávlovna was running now. The spindles buzzed evenly and without interruption on all sides. Outside of *ma tante*, near whom sat only one middle-aged lady with a care-worn, lean face, who was somewhat of a stranger in this brilliant society, the society broke up into three circles. In one, composed mainly of men, the abbé formed the centre; another, a younger circle, was gathered about the beautiful Princess Hélène, the daughter of Prince Vasíli, and about the pretty, ruddy-faced, too plump for her youth, little Princess Bolkónski; the third was gathered about Mortemart and Anna Pávlovna.

The viscount was a pleasant-faced young man, with soft features and manners, who evidently regarded himself as a celebrity, modestly offering himself to be used by the society in which he happened to be. Anna Pávlovna apparently served him up to her guests. Just as the maître d'hôtel serves as something transcendently beautiful the piece of beef which no one would eat, if it were seen in the dirty kitchen; even thus Anna Pávlovna on that evening served up to her guests first the viscount, then the abbé, as something transcendently refined. In the circle of Mortemart they had just started to talk about the murder of Duke d'Enghien. The viscount said that Duke d'Enghien had perished through his magnanimity, and that Bonaparte had especial reasons for his rage.

"*Ah! Voyons. Contez-nous celà, vicomte,*" said Anna Pávlovna with joy, feeling that there was something à la Louis XV. in that phrase, "*contez-nous celà, vicomte.*"

The viscount bowed in token of obedience and smiled politely. Anna Pávlovna formed a circle about the viscount and invited all to listen to his recital.

"*Le vicomte a été personnellement connu de monseigneur,*" Anna Pávlovna whispered to some one. "*Le vicomte est un parfait conteur,*" she said to another. "*Comme on voit l'homme de la bonne compagnie,*" she said to a third, and the viscount was served up to the society in the most elegant and advantageous light for him, like roast beef on a hot platter, garnished with greens.

The viscount was on the point of beginning his story, and he gave a refined smile.

"Come over here, *chère Hélène!*" Anna Pávlovna said to the beautiful princess, who was sitting a distance away, forming the centre of another circle.

Princess Hélène smiled; she got up with the same unchangeable smile of an absolutely beautiful woman, with which she had entered the drawing-room. Lightly rustling her white ball dress, trimmed with ivy and moss, and gleaming in the whiteness of her shoulders, in the sheen of her hair and the splendour of her diamonds, she passed between the receding gentlemen and walked straight up to Anna Pávlovna, without looking at any one, but smiling at all, as though graciously giving each an opportunity to admire the beauty of her form, her full shoulders, her extremely bare bosom and shoulders, as was then the fashion, and as though bearing with her the splendour of the ball. Hélène was so good that, not only could one notice no shadow of coquetry in her, but, on the contrary, she seemed to be ashamed of her unquestioned and too powerfully acting and vanquishing beauty. She seemed to be anxious to minimize the action of her beauty, without being able to do so.

"*Quelle belle personne!*" said everybody who saw her.

As though startled by something unusual, the viscount shrugged his shoulders and lowered his eyes just as she

was seating herself before him and shedding light upon him, too, with her unchangeable smile.

"*Madame, je crains pour mes moyens devant un pareil auditoire,*" he said, inclining his head with a smile.

The princess leaned her full, bared arm on a little table, and did not find it necessary to say anything. She smiled and waited. During the whole time he was talking she sat straight, looking now and then at her beautiful full arm which from the pressure on the table had changed its form, and on her still more beautiful breast, on which she adjusted her diamond necklace, several times rearranged the folds of her dress, and, whenever the story made an impression, looked at Anna Pávlovna and immediately assumed the same expression which was on the face of the lady of honour, and then again quieted down in a beaming smile. After Héléne, the little princess, too, came up from the tea-table.

"*Attendez-moi, je vais prendre mon ouvrage,*" she said. "*Voyons, à quoi pensez-vous?*" she addressed Prince Ippolít. "*Apportez-moi mon ridicule!*"

The princess, smiling, and speaking with all, produced a stir among those seated, and, having seated herself, merrily adjusted her dress.

"Now I am all right," she said, and, asking him to begin, took up her work again.

Prince Ippolít brought her her reticule, walked behind her, and, moving his chair up close to her, sat down by her side.

Le charmant Hippolyte had an uncommonly striking resemblance to his beautiful sister, which was the more startling since, in spite of this resemblance, he was unusually homely. His features were the same as those of his sister, but in her everything was lighted up by a joy of life, a self-satisfied, youthful, unchangeable smile of life, and an unusual, antique beauty of body; while in her brother, on the contrary, the same face was dulled by

idiocy, and invariably expressed self-confident sulkiness, while his body was haggard and feeble. His eyes, his nose, his mouth, — everything seemed to be compressed into one indefinite and dull grimace, while his hands and feet constantly took up an unnatural position.

“ *Ce n'est pas une histoire de revenants ?* ” he said, seating himself near the princess, and hastily fixing a pair of eye-glasses over his eyes, as though he could not begin to talk without that instrument.

“ *Mais non, mon cher,* ” said the surprised narrator, shrugging his shoulders.

“ *C'est que je déteste les histoires de revenants,* ” he said, in such a tone that it was evident that he first pronounced these words, and then only thought what they meant.

From the self-confident tone with which he spoke, no one was able to make out whether that which he had said was clever or stupid. He was dressed in a dark green dress coat, in trousers of a colour *cuisse de nymphe effrayée*, as he himself said, in stockings and shoes.

The viscount told very entertainingly of the current anecdote that the Duke d'Enghien had secretly been travelling to Paris in order to meet there Mlle. George, and that he there met Bonaparte, who also enjoyed the favour of the famous actress, and that, meeting the duke there, Napoleon accidentally had a fainting spell, to which he was subject, and was thus in the duke's power, and that the duke did not make use of his power, but that Bonaparte later on avenged himself on the duke for his magnanimity, by killing him.

The story was charmingly told and interesting, especially where the rivals suddenly recognized each other, and the ladies seemed to be agitated.

“ *Charmant !* ” said Anna Pávlovna, glancing interrogatively at the little princess.

“ *Charmant !* ” whispered the little princess, sticking the needle into her work, as though to indicate that the

interest and charm of the story kept her from continuing her work.

The viscount appreciated that silent praise and, smiling gratefully, continued his story; but just then Anna Pávlovna, all the time eyeing the terrible young man, noticed that he was talking rather heatedly and loud to the abbé, and so she hastened to the rescue in the dangerous place. Pierre had indeed succeeded in starting up a conversation with the abbé about the political equilibrium, and the abbé, apparently interested in the simple-hearted zeal of the young man, was expounding to him his favourite idea. Both listened and spoke too vividly and naturally, and it was that which displeased Anna Pávlovna.

"The means is the European equilibrium and the *droit des gens*," said the abbé. "One mighty country, such as Russia, which has a reputation for barbarism, need only unselfishly take the lead in a union, having for its aim the equilibrium of Europe, — and she saves the world!"

"How are you going to find that equilibrium?" Pierre began, but just then Anna Pávlovna came up and, glancing sternly at Pierre, asked the Italian how he stood the Russian climate. The Italian's face was suddenly changed and assumed an offensively and feignedly sweet expression, which apparently was customary with him in his conversations with women.

"I am so entranced by the charms of mind and culture of society, especially of feminine society, into which I have had the honour of being received, that I have not yet had the time to think about the climate," he said.

Anna Pávlovna no longer permitted the abbé and Pierre to get away from her, and, for convenience of observation, brought them to the common circle.

Just then a new person entered the drawing-room. This new person was the young Prince Andréy Bolkónski, the husband of the little princess. Prince Bolkónski was

of low stature, a very beautiful young man with distinct, lean features. Everything in his figure, beginning with his wearied, irksome glance and ending with his soft, measured gait, presented the very opposite of his small, vivacious wife. Not only were all those in the drawing-room evidently familiar to him, but they had evidently become so tiresome to him that it vexed him even to look at them or to listen to them. He turned away from them with a grimace which spoiled his pretty face. He kissed the hand of Anna Pávlovna and, blinking, surveyed the whole company.

“*Vous vous enrollez pour la guerre, mon prince?*” said Anna Pávlovna.

“*Le Général Koutousoff,*” said Bolkónski, accentuating the last syllable *soff*, like a Frenchman, “*a bien voulu de moi pour aide-de-camp —*”

“*Et Lise, votre femme?*”

“She will go to the country.”

“Aren’t you ashamed to deprive us of your charming wife?”

“*André!*” said his wife, addressing her husband in the same coquettish tone with which she addressed strangers, “What a story the viscount told us about Mlle. George and Bonaparte!”

Prince Andréy blinked and turned his face away. Pierre, who from the time Prince Andréy had entered the drawing-room had not taken his gay and kindly eyes off him, walked over to him and took his hand. Prince Andréy, without looking around, contorted his face in a grimace expressive of annoyance with him who had touched his hand, but, upon noticing Pierre’s smiling face, he unexpectedly smiled a good and pleasant smile.

“Oh, I see! — You, too, are in grand society!” he said to Pierre.

“I knew that you would be here,” replied Pierre. “I will come to take supper with you,” he added, speaking in

a soft voice so as not to disturb the viscount, who went on with his story. "May I?"

"No, you may not," said Prince Andréy, laughing and letting Pierre know by the pressure of his hand that the question was superfluous.

He wanted to say something else to him, but just then Prince Vasili and his daughter got up, and two young men rose to make way for them.

"You will pardon me, my dear viscount," Prince Vasili said to the Frenchman, graciously pulling him by the sleeve so as to prevent his getting up. "That unfortunate fête at the ambassador's deprives me of a pleasure and interrupts you. I am very sorry to be compelled to go away from your charming soirée," he said to Anna Pávlovna.

His daughter, Princess Héléne, passed between the chairs, lightly holding the folds of her dress, and a smile shone even more brightly upon her beautiful face. Pierre looked at this beauty, as she passed near him, with eyes expressive both of terror and of ecstasy.

"She is very beautiful!" said Prince Andréy.

"Very," said Pierre.

Prince Vasili grasped Pierre's hand, as he passed by him, and, turning to Anna Pávlovna, he said:

"Educate this bear for me," he said. "He has been living a month with me, and this is the first time I see him in society. A young man needs nothing more than the society of clever women."

IV.

ANNA PÁVLOVNA smiled and promised to take care of Pierre, who, she knew, was related to Prince Vasíli on his father's side. The middle-aged lady, who had been sitting with *ma tante*, rose hurriedly and caught Prince Vasíli in the antechamber. All the feigned interest which had been expressed in her face had disappeared. Her good, tearful face now betrayed nothing but restlessness and terror.

"Prince, what will you tell me about my Boris?" she said after she had caught him in the antechamber. (She pronounced the word "Boris" by accentuating strongly the letter "o.") "I cannot remain in St. Petersburg any longer. Tell me what news I may take to my poor boy."

Although Prince Vasíli listened to the elderly lady with displeasure and almost with impoliteness, she smiled a kind, touching smile at him and took hold of his hand in order to retain him.

"It would not hurt you to say one word to the emperor, and he would at once be transferred to the Guards," she implored him.

"Believe me that I will do everything I can, princess," replied Vasíli, "but it is hard for me to ask the emperor to do it; I should advise you to turn to Rummyántsev, through Prince Golítsyn: that would be wiser."

The elderly lady bore the name of Drubetskóy, one of the best Russian families, but she was poor, had long ago gone out of society, and had lost her former connections. She had come this time to get her only son an appoint-

ment in the Guards. She had made her presence known and had accepted the invitation to Anna Pávlovna's soirée for no other reason than to meet Prince Vasíli, and for this reason also she had been listening to the story of the viscount. She was frightened at the words of Prince Vasíli; her once beautiful face expressed rage, but only for a minute. She smiled once more and clasped Prince Vasíli's hand more tightly.

"Listen, prince," she said, "I have never asked you for anything, and I never shall; I have never reminded you of my father's friendship for you. But now I implore you to do that for my son, and I will regard you as our benefactor," she added, hastily. "No, don't be angry, but promise me. I have asked Golítsyn, but he has refused. *Soyez le bon enfant que vous avez été,*" she said, endeavouring to smile, whereas tears stood in her eyes.

"Papa, we shall be late," said Princess Héléne, turning her beautiful head on her antique shoulders; she was waiting at the door.

Influence in the world is a capital which must be taken care of, lest it disappear. Prince Vasíli knew this, and, having considered that, if he were to intercede for all, he soon would be unable to ask any favours for himself, he rarely made use of his influence. However, in the case of Princess Drubetskóy, he felt, after this new appeal of hers, something like pricks of conscience. She had reminded him of the truth: he owed her father his first steps in his career. Besides, he saw from her manner that she was one of those women, more especially one of those mothers, who, having taken something into their heads, will not desist until their wishes are complied with, and who, in the contrary case, are ready any day and any minute to become persistent and even to make scenes. It was this latter reflection that made him waver.

"*Chère Anna Mikháyllovna,*" he said, with the usual familiarity and tedium in his voice, "it is almost im-

possible for me to do that which you ask me; but to prove to you how I love you and how I honour the memory of your father, I shall do all I can: your son will be transferred to the Guards — you may take my word for it. Are you satisfied?"

"My dear friend, you are our benefactor! I never expected anything else of you — I knew how good you were."

He wanted to get away.

"Wait a moment, I want to say two words to you. *Une fois passé aux Gardes* —" She hesitated. "You are on good terms with Mikhaíl Ilariónovich Kutúzov, so recommend Boris to him for adjutant. Then I would be satisfied, and then —"

Prince Vasíli smiled.

"That I do not promise. You do not know how Kutúzov has been besieged ever since he has been appointed general-in-chief. He told me himself that all the Moscow ladies have conspired to send their sons as adjutants to him."

"No, you must promise me — I will not let you off, my friend and benefactor —"

"Papa," the beauty repeated, again in the same tone, "we shall be late."

"Well, *au revoir*, good-bye. You see?"

"So you will report to the emperor to-morrow?"

"By all means. But I make no such promise about Kutúzov."

"No, you must promise, you must, *Basile*," Anna Mikháylovna cried to him as he was receding, with the smile of a young coquette, which, no doubt, had once been characteristic of her, but which now was not in keeping with her emaciated face. She had apparently forgotten her years, and was now, from habit, putting into motion all her old feminine means. The moment he left, her face again assumed the same cold and feigned expression.

She returned to the circle where the viscount was still talking, and she again pretended to be listening, waiting only for a chance to leave, for her affair had been attended to.

"But what do you think of all that last comedy *du sacre de Milan*?" said Anna Pávlovna. "*Et la nouvelle comédie des peuples de Gêne et de Lucques, qui viennent présenter leurs vœux à Mr. Buonaparte assis sur un trône, et exauçant les vœux des nations! Adorable! Non, mais c'est à en devenir folle! On dirait que le monde entier a perdu la tête.*"

Prince Andréy smiled, looking straight into Anna Pávlovna's face.

"*Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touche,*" he said (Bonaparte's words at his coronation). "*On dit qu'il a été très beau en prononçant ces paroles,*" he added, and he again repeated these words in Italian: "*Dio mi la dona, guai a chi la toca!*"

"*J'espère enfin,*" continued Anna Pávlovna, "*que ça a été la goutte d'eau qui fera déborder le verre. Les souverains ne peuvent plus supporter cet homme qui menace tout.*"

"*Les souverains? Je ne parle pas de la Russie,*" the viscount said politely and despairingly. "*Les souverains, madame! Qu'ont ils fait pour Louis XVIII., pour la reine, pour Madame Elisabeth? Rien,*" he continued, becoming animated. "*Et, croyez-moi, ils subissent la punition pour leur trahison de la cause des Bourbons. Les souverains? Ils envoient des ambassadeurs complimenter l'Usurpateur.*"

And, after heaving a sigh of disdain, he again changed his position.

Prince Ippolít, who had for a long time been looking at the viscount through his eye-glasses, at these words turned his whole body to the little princess, whom he asked to give him a needle; with this needle he drew on

the table the coat of arms of the Condé, and began to explain to her that coat of arms with an expression of importance, as though the princess had asked him to do so.

“*Bâton de gueules, engrelé de gueules d'azur, maison Condé,*” he said.

The princess smiled and listened to him.

“If Bonaparte is left another year on the throne of France,” the viscount continued his story, with the expression of a man who is not listening to others, but who is following the march of his own ideas in a matter which he knows better than anybody else, “then things will go quite far. Through intrigues, violence, expulsions, condemnations, society — I mean refined French society — will for ever be destroyed, and then —”

He shrugged his shoulders and waved his hands. Pierre wanted to say something, for the conversation interested him, but Anna Pávlovna, who was watching him, intercepted him:

“Emperor Alexander,” she said, with an expression of sadness which always accompanied her speeches about the imperial family, “has announced that he will leave it to the French to choose their own form of government. And I think that there is no doubt but that the whole nation, having freed itself from the Usurper, will throw itself into the arms of its legitimate king,” said Anna Pávlovna, trying to be kind to the emigrant and royalist.

“That is doubtful,” said Prince Andréy. “*Monsieur le vicomte* assumes quite justly that matters have gone too far. I think it will be hard to return to the past.”

“So far as I have heard,” Pierre broke in, blushing, “nearly all the nobility have gone over to Bonaparte.”

“The Bonapartists say so,” said the viscount, without looking at Pierre. “It is difficult now to find out the public opinion in France.”

“*Bonaparte l'a dit,*” Prince Andréy said, with a smile.

It was evident that he did not like the viscount and that he directed his remarks against him, though he did not glance at him.

"*Je leur ai montré le chemin de la gloire,*" he said, after a short silence, again repeating Napoleon's words: "*Ils n'en ont pas voulu; je leur ai ouvert mes antichambres, ils se sont précipités en foule — Je ne sais pas à quel point il a eu le droit de le dire.*"

"*Aucun,*" replied the viscount. "After the murder of the duke even the most biassed partisans ceased to see a hero in him. *Si même ça a été un héros pour certaines gens,*" said the viscount, addressing Anna Pávlovna, "*depuis l'assassinat du duc il y a un martyr de plus dans le ciel, un héros de moins sur la terre.*"

Anna Pávlovna and the others had not yet had time to express their appreciation of the viscount's words with a smile, when Pierre again interposed, and Anna Pávlovna, who had a presentiment that he would say something unseemly, was unable to stop him.

"The execution of the Duke d'Enghien," said Pierre, "was a necessity of state, and I see only magnanimity in this act, for Napoleon was not afraid to assume the whole responsibility of the deed."

"*Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" Anna Pávlovna said, in a whisper of terror.

"*Comment, Monsieur Pierre, vous trouvez que l'assassinat est grandeur d'âme,*" said the little princess, smiling and drawing her handiwork up toward her.

"Ah! Oh!" said several voices.

"Capital!" Prince Ippolít said in English, striking his knee with the palm of his hand.

The viscount only shrugged his shoulders.

Pierre looked victoriously over his glasses at the audience.

"I say so," he continued persistently, "because the Bourbons ran away from the Revolution, leaving the na-

tion to anarchy; Napoleon was the only one who knew how to take the Revolution and how to vanquish it, and therefore he could not, for the general good, stop before the life of one individual."

"Would you not like to pass over to that table?" said Anna Pávlovna. But Pierre, without answering her, continued his speech.

"No," he said, becoming ever more excited. "Napoleon is great because he rose above the Revolution: he has crushed its abuses and has kept everything good that there was in it, the equality of the citizens, the freedom of the press and of speech, and thus he has won his power."

"Yes, if he, after having obtained the power, had not made use of it for an assassination, but had transferred it to the legitimate king," said the viscount, "I should call him a great man."

"He could not have done so. The nation gave him the power in order that he might liberate them from the Bourbons, and because the nation saw a great man in him. The Revolution was a great thing," continued Pierre, with this desperate and provocative exordium betraying his extreme youth and his desire to be more explicit.

"The Revolution and regicide are great deeds? — After that — but won't you go over to the other table?" repeated Anna Pávlovna.

"*Contrat social*," the viscount said, with a meek smile.

"I am not talking about regicide. I am talking about ideas."

"Yes, the ideas of rapine, murder, and regicide," an ironical voice again interrupted him.

"Those, of course, were extremes; but the importance does not lie in them, but in the rights of man, in the emancipation from prejudices, in the equality of the citizens; and Napoleon has preserved all these ideas in all their strength."

"Liberty and equality," contemptuously said the viscount, as though having finally made up his mind to prove to the youth the whole stupidity of his remarks. "Those loud words have long ago become disgraced. Who does not love liberty and equality? Even our Saviour preached liberty and equality. Have people become any happier since the Revolution? On the contrary. It was we who wanted liberty, but Napoleon has destroyed it."

Prince Andréy looked, smiling, now at Pierre, now at the viscount, or at the hostess. In the first moment of Pierre's sally, Anna Pávlovna was terrified, in spite of her being accustomed to the ways of the world; but when she noticed that, notwithstanding the sacrilegious words enunciated by Pierre, the viscount did not lose his temper, and when she convinced herself that it was impossible to suppress those words, she gathered all her strength and, joining the viscount, made an attack upon the orator.

"*Mais, mon cher Monsieur Pierre,*" said Anna Pávlovna, "how will you explain the conduct of a great man who allowed himself, without judicial procedure, to put to death a duke, or simply a man, who had committed no crime?"

"I should like to ask," said the viscount, "how monsieur will explain the eighteenth Brumaire. Is that not a deception? *C'est un escamotage qui ne ressemble nullement à la manière d'agir d'un grand homme.*"

"And the captives in Africa, whom he killed?" said the little princess. "It is terrible!" and she shrugged her shoulders.

"*C'est un rôturier, vous aurez beau dire,*" said Prince Ippolít.

Pierre, not knowing to whom to reply, surveyed them all and smiled. His smile was not like that of other people, with whom it blends with their previous expression. When a smile appeared on his face, his serious

and somewhat gloomy expression suddenly disappeared, and another, a childish, kindly, even somewhat stupid expression, as though begging forgiveness, took its place.

It became clear to the viscount, who now saw him for the first time, that this Jacobin was less terrible than his words. All were silent.

"How do you expect him to answer all at once?" said Prince Andréy. "Besides, in the actions of a statesman we must keep the acts of the private individual apart from those of the leader, or emperor. So it seems to me."

"Yes, yes, of course," Pierre hastened to say, rejoiced at this succour.

"I must admit," continued Prince Andréy, "Napoleon as a man was great on the bridge of Arcole, and in the hospital at Jaffa, where he shook hands with the plague-stricken, but — there are other deeds which it is hard to vindicate."

Prince Andréy, who apparently was desirous of softening the impression produced by Pierre's awkward speech, got up, being ready to depart, and giving his wife a sign to that effect.

Prince Ippolít suddenly rose and, stopping everybody with gestures of his hands and asking them to be seated, began :

"Ah ! Aujourd'hui on m'a raconté une anecdote moscovite, charmante ; il faut que je vous en régale. Vous m'excusez, vicomte, il faut que je raconte en russe. Autrement on ne sentira pas le sel de l'histoire."

And Prince Ippolít began to speak in Russian, pronouncing the language like a Frenchman who had, perhaps, passed a year in Russia. All stopped, because Prince Ippolít had with such animation and insistency demanded their attention for his story.

"In *Moscou* there is a lady, *une dame*. And she is very stingy. She had to have two *valets de pied* behind



Portrait of Napoleon
Photocut from *Portrait of Napoleon*

and something about a reputation which he deserved, and which, a doubtful, kindly, even somewhat timid man, he thought better to keep to himself.

"I believe you to be the man," he said, "who has been in the line since that time. I believe you are the man that he speaks of. All were silent."

"How do you expect him to answer all at once?" said Pierre André. "Besides, in the affairs of a statesman we must keep the acts of the private individual apart from those of the leader or commander. It is wrong to me."

"Yes, yes, of course," Pierre André said to say, rejoiced at this answer.

"I must go," continued Pierre André, "Napoleon is a man who great in the order of his mind, and in the breadth of his views, who has a great heart and a great character. But — there are some great minds who want to be alone."

Pierre André, who apparently was content to entertain the impression produced by Pierre's awkward speech, got up, being ready to depart, and giving his wife a sign to that effect.

When Pierre suddenly rose and stopping everybody who remained at the house, and without time to be seated, spoke.

"I am a Frenchman, and I am a man who has a great mind, and a great heart, and a great character. But — there are some great minds who want to be alone."

And Pierre spoke, and he spoke to Eugene, pronouncing the language of a Frenchman who had, perhaps passed a year in France. All stopped, because Pierre spoke with such confidence and finally descended their attention for his story.

"In Moscow there is a land — one day. And this is my story. And this is my story. And this is my story."

Portrait of Napoleon

Photogravure from Painting by A. Desnoyers



NAPOLÉON.

EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS.

Né le 15 Août 1769.

the carriage. And very big in size. That was to her taste. And she had *une femme de chambre*, another person big in size. She said — ”

Here Prince Ippolít fell to musing, obviously finding it hard to get the rest.

“ She said — yes, she said, ‘ Girl (*à la femme de chambre*), put on *livrée*, and come with me, behind the carriage, *faire des visites*.’ ”

Here Prince Ippolít snorted and burst out laughing way ahead of his audience, which produced a disadvantageous impression for the story-teller. Still many, and among them the elderly lady and Anna Pávlovna, smiled.

“ She went. Suddenly there was a strong wind. The girl lost her hat, and her long hair unbraided — ”

He could not hold himself any longer and began to laugh a broken laughter, and through his laugh remarked :

“ And the whole world found out — ”

That was the end to the story. Though it was not apparent what he told it for, or why he had to tell it in Russian, Anna Pávlovna and others appreciated Prince Ippolít’s worldly grace, with which he had so pleasantly put an end to Pierre’s disagreeable and ungracious sally. After this anecdote the conversation broke up into petty, insignificant chats about the next ball and the one just past, about the theatre, and about where people would meet again.

V.

AFTER thanking Anna Pávlovna for her *charmante soirée*, the guests began to depart.

Pierre was clumsy. He was fat, taller than the average, broad, and had immense red hands; he, as they say, did not know how to enter a parlour, and still less did he know how to come out of it, that is, he did not know how to say something very pleasant before taking his leave. He was, in addition, absent-minded. Upon getting up, he picked up a three-cornered hat with a general's panache instead of his own, and he held it in his hand and kept pulling the panache, until the general asked him to return it to him.

Anna Pávlovna beckoned to him, with an expression of Christian meekness, as though forgiving him his sally, and said to him:

"I hope to see you again, but I hope that you will also change your views, my dear Monsieur Pierre," she said.

When she told him that, he made no reply, and only bent his head and again smiled on them all with a smile which said nothing unless this: "Views are views, but you see that I am a good, nice fellow."

And all, Anna Pávlovna included, instinctively felt this to be a fact.

Prince Andréy went into the antechamber and, offering his shoulders to the lackey who was throwing his overcoat over them, listened to his wife's prattle with Prince Ippolít, who had also come out into the antechamber. Prince Ippolít was standing near the pretty,

pregnant princess and boldly eyed her through his eye-glasses.

"Go, Annette, you will catch a cold," said the little princess, taking leave of Anna Pávlovna. "*C'est arrêté,*" she added, softly.

Anna Pávlovna had found time to talk with Lise about the match which she was trying to make between Anatól and the sister-in-law of the little princess.

"I shall depend upon you, dear friend," Anna Pávlovna said, also in a low tone of voice, "you write to her and let me know *comment le père envisagera la chose. Au revoir,*" and she went out of the antechamber.

Prince Ippolít went up to the little princess and, swiftly inclining his head to her, began to tell her something in a half-whisper.

Two lackeys, one the princess's, the other his, waiting for them to finish their conversation, and holding, one a shawl, the other an overcoat, were listening to their incomprehensible French conversation as though they understood what was being said, but did not wish to show that they did. The princess, as always, spoke smiling, and listened laughing.

"I am very glad I did not go to the ambassador's," said Prince Ippolít. "It is tedious — Fine evening, is it not? Fine evening!"

"They say that it will be nice there," replied the princess, twitching her downy lip. "All the beautiful society ladies will be there."

"Not all, because you will not be there; not all," said Prince Ippolít, laughing gaily, and taking the shawl from the lackey; he even gave the lackey a push and himself began to put the shawl on the princess. Either from gawkiness or from intention (nobody could tell which) he for a long time did not take his hands away, after the shawl was already on her, so that it looked as though he were embracing the young woman.

She moved back gracefully, smiling all the time, turned around, and glanced at her husband. Prince Andréy's eyes were shut: he looked wearied and sleepy.

"Are you ready?" he asked his wife, barely looking at her.

Prince Ippolít hastily put on his overcoat, which was of the latest fashion and reached down below the heels, and, becoming entangled in its folds, he rushed out on the porch after the princess, whom the lackey was just seating in the carriage.

"*Princesse, au revoir,*" he cried, with a confusion of his tongue and his feet.

The princess picked up her dress and seated herself in the dark carriage; her husband was adjusting his sabre; Prince Ippolít, under the pretext of helping them, was in everybody's way.

"Excuse me, sir!" Prince Andréy in a dry and grating voice addressed Prince Ippolít, who was in his way.

"Pierre, I shall be waiting for you," the same voice of Prince Andréy sounded kind and tender.

The outrider moved, and the carriage rumbled over the pavement. Prince Ippolít laughed nervously, standing on the porch and waiting for the viscount, whom he had promised to take home.

"*Eh bien, mon cher, votre petite princesse est très bien, très bien,*" said the viscount, as he seated himself in Ippolít's carriage. "*Mais très bien.*" He kissed the tips of his fingers. "*Et tout-à-fait française.*"

Ippolít blurted out in a laugh.

"*Et savez-vous que vous êtes terrible avec votre petit air innocent?*" continued the viscount. "*Je plains le pauvre mari, ce petit officier, qui se donne des airs de prince régnant.*"

Ippolít snorted once more, and then he said through his laughter:

“ *Et vous disiez que les dames russes ne valaient pas les dames françaises. Il faut savoir s’y prendre.*”

Pierre, being the first to arrive, went, as a friend of the house, straight into the cabinet of Prince Andréy, and there, as was his habit, lay down on a sofa, picked a book from the shelf, — it happened to be Cæsar’s Commentaries, — and, leaning on his arm, began to read it from the middle.

“ What have you done with Mlle. Scherer? She will now be ill in earnest,” said Prince Andréy, upon entering the cabinet, and rubbing his white little hands.

Pierre moved his whole body toward him, so that the sofa creaked, turned his animated face to Prince Andréy, smiled, and waved his hand.

“ Well, that abbé is very interesting, only he does not understand things right — According to my opinion eternal peace is possible, I do not know in what way, only not through the political equilibrium — ”

Prince Andréy was apparently not interested in these abstract discussions.

“ It is impossible, *mon cher*, to say everywhere all you think. Well, have you finally made up your mind for anything? Will you be of the Horse-guard or a diplomatist?” Prince Andréy asked him, after a moment of silence.

Pierre sat up on the sofa, crossing his legs under him.

“ Just think of it! I have not yet made up my mind. I like neither.”

“ But you must make up your mind to something. Your father is waiting for you to decide.”

Pierre had been sent abroad with an abbé, his tutor, when but ten years old, and he there remained until his twentieth year. When he returned to Moscow, his father dismissed the abbé, and said to his son :

“ Now go to St. Petersburg, look around, and find something to do. I shall be satisfied with anything you may

do. Here you have a letter for Prince Vasíli, and here is money for you. Write to me about everything, — I shall help you in everything.”

Three months had passed since Pierre started out to find a career for himself, and he had not done anything yet. It was about this choice that Prince Andréy was talking to him. Pierre rubbed his brow.

“But he must be a Mason,” he said, meaning the abbé, whom he had met at the soirée.

“All that is drivelling talk,” Prince Andréy stopped him again. “Let us talk about business now. Have you been in the Horse-guard?”

“No, I have not, but here is something that has occurred to me, and that I wanted to tell you about. There is now a war against Napoleon. If it were a war for liberty, I might understand it, — I would be the first to enter military service; but it is not good to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world.”

Prince Andréy only shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish speech. He looked as though it were impossible to reply to such foolishness; really, to such a naïve statement it was hard to give any other reply than the one Prince Andréy gave him.

“If all fought only from conviction, there would be no war,” he said.

“That would be nice, indeed,” said Pierre.

Prince Andréy smiled.

“It is very likely that that would be nice, but it will never happen —”

“What are you going to the war for, anyway?” asked Pierre.

“What for? I do not know. It is right to go. Besides, I am going —” He stopped. “I am going to the war because the life I am leading here, this life, is not to my liking.”

VI.

A WOMAN'S dress rustled in the adjoining room. Andréy shook himself, as though just waking up, and his face assumed the same expression that it had in Anna Pávlovna's drawing-room. Pierre let his feet down from the sofa. The princess entered. She now wore another, a home dress, which was as elegant and fresh as the other. Prince Andréy rose, and politely pushed an armchair up for her.

"I often wonder," she said, as always, in French, hurriedly and cautiously seating herself in the armchair, "why Annette has not married. How stupid you all are, messieurs, not to have married her. You will excuse me, you do not understand anything about women. What a debater you are, Monsieur Pierre."

"I have just been debating even with your husband; I cannot comprehend why he wants to go to the war," said Pierre, addressing the princess without the least embarrassment, though such embarrassment would have been only natural in the relations of a young man with a young woman.

The princess shuddered. Pierre's words apparently touched her to the quick.

"Ah, that is what I have been saying myself," she said. "I do not understand, I positively fail to understand why men cannot live without war. Why do we women wish nothing, ask for nothing? Now you be my judge! I keep telling him: here he is his uncle's adjutant, — a most brilliant position. All know him well, and appreciate him so

much. The other day I heard a lady at the Apráksins ask: '*C'est ça le fameux Prince André?*' *Ma parole d'honneur!*"

And she burst out laughing.

"He is well received everywhere. He may easily be made aid-de-camp to the emperor. You know the emperor spoke very graciously to him. Annette and I have been saying that that might be done. What do you say?"

Pierre looked at Prince Andréy, and, noticing that this conversation did not please his friend, made no reply.

"When are you going?" he asked.

"*Ah! ne me parlez pas de ce départ, ne m'en parlez pas. Je ne veux pas en entendre parler,*" said the princess, in that capricious and playful tone which she had employed toward Ippolit in the drawing-room, and which was so obviously out of keeping in the family circle of which Pierre was almost a member. "As I was thinking to-day that it would be necessary to break all those dear relations— And then, do you know, André?" She winked significantly to her husband. "*J'ai peur, j'ai peur!*" she whispered, making a shudder pass up her back.

Her husband looked at her as though he were surprised to discover that there was somebody else in the room besides himself and Pierre, and he addressed his wife with cold politeness:

"What are you afraid of, Líza? I cannot understand it," he said.

"What egotists men are, all, all of you are egotists! Just to satisfy his fancy, God knows why, he abandons me, and locks me up all alone in the country."

"You will be with father and sister," softly said Prince Andréy.

"I shall be alone all the same, — without *my* friends — And then he expects me not to be afraid."

Her tone now was that of grumbling; her little lip was raised, giving her face not a joyous, but an animal, a squirrel-like expression. She grew silent, as though finding it improper to speak of her pregnancy in the presence of Pierre, though that formed the subject of her conversation.

"Still, I do not comprehend *de quoi vous avez peur*," Prince Andréy spoke in a drawling tone, without taking his eyes off his wife.

The princess blushed, and waved her arms in despair.

"*Non, André, je dis que vous avez tellement, tellement changé* —"

"Your doctor commands you to go to bed earlier," said Prince Andréy. "You had better go to bed."

The princess said nothing, and suddenly her short, down-covered lip began to quiver; Prince Andréy arose, and, shrugging his shoulders, walked up and down the room.

Pierre looked naïvely and in surprise through his spectacles, now at him and now at the princess, and he stirred as though wishing to get up himself, but he changed his mind.

"What do I care if Monsieur Pierre is here," the little princess suddenly said, and her pretty face was suddenly distorted by a tearful grimace. "I wanted to ask you long ago, André, why you have changed so toward me. What have I done to you? You are going to the army, and you do not pity me. Why?"

"Lise!" was all Prince Andréy said, but in this one word there were entreaty, and threat, and, above all, conviction that she herself would regret her words; but she hastened to add:

"You treat me like a sick woman or a child. I see all. Were you like this half a year ago?"

"Lise, I ask you to stop," Prince Andréy, said, with greater insistence.

Pierre, who was becoming more and more agitated during this conversation, rose and went up to the princess. It seemed he was unable to endure the sight of tears, and was ready to burst out into tears himself.

"Calm yourself, princess. It seems so to you, because, I assure you, I have experienced myself — for — because — No, pardon me, a stranger is out of place here — No, calm yourself — Good-bye —"

Prince Andréy took him by the hand and held him back.

"No, wait, Pierre. The princess is so good that she will not deprive me of the pleasure of passing an evening with you."

"No, he is only thinking of himself," said the princess, without repressing her evil tears.

"Lise!" Prince Andréy said, dryly, raising his voice to that pitch which shows that the patience is exhausted.

Suddenly the angry, squirrel-like expression of the pretty face of the princess was exchanged for an expression of terror, which both made her attractive and provoked compassion; she furtively glanced with her beautiful little eyes at her husband, and her face assumed that timid and submissive expression that may be observed in a dog as it rapidly, but feebly, sways its lowered tail.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" repeated the princess, and, lifting up her dress with one hand, she went up to her husband and kissed him on the brow.

"*Bon soir, Lise,*" said Prince Andréy, rising and kissing her hand politely, as though she were a stranger.

The friends were silent. Neither the one nor the other began to speak. Pierre looked at Prince Andréy; Prince Andréy was rubbing his forehead with his little hand.

"Let us go to supper," he said, with a sigh, rising and walking toward the door.

They entered the dining-room, which was newly appointed in an elegant and luxurious manner. Everything — from the napkins to the silver, the china, and the crystal — bore that peculiar imprint of newness which is to be seen in the homes of newly married people.

In the middle of the supper, Prince Andréy leaned on his arm, and, like a man who for a long time has had something upon his mind, and who suddenly concludes that he must have it out, he began to speak, with an expression of nervous irritation, such as Pierre had never seen him in.

“Never, never get married, my friend! Here is my advice: don’t marry until you are able to say to yourself that you have done everything in your power, and until you have ceased to love the woman you have chosen for yourself, until you see her clearly, or else you will make a cruel and irreparable mistake. Marry when you are a worthless old man — Or else everything good and exalted that there is in you will be lost. Everything will be lost on petty things. Yes, yes, yes! Don’t look at me with such surprise! If you are expecting anything for yourself in the future, you will come to feel at every step that everything is ended for you, but the drawing-room, where you will be standing on the same floor with a lackey of the court and an idiot — What is the use?”

He waved his hand with force.

Pierre took off his glasses, which made his face look changed, showing even more kindness than before, and glanced in surprise at his friend.

“My wife,” continued Prince Andréy, “is a fine woman. She is one of those rare women with whom one may be at rest about one’s honour; but, O God, what would I not give now if I were not married! You are the first and the only one to whom I am telling this, because I love you.”

Saying this, Prince Andréy less and less resembled that Bolkónski who had been sitting comfortably in Anna Pávlovna's armchair, blinking and speaking French phrases through his teeth. Every muscle of his lean face quivered from nervous agitation; his eyes, in which the fire of life had seemed extinct, now glistened with bright splendour. It was evident that the more lifeless he seemed under ordinary circumstances, the more energetic he was in these moments of almost morbid irritation.

"You do not understand why I am saying this," he continued. "It is a whole history of life. You talk of Bonaparte and of his career," he said, although Pierre had been saying nothing about Bonaparte. "You talk of Bonaparte, but Bonaparte worked and went step by step toward his aim, — he was free, and he had nothing but his aim, and he reached it. But tie yourself to a woman, and you lose all your liberty, like a fettered prisoner. And everything hopeful and vigorous that is within you will only weigh you down and will fill you with regrets. Drawing-rooms, gossip, balls, vanity, pettiness, — that is the magic circle from which I cannot get out. I am now going to the war, to the greatest war that has ever been waged, but I know nothing, and I am not good for anything. *Je suis très aimable et très caustique,*" continued Prince Andréy, "and I am listened to at Anna Pávlovna's. And that stupid society, without which my wife cannot exist, and those women — If you could only know what *toutes les femmes distinguées*, and women in general are! My father is right. Egotism, vanity, stupidity, pettiness in everything, — that is what women display when they show themselves as they are. You look at them in society, and you think that there is something in them, but there is nothing, nothing, nothing! Yes, don't get married, my friend!" concluded Prince Andréy.

"It seems ridiculous to me," said Pierre, "that you, you regard yourself as incapable, and your life as spoiled.

You have everything, everything before you. And you — ”

He did not finish his sentence, but his tone showed how highly he esteemed his friend and how much he expected of him in the future.

“How can he talk that way?” thought Pierre. Pierre regarded Prince Andréy as a model of all perfections for the reason that Prince Andréy united in the highest degree all those qualities which Pierre was lacking, and which may most nearly be expressed by the concept of power of will. Pierre always marvelled at Prince Andréy’s ability to treat all people calmly, at his extraordinary memory and extensive reading (he read everything, knew everything, had an idea about everything), and still more at his ability to work and learn. If Pierre was frequently struck in Andréy by the absence of speculative philosophy, to which he himself was prone, he did not consider that a fault, but a source of strength.

In the best of friendly or simple relations flattery or praise is necessary, just as grease is necessary for wheels to make them turn.

“*Je suis un homme fini,*” said Prince Andréy. “What is the use of talking about me? Let us talk about you,” he said, after a moment’s silence, and smiling at his consoling thoughts. This smile was for a moment reflected in Pierre’s face.

“What is there to talk about me?” said Pierre, opening his mouth in a careless and merry smile. “What am I? *Je suis un bâtard!*” and he suddenly blushed crimson. It was evident that he had made a great effort to say that. “*Sans nom, sans fortune* — and really — ” but he did not finish the sentence. “In the meantime I am free, and I am happy. The only trouble is, I do not know what to begin. I wanted to take serious counsel with you.”

Prince Andréy looked with kindly eyes at him. But

in his friendly and gracious smile there was, nevertheless, expressed the consciousness of his superiority.

"You are especially dear to me because you are the only live man in all this society of ours. Choose what you please, it makes no difference. You will be all right everywhere, but I shall ask this one thing of you: stop calling on that Kurágin and leading that kind of a life. All that comports so little with you, all those carousals, that life of the hussars, and all such things —"

"*Que voulez-vous, mon cher,*" said Pierre, shrugging his shoulders, "*les femmes, mon cher, les femmes!*"

"I can't understand it," replied Andréy. "*Les femmes comme il faut*, that is another matter, but *les femmes* of Kurágin, *les femmes et le vin*, I do not understand!"

Pierre was living at the house of Prince Vasíli Kurágin and took part in the profligate life of his son Anatól, the one that they were endeavouring to get married to Prince Andréy's sister, in order to have him mend his ways.

"Do you know," said Pierre, as though a happy idea had suddenly struck him, "I have seriously been thinking of it for some time. With that life I can decide nothing, and reflect on nothing. My head aches, and I have no money. He has invited me to-day, but I sha'n't go."

"Give me your word of honour that you will not go."

"I give it to you!"

It was past one o'clock at night when Pierre left his friend's house. It was one of those bright St. Petersburg June nights. Pierre seated himself in a hired cab, intending to be driven home. The nearer he approached his house, the less he felt able to fall asleep on such a night. It was more like an evening or a morning. He could see a long distance down the empty streets. On his way home, Pierre recalled that the usual company of players

was to meet that night with Anatól Kurágin, after which there would be a drinking bout that would end with one of Pierre's favourite entertainments.

"It would be nice to go to Kurágin's," he thought. But he immediately thought of the word of honour which he had given to Prince Andréy that he would not be at Kurágin's house.

But, as often is the case with so-called characterless people, he had a passionate desire once more to try that familiar profligate life, so he decided to have himself driven there. And immediately it occurred to him that the promise he had given was meaningless, because before he had given it to Prince Andréy he had promised Prince Anatól that he would be with him; finally, he reflected that all those words of honour were mere conventions without any definite meaning, especially when he considered that he might die to-morrow, or that something so unusual might happen that there would be nothing honourable or dishonourable. Such reflections, which annihilated all his decisions and intentions, frequently came to Pierre. He drove up to Kurágin's house.

Having arrived at the porch of a large house near the barracks of the mounted guard, in which Anatól lived, he ascended the illuminated porch and the staircase, and entered through the open door. There was nobody in the antechamber; scattered about were empty bottles, overcoats, galoshes; there was an odour of wine, and there could be heard a distant conversation and shouts.

The game and the supper were over, but the guests had not yet departed. Pierre threw off his overcoat, and entered the first room, where stood remnants of a supper, and where one lackey, thinking that he was not observed, was gulping down the contents of half-empty glasses. In two rooms beyond could be heard a hubbub, the noise of familiar voices, and the growling of a bear. About eight young men were anxiously crowding near one of the open

windows. Three were busy with a young bear, whom one of them was pulling by a chain and setting on his companions.

"I'll wager one hundred for Stevens!" cried one.

"Be sure and don't hold him!" cried another.

"I am for Dólokhov!" cried a third.

"Kurágin, you be the umpire!"

"Let the bear go, — there is a bet on!"

"At one draught, or else the bet is lost," cried a fourth.

"Yákov, let us have a bottle, Yákov!" cried the host himself, a tall, handsome man, who was standing in the middle of the crowd, without a coat, and with his fine linen shirt open over his breast. "Hold on, gentlemen! Here he is, Petrúshka dear," he turned to Pierre.

Another voice, belonging to a short man, with clear blue eyes, who among these drunken voices startled one by his sober expression, called out from the window:

"Come here, and be the umpire!"

This was Dólokhov, an officer of the Seménovski regiment, a famous gambler and blade, who was living with Anatól. Pierre, smiling, looked about him.

"I do not know what is up!"

"Wait, he is not drunk. Let me have the bottle," said Anatól, and, taking a glass from the table, he went up to Pierre.

"First take a drink!"

Pierre drank one glass after another, casting side-glances at the drunken guests, who were again assembled at the window, and listening to their talk. Anatól poured out the wine for him, and told him that Dólokhov was betting Stevens, an English sailor, who was with them, that he, Dólokhov, would drink a bottle of rum, sitting on a window-sill of the third story, with his feet dangling outside.

"Come now, drink it all!" said Anatól, giving Pierre the last glass, "or I will not let you alone!"

"No, I do not want to," said Pierre, pushing Anatól aside, and walking over to the window.

Dólokhov was holding the Englishman's hand and clearly and distinctly mentioning the conditions of the bet, addressing himself mainly to Anatól and Pierre.

Dólokhov was a man of medium stature, curly-haired, and with bright blue eyes. He was about twenty-five years old. He wore no moustache, like all the officers of the infantry, and his mouth, the most striking feature of his face, was clearly visible. The lines of that mouth were curved most delicately. In the middle, the upper lip descended energetically upon the lower in the form of a sharp wedge, and in the corners there was something that resembled two constant smiles, one in each corner; and all that, in conjunction with his firm, bold, and intelligent glance, produced such an impression that it was not possible to pass him by.

Dólokhov was not a rich man, and had no connections. Notwithstanding the fact that Anatól spent money by the ten thousand, Dólokhov lived with him and bore himself in such a way that all who knew him, Anatól included, respected Dólokhov more than Anatól. Dólokhov played all kinds of games, and nearly always won. No matter how much he drank, he never lost his clear head. Both Kurágin and Dólokhov were at that time celebrities in the St. Petersburg world of profligates and carousers.

The bottle of rum was brought. Two lackeys, who were apparently in a hurry, and intimidated by the counsels and the shouts of the gentlemen surrounding them, were demolishing the frame which made it impossible for one to sit down on the outer part of the window-case.

Anatól went up to the window with his victorious look. He wanted to smash something. He brushed aside the lackeys and jerked at the frame, but it did not give way. He smashed a pane.

"Try your hand at it, strong man," he addressed Pierre.

Pierre got hold of the sash, gave it a jerk, and with a crashing noise jerked out the oak frame.

"Take the whole thing out, or else you will imagine that I am holding on to it," said Dólokhov.

"Is the Englishman bragging, eh? Is it all right?" asked Anatól.

"All right," said Pierre, looking at Dólokhov, who, taking the bottle of rum, was walking up to the window, through which could be seen the glamour of the sky with the evening twilight and the morning dawn blending upon it.

Dólokhov, with the bottle of rum in his hand, jumped on the window-sill.

"Silence!" he shouted, standing on the sill with his face to the room.

All kept silent.

"I am betting" (he spoke in French, so that the Englishman might understand him, though he did not speak that language particularly well),—"I am betting fifty imperials— Will you make it one hundred?" he added, turning to the Englishman.

"No, fifty," said the Englishman.

"Very well, fifty imperials, that I will empty this bottle of rum at one draught, sitting outside the window, here in this place" (he bent down and pointed to the slanting projection of the wall outside the window), "and without holding on to anything— Is that right?"

"Quite so," said the Englishman.

Anatól turned around toward the Englishman and, taking hold of a button of his dress coat and looking down at him (the Englishman was of small stature), began in English to repeat the conditions of the bet.

"Hold on!" cried Dólokhov, striking the bottle against the window, so as to draw the attention to himself, "Hold on, Kurágin, and listen! If anybody does the

same, I shall pay one hundred imperials. Do you hear?"

The Englishman nodded, but without indicating whether he intended to take this new bet, or not. Anatól did not let go of the Englishman, and, although he made it known by a nod of his head that he had understood everything, Anatól kept translating Dólokhov's words into English for him. A young, haggard lad, a hussar of the body-guard, who had lost at cards on that evening, climbed upon the window, leaned over, and looked down.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" he said, looking through the window down upon the sidewalk.

"Attention!" cried Dólokhov, pulling the officer away from the window. The officer became entangled in his spurs, and awkwardly jumped down into the room.

Placing the bottle on the window-sill so as to have it within reach, Dólokhov cautiously and softly climbed upon the window. Letting down his feet and bracing himself with both his hands against the window-posts, he measured the distance with his eyes, seated himself, dropped his arms, moved to the right, then to the left, and took the bottle.

Anatól brought two candles and placed them on the window-sill, although it was already daylight. Dólokhov's back in a white shirt and his curly head were lighted up from both sides. All crowded near the window. The Englishman was standing in front. Pierre smiled and said nothing. One of the company, older than the rest, suddenly moved forward, with a frightened and angry face, and wanted to grab Dólokhov by his shirt.

"Gentlemen, what foolishness; he will be killed," said this sensible man.

Anatól stopped him.

"Don't touch him! You will frighten him. Will he be killed, eh? What then, eh?"

Dólokhov turned around, adjusting himself, and again bracing himself with his hands.

"If anybody pushes up to me," he said, slowly uttering the words through his clenched teeth, "I will make him get down here — that's what!"

Having said "That's what!" he again turned back, dropped his arms, took the bottle and carried it to his mouth, threw back his head, and moved his free hand up so as to balance himself. One of the lackeys, who had begun to clear away the broken panes, stopped in a bent position, without taking his eyes off the window and Dólokhov's back.

Anatól stood up straight, with his eyes wide open. The Englishman puckered up his lips and looked sideways. The one who had attempted to hold Dólokhov back, went into the corner of the room and lay down on a sofa, with his face toward the wall. Pierre covered his face with his hands; a feeble smile was still hovering on his face, though now it expressed horror and fear. All were silent.

Pierre took his hands away from his eyes: Dólokhov was still sitting in the same attitude, with only his head bent back, so that the curly hair of the back of his head touched his shirt collar, and the hand with the bottle was rising higher and higher, quivering and making an effort. The bottle was obviously getting empty and at the same time rising higher, so as to cause his head to bend back.

"Why does it take him so long?" thought Pierre. It seemed to him that more than half an hour had passed. Suddenly Dólokhov moved his back toward the room, and his hand quivered nervously; this tremor was sufficient to make the body slide down from the projection of the window. He moved downward, and his hand and head, making an effort, trembled more still. One hand was raised to clutch the window-sill, but again fell.

Pierre again covered his eyes and said to himself that

he would never open them. Suddenly he felt that everybody about him was in motion. He looked up: Dólokhov was standing on the sill, his face looking pale and gay.

“It is empty!”

He threw the bottle to the Englishman, who caught it nimbly.

“Excellent! You are a brick! Now that is a bet! The devil take you!” they shouted on all sides.

The Englishman took out his purse and counted out the money. Dólokhov scowled and kept silent. Pierre jumped on the window.

“Gentlemen! Who will bet with me? I will do the same,” he suddenly cried. “You don’t have to bet, either. Tell them to let me have a bottle! I will — tell them to let me have it.”

“Let him, let him!” said Dólokhov, smiling.

“What are you talking about? Are you crazy? Who will let you? You get dizzy even on a staircase,” voices were heard on all sides.

“I will empty it, — let me have a bottle of rum!” cried Pierre, with a determined and drunken gesture, striking the table and making for the window. They took him by his arms; but he was so strong that he hurled one of those who were holding him far away from him.

“No, you won’t hold him back that way,” said Anatól. “Wait, I will cheat him! Listen, I will take the bet, but you will do it to-morrow, for now we will all go to _____”

“Let’s go,” cried Pierre, “let’s go! And let us take the bear with us.” And he grasped the bear, and, embracing him and lifting him up, began to circle through the room.

VII.

PRINCE VASÍLI kept his word which at Anna Pávlovna's soirée he had given to Princess Drubetskóy, who had asked him to intercede in behalf of her only son, Bóris. The report was made to the emperor, and he was granted the exceptional privilege of being transferred as an ensign to the Seménovski regiment. But Bóris was not appointed an adjutant, or attached to Kutúzov, in spite of all Anna Mikháylovna's efforts. Soon after the soirée at Anna Pávlovna's, Anna Mikháylovna returned to Moscow, where she went directly to her rich relatives, the Rostóvs, with whom she stopped, and where her worshipped Bóris had been brought up from his childhood, and where he had lived for years, — that Bóris who had but lately been admitted to the army, and who now was advanced to the rank of ensign. The Guard had left St. Petersburg on the 10th of August, and her son, who had remained in Moscow to get his uniforms made, was to catch up with it on its way to Radzvílov.

The Rostóvs were celebrating the name-day of Natálya, mother and younger daughter. The whole day long there had been arriving carriages bringing a mass of congratulators to the large house of Countess Rostóv in the Po-várskaya Street, which everybody in Moscow knew. The countess and her beautiful elder daughter received the callers, who succeeded each other, in the parlour.

The countess was a woman with an Eastern type of a lean face, about forty-five years of age, apparently exhausted by the children whom she had born, and of whom

there were twelve. The slowness of her motions and speech, arising from her feebleness, gave her an imposing aspect, which inspired respect. Princess Anna Mikháylovna Drubetskóy, being an intimate of the house, was also there, and helped to receive and entertain the callers. The younger people were in the back rooms, glad not to have to aid in the reception. The count met the callers and saw them off, inviting all to dinner.

“Very, very much obliged to you, *ma chère*,” or “*mon cher*” (*ma chère* and *mon cher* he said without the slightest shade of difference to all without exception, both to people who stood above him and those who stood below him) “in my own name and in the name of the dear name-day people. Be sure and come to dinner! You will offend me, if you don’t, *mon cher*. I sincerely beg you in the name of the whole family, *ma chère*.”

These words, with the same expression on his full, gay, and cleanly shaven face, and with the same strong pressure of the hand and short, often repeated bows, were said by him to all without exception and without any change. After seeing a caller off, the count returned to such callers as were still in the drawing-room. He moved up a chair and, with the expression of a man who loves to live well and who knows how to do it, he spread out his legs in a dashing manner and placed his hands on his knees, and, swaying to and fro, propounded guesses about the weather, and inquired about the health of people now in Russian, and now in an exceedingly poor but self-confident French; again, with the expression of a tired man, who is firm in the execution of his duties, arranging his scanty gray hair on his bald head, he went to see out the callers and to invite them to dinner.

At times, upon returning from the antechamber, he walked through the conservatory and “officiating” room into a large marble hall where a table was set for eighty covers. After looking at the servants, who were carry-

ing the silver and china, putting up the tables, and spreading damask table-cloths, he called up Dmítri Vasílevich, gentleman, who had charge of all his affairs, and said :

“ Well, well, Dmítri, see to it that everything is right ! That’s it, that’s it,” he said, looking joyfully at the enormously extended table. “ The main thing is the service. That’s it — ” And he went away into the drawing-room, with a sigh of satisfaction.

“ Márya Lvóvna Karágin and daughter ! ” the countess’s enormous footman, coming up to the door of the drawing-room, announced in a heavy bass. The countess thought awhile and took a pinch from a golden snuff-box with the portrait of her husband.

“ These visits are wearing me out,” she said. “ She will be the last I will receive. She is so affected. Ask her in,” she said to the lackey in a sad voice, as though saying : “ Kill me and make an end of me ! ”

A tall, plump lady with a proud bearing, and her round-faced, smiling daughter, rustling their dresses, entered the drawing-room.

“ *Chère comtesse, il y a si longtemps — elle a été alitée, la pauvre enfant — au bal des Razoumovsky — et la Comtesse Apraksine — j’ai été si heureuse —* ” were heard the animated voices of the women, interrupting each other and blending with the noise made by their dresses and the moving of chairs.

There began that conversation which lasts until the first pause, when people get up, rustle with their dresses, and say : “ *Je suis bien charmée ; la santé de maman — et la Comtesse Apraksine,* ” and again they rustle with their dresses, walk to the antechamber, where they put on their fur coats or overcoats, and depart. The conversation was in regard to the chief bit of city news of that time, the illness of the famous nabob and handsome man of the time of Catherine, old Count Bezúkhi, and of his illegiti-

mate son Pierre, who had acted so outrageously at the soirée of Anna Pávlovna Scherer.

"I am very sorry for the poor count," said the guest. "His health has been bad as it is, and now this sorrow about his son will kill him!"

"What is it?" asked the countess, as though she did not know what the guest was saying, and though she had heard at least fifteen times the cause of Count Bezúkhi's grief.

"That is what comes from our modern education! While he was still abroad," said the guest, "this young man was left to himself, and now in St. Petersburg, they say he has been doing such terrible things that the police had to send him away from there."

"You don't say so!" said the countess.

"He has chosen bad company," interposed Princess Anna Mikháylovna. "One of Prince Vasíli's sons, a certain Dólokhov, and he, they say, did some dreadful things. And they suffered for it. Dólokhov has been reduced in rank to a common soldier; Bezúkhi's son has been sent away to Moscow; Anatól Kurágin, — well, his father has squelched the matter. Still, he has been sent out of St. Petersburg."

"But what had they been doing?" asked the countess.

"They are nothing but a lot of desperadoes, especially Dólokhov," said the hostess. "He is the son of Márya Ivánovna Dólokhov, such a respectable lady! Just think of it: the three of them got a bear, placed him in their carriage, and took him with them to some actresses. The police came to bring them to their senses. They caught the captain of police, tied him back to back with the bear, and let the bear loose into the Móyka; and there the bear swam with the captain on his back."

"*Ma chère*, the captain must have cut a fine figure," shouted the count, roaring with laughter.

"How terrible! What is there here to laugh about, count?"

But the ladies involuntarily laughed themselves.

"They had the greatest difficulty in saving the unfortunate man," continued the caller. "And that is the son of Prince Kiríll Vladímirovich Bezúkhi, who is having such a nice pastime!" she added. "And they say that he is so well educated and so clever! That is what his foreign education has brought him to. I hope nobody here will receive him, in spite of his wealth. They wanted to introduce me to him, but I positively refused: I have daughters."

"Why do you say that this young man is so rich?" asked the countess, leaning away from the daughters, who immediately acted as though they did not hear. "He has only illegitimate children. I think — Pierre himself is illegitimate."

The guest motioned with her hand.

"I think he has some twenty illegitimate children."

Princess Anna Mikháylovna took part in the conversation, apparently desirous of showing off her connections and her knowledge of all society matters.

"It is like this," she said, significantly, and also in a low voice. "The reputation of Prince Kiríll Vladímirovich is well known — He has lost count of his children, but this Pierre was his favourite."

"What a fine-looking old man he was," said the countess, "not later than last year. I have never seen a more handsome man."

"Now he has changed very much," said Anna Mikháylovna. "So I wanted to say," she continued, "that his direct heir through his wife is Prince Vasíli, but the father has loved Pierre very much, has cared for his education, and has written to the emperor — so that nobody knows, in case of his death (he is so low now that his death is expected any minute, and Lorrain has arrived from St.

Petersburg), who will get his enormous fortune, Pierre or Prince Vasíli. There are forty thousand souls, and millions of money. I know this pretty well because Prince Vasíli himself has told me so. Yes, Kiríll Vladímirovich himself is, on my mother's side, an uncle of mine, twice removed. He was Borís's godfather," she added, as though ascribing no importance to this circumstance.

"Prince Vasíli arrived in Moscow last night. I was told that he is out on a tour of inspection," said the caller.

"Yes, but *entre nous*," said the princess, "that is only an excuse; in reality he has come to see Kiríll Vladímirovich, having heard that he was so ill."

"But, *ma chère*, it was a fine trick!" said the count, and, noticing that the elder caller was not listening to him, he turned to the young ladies. "The captain must have cut a fine figure, I imagine."

And, representing how the captain must have swayed his arms, he again roared with his melodious and deep bass laughter, which shook his plump body, as people laugh who have eaten, especially who have drunk, well.

"Be sure and come to dinner," he said.

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VIII.

THERE ensued a silence. The countess looked at the visitor, smiling pleasantly, but without concealing that she would not be in the least disappointed if her visitor got up and went away. The visitor's daughter was already adjusting her dress, looking interrogatively at her mother, when suddenly in the adjoining room there was heard the tramp of men's and women's feet and the thud of a falling chair, and into the room rushed a thirteen-year-old girl, hiding something in her muslin skirt, and stopping in the middle of the room. It was evident that she had got so far only by accident, having gathered too much momentum. At the same time there appeared in the door a student with a crimson collar, an officer of the Guards, a fifteen-year-old girl, and a fat, ruddy-faced boy in a jacket.

The count jumped up and, swaying to and fro, put his arms around the running girl.

"There she is!" he cried out, laughing. "The name-day girl, *ma chère*, the name-day girl!"

"*Ma chère, il y a un temps pour tout,*" said the countess, pretending to be severe. "You are spoiling her, Elie," she added, speaking to her husband.

"*Bonjour, ma chère, je vous félicite,*" said the visitor. "*Quelle délicieuse enfant!*" she added, turning to her mother.

The black-eyed, large-mouthed, homely, but lively girl, with her childish, bare shoulders, which her rapid running made move convulsively within her corsage, with her

black locks thrown back, her thin, bare arms, her thin legs in lace pantalettes, and her feet in open shoes, was at that sweet age when a girl is no longer a child, and the child is not yet a young lady. Rushing away from her father, she ran up to her mother and, paying no attention to her stern remark, hid her reddened face in the laces of her mother's mantilla, and burst out laughing. She told something by fits, through her laugh, about her doll, which she drew out from her skirt.

"Do you see?— The doll— Mimi— Do you see?" Natásha was unable to say anything more,— everything seemed so funny to her. She fell down upon her mother and laughed out so loud and so sonorously that all, even the affected visitor, involuntarily laughed with her.

"Go, go away with your monster!" said her mother, pushing her daughter away with feigned anger. "This is my youngest one," she turned to the visitor.

Natásha for a moment tore her face away from the lace kerchief of her mother, looked up to her, through tears of laughter, and again concealed her face.

The visitor, who was compelled to take in the domestic scene, felt it her duty to take some part in it.

"Tell me, my dear," she said, addressing Natásha, "how is this Mimi related to you? Is she your daughter?"

Natásha did not like the condescending tone with which the visitor came down to her level. She made no reply and looked seriously at the visitor.

Meanwhile all the younger generation, the officer Borís, the son of Princess Anna Mikháylovna, the student Nikoláy, the count's eldest son, Sónya, the fifteen-year-old niece of the count, and little Petrúsha, his youngest son, all took up positions in the drawing-room, apparently trying to keep within bounds of propriety that animation and merriment which breathed in every feature of them. It was evident that there, in the back rooms, whence

they had all darted, their conversations had been much jollier than here where they were talking about city gossip, about the weather, and about *Comtesse Apraksine*. Occasionally they looked at each other and with difficulty repressed a laugh.

The two young men, the student and the officer, friends from their childhood, were of the same age and both handsome, but unlike each other. Borís was a tall, blond young man, with a calm and handsome face, the features of which were fine and regular; Nikoláy was a low-statured, curly-headed young man with an open expression on his face. On his upper lip short black hair had made its appearance, and his whole face expressed ardour and enthusiasm.

Nikoláy blushed the moment he entered the drawing-room. It was evident that he was trying to say something, but could find no words; Borís, on the contrary, at once found his composure and told calmly and jestingly how he had known that doll Mimi when she was still a young maiden, with an uncorrupted nose, how she had visibly aged in the last five years, and how her whole skull was now cracked. Saying this, he looked at Natásha. Natásha turned her face away from him, looked at her younger brother, who was blinking and shaking with soundless laughter, and, being unable to hold herself any longer, leaped up and rushed out of the room as fast as her swift feet could carry her. Borís laughed out loud.

"*Maman*, I think you wanted to drive out," he said, turning with a smile to his mother.

"Yes, go and order the carriage for me," she said, smiling.

Borís went softly to the door and followed after Natásha; the fat boy angrily ran after them, as though annoyed at the disturbance produced in his occupations.

IX.

OF the young people there were now left in the drawing-room Nikoláy and the niece Sónya, beside the visiting young lady and the countess's eldest daughter, who was four years older than her sister, and who acted like a young lady.

Sónya was a slender and petite brunette, with soft eyes, shaded by long eyelashes, a thick black braid which encircled her head twice, and an olive hue of skin on her face and especially on her bare, thin, but graceful and muscular, arms and neck. By the agility of her motions, the softness and suppleness of her small limbs, and her somewhat cunning and reserved manner, she reminded one of a beautiful kitten which gave promise of becoming a charming cat. She apparently regarded it as proper to express her interest in the general conversation with a smile; but, against her will, her eyes looked under the thick eyelashes at the cousin, who was to depart for the army, with such girlish, passionate adoration that her smile could not for a moment deceive anybody, and it was evident that the kitten had seated herself, to give a more energetic leap and start playing with her cousin the moment they, like Borís and Natásha, should get out of the drawing-room.

"Yes, *ma chère*," said the old count, turning to the visitor and pointing to his Nikoláy. "Here his friend Borís has been promoted to the rank of officer, and out of friendship for him he leaves the university and me, his old father, and enters the army, *ma chère*. And I had a

place ready for him in the Archives. That's what comes from friendships!" said the count.

"They say that war has been declared," said the visitor.

"They have been saying so for a long time," said the count. "They will talk for awhile, and then they will stop. *Ma chère*, that's what friendship brings one to!" he repeated. "He wants to enter a regiment of hussars."

The guest, not knowing what to say, shook her head.

"Not at all from friendship," replied Nikoláy, flaming up and, as it were, trying to ward off a disgraceful calumny. "Not at all from friendship, but because I feel a natural inclination for military service."

He looked back at his cousin and at the visiting young lady: both looked at him with a smile of approval.

"We shall have with us at dinner Schubert, colonel of the Pavlográdski regiment of hussars. He has been here on leave of absence, and he will take him along. What is to be done?" said the count, shrugging his shoulders and speaking jestingly of an affair which apparently caused him much grief.

"I have told you, papa," said his son, "that if you do not wish me to go, I shall stay. But I know that I am not good for anything but military service; I am not a diplomatist, nor an official, — I am unable to conceal that which I feel," he said, looking all the time with the coquetry of handsome youth at Sónya and at the visiting young lady.

The kitten, riveting her eyes upon him, looked as though she was ready at any moment to start playing with him and expressing all her feline nature.

"Well, well, all right!" said the old count. "He is all excited. That Bonaparte is turning everybody's heads; they are all reflecting on his having become an emperor from a mere lieutenant. God grant them happiness," he added, without noticing the visitor's sarcastic smile.

The grown people began to speak about Bonaparte.

Julie, Madame Karágin's daughter, turned to young Rostóv.

"What a pity you were not at the Arkhárovs on Thursday! It was dull without you," she said, smiling tenderly to him.

The flattered young man, with a coquettish, youthful smile, seated himself nearer to her and entered into a separate conversation with smiling Julie, without noticing that his involuntary smile cut with the knife of jealousy the heart of blushing Sónya, who was feigning a smile. In the middle of his conversation he turned around to look at her. Sónya gave him a glance of passion and anger and, with difficulty repressing her tears, got up and went out of the room. Nikoláy's animation was all gone. He waited for the first interruption in their conversation and went out with an anxious face to look for Sónya.

"How the secrets of these young people are sewn with white threads!" said Anna Mikháylovna, pointing to Nikoláy as he was leaving the room. "*Cousinage — dangereux voisinage,*" she added.

"Yes," said the countess, after the sun ray, which had penetrated the drawing-room together with the younger generation, had vanished, and as though in reply to the question which no one had put to her, but which all the time occupied her mind. "How much suffering, how much worry one has to endure in order to take pleasure out of them! One is afraid all the time. Particularly at that age in which there are so many dangers both for girls and boys."

"Everything depends on the education," said the visitor.

"Yes, you are right," continued the countess. "So far I, thank God, have been the friend of my children, and I enjoy their full confidence," said the countess, repeating the mistake of many parents who suppose that their children have no secrets from them. "I know that I shall

always be the first confidante of my daughters, and that if Nikoláy, on account of his ardent nature, should ever be wild (a boy can't get along without being wild), he will not be so wild as those St. Petersburg gentlemen."

"Yes, fine children they are," confirmed the count, who always decided complicated questions by finding everything fine. "There you have it, he has taken it into his head to be a hussar! What would you wish, *ma chère!*"

"What a dear creature your younger girl is," said the visitor. "She is a powder-box!"

"Yes, a powder-box!" said the count. "She takes after me! And what a voice! Though she is my daughter, I must tell the truth: she will be a singer, a second Salamoni. We have engaged an Italian to teach her."

"Is it not too early yet? They say that it is injurious to teach them at such an early age."

"Oh, no! Why should it be early?" said the count. "Remember that our mothers used to get married at twelve or thirteen years."

"She is even now in love with Borís! What do you think of that?" said the countess, smiling softly, as she looked at Borís's mother. Apparently replying to the thought which always occupied her, she continued: "Now, you see, if I were strict with her, if I forbade her — God knows what they would do in secret" (the countess meant to say that they would be kissing), "but now I know every word of hers. She comes running in to me in the evening and tells me everything. It may be that I am spoiling her, but I think that is better. I was strict with my elder daughter."

"Yes, I have been educated quite differently," said the elder daughter, beautiful Countess Vyéra, smiling. But the smile did not make Vyéra's face more beautiful, as smiles generally do; her face, on the contrary, became unnatural and, therefore, disagreeable. The eldest, Vyéra, was pretty, not at all stupid, and a good student; she

was well educated, her voice was pleasing, and what she said was just and appropriate; but, strange to say, all, including the visitor and the countess, looked surprised at what she had said, and felt awkward.

"The eldest children are always experimented upon; the parents want to make something unusual of them," said the visitor.

"There is no use denying it, *ma chère!* My dear countess has been experimenting on Vyéra," said the count. "Well, after all, she has turned out a fine girl!" he added, giving Vyéra an approving wink.

The visitors arose and departed, promising to come again to dinner.

"What bad manners! They sat there as though they would never get away!" said the countess, after seeing the visitors off.

X

WHEN Natásha left the drawing-room and ran away, she went only as far as the conservatory. There she stopped, listening to the conversation in the drawing-room and waiting for Borís to come out. She was just beginning to become impatient and, stamping her foot, was getting ready to start weeping because he did not come at once, when she heard the nonchalant walk of the young man. Natásha bolted behind some flower-pots and kept herself concealed.

Borís stopped in the middle of the room, looked around, brushed a particle of dust from his coat sleeve, and went up to a mirror to look at his handsome face.

Natásha kept silent, but looked out from behind her ambush to see what he was going to do. He stood awhile before the mirror, smiled, and went up to the opposite door. Natásha wanted to call him back, but changed her mind.

“Let him look for me,” she said to herself.

Borís had hardly left when Sónya came out from the other door, all red in her face, and whispering something in anger through her tears. Natásha restrained her impulse to run out to her and remained in her ambush, looking out, as though underneath an invisible cap, at what was going on in the world. She experienced a peculiar new enjoyment. Sónya was whispering something and looking back at the door of the drawing-room. Nikoláy stepped out from that door.

“Sónya, what is the matter with you? How can you act that way?” said Nikoláy, running up to her.

"Nothing, nothing, leave me alone!"

Sónya began to sob.

"Yes, I do know what it is."

"If you do know, it is all right! Then go to her!"

"Sónya, just one word! How can you torment me and yourself for such imaginary things?" said Nikoláy, taking her hands.

Sónya did not tear her hands away from him, and stopped crying.

Natásha, who did not stir and who held her breath, looked at them from her ambush with burning eyes.

"What will happen now?" she thought.

"Sónya, I do not need the whole world! You alone are my everything," said Nikoláy. "I will prove it to you."

"I do not like you to talk that way."

"Well, I won't, forgive me, Sónya!"

He drew her to him and kissed her.

"Ah, how good that is!" thought Natásha, and when Sónya and Nikoláy left the room, she followed them and called Borís out.

"Borís, come here," she said, with a significant and sly glance. "I have to tell you something. Here, here—" she said, and took him to the conservatory, to the spot behind the flower-pots, where she had been concealed. Borís smiled and followed her.

"What is that something that you have to tell me?" he asked.

She became embarrassed, looked about her, and, seeing her doll thrown away on a flower-pot, she picked it up.

"Kiss the doll," she said.

Borís looked with an attentive and kindly look at her animated face, and made no reply.

"You won't do it? Well, then, come here!" she said, walking deeper among the flowers and throwing away her doll. "Come near, nearer!" she whispered.

She caught hold of the facing of the officer's uniform, and in her blushing face could be seen solemnity and terror.

"And will you kiss me?" she whispered, in an almost inaudible voice, looking furtively at him, smiling, and almost weeping from agitation.

Borís blushed.

"What a funny girl you are!" he said, bending down to her, blushing even more, but doing nothing and remaining in an expectant attitude.

She suddenly leaped on a flower-pot, so that she was taller than he, embraced him with both her arms, so that her thin, bare little hands were clasped above his neck, and, tossing her hair back with a shake of her head, she kissed him right upon his lips.

She glided between the flower-pots to the other side of the flowers and, lowering her head, stopped.

"Natásha," he said, "you know that I love you, but —"

"Are you in love with me?" Natásha interrupted him.

"Yes, I am, but please let us never do what we have just — Four years more — Then I will ask for your hand."

Natásha reflected something.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen —" she said, counting on her slender fingers. "All right! Is it settled, then?" And a smile of joy and calm lighted up her animated face.

"It is!" said Borís.

"For ever?" said the girl. "To death itself?"

And taking his arm, she with a happy face slowly walked with him into the sofa-room.

XI.

THE countess was so tired from the calls that she gave orders not to receive any more callers, but the porter was instructed to insist that all the callers come to dinner. The countess was anxious to have an intimate chat with the friend of her youth, with Princess Anna Mikháylovna, whom she had not had a chance to talk to since her arrival from St. Petersburg. Anna Mikháylovna, with her tearful and pleasing face, moved up to the armchair of the countess.

"I will be quite frank with you," said Anna Mikháylovna. "There are few of us old friends left! It is for that reason that I esteem your friendship so highly."

Anna Mikháylovna looked at Vyéra and stopped. The countess pressed the hand of her friend.

"Vyéra," said the countess, turning to her eldest daughter, whom she evidently did not love, "how little common sense you have! Don't you feel that you are a superfluous person here? Go to your sisters, or —"

Beautiful Vyéra smiled contemptuously, apparently not feeling insulted in the least.

"If you had told me long ago, mamma, I should have left at once," she said, going to her room. But, upon walking past the sofa-room, she noticed that two pairs were sitting symmetrically at the two windows. She stopped and smiled a contemptuous smile. Sónya was sitting close to Nikoláy, who was copying some verses for her, the first he had composed. Borís and Natásha were sitting at another window, and they grew silent the moment Vyéra entered. Sónya and Natásha looked at Vyéra with their guilty and happy faces.

It was beautiful and touching to look at these girls in love, but the sight of them obviously roused no pleasant feelings in Vyéra.

“How many times have I asked you,” she said, “not to take my things, — you have a room of your own.”

She took away an inkstand from Nikoláy.

“In a minute, in a minute,” he said, dipping his pen.

“You manage to do unseasonable things all the time,” said Vyéra. “You came running into the drawing-room so that everybody was embarrassed on your account.”

Notwithstanding, or, perhaps, because of the fact that what she said was true, nobody made any reply to her, and the four only exchanged looks. She lagged behind in the room with the inkstand in her hand.

“What secrets can there be at your age between Natásha and Borís, and between you? Nothing but some silliness.”

“What difference does it make to you, Vyéra?” Natásha said, in a very soft voice, taking the part of all. She was evidently on that day more than usually kind and gracious to everybody.

“It is very stupid,” said Vyéra, “and I am ashamed of you. What secrets have you?”

“Everybody has his secrets. We do not bother you and Berg,” said Natásha, growing excited.

“I suppose you do not bother me,” said Vyéra, “because there never can be anything wrong in my acts. But I will tell mamma what you are doing to Borís.”

“Natályá Ilíshna is treating me very well,” said Borís. “I cannot complain,” he said.

“Stop, Borís! You are such a diplomatist” (the word “diplomatist” was then quite current among children in the sense which they ascribed to it) “it really makes me tired,” said Natásha, in an offended and trembling voice. “Why does she nag me so?”

“You will never understand it,” she said, turning to

Vyéra, "because you have never loved; you have no heart, — you are only *Madame de Genlis*" (this nickname, which had been applied to Vyéra by Nikoláy, was regarded as very offensive), "and your greatest pleasure is to do something unpleasant to people. You flirt with Berg as much as you please," she said, in a rapid voice.

"But I would certainly never think of running after a young man in the presence of visitors —"

"Well, you have obtained what you have been after," Nikoláy now interposed, "you have said a lot of disagreeable things to everybody, and you have put every one out of sorts. Let us go to the children's room!"

All four arose, like a frightened flock of birds, and left the room.

"Disagreeable things have been said to me, but I did not do anything," said Vyéra.

"*Madame de Genlis! Madame de Genlis!*" said the laughing voices from behind the door.

Beautiful Vyéra, who had produced such an irritable and disagreeable effect upon every one, smiled, and, evidently not touched by what had been said to her, went up to the mirror and arranged her scarf and her hair. As she looked at her beautiful face, she became apparently even more cold and calm.

In the drawing-room the conversation was continued.

"Ah, *chère!*" said the countess, "in my life, too, *tout n'est pas rose*. Do I not see that *du train que nous allons* our fortune will not last long? All that is caused by the club and by his goodness. We are living in the country, — do you suppose we are resting? There are theatres, and the chase, and God knows what. What is the use of talking about me? But how did you manage it all? I frequently marvel at you, Annette, when I see you, at your age, hurrying all alone in a carriage, to Moscow, to St. Petersburg, to all the ministers, to all the dignitaries.

I marvel how you know how to get along with all those people! Well, how did you manage the matter? I should be unable to do any such thing."

"Ah, my darling!" replied Princess Anna Mikháylovna. "May God never allow you to find out how hard it is for a widow to get along without a support, and with a son whom she loves to distraction! One will learn anything," she said, with a certain degree of pride. "My lawsuit has taught me it. When I have to see one of those important personages I write him a note, '*Princesse une telle* wishes to see so and so,' and I drive out in a cab twice, three times, four times, until I get what I want. I do not care what they may think of me."

"Well, whom did you approach in the case of Borís?" asked the countess. "Your son is now an officer of the Guards, while my Nikoláy will only enter as a yunker. We have no one whom we may ask. Whom did you ask?"

"Prince Vasíli. He was very kind. He immediately consented to do everything, and he reported to the emperor," said Princess Anna Mikháylovna with enthusiasm, entirely forgetting the humiliation through which she had to pass in order to obtain her request.

"Is Prince Vasíli grown old now?" asked the countess. "I have not seen him since our theatricals at the Rumyántsevs. I suppose he has forgotten me. *Il me faisait la cour*," the countess recalled with a smile.

"He is still the same," replied Anna Mikháylovna, "amiable and obliging. *Les grandeurs ne lui ont pas tourné la tête du tout*. 'I am sorry that I can do so little for you, dear princess,' he said to me, 'I am at your command.' Really, he is a charming man and a nice relative. But you know, Natalie, my love for my son. I do not know what I would not do for his happiness. My affairs are now in such a bad condition," continued Anna Mikháylovna with sadness, and lowering her voice, "in such

a bad condition that I am in a terrible state. My unfortunate lawsuit is eating up everything I have, and does not move ahead. I have — will you believe it? — literally not a penny, and I do not know how to provide the proper uniform for Borís.”

She took out her handkerchief and began to weep.

“I need five hundred roubles, and all I possess is a twenty-five rouble bill. I am in such a state — The only hope I have is in Prince Kiríll Vladímirovich Bezúkhi. If he will not support his godson, — it is he who was Borís’s godfather, — and will not give anything for his maintenance, all my cares will have been in vain: I shall not have anything to fit him out with.”

The countess dropped a tear and silently reflected on something.

“I often think, maybe it is a sin,” said the countess, “I often think that Prince Kiríll Vladímirovich Bezúkhi lives all alone — that great fortune — and what does he live for? Life is a burden to him, and Borís is only beginning life.”

“He will, no doubt, leave something to Borís,” said the countess.

“God knows, *chère amie!* These rich men and dignitaries are such egotists. Still, I will go to him at once with Borís and will tell him straight out how matters stand. Let them think of me what they please, — it makes no difference to me, so long as my son’s fate depends upon it.”

The princess got up.

“It is two o’clock now, and at four you dine. I shall have time to call on him.”

And displaying the manner of a St. Petersburg woman of business, who knows how to make the best use of her time, Anna Mikháylovna sent for her son and with him went into the antechamber.

“Good-bye, my dear,” she said to the countess, who saw

her off as far as the door. "Wish me success," she added, in a whisper, so as not to be heard by her son.

"Are you going to Count Kiríll Vladímirovich, *ma chère?*" said the count from the dining-room, himself walking out into the antechamber. "If he is better, ask Pierre to come to my dinner. He has been at my house before, dancing with my children. Be sure and invite him, *ma chère*. We shall see whether Tarás will distinguish himself to-day. He says that Count Orlóv never gave such a dinner as we are giving now."

XII.

“*MON cher Boris,*” Princess Anna Mikháylovna said to her son, when the carriage of Countess Rostóv, in which they were sitting, drove over a straw-covered street into the spacious yard of Count Kiríll Vladímirovich Bezúkhi, “*mon cher Boris,*” said his mother, freeing her hand from underneath her old mantle and placing it on her son’s arm with a timid and caressing motion, “be kind, be attentive! Remember that Count Kiríll Vladímirovich is your godfather, and that your future career depends upon him. Remember that, *mon cher,* — be as pleasant as you know how —”

“If I knew that anything but humiliation would result from it —” her son replied, coldly. “But I have promised you, and so I will do it for you.”

Although there was a carriage at the entrance, the porter surveyed mother and son, who had entered the glass vestibule with its two rows of statues in niches, without having themselves announced; upon noticing her old mantle, he asked them whom they wished to see, the princesses or the count, and, upon learning that they wished to see the count, he said that his Serenity was worse and could not receive any one.

“We may depart,” said the son, in French.

“*Mon ami!*” said his mother, in an imploring voice, again touching her son’s arm, as though this touch could soothe or irritate him.

Borís grew silent and looked interrogatively at his mother, without taking off his overcoat.

“My dear,” Anna Mikháylovna said, in a tender voice, turning to the porter, “I know that Count Kiríll Vladíimirovich is very ill — That is why I have come — I am a relative of his — I shall not disturb him, my dear — All I want is to see Prince Vasíli Sergyéevich, who is stopping here. Announce us to him, if you please.”

The porter sulkily pulled the bell-rope which led upstairs and turned away.

“Princess Drubetskóy to see Prince Vasíli Sergyéevich,” he cried to a valet in stockings, shoes, and dress coat, who had run down a few steps and was looking down over a projection of the staircase.

The mother adjusted the folds of her dyed silk dress, looked at herself in a large Venetian wall-mirror, and briskly stepped with her worn shoes over the staircase carpet.

“*Mon cher, vous m'avez promis,*” she again turned to her son, urging him on with a touch of her hand.

Her son walked by her side with lowered eyes.

They entered a parlour, from which one door led to the apartments set aside for Prince Vasíli.

Just as the mother and the son, entering in the middle of the room, wanted to ask the way of an old valet, who leaped up from his seat as he noticed them, the bronze handle of one of the doors was turned, and Prince Vasíli, dressed in a short velvet fur coat, with one decoration, which was his negligé attire, stepped in, accompanying a handsome, black-haired man. That man was the famous St. Petersburg physician, Lorrain.

“*C'est donc positif?*” said the prince.

“*Mon prince, 'errare humanum est,' mais —*” replied the doctor, speaking in a guttural voice and pronouncing the Latin words in French fashion.

“*C'est bien, c'est bien —*”

Upon noticing Anna Mikháylovna and her son, Vasíli dismissed the physician with a nod and walked over to

them in silence, but with an interrogative glance. Borís saw that deep sorrow was suddenly expressed in his mother’s eyes, and he smiled a slight smile.

“Under what sad circumstances we meet again, prince — Well, how is our dear patient?” she said, as though noticing the cold, offensive glance which he directed upon her. Prince Vasíli looked interrogatively, almost perplexed, first at her, and then at Borís. Borís bowed politely. Prince Vasíli did not answer the greeting, but turned to Anna Mikháylovna and answered her question with a motion of his head and lips, which meant that there was no hope for the patient.

“Is it possible?” cried Anna Mikháylovna. “Oh, that is terrible! It is dreadful to think — This is my son,” she added, pointing to Borís. “He wanted to thank you in person.”

Borís bowed politely once more.

“Believe me, prince, a mother’s heart will never forget what you have done for us.”

“I am glad that I was able to do you a favour, my dear Anna Mikháylovna,” said Prince Vasíli, adjusting his jabot. By his voice and gesture he manifested here, in Moscow, in the presence of his protégée, Anna Mikháylovna, much greater dignity than in St. Petersburg, at the soirée of Annette Scherer.

“Try to serve well and to show yourself worthy,” he added, turning sternly to Borís. “I am glad — Are you here on leave?” he recited, in his impassionate voice.

“I am waiting for orders, your Serenity, to take me to my new destination,” replied Borís, expressing neither annoyance at the prince’s sharp tone of voice, nor any desire to enter into a conversation with him, but in such a quiet and respectful way that the prince glanced fixedly at him.

“Are you staying with your mother?”

"I am living at the house of Countess Rostóv," said Borís, again adding the words "your Serenity."

"It is that Ilyá Rostóv who married Natalie Shín," said Anna Mikháylovna.

"I know, I know," said Prince Vasíli, in his monotonous voice. "*Je n'ai jamais pu concevoir, comment Natalie s'est décidée à épouser cet ours mal-laiché! Un personnage complètement stupide et ridicule. Et joueur à ce qu'on dit.*"

"*Mais très brave homme, mon prince,*" remarked Anna Mikháylovna, with a touching smile, as though she herself knew that Count Rostóv deserved such an opinion, but asked Prince Vasíli to pity the poor old man.

"What do the doctors say?" asked the princess, after a moment's silence, and again expressing great sorrow in her saddened face.

"There is little hope," said the prince.

"I wanted so much to thank *uncle* once more for all his kindnesses to me and to Borís. *C'est son filleul,*" she added, in such a tone as though this news would give Prince Vasíli extreme pleasure.

Prince Vasíli fell to musing, and frowned. Anna Mikháylovna knew that he was afraid of finding in her a rival in the will of Count Bezúkhí. She hastened to allay his fears.

"If it were not for my sincere love and devotion for *uncle* —" she said, pronouncing that word with great confidence and carelessness. "I know his noble and straightforward character; but, only the princesses are with him — they are too young —" She bent her head and added in a whisper: "Has he done his final duty, prince? How precious these last moments are! It cannot be worse, — he must be prepared if he is so ill. We women, prince," she smiled a tender smile, "always know how to say these things. He must be seen by all means. However hard it would be for me, I am accustomed to suffer."

The prince apparently understood, as he had understood at the soirée of Annette Scherer, that it would be hard for him to get rid of Anna Mikháylovna.

"I am afraid this meeting may harm him, *chère* Anna Mikháylovna," he said. "Let us wait until evening, — the doctors have promised a crisis."

"We cannot wait at such a time, prince. *Il y va du salut de son âme — Ah, c'est terrible, les devoirs d'un chrétien —*"

The door of one of the interior rooms was opened, and one of the princesses, the count's nieces, entered. She bore a gloomy and cold expression on her face, and her long waist was strikingly out of proportion with her legs.

Prince Vasíli turned to her.

"How is he?"

"The same. How can it be otherwise with this noise —" said the princess, eyeing Anna Mikháylovna as a stranger.

"*Ah, chère, je ne vous reconnaissais pas!*" Anna Mikháylovna said, with a happy smile, walking up to the count's niece in a light amble. "*Je viens d'arriver et je suis à vous pour vous aider à soigner mon oncle. J'imagine combien vous avez souffert,*" she added, rolling her eyes with compassion.

The princess made no reply; she did not even smile, and went out at once. Anna Mikháylovna took off her gloves, and established herself in an armchair in an entrenched position, inviting Prince Vasíli to sit down near her.

"Borís!" she said, smiling, to her son, "I shall go in to the count, my uncle, and you go to Pierre, *mon ami*, and don't forget to inform him of the invitation of the Rostóvs. They are calling him to dinner. I suppose he will not accept the invitation?" she turned to the prince.

"On the contrary," said the prince, who was evidently not in a good humour. "*Je serais très content si vous me*

débarrassez de ce jeune homme — He is sitting here, and the count has not once asked for him.”

He shrugged his shoulders. A valet took the young man down-stairs and up another staircase to Pierre's room

XIII.

PIERRE had not succeeded in finding a career for himself in St. Petersburg, and had really been sent away to Moscow for riotous conduct. The story which had been told at the house of Count Rostóv was true. Pierre did take part in tying the captain of police to the bear. He had arrived a few days ago, and stopped, as always, at his father's house. Although he assumed that his history was known in Moscow, and that the ladies who surrounded his father, and who were always ill disposed toward him, would use this opportunity of irritating the count, he, nevertheless, on the day of his arrival went to his father's quarters.

Upon entering the drawing-room, the customary abiding-place of the princesses, he greeted the ladies, who were sitting over embroidery-frames and over a book, which one of them was reading. There were three of them. The eldest, a clean-looking, long-waisted, austere maiden, the same who came out to see Anna Mikháylovna, was reading; the two younger ones, both ruddy and good-looking, resembling each other, except that one of them had a birthmark over her upper lip which only enhanced her beauty, were embroidering on frames.

Pierre was met like a ghost or like a plague-stricken person. The eldest princess stopped her reading and silently looked at him with her terrified eyes; the younger one, the one without the birthmark, assumed a similar expression; the youngest, with the birthmark, who was of a jolly and scornful disposition, bent down to the

frame, in order to conceal the smile which, no doubt, was provoked at the idea of the coming scene, which promised to be interesting. She pulled a thread through and bent down as though to examine the design, with difficulty repressing her laughter.

"*Bonjour, ma cousine,*" said Pierre. "*Vous ne me reconnaissez pas ?*"

"I know you too well, too well."

"How is the count's health? May I see him?" Pierre asked, awkwardly, as usual, but without becoming confused.

"The count is suffering physically and morally and, it seems, you have taken care to cause him as many moral sufferings as possible."

"May I see the count?" repeated Pierre.

"Hem — if you want to kill him, absolutely to kill him, you may see him. Ólga, go and see whether the broth is ready for uncle, it will soon be time," she added, giving Pierre to understand that they were busy, and busy making his father comfortable, while he was only busy making him unhappy.

Ólga went out. Pierre stood awhile, looked at the sisters and, bowing, said :

"Then I shall go to my rooms. You will let me know when I may see him."

He went out, and he could hear the sonorous, though not loud, laughter of one of the sisters, the one with the birthmark.

On the following day Prince Vasli arrived and located himself in the count's house. He called Pierre and said to him :

"*Mon cher, si vous vous conduisez ici comme à Pétersbourg, vous finirez très mal, c'est tout ce que je vous dis.* The count is very, very ill : you must not see him at all."

Since then Pierre had not been troubled, and he passed his days all alone up-stairs, in his room.

Just as Borís came in to see him, Pierre was walking up and down in his room, now and then stopping in the corners, making threatening gestures to the wall, as though piercing an invisible enemy with a sword, and looking sternly over his glasses, and again resuming his walk, pronouncing incomprehensible words, shrugging his shoulders, and waving his arms.

"*L'Angleterre a vécu!*" he mumbled, frowning and pointing with his finger. "*Monsieur Pitt comme traître à la nation et au droit des gens est condamné à —*"

He had not finished the sentence which he was pronouncing on Pitt, imagining himself at that moment to be Napoleon himself and having already accomplished the dangerous passage across the English Channel and conquered London, — when he noticed the handsome, slender young officer, who had just entered. He stopped. Pierre had left Borís as a fourteen-year-old boy, and he positively had forgotten him; but, in spite of it, he took his hand with his customary readiness and frankness of manner, and smiled a friendly smile at him.

"Do you remember me?" Borís said, with a pleasant smile. "Mother and I have called on the count, but he, it seems, is not very well."

"Yes, it seems he is not well. Everybody troubles him," replied Pierre, making an effort to recall who that young man was.

Borís felt that Pierre did not recognize him, but he did not think it necessary to tell him who he was, and, without experiencing the least embarrassment, he looked him straight in the eyes.

"Count Rostóv asks you to come to his dinner to-day," he said, after a prolonged silence, which was awkward to Pierre.

"Ah, Count Rostóv!" Pierre exclaimed, cheerfully. "So you are his son Ilyá. You see, in the first moment I did not recognize you. Do you remember how we

went with Madame Jacquot to the Sparrow Hills? It's long ago."

"You are mistaken," Borís said, without haste, and with a bold and somewhat scornful smile. "I am Borís, the son of Princess Anna Mikháylovna Drubetskóy. Rostóv, the father, is called Ilyá, and his son is called Nikoláy. And I do not know anything about a Madame Jacquot."

Pierre moved his hands and head, as though gnats or bees had fallen upon him.

"Oh, what is that? I have mixed everything up. I have so many relatives in Moscow! You are Borís — oh, yes. Well, we have straightened it out now. What do you think of the Boulogne expedition? It will go badly with the English if Napoleon gets across the Channel. I think the expedition is possible, if only Villeneuve makes no blunders!"

Borís knew nothing of the Boulogne expedition, for he never read the gazettes, and this was the first time he had heard about Villeneuve.

"Here in Moscow we are more occupied with dinners and gossip than with politics," he said, in his quiet, sarcastic tone. "I know nothing about the whole matter, and I do not think about it. Moscow is more occupied with gossip," he continued. "Now they are talking about you and about the count."

Pierre smiled his kindly smile, as though being afraid lest his interlocutor should say something which he would regret. But Borís spoke distinctly, clearly, and dryly, looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

"Moscow has nothing to do but to gossip," he continued. "They are all interested to know to whom the count will leave his fortune, although he may outlive them all, as I wish he may with all my heart —"

"Yes, that is all very hard," Pierre broke in, "very hard."

Pierre was all the time afraid that the officer would unexpectedly enter into a conversation which might be disagreeable to him.

"You must think," said Borís, blushing slightly, but without changing his voice or pose, "you must think that all are interested only in getting something out of the rich man."

"That is right," thought Pierre.

"I just wanted to tell you, in order to avoid misunderstandings, that you will be very much mistaken if you count my mother and me among their number. We are very poor, but—at least I am speaking for myself—I do not consider myself his relative because he happens to be rich, and neither I nor my mother will ever ask him for anything, nor shall we accept anything from him."

Pierre could not understand him for quite awhile, but when he did, he jumped up from the sofa, with his customary rapidity and awkwardness clasped Borís's hand, and, blushing much more than Borís, began to speak with a mixed feeling of shame and annoyance.

"Now that is strange! Did I—who could have thought—I know very well—"

But Borís again interrupted him:

"I am glad to have told you all. It may be unpleasant for you, in that case forgive me," he said, putting Pierre at ease, instead of being put at ease by him, "but I hope that I have not offended you. It is my habit to say everything frankly—What shall I tell them? Will you be to dinner at the Rostóvs'?"

Having now unburdened himself of a heavy duty, and having issued from an awkward situation by placing another in it, Borís again became very agreeable.

"Listen," said Pierre, calming down. "You are a remarkable man. What you have just said is very, very good. Of course, you do not know me. We have not seen each other for so long a time—since childhood—"

You may imagine in me — I understand you, I understand you very well. I should not have done so, — I should not have had the courage, — but it is beautiful. I am very glad to have become acquainted with you. I wonder," he added, after a short silence, and smiling, "what you have been thinking of me!" He laughed. "Well, we shall get better acquainted with each other. I hope we shall."

He pressed Borís's hand.

"Do you know I have not seen the count once? He has not sent for me — I am sorry for him as for a man — What is to be done?"

"And so you think that Napoleon will be able to carry his army across?" Borís asked, smiling.

Pierre saw that Borís wanted to change the subject, and, as he agreed with him in this, he began to expound the advantages and disadvantages of the Boulogne undertaking.

A lackey came to call Borís out to the princess. The princess was on the point of leaving. Pierre promised he would come to dinner so as to get better acquainted with Borís, and gave him a strong pressure of his hand, looking kindly at him through his glasses. After his departure, Pierre for a long time walked up and down the room, no longer piercing the invisible enemy with his sword, but smiling at the recollection of that dear, clever, and firm young man.

As is often the case with people in the first youth and in a lonely condition, Pierre felt a causeless tenderness for that young man, and he promised himself that he would by all means get well acquainted with him.

Prince Vasíli saw the princess off. The princess was holding her handkerchief to her eyes, and her face was in tears.

"That is terrible, terrible!" she said, "but cost what it may, I will do my duty. I will be here for the night.

He cannot be left that way. Every minute is valuable. I cannot understand why the princesses are so slow about it. Maybe God will permit me to find a means of preparing him. *Adieu, mon prince, que le bon Dieu vous soutienne —*”

“*Adieu, ma bonne,*” replied Prince Vasíli, turning away from her.

“Oh, he is in a terrible condition,” the mother said to her son, as they were again seated in the carriage. “He can hardly recognize a person.”

“I cannot make out what his relations to Pierre are,” said her son.

“The testament will show it, my dear. On it our fate, too, may depend —”

“But what makes you think that he will leave us something?”

“Ah, my friend! He is so rich, and we are so poor!”

“But that is not a sufficient reason, mamma!”

“Ah, my God, my God! How ill he is!” cried his mother.

XIV.

WHEN Anna Mikháylovna left with her son to call on Count Kiríll Vladímirovich Bezúkhi, Countess Rostóv remained for a long time sitting with her handkerchief to her eyes. Finally she rang the bell.

“What is the matter with you, my dear?” she said angrily to the maid, who was a few minutes late in coming. “Do you not want to serve? If not, I will find you a place.”

The countess was unnerved by the sorrow and the humiliating poverty of her friend, and therefore she was out of humour, a mood which always found its expression in her addressing the chambermaid as “my dear.”

“Forgive me, madam,” said the chambermaid.

“Send the count to me!”

The count walked up to his wife in a waddling gait, with a slightly guilty look, as always.

“Well, my dear little countess, you ought to see what a *sauté au madère* of heath-cocks we are going to have! I have tried it: Tarás is worth the thousand roubles I gave for him!”

He sat down by his wife’s side, dashingly leaning one of his hands on his knee, and with the other tossing his gray hair. “What is your wish, my dear little countess?”

“It is this, my dear — what is that spot here?” she said, pointing to his waistcoat. “It is, no doubt, the *sauté*,” she added, with a smile. “Count, I need some money.”

His face grew sad.

"Oh, my little countess!" And the count fumbled and drew out his pocketbook.

"I need a great deal, my count: I must have five hundred roubles." And taking her cambric handkerchief she began to rub his waistcoat with it.

"Directly, directly. Hoa there!" he called out, in a voice in which people call who are convinced that those whom they are calling will rush headlong to them. "Send Mitenka to me!"

Mitenka, that son of the gentry who had been brought up in the count's house, and who now had charge of all his affairs, stepped with soft steps into the room.

"Listen, my dear," said the count to the respectful young man who had just entered, "bring me—" he thought a moment, "yes, seven hundred roubles, yes. But be sure the money is not so torn and dirty as it was last time. Bring me clean bills, — they are for the countess."

"Yes, Mitenka, let them be clean," said the countess, with a melancholy sigh.

"Your Serenity, when do you wish me to bring it?" said Mitenka. "You must know that — Still, don't trouble yourself," he added, when he saw that the count was beginning to breathe heavily and frequently, which was always a sign of his incipient anger. "I had forgotten — Do you wish me to bring it this very minute?"

"Yes, yes, that's it! Give it to the countess!"

"What a precious man this Mitenka is," added the count, when the young man had left. "There is no such thing as 'impossible' for him. I cannot bear that, any way: it has to be."

"Oh, the money, count, the money! How much grief it causes in the world!" said the countess. "I need that money very much."

"You, my little countess, are a well-known spendthrift," said the count, and, kissing his wife's hand, went back to his cabinet.

When Anna Mikháylovna returned from Bezúkhi, the countess already had the money, all in new bills, under her handkerchief on the small table, and Anna Mikháylovna noticed that the countess was disturbed about something.

“Well, my friend?” asked the countess.

“Ah, what a terrible condition he is in! It is impossible to recognize him: he is so ill, so ill; I was only a minute there, and did not say two words to him —”

“Annette, for God’s sake, don’t refuse it,” the countess suddenly said, blushing, which did not comport with her old, lean, and dignified face, and taking the money out from underneath her handkerchief.

Anna Mikháylovna at once understood what the matter was, and she bent down in order to embrace the countess at the proper moment.

“This is a present from me to Borís, to get his uniform with —”

Anna Mikháylovna had already started to embrace her and to weep. The countess, too, was weeping. They were weeping because they were companions, and because they were good, and because they, friends of their youth, were occupied with such a low subject as money, and because their youth had passed — But the tears of both were agreeable.

XV.

COUNTESS ROSTÓV was already sitting in the drawing-room with her daughters and with a large number of guests. The count took the gentlemen guests to his cabinet, offering them his large collection of Turkish pipes. Now and then he went out to ask whether she had come. They were waiting for Márya Dmítrievna Akhrosímov, called in society *le terrible dragon*, a lady famous not for her wealth, nor for honours, but for the directness of her mind and the open-hearted simplicity of her address.

The imperial family, the whole of Moscow, and the whole of St. Petersburg knew Márya Dmítrievna, and both cities, while admiring her, secretly made fun of her coarseness and told all kinds of anecdotes about her; nevertheless, all without exception admired her and feared her.

In the smoke-filled cabinet they were talking about the war which had been promulgated by a manifesto, and about the conscription. No one had as yet read the manifesto, but all knew of its appearance. The count was sitting on an ottoman, between two smoking neighbours who were conversing with each other. The count himself was neither smoking nor speaking; he bent his head now to one side, and now to another, with evident enjoyment looked at the smokers, and listened to the conversation of his two neighbours whom he had set against each other.

One of the debaters was a private citizen, with a wrin-

kled, bilious, cleanly shaven, lean face, a man who was approaching old age, though dressed as a young man of fashion; he was sitting with his feet on the ottoman, with the look of an intimate of the house, and, holding the amber mouthpiece deep in his mouth and on one side, he kept puffing at it by fits, and blinking. He was an old bachelor, Shinshín by name, a cousin of the countess's, an evil tongue, as they said of him in the Moscow drawing-rooms. He seemed to be condescending to his interlocutor.

The other, a fresh, rosy-cheeked officer of the Guards, faultlessly clean, faultlessly dressed and groomed, was holding his amber mouthpiece near the middle of his mouth, softly puffing the smoke with his rosy lips and letting it out in rings from his red mouth. It was that Lieutenant Berg, officer of the Seménovski regiment, with whom Borís was going to the army, and with whom Natásha had teased Vyéra, the elder young countess, calling him her fiancé. The count was sitting between them, listening attentively. The most agreeable occupation for the count, outside of the game of boston, of which he was very fond, was the attitude of a listener, especially when he had succeeded in setting two men against each other.

"Well, my little father, *mon très honorable* Alfóns Kárlych," said Shinshín, in ridicule, and combining the most popular Russian expressions with choice French sentences, a trick in which the peculiarity of his speech consisted. "*Vous comptez vous fair des rentes sur l'état*, you want to have a wee little income from your company?"

"No, Peter Nikoláich, I only want to show that in the cavalry the advantages are much smaller than in the infantry. Now, Peter Nikoláich, take into consideration my position —"

Berg always spoke very precisely, calmly, and civilly. His conversation had always reference to himself alone;

he always kept silent as long as the conversation had no direct relation to him. He was able to keep silent for hours at a time, neither experiencing himself nor producing upon others the least embarrassment. But the moment the conversation had reference to himself personally, he began to speak at length and with evident pleasure.

"Take into consideration my position, Peter Nikoláich ; if I were in the cavalry, I should be getting not more than two hundred roubles each four months, even with the rank of lieutenant, whereas now I receive two hundred and thirty," he said, with a joyous, pleasant smile, surveying Shinshín and the count, as though he were convinced that his success would always form the chief aim of the desires of everybody else.

"Besides, Peter Nikoláich, by going over to the Guards, I am in the line of promotion," continued Berg, "and there are many more vacancies in the infantry of the Guards. Then, consider how I was able to get along with two hundred and thirty roubles. Now I save money and send my father some," he continued, emitting a smoke ring.

"*La balance y est* — A German grinds his grain on the back of his axe, *comme dit le proverbe*," said Shinshín, transferring his amber mouthpiece to the other side of his mouth, and winking to the count.

The count burst out into a laugh. Hearing that Shinshín was talking, some other guests came up to listen. Berg did not notice the ridicule, nor the indifference, but continued to tell them how by his transfer to the Guards he had already gained a promotion over his comrades from the military school, how the commander of the company may be killed in war-time, and how he, becoming thus the senior officer in the company, may be advanced to be captain, and how all in the regiment loved him, and how his father was satisfied with him. Berg apparently took delight in his recital and did not seem even to suspect

the possibility of other people having interests of their own. But everything he told was so earnest and sweet, and the naïveté of his youthful egotism was so evident that he disarmed his hearers.

"Well, my little father, you will be all right in the infantry and in the cavalry, — I promise you that," said Shinshín, tapping him on his shoulder and taking his feet off the ottoman. Berg had a big smile on his face. The count, and the guests after him, went into the drawing-room.

It was that time before the festive dinner when the assembled guests do not start any lengthy conversation, expecting any moment to be called to partake of the appetizers, and yet consider it necessary to be stirring and talking in order to show that they are not in the least impatient to sit down at table. The host and hostess look at the door, and now and then exchange glances. The guests try to guess from these glances for whom or what they are waiting; whether for an important and belated relative or for a dish, which is not yet ready.

Pierre arrived just before the dinner and seated himself awkwardly in the first armchair he came across, in the middle of the drawing-room, in everybody's way. The countess wanted to make him talk, but he looked naïvely through his glasses at all around him, as though searching for somebody, and answered all the questions of the countess in monosyllables. He was embarrassing to everybody, but he himself did not notice that he was. The majority of the guests, who knew the story about the bear, looked with curiosity at this tall, fat, and gentle man, wondering how such a clumsy and timid man could have played such a trick on the captain of police.

"Have you just arrived?" the countess asked him.

"*Oui, madame,*" he replied, looking around.

"Have you not seen my husband?"

"*Non, madame.*"

He smiled for no reason whatsoever.

"I think you were lately in Paris. It must be very interesting there."

"Very."

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mikháylovna. Anna Mikháylovna understood that she was asked to engage the young man in a conversation, so she seated herself near him and began to speak about his father to him; but he answered her, just as he had answered the countess, in monosyllables. The guests were all busy among themselves.

"*Les Razoumovsky — Ça a été charmant — Vous êtes bien bonne — La Comtesse Apraksine —*" was heard on all sides. The countess rose and went into the parlour.

"Márya Dmítrievna?" was heard her voice in the parlour.

"She it is," was heard in response a coarse woman's voice, and immediately after Márya Dmítrievna entered the room. All the young ladies and even the grown ladies, including the elderly women, rose from their seats. Márya Dmítrievna stopped at the door, and from the height of her obese body, holding aloft her gray-locked head of fifty years, she surveyed the guests and, as though rolling up her sleeves for action, leisurely adjusted the broad sleeves of her garment. Márya Dmítrievna always spoke in Russian.

"My congratulations to the dear name-day countess and to her children," she said, in her loud, thick voice which drowned all other sounds. "You old sinner," she turned to the count who was kissing her hand, "are you getting tired in Moscow? No place to take the dogs out a-hunting, eh? But what is to be done, my dear, since these little birdies are growing up?" She pointed to the girls. "Whether you want or not, you have to find husbands for them."

“Well, how is my Cossack?” (Márya Dmítrievna called Natásha a Cossack) she said, caressing Natásha, who joyfully and without fear came up to kiss her hand. “I know that she is a spitfire, but I love her.”

She drew out of her enormous reticule a pair of pear-shaped gem earrings and, giving them to the festively beaming and blushing Natásha, immediately turned away from her and addressed Pierre.

“Oh, oh, my dear! Come here,” she said, in a feignedly calm and soft voice. “Come here, my dear —” and she threateningly rolled up her sleeves higher on her arms.

Pierre walked over to her, looking naïvely at her above his glasses.

“Come nearer, come nearer, my dear! I was the only one who dared to tell your father the truth, when the chance presented itself, and God commands me to tell it to you, too.” She was silent for a moment. All were silent, waiting for something to happen, and feeling that that was only the introduction.

“A fine fellow he is, I must say! His father is on his death-bed, and he is making merry, — putting a captain of the police astride on a bear. Shame on you, my dear, shame on you! You had better go to the war!”

She turned away from him and gave her hand to the count, who could hardly hold himself from laughter.

“Well, I suppose it is time to go to dinner,” said Márya Dmítrievna.

The count and Márya Dmítrievna led the way; then followed the countess, who was led by a colonel of hussars, — a man much in demand, with whom Nikoláy was to catch up with the regiment; Anna Mikháylovna with Shinshín; Berg gave his arm to Vyéra; smiling Julie Kornákov went to dinner with Nikoláy. After them came other pairs, extending through the whole length of the parlour, and behind all came singly the children, the tutors, and the governesses. The lackeys began to hurry

around; the chairs rattled; the music began to play in the galleries, and the guests took their seats.

The sounds of the count's home music gave way to the clatter of knives and forks, the conversation of the guests, and the soft steps of the lackeys. The countess presided at one end of the table. To the right of her was Márya Dmítrievna, to the left, Anna Mikháylovna and the other lady guests. The count was sitting at the other end; to the left of him was the colonel of hussars, to the right, Shinshín and the other male guests. On one side of the long table were the older young people: Vyéra by the side of Berg, Pierre by the side of Borís; on the other side were the children, the tutors, and the governesses.

The count peeped, behind the crystal bottles and fruit vases, at his wife and her tall cap with the blue ribbons, attentively filling the wine-glasses of his neighbours, and not forgetting himself either. The countess, too, entrenched behind pineapples and not forgetting her duties as a hostess, cast significant glances at her husband, whose bald head and face seemed more strikingly to stand out from his gray hair.

In the ladies' corner there was carried on an even prattling; but in the men's corner voices grew louder and louder, especially the voice of the colonel of hussars, who ate and drank so much, getting ever more red, that the host quoted him as an example to the others.

Berg was speaking with a tender smile to Vyéra about love being not an earthly, but a celestial feeling. Borís was telling Pierre the names of the guests at the table and exchanging glances with Natásha, who was sitting opposite him. Pierre spoke little, eyed the new faces, and ate much. Of the two soups offered to him, he chose turtle soup, after which he took fish pie, and did not omit a single dish up to the heath-cock, nor a wine, which the butler offered to him in a napkin-covered bottle, mysteriously presenting it over his neighbour's shoulder,

saying "Dry Madeira," or "Hungarian wine," or "Rhenish wine." He placed before him one of the four crystal wine-glasses with the count's monogram, which were placed with each cover, and drank with zest, ever more and more eyeing the guests. Natásha, who was sitting opposite him, was looking at Borís, just as a thirteen-year-old girl looks at a boy whom she has kissed for the first time and with whom she is in love. The same glance of hers was now and then directed at Pierre, and under the glance of that funny and vivacious girl he felt himself like laughing, and not knowing himself why.

Nikoláy was sitting some distance away from Sónya, near Julie Karágin, and was again speaking to her with his involuntary smile. Sónya smiled a gala smile, but she was obviously tormented by jealousy: now she grew pale, now she blushed, and straining every muscle, she tried to catch what it was Nikoláy and Julie were talking about. The governess looked restlessly about her, as though preparing herself to foil any attack that might be made on the children. The German tutor endeavoured to retain in his memory all the dishes, desserts, and wines, in order to describe them in detail in a letter to his relatives in Germany, and he was very much offended when the butler, with the napkin-covered bottle, passed him by. The German frowned and tried to look as though he did not even wish to get that wine; he felt offended because nobody wanted to understand that he needed the wine, not in order to slake his thirst, not from eagerness, but from good-hearted curiosity.

XVI.

At the male end of the table the conversation was growing ever more animated. The colonel was saying that the manifesto declaring war had been issued in St. Petersburg, and that the copy which he had seen had that very day been taken by a courier to the general-in-chief.

"Why does Satan urge us to make war on Bonaparte?" said Shinshín. "*Il a déjà rabattu le caquet à l'Autriche. Je crains que cette fois ce ne soit notre tour.*"

The colonel was a plump, tall German of a sanguine temperament, apparently a faithful officer and a patriot. He felt insulted at Shinshín's words.

"Because, dear sir," he said, speaking in a German brogue, "because the emperor knows why. He says in the manifesto that he cannot look indifferently at the dangers which threaten Russia, and that the security of the empire, its dignity, and the sacredness of the *alliances*," — in speaking the colonel, for some special reason dwelt on the word "alliances," and with the impeccable official memory, which was peculiar to him, he continued to repeat the preamble of the manifesto, — "'and the desire to reëstablish the peace of Europe on a firm foundation, which forms the only and unchangeable aim of the emperor, have decided him to move a part of the army across the border and to make new efforts in order to obtain that end.' That is why, dear sir," he concluded, drinking a glass of wine with aplomb and looking to the count for approval.

"*Connaissez-vous le proverbe, 'Eréma, Eréma, if you*

had only stayed at home sharpening your spindles?" said Shinshín, scowling and smiling. "*Cela nous convient à merveille.* Take even Suvórov, and he, too, was smashed *à plate couture*, but where are our Suvórovs now? *Je vous demande un peu,*" he said, jumping continually from Russian to French.

"We must fight to our last drop of blood," said the colonel, striking the table, "and die for our emperor, and then it will be well for everybody. There ought to be as little reflection as possible," he said, drawing out the word "possible," "as little as possible," he concluded, again turning to the count. "That is the way we old hussars judge, that is all. And how do you judge, young man and young hussar?" he added, turning to Nikoláy, who, upon hearing that they were talking about the war, left his interlocutrice and strained his eyes, looking at the colonel, and trying to catch every word said by him.

"I fully agree with you," replied Nikoláy, all excited, twisting his plate and transposing his glasses with such a decisive and such a desperate glance as though he were just then undergoing some great danger. "I am convinced that Russians must die or conquer," he said, feeling, like the rest, after the words had been uttered, that they were too solemn and too pompous for the present occasion, and, therefore, awkward.

"*C'est bien beau ce que vous venez de dire,*" said Julie, who was sitting by his side, with a sigh. Sónya was all in a tremble; she blushed up to her ears, behind her ears, and down to her neck, while Nikoláy was speaking. Pierre was listening to the colonel's words, nodding his head in approbation.

"That is superb," he said.

"A real hussar, young man!" shouted the colonel, again striking the table.

"What are you making such a noise about?" Márya

Dmítrievna's bass voice was suddenly heard across the table. "Why are you striking the table in such a way?" She turned to the hussar. "Who is exciting you so? You must be thinking that the French are before you!"

"I am telling the truth," said the hussar, smiling.

"They are talking about the war," the count cried across the table. "You know, Márya Dmítrievna, my son is going to the war."

"I have four sons in the army, and I do not worry. God's will is on everything; you can die lying on the oven, and God may save you in the field of battle," Márya Dmítrievna's hollow voice rang out, without any effort, from across the table.

"That is so."

The conversation again became concentrated: the women returned to their chat, and the men to theirs.

"I dare you to ask," the younger brother said to Natásha, "I dare you!"

"I will," replied Natásha.

Her face suddenly flamed up, expressing desperate and merry determination. She raised herself in her seat, with a glance inviting Pierre, who was sitting opposite her, to listen, and turned to her mother:

"Mamma!" her childish chest tone rang out over the whole table.

"What is it?" the countess asked in fright, but seeing by her daughter's face that it was only a naughty sally, sternly shook her hand to her, making a threatening and negative gesture with her head.

The conversation died down.

"Mamma, what kind of a dessert shall we have?" sounded Natásha's little voice, with even more determination and without faltering.

The countess wanted to frown, but could not. Márya Dmítrievna threatened her with her finger.

"Cossack!" she said, threateningly.

The majority of the guests looked at the elders, not knowing how they ought to take that sally.

"Just wait!" said the countess.

"Mamma, what will the dessert be?" Natásha cried boldly and with capricious merriment, being convinced in advance that her sally would be well received.

Sónya and fat Pétya tried to hide themselves and their laughter.

"You see I did ask," Natásha whispered to her younger brother and to Pierre, at whom she again cast a glance.

"There will be ices, only you won't get any," said Márya Dmítrievna.

Natásha saw that there was no cause for fear, and so she was not afraid even of Márya Dmítrievna.

"Márya Dmítrievna, what kind of ices? I do not like ice-cream."

"Carrot ice!"

"No, what is it going to be? Márya Dmítrievna, what will it be?" she almost shouted. "I want to know."

Márya Dmítrievna and the countess laughed, and all the guests laughed with them. All laughed, not in response to Márya Dmítrievna's answer, but at the incredible boldness and cleverness of the girl, who knew how to treat Márya Dmítrievna, and was not afraid to do so.

Natásha did not stop asking until she was told that it was to be pineapple ice. Before the ice, champagne was brought. Again the music played; the count kissed the dear little countess, and the guests got up and congratulated the countess, clinking their glasses across the table with the count, with the children, and with each other. The lackeys again ran in; the chairs rattled, and the guests returned in the same order, but with redder faces, to the drawing-room and the count's cabinet.

XVII.

THE card-tables were opened, parties were formed, and the count's guests took their seats in the two drawing-rooms, the sofa-room, and the library.

The count spread a deck of cards before him in fanlike shape and, with difficulty vanquishing his habit of an afternoon siesta, was laughing at everything. The young people, urged on by the countess, were gathered about the clavichord and the harp. Julie, by common request, played a piece with variations on the harp, and joined the other young ladies in asking Natáša and Nikoláy, who had a reputation for musicalness, to give them a song. Natáša, who was treated like an adult, was very proud of it, but at the same time she was timid.

"What shall we sing?" she asked.

"'The Spring,'" replied Nikoláy.

"Come, let us sing it quick. Borís, come here," said Natáša. "But where is Sónya?" She looked around her and, seeing that her friend was not in the room, ran out to find her.

Natáša ran into Sónya's room, but did not find her companion there; she ran into the children's room,—but she was not there either. Natáša knew that Sónya must be on the coffer in the corridor. That coffer was the place of grief for the feminine part of the younger generation of the house of Rostóv. And indeed, Sónya, in her airy rose-coloured dress, was lying face downward on the coffer on the nurse's dirty striped feather bed, her bare shoulders shuddering convulsively. Natáša's face,

which had been animated and festive the whole day long, suddenly changed: her eyes grew set, her broad neck twitched, the corners of her lips fell.

"Sónya, what is the matter with you?— What, what is it? Oo-oo-oo!" and Natásha, opening her large mouth and becoming quite homely, bawled like a baby, not knowing why, and for no other reason than that Sónya was weeping.

Sónya wanted to raise her head and make an answer, but could not, and she only hid her head farther. Natásha sat down on the blue feather bed and wept, embracing her friend. Gathering her strength, Sónya sat up, began to wipe her tears, and started to talk.

"Nikoláy is going away in a week, his — document — has come — he himself told me so — I would not be weeping —" she showed Natásha a scrap of paper which she was holding in her hand: upon it were written Nikoláy's verses — "I would not be weeping, but you cannot — nobody can understand — what a soul he has."

And she once more began to weep because he had such a soul.

"You are all right — I do not envy you — I love you, and Borís too," she said, gathering her strength a little, "he is dear — there is no obstacle for you. But Nikoláy is my cousin — it is necessary — the metropolitan himself — and then it is impossible. And then, if she tells mamma" (Sónya regarded the countess as her mother, and called her so) — "if she tells her that I am spoiling Nikoláy's career, that I have no heart, that I am ungrateful, really — upon my word —" (she made the sign of the cross) "I love her so much, and I love all of you, only Vyéra — For what? What have I done to her? I am so thankful to you that I should like to sacrifice everything for you, but I have nothing to sacrifice —"

Sónya was unable to say anything more, and again con-

cealed her head in her hands and in the feather bed. Natásha was beginning to calm down, but it was evident from her face that she comprehended all the seriousness of her companion's grief.

"Sónya!" she suddenly said, as though guessing the real cause of her cousin's sorrow, "Vyéra must have been talking to you after dinner, — has she not?"

"Yes, these verses Nikoláy himself has written, and I have copied a good many others; she found them on my table, and she said that she would show them to mamma, that I was ungrateful, that mamma would never let him marry me, but that he would marry Julie. You see how he is talking all day to her — Natásha, what is it all for?"

And she burst out weeping worse than before. Natásha raised her up and, smiling through tears, began to console her.

"Sónya, do not believe what she says! Do you remember when all three of us were talking with Nikoláy in the sofa-room after supper? We then decided how it would all be. I do not remember how it was to be, but you must remember how good it all was, and how it worked out well. Now, Uncle Shinshín's brother is married to a cousin, while we are only second cousins. Borís, too, said that it was possible. You know I told him everything. He is so clever and so good," said Natásha. "Don't cry, Sónya, my darling, my dear Sónya!" She kissed her, laughing. "Vyéra is mean, God be with her! But everything will come out all right, and she will not tell mamma. Nikoláy will say it himself, — he is not even thinking of Julie."

She kissed her head. Sónya raised herself a little, and the kitten became lively, her eyes glistened, and it looked as though she were ready to give a swish with her tail, jump on her soft paws, and again start playing with the ball of twine, as would be proper for her.

“Do you think so? Really? Truly?” she said, rapidly adjusting her dress and hair.

“Truly, upon my word!” replied Natásha, fixing a strand of coarse hair that had freed itself from her companion’s braid. “Come and let us sing ‘The Spring.’”

“Come!”

“Do you know, that fat Pierre, who was sitting opposite me, is such a funny fellow!” Natásha suddenly said, stopping in her walk. “I am very happy!”

And Natásha ran down the corridor.

Sónya, shaking off the feathers and hiding the poem in her bosom, near her neck with its protruding chest bones, ran, with light, merry steps, and with a blushing face, down the corridor, behind Natásha, and into the sofa-room. At the request of the guests, the young people sang “The Spring,” which everybody enjoyed; then Nikoláy sang them a song which he had just learned:

“In a beautiful night, when the moon is shining,
 What happiness it is to know for true
 That some one in the world for you is pining,
 That some one in the world is thinking of you!
 That with exquisite hand the golden harp strumming,
 And with passionate harmony an enticing song humming,
 She calls you! Your heaven will be here in a day,
 But, alas! your dear friend will not live until then —”

He had not finished the last words when the young people in the parlour were getting ready to dance, and there was a tramping of feet in the gallery, and the musicians cleared their throats.

Pierre was sitting in the drawing-room, where Shín, knowing that Pierre was late from abroad, began with him a tedious political discussion, in which others joined. When the music began to play, Natásha walked into the drawing-room, and, walking up straight to Pierre, laughing and blushing, said:

“Mamma asks you to join the dancers.”

“I am afraid I shall mix up the figures,” said Pierre, “but if you will be my teacher —” and, lowering his fat arm, he offered it to the slender girl.

While the pairs took up their positions and the musicians tuned their instruments, Pierre sat down with his tiny lady. Natásha was quite happy: she was dancing with a big man, with one who had been abroad. She was sitting in sight of all, and was talking to him, as though she were a grown young lady. In her hand she had a fan, which a lady had asked her to keep for her. Striking a very worldly attitude (God knows where and when she had learned it), she spoke to her gentleman, while fanning herself, and smiling at him over her fan.

“What do you think of her? Just look!” said the old countess, as she passed through the parlour, and pointing out Natásha.

Natásha blushed and laughed.

“Why do you do it, mamma? Why? What is there here to marvel at?”

In the middle of the third *écossaise*, the chairs in the drawing-room, in which the count and Márya Dmítrievna were playing, were moved, and the greater part of the honoured guests and the old men and women, stretching themselves after their long sitting, and putting away their pocketbooks and purses, walked up to the door of the parlour. The procession was headed by Márya Dmítrievna and the count, — both of them with beaming countenances. The count with jocular civility, as though at a ballet, offered his rounded arm to Márya Dmítrievna. He straightened himself up, and his face was lighted up by a peculiar, dashing bold smile, and the moment the last figure of the *écossaise* was ended, he clapped his hands to the musicians, and called out to the gallery, addressing the first violin:

“Semén! Do you know the Daniel Cooper?”

That was the count's favourite dance, which he used to dance in his youth. (Daniel Cooper was really one of the figures of the “English.”)

“Look at papa,” Natásha called out so as to be heard throughout the parlour (she entirely forgot that she was dancing with a big man), bending her curly head down to her knees and making her melodious voice ring through the parlour. Everybody who was in the room looked, with a smile of joy, at the jolly old man who, by the side of his staid lady, Márya Dmítrievna, who was taller than he, was rounding out his arms, shaking them so as to keep time, arching his legs, tapping the floor with his feet, and, with an ever growing smile on his round face, preparing the audience for that which was to come. The moment the merry, enticing sounds of the Daniel Cooper, which resembled a jolly, national “trepák,” were heard, all the doors of the parlour were suddenly filled, on the one side with the male faces, on the other with the female faces, of the manorial servants, who came out to see their master making merry.

“Master! What an eagle!” the nurse called out loud from one of the doors.

The count danced well, and he knew that he did, but his lady neither could nor would dance well. Her immense body stood stiff, with her stout arms hanging down (she had handed her reticule to the countess); all that there was dancing in her was her austere, but beautiful face. What was expressed in the count's whole round figure, in Márya Dmítrievna found its expression only in her ever more smiling face and expanding nostrils. If the count, growing ever more agile, charmed the spectators by the suddenness of his nimble twists and by the light leaps of his soft feet, Márya Dmítrievna, with the slightest zeal, manifested by the motion of her shoulders or the arching of her arms during the turns and tappings, produced no

less an impression on account of her effort, which all appreciated, taking into consideration her obesity and customary austerity of manner.

The dance became ever more animated. The vis-à-vis were unable to direct the attention to themselves, and did not even try to do so. Everybody was busy looking at the count and at Márya Dmítrievna. Natásha kept pulling the sleeves and garments of all the persons present, asking them to look at her papa, though they were straining their eyes at the dancers anyway.

In the intervals of the dance, the count breathed heavily, waved his arms, and called out to the musicians to play faster. Faster, faster, and faster, ever more nimbly the count made his evolutions, now on tiptoe, now circling on his heels around Márya Dmítrievna, and, finally, turning his lady back to her place, he made his last steps, kicking up his soft feet, inclining his perspiring head with a smile on his face, and whirling around his right arm amid a thunder of applause and laughter through which Natásha could still be heard. Both dancers stopped, drawing their breaths with difficulty and wiping their faces with their cambric handkerchiefs.

"That is the way they used to dance in our day, *ma chère*," said the count.

"That is a Daniel Cooper!" said Márya Dmítrievna, breathing heavily and rolling up her sleeves.

XVIII.

DURING the time that they were dancing the sixth "English" at the Rostóvs', to the sounds of the tired and falsely playing musicians, and while the tired lackeys and cooks were preparing the supper, Count Bezúkhi was having his sixth stroke. The physicians announced that there was no hope of his getting well; the sick man by signs made his confession and received his communion; they were making preparations for the extreme unction, and in the house there was a hubbub and a turmoil, as is usual at such moments. Outside the house the undertakers, in expectancy of a big order for the count's funeral, were crowding at the gate, though trying to hide from the carriages that were driving up. The commander-in-chief of Moscow, who kept sending adjutants to find out about the condition of the count's health, on that evening himself came to bid good-bye to Count Bezúkhi, the famous dignitary of the days of Catherine.

The magnificent reception-room was full. All rose respectfully, when the commander-in-chief, after having remained about half an hour all alone with the patient, came out, answering lightly to their bows and trying as quickly as possible to pass between the doctors, clericals, and relatives, whose glances were directed toward him. Prince Vasíli, who during the last two days had grown thinner and paler, saw off the commander-in-chief, several times repeating something to him.

Having seen out the commander-in-chief, Prince Vasíli sat down all alone on a chair in the parlour, crossing one

leg high over the other, leaning his elbow on his knee, and covering his eyes with his hand. He remained there for a little while; then he rose, and in an uncommonly fast gait, looking about him with frightened eyes, went over the long corridor to the back part of the house, where the apartments of the elder princess were.

Those who were sitting in the dimly lighted room were speaking with each other in an uneven whisper, and grew silent every time the door was opened, and with inquisitive and expectant eyes gazed at the door, which led to the room of the dying man, and which emitted a weak sound when some one went in or out through it.

"The limit of man's age," said an old priest to a lady who sat down near him and naïvely listened to what he was saying, "the limit is reached which thou canst not pass."

"Is it not too late to give him the extreme unction?" asked the lady, adding the proper clerical title, in a tone which indicated that she did not have the slightest doubt on that score.

"It is a great sacrament, my lady," replied the clerical person, stroking his bald head, over which lay a few strands of combed down grayish hairs.

"Who was that? Was it the commander-in-chief himself?" somebody asked at the other end of the room. "How young he looks!"

"He is reaching his threescore and ten! They say the count can't recognize faces any more. Have they given him the extreme unction?"

"I knew a person who received the extreme unction seven times."

The second princess came out of the patient's room with tearful eyes and sat down near Doctor Lorrain, who was sitting in a graceful pose under the portrait of Catharine, leaning upon the table.

"*Très beau,*" said the doctor, in response to a question

about the weather, "*très beau, princesse, et puis, à Moscou on se croit à la campagne.*"

"*N'est ce pas?*" said the princess, with a sigh. "So he may drink?"

Lorrain thought awhile.

"Did he take the medicine?"

"Yes."

The doctor looked at his Bréguet watch.

"Take a glass of boiled water and put into it *une pincée*" (he showed with his slender fingers what "*une pincée*" meant) "of cream of tartar —"

"Dere has peen no case," a German physician said to an adjutant, "dat a man hass lifed after his dirt shtroke."

"What a vigorous old man he has been!" said the adjutant. "To whom will all that wealth go?" he asked in a whisper.

"Dere vill pe dose who vant it," the German replied, with a smile.

All looked once more at the door: it creaked, and the second princess took the potion, which the doctor had told her of, to the patient. The German doctor walked up to Lorrain.

"Do you think he will pull through until to-morrow?" asked the German, mispronouncing the French words.

Lorrain compressed his lips and made a stern and negative sign with his forefinger before his nose.

"To-night — not later," he said, softly, with a reserved smile of self-satisfaction at having so clearly comprehended and determined the patient's position. Then he stepped aside.

In the meantime Prince Vasíli opened the door to the room of the princess.

There was a semi-darkness in the room; only two lamps were burning before images, and there was an

agreeable odour of incense and of flowers. The whole room was filled with small chiffonières, safes, and tables. Behind a screen could be seen the white covers of a high feather bed. A little dog started barking.

“Oh, it is you, *mon cousin* ?”

She got up and adjusted her hair, which was always, even now, so unusually smooth that it looked as though made of one piece with the head and covered with lacquer.

“Well, has anything happened? I have had so many frights!”

“No, still the same. I have just come to talk with you about one matter, Katerína,” said the prince, sitting down, with a look of fatigue, in the armchair, which she had left. “How you have warmed up the chair,” he said. “Sit down here: *causons* !”

“I thought something had happened,” said the princess, sitting down, with her unchangeable, stern, stone-like expression on her face, opposite the prince, in order to hear what he had to say.

“I tried to fall asleep, but I could not, *mon cousin* !”

“Well, my dear?” said Prince Vasíli, taking the princess’s hand and bending it down, as it was his habit to do.

It was obvious that the “well” referred to many things which they both understood, without naming them.

The princess, with her lean and straight waist, which was dreadfully out of proportion with her short legs, looked straight and impassionately at the prince with her bulging gray eyes. She shook her head and, heaving a sigh, looked at the images. Her gesture could have been explained as an expression of sadness and devotion, or as an expression of weariness and hope of near rest. Prince Vasíli explained that gesture to himself as an expression of weariness.

“Do you suppose it is easier for me? *Je suis éreinté*

comme un cheval de poste, but I must speak with you, Katerína, and very seriously at that."

Prince Vasíli grew silent, and his cheeks began to twitch nervously, now to one side, and now to another, giving his face an unpleasant expression, such as never made its appearance on the countenance of Prince Vasíli when he was in a drawing-room. His eyes, too, were not as they always were: they either looked bold and jocular, or frightened.

The princess, holding a little dog in her lap with her lean fingers, was looking attentively into the eyes of Prince Vasíli; and it was evident that she would not interrupt the silence by a question, even if she had to keep silent until morning.

"You see, my dear princess and cousin, Katerína Semé-
novna," continued Prince Vasíli, apparently continuing his speech not without an inner struggle, "in such moments as the present we must think of everything. We must think of the future, of you — I love you all like my own children, you know that."

The princess looked just as immovably and dully at him.

"Finally, I must also think of my own family," continued the prince, angrily pushing away a small table from him and not looking at her. "You know, Katerína, that you three sisters, the Mamóntovs, and my wife are the only direct heirs of the count. I know, I know how hard it is for you to speak and to think of such things. It is not easier for me to do so: but, my friend, I am going on sixty, and I must be ready for everything. Do you know that I have sent for Pierre? that the count, pointing directly to his portrait, asked for him?"

Count Vasíli looked interrogatively at the princess, but he could not make out whether she was reflecting over what he had told her, or whether she was just looking at him.

"There is one thing, *mon cousin*, I never stop praying for," she replied, "and that is that God may have mercy on him and may grant his beautiful soul calmly to leave this —"

"Yes, that is so," impatiently continued Prince Vasili, rubbing his bald head and again angrily moving the little table up to him, "but, in fine — in fine, the trouble is, as you know, that last winter the count wrote his will, by which he left all his fortune to Pierre, passing by all his direct heirs."

"I suppose he has written a lot of wills!" calmly said the princess. "He cannot leave anything to Pierre because Pierre is illegitimate."

"*Ma chère*," suddenly said Prince Vasili, hugging the table, becoming animated, and speaking faster: "But what if he wrote a letter to the emperor, asking to have Pierre legitimized? You understand that his request will be granted on account of his many deserts —"

The princess smiled, as smile people who think that they know the affair better than those with whom they are speaking.

"I shall tell you even more," continued Prince Vasili, clasping her hand. "The letter was written, though not sent off, and the emperor knew about it. The question is whether that letter has been destroyed, or not. If not, then, as soon as *all will be ended*," Prince Vasili heaved a sigh, explaining thus what he meant by the words *all will be ended*, "and the count's papers will be opened, the testament will be sent to the emperor, with the letter, and his request will certainly be granted. Pierre, as a legitimate son, will get everything."

"And our part?" asked the princess, smiling ironically, as though anything but that could happen.

"*Mais, ma pauvre Catiche, c'est clair comme le jour*. He is the only legitimate heir of everything, and you will not get so much as this. You must know, my dear,

whether the will and the letter were written, and whether they were destroyed. If they were for some reason forgotten anywhere, you must know where they are, and you must find them, because — ”

“ What nonsense ! ” the princess interrupted him, smiling a sardonic smile and without changing the expression of her eyes. “ I am a woman, and according to your ideas we are all stupid ; but I know enough to know that an illegitimate son cannot inherit — *Un bâtard*,” she added, imagining that by that translation she conclusively proved the absurdity to him.

“ But, Catiche, why don't you understand ? You are so intelligent ; why don't you understand that if the count wrote that letter to the emperor, in which he asks to have his son made legitimate, Pierre will no longer be Pierre, but Count Bezúkhi, and then he will get everything according to the will ? And if the testament and the letter are not destroyed, there will be nothing left for you but the consolation of having been virtuous, *et tout ce qui s'en suit*. That is true.”

“ I know that the will was written, but I know also that it is inactive. You, *mon cousin*, regard me as an all-around fool,” said the princess with that expression which women have when they imagine that they have said something clever and offensive.

“ My dear Princess Katerína Seménovna,” impatiently said Prince Vasíli. “ I have not come to you to take advantage of you, but to speak to you, as to a relative, a good, kind, true relative, about your own interests. I am telling you for the tenth time that if the letter to the emperor and the will in favour of Pierre are among the count's papers, you, my dear, and your sisters, will not be heirs at all. If you do not believe me, you may find it out from people who know : I have just been speaking with Dmítri Onúfriich ” (that was the attorney of the house), “ and he says so, too.”

Evidently something suddenly changed in the princess's views; her thin lips grew pale (her eyes remained the same), and as she spoke her voice broke forth in such peals as she had never suspected in herself.

"That would be nice," she said. "I have wanted nothing, and I want nothing now."

She threw the lap-dog down from her knees and adjusted the folds of her dress.

"There you have gratefulness and recognition for having sacrificed everything for him," she said. "Beautiful! Very nice! I need nothing, prince."

"But you are not alone, you have sisters," replied Prince Vasíli.

But the princess was not listening to him.

"Yes, I knew all the time, but I forgot it, that I could expect nothing but baseness, deceit, envy, intrigues, nothing but ingratitude in this house —"

"Do you know, or do you not know, where that will is?" asked Prince Vasíli, twitching his cheeks even more than before.

"Yes, I was foolish; I believed in people, I loved them, and sacrificed myself for them. I know whose intrigues they are."

The princess wanted to get up, but the prince held her back by her hand. The princess had the appearance of a man who suddenly becomes disenchanted with the whole human race; she looked maliciously at her interlocutor.

"There is time yet. Remember, Catiche, that all that happened by accident, in a moment of anger and illness, and then was forgotten. It is our duty, my dear, to correct that error, to ease his last moments by not allowing him to commit that injustice, by not allowing him to die with the thought that he has made unhappy those people —"

"Those people who have sacrificed their all for him," the princess interposed, again starting up, but the prince

held her back, "which he has never been able to appreciate. No, *mon cousin*," she added, with a sigh, "I will remember that in this world one must not wait for a reward, that in this world there is no honour, no justice. In this world one must be cunning and bad."

"Come now, *voyons*, calm yourself! I know your good heart."

"No, my heart is bad."

"I know your heart," repeated the prince. "I value your friendship, and I wish that you might have the same opinion of me. Calm yourself, and *parlons raison*, while there is time, — another day, or only an hour; tell me all you know about the will, and, above all, where it is: you must know. We shall take it, and we shall show it to the count. He has, no doubt, forgotten about it and will want to destroy it. You understand that it is my desire sacredly to do his will; that is the reason why I have come to Moscow. I am here only to help him and you."

"Now I understand everything. I know whose intrigues they are. I know," said the princess.

"That is another matter, my dear."

"It is your protégée, your dear Princess Drubetskóy, Anna Mikháylovna, whom I would not have for a chambermaid, that nasty, contemptible woman."

"*Ne pardons point de temps!*"

"Ah, don't speak to me! Last winter she insinuated herself here, and she told the count such horrible, nasty things about all of us, especially about Sophie, — I cannot repeat them, — that the count grew ill and did not wish to see us for two weeks. It was during that time, I know, that he wrote that nasty, horrible paper, but I thought that that paper was of no consequence."

"*Nous y voilà*, why did you not tell me before?"

"In the mosaic portfolio, which he keeps under his pillow. Now I know," said the princess, without answering. "Yes, if I have a sin, a great sin on my conscience,

it is the hatred I have for that contemptible woman," the princess almost shouted, with a changed expression. "Why does she insinuate herself here? But I will tell her all, all. The time will come."

XIX.

WHILE these conversations were taking place in the reception-room and in the apartments of the princess, the carriage with Pierre (who had been sent for) and with Anna Mikháylovna (who found it necessary to go with him) drove into the yard of Count Bezúkhi. As the carriage sounded softly on the straw which was strewn under the windows, Anna Mikháylovna, who turned to her fellow traveller with words of consolation, convinced herself that he was asleep in the corner of the carriage, and she awoke him.

Upon awakening, Pierre left the carriage together with Anna Mikháylovna, and only then for the first time thought of the impending meeting with his father. He noticed that they drove up, not to the parade entrance, but to the back entrance. As he stepped down from the carriage step, two men in tradesmen's attire hastily beat a retreat from the entrance into the shadow. Pierre stopped and noticed several other figures in the shadow, on both sides of the house. But neither Anna Mikháylovna, nor the lackey, nor the coachman, who certainly must have seen those men, paid any attention to them.

"That must be proper," Pierre decided, and followed Anna Mikháylovna. Anna Mikháylovna hurriedly ascended the dimly lighted, narrow stone steps, calling Pierre, who was lagging behind. Pierre did not understand why he should go to the count, and much less, why he should go by the back staircase; but, judging from the determination and haste of Anna Mikháylovna, he

concluded that that was absolutely necessary. In the middle of the staircase they were almost knocked over by men with buckets, who, rattling with their boots, were running down toward them. These people pressed themselves against the wall, to make way for Pierre and Anna Mikháylovna, and did not show the least surprise to see them.

"Is this the way to the princesses' apartments?" Anna Mikháylovna asked one of them.

"Yes," replied the lackey, in a bold and loud voice, as though any liberty might be taken. "The door on the left, lady."

"Maybe the count has not sent for me," said Pierre, just as he reached a landing. "I could go to my room."

Anna Mikháylovna stopped to let Pierre come up to her.

"*Ah, mon ami!*" she said, with the same gesture as in the morning, with her son, touching his hand: "*Croyez que je souffre autant que vous, mais soyez homme.*"

"Shall I really go there?" asked Pierre, looking kindly at Anna Mikháylovna through his glasses.

"*Ah, mon ami, oubliez les torts qu'on a pu avoir envers vous, pensez que c'est votre père — peut-être à l'agonie.*" She sighed. "*Je vous ai tout de suite aimé comme mon fils. Fiez vous à moi, Pierre. Je n'oublierai pas vos intérêts.*"

Pierre could not comprehend a thing. Again it seemed to him more strongly than before that it ought to be that way, and he submissively followed Anna Mikháylovna, who was already opening a door.

The door took them into the vestibule of the back entrance. In the corner sat an old servant of the princesses, knitting a stocking. Pierre had never been in that part of the house, and did not even suspect the existence of these rooms. Anna Mikháylovna asked a girl, with a decanter on a tray, who was rushing past them (calling her "my dear," and "my darling"), about the

health of the princesses, and drew Pierre after her along the stone corridor.

The first door on the left led into the living-rooms of the princesses. The chambermaid, with the decanter, in her hurry (everything was just now being done in a hurry in the house) did not close the door, and Pierre and Anna Mikháylovna, passing by, involuntarily looked into the room, where, sitting close together, were the elder princess and Prince Vasíli. Upon noticing them in the corridor, Prince Vasíli made an impatient movement and threw himself back; the princess leaped up and slammed the door with a gesture of despair.

The gesture was so unlike the usual calm of the princess, the terror which was expressed in the face of Prince Vasíli was so out of keeping with his dignity, that Pierre stopped and interrogatively looked at his guide over his glasses. Anna Mikháylovna expressed no surprise; she only smiled and sighed slightly, as though to show that she had been expecting all that.

"*Soyez homme, mon ami, c'est moi qui veillerai à vos intérêts,*" she said in reply to his glance, walking faster along the corridor.

Pierre did not understand what it was all about, and much less what was meant by "*veiller à vos intérêts,*" but he understood that it had to be that way. They went through the corridor into a dimly lighted parlour which led into the count's reception-room. It was one of those luxurious and cold rooms which Pierre knew from the main entrance. But even in this room there stood an empty bath-tub, and water was spilled on the carpet. They were met by a servant and a sexton with a censer, who were walking on tiptoe, and who paid no attention to them. They entered the reception-room with two Italian windows, which was familiar to Pierre; it opened on a winter garden, and was adorned with a large bust and a full-sized portrait of Empress Catherine. The

same people as before, almost in the same attitudes, were sitting in the reception-room and whispering to each other. All grew silent and looked at Anna Mikháylovna with her tear-worn, pale face, and upon stout, tall Pierre, who, lowering his head, was meekly following her.

On Anna Mikháylovna's face there was an expression of consciousness that the decisive moment was at hand; she entered the room, with the manner of a St. Petersburg lady of business, even more boldly than in the morning, and did not let Pierre out of sight. She felt that since she was bringing with her the one whom the dying man wanted to see, her reception was assured. Surveying all in the room with a rapid glance and observing the count's confessor, she suddenly grew smaller in size, though she did not exactly stoop, at a light amble sailed out toward the confessor and respectfully received his benediction, and then the benediction of the other priest who was present.

"Thank God you have come in time," she said to the priest. "We, his relatives, have been so anxious about him. This young man is the count's son," she added, in a softer voice. "A terrible moment!"

Having said these words, she went up to the doctor.

"*Cher docteur,*" she said to him, "*ce jeune homme est le fils du comte — y a-t-il de l'espoir ?*"

The doctor with a rapid motion raised his eyes and shoulders in silence. Anna Mikháylovna raised her eyes and shoulders with the same motion; she almost closed her eyes, drew a sigh, and went away from the doctor toward Pierre. She turned to Pierre with an expression of unusual respect and tender sadness.

"*Ayez confiance en Sa miséricorde,*" she said to him, and, pointing to a sofa, told him to sit down and wait for him, while she herself inaudibly moved toward the door, at which all were looking, and with a barely audible sound of the door disappeared inside.

Pierre, who had decided to submit to his guide in every-

thing, went up to the sofa which she had indicated to him. The moment Anna Mikháylovna had disappeared, he noticed that the glances of all persons in the room were directed to him with more than curiosity and sympathy. He noticed that all were whispering, indicating him with their eyes, as though regarding him with fear and even servility. He was shown such respect as had never before been shown to him: the strange lady, who had been speaking with the clergymen, rose from her seat and offered it to him; the adjutant picked up the glove which Pierre had dropped, and handed it to him; the doctors sat in respectful silence as he passed near them, and stepped aside to make room for him.

Pierre at first wanted to sit down elsewhere, in order not to trouble the lady, wanted to pick up the glove himself, and to walk around the doctors, who were not even in his way; but he suddenly felt that that would be improper; he felt that on that evening he was a person that had to perform a certain awful and expected ceremony, and that, therefore, he had to accept homage from all. He silently received the glove from the adjutant, sat down in the lady's seat, placing his large hands on his symmetrically placed knees, in the naïve pose of an Egyptian statue, and concluded that it had to be that way, and, in order not to lose himself and commit a number of foolish acts, he had to act on that evening, not according to his best judgment, but to give himself entirely over into the hands of those who were guiding him.

Less than two minutes passed when Prince Vasíli, in his caftan with three decorations, majestically entered the room, bearing his head high. He looked thinner than in the morning; his eyes were larger than usual when he surveyed the room and noticed Pierre. He went up to him, took his hand (which he had never done before), and drew it downward, as though trying to find out whether it was firmly fastened.

“*Courage, courage, mon ami. Il a demandé à vous voir. C’est bien —*” and he wanted to go away. But Pierre deemed it necessary to ask him :

“How is the health —” he hesitated, not knowing whether it was proper to call the dying man “count,” while he felt embarrassed to call him “father.”

“*Il a eu encore un coup, il y a une demi-heure. He had another stroke. Courage, mon ami —*”

Pierre was in such a state of muddled ideas that at the word “stroke” he could think of nothing but a blow with something. He looked in perplexity at Prince Vasíli and only much later comprehended that “stroke” was the name of a disease. Prince Vasíli in passing said several words to Lorrain, and went on tiptoe through the door. He could not walk well on tiptoe, and so bobbed with his whole body. He was followed at once by the elder princess; then came the clergymen and the sextons, and the servants also walked through the door. Behind that door could be heard the movement of feet, and finally Anna Mikháylovna ran out, her face being just as pale as before, but expressive of firmness in the execution of her duty. She touched Pierre’s arm and said :

“*La bonté divine est inépuisable. C’est la cérémonie de l’extrême onction qui va commencer. Venez !*”

Pierre went through the door, walking on the soft carpet. He noticed that the adjutant and the strange lady and some servants followed after him, as though one no longer needed permission to walk into the room.

XX.

PIERRE knew well that large room, which was divided up by columns and by a vault, and the walls of which were all hung with Persian rugs. The part of the room behind the columns, where on one side stood a tall redwood bed under a silk canopy, and on the other an immense shrine with the images, was brilliantly illuminated, as churches are illuminated during evening services.

Under the embossed images of the shrine stood a long easy chair, and in the chair, which was cushioned at the head by snow-white, smooth, apparently freshly changed pillows, lay, covered to his waist with a bright green coverlet, the familiar, majestic figure of Pierre's father, Count Bezúkhi, with the same gray mane of hair, which reminded one of a lion, over his broad brow, and with the same characteristically noble, large wrinkles on his beautiful, yellowish tanned face. He was lying directly under the images; both his large, stout hands were thrust out from underneath the coverlet and were resting upon it. In his right hand, which was lying with the palm downward, there was placed, between the thumb and the forefinger, a wax taper, which an old servant, bending over the chair, was holding. Above the chair stood the priests in their splendid and majestic vestments, their long hair straightened out and flowing, with burning tapers in their hands, solemnly and slowly reading the service. A little behind them stood the two younger princesses, with their handkerchiefs in their hands and over their eyes, and in

front of them was the elder, Catiche, with a malicious and determined glance, not for a moment taking her eyes off the images, as though telling all that she was not responsible for herself if she for a moment took her eyes away from them.

Anna Mikháylovna, with an expression of meek grief and all-forgiveness, was standing with the strange lady at the door. Prince Vasíli was standing at the other end of the door, near the easy chair, behind a carved, velvet-covered chair, which he had turned with its back toward him, and, leaning his left hand with a taper upon it, made the signs of the cross with his right, every time lifting his eyes to the ceiling whenever he put his fingers to his brow. His face was expressive of calm piety and submission to the will of God.

“If you do not understand these feelings, so much the worse for you,” his face seemed to say.

Behind him stood the adjutant, the doctors, and the male servants; the men and women separated as though in church. Everybody was silent; one could hear only the reading of the prayers, the repressed, deep, bass singing, and, during a moment of silence, the shuffling of feet and the heaving of sighs. Anna Mikháylovna walked across the room to Pierre, with that significant look which showed that she knew what she was doing, and handed him a taper. He lighted it and, distracted by his observations on the persons present, began to cross himself with the hand in which he held the taper.

The younger, ruddy-faced, and jolly Princess Sophie, the one with the birthmark, was looking at him. She smiled, hid her face in her handkerchief, and for a long time did not show it again; but, upon looking at Pierre, she again started to laugh. Apparently she felt it to be above her strength to look at him without laughing, and yet could not keep from looking at him, so, to avoid temptation, she softly stepped behind a column. In the

middle of the service the voices of the clergymen suddenly died down, the priests said something to each other in a whisper, and the old servant who was holding the count's hand rose and said something to the ladies.

Anna Mikháylovna stepped forward and, bending over the dying man, behind his back beckoned to Lorrain to come to her. The French physician, who was standing without a taper, leaning against a column, in that respectful attitude of a foreigner which showed that, in spite of the difference of religious convictions, he fully understood all the importance of the ceremony which was being performed, and even approved of it,—with the cautious steps of a man in the vigour of his manhood walked over to the patient, raised his free hand from the green coverlet with his slender white fingers, began to touch the pulse, and looked lost in meditation. The patient was given a potion; there was a stir about him, then all again took their positions, and the service was continued.

During that pause, Pierre noticed that Prince Vasíli walked out from behind the back of his chair and, also with an air which showed that he knew what he was doing, and that it was so much the worse for the others if they did not understand him, did not walk over to the patient, but, passing by him, joined the elder princess and together with her went into the depth of the sleeping-room, to the high bed under the silk canopy. From the bed the prince and the princess disappeared through the back door, but before the end of the service one after the other they returned to their places. Pierre paid no more attention to this than to any other incident, having concluded once for all that everything which was taking place that evening was absolutely necessary.

The sounds of the church singing stopped, and there was heard the voice of the priest, solemnly congratulating the patient with having received the sacrament. The patient lay just as lifeless and motionless as before.

Around him they began to stir; there were heard steps and whispers, through which Anna Mikháylovna's whisper sounded sharpest of all.

Pierre heard her say :

“He must be by all means taken back to the bed, — here it will not be possible —”

The patient was so surrounded by the doctors, the princesses, and the servants, that Pierre no longer saw that reddish yellow head, with the gray mane, which, though he saw also other faces, had not for a moment passed out of his sight during the divine service. Pierre guessed from the cautious motions of those who surrounded the chair that the dying man was being lifted and carried over.

“Hold on to my arm, or you will drop it,” he heard the frightened whisper of one of the servants, “from below — once more,” said the voices, and the heavy breathing and the steps of the people became more hurried, as though the burden which they were carrying were above their strength.

The bearers, among which number was also Anna Mikháylovna, came in a line with the young man, and for a moment there appeared to him, behind the backs and heads of the men, the high, fat, open chest, the fat shoulders, which were raised up by the men who were holding him under the armpits, and the gray, curly lion's head. This head, with the uncommonly broad brow and cheek-bones, the beautiful, sensitive mouth, and majestic and cold glance, was not distorted by the proximity of death. It was just as Pierre had seen it three months before, when the count had sent him to St. Petersburg. But now the head shook helplessly under the uneven steps of the bearers, and its cold, indifferent glance was not directed at anything.

There were a few minutes of confusion at the high bed : the people who had carried over the patient dispersed.

Anna Mikháylovna touched Pierre's arm and said to him:

"*Venez!*"

Pierre stepped up with her to the bed, upon which, in festive attire, that apparently had some relation to the sacrament just performed, the patient was deposited. He lay with his head propped up high by pillows. His hands were placed symmetrically with their palms downward on the green silk coverlet.

As Pierre approached him, the count was looking at him, but with that glance, the meaning and purpose of which it is not possible for man to understand. Either this glance meant nothing at all, except that as long as there are eyes one must look, or it said a great deal. Pierre stopped, not knowing what to do, and looked interrogatively at his guide, Anna Mikháylovna. Anna Mikháylovna made a hurried gesture with her eyes, pointing to the hand of the patient, and throwing kisses at it with her lips.

Pierre carefully stretched his neck, so as not to catch in the coverlet, and followed her advice, by kissing the broad-boned and fleshy hand. Neither the hand nor a single muscle of the count's face twitched. Pierre again looked interrogatively at Anna Mikháylovna, asking her what to do next. Anna Mikháylovna with her eyes indicated a chair which was standing near the bed. Pierre submissively sat down on the chair, again asking with his eyes whether he had done the right thing. Anna Mikháylovna gave him an approving nod.

Pierre again assumed the naïvely symmetrical attitude of an Egyptian statue, apparently embarrassed because his fat, clumsy body occupied such a large space, and using all the powers of his soul in order to appear as small as possible. He was looking at the count. The count was gazing there where Pierre's face had been when he was standing.

Anna Mikháylovna showed by her attitude the consciousness of the touching importance of this last minute of the meeting of father and son. It lasted about two minutes, which seemed an hour to Pierre. Suddenly there appeared a convulsion in the large muscles and in the wrinkles of the count's face. The convulsion grew stronger; the beautiful mouth was contorted (it was then for the first time that Pierre understood how near death his father was); from the twisted mouth there issued a hoarse sound.

Anna Mikháylovna looked fixedly at the patient's eyes and, trying to guess what he wanted, pointed now to Pierre, and now to the potion, now naming Prince Vasíli with an interrogative inflection of her voice, and now pointing to the coverlet. The patient's eyes and face expressed impatience. He made an effort, in order to glance at the servant, who did not leave the head of the bed for a moment.

"The count wants to be turned over on the other side," whispered the servant, getting up in order to turn the count's heavy body toward the wall.

Pierre got up to help the servant.

As the count was being turned over, one of his arms fell back helpless, and he made a vain effort to pull it over. The count must have noticed the glance of terror with which Pierre looked at that lifeless arm, or some other thought must have flashed through his dying head at that moment; in any case, he looked at his arm which refused obedience, at the expression of terror in Pierre's face, again at the hand, and on his face there appeared a weak, agonizing smile, which was badly out of keeping with his features, and which expressed, as it were, ridicule at his own impotence. Suddenly, at the sight of this smile, Pierre became conscious of a tremor in his breast, and of a tickling in his nose, and his tears dimmed his vision. The patient was rolled over to the wall. He heaved a sigh.

"*Il est assoupi,*" said Anna Mikháylovna, noticing one of the princesses who came to take her place by the bedside. "*Allons!*"

Pierre went out.

XXI.

THERE was no one left in the reception-room but Prince Vasíli and the elder princess, who, sitting beneath the portrait of Catherine, were speaking with animation about something. The princess concealed something, as Pierre thought, and whispered :

“ I cannot bear that woman ! ”

“ *Catiche a fait donner du thé dans le petit salon,*” Prince Vasíli said to Anna Mikháylovna. “ *Allez, ma pauvre Anna Mikháylovna, prenez quelque chose, autrement vous ne suffirez pas.* ”

He said nothing to Pierre, but only feelingly pressed his arm below his shoulder. Pierre and Anna Mikháylovna went into the *petit salon*.

“ *Il n’y a rien qui restaure comme une tasse de cet excellent thé russe après une nuit blanche,*” said Lorrain, with an expression of reserved animation, sipping his tea from a thin china cup, without a handle, as he was standing in the small round drawing-room at the table, upon which stood the tea service and a cold lunch. At the table were gathered, to brace themselves, all those who on that evening were at the house of Count Bezúkhi. Pierre well remembered that small round drawing-room, with its mirrors and small tables.

When balls were given in the count’s house, Pierre, who could not dance, was fond of sitting in this small mirror-room and watching the ladies, in their ball dresses, with diamonds and pearls on their bare shoulders, as they, passing through this room, surveyed themselves in the brightly lighted mirrors, which several times repeated their reflections.

Now this room was barely lighted by two candles, and, in the night, on one small table the tea service and the dishes stood in disorder, and all kinds of people, who were not assembled for a fête, sat in the room and whispered with each other, showing by every motion and by every word of theirs that they did not forget what was going on now and was still to happen in the sleeping-room.

Pierre did not eat, though he was very hungry. He looked interrogatively at his guide and saw that she had gone out on tiptoe into the reception-room where Prince Vasíli and the elder princess were sitting. Pierre supposed that that was proper too, and, waiting awhile, he followed her. Anna Mikháylovna was standing near the princess, and they were both talking in an excited whisper.

"Permit me to decide what is right and what not," said the elder princess, being apparently in that agitated condition in which she was when she slammed the door of her room.

"But, dear princess," Anna Mikháylovna said, humbly and persuasively, barring the princess's way to the sleeping-room, "would that not be too hard on poor uncle at such a moment, when he needs rest? At such moments a conversation about worldly matters, when his soul is already prepared —"

Prince Vasíli was sitting in an armchair, in his customary attitude, crossing one leg high over the other. His cheeks were twitching nervously, and, hanging down, seemed fatter at the base; he had the aspect of a man who was little interested in the conversation of the two ladies.

"*Voyons, ma bonne Anna Mikháylovna, laissez faire Catiche!* You know how the count loves her."

"I do not know what there is in this paper," said the elder princess, turning to Prince Vasíli and pointing to

the mosaic portfolio which she was holding in her hands. "All I know is that his real will is locked up in his bureau, and this is some forgotten paper —"

She wanted to pass by Anna Mikháylovna, but Anna Mikháylovna jumped up and again barred her way.

"I know, my dear and good princess," said Anna Mikháylovna, laying her hand so firmly on the portfolio that it was evident she would not let it go out of her hand so soon. "My dear princess, I ask you, I implore you, have pity on him. *Je vous en conjure* —"

The elder princess was silent. One could hear the sounds of the struggle for the possession of the portfolio. It was apparent that if she was going to say something it would be something very uncomplimentary to Anna Mikháylovna. Anna Mikháylovna held on fast to the portfolio, but, in spite of that, her voice retained all its sweet attractiveness and softness.

"Pierre, my dear, come here! I think he is not a superfluous man in the family counsel. Is it not so, prince?"

"Why are you silent, *mon cousin*?" the elder princess shouted so loud that she was heard in the drawing-room, where people became frightened at her voice. "Why are you silent while God knows who is allowing herself to meddle and to make scenes on the threshold of a dying person. She is an intrigante!" she whispered in anger, and jerked the portfolio with all her might, but Anna Mikháylovna took a few steps in order not to let go of the portfolio, and caught her arm.

"Oh!" said Prince Vasíli, in rebuke and surprise. He rose from his seat. "*C'est ridicule. Voyons*, let it go, I tell you."

The princess let the portfolio out of her hands.

"You, too!"

Anna Mikháylovna paid no attention to him.

"Let it go, I tell you! I take everything upon my-

self. I will go and ask him. I — is that enough for you?"

"*Mais, mon prince,*" said Anna Mikháylovna, "after such a great sacrament you ought to give him a moment of rest. Now, Pierre, tell your opinion!" She turned to the young man, who, coming up close to them, looked in surprise at the malicious face of the princess who had lost all her dignity, and at the twitching cheeks of Prince Vasíli.

"Remember, you will be responsible for the consequences," Prince Vasíli said, sternly. "You do not know what you are doing."

"Nasty woman!" exclaimed the elder princess, unexpectedly rushing up to Anna Mikháylovna and tearing the portfolio out of her hands.

Prince Vasíli lowered his head and waved his hands.

Just then the door, the terrible door, on which Pierre had been looking so long and which had been opened so leisurely, was flung open with a noise, banging against the wall, and the second princess came running out, clasping her hands.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed, in despair. "*Il s'en va et vous me laissez seule.*"

The elder princess dropped the portfolio. Anna Mikháylovna lurched forward and, grasping the object of dispute, ran with it into the sleeping-room. The elder princess and Prince Vasíli, coming to their senses, went after her. A few minutes later the elder princess was the first to come back; her face looked pale and haggard, and her lower lip was bitten. At the sight of Pierre, her face expressed irrepressible anger.

"Rejoice now," she said, "that is what you have been waiting for." And, bursting out into tears, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and ran out of the room.

Next came Prince Vasíli. He tottered, and, reaching the sofa on which Pierre was sitting, fell down upon it,

covering his eyes with his hand. Pierre noticed that he was pale, and that his lower jaw kept shaking, as in an ague.

“Ah, my friend!” he said, taking Pierre’s elbow. In his voice there was sincerity and weakness, which Pierre had never before observed in him. “How much we sin, how much we deceive, and for what? I am going on sixty, my friend — I — Everything will end in death. Death is terrible.”

He burst out into tears.

Anna Mikháylovna was the last to come out. She walked over to Pierre with slow, deliberate steps.

“Pierre!” she said.

Pierre looked interrogatively at her. She kissed the young man’s brow, wetting him with her tears. She was silent for a moment.

“*Il n’est plus —*”

Pierre looked at her above his glasses.

“*Allons, je vous reconduirai. Tâchez de pleurer. Rien ne soulage comme les larmes.*”

She led him into the dark drawing-room, and Pierre was glad that no one could see his face. Anna Mikháylovna went away from him, and when she returned she found him asleep, with his head on his arm.

On the next morning Anna Mikháylovna said to Pierre:

“Yes, my friend, that is a great loss for all of us, not merely for you. But God will brace you; you are young and now, I hope, the possessor of an immense fortune. The will has not yet been opened. I know you well enough to know that that will not turn your head, but it imposes certain duties on you, and you must be manly.”

Pierre was silent.

“Maybe later I will tell you, my dear, how, if I had not been there, God knows what would have happened. You know my uncle promised me the other day not to

forget Borís, but he has not been able to keep his promise. I hope, my dear friend, that you will fulfil your father's wish."

Pierre did not understand a thing, and, blushing timidly, looked in silence at Princess Anna Mikháylovna. Having had her talk with Pierre, Anna Mikháylovna went back to the Rostóvs and lay down to sleep. When she awoke in the morning, she told the Rostóvs and all her acquaintances the details of the death of Count Bezúkhi. She said that the count had died as she would wish herself to die; that his end was not only touching, but even edifying; that the last meeting of father and son had been so pathetic that she could not recall it without tears; and that she hardly knew who acted better in those terrible minutes, — the father, who remembered everything and everybody in those last minutes, or Pierre, on whom it was a pity to look, for he was so crushed and yet tried to conceal his grief in order not to grieve his dying father.

"*C'est pénible, mais cela fait du bien; ça élève l'âme de voir des hommes comme le vieux comte et son digne fils,*" she said.

She also told disapprovingly, but under great secrecy and in a whisper, of the acts of the princess and of Prince Vasíli.

XXII.

IN Lýsyya Góry, the estate of Prince Nikoláy Andréévich Bolkónski, they were daily expecting the arrival of the young Prince Andréy and the princess ; but the expectation did not disturb the harmonious order of life in the house of the old prince. The general-in-chief, Prince Nikoláy Andréévich, nicknamed "*le roi de Prusse*" in society, had been living uninterruptedly at Lýsyya Góry with his daughter, Princess Marie, and her companion, Mlle. Bourienné, ever since he had been exiled to his village by Emperor Paul. During the new reign he had been granted permission to return to the capital, but he continued to live uninterruptedly at Lýsyya Góry, saying that if anybody needed him, he would not mind driving 150 versts from Moscow to Lýsyya Góry, but that he himself was not in need of anybody.

He used to say that there were only two sources of human vices, — idleness and superstition, and that there were but two virtues, — activity and intelligence. He himself looked after the education of his daughter, and, in order to develop in her the two chief virtues, gave her lessons in algebra and geometry up to her twentieth year, and mapped out all her life in uninterrupted occupations. He himself was all the time busy writing his memoirs, or solving problems in higher mathematics, or turning snuff-boxes on the lathe, or working in the garden and watching the progress of buildings that were going up all the time on his estate. Since the chief condition for activity is regularity, regularity was carried to the highest degree of exactness in his manner of life. His appearances at

the table took place invariably under the same conditions, and not only at a given hour, but even at a given minute.

To the people who surrounded him, from his daughter down to the servants, the prince was harsh and extremely exacting, and, as he was not cruel, he elicited fear and respect, such as the most cruel man could never have obtained.

Although he was now out of service, and was of no importance in matters of state, every chief of the Government, where the estate of the prince was, regarded it as his duty to call on him. On these occasions, like any architect, or gardener, or like the prince's daughter Márya, he would have to wait for the appointed hour when the prince made his appearance in the high-studded "officiating" room. Everybody experienced in that officiating-room the same feeling of respect, and even fear, when the enormously tall door of the cabinet opened and there appeared, in a powdered wig, the small figure of the old man, with his small, lean hands, and gray, arching eyebrows, which at times, when he frowned, concealed the splendour of his bright eyes, that shone as though they were still young.

On the day of the arrival of the young pair, Princess Márya in the morning, as usual, came during her study hour to the officiating-room to bring her morning greeting. She made the signs of the cross in dread and inwardly pronounced some prayers. Every day she entered there with a prayer that her daily meeting might pass without an accident.

An old servant, in powdered wig, who was sitting in the officiating-room, rose with a soft motion, and said in a whisper, "If you please."

Behind the door could be heard the even sound of a turning lathe. The princess timidly pressed the handle of the door that opened smoothly and easily, and stopped

in the entrance. The prince was working at the lathe, and, looking back, continued to work.

The enormous cabinet was filled with things which, evidently, were in constant use. The large table, on which lay books and plans; the tall glass book-safes, with keys in the doors; the high table for writing in a standing posture, on which lay an open note-book; the turning lathe, with the shavings lying all around, — everything testified to constant, varied, and orderly activity. In the motion of the small foot, which was clad in a silver-embroidered Tartar boot, in the firm pressure of the muscular, lean hand, could be seen the persistent and much-enduring strength of vigorous old age. Having turned a few circles, he took his foot off the pedal of the lathe, wiped off the turning gouge, which he threw into a leather bag attached to the lathe, and, walking over to the table, called up his daughter. He never pronounced a benediction upon his children, and so he now only offered her his bristly, unshaven cheek and said sternly, and at the same time tenderly and attentively surveying her:

“Are you well? Then sit down!”

He took the geometry note-book, written by himself, and with his foot moved up a chair.

“For to-morrow!” he said, rapidly finding the page and marking it from paragraph to paragraph with his rough nail.

The princess bent down over the note-book on the table.

“Hold on, there is a letter for you,” suddenly said the old man, taking out of the pocket, which was hanging over the table, a letter written in a feminine hand, and throwing it on the table.

The face of the princess was covered with red spots at the sight of that letter. She took it hurriedly and bent down to it.

“From Héloïse?” asked the prince, displaying his sound yellowish teeth in a smile.

“Yes, from Julie,” said the princess, looking up and smiling timidly.

“I will let pass two more letters, but the third I will read,” the prince said, sternly. “I am afraid you are writing too much nonsense to each other. The third I will read.”

“You may read this one, *mon père*,” replied the princess, blushing even more and handing him the letter.

“The third I said, the third,” the prince cried, abruptly, pushing away the letter, and, leaning on the table, he took down the note-book with the geometrical figures.

“Well, my lady,” began the old man, bending down over his daughter’s note-book and placing one arm on the back of the chair on which the princess was sitting, so that the princess felt herself on all sides surrounded by that pungent odour of tobacco and of old age, which she knew so well. “Well, my lady, these triangles are similar; you may see that the angle ABC —”

The princess looked in fright at the eyes of the father, which were gleaming near by; she blushed in spots, and it was evident that she did not understand anything and that she was afraid that fear would keep her from comprehending all the further explanations of her father, however clear they might be. Whether it was the teacher’s fault or the pupil’s, — each day one and the same thing was repeated: the eyes of the princess grew dim and she could not see nor hear anything; she only felt the proximity of the lean face of her stern father, she felt his breath and was conscious of his odour, and thought all the time of how to get away as soon as possible from the cabinet and go to her freer apartments, where the problems would become clear to her. The old man lost his patience. He moved the chair on which he was sitting, with a rattling noise, made efforts over himself to keep

from becoming excited, and nearly always grew angry, scolded, and sometimes flung the note-book on the floor.

The princess made a mistake in her answer.

"What a silly girl!" shouted the prince, pushing away the note-book and swiftly turning away. He immediately got up, took several steps, touched the princess's hair with his hand, and again sat down. He moved up to her and continued his explanations.

"That won't do, princess, that won't do," he said, as the princess, taking the note-book with the new lesson, was getting ready to leave. "Mathematics is a great thing, my lady. I do not want you to be like our stupid young ladies. You will like it when you know it better." He tapped her cheek with his hand. "It will knock all stupidity out of your head."

She was on the point of leaving, but he beckoned her to stay and took down a new, uncut book from the high table.

"Here is some 'Key of Mystery' which your Héloïse is sending you. It is religious. I do not interfere with anybody's faith. Have looked it through. Take it! Well, you may go!"

He tapped her on the shoulder and himself closed the door after her.

Princess Márya returned to her room with a sad, frightened expression which rarely left her and made her homely, sick face look more homely still, and seated herself at her writing-desk, which was covered with miniature portraits and note-books and printed books. The princess was as disorderly as her father was orderly. She put down her geometry note-book and impatiently broke the seal of the letter. The letter was from the closest friend of her childhood; that friend was the same Julie Karágin who had been present at the name-day party of the Rostóvs.

Julie wrote in French, as follows:

“MY DEAR AND PRECIOUS FRIEND:—What a terrible and appalling thing separation is! However much I repeat to myself that half of my existence and of my happiness is in you, that, in spite of the distance which separates us, our hearts are united by indissoluble ties, my heart revolts against destiny, and I am unable, in spite of the pleasures and the distractions which surround me, to overcome a certain hidden sadness which I have experienced in the bottom of my heart ever since our separation. Why are we not united as we were that summer in your large cabinet, on the blue sofa,—the ‘confidential’ sofa? Why can I not, as I did three months ago, draw new moral forces from your sweet, calm, and piercing glance,—a glance which I loved so much, and which I imagine I see before me while writing to you?”

Having read up to that point, Princess Márya sighed and looked at the pier-glass which stood to the right of her. The mirror reflected a homely, feeble body and a lean face. Her ever sad eyes now looked with especial hopelessness at herself in the mirror.

“She is flattering me,” thought the princess, turning away and continuing to read. But Julie was not flattering her friend: the princess’s large, blue, and beaming eyes (as though beams of warm light now and then came out in sheaves from them) were so beautiful that often these eyes, notwithstanding the general homeliness of her face, became more attractive than beauty. But the princess never had seen the kindly expression of her eyes, that expression which they assumed in the moments when she did not think of herself. As with all people, her face assumed a strained and unnatural, a bad, expression whenever she looked at herself in the looking-glass.

She continued to read:

“All Moscow speaks of nothing but war. One of my two brothers is already abroad; the other is with the

Guards, who will soon start for the frontier. Our dear emperor has left St. Petersburg and, so they say, intends to expose his precious person to the chances of war. God grant that the monstrous Corsican, who is destroying the peace of Europe, should be dethroned by the angel whom the Almighty, in His mercy, has given us for a sovereign. Not to mention my brothers, this war has deprived me of one of the relations which is dearest to my heart. I have in mind Nikoláy Rostóv, who, with his enthusiasm, has not been able to endure inaction, and has left the university in order to join the army. Well, my dear Marie, I will confess to you that, notwithstanding his extreme youth, his departure for the army has been a great sorrow to me. This young man, of whom I spoke to you last summer, has so much nobility, so much real youth, which is so rarely found in our age among our old men of twenty years! He has, above all, so much frankness and so much heart! He is so pure and poetical that my relations with him, however fleeting, have been to me one of the sweetest enjoyments of my poor heart, which has already suffered so much! I will some day tell you about our parting and everything that was then said. All that is still too fresh — Ah, my dear friend, you are fortunate not to know all these poignant enjoyments and poignant griefs! You are fortunate, because the latter are generally the stronger! I know too well that Count Nikoláy is too young ever to be anything more than a friend of mine, but that sweet friendship, those poetical and pure relations, have been a necessity of my soul. But let us not speak of them again!

“The great news of the day, which occupies all of Moscow, is the death of the old Count Bezúkhi and his legacy. Just think of it! The three princesses have received very little, Prince Vasíli nothing, while Mr. Pierre has inherited everything. He has, besides, been declared his legitimate son, and thus Count Bezúkhi is

the possessor of one of the biggest fortunes in Russia. It is rumoured that Prince Vasíli has played a very villainous part in this whole matter, and that he left for St. Petersburg in disgrace. I must confess that I understand very little about all these legacies and wills; all I know is that ever since the young man, whom we all knew simply under the name of Mr. Pierre, has become Count Bezúkhi and the possessor of one of the finest fortunes in Russia, I am much amused to observe the change of tone and of manners of all the mammas who are burdened with marriageable daughters, and of the young ladies themselves in respect to this individual who, in parenthesis be it said, has always appeared very insignificant to me. Since they have been amusing themselves for two years in giving me as fiancé young men whom I do not even know, the matrimonial chronicle of Moscow now makes me out a Countess Bezúkhi. But, of course, you understand I am not anxious to be it.

“While on the point of marriages, do you know, the *universal aunt*, Anna Mikháylovna, has lately, under the seal of great secrecy, confided to me a plan of marriage for you. It is nothing more nor less than Anatól, the son of Prince Vasíli, whom they want to provide for by getting him married to a rich and distinguished person, and the parents' choice has fallen upon you. I do not know how you will take the matter, but I have thought it my duty to inform you of it. They say that he is very handsome, and a profligate; that is all I have learned about him.

“But enough of prattling. I have finished my second sheet, and mamma has sent for me to go to dinner with her to the Apráksins.

“Read the mystic book which I send you and which is having enormous success here. Though there are things in it which are hard for a feeble human mind to comprehend, it is, nevertheless, an admirable book, the reading of

which calms and elevates the soul. Good-bye! My regards to your father, and my compliments to Mlle. Bourienne. I embrace you with all my heart.

“JULIE.

“P. S. Write to me about your brother and his charming little wife.”

The princess thought awhile, smiling thoughtfully (during which her face, lighted up by her beaming eyes, was completely transformed), and, rising suddenly and stepping heavily, she walked over to the table. She took some paper, and her hand soon passed rapidly over it. She wrote to her in French, as follows :

“MY DEAR AND PRECIOUS FRIEND:— Your letter of the 13th has caused me much pleasure. You still love me, my poetical Julie. The separation, of which you speak so ill, has not had its customary influence upon you. You are complaining of the separation,— what should I say, if I dared to complain, I who am deprived of all those who are dear to me? Ah, if we did not have religion to console us, life would be very sad! Why do you suppose that I shall cast a severe glance when you speak to me of your affection for the young man? On that point I am strict only with myself. I comprehend these sentiments in others, and if, having never experienced them, I am unable to approve of them, I do not condemn them. But it seems to me that Christian charity, the love of your neighbour, the love of your enemies, is more meritorious, more sweet and beautiful, than the sentiments with which the beautiful eyes of a young man can inspire a poetical and loving girl, such as you are.

“The news about the death of Count Bezúkhi has reached us before your letter arrived, and my father has been very much affected by it. He says that he was one

but the last representative of the great century, and that now his turn has come, but that he will do his utmost to make that time come as late as possible. May God preserve us from that terrible misfortune!

“I cannot share your opinion in respect to Pierre, whom I used to know when a child. He always seemed to me to have an excellent heart, and that is a quality which I esteem most in people. As to his inheritance and the part which Prince Vasíli has played in it, it is very sad for both. Ah, my dear friend, the words of our divine Saviour, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, are terribly true; I am sorry for Prince Vasíli, and still more so for Pierre. Being so young and so burdened by his wealth, he will have to withstand many a temptation. If I were asked what I should like best in the world, it would be to be poorer than the poorest of mendicants.

“A thousand thanks for the book which you are sending me and which has produced such a sensation with you. However, since you tell me that amidst many good things there are in it some that feeble human understanding cannot grasp, it seems to me useless to busy myself with the reading of something unintelligible which for that very reason cannot be profitable. I have never been able to understand the passion which certain persons possess of muddling their reason by attaching themselves to mystic books which only raise doubts in their minds by exalting their imagination and giving them a character of exaggeration, which is quite contrary to Christian simplicity. Let us read the Apostles and the Gospel! Let us not try to penetrate whatever mystery there is in these books, for how should we, miserable sinners that we are, dare to wish to be initiated in the terrible and holy mysteries of Providence so long as we bear that carnal shell which raises an impenetrable veil

between us and the Eternal One? Let us limit ourselves to the study of the sublime principles which our divine Saviour has given us for our earthly conduct; let us try to conform ourselves to them and to follow them, and let us be convinced that the less liberty we give to our feeble human understanding, the more agreeable it is to God, who rejects all knowledge which does not proceed from Him; that the less we endeavour to brood over that which it has pleased Him to hide from our view, the sooner will He reveal it to us, through His divine Spirit.

“My father has not told me anything about a fiancé; he only told me that he received a letter, and that he expected a visit from Prince Vasíli. As to the prospective marriage for me, I must tell you, my dear and excellent friend, that marriage is in my opinion a divine institution to which we must conform ourselves. However painful it may be for me, if the Almighty ever imposes upon me the duties of wife and mother, I shall try to fulfil them as faithfully as I can, without troubling myself to examine my sentiments in regard to him whom He will give me for a husband.

“I have received a letter from my brother, who informs me of his intention of coming to Lýsyia Góry with his wife. It will be only a short-lived joy, for he will leave us in order to take part in that unfortunate war into which we are drawn God knows how or why. Not only in your city, in the centre of affairs and of the world, do they speak of nothing but war; even here, amidst the labours of the field and the calm of Nature, which city people generally imagine in the country, the echo of war is heard and painfully felt. My father speaks of nothing but marches and countermarches, of which I understand nothing; and the day before yesterday, while taking my customary walk through the village street, I was a witness to a heartrending scene. It was a party of recruits enlisted in our village and on the way to the army. You

ought to have seen the state in which were the mothers, the wives, the children of the men who were departing, and to have heard the sobs of either! One might have thought that humanity had forgotten the laws of its divine Saviour, who taught us to love each other and to forgive our neighbours' offences, and that it found its greatest merit in the art of killing each other off.

"Adieu, my good and dear friend! May our divine Saviour and His Most Holy Mother keep you under Their holy and powerful protection.

"MARIE."

"*Ah, vous expédiez le courrier, princesse! Moi j'ai déjà expédié le mien. J'ai écrit à ma pauvre mère,*" said smiling Mlle. Bourienne, in her rapid, agreeable, sonorous little voice, and with a strong guttural pronunciation of her *rs*. She brought into the concentrated, sad, and gloomy atmosphere of Princess Marie an entirely different, frivolously merry, and self-satisfied world.

"*Princesse, il faut que je vous prévienne,*" she added, lowering her voice, "*le prince a eu une altercation, altercation,*" she said, in her strong guttural voice, and taking pleasure in hearing herself speak, "*une altercation avec Michel Ivanoff. Il est de très mauvaise humeur, très morose. Soyez prévenue, vous savez —*"

"*Ah, chère amie,*" replied Princess Márya, "*je vous ai priée de ne jamais me prévenir de l'humeur dans laquelle se trouve mon père. Je ne me permets pas le juger, et je ne voudrais pas que les autres le fassent.*"

The princess looked at the clock, and, upon noticing that she had wasted five minutes which she was to have used in playing on the clavichord, she with a frightened face went to the sofa-room. Between twelve and two o'clock, the prince, following his regular order of the day, took a nap, and the princess played the clavichord.

XXIII.

THE gray-haired valet was sitting and listening through his drowsiness to the snoring of the prince in the immense cabinet. In a remote part of the house, behind closed doors, difficult passages from a sonata by Dussek were being repeated for the twentieth time.

Just then a coach and a calash drove up to the entrance, and from the coach stepped Prince Andréy, who took out his little wife and made her precede him. Gray-haired Tikhon, in his wig, stuck his head out of the door of the officiating-room and informed him that the prince was resting, and hurriedly closed the door. Tikhon knew that neither the arrival of his son nor any other unusual occurrences were permitted to disturb the order of the day. Prince Andréy apparently knew that just as well as Tikhon; he looked at his watch, as though to ascertain whether the habits of his father had changed during the time in which he had not seen him, and, upon having convinced himself that they had not changed, he addressed his wife:

"He will be up in twenty minutes. Let us go to the princess," he said.

The little princess had grown stouter during that time, but her eyes and her short, down-covered lip and her smile were as sweet and merry as ever.

"*Mais c'est un palais,*" she said to her husband, looking around her with the expression with which one praises the host at a ball. "*Allons, vite!*"

She looked about her, and smiled at Tikhon, and at her husband, and at the lackey who was accompanying them.

"C'est Marie qui s'exerce? Allons doucement, il faut la surprendre."

Prince Andréy followed her with a polite and sad expression on his face.

"You have grown older, Tíkhon," he said, in passing, to the old man who was kissing his hand.

As they reached the room in which they could hear the sounds of the clavichord, the pretty, blond Frenchwoman leaped out from a side door. Mlle. Bourienne seemed to be beside herself with enthusiasm.

"Ah, quel bonheur pour la princesse," she said. *"Enfin, il faut que je la prévienne."*

"Non, de grâce — Vous êtes Mlle. Bourienne, je vous connais déjà par l'amitié que vous porte ma belle sœur," said the princess, kissing the Frenchwoman. *"Elle ne nous attend pas?"*

They went up to the door of the sofa-room, from which could be heard the same passage repeated for the twentieth time. Prince Andréy stopped and frowned, as though expecting something disagreeable.

The princess entered. The passage broke in the middle; there were heard a shout, the heavy steps of Princess Márya, and the sound of kisses. When Prince Andréy entered, the two women, who had only met once for a short time at the wedding of Prince Andréy, were embracing each other and pressing their lips hard on any spot they happened to fall upon. Mlle. Bourienne was standing near them, pressing her hand on her heart and smiling a pious smile, being evidently as ready to burst out into tears as into a laugh.

Prince Andréy shrugged his shoulders and frowned, as frown lovers of music when they hear a false note.

The two women dropped each other; then, as though fearing to be late, they again grasped each other's hands, began to kiss and pull away their hands, then once more began to kiss each other's faces and, quite unexpectedly

to Prince Andréy, they both began to weep and again to kiss each other. Mlle. Bourienne, too, started to cry. Prince Andréy obviously felt uncomfortable; but to the two women it seemed quite natural to weep; it seemed as though they could not even imagine this meeting without tears.

"*Ah, chère! — Ah, Marie!*" suddenly said both women bursting out into a laugh.

"*J'ai rêvé cette nuit —*"

"*Vous ne nous attendiez donc pas? Ah, Marie, vous avez maigri —*"

"*Et vous avez repris —*"

"*J'ai tout le suite reconnu madame la princesse,*" interposed Mlle. Bourienne.

"*Et moi qui ne me doutais pas!*" exclaimed Princess Márya. "*Ah, André, je ne vous voyais pas.*"

Prince Andréy embraced his sister and kissed her, saying that she was the same blubberer she had always been. Princess Márya turned to her brother, and the warm, meek, and loving glance of her just then beautiful, large, beaming eyes was directed, through tears, at the face of Prince Andréy. Andréy's wife spoke without cessation. Her short upper lip with the down kept falling and touching her ruby lower lip wherever it was necessary, and again was there revealed a smile, whereat her teeth and eyes sparkled.

The princess was telling them of an accident they had on Spásskaya Hill, which might have ended badly for her in her condition, and immediately afterward informed them that she had left all her dresses in St. Petersburg, and that she would have to dress here God knows how, and that Andréy was altogether changed, and that Kitty Odýntsev had married an old man, and that there was a fiancé for Princess Márya *pour tout de bon*, but "of that we will speak later."

Princess Márya kept looking silently at her brother,

and in her beautiful eyes there was an expression of love and sadness. It was evident that she was interested in her thoughts, independently from what her sister-in-law was telling. In the middle of a story about the last fête in St. Petersburg, she turned to her brother:

"And so you are positively going to the war, André?" she said, with a sigh.

Lise shuddered.

"Yes, to-morrow," replied her brother.

"Il m'abandonne ici, et Dieu sait pour quoi, quand il aurait pu avoir de l'avancement —"

Princess Márya did not hear the end of what she said, and, continuing the thread of her thoughts, turned to her sister-in-law, glancing with her kindly eyes at her abdomen.

"Is it sure?" she said.

The face of the little princess changed. She sighed.

"Yes, it is," she said. "Ah, that is very terrible —"

Líza's upper lip fell. She put her face to that of her sister-in-law and suddenly burst out weeping again.

"She needs a rest," Prince Andréy said, frowning. "Is it not so, Líza? Take her to your room, and I will go to father. How is he? Still the same?"

"The same as ever, — I do not know how he will appear to you," the princess replied, joyfully.

"The same hours, and the walk down the avenue? The turning lathe?" Prince Andréy asked, with a scarcely perceptible smile, which showed that, in spite of all his love and respect for his father, he fully understood his foibles.

"The same hours and the same lathe, and then his mathematics and my geometry lessons," joyfully replied Princess Márya, as though her geometry lessons constituted one of the most joyous impressions of her life.

When the twenty minutes had passed, which were still lacking to the rising of the old prince from his nap, Týkhon came to call the young prince to his father. The

old man made an exception in his manner of life, in honour of his son's arrival: he gave orders to admit him to his apartments while he was dressing for dinner. The prince was dressed as of old, in a caftan and powdered wig. When Prince Andréy (not with that careless expression in his face and in his manners, which he assumed in the drawing-rooms, but with that animated countenance which he had displayed in his conversation with Pierre) came in to see his father, the old man was sitting in his toilet-room on a broad, morocco-covered armchair, with a powder mantle around him, leaving his head in Tikhon's hands.

"Ah! Warrior! So you want to vanquish Bonaparte?" said the old man, shaking his powdered head, so far as the braid, which was in Tikhon's hands, permitted him to do so.

"Go for him in proper fashion, or else, you see, he will enter us as his subjects. Good day, son!"

He offered him his cheek.

The old man was in a good humour after his preprandial sleep. (He used to say that a nap after dinner was of silver, and before dinner of gold.) He looked joyfully askance at his son from under his thick, arching brows. Prince Andréy walked over to his father, and kissed him in the spot indicated on his cheek. He made no reply to his father's favourite conversation, which consisted in making light of the military men of the day, and especially of Bonaparte.

"Yes, I have come here, my father, with my wife, who is pregnant," said Prince Andréy, with an animated and respectful glance watching the movements of every feature on the face of his father. "How is your health?"

"Ill, my friend, are only fools and debauchees, but you know me: I am busy from morning until evening, I am temperate, and so — well."

"Thank God," said his son, smiling.

"God has nothing to do with that. Well, tell me," he continued, returning to his favourite hobby, "how the Germans have taught you to fight with Bonaparte according to your science, yeleft strategy."

Prince Andréy smiled.

"Give me a chance to collect my senses, father," he said, with a smile, which showed that his father's foibles did not prevent his respecting and loving him. "I have not even had time to find a room for myself."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the old man, tossing his head in order to see whether the braid was properly plaited, and taking his son by his hand. "The house is ready for your wife. Princess Márya will take her there, and they will talk three baskets full. That is what women do. I am glad to have her. Sit down and talk. I understand Míkhelson's army, and Tolstóy's too — a simultaneous attack — What will the army of the South do? Prussia, neutrality — I know all that. What about Austria?" he said, getting up from his chair and walking through the room, while Tíkhon kept running after him and handing him parts of his apparel. "What about Sweden? How will they cross Pomerania?"

Seeing the insistence of his father, Prince Andréy, at first unwillingly, and then getting ever more animated and instinctively passing during the recital from the Russian language to the French, as was his habit, began to expound to him the plan of the operations of the coming campaign. He told him how an army of ninety thousand men was to threaten Prussia, in order to get her out of her neutrality and draw her into the war; how part of this army was at Stralsund to unite with the Swedish army; how 220,000 Austrians, in conjunction with one hundred thousand Russians, were to act in Italy and on the Rhine; and how fifty thousand Russians and fifty thousand English soldiers were to land at Naples; and how, taken all together, an army of five hun-

dred thousand men was to attack the French from all sides.

The old prince did not express the slightest interest during the whole recital, as though he did not hear it, and, continuing to walk and to dress himself, he three times interrupted him. Once he stopped and cried out: "The white one! The white one!"

That meant that Tikhon had not handed him the right waistcoat. He stopped a second time and asked: "How long before she is to have a baby?" and shaking his head in rebuke, he said: "It is not good! Proceed!"

The third time, when Andréy finished a description, the old man sang out, in an old man's falsetto voice: "*Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre, Dieu sait quand reviendra.*"

His son only smiled.

"I cannot say that it is a plan which I approve of," said his son, "I have only been telling you how matters stand. Napoleon has already formed a plan which is not worse than this one."

"Well, you have told me nothing new." The old man thoughtfully and hurriedly repeated: "*Dieu sait quand reviendra.*"

"Go to the dining-room!"

XXIV.

AT the appointed hour, the prince came, powdered and shaved, to the dining-room, where there were waiting for him his daughter-in-law, Princess Márya, Mlle. Bourienne, and the prince's architect, who was admitted to table through a strange whim of the prince, although this man, who from his position was an insignificant man, had no reason to expect such an honour. The prince, who in life held strictly to the separation of the various classes of society, and who rarely admitted to table even important officials of the Government, suddenly tried to prove in the person of his architect, Mikhaíl Ivánovich, who cleared his nose in the corner in a checkered handkerchief, that all men were equal, and he more than once impressed upon his daughter that Mikhaíl Ivánovich was no whit worse than she or he himself. At table the prince very frequently addressed speechless Mikhaíl Ivánovich.

In the dining-room, which was as immensely high as all the other rooms of the house, the members of the family and the lackeys, who were standing behind each chair, were waiting for the appearance of the prince; the majordomo, with a napkin on his arm, surveyed the table service, beckoning to the lackeys, and constantly passing his restless glance from the wall clock to the door, through which the prince was to arrive.

Prince Andréy was examining an immense gilt-framed representation of the genealogical tree of the Bolkónskis, which was hanging opposite another similar immense frame with a daub, apparently made by the hand of a domestic painter and representing a sovereign prince

wearing a crown, who was supposed to be descended from Rúrik and to be the ancestor of the race of the Bolkónskis. Prince Andréy looked at this unfamiliar genealogical tree, shaking his head and laughing with that peculiar look which one has when looking at a ridiculous portrait.

"How I recognize him in all that!" he said to Princess Márya, who had walked over to him.

Princess Márya looked in surprise at her brother. She could not understand what he was smiling at. Everything her father did roused in her a profound respect which was not subject to criticism.

"Everybody has his Achilles' heel," continued Prince Andréy. "With his immense brain to *donner dans ce ridicule!*"

Princess Márya could not understand the boldness of her brother's condemnation, and was getting ready to reply to him, when the expected steps were heard in the cabinet; the prince entered with a rapid and merry step, as he always did, as it were, purposely presenting with his hasty manners the opposite of the austere order of the house. At the same moment the large clock struck two, and another clock, with a thinner voice, followed this one in the drawing-room. The prince stopped; his animated, glistening, stern eyes, peeping out underneath the overhanging, thick brows, surveyed all present and stopped on the young princess. She then experienced a sensation such as the members of the court experience at the appearance of the emperor,—that feeling of terror and respect, which that old man inspired in all who surrounded him. He stroked the princess's head and then with an awkward motion tapped her on the nape of her neck.

"I am glad, I am glad!" he said, and, looking once more fixedly into her eyes, he walked away with a rapid step and sat down in his chair. "Sit down! Sit down! Mikhaíl Ivánovich, sit down!"

He indicated a place near him for his daughter-in-law. A lackey moved the chair away for her.

"Ho, ho!" said the old man, surveying her enlarged waist. "You have been in a hurry, — it is not good!"

He laughed dryly, coldly, disagreeably, as he always laughed, with his mouth only, and not with his eyes.

"You must walk, walk, as much as possible," he said.

The little princess did not hear, or did not want to hear his words. She was silent and seemed to be embarrassed. The prince asked her about her father, and the princess answered and smiled. He asked her about common acquaintances: the princess became even more enlivened and began to talk more freely, telling the city gossip and mentioning those who had sent their regards to him.

"*La Comtesse Apraksine, la pauvre, a perdu son mari, et elle a pleuré les larmes de ses yeux,*" she said, becoming ever more animated.

The livelier she became, the more sternly the old man looked at her. He suddenly turned away from her, as though he had sufficiently studied her and had formed a clear idea of her, and addressed Mikhaíl Ivánovich.

"Well, Mikhaíl Ivánovich, our Buonaparte is having a hard time. My son Andréy" (he always spoke of his son in the third person) "has told me there is a host gathered against him! And you and I have been regarding him as a worthless man.

"He is a great tactician!" the prince said to his son, pointing to the architect, and the conversation again turned to the war, to Bonaparte, and to the contemporary generals and statesmen. The old man seemed to be convinced that all the important men of the day were mere boys who did not know as much as the A B C of military and state affairs, and that Bonaparte was a worthless Frenchman, who was successful only because there were no Potémkins and no Suvórovs for him to meet; he was

also convinced that there were no political complications in Europe and no war, but some kind of a puppet-show, in which the men of the time were taking part, pretending that they were doing something important. Prince Andréy cheerfully endured his father's ridiculing his contemporaries, and took special pleasure in inviting his father to talk, and listened to what he had to say.

"Everything that was formerly looks so nice," he said. "And was not that same Suvórov caught in the trap which Moreau had placed for him, without knowing how to get out of it?"

"Who told you that? Who?" shouted the prince. "Suvórov!" and he brushed aside the plate which Tíkhon caught nimbly. "Suvórov! — Make a note of it, Prince Andréy: there were two, — Frederick and Suvórov — Moreau! Moreau would have been made a captive, if Suvórov's hands had been free; instead he had on his hand a Hofs-kriegs-wurst-schnaps-rath. The devil would have hated that. When you go out, you will find out what these Hofs-kriegs-wurst-raths are like! Suvórov was not able to get along with them. How, then, will Mikhaíl Kutúzov manage them? No, my friend," he continued, "you will not avail against Bonaparte with your generals. You will have to get Frenchmen to fight the French. They have already sent the German Pahlen to New York, into America, to get Moreau," he said, hinting at the invitation which had been sent out that year to Moreau, asking him to enter the Russian service. "How strange! Well, were Potémkin, Suvórov, and Orlóv Germans? No, my friend, either you over there have lost your minds, or I have lost mine. God protect you, and we shall see. Bonaparte has suddenly become a great general among them! Hem —"

"I do not say that all the dispositions that have been made are good," said Prince Andréy; "but I cannot understand how you can judge in such a way about Bonaparte.

You may laugh as much as you please, but Bonaparte is all the same a great general!"

"Mikhaíl Ivánovich!" the old prince shouted to the architect, who, being busy with his roast, had hoped that he had been forgotten. "Did I tell you that Bonaparte was a great general? He says so himself."

"Certainly, your Serenity," replied the architect.

The prince again laughed his cold laugh.

"Bonaparte was borne in a caul. He has excellent soldiers, and the Germans were the first whom he attacked. Only a lazy man could fail in coping with the Germans. Ever since the world has existed, the Germans have been beaten, while they never have beaten anybody but each other. He has made his reputation on them."

The prince began to elucidate all the blunders which, in his opinion, Bonaparte had made in all his wars and even in matters of state. His son did not retort, but it was evident that, no matter what proof was adduced, he held as stubbornly to his opinion as the old prince did to his. Prince Andréy listened, refraining from replies, and involuntarily marvelling how that old man, who for so many years had not once left his estate, was able with such detail and clearness to judge all the military and political conditions of Europe for the last few years.

"You think that I am an old man and do not understand the real state of affairs," he concluded. "But it disturbs me: I lie awake nights over it. Tell me, where is it that your great general has shown himself?"

"That would be a long story," he answered.

"Go, then, to your Buonaparte. Mlle. Bourienne, *voilà encore un admirateur de votre goujat d'empereur*," he exclaimed, in excellent French.

"*Vous savez que je ne suis pas bonapartiste, mon prince.*"

"*Dieu sait quand reviendra*," sang the prince in false voice; he laughed even more unnaturally and left the table.

The little princess was silent during all the time the discussion lasted and during the rest of the dinner, looking in fright now at Princess Márya, now at her father-in-law. When they left the table, she took the arm of her sister-in-law and called her into another room.

"*Comme c'est un homme d'esprit que votre père,*" she said. "*C'est à cause de cela peut-être qu'il me fait peur.*"

"Oh, he is so good!" said the princess.

XXV.

PRINCE ANDRÉY was to leave on the following evening. The old prince did not depart from his regular order, and retired to his room after dinner. The little princess was with her sister-in-law. Prince Andréy, dressed in his travelling uniform without epaulettes, was arranging things in the rooms set aside for him, with the aid of a valet. He personally examined the carriage and watched the placing of the portmanteaus, and then ordered to hitch up. In the room only those things were left which the prince always took with him: a small casket, a large silver lunch-basket, and two Turkish pistols and a sabre, a present from his father which he had brought with him from Ochákov. All these travelling appurtenances were beautifully arranged by Prince Andréy: everything was new, clean, in cloth covers, carefully tied with little ribbons.

In the moments of departure and of change of life, a serious mood generally comes over people who are able to reflect over their acts. In such minutes the past is generally gone over, and plans are made for the future. The face of Prince Andréy was very thoughtful and tender. He placed his hands behind his back and rapidly paced in his room from corner to corner, looking in front of him and thoughtfully shaking his head. He was either terrified at the thought of going to the war, or he felt so sad about abandoning his wife, — maybe both; but, evidently, not wishing to be seen in such a position, he, upon hearing steps in the vestibule, rapidly freed his hands, stopped at the table, as though tying the covering on the casket,

and assumed his usual quiet and impenetrable mien. Those were the heavy steps of Princess Márya.

"I was told that you have ordered the carriage to be got ready," she said, out of breath (evidently she had been running), "but I should like so much to have a private talk with you. God knows for how long we shall be separated again. You are not angry that I have come, are you? You have changed very much, Andryúsha," she added, as though in reply to such a question.

She smiled as she pronounced the diminutive "Andryúsha." It apparently seemed strange to her to think that this stern, handsome man should be the same Andryúsha, the slender, playful boy, the companion of her childhood.

"Where is Líza?" he asked, replying to her question with a smile.

"She is so tired that she has fallen asleep on the sofa in my room. Oh, *André, quel trésor de femme vous avez!*" she said, seating herself on a sofa, opposite to her brother. "She is a regular child, such a sweet and cheerful child. I love her so much!"

Prince Andréy was silent, but the princess noticed the ironical and contemptuous expression which had appeared on his face.

"But one must be indulgent with her small weaknesses; who has them not, Andréy? You must not forget that she was born and brought up in society. And just now her condition is not of the rosiest. We must enter into the condition of each person. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.* Just think how the poor woman must feel, after the life to which she is accustomed, when parting from her husband and when she will have to stay all alone in the country, and in such a condition. It is hard."

Prince Andréy smiled, looking at his sister, as we smile when listening to people whom, we think, we can look through.

"You are living in the country, and you do not find the life terrible," he said.

"It is a different matter with me. What is the use of talking about me? I do not wish any other life, nor can I wish it, because I know no other life. But, Andréy, think what it is for a young and worldly woman to be buried at the best years of her life in the country, all alone, because papa is always busy, and I — you know me — how poor I am *en ressources* for a woman used to better society. Mlle. Bourienne alone —"

"I do not like her one bit, your Bourienne," said Prince Andréy.

"You are mistaken. She is very sweet and good, but, above all, such a pitiable girl. She has nobody, nobody. To tell the truth, I do not need her at all, and she embarrasses me. You know, I have always been a savage, and now I am one even more than ever. I like to be alone — *Mon père* loves her very much. She and Mikhaíl Ivánovich are the two persons to whom he is always kind and good, because they have both received his benefits. As Sterne says, 'We love people not so much for the good which they have done us, as for the good which we have done them.' *Mon père* picked her up an orphan *sur le pavé*, and she is very good. *Mon père* loves her manner of reading. She reads aloud to him in the evenings. She is a good reader."

"Now, in truth, Marie, do you frequently suffer from the character of our father?" Prince Andréy suddenly asked.

Princess Márya at first was surprised to hear this question, and then she was frightened by it.

"I? — I? — Do I suffer?" she said.

"He has always been harsh, and now, I suppose, he must be hard to get along with," said Prince Andréy, evidently on purpose, in order to puzzle or try his sister by passing such judgment on his father.

"You are good in everything, Andréy, only there is a certain haughtiness in you," said the princess, following the progress of her own thoughts rather than the progress of the conversation, "and that is a great sin. How can one judge a father? And even if it were allowable, what other feeling than *vénération* can such a man as *mon père* rouse in us? I am so much satisfied and so happy with him! I only wish we could all be as happy as I am."

Her brother shook his head incredulously.

"The one thing that disturbs me, to tell you the truth, Andréy, is father's opinion in religious matters. I cannot understand how a man with such an immense brain can help seeing that which is as clear as day, and how he can err so. That forms my one misfortune. But even here I have of late come to see a shadow of an improvement. Of late his ridicule has not been so stinging, and there is one monk whom he has received and with whom he has talked for a long time."

"Well, my dear, I think that you and the monk are wasting your powder in vain," Prince Andréy said, scornfully, but kindly.

"*Ah, mon ami!* I only pray to God, and I hope that He will hear me. Andréy," she said, timidly, after a moment of silence, "I have a great request to make of you."

"What is it, my dear?"

"Promise me that you will not refuse me. It will cost you no labour, and there will be nothing unworthy of you in it. You will console me by such a promise. Promise, Andryúsha," she said, putting her hand in her reticule and holding something in it, without showing it, as though that which she was holding formed the object of her prayer, and as though she could not take out that something unless she had first received his promise. She looked timidly, with an entreating glance, at her brother.

“Even if it cost me great labour —” as though guessing what it was, replied Prince Andréy.

“Think as you please! I know that you are just like *mon père*. Think as you please, but do this for me. Do it, if you please! The father of my father, our grandfather, wore it in all wars —” She still held back that which she had in the reticule. “So you promise me?”

“Of course I do; what is it?”

“Andréy, I bless you with this image, and you promise me that you will never take it off. Do you promise?”

“If it does not weigh two puds and will not pull off my neck — To give you the pleasure —” said Prince Andréy, but noticing that very second the aggrieved expression which his sister’s face had assumed at this jest, he felt sorry for what he had said. “I am very glad to, very glad indeed, my dear,” he added.

“Against your will He will save and pardon you, and will turn you toward Him because in Him alone is there truth and peace,” she said, in a voice trembling from agitation, with a solemn gesture holding in both her hands an old oval image of the Saviour, with a black visage, surrounded by silver foil and attached to a silver chain of fine workmanship. She made the sign of the cross, kissed the image, and handed it to Andréy. “Please, Andréy, for my sake —”

Her large eyes were a gleam with rays of a kindly and timid light. Her eyes illuminated all her sickly, thin face and made it beautiful. The brother wanted to take the image, but she stopped him. Andréy understood what she meant: he made the sign of the cross and kissed the image. His face was at once tender (he was touched) and scornful.

“*Merci, mon ami!*”

She kissed him on his forehead and again sat down on the sofa. They were silent.

“As I told you, Andréy, be good and magnanimous, as

you have always been. Do not judge Lise severely," she began. "She is so sweet, so good, and her condition is now a very hard one."

"It seems to me, Márya, that I have not told you anything which should lead you to believe that I reproach my wife for anything, or that I am dissatisfied with her. Why do you say all that to me?"

The princess blushed in spots, as though she felt guilty.

"I have told you nothing, but you have been told something, — and that pains me."

The red spots came out more strongly on the forehead, the neck, and the cheeks of Princess Márya. She wanted to say something and could not utter it. Her brother had guessed rightly: the little princess had wept after dinner; she had said that she was having a presentiment of a hard childbirth and that she was afraid of it, and she had complained of her fate, of her father-in-law, and of her husband. After her tears she had fallen asleep. Prince Andréy was sorry for his sister.

"Know this much, Márya, I cannot reproach my wife for anything; I never have reproached her, and never shall; nor have I anything to reproach myself for in my relations to her, and that will always be so, no matter under what conditions I may be. But if you wish to know the truth — if you wish to know whether I am happy? No. Is she happy? No. Why so? I do not know —"

Saying this, he rose, walked over to his sister, and, bending down, kissed her on her forehead. His beautiful eyes shone with an intelligent, kind, and unaccustomed splendour, but he was looking, not at his sister, but into the darkness of the open door, above her head.

"Let us go to her, — I must take leave of her. Or, better still, go yourself and wake her, and I will come at once. Petrúshka!" he called to his valet, "come here and

pack things. This goes into the seat, and this on the right."

Princess Márya rose and turned toward the door. She stopped.

"*André, si vous aviez la foi, vous vous seriez adressé à Dieu, pour qu'il vous donne l'amour que vous ne sentez pas, et votre prière aurait été exaucée.*"

"Yes, that alone might!" said Prince Andréy. "Go, Márya, I shall be there at once."

On his way to his sister's room, in the passageway which connected one house with another, Prince Andréy met sweetly smiling Mlle. Bourienne, who on that day for the third time had turned up in lonely places, with an ecstatic and naïve smile on her face.

"*Ah, je vous croyais chez vous,*" she said, for some reason blushing and lowering her eyes.

Prince Andréy looked sternly at her. On his face there was an expression of rage. He said nothing to her, but looked so contemptuously at her forehead and hair, glancing past her eyes, that she blushed and went away, without saying anything.

When he reached his sister's room, the little princess was already up, and her merry little voice, in which one word crowded another, could be heard through the open door. She was talking as though she wished to make up for lost time, after a long period of restraint.

"*Non, mais figurez-vous, la vieille Comtesse Zouboff avec de fausses boucles et la bouche pleine de fausses dents comme si elle voulait defier les années — Ha, ha, ha, Marie!*"

Precisely the same sentence about Countess Zúbov and precisely the same laughter Prince Andréy had heard at least five times before from his wife in presence of strangers. He softly entered the room. The princess, plump, ruddy, with work in her hands, was sitting in an armchair and talking without cessation, rummaging through St. Peters-

burg recollections and old phrases. Prince Andréy went up to her, stroked her head, and asked her whether she was rested from the journey. She answered him, and continued her conversation.

The coach and six was standing at the entrance. There was a dark autumn night without. The coachman could not see the shaft of the carriage. On the porch men were moving about with lanterns. The enormous house was lighted up by lights in the large windows. In the antechamber there was a crowd of manorial servants who wished to see the young prince off; in the parlour stood all the members of the household: Mikhaíl Ivánovich, Mlle. Bourienne, Princess Márya, and the little princess. Prince Andréy was called to the cabinet of his father, who did not want to see him in the presence of others. All were waiting for their return.

When Prince Andréy entered the cabinet, the old prince, in old man's spectacles and in his white morning-gown, in which he received only his son, was sitting at the table and writing. He looked around.

"Are you going?"

He continued to write.

"I have come to bid you good-bye."

"Kiss me here!" He pointed to his cheek. "Thank you, thank you!"

"What are you thanking me for?"

"For not wasting your time and not holding on to a woman's skirts. Service above everything else. Thank you, thank you!" And he continued to write so that the ink-sprays flew from the squeaking pen. "If you have anything to say, say it. I can do these two things at the same time," he added.

"About my wife—I feel bad to leave her on your hands—"

"Don't talk nonsense! Say what you have to say!"

"When the time comes for my wife to be in childbed,

send to Moscow for an accoucheur — I want one to be here."

The old prince stopped and stared at his son with his stern eyes, as though not understanding what he was saying.

"I know that nobody can be of any use when Nature will not help," said Prince Andréy, apparently confused. "I agree with you that out of a million cases there is only one unfortunate one, but that is her fancy and mine. They have been talking to her, and she has had bad dreams, and is afraid."

"Hem — hem —" mumbled the old prince, continuing to write. "I will do so." He made a flourish under his name, suddenly turned to his son, and burst out laughing.

"It is a bad business, eh?"

"What is bad, father?"

"A wife!" the old prince said, curtly and significantly.

"I do not understand," said Prince Andréy.

"What is to be done?" said the prince. "They are all like that, and you can't undo a marriage. Don't be afraid, — I will not tell anybody, but you yourself know."

He grasped his son's hand with his small, bony hand, shook it, looked straight into his son's face with his swift eyes that seemed to look through a man, and again laughed his cold laugh.

His son heaved a sigh, thus acknowledging that his father had understood him. The old man went on to fold and seal the letter, with his usual rapidity of motion, picking up and throwing down the sealing-wax, the seal, and the paper.

"What is to be done? She is beautiful! I will do everything. Be at rest," he said by snatches, while sealing the letter.

Andréy was silent: it both pleased and annoyed him to see that his father had comprehended him. The old man got up and handed the letter to his son.

"Listen," he said, "don't worry about your wife! Everything that can be done, will be done. Now listen: give this letter to Mikhaíl Ilariónovich. I write to ask him to use you in good places and not to keep you too long as an adjutant: it is a bad office! Tell him that I remember him and love him. Write to me how he receives you. If he is good, serve him. The son of Nikoláy Andréich Bolkónski will not serve anybody out of favour. Now come here!"

He was speaking so rapidly that he did not finish half his words, but his son was accustomed to making out his meaning. He took his son up to the bureau, threw back the top, moved out a box, and took out of it a note-book which was all written over with his large, long, and compressed handwriting.

"No doubt I shall have to die before you. Remember that my memoirs are here: hand them to the emperor after my death! Now here is a bank-note and a letter: it is a premium for him who will write a history of the campaigns of Suvórov. Send it to the Academy! Here are my remarks. When I am gone, read them: they will be useful to you."

Andréy did not say to his father that, no doubt, he would live long yet. He knew that it was not right to say that.

"I will execute everything, father," he said.

"Well, now good-bye!" He gave his son his hand to kiss, and embraced him. "Remember this much, Andréy! If you are killed, it will pain me, old man —" He suddenly grew silent, and then suddenly proceeded in a squeaky voice: "And if I find out that you have not acted like a son of Nikoláy Bolkónski, I shall be — ashamed," he shrieked.

"You did not need to tell me that, father," his son said, smiling.

The old man grew silent.

"Another thing I wanted to ask you," continued Prince Andréy. "If I am killed, and a son is born to me, don't let him away from you, as I told you last night. Let him be educated under your care, if you please!"

"Not to let your wife have him?" asked the old man, laughing.

They stood silently opposite each other. The old man's rapid eyes were directed fixedly at the eyes of his son. Something quivered in the lower part of the old man's face

"We have said farewell — go!" he suddenly said. "Go!" he cried, in an angry and loud voice, opening the door of the cabinet.

"What is it, what?" asked the little princess and Princess Márya, when they saw Prince Andréy and the old man in his white morning-gown and his spectacles, without his wig, for a moment thrusting his head out of the door and crying in an angry voice.

Prince Andréy sighed and did not say anything.

"Well," he said, turning to his wife, and that "well" sounded like cold irony, as though he said: "Now do your tricks!"

"*André déjà!*" said the little princess, growing pale and looking in terror at her husband.

He embraced her. She shrieked and fell senseless on his shoulder.

He cautiously removed the shoulder on which she was lying, looked into her face, and carefully seated her in an armchair.

"*Adieu, Marie,*" he said softly to his sister. They embraced and kissed each other, and he left the room with rapid steps.

The princess lay in the armchair, and Mlle. Bourienne rubbed her temples. Princess Márya, who was holding up her sister-in-law, kept looking with her beautiful, tearful eyes at the door through which Prince Andréy had

disappeared, and making the sign of the cross toward him. In the cabinet could be heard the frequently repeated angry sounds of the old man's clearing of his nose, which sounded like reports of a gun. The moment Prince Andréy left, the door of the cabinet was quickly opened, and the old man's stern figure in the white morning-gown peeped out of it.

"Is he gone? All right!" he said, angrily glancing at the senseless little princess. He reproachfully shook his head, and slammed the door.

PART THE SECOND

I.

IN October of the year 1805 the Russian troops occupied the villages and towns of the Archduchy of Austria, and new troops were all the time arriving from Russia and burdening the inhabitants upon whom they were quartered. They were located near the fortress of Braunau, where were the chief quarters of the commander-in-chief, Kutúzov.

On October 11, 1805, one of the regiments of infantry, which had just arrived at Braunau, stopped within half a league from the city, waiting to be reviewed by the commander-in-chief. In spite of the unfamiliar locality and surroundings (the orchards, the stone enclosures, the tile roofs, the mountains visible in the distance), in spite of the strange people who were looking with curiosity at the Russian soldiers, the regiment had precisely the same aspect that any Russian regiment would have when getting ready to be inspected anywhere in the centre of Russia.

On the previous evening an order had been received at the last resting-place that the commander-in-chief would inspect the regiment on the march. Though the words of the order did not seem clear to the commander of the regiment, and there arose a discussion about how to understand the words "in marching order," it was decided in the council of the commanders of the battalions to present the regiment in parade order, on the ground that it was

always safer to bow too low than not to bow low enough. The soldiers had not closed their eyes after a march of thirty versts, and had been all night getting themselves in order and cleaning up. The adjutants and the commanders of the companies counted their soldiers and rearranged them, and in the morning the regiment, instead of being a straggling, irregular crowd, such as it had been the day before, presented a well-formed mass of two thousand men, every one of whom knew his position and his business, and had every button and strap in place and glistening with cleanliness.

Not only the external appearance was satisfactory, but if the commander-in-chief took it into his head to look beneath the uniforms he would discover a clean shirt on each of them, and in every knapsack he would find the regulation number of things, "Awl, soap, and all," as the soldiers say. There was just one thing about which no one could be at ease, and that was the foot-gear. More than half the number of men had their boots torn in shreds. This defect was not due to any fault of the commander of the regiment, because, in spite of the repeated request made, the Austrian government had not furnished him with the necessary material, while they had marched a distance of one thousand versts.

The commander of the regiment was an elderly general of a sanguine temperament, with his eyebrows and whiskers streaked gray. He was plump and broad, deeper from chest to back than from shoulder to shoulder. He wore a brand-new uniform, with its folds strongly outlined, and thick gold lace epaulettes, which somehow raised his fat shoulders. The commander of the regiment had the aspect of a man who was happy to perform one of the most solemn acts of life. He marched up and down in front of the drawn-up regiment, and, walking, quivered at each step, with a slight bending of his back. It was obvious that the commander took his delight in looking

at his regiment, that his whole happiness lay in it, and that all the powers of his soul were spent upon it; and yet, his quivering motion said that, in addition to military interests, not a small place in his heart was occupied by interests of a social nature and by the feminine sex.

“Well, my dear Mikháylo Mítrich,” he addressed one of the commanders of a battalion, upon which the commander of the battalion moved forward with a smile. It was evident that they were both happy. “We did catch it, though, last night. Still, I think, the army is all right, — not half-bad, eh?”

The commander of the battalion understood the merry irony and burst out laughing.

“They would not be driven off the Tsarítsyn Field.”

“What?” said the commander.

Just then two men on horseback were seen approaching on the road leading from the city, along which vedettes had been placed. Those were an adjutant and a Cossack who was following him.

The adjutant had been sent from the staff to repeat to the commander of the regiment that which had been mentioned indistinctly in the order of the day before, namely, that the commander-in-chief wanted to see the regiment precisely in the condition in which it was on the march, — in their overcoats, their shakos covered, and without any preparation whatsoever.

On the previous day a member of the Hofkriegsrath had arrived from Vienna to Kutúzov, to ask him to unite as quickly as possible with the army of Archduke Ferdinand and of Mack; Kutúzov, who did not regard this union as advantageous, among other arguments, adduced in favour of his opinion, wanted to show the Austrian general the sad plight in which the armies arrived from Russia. It was for this reason that he wanted to come out to meet the army, and the worse the condition

of the soldiers would have been, the better it would have pleased him. The adjutant did not know these details, but he transmitted to the commander of the regiment the peremptory order of the commander-in-chief that the men should all wear their overcoats and cap covers, saying that if the commander-in-chief should not find them so, he would be extremely dissatisfied.

Having heard these words, the commander of the regiment hung his head, silently shrugged his shoulders, and waved his hands in excitement.

“A fine business we have done!” he said. “I told you, Mikháylo Mítrich, that to appear as on the march meant to wear the overcoats,” he turned with a reproach to the commander of the battalion. “O Lord!” he added, and took a determined step forward. “Gentlemen, commanders of companies!” he shouted in a voice used to command. “Sergeants!—How soon before he will deign to come?” he turned to the adjutant, with an expression of respectful civility, which obviously had reference to the person of whom he was speaking.

“In an hour, I think.”

“Shall we have time to change clothes?”

“I do not know, general.”

The commander of the regiment himself stepped up to the ranks and gave the order to put on the overcoats. The commanders of the companies ran each to his company; the sergeants began to hurry about (the overcoats were not quite in proper condition), and at the same moment the regular and silent squares suddenly began to sway, to stretch out, and to chatter. Soldiers ran to and fro on all sides; they humped themselves, pulled their knapsacks over their heads, unrolled their overcoats, and, raising high their arms, slipped them over their sleeves.

In half an hour everything came again into the former order, only the squares had become gray instead of black. The commander of the regiment stepped in front of the

regiment, again walking up in his quivering gait, and examined it from a distance.

“What is that? What is that?” he shouted, stopping in one spot. “Commander of the third company!”

“Commander of the third company! Commander of the third company! The general wants to see the commander of the third company!” were heard voices along the ranks, and the adjutant hurried down to find the delaying officer. When the sounds of the officious voices, who, mixing up matters, cried, “Send the general to the third company,” reached their destination, the officer in demand stepped out in front of his third company; he was an elderly man who had got out of the habit of running, but he raced at a gallop toward the general, awkwardly tripping himself up. The face of the captain expressed the consternation of a schoolboy who is asked to recite a lesson which he has not studied. On his nose, red from intemperance no doubt, there appeared spots, and his mouth was vainly trying to assume a certain position.

The commander of the regiment surveyed the captain from head to foot, as he was approaching him out of breath and checking his gait as he was getting nearer.

“I suppose you will soon have your men dressed in women’s jackets! What is that?” shouted the commander of the regiment, thrusting forward his lower jaw and pointing in the ranks of the third company to a soldier in a cloth overcoat of a colour different from that of all the other overcoats. “Where were you yourself? The commander-in-chief is expected, and you leave your place! Eh? — I will teach you to dress the men for inspection in short coats! — Eh?”

The captain did not take his eyes off his superior, and kept pressing his two fingers ever more firmly to his visor, as though in this pressure alone he now saw his salvation.

“Well, why do you keep silent? Who is it there that

is decked out like a Hungarian?" the commander of the regiment jested sternly.

"Your Excellency —"

"What do you want with 'your Excellency'? Your Excellency! Your Excellency! And what you mean by 'your Excellency,' nobody knows."

"Your Excellency, that is Dólokhov, the reduced officer —" the captain said, in a soft voice.

"Well, has he been reduced to the rank of field-marshal, or to the rank of soldier? And if he is a soldier, he ought to be dressed like the rest, in proper form."

"Your Excellency, you yourself have given him permission to dress that way on the march."

"Did I? Did I? That is the way you young men always are," said the commander of the regiment, cooling off a little. "So I have granted it? One needs only say something, and you — What is it?" he said, again growing excited. "See to it that the men are properly dressed."

The commander of the regiment looked at the adjutant and directed his quivering steps toward the ranks. It was obvious that he was glad of his own irritation and that he walked up and down in front of the regiment for the purpose of finding another excuse for his anger. After calling down an officer for an unburnished gorget, and another for an irregularity in the ranks, he walked over to the third company.

"How are you standing there? Where is your leg? Your leg, I say!" shouted the commander of the regiment, with an expression of suffering in his voice, when about five men distant from Dólokhov, who was dressed in a blue overcoat.

Dólokhov immediately straightened up his bent leg, and looked straight into the general's face with his bright and bold glance.

"What is that blue overcoat for? Down with it —"

Sergeant! Have him change his coat!— Scoun—”
He did not have a chance to finish his sentence.

“General, I am obliged to execute your commands, but not to endure —” hurriedly said Dólokhov.

“No talking in the ranks!— No talking! No talking!”

“I am not obliged to endure any insults,” Dólokhov finished, in a loud and sonorous voice.

The eyes of the general and the soldier met. The general grew silent, angrily pulling down his tightly fitting sash.

“Please to change your coat, I beg you,” he said, walking away.

II.

“HE is coming!” shouted a sentinel.

The commander of the regiment grew red in his face, rushed up to his horse, with trembling hands took hold of the stirrup, straddled his body, adjusted himself, unsheathed his sword, and with a happy and determined countenance, opening his mouth sidewise, was getting ready to give a command. The regiment was agitated, like a preening bird, and became motionless.

“Atten-n-n-tion!” shouted the commander of the regiment, in a heartrending voice, which was joyous in respect to himself, stern in respect to the regiment, and submissive in respect to the commander-in-chief.

Over the broad, tree-lined country road a tall, blue Viennese carriage, with horses in tandem, drove down at a rapid gallop, which made the springs produce a slight clattering sound. Behind the carriage rode the suite and a guard of Croatians. By Kutúzov’s side sat an Austrian general in a white uniform, which looked strange among the Russian black coats. The carriage stopped near the regiment. Kutúzov and the Austrian general were speaking about something in a low voice, and Kutúzov smiled slightly when, with heavy tread, he let down his foot from the carriage step, as though the two thousand men who breathlessly looked at him and at the commander of the regiment did not exist.

The word of command was given, and the regiment quivered with a clanking sound and presented arms. Through the dead silence could be heard the weak voice of the commander-in-chief.

The regiment shouted: "Hail, your Ex-ex-ex-cy!" and again everything died down.

At first Kutúzov stood in one spot, while the regiment was in motion; then Kutúzov, accompanied by the general in white and followed by the suite, began to walk down the ranks.

It was evident from the manner in which the commander of the regiment saluted the commander-in-chief, riveting his eyes upon him, straightening himself up, and rushing up to him, and from the manner in which he, bending forward, followed the generals down the ranks, with difficulty repressing his quivering motion, and the manner in which he, at each word or movement of the commander-in-chief, galloped up, — from all these it was evident that he executed his duties as a subordinate with even greater zest than those of commander. The regiment, thanks to the severity and care of its commander, was in a better condition than the majority of regiments which at that time came to Braunau. There were only 217 men who had fallen out or who were on the sick list, and everything was in good order but the foot-gear.

Kutúzov passed up and down the ranks, now and then stopping and saying a few kind words to such of the officers, and even soldiers, as he remembered from the Turkish war. As he looked at their foot-gear, he several times shook his head in sadness and pointed it out to the Austrian general with an expression as though he did not blame any one, but could not help noticing that it was bad.

The commander of the regiment kept rushing forward every time something was said in regard to the regiment, fearing lest he should lose a word. Back of Kutúzov there followed about twenty men of the suite, at such a distance that even every feebly pronounced word could be heard by them. Nearest to the commander-in-chief

followed his handsome adjutant. That was Prince Bol-kónski. By his side walked his companion, Nesvítski, a tall, extremely stout officer of the staff, with a kindly, smiling, handsome face and moist eyes. Nesvítski with difficulty held back a laugh which was provoked by a swarthy officer of the hussars, who was walking by his side. This officer of the hussars, without smiling or changing the expression of his arrested eyes, was looking with a serious face at the back of the commander of the regiment, whose every motion he imitated. Every time the commander quivered or bent forward, he quivered and bent forward in precisely the same manner. Nesvítski laughed, and nudged the others so that they might see the joker.

Kutúzov walked slowly and nonchalantly past a thousand eyes which bulged out of their sockets, straining to look at the commander-in-chief. Upon reaching the third company, he suddenly stopped. The suite, which had not foreseen this stop, moved up toward him.

"Ah, Timókhin!" said the commander-in-chief, upon recognizing the captain with the red nose, who had suffered for the blue overcoat.

It seemed as though it was a matter of impossibility for Timókhin to straighten himself up more than he had done when the commander of the regiment had been reprimanding him; but at the moment when he was addressed by the commander-in-chief, the captain straightened himself up in a such a manner that it seemed that if the commander-in-chief looked at him a few moments longer, he would not be able to endure it; therefore Kutúzov, who apparently understood his condition and who, on the contrary, wished the captain nothing but good, hastened to turn away. A barely perceptible smile crossed Kutúzov's puffed up, scarred face.

"He was a comrade at Izmaíl," he said. "A brave officer! Are you satisfied with him?" Kutúzov asked the commander of the regiment.

The commander of the regiment, who, invisibly to himself, was reflected in the officer of hussars, as in a mirror, quivered, stepped forward, and replied :

“Very much satisfied, your Excellency !”

“We are none of us without weaknesses,” said Kutúzov, smiling and walking away. “He used to be devoted to Bacchus.”

The commander of the regiment was frightened, wondering whether that was not his fault, and made no reply. The officer just then noticed the face of the captain with the red nose and tight paunch and so cleverly imitated his face and pose that Nesvítski was unable to repress his laughter. Kutúzov turned around. It was evident that the officer had complete control of his face ; just as Kutúzov was looking back, the officer made a face, but he immediately assumed a serious, respectful, and innocent aspect.

The third company was the last, and Kutúzov stopped to think, as though trying to recall something. Prince Andréy stepped forward from the suite and softly said to him in French :

“You have commanded me to remind you of the degraded Dólokhov, who is in this regiment.”

“Where is Dólokhov ?” asked Kutúzov.

Dólokhov, now dressed in a soldier’s gray overcoat, did not wait to be called out. The stately figure of the blond soldier with the bright blue eyes stepped in front of the ranks. He walked over to the commander-in-chief and saluted.

“A complaint ?” slightly frowning, asked Kutúzov.

“This is Dólokhov,” said Prince Andréy.

“Ah !” said Kutúzov. “I hope this lesson will mend you. Serve well ! The emperor is merciful, and I will not forget you, if you serve well.”

The bright blue eyes looked as boldly at the commander-in-chief as they had gazed at the commander of

the regiment, as though this expression tore away the curtain of conventionality which so widely separated the commander-in-chief from the soldier.

"I ask but this, your Excellency," he said, in his sonorous, firm, but hurried voice. "I ask you to give me a chance to wipe out my guilt and to prove my devotion to the emperor and to Russia."

Kutúzov turned away from him. Over his countenance there flashed the same smile of his eyes which was visible upon it as he turned away from Timókhin. He turned away and frowned, as though wishing to say that everything Dólokhov had told him, or still might tell him, was long known to him, that it had long ago made him weary, and that was not at all what ought to be said. He turned away and walked toward the carriage.

The regiment was broken up by companies; they marched to the appointed quarters in the neighbourhood of Braunau, where it was hoped they would change their clothes and foot-gear, and get a rest after difficult marches.

"You have no grudge against me, Prokhór Ignátich?" said the commander of the regiment, riding around the third company which was on its way to quarters and coming up to Captain Timókhin, who was walking at its head. The face of the commander expressed unrestrained happiness, after the inspection had come off so successfully. "I serve the Tsar — you know, I can't help it — sometimes I call a man down — Then I am the first to ask pardon — I am myself very much obliged!" and he held out his hand to the captain.

"I beg you, general, how could I dare?" replied the captain, with a blush on his nose, smiling, and in his smile revealing the absence of two front teeth, knocked out with the butt of a gun at Izmaíl.

"Please inform Mr. Dólokhov that I shall not forget

him, and that he may be at ease on that point. By the way, I had intended to ask you about him, how does he conduct himself? And all such — ”

“He is very prompt in his duties, your Excellency — but his character — ” said Timókhin.

“What is the matter with his character?” asked the commander of the regiment.

“It comes over him on certain days, your Excellency,” said the captain. “He is clever, and learned, and good, but at times he is a beast. In Poland he almost killed a Jew, your Excellency — ”

“Oh, well, oh, well,” said the commander of the regiment, “but we must pity a young man in misfortune. He has great connections — So you had better — ”

“Yes, your Excellency,” said Timókhin, giving him to understand by a smile that he comprehended the wishes of his superior.

“Very well, very well.”

The commander of the regiment sought out Dólokhov in the ranks, and checked his horse.

“In the first action you get your epaulettes,” he said to him.

Dólokhov looked around, said nothing, and did not change the expression of his sarcastically smiling mouth.

“All right,” continued the commander of the regiment. “Let the men have a cup of vódka in my name,” he added so that the soldiers might hear him. “I thank you all! Thank God!” and riding around the company, he approached another.

“Really, he is a good man, — it is a pleasure to serve under him,” Timókhin said to a subaltern officer who was walking by his side.

“In one word, he is ‘hearts’!” said the subaltern officer, smiling and applying the nickname “king of

hearts," which was given to the commander of the regiment.

The happy frame of mind, in which the superiors were after the inspection, passed also to the soldiers. The company marched on cheerfully. The soldiers could be heard chatting on all sides.

"How is that? They used to say that Kutúzov was blind in one eye?"

"Of course he is!"

"No, brother, he has sharper eyes than you have. He kept looking at my boots and foot-rags —"

"As he was looking at my feet, I thought —"

"That Austrish man that was with him looked as though he was smeared with chalk. He was as white as flour. I suppose they burnish him up like the guns!"

"Say, Fédeshov, did he say anything about when the battles would begin? You were standing nearer to him. They have been saying that Bunaparte is himself at Brunov."

"Bunaparte! What bosh you are talking! You don't know a thing! The Prussians are now up in arms, and the Austrians are taking them down. As soon as they make peace, the war with Bunaparte will begin. What nonsense he is saying! Bunaparte at Brunov! What a fool you are! You had better listen to what others have to say!"

"What devils the quartermasters are! The fifth company is now going into the village, and they will be getting their meal ready while we shall not have reached our resting-place."

"Let me have a piece of hardtack, the devil!"

"Did you give me any tobacco yesterday? That's it, brother. Well, take it, God be with you!"

"If we only halted awhile, but no! — they will make us walk another five versts on an empty stomach."

“It was fine when the Germans gave us carts! We just travelled in great style!”

“Here, my friend, they are a worthless lot. Over there they seemed to be mostly Poles, all of them belonging to the Russian Crown, but now, my friend, the Germans come solid.”

“Singers forward!” was heard the captain’s voice.

Above twenty men ran out from the different rows and took up their position in the van of the company. The drummer, who was also a song starter, turned his face to the singers and, waving his hands, started a drawling soldier’s song, beginning with the words, “Did not the sun burst forth with the dawn,” and ending with “Yes, we shall get glory with Kámenski, our father.” This song had been composed in Turkey and was now sung in Austria, except that “Kámenski, our father,” was now changed to “Kutúzov, our father.”

Having sung these last words with the dash of a soldier, and having swung his arms as though in the act of throwing something to the ground, the drummer, a slender, handsome soldier of about forty years, cast a stern glance at the singers and closed his eyes. Having convinced himself that the eyes of all were directed toward him, he pretended cautiously to be lifting some precious, invisible thing with both his hands above his head and holding it for a few seconds in that position, and then he suddenly threw it down with a violent motion :

“Ah, my cottage, lovely cottage!”

“Ah, my new and lovely house!” twenty voices continued the song, and a spoonmaker briskly leaped out from the ranks, in spite of the weight of his equipment, and made all kinds of evolutions with his back in front of the company, tossing his shoulders and threatening somebody with his spoons. The soldiers, swinging their arms in

time with the song, walked at a long gait, instinctively keeping step.

Behind the company were heard the sounds of wheels, the creaking of carriage springs, and the tramp of horses. Kutúzov with his suite was returning to the city. The commander-in-chief made a sign for the soldiers to continue walking leisurely, and upon his face and upon all the faces of his suite was expressed pleasure at the sounds of the song, at the sight of the dancing soldier and of the other soldiers of the company walking along cheerfully and briskly. In the second row of the right flank, on the side on which the carriage was driving past the company, one could not help noticing the blue-eyed soldier, Dólokhov, who was walking with unusual briskness and grace, in time with the song, and glancing at the faces of those who rode by him with an expression which seemed to say that he pitied all who at that time were not marching with the company. The ensign of hussars from Kutúzov's suite, the one that had been imitating the commander of the regiment, separated himself from the carriage and rode up to Dólokhov.

The ensign of hussars, Zhérkov, had at one time belonged to that riotous company, of which Dólokhov was the leader. Zhérkov had met Dólokhov abroad, but had not thought it necessary to recognize him. Now, after the conversation which Kutúzov had had with the reduced officer, he turned to him with the pleasure of meeting an old friend.

"My dear friend, how are you?" he said, through the sounds of the song, checking in his horse so as to keep step with the company.

"How am I?" coldly replied Dólokhov. "As you see."

The brisk song added a special significance to the tone of nonchalant merriment with which Zhérkov spoke, and to the intentional coldness of Dólokhov's replies.

"How are you getting on with the authorities?" asked Zhérkov.

"All right, they are good people. How did you scratch your way into the staff?"

"I was attached to it: I am officer of the day."

Both were silent.

"And she let the falcon fly, let it fly from her right hand," said the song, involuntarily rousing a feeling full of animation and merriment. Their conversation would, no doubt, have been of a different character, if they had not been speaking to the sounds of the song.

"Is it true the Austrians have been beaten?" asked Dólokhov.

"The devil knows them, — they say so."

"I am glad," replied Dólokhov, curtly and distinctly, in keeping with the demands of the song.

"Come to see us sometimes in the evening, and start faro," said Zhérkov.

"Have you so much money?"

"Come!"

"I cannot. I have made a vow neither to drink nor to gamble before I am promoted."

"Well, after the first action —"

"We shall see after that."

They were again silent.

"Come to see us, if you need anything: you will receive assistance in the staff," said Zhérkov.

Dólokhov smiled.

"Don't trouble yourself. I need nothing, and shall ask nothing, — I will take myself what I need."

"Well, I only —"

"I only say so myself."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

“. . . and both high and far away
To his native land he flew . . ."

Zhérkov put the spurs to the horse, which reared two or three times, stepped unsteadily, not knowing with which foot to start, finally discovered its gait and galloped away, beyond the company, and reached the carriage, all the time keeping time with the song.

III.

UPON returning from the inspection, Kutúzov, accompanied by the Austrian general, went into his cabinet and, calling up his adjutant, ordered certain papers to be brought to him, which referred to the condition of the newly arrived troops, and letters which had been received from Archduke Ferdinand, who was in command of the army of the vanguard. Prince Andréy Bolkónski entered the cabinet of the commander-in-chief with the papers required. Kutúzov and the Austrian member of the Hofkriegsrath were sitting before a plan which was stretched out before them on the table.

“Ah,” said Kutúzov, looking back at Bolkónski, as though inviting the adjutant with this word to wait awhile, and continuing in French the conversation which he had begun.

“All I have to say, general,” said Kutúzov, with an agreeable elegance of expressions and intonations, which caused one to listen to every one of his words, which were all leisurely pronounced, — apparently Kutúzov found pleasure in hearing himself talk, — “all I have to say, general, is that if the matter depended solely on my personal wish, the will of his Majesty, Emperor Francis, would long ago have been done. I should long ago have joined Archduke Ferdinand. And believe my word of honour that for me personally it would be a joy to transfer the higher command of the army to a more capable and a more skilful general, such as Austria abounds in, and to free myself from this heavy responsibility. But circumstances are stronger than we, general.” Kutúzov

smiled with an expression which seemed to say: "You have the full privilege of not believing me, and, really, it makes no difference whatsoever to me whether you do believe me or not, only you have no cause for saying so to me. And that is the main thing."

The Austrian general had a dissatisfied look, but he could not help replying to Kutúzov, in the same tone:

"On the contrary," he said, in a grumbling and angry voice, "on the contrary, the part your Excellency is playing in this affair which we have in common is highly esteemed by his Majesty; but we assume that the present delay is depriving the famous Russian troops and their commanders-in-chief of those laurels which they are in the habit of earning in battles," he finished his phrase which, evidently, had been prepared in advance.

Kutúzov bowed, without changing his smile.

"Basing my conviction on the last letter which I have received from his Highness, Archduke Ferdinand, I assume that the Austrian army, under the generalship of such a skilful leader as is General Mack, must by this time have obtained a decisive victory and is no longer in need of our succour," said Kutúzov.

The general frowned. Although there was no positive news about the defeat of the Austrians, there were many circumstances which only confirmed the general unfavourable reports; for that reason Kutúzov's supposition about the victory of the Austrians very much resembled sarcasm. But Kutúzov smiled a meek smile, with the same expression as before, which seemed to say that he had a right to make such a supposition. Indeed, the last letter which he had received from Mack's army announced a victory and an exceedingly advantageous strategic position of the army.

"Let me have that letter," said Kutúzov, turning to Prince Andréy. "You may see it yourself," said Kutúzov

and, with a scornful smile at the corners of his lips, read in German the following passage from the letter of Archduke Ferdinand to the Austrian general:

“We have absolutely concentrated forces of about seventy thousand men, with which we are able to attack and vanquish the enemy, if he should pass the Lech. Being in possession of Ulm, we cannot lose the advantage of remaining in possession of both shores of the Danube, consequently can cross the Danube at any moment, if the enemy should not pass the Lech, throw ourselves upon his lines of communication, recross the Danube farther below, and at once thwart his purpose if he should direct all his forces against our true allies. Thus we shall courageously wait for the time when the Russian imperial army will be in proper trim, and shall in company find the opportunity of preparing a lot for the enemy, such as he deserves.”

Kutúzov drew a deep sigh when he finished this period, and looked attentively and graciously at the member of the Hofkriegsrath.

“But you know, your Excellency, the wise rule which enjoins us to expect the worst,” said the Austrian general, evidently wishing to make an end of jests and to approach the matter in hand. He involuntarily looked back at the adjutant.

“Pardon me, general,” Kutúzov interrupted him, and himself turned back to look at Prince Andréy. “Take, my dear, from Kozlówski all the reports of our spies. Here are two letters from Count Nostitz, a letter from his Highness, Archduke Ferdinand, and here,” he said, handing him several documents, “are some more. From all of these compose a nice memorandum, in French, which may be used as a reference for all the news received about the actions of the Austrian army. And then present it to his Excellency.”

Prince Andréy bent his head in sign of having under-

stood from the start, not only that which Kutúzov had told him, but also what he intended to tell him. He picked up all the papers and, making a general bow and stepping softly over the carpet, went out into the reception-room.

Though only a short time had passed from the time that Prince Andréy had left Russia, he had changed much during that time. In the expression of his face, in his motions, in his gait, one could hardly notice the former feigning, weariness, and indolence; he had the aspect of a man who had no time to think of the impression which he was producing upon others, and who was busy doing a pleasant and interesting duty. His countenance expressed greater contentment with himself and with those who surrounded him; his smile and glance were happier and more attractive.

Kutúzov, whom he had joined in Poland, received him very kindly, promised not to forget him, distinguished him among his other adjutants, took him along to Vienna, and entrusted more serious missions to him. From Vienna Kutúzov wrote to his old comrade, the father of Prince Andréy:

“Your son gives promise of becoming an unusually fine officer, as evidenced by his occupations, his firmness, and his executive ability. I deem myself fortunate to have such a subordinate at my command.”

In Kutúzov's staff, among his fellow officers, and in the army in general, Prince Andréy had, just as in St. Petersburg society, two diametrically opposite reputations. The minority looked upon Prince Andréy as on something different from themselves and from all other men, expected great things from him, listened to him, took delight in him, and imitated him; with these people Prince Andréy was simple and agreeable. Others again, forming the majority, did not like Prince Andréy, and regarded him as a haughty, cold, and disagreeable man. But Prince

Andréy knew how to bear himself with these people so as to be respected and even feared by them.

Upon reaching the reception-room, Prince Andréy went up with the papers to his comrade, Adjutant Kozlówski, the officer of the day, who was sitting at the window with a book in his hands.

“Well, prince?” asked Kozlówski.

“I am ordered to write a memorandum explaining why we are not advancing.”

“Why?”

Prince Andréy shrugged his shoulders.

“Is there no news from Mack?” asked Kozlówski.

“No.”

“If it were true that he were beaten, we should have the news.”

“Very likely,” said Prince Andréy, and directed his steps toward the outer door; but just then the door was slammed, and there entered, with rapid steps, a tall Austrian general in undress uniform, with a black kerchief wrapped about his head and the decoration of Maria-Theresa about his neck. He was apparently fresh from the road. Prince Andréy stopped.

“Commander-in-chief Kutúzov?” rapidly said the newly arrived general, in a sharp German pronunciation, looking to both sides and, without stopping, walking over to the door of the cabinet.

“The commander-in-chief is busy,” said Kozlówski, swiftly walking over to the strange general and barring his way to the door. “How shall I announce you?”

The strange general contemptuously surveyed the undersized Kozlówski, as though being surprised at anybody’s not knowing him.

“The commander-in-chief is busy,” Kozlówski calmly repeated.

The general frowned, and his lips twitched and quivered. He took out a memorandum-book, rapidly

wrote something down upon it, tore out the page, gave it to the adjutant, with rapid steps walked over to a window, threw the whole weight of his body into a chair, and examined those who were in the room, as though asking them why they were looking at him. Then the general raised his head and stretched his neck, as though getting ready to say something, but immediately, as though beginning carelessly to hum something, produced a strange sound, which he broke off at once. The door of the cabinet was opened, and on the threshold appeared Kutúzov. The general, with his bandaged head, stooped, as though escaping a danger, and with long, rapid steps of his lean legs walked over to Kutúzov.

"*Vous voyez le malheureux Mack,*" he said, in a broken voice.

The face of Kutúzov, who was standing at the door of his cabinet, for a few moments remained entirely motionless. Then a wrinkle passed over his face like a billow, and his brow cleared off; he respectfully bent his head, closed his eyes, silently allowed Mack to pass in, and himself closed the door after him.

The rumour, which had been circulated in regard to the defeat of the Austrians, and the surrender of the whole army at Ulm, proved to be true. Half an hour later adjutants were sent in all directions, which proved that soon the Russian troops, too, which until then had remained in inaction, were to meet the enemy.

Prince Andréy was one of those rare officers on the staff who found their chief interest in the general progress of the military affairs. Upon seeing Mack and hearing the details of his defeat, he understood that half of the campaign was lost, comprehended all the difficulty of the position of the Russian troops, and vividly presented to himself that which was in store for the army, and the part which he was to play in it. He involuntarily felt an agitating feeling of joy at the thought of the disgrace



Capitulation of Ulm
Photographed from Original Engraving by George
Cruikshank

some confusion over, upon it, and he, too, gave it to the general, with rapid steps walked over to a window, under the whole length of his body, and returned, as if he were in the room, as though asking them why they were looking at him. Then the general raised his head and stretched his neck, as though asking them to say something, but immediately, as though beginning to look at him, something, produced a vague sound, which he took off as usual. The door of the cabinet was opened and the maid entered Yuliyev. The general, with his head on his neck, sat up, as though saying to himself, and with long rapid steps of his feet he walked across the room.

"What says the maid?" asked the general in a broken voice.

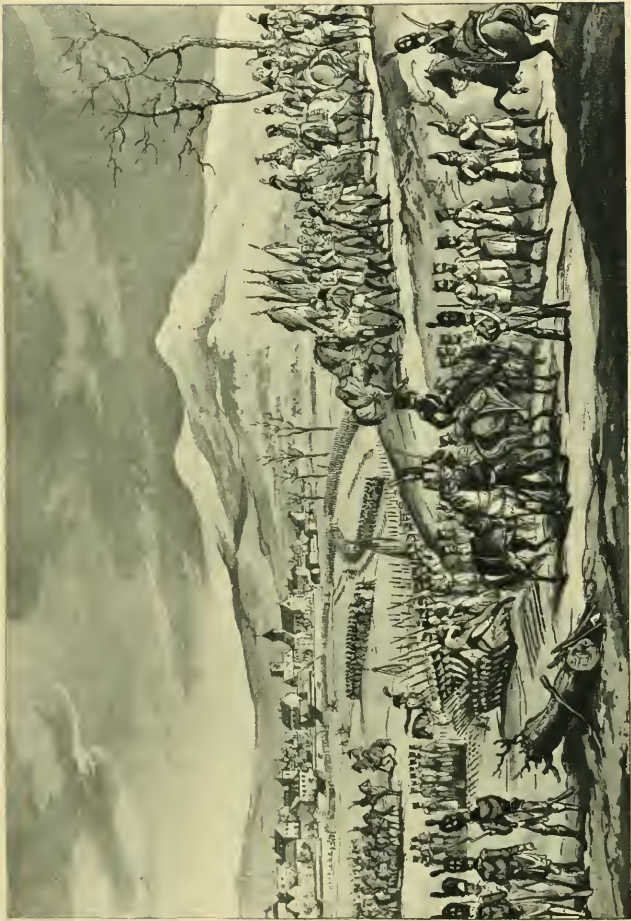
The name of Kozlov, who was standing at the door of his cabinet, for a few moments remained without speaking. Then he slowly passed over his own like a shadow, and his face cleared off, he respectfully bent his head, closed his eyes, slowly allowed Masha to pass on, and himself closed the door after him.

The various reports had been circulated in regard to the doing of the general, and the surprise of the whole army was very prompt to be seen. They all saw that the general was not so as it should be, and they had assumed a certain amount of energy.

Yuliyev, however, was not at all interested in the general, and could have done without in the general progress of the military affairs. When passing Masha and hearing the details of her father, he understood that half of the regiment was lost, comprehended all the difficulty of the position of the general, and vividly perceived in himself that which was in store for the army, and the general was not at all interested in it. He immediately

Capitulation of Ulm

Photogravure from Original Engraving by George Cruikshank



heaped upon self-confident Austria, and that in a week, perhaps, he would take part in and see the conflict of the Russians with the French, the first since the conflict under Suvórov. He was afraid of Napoleon's genius, which might prove stronger than the bravery of the Russian troops, and yet he could not admit disgrace for his hero.

Agitated and irritated by these thoughts, Prince Andréy went into his room to write to his father, with whom he communicated daily. In the corridor he met his roommate Nesvítski and the jester Zhérkov; they were laughing at something, as usual.

"Why are you so gloomy?" asked Nesvítski, upon noticing Prince Andréy's pale face and glistening eyes.

"There is no cause for joy," replied Bolkónski.

Just as Prince Andréy met Nesvítski and Zhérkov, Strauch, an Austrian general attached to Kutúzov's staff for the purpose of watching the proper distribution of the supplies among the Russian army, and a member of the Hofkriegsrath, who had arrived on the previous day, were walking toward them from the opposite end of the corridor. In the broad corridor there was enough room for the generals to pass by the three officers; but Zhérkov, pushing Nesvítski away with his hand, exclaimed out of breath:

"They are coming! They are coming, make a gangway! Step aside, if you please!"

The generals were passing by with the evident desire of being freed from burdensome honours. On the face of jester Zhérkov there was suddenly expressed a stupid smile of joy, as though it were impossible for him to suppress it.

"Your Excellency," he said in German, moving forward and turning to the Austrian general. "I have the honour of congratulating you." He bent his head and began awkwardly to shuffle now with one foot, now with the other, like a child who is learning to dance.

The general who was the member of the Hofkriegsrath glanced sternly at him; but, upon noticing the seriousness of the stupid smile, he could not refuse him a moment of attention. He blinked in sign of listening to him.

"I have the honour of congratulating you upon the arrival of General Mack. He is quite well, only he has a little scratch up here," he added, beaming with a smile and pointing to his head.

The general scowled, turned away, and walked on.

"*Gott, wie naiv*," he said angrily, moving away a few steps.

Nesvítski roared and embraced Prince Andréy, but Bolkónski grew even paler than before, with an angry expression on his face pushed him aside, and turned to Zhérkov. The nervous irritation, which was induced by his sight of Mack, by the news of his situation, and by the thoughts of what was in store for the Russian army, found its vent in his rage against Zhérkov's misplaced joke.

"If you, dear sir," he spoke in a piercing voice, with a slight quiver of his lower jaw, "wish to be a jester, I cannot keep you from it; but I inform you that if you dare a second time to act the clown in my presence, I will teach you how to behave."

Nesvítski and Zhérkov were so much surprised at this sally that they looked at Bolkónski with their eyes wide open and without saying a word.

"Well, I only congratulated them," said Zhérkov.

"I am not jesting with you. Please to shut up!" shouted Bolkónski, and, taking Nesvítski's hand, he walked away from Zhérkov, who was at a loss what to say.

"What is the matter with you, friend?" Nesvítski said, trying to soothe him.

"What is the matter?" said Prince Andréy, stopping

from agitation. "You must understand that either we are officers who serve our Tsar and our fatherland and who rejoice in the common success and sympathize with the common failure, or we are lackeys who have no care for our master's affairs. *Quarante mille hommes massacrés et l'armée de nos alliés détruite, et vous trouvez là le mot pour rire,*" he said, as though this French phrase confirmed his opinion. "*C'est bien pour un garçon de rien comme cet individu dont vous avez fait un ami, mais pas pour vous, pas pour vous.* Urchins only may take delight in such things," said Prince Andréy in Russian, pronouncing this word "urchins" with a French accent, when he noticed that Zhérkov was still within hearing distance. He waited for the ensign to make a reply; but the ensign only turned around and went out of the corridor.

IV.

THE Pavlográdski regiment of hussars was stationed within two leagues from Braunau. The squadron, in which Nikoláy Rostóv was serving as a yunker, was quartered in the German village of Salzeneck. The best lodgings in the village were reserved for the commander of the squadron, Captain Denísov, who was known in the whole division of cavalry under the name of Váska Denísov. Yunker Rostóv had been living with the commander of the squadron ever since he had joined the regiment in Poland.

On the 8th of October, on the very day when at chief quarters everybody was up in excitement at the news of Mack's defeat, the camp life went on as usual at the staff of the squadron. Denísov, who had been playing cards all night long, had not yet returned home, when Rostóv, early in the morning, returned on horseback from the foraging grounds. He was dressed in the uniform of a yunker as he rode up to the porch. He threw down his leg with an agile and youthful gesture, stood for a moment in his stirrup, as though hating to part from his horse, and finally jumped down from his mount and called an orderly.

"O Bondarénko, my dear," he said to the hussar who was rushing headlong to the horse, "take him out for an airing, my dear," he said, with that fraternal and cheerful tenderness which all good young men display when they are happy.

"Yes, your Serenity!"

"Be sure and give him a good airing!"

Another hussar also rushed forward toward the horse, but Bondarénko already held the lines of the snaffle. It was evident that the yunker gave good *pourboires*, and that it was advantageous to serve him. Rostóv stroked the mount's neck and crupper, and stopped on the porch.

"Superb! It will be a fine horse!" he said to himself, and, smiling and holding his sabre, he ran up the porch, clattering with his spurs. The German proprietor, in jerkin and nightcap, looked out of the cow stable, holding a pitchfork with which he had been cleaning out the manure. The German's face suddenly lighted up the moment he saw Rostóv.

He gave a merry smile and winked to him:

"*Schön gut Morgen! schön gut Morgen!*" he repeated, evidently taking delight in greeting the young man.

"*Schon fleissig!*" said Rostóv, with the same cheerful and fraternal smile, which did not leave his animated face. "*Hoch Oesterreicher! Hoch Russen! Kaiser Alexander hoch!*" he turned to the German, repeating the words which his host had so often used.

The German laughed, left the cow stable altogether, pulled off his cap, and, waving it over his head, called out:

"*Und die ganze Welt hoch!*"

Rostóv swung his cap over his head like his host and, laughing, cried:

"*Und vivat die ganze Welt!*"

Though there was no cause for any special rejoicing, either for the German who had cleaned out his stable, or for Rostóv who had taken a detachment out to find hay, both men looked at each other with the enthusiasm of happiness and fraternal love, shook their heads in token of their mutual love, and, smiling, parted from each other; the German went to the stable, and Rostóv to the room which he occupied with Denísov.

"Where is your master?" he asked Lavrúshka, Dení-

sov's lackey, who was known in the whole regiment as a rogue.

"He has not been back since evening. No doubt he must have lost at cards. I know that when he wins, he comes home early to boast; and if he is not at home before morning, it means that they have cleaned him out, and he will come home in a bad humour. Do you want some coffee?"

"Yes, yes."

Ten minutes later Lavrúshka brought the coffee.

"He is coming!" he said, "now there will be trouble."

Rostóv looked out of the window and saw Denísov coming home. Denísov was a small man with a red face, black, glistening eyes, and black, dishevelled moustache and hair. His dolman was unbuttoned; his long, wide pantaloons looked crushed; his cap was crumpled and covered only the back of his head. He looked gloomy and hung his head, as he approached the porch.

"Lavrúshka," he called out, in a loud and angry voice. "Take it off, blockhead!"

"I will take it off anyway," was heard Lavrúshka's voice.

"Ah, you are up already," said Denísov, upon entering the room.

"I have been up quite awhile," said Rostóv. "I have been out for hay, and have seen Fräulein Matilda."

"Oho! But I lost heavily last night, my friend, like a son of a gun," cried Denísov, pronouncing his *r* gutturally. "Such a misfortune! Such a misfortune! It went against me the moment you left. Ho there, tea!"

Denísov frowned, as though smiling, and, showing his short, strong teeth, began with the short fingers of both his hands to bristle up his dishevelled black, thick hair.

"The devil has pushed me to go to that Rat" (that was the nickname given to the officer), he said, rubbing his forehead and face with both his hands. "Imagine, not a

single card, not one, not one card did he give me." Denísov took the lighted pipe handed to him, crushed it in his hand, and, scattering the burning tobacco, struck it against the floor. He continued to cry :

"He would let me take the simples, and then he would beat me on the triples; the simples to me, the triples to him!"

He scattered the fire, broke the pipe, and threw it away. Denísov was silent for awhile and then suddenly looked merrily at Rostóv with his black, shining eyes.

"If there were only some women here! Otherwise there is nothing left here to do but drink! If we only went into action as quickly as possible."

"Oh, who is there?" he turned to the door, upon hearing the arrested steps of heavy boots with the clatter of spurs and a respectful clearing of the throat.

"The sergeant-major!" said Lavrúshka.

Denísov frowned even more than before.

"It is bad," he said, throwing down his purse with a few gold coins in it. "Rostóv, my dear, count it up and see how much there is left of it, and stick the purse under the pillow," he said, going out to the sergeant-major.

Rostóv took the money, and mechanically placing the old and the new gold coins in separate heaps, began to count them.

"Ah, Telyánin! Good morning! They flayed me last night," Denísov's voice was heard from the other room.

"Where? At Bykóv's, the Rat's? I knew it," said another, a thin voice, and immediately there entered into the room Lieutenant Telyánin, a small officer of the same squadron.

Rostóv threw the purse under the pillow and pressed the small, moist hand offered him. Telyánin had just before the expedition for some reason been transferred to them from the Guards. He bore himself very well in the army; but he was not loved, and Rostóv in particular could not

overcome or conceal his groundless loathing for this officer.

"Well, young cavalryman, how does my Raven treat you?" he asked. (Raven was a young riding-horse which Telyánin had sold to Rostóv.) The lieutenant never looked into a person's eyes, when speaking with him; his gaze kept running from one object to another. "I saw you out riding this morning —"

"All right, the horse is a nice one," replied Rostóv, notwithstanding the fact that he was not worth one-half the seven hundred roubles he had given him for the horse. "He is a little lame in his right fore leg," he added.

"The hoof is split! That is nothing. I will teach you and show you how to put on a rivet."

"Do show me, if you please," said Rostóv.

"I will, I will, it is no secret. You will thank me yet for the horse."

"Then I will have the horse brought up," said Rostóv, wishing to free himself from Telyánin. He went out to order the horse brought out.

In the vestibule, Denísov, with a pipe in his mouth, was sitting in a stooping posture on the threshold and listening to the sergeant-major's report. Upon seeing Rostóv, Denísov frowned, and, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb to the room in which Telyánin was sitting, he scowled and gave a shake of disgust.

"Oh, I do not like the fellow," he said, not at all embarrassed by the presence of the sergeant-major.

Rostóv shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say:

"Neither do I, but what is to be done?" and having given his order, he returned to Telyánin.

Telyánin was sitting in the same indolent posture in which Rostóv had left him, rubbing his small white hands.

"There are such disgusting people!" thought Rostóv, as he entered the room.

"Well, have you ordered the horse to be brought

out?" said Telyánin, rising and looking carelessly about him.

"I have."

"Let us go. I just came in to ask Denísov about yesterday's order. Have you received it, Denísov?"

"Not yet. Where are you going?"

"I want to teach the young man how to shoe a horse," said Telyánin.

They went out on the porch and into the stable. The lieutenant showed how a rivet was to be put in and went home.

When Rostóv returned, a bottle of brandy and a sausage were placed upon the table. Denísov was sitting at the table and making a pen squeak over the paper. He gloomily looked at Rostóv's face.

"I am writing to her," he said. He leaned on the table, with the pen in his hand and, apparently happy to have a chance of uttering by word of mouth that which would take him so much longer to write down, gave the contents of the letter to Rostóv. "You see, my friend," he said, "we are asleep as long as we do not love. We are the children of dust — and the moment you fall in love, you are a god, — you are as pure as in the first day of creation — Who is that again? Send him to the devil. I have no time!" he shouted to Lavrúshka, who went up to him without the least sign of timidity.

"Who is it? You yourself ordered him to come. The sergeant-major has come for the money."

Denísov frowned; he wanted to say something and grew silent.

"Bad business," he said to himself. "How much money was there left in the purse?" he asked Rostóv.

"Seven new coins and three old ones."

"Ah, that is bad! Well, what are you standing there for, scarecrow? Bring in the sergeant-major!" Denísov yelled out to Lavrúshka.

"Please, Denísov, take some money from me, — I have it," said Rostóv, blushing.

"I do not like to borrow from friends, I do not like it," grumbled Denísov.

"If you do not take the money from me as a friend, you will insult me. Really, I have some," repeated Rostóv.

"No."

Denísov went up to the bed to get the purse out from underneath the pillow.

"Where did you put it, Rostóv?"

"Under the lower pillow."

"It is not here." Denísov threw both pillows down on the floor. The purse was not there. "That is remarkable."

"Wait, maybe you have dropped it," said Rostóv, picking up the pillows one by one and shaking them. He pulled off the coverlet and shook it. The purse was not there.

"Did I forget it? No, I am sure I was thinking I was putting a treasure under your head," said Rostóv. "I put the purse down here. Where is it?" He turned to Lavrúshka.

"I did not come in. It must be there where you put it."

"It is not —"

"You always throw a thing somewhere, and then you do not know where. Look in your pockets!"

"If I had not been thinking of the treasure, I might have forgotten what I did," said Rostóv, "but I remember distinctly that I put it there."

Lavrúshka rummaged through the whole bed, looked under it, and under the table, turned the whole room upside down, and stopped in the middle of the room. Denísov in silence followed all the movements of Lavrúshka and, when Lavrúshka waved his hands in surprise, saying that it was not anywhere, he looked back at Rostóv.

“Rostóv, you are not jok —”

Being conscious of Denísov's glance, Rostóv raised his eyes and at the same moment lowered them. All his blood, which was repressed somewhere below the throat, suddenly burst into his face and eyes. He was unable to draw breath.

“There was nobody in the room, but the lieutenant and you yourself. It must be here somewhere,” said Lavrúshka.

“You, devil's doll, bestir yourself, find it!” suddenly shouted Denísov, blood-red in his face and rushing up against his lackey with a threatening mien. “Get the purse or I will have you flogged to death! I will have everybody flogged!”

Avoiding Denísov's glance, Rostóv began to button his jacket; he girded his sabre and put on his cap.

“I tell you, I want the purse to be found,” cried Denísov, shaking his orderly by the shoulders and pushing him against the wall.

“Denísov, let him alone! I know who has taken it,” said Rostóv, walking over to the door, with his eyes on the ground.

Denísov stopped, thought awhile, and, evidently comprehending Rostóv's hint, seized his hand.

“Nonsense!” he shouted, so that the veins on his neck and brow swelled like ropes. “I tell you you are crazy, — I will not permit that! The purse is here; I will flay this rascal alive, and the purse will show up!”

“I know who took it,” repeated Rostóv, in a trembling voice, moving toward the door.

“And I tell you that you must not dare to do that,” yelled Denísov, rushing up to the yunker in order to hold him back.

But Rostóv tore his hand away from him and, with such rage as though Denísov were his greatest enemy, directed his eyes straight and firmly at him.

“Do you understand what you say?” he said, in a trembling voice. “There was no one in the room but I. Consequently, if it is not that, then —”

He could not finish the sentence and ran out of the room.

“Oh, the devil take you and everybody else,” were the last words which Rostóv heard.

Rostóv arrived at Telyánin’s lodging.

“The master is not at home, — he has gone to the staff,” Telyánin’s orderly said to him. “Has something happened?” asked the orderly, wondering at the yunker’s disturbed countenance.

“No, nothing.”

“He has just gone,” said the orderly.

The staff was three versts away from Salzeneck. Rostóv did not go to his house, but took the horse, and rode to the staff. In the village occupied by the staff there was an inn which was frequented by the officers. Rostóv went to that inn; at the porch he saw Telyánin’s horse.

In the second room of the inn sat the lieutenant at a dish of sausages and a bottle of wine.

“Ah, young man, you have come here, too,” he said, smiling and raising high his eyebrows.

“Yes,” said Rostóv, as though it cost him great effort to pronounce that word, seating himself at a neighbouring table.

Both were silent; in the room sat two Germans and one Russian officer. All were silent, and one could hear the clatter of knives against the plates and the munching of the lieutenant. When Telyánin had finished his breakfast, he took a double purse out of his pocket, with his thin, white fingers, that were bent upward, moved up the rings, took a gold coin out of it, and, raising his eyebrows, gave the money to the waiter.

“Please be in a hurry,” he said.

It was a new coin. Rostóv got up and walked over to Telyánin.

"Permit me to look at your purse," he said, in a quiet, scarcely audible voice.

With fugitive eyes and lowered brows, Telyánin handed him the purse.

"Yes, it is a nice purse — Yes, yes," he said, suddenly growing pale. "Look at it, young man."

Rostóv took the purse in his hands and looked at it, and at the money which was in it, and at Telyánin. The lieutenant looked all around him, as was his habit, and suddenly, it seemed, grew very cheerful.

"When we are in Vienna, I shall leave everything there, but here, in these nasty, little towns, one cannot get rid of it," he said. "Well, young man, let me have it, and I will go."

Rostóv was silent.

"What are you going to do? Get your breakfast? They feed one well here," continued Telyánin. "Let me have it!"

He stretched out his hand for the purse. Rostóv let it out of his. Telyánin took the purse and was dropping it into the pocket of his riding-trousers. His brows were raised carelessly, and his mouth was slightly open, as though saying: "Yes, yes, I am putting my purse into my pocket, and that is very simple, and it is nobody's business."

"Well, young man," he said, with a sigh, looking underneath his half-raised brows into Rostóv's eyes. A beam of light with the rapidity of an electric spark passed from Telyánin's eyes into those of Rostóv, and back again, and to and fro once more, in one twinkle.

"Come here," said Rostóv, grasping Telyánin's arm. He almost dragged him to the window. "That is Denisov's money, — you took it —" he whispered above his ear.

"What? What? How dare you? What?" muttered Telyánin.

But these words sounded like a pitiful, desperate shriek and a cry that asked forgiveness. The moment Rostóv heard that sound, an immense rock of doubts was rolled off from his heart. He felt joy, and, at the same time, he pitied the unfortunate man who was standing before him; but the matter had to be brought to a conclusion.

"People will think God knows what," muttered Telyánin, seizing his cap and walking toward a small unoccupied room. "I must have you explain —"

"I know it, and I will prove it to you," said Rostóv.

"I —"

Telyánin's frightened and pale face began to quiver in every muscle; the eyes were as fugitive as before; they did not rise to the level of Rostóv's eyes, and sobs could be heard.

"Count, do not ruin a young man! Here is the unfortunate money, — take it!" He threw it on the table. "I have an old father and mother!"

Rostóv took the money, avoiding Telyánin's glance, and, without saying a word, left the room. But he stopped at the door and came back.

"My God," he said, with tears in his eyes, "how could you have done it?"

"Count!" said Telyánin, coming up to the yunker.

"Don't touch me!" muttered Rostóv, stepping back.

"If you are in straits, take the money!"

He flung the purse to him and ran out of the inn.

V.

ON the evening of the same day, an animated conversation was held at Denísov's quarters among the officers of the squadron.

"And I tell you, Rostóv, that you must beg the commander's pardon," a tall staff-captain, with hair streaked gray, immense moustache, large features, and wrinkled face, said to Rostóv, who looked agitated, and whose face was flushed blood-red. Staff-Captain Kírsten had twice been reduced to the rank of soldier for affairs of honour, and twice had risen in rank through merit.

"I permit no one to tell me that I lie!" exclaimed Rostóv. "He told me that I lied, and I told him that it was he who lied. So it will remain. He may send me to day duties and put me under arrest, but nobody can make me beg his pardon, because, if he, as commander of the regiment, does not regard it as improper for him to give me satisfaction, then —"

"Wait, my friend, and listen to me!" the staff-captain interrupted him in his bass voice, calmly stroking his long moustache. "You told the commander of the regiment in the presence of other officers that an officer stole —"

"It is not my fault that the conversation took place in the presence of other officers. Maybe it was not right to speak in their presence, but I am not a diplomatist. That was the very reason why I entered the regiment of hussars: I thought that no diplomacy was needed here, while he tells me that I lie. Let him give me satisfaction —"

"That is all right. Nobody says that you are a coward, but that is a different matter. Ask Denísov whether it is decent for a yunker to ask the commander of the regiment to give him satisfaction."

Denísov, biting his moustache, was listening to the conversation with a gloomy look, apparently not wishing to take part in it. To the staff-captain's remark he shook his head negatively.

"You told the commander of the regiment about this nasty business in the presence of officers," continued the staff-captain, "and Bogdánych" (that was the commander's name) "called you down."

"He did not call me down, but told me that I lied."

"Very well; and you told him a lot of foolish things, and so you have to ask his pardon."

"Never!" cried Rostóv.

"I never expected that from you," the staff-captain said, in a serious and stern voice. "You do not want to ask his pardon, whereas you, my friend, are at fault, not only before him, but before the whole regiment, before all of us. Now, if you had only thought the matter over and taken somebody's advice! Instead, you blurted the whole thing out, and in the presence of officers. What is the commander of the regiment to do now? An officer will have to be court-martialled, and the whole regiment will be disgraced. Is it right to besmirch a whole regiment for the sake of one scoundrel? What do you think about that? In our opinion that is not right. Bogdánych acted right in telling you that you told an untruth. It is disagreeable, but what is to be done? You, my friend, have caused it all yourself. And now that they want to hush up the whole matter, you refuse through some spirit of haughtiness to ask his pardon, and want to tell the whole matter. You feel insulted because you will be put on day duty and because you are to ask the pardon of an old and honest officer. Say of Bogdánych whatever you

please, — he is an honest and brave old colonel, — and you feel insulted by him. Is it nothing to you to besmirch a whole regiment?" The staff-captain's voice began to quiver. "You, my dear, will be but a short time in the regiment: to-day you are here, and to-morrow you will be appointed to some little adjutant's duty, so it makes little difference to you if they say, 'There are thieves among the officers of the Pavlográdski regiment!' But it is not the same to us. Am I right, Denísov? It is not the same to us, is it?"

Denísov still kept silent and did not stir; now and then he glanced at Rostóv with his shining black eyes.

"Your pride is dearer to you, so you will not beg pardon," continued the staff-captain, "but we old men have grown up in the regiment, and, if God grants it, we shall die in the regiment, so the regiment's honour is dear to us, and Bogdánych knows it. Oh, how dear it is to us, my friend! But that is not good, not good! You may be offended by what I say, but I have to tell you the unvarnished truth. It is not good!"

The staff-captain rose and turned away from Rostóv.

"It is so, the deuce take it!" Denísov cried, leaping up. "Well, Rostóv, well?"

Rostóv blushed and grew pale, looking now at one officer and now at another.

"No, gentlemen, no — don't think — I understand very well — you misjudge me — I — for me — for the honour of the regiment — really, I will prove by deeds that to me, too, the honour of the flag — well, all the same, it is so, I am to blame! — What more do you want?"

"That is right, count," the staff-captain exclaimed, turning around and slapping Rostóv's shoulder with his big hand.

"I told you," cried Denísov, "that he was a fine fellow."

"It is better this way, count," repeated the staff-captain, giving him his title, as though in recognition of his confession. "Go and ask his pardon, your Serenity, yes."

"Gentlemen, I will do everything, and nobody shall hear a word from me," Rostóv spoke in an imploring voice, "but I cannot beg his pardon, upon my word I cannot do what you say. How can I beg his pardon like a little child?"

Denísov burst out laughing.

"So much the worse for you. Bogdánych has a long memory, and you will have to pay for your stubbornness," said Kírsen.

"Upon my word, it is not stubbornness! I cannot describe to you what kind of a feeling, — I cannot —"

"Well, as you please," said the staff-captain. "What has become of the scoundrel?" he asked Denísov.

"He pretends to be ill. To-morrow the order of expulsion will be issued," said Denísov.

"It is a disease; it cannot be explained in any other way," said the staff-captain.

"Disease or no disease, — if he gets into my way I will kill him," Denísov exclaimed, in a bloodthirsty voice. Zhérkov entered the room.

"What are you doing here?" the officers suddenly turned to the newcomer.

"It is a march, gentlemen. Mack has surrendered with his whole army."

"Nonsense!"

"I saw him myself."

"What? You saw Mack alive? With his hands and feet?"

"A march! A march! Let him have a bottle for such news. How did you get here?"

"I have been sent back to the army again on account of that devil of a Mack. The Austrian general put in a complaint. I congratulated him on Mack's arrival —"

Rostóv, what is the matter with you? You look as though you were just out from the bath."

"My dear, we have been in a terrible muss up here for two days."

The adjutant of the regiment entered and confirmed the news which had been brought by Zhérkov. The order to march on the following day had arrived.

"It is a march, gentlemen!"

"Thank God, — we have been staying here too long."

VI.

KUTÚZOV retreated toward Vienna, destroying the bridges behind him, on the River Inn (at Braunau) and on the Traun (at Linz). On the 23d of October the Russian troops crossed the River Enns. The Russian baggage train, the artillery, and the columns of the troops during the middle of the day passed through the town of Enns, on both sides of the bridge. It was a warm, rainy autumn day. The extensive perspective, which was revealed from the eminence on which stood the Russian battery defending the bridge, was suddenly veiled by the gauze-like curtain of the slanting rain, or suddenly opened up again, and, in the light of the sun, the objects could be clearly discerned at a great distance, appearing as though covered with lacquer. At the observer's feet could be seen the small town with its white houses and red roofs, its cathedral, and its bridge, on both sides of which the Russian troops were pouring forth in dense masses. At the bend of the Danube were to be seen vessels, and an island, and a castle with its park, surrounded by the waters formed at the confluence of the river Enns with the Danube; there was also visible the rocky and pine-clad left shore of the Danube, with its mysterious vista of green summits and bluish ravines. One could see the towers of a monastery, which rose amidst a wild pine forest that seemed to be of virgin growth; far in the distance, on the mountain, on the other side of the Enns, could be seen the patrols of the enemy.

In front of the ordnance placed on the summit stood

the commander of the rear-guard, a general with an officer of the suite, examining the locality through a glass. A little behind them, Nesvítski, who had been sent by the commander-in-chief to the rear-guard, was sitting on the trail of a gun-carriage. A Cossack, who was accompanying Nesvítski, handed him a wallet and a flask, and Nesvítski treated the officers to small cakes and real DoppelkümmeL. The officers who surrounded him were in a jolly mood, some of them kneeling, while others were sitting, in Turkish fashion, on the wet grass.

"Yes, the Austrian prince that built the palace here was not a fool. It is a fine place. Why do you not eat, gentlemen?" asked Nesvítski.

"Thank you, prince," replied one of the officers, happy to converse with so important an officer of the staff. "It is a beautiful spot. As we passed near the park, we saw two stags, and it is a charming mansion!"

"Look, prince," said another, who was very anxious to take another cake, but who felt embarrassed, and so pretended to be surveying the country around about him, "look, our infantry has got as far as that! Over there, on the meadow, three of them are dragging something. They will clean out this palace," he said, with evident approval.

"That is so," said Nesvítski. "What I should like," he added, munching a patty in his beautiful and moist mouth, "would be to get up there." He pointed to the convent with the towers, which was visible on the mountain. He smiled and blinked, and his eyes began to glisten. "It would be nice, gentlemen!"

The officers laughed.

"If it were only to scare the nuns. They say there are some young Italian women among them. Really, I would gladly give five years of my life for it!"

"They must feel lonely, anyway," said one of the bolder officers, laughing.

In the meantime the officer of the suite, who was standing in the van, was showing the general something; the general was looking through a field-glass.

"That is so, that is so," angrily said the general, dropping his glass and shrugging his shoulders, "that is so, they will attack them at the crossing. Why are they so slow?"

The enemy could be seen with the naked eye on the other side, where from his battery appeared a milk-white smoke. Soon after the smoke there was heard a distant discharge, and our troops could be seen hurrying to cross.

Nesvitski, puffing, rose and, smiling, walked over to the general. "Would not your Excellency like to take a bite?" he said.

"It is a bad business," said the general, without answering him. "Our soldiers are too late."

"Had I not better ride down to them, your Excellency?" asked Nesvitski.

"Yes, if you please," said the general, repeating that which had been ordered in detail before, "and tell the hussars to be the last to cross the bridge, which they are to burn, as I have ordered. Let them examine well the inflammable stuff on the bridge."

"All right," replied Nesvitski.

He called the Cossack with the horse, ordered him to put away the wallet and the flask, and with his heavy body vaulted nimbly to the saddle.

"Really, I will call on the nuns," he said to the officers, who were looking at him with a smile. He rode down the hill along a meandering path.

"Well, captain, see how far it will carry!" said the general, turning to an artillerist. "While away your time by a little shooting."

"The crew to their guns!" ordered the officer, and in a minute's time the artillerists came running up from their camp-fires, and the guns were loaded.

“One!” was heard the command.

Number one briskly leaped forth. The gun produced a metallic din, and over the heads of all our soldiers at the foot of the hill a grenade, whistling, flew and, long before reaching the enemy, by its smoke indicated the spot where it fell and burst.

The faces of the soldiers and officers grew cheerful at this sound; all arose and occupied themselves with watching the movements of our troops down below, which were as visible as though they took place in the palm of one's hand, and with watching the movements of the approaching enemy in front of them. The sun just then entirely came out from behind a cloud, and that beautiful sound of the single report and the splendour of the bright sun blended in one bracing and cheerful impression.

VII.

Two hostile shells flew over the bridge, and the bridge was jammed. In the middle, Prince Nesvítski, having dismounted, stood pressing with his fat body against the balustrade. He was laughing and looking back at his Cossack, who, holding two horses by their lines, was standing a few steps behind him. The moment Prince Nesvítski tried to move forward, the soldiers and wagons again began to press on him and again jammed him against the balustrade, and there was nothing left for him to do but smile.

“Look there, my friend!” the Cossack was saying to a soldier of the baggage, who was driving a cart and pressing hard on the infantry that were crowding against the wheels and the horses. “What a fellow you are! Can’t you wait? Let the general pass by.”

But the soldier of the baggage, paying no attention to the title of general, called out to the soldiers who were barring his way :

“Oh, countrymen, keep to the left! Stop!”

But the countrymen, pressing shoulder to shoulder, catching in each other’s bayonets, and without stopping, moved over the bridge in one solid mass.

Looking down over the balustrade, Prince Nesvítski saw the swift, turbulent, low billows of the Enns, which, blending, rippling, and bending at the piles of the bridge, hastened one after the other. He looked at the bridge and saw similar living billows of soldiers, tassels, covered shakos, knapsacks, bayonets, long rifles, and, under the shakos, faces with broad cheek-bones, sunken cheeks, and

careless and wearied expressions, and feet moving in the sticky mud which was carried on the boards of the bridge. Now and then an officer, in his mantle and with his physiognomy differing from that of the soldiers, pushed his way through the uniform waves of the soldiers, like a burst of white foam in the waters of the Enns; now and then a hussar on foot, an orderly, or a citizen was carried down the bridge by the waves of the infantry, like a chip borne down the river; occasionally an officer's or a company cart, laden to the top and covered with skins, swam down the bridge, surrounded on all sides, like a log which is carried down the river.

"I declare, they are coming down as though a dam had given way," said the Cossack, stopping in despair. "How many more are there of you?"

"A million less one!" said, blinking, a merry soldier in a torn overcoat, passing by and immediately disappearing. After him came another, an old soldier.

"When *he* (the enemy) starts to warm up the bridge," gloomily said the old soldier, turning to his companion, "you will forget how to scratch yourself."

The soldier passed by. After him another soldier in a cart came by.

"Where the deuce did you stick in the foot-rags?" said an officer's servant, running after the cart and rummaging in the back of it. And he and the cart passed by, too.

Then there came merry soldiers who, apparently, had had something to drink.

"As he, the dear man, cracked him in his teeth with the butt —" cheerfully said one of the soldiers, with his coat pulled out over his belt, and broadly swinging his arms.

"That's it: it is sweet ham!" replied another, roaring.

And they passed, and Nesvítski never found out who was knocked in his teeth and what the ham had to do with it.

"How they are scrambling! Because *he* has given us a cold shot, they think that everybody will be killed," an under-officer said, angrily and reproachfully.

"As the ball flew past me, uncle," said a young soldier, with an enormous mouth, with difficulty repressing a laugh, "I could not draw my breath. Truly, upon my word, I was so frightened!" said this soldier, as though bragging of having been frightened.

He, too, passed. Then there followed a cart, which did not resemble any of those that had gone before. It was a German two-horse wagon that seemed to be loaded with the contents of a whole house; back of the wagon, which was led by a German, was tied a beautiful dappled cow with an enormous udder. On a feather bed sat a woman with a suckling babe, an old woman, and a young, ruby-faced, healthy girl, all of them Germans. Apparently special permission had been granted these migrating inhabitants to cross the bridge. The eyes of all the soldiers were turned to these women, and so long as the wagon passed by, moving step after step, all the remarks of the soldiers had reference to the two women. On all the faces there was almost the same smile expressive of indecent thoughts in regard to them.

"That big sausage is getting out of the way, too!"

"Sell me the little mother," said another soldier, addressing the German, who, lowering his eyes, was striding along with an angry and frightened expression.

"How she is dressed up! The devils!"

"Fedótov, how would you like to be quartered upon them?"

"I have seen such before, my friend!"

"Where are you going?" asked an officer of the infantry, who was eating an apple, with a half-smile and looking at the pretty girl. The German closed his eyes, showing that he did not understand him. "If you want it, take it," said the officer, giving his apple to the girl.

The girl smiled, and took the apple. Nesvítski, like the rest of the people on the bridge, did not take his eyes off the women, as long as they were in sight. When they had passed by, there came again the same soldiers, with the same talk, until finally all stopped. As frequently happens, the horses in a company cart became unruly as they reached the end of the bridge, and the whole mass had to wait.

"What are they stopping for? There is no order?" said the soldiers. "Where are you pushing? The devil! No such a thing for him as waiting. It will be worse than that when *he* warms up the bridge. See how they have jammed in the officer," were the remarks made on all sides by the arrested mass who, looking at each other, were all the time pressing forward to the end of the bridge.

Looking over the bridge on the water of the Enns, Nesvítski suddenly heard a new sound of something large approaching and splashing in the water.

"So that's what *he* is after!" sternly said a soldier, who was standing near, as he looked around in the direction of the sound.

"*He* is encouraging us to cross as quickly as possible," another said, restlessly.

The crowd again began to move. Nesvítski understood that it was a shell.

"Oh, Cossack, let me have my horse!" he said. "You there, step aside! Let me pass!"

He reached his horse with great difficulty. He moved on, shouting all the time. The soldiers jammed each other to make way for him, and again pressed so hard upon him that they almost crushed his leg, but those who were nearest to him were not to blame, for they were worse pressed from the other side.

"Nesvítski! Nesvítski! Is it your mug?" was just then heard a hoarse voice behind him.

Nesvítski looked back and saw, about fifteen paces

behind him, separated from him by a living mass of moving infantry, red-faced, black-haired, dishevelled Váska Denísov, with his cap poised on the back of his head, and his dolman dashingly thrown over his shoulder.

"Tell those devils to let you pass," cried Denísov, who evidently had an access of fury, rolling his jet-black eyes with their inflamed whites, and swinging his sheathed sabre, which he held in his bare little hand that was as red as his face.

"O Vása!" cheerfully replied Nesvítski. "What are you doing there?"

"The squadron cannot pass," cried Váska Denísov, angrily displaying his white teeth, spurring his beautiful black charger, a thoroughbred Arabian steed, which kept pricking his ears at the bayonets against which he was striking, snorting, scattering foam through his bit, clanking his shoes against the boards of the bridge, and seemed to be ready at any moment to take the balustrade, if the rider would only permit him to do so.

"What is that? Just like sheep, precisely like sheep! Get away! Gangway! Stand there, devil of a cart! I will cut you to pieces with the sabre!" he cried, actually unsheathing his sabre and beginning to swing it.

The soldiers, looking frightened, pressed against each other, and Denísov joined Nesvítski.

"How is it you are not drunk to-day?" Nesvítski said to Denísov, when he had caught up.

"They won't even give a man a chance to drink!" replied Váska Denísov. "They are dragging the regiment all day long, now in one direction, and now in another. If it is to be fight, let it be! But this is the devil knows what."

"How dandyish you look to-day!" said Nesvítski, looking at his new dolman and housing.

Denísov smiled, and, taking a perfumed handkerchief out of his sabretasche, put it under Nesvítski's nose.

“Can’t, — am going into action: have shaved myself, cleaned my teeth, and perfumed myself.”

Nesvítski’s imposing figure, accompanied by a Cossack, and Denisov’s determination, as he swung his sabre and cried in a desperate voice, had the effect of opening a way for them, so that they, stopping the infantry, reached the other end of the bridge. Nesvítski found there the colonel, for whom he had some orders, and, having accomplished his mission, he rode back.

Having cleared the way, Denisov stopped at the entrance of the bridge. Nonchalantly holding back his stallion, which was trying to join its company and was pawing the ground, he watched the squadron as it was approaching him. Over the boards of the bridge could be heard the metallic sound of horseshoes, as though several horses were galloping, and the squadron, with its officers in the van, stretched out, four wide, along the bridge, and began to cross to the other side.

The soldiers of the infantry, whose progress had been stopped, and who were crowding in the sticky mud at the entrance, were looking at the clean, foppish hussars, passing by them in stately array, with that peculiar, malevolent feeling of strangeness and scorn, with which the different branches of the army generally meet.

“They are dressed up fellows! Take them out to the Podnovínskoe Avenue!”

“What good is there in them? They are only for show!” said another.

“Infantry, don’t make so much dust!” jested a hussar, whose frisky horse spirted some mud on an infantryman.

“If you had to make two marches with your knapsack, your cords would not look so new,” said the foot-soldier, wiping off the mud with his sleeve. “It is a bird that is sitting on that horse, and not a man!”

“That’s it, Zíkin, you would cut a fine figure if you were put on that horse,” a corporal jested with a lean

little soldier who was stooping under the weight of his knapsack.

“Take a club between your legs, and that will be your horse,” said a hussar.

VIII.

THE remaining infantry hurriedly crossed the bridge, crowding in a funnel shape at the entrance. Finally all the carts got across, the pressure was relieved, and the last battalion entered on the bridge. Only the hussars of Denisov's squadron were left on the other side of the bridge, facing the enemy. The enemy, who could be seen far away from the hill on the opposite side, was not yet visible below, at the bridge, because in the ravine, through which the river flowed, the horizon was cut off by the elevation on the other side, which was not more than half a verst distant. In front there was a desert, over which groups of our mounted Cossacks were stirring.

Suddenly troops in blue capotes and artillery appeared on the opposite eminence of the road. Those were the French. The Cossack patrol galloped away to the hill.

All the officers and men of Denisov's squadron tried to speak of indifferent things, and kept looking aside; but they kept thinking of that which was going on up there, on the hill, and looking at the spots which appeared on the horizon and which they recognized as being the enemy's troops.

The weather cleared up after noon, and the sun descended brightly over the Danube and the dark mountains which surrounded it. It was quiet, and from the opposite mountain now and then were borne the sounds of horns and of the enemy's shouts. Between the squadrons and the enemy there was no one but some small patrols. An empty space, about two thousand feet in

width, separated them from the enemy. The French had stopped shooting, and therefore they felt so much the more palpably the austere, threatening, inaccessible, and intangible line, which separates two inimical armies.

One step beyond this line, which recalls a line that separates the living from the dead, and there are suffering and death. And what is there, who is there, there, beyond this field, and this tree, and the roof illuminated by the sun? Nobody knows, and yet one would like to know; it is terrible to cross that line, and yet one would like to cross it, and you know that sooner or later you will have to cross it and to find out what is there, on the other side of the line, just as it is unavoidable to find out what is there, beyond death. And yet you are strong, healthy, happy, and irritated, and you are surrounded by just such healthy men who are animated to the point of irritation.

Everybody feels this way, even if he does not think so, when he is in sight of the enemy, and this feeling adds a special splendour and a pleasurable exuberance of impressions to everything that takes place at such moments.

On the eminence occupied by the enemy there appeared the smoke of a gun discharge, and a ball, whistling, flew over the heads of the squadron of hussars. The officers, who were standing together, took up their respective posts. The hussars carefully aligned their horses. Everything grew silent in the squadron. Everybody looked up to the enemy on the eminence and to the commander of the squadron, waiting for the word of command. There flew by a second and a third ball. It was evident that the hussars were the enemy's target; but the ball, whistling in an even and rapid manner, flew over the heads of the hussars and lodged somewhere behind them. The hussars did not look back, but at every sound of a flying shell the whole squadron, with its faces alike, and yet varied, holding its breath all the

time the shell was flying, as though by command rose in the stirrups and again sank down. The soldiers did not turn their heads, but glanced askance at each other, curious to discover the impression produced on their neighbours. On every face, from Denísov to the bugler, there appeared about the lips and the chin one common trait of struggle, irritation, and agitation. The sergeant-major scowled, surveying the soldiers, as though threatening them with punishment. Yunker Mirónov bowed at every flight of a projectile. Rostóv, who stood on the left flank on his footsore but nevertheless stately Raven, had the happy aspect of a pupil who is called out to answer questions before a large public at an examination, in which he is sure he can distinguish himself. He clearly and distinctly eyed everybody, as though asking them to take note of his calm attitude under fire, but even in his face there appeared about his mouth, against his will, the same feature of something new and forbidding.

“Who is bowing there? Yunker Mirónov! It is not good! Look at me!” cried Denísov, who could not stick to one place and kept circling on his horse in front of the squadron.

Váska Denísov's snub-nosed and black-haired face, and his whole undersized, reckless figure, with his venous hand, with the short, hirsute fingers of which he was holding the sword-hilt of his unsheathed sabre, were just such as they always were, especially toward evening, after he had drunk two bottles. But he was redder than usual, and throwing back his shaggy head, as birds do when they drink, and pitilessly pressing his spurs into the sides of his good Arabian steed with his little feet, he, as though falling back, raced to the other flank of the squadron, and in a hoarse voice shouted to the hussars to examine their pistols. He rode up to Kírsten. The staff-captain, riding on a broad-backed, slow-pacing mare,

was slowly riding up to meet Denísov. The staff-captain, with his long moustache, was serious as always, but his eyes glistened more than ever.

"It is useless," said he to Denísov, "it will not come to an encounter. You will see, we shall fall back."

"The devil knows what they are doing!" grumbled Denísov. "Ah, Rostóv!" he shouted to the yunker, noticing his happy face. "You have lived to see it!" He smiled an approving smile, apparently being glad for the yunker.

Rostóv felt completely happy. Just then the commander appeared on the bridge. Denísov galloped over to him.

"Your Excellency, let us attack them! I shall overthrow them."

"What attack are you talking about?" said the commander, in a weary voice, frowning, as though from a pestering fly. "And what are you standing here for? The skirmishers are retreating, don't you see? Take the squadron back."

The squadron crossed the bridge and passed beyond the range of the projectiles without having lost a man. Soon the other squadron which was in the cordon came across, and the last Cossacks cleared the other side.

The two squadrons of the Pavlográdski regiment, upon reaching this side, one after another ascended the hill. The commander of the regiment, Karl Bogdánych Schubert, rode up to Denísov's squadron. He rode at a walk, near Rostóv, without paying the least attention to him, although this was the first time they had met after their conflict on account of Telyáuin. Rostóv, who in the ranks felt himself to be in the power of the man, before whom he now felt himself to be guilty, did not take his eyes off the athletic back and the blond head and the red neck of the commander of the regiment. Now it seemed to Rostóv that Bogdánych only pretended to be inattentive,

and that his whole purpose lay in testing the yunker's bravery, and so he straightened himself up and looked cheerfully about him; now again it seemed to him that Bogdánych purposely rode near him to show him his own bravery. Now he thought that his personal enemy would purposely send his squadron to the attack, in order to punish him, Rostóv. Now again he thought that after the attack the commander would come up to him and magnanimously give him, the wounded yunker, his hand, in sign of forgiveness.

Zhérkov's figure, with its raised shoulders, so familiar to the Pavlográdski officers (he had lately left their regiment), rode up to the commander of the regiment. After his expulsion from the staff, Zhérkov did not remain in the regiment, saying that he was not such a fool as to undergo hardships at the front, when he could get more rewards on the staff, doing nothing, but managed to get a position as orderly under Prince Bagration. He now came to his former superior with orders from the commander of the rear-guard.

"Colonel," he said, with his gloomy seriousness, turning to Rostóv's enemy and surveying his comrades, "the order is to stop and burn the bridge."

"Who is the order?" the colonel asked, angrily.

"I don't know *who is the order*," the ensign replied, in a serious voice, "only the prince told me: 'Go and tell the colonel that the hussars should come back at once and burn the bridge.'"

Soon after Zhérkov, an officer of the suite rode up to the colonel of hussars and repeated the same order. Immediately after the officer of the suite, stout Nesvítski galloped up at full speed upon a Cossack horse.

"Colonel, how is that?" he shouted while at full speed, "I told you to burn the bridge, and now somebody has made a botch of it; they are all crazy there, — you can't make out a thing."

The colonel leisurely stopped the regiment and turned to Nesvítski.

"You told me about the inflammable material," he said, "but you did not say anything about burning it."

"But, my dear," said Nesvítski, stopping, and taking off his cap, and with his plump hand adjusting his hair, which was wet with perspiration, "how is it I did not tell you about burning the bridge, when the inflammable stuff has been put there?"

"I am no 'dear' to you, Mr. Officer of the staff, and you said nothing to me about burning! I know what service is, and it is my habit strictly to execute orders. You said that the bridge would be burned, but I could not tell by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost who was going to burn it —"

"It is always this way," said Nesvítski, waving his hand. "Why are you here?" he turned to Zhérvov.

"For the same reason as you. You are a little waterlogged, — let me squeeze you out."

"You said, Mr. Officer of the staff," continued the colonel, in an offended voice —

"Colonel," the officer of the suite interrupted him, "you must be in a hurry, or else the enemy will move up the ordnance within reach of canister-shot."

The colonel silently looked at the officer of the suite and at Zhérvov, and frowned.

"I will burn the bridge," he said, in a solemn tone of voice, as though wishing to say that, in spite of all the disagreeable things told him, he would do what was right.

Striking his horse with his long, muscular legs, as though it were to be blamed for everything, the colonel rode out and ordered the second squadron, the one in which Rostóv served under Denísov, to turn back to the bridge.

"That's it," thought Rostóv, "he wants to try me!" His

heart was compressed, and the blood rushed to his face. "He will see whether I am a coward," he thought.

Again on all the merry faces of the soldiers of the squadron there appeared that serious feature which they displayed at the time that they were under fire. Rostóv riveted his eyes upon his enemy, the commander of the regiment, trying to discover in his face the confirmation of his guesses; the colonel did not once look at Rostóv, but had, as usually at the head of his regiment, a stern and solemn aspect. The word of command was given.

"Lively! Lively!" several voices said near him. Entangling their sabres in the lines, clattering with their spurs, and hastening, the hussars dismounted, not knowing themselves what they were going to do. The hussars made the signs of the cross. Rostóv was no longer looking at the commander of the regiment, — he had no time. He was afraid — his heart sank from fear — lest he should fall behind the hussars. His hand trembled as he handed the horse to the keeper of the horse, and he was conscious of his blood welling in his heart. Denísov, leaning back on his horse and shouting, passed by him. Rostóv saw nothing but the scurrying hussars, catching in their spurs and clanking with their sabres.

"The stretcher!" cried somebody from behind. Rostóv did not stop to think what the meaning of asking for the litter was; he ran, having no other thought than that of being in the van; but at the bridge he forgot to look under his feet, and stepped into the sticky mud, whereupon he stumbled and fell upon his hands. Others outran him.

"On both sides, captain," he heard the voice of the commander of the regiment, who had ridden up and was sitting on his horse near the bridge, having a solemn and merry expression on his face.

Wiping his dirty hands on his pantaloons, Rostóv looked back at his enemy and started to run ahead, thinking that

the farther he went the better. But Bogdánych, without looking at Rostóv or recognizing him, cried:

"Who is running there in the middle of the bridge? To the right! Yunker, back!" he shouted, angrily, turning to Denísov, who, with a display of bravado, rode out on the planks of the bridge.

"What is the use risking your life, captain? You had better dismount," said the colonel.

"Well, the shell will fetch him whom it has to fetch," replied Váska Denísov, turning around on his saddle.

Meanwhile Nesvítski, Zhérkov, and the officer of the suite were standing together, out of range of the shots, looking now at the small group of men, in yellow shakos, dark green, cord-embroidered jackets, and blue riding-trousers, who were swarming at the bridge, and now at the blue capotes approaching on the other side, and at the groups about horses, which could be easily recognized as ordnance.

"Will they burn the bridge, or not? Who will be there first? Will they run up and set the fire to the bridge, or will the French get within range of canister-shot and kill them all?"

Such were the questions which, with sinking heart, each person of that large number of the troops standing above the bridge was asking himself. In the bright evening light they all looked at the bridge and at the hussars, and on the other side at the moving blue capotes with their bayonets and ordnance.

"Oh, the hussars will catch it!" said Nesvítski. "They are not farther away than the range of canister-shot."

"It was useless for him to take up such a large number of men," said the officer of the suite.

"That is so," said Nesvítski. "It would have been sufficient to send two brave fellows up there."

"Ah, your Serenity," interposed Zhérkov, without taking

his eyes off the hussars, but still in that naïve manner of his, when it was impossible to guess whether he was in earnest or not. "Ah, your Serenity! How wrongly you judge! If two men were sent there, who would give us the decoration of Vladímir with the ribbon? But now, even if the squadron is beaten, there will be a chance for presenting the men for decoration, and he who makes the presentation will get one, too. Our Bogdánych knows what is what!"

"Well," said the officer of the suite, "that is a canister-shot!"

He pointed to the French ordnance, which were taken off their limbers. On the French side there appeared a cloud of smoke among the groups where the guns stood; then a second, a third, almost simultaneously, and just as the first shot reached its destination, a fourth was heard. Then two sounds followed together, and then a third.

"Oh, oh!" sighed Nesvítski, as though from a burning pain, grasping the hand of the officer of the suite. "See there, one has dropped! He has fallen!"

"Two, it seems!"

"If I were an emperor, I should never wage war," said Nesvítski, turning his face away.

The French guns were quickly loaded once more. The infantry in the blue capotes moved rapidly toward the bridge. Again there appeared little whiffs of smoke, but at varying intervals, and the canister-shot clicked and crackled on the bridge. But this time Nesvítski was unable to see what was taking place on the bridge. A dense smoke rose from it. The hussars had succeeded in setting it on fire, and the French batteries no longer shot at them in order to prevent them from accomplishing their work, but simply because the guns had been trained and there was something to shoot at.

The French managed to discharge three canister-shots before the hussars returned to the keepers of the horses.

Two of these discharges missed their aim, and the canister-shot was carried too far, but the last struck in the middle of a group of hussars and knocked three men down.

Rostóv, who was busy reflecting on his relations with Bogdánych, stopped on the bridge, not knowing what to do. There was no one to slash (and it was in slashing that he imagined battle to consist); he was unable to help in burning the bridge, because he had not taken with him the straw-sack, as the other soldiers had done. He stood looking on all sides, when there was a crackling sound on the bridge, as though from scattered nuts, and one of the hussars, the one that stood nearest to him, with a groan fell to the ground. Rostóv ran up to him, together with the rest. Again some one cried, "The stretcher!" Four men picked up the wounded hussar.

"Oh, oh, oh! Leave me here, for Christ's sake," cried the wounded man; but he was raised up and put on the stretcher. Nikoláy Rostóv turned his face away, and, as though looking for something, began to gaze into the distance, at the waters of the Danube, at the sky, at the sun. How beautiful, how blue, how calm and deep the sky seemed to be! How bright and solemn the setting sun was! How gently the water gleamed in the distant Danube! And better still were the mountains in the blue distance beyond the Danube, and the monastery, the mysterious clefts, the pine forests shrouded to their tops in a mist — there was quiet, happiness —

"I should wish for nothing, for nothing, if only I were there," thought Rostóv. "Within me and in this sun there is so much happiness, and here — groans, suffering, and this indeterminateness, this hurry — Again they are crying, and again they are running back somewhere, and I am running with them, and there it is, there it is, death, above me, around me — One moment, and I shall not see this sun, this water, this cleft —"

Just then the sun was covered by clouds; in front of

Rostóv appeared another stretcher. And the terror of death and of the stretcher, and the love of the sun and of life, — all blended into one morbid, agitating impression.

“O Lord! Thou who art there in heaven, save me, forgive me, and defend me!” Rostóv whispered to himself.

The hussars rushed up to the keepers of the horses; the voices grew louder and calmer; the stretchers disappeared from view.

“Well, my friend, have you smelled powder?” Vása Denísov shouted in his very ear.

“All is ended, but I am a coward, yes, a coward,” thought Rostóv, and, heaving a deep sigh, he took from the keeper of his horse the footsore Raven, and began to mount.

“What was it, a canister-shot?” he asked Denísov.

“I should say it was!” exclaimed Denísov. “They did a fine piece of work! It was a bad business! An attack is a pleasant job; you slash from the shoulder, but the devil knows what this is: they hit you as though you were a target.”

Denísov rode off to a group which was formed near Rostóv, and which consisted of the commander of the regiment, Nesvítski, Zhérkov, and the officer of the suite.

“It seems, nobody has noticed it,” Rostóv thought.

Indeed, nobody had noticed anything, because everybody was familiar with the feeling which the yunker, who had never been in action, experienced for the first time.

“Now, there will be a fine report,” said Zhérkov, “and I may be advanced to the rank of sub-lieutenant.”

“Report to the prince that I have burned the bridge,” the colonel said, solemnly and merrily.

“And if he should ask about the losses?”

“A mere trifle!” the colonel said, in a bass voice.

“Two hussars wounded, and one *stone-dead*,” he said, with apparent pleasure, being unable to repress a happy smile as he melodiously pronounced the pretty word, “stone-dead.”

IX.

PURSUED by a French army of one hundred thousand men under the leadership of Bonaparte; encountering the hostility of the inhabitants; no longer trusting to its allies; experiencing a lack of provision, and compelled to act outside all foreseen conditions of war, the Russian army of thirty-five thousand men, under the leadership of Kutúzov, hastily retreated down the Danube, stopping there where it was overtaken by the enemy, and defending itself by rear-guard actions only to the extent of being able to retreat without losing the baggage. There had been engagements at Lambach, at Amstetten, and at Melck; but, in spite of the bravery and the stubbornness of the Russians, which the enemy conceded to them, the only result of these actions was to make them retreat much more rapidly. The Austrian troops, which had escaped captivity at Ulm and had joined Kutúzov at Braunau, now separated from the Russian army, and Kutúzov was abandoned to his own feeble and exhausted forces. There could be no thought of defending Vienna. Instead of an offensive war, which had been profoundly planned according to the laws of the new science of strategy, and the plan of which had been communicated to Kutúzov during his sojourn in Vienna by the Austrian Hofkriegsrath, — the only, almost inaccessible, aim which now presented itself to Kutúzov was not to lose the army as Mack had lost his at Ulm, and to unite with the troops that were coming from Russia.

On October 28th Kutúzov crossed with his army on the left bank of the Danube, and for the first time

stopped, having placed the Danube between him and the main forces of the French. On the 30th he attacked the division of Mortier, which was on the left bank of the river, and vanquished it. In this engagement trophies were taken for the first time; they consisted in a standard, in ordnance, and two generals. After a retreat of two weeks, the Russian troops now stopped for the first time and, after the battle, not only held their ground, but drove the French off. Although the troops were ill-provided with clothing, exhausted, and diminished by one-third through losses in stragglers, wounded, killed, and sick; although sick and wounded soldiers were left on the other side of the Danube with a letter from Kutúzov, recommending them to the humanity of the enemy; although the large hospitals and houses in Krems, changed into lazarettos, could no longer hold all the sick and all the wounded, the stop at Krems and the victory over Mortier considerably raised the spirits of the army. Among all the troops and in the chief quarters most joyful, though unjust, rumours were abroad about the proximity of new columns from Russia, about some victory obtained by the Austrians, and about the retreat of frightened Bonaparte.

Prince Andréy had during the battle been with the Austrian General Schmidt, who was killed in that action. His horse was wounded under him, and he himself received a scratch by a bullet. As a token of the special favour of the commander-in-chief, he was sent with the news of this victory to the Austrian court, which no longer was at Vienna, which was threatened by the French troops, but at Brünn. Prince Andréy, agitated, but not tired (in spite of his seemingly weak constitution, he could endure physical fatigue much better than the strongest men), rode, in the night of the battle, with a report from Dókhurov to Kutúzov at Krems, and was that very night despatched as a courier to Brünn. This

courier duty not only meant the reception of rewards, but also signified an important step toward promotion.

The night was dark and starlit; the road lay black through the white snow which had fallen on the eve of the day of the battle. Reviewing the impressions of the battle just passed, joyfully imagining the impression which he would produce by the news of the victory, recalling the Godspeed given him by the commander-in-chief and his companions, Prince Andréy raced in a post-chaise, experiencing the feeling of a man who has been waiting long and who finally reaches the beginning of his desired happiness. The moment he closed his eyes, the discharges of the Russian rifles and cannon resounded in his ears, blending with the rumble of the wheels and the impression of the victory. Now he imagined that the Russians were flying and that he himself was killed; but he immediately awoke, happy to discover that there had been nothing of the kind and that, on the contrary, it was the French who had fled. And he again recalled all the details of the victory, of his calm bravery during the battle, and, being calmed down, he again fell asleep—

After the dark, starlit night there broke a clear, cheerful morning. The snow melted in the sun, the horses galloped rapidly, and to the right and to the left there passed new, variegated forests, fields, and villages.

At one of the stations he fell in with a convoy of wounded Russians. The Russian officer, who was in charge of the convoy, was stretched out in the front cart, cursing a soldier in a loud voice. Six or more pale, bandaged, and dirty wounded soldiers were jolted in each of the long German wagons. Some of them talked (he could hear their Russian conversation); others ate bread; the more seriously wounded glanced in silence with a meek and sickly, childish curiosity at the courier rushing past them.

Prince Andréy had his post-chaise stopped and asked a soldier in what action they had been wounded.

"Two days ago at the Danube," replied the soldier.

Prince Andréy took out his purse and gave the soldier three gold coins.

"For all of you," he added, turning to the officer who came up to him. "Get well, boys," he turned to the soldiers, "there is work ahead."

"Mr. Adjutant, what is the news?" asked the officer, apparently wishing to enter into a conversation.

"Good news! Forward!" he shouted to the driver and raced ahead.

It was quite dark when Prince Andréy entered Brünn and saw himself surrounded by tall houses, by lights in the shops, in the windows of the houses, and in the street-lamps, by beautiful carriages rattling along the pavement, and by all that atmosphere of a large, animated city, which is always so attractive to a military man after the life of a camp. Prince Andréy, in spite of his rapid travelling and the sleepless night, felt himself even more animated than the day before, now that he was driving up to the palace. His eyes only glistened with a feverish glow, and his thoughts changed with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. He again saw vividly all the details of the battle, no longer dimly, but definitely, in a concise recapitulation, such as in his imagination he was making to Emperor Francis. He vividly thought of the incidental questions that might be put to him, and of the answers which he would give. He supposed that he would be at once introduced to the emperor. But at the large entrance to the palace an official came running out to him and, upon recognizing him as a courier, took him to the next entrance.

"Take the door to the right in the corridor; there *Euer Hochgeboren* will find the aid-de-camp of the day," the official said to him. "He will bring you to the minister of war."

Upon meeting Prince Andréy, the aid-de-camp of the day asked him to wait, and himself went to see the minister of war. Five minutes later the aid-de-camp returned and, bowing extremely politely and allowing Andréy to pass before him, led him through the corridor into a cabinet where the minister of war was busy. The aid-de-camp seemed with his excessive politeness to be putting a barrier against any attempt the Russian adjutant should try to make at familiarity. Prince Andréy's joyous sensation considerably weakened as he approached the door of the minister of war. He felt himself offended, and the feeling of insult imperceptibly to him at once passed into a feeling of groundless contempt. His inventive mind immediately presented to him the point of view from which he had a right to despise both the adjutant and the minister of war.

"No doubt they will consider it an easy matter to obtain victories, not having smelled any powder!" he thought.

His eyes kept blinking contemptuously; he entered the cabinet of the minister of war in an exceedingly slow manner. This feeling was increased when he saw the minister of war, who was sitting at a large table and for two minutes paid no attention to the newcomer. The minister lowered his bald head, with gray tufts over his temples, between two wax candles and read some papers, marking them with a pencil. He was still reading, without raising his head, when the door opened and steps were heard.

"Take this and send it on," the minister of war said to his adjutant, handing him the papers and still paying no attention to the courier.

Prince Andréy felt that of all matters that occupied the minister of war, the engagements of Kutúzov's army interested him least of all, or else he thought he must make the Russian courier feel that way. "But it is all

the same to me," he thought. The minister of war pushed away the other papers, put them smoothly together, and raised his head. He had an intelligent head, expressive of much character; but just as he turned to Andréy, the minister's intelligent and firm expression of face changed, apparently by a habitual and conscious effort: on his countenance there appeared a stupid, feigned smile, not concealing the simulation, such a smile as is to be seen in a man who receives one after another a large number of petitioners.

"From Field-Marshal Kutúzov?" he asked. "I hope, good news! Was there an engagement with Mortier? A victory? It is time!"

He took the despatch which was in his name, and began to read it with a sad expression.

"Ah, my God! My God! Schmidt!" he said, in German. "What a misfortune, what a misfortune!"

Having run through the despatch, he put it on the table and glanced at Prince Andréy, apparently considering something.

"Ah, what a misfortune! You say it was a decisive engagement? But Mortier was not taken." (He thought awhile.) "I am very glad that you have brought good news, though Schmidt's death is a costly price for the victory. His Majesty, no doubt, will want to see you, but not to-day. I thank you! Take a rest! Be on hand after the parade! However, I will let you know."

The stupid smile, which had disappeared during his conversation, again came out on the face of the minister of war.

"Good-bye! Thank you very much. The emperor, no doubt, will want to see you," he repeated, inclining his head.

When Prince Andréy left the palace, he felt that all the interest and happiness which the victory had given him had now left him and were in the indifferent

hands of the minister of war and of the polite adjutant. His whole turn of mind was momentarily changed: the battle appeared to him as a long passed, remote recollection.

X.

PRINCE ANDRÉY stopped in Brünn with his acquaintance, the Russian diplomatist, Bilíbin.

"Ah, dear prince! No pleasanter guest could there be," said Bilíbin, coming out to meet Prince Andréy. "Franz, take the prince's things into my sleeping-room!" he turned to the servant who had brought Bolkónski in. "Well, are you a messenger of a victory? Very well. But I am ill, as you see."

Having washed and dressed himself, Prince Andréy came to the luxurious cabinet of the diplomatist and sat down to a dinner prepared especially for him. Bilíbin seated himself comfortably at the fireplace.

After his journey and after the whole campaign, during which he had been deprived of all the comforts of cleanliness and the luxuries of life, Prince Andréy now experienced the pleasurable sensation of rest, amidst those luxurious conditions of life to which he had been accustomed since childhood. Besides, after the Austrian reception it gave him pleasure to speak, not in Russian (they conversed in French), but with a Russian who, so he supposed, shared the common Russian contempt for the Austrians, which now was especially acute.

Bilíbin was a man of about thirty-five years, a bachelor, who belonged to the same circle as Prince Andréy. They had known each other in St. Petersburg, but became more closely acquainted during Prince Andréy's last stay in Vienna with Kutúzov. As Prince Andréy was a young man who promised to go far in his military career, so Bilíbin, even to a greater extent, gave promise of advanc-

ing in his diplomatic career. He was a young man, but no longer a young diplomatist, for he had begun to serve with his sixteenth year; he had been in Paris and in Copenhagen, and now occupied in Vienna a very important post. The chancellor and our ambassador in Vienna knew him and esteemed him. He was not of that large number of diplomatists who must have only negative qualities, must avoid doing certain things, and must speak French in order to be very good diplomatists; he was one of those diplomatists who love to work and know how to work, and, notwithstanding his indolence, he sometimes passed whole nights at his writing-desk. He worked equally well, whatever his work consisted in. He was not interested in the question "why?" but in the question "how?" It did not make much difference to him what the diplomatic business he had to attend to was,—he found his greatest delight in cleverly, pointedly, and elegantly composing a circular, memorandum, or report. Bilíbin was esteemed not only for his deserts in his reports, but also for his ability to move and converse in the higher spheres.

Bilíbin was as fond of a conversation as he was of work, but only when the conversation could be elegant and clever. In society he always waited for an opportunity to say something remarkable and never entered into a conversation except under these conditions. Bilíbin's conversation was always replete with original, ingenious, polished sentences, which had a common interest. These phrases were prepared in Bilíbin's inner laboratory, purposely of a portable nature, so that insignificant society people might be able conveniently to remember them and carry them from drawing-room to drawing-room. And really, *les mots de Bilibine se colportaient dans les salons de Vienne*, and frequently had an influence on so-called important affairs.

His lean, haggard, yellow face was all covered with

large wrinkles, which always seemed to be as carefully washed as the finger-tips are after a bath. The movement of these wrinkles formed the chief play of his physiognomy. Now his brow was furrowed by broad wrinkles and his brows were raised; now his brows drooped, and large wrinkles appeared on his cheeks. His deeply set, small eyes always looked straight and merrily at one.

"Now tell me your exploits."

Bolkónski, in the most modest manner, without mentioning himself once, told about the engagement and about his reception at the minister's.

"Ils m'ont reçu avec ma nouvelle comme un chien dans un jeu de quilles," he concluded.

Bilibin smiled and smoothed out the wrinkles of his skin.

"Cependant, mon cher," he said, examining his nails from a distance and wrinkling his skin above his left eye, *"malgré la haute estime que je professe pour l' Orthodox Russian army, j'avoue que votre victoire n'est pas des plus victorieuses."*

He continued speaking in French, pronouncing only such words in Russian as he wished contemptuously to underline. "With all your mass you came down on one division of unfortunate Mortier, and Mortier escaped from your hands! Where is the victory?"

"Still, to be serious," replied Prince Andréy, "we can say without boasting that that is a little better than at Ulm —"

"Why did you not capture one, at least one marshal?"

"Because things are not done as they are planned, and not with the same regularity as at a parade. We had proposed, as I already told you, to get in their rear by seven o'clock in the morning, but did not get there until five in the evening."

"Why did you not get there at seven in the morning? You ought to have got there by seven in the morning," Bilibin said, smiling, "you ought to!"

“Why did you not impress Bonaparte through diplomacy that it is better for him to leave Genoa?” Prince Andréy said to him, in the same tone.

“I know,” Bilíbin interrupted him, “you think that it is very easy to capture marshals, sitting on a sofa before a fireplace. That is so, but again, why did you not capture him? You must not wonder if not only the minister of war, but even the Most August Emperor and King Francis is not over happy with this victory; nor do I, the unfortunate secretary of the Russian embassy, feel the least necessity, in token of this joy, of giving my Franz a thaler and permission to go with his *Liebchen* to the Prater — That’s so, there is no Prater here.”

He looked straight at Prince Andréy and suddenly smoothed out the wrinkled skin on his forehead.

“Now it is my turn to ask you ‘why,’ my dear,” said Bolkónski. “I must confess I do not understand, — there may be here some diplomatic subtilty which is above my weak comprehension, — but I do not understand: Mack loses a whole army, Archduke Ferdinand and Archduke Karl give no signs of life and make one blunder after another, and finally Kutúzov gains a real victory, destroys the French spell, and the minister of war is not even interested in finding out the details.”

“It is precisely that, my dear. *Voyez vous, mon cher!* Hurrah for the Tsar, for Russia, for the faith! *Tout ça est bel et bon*, but what business have we — I mean the Austrian court — with your victories? You bring us your nice little news about a victory gained by Archduke Karl or Ferdinand, — *un archiduc vaut l’autre*, as you must know, — be it even over a company of Bonaparte’s fire brigade, and that would be a different matter, — we would give a salvo. But this looks as though done on purpose and can only vex us. Archduke Karl is doing nothing; Archduke Ferdinand is covering himself with disgrace. You abandon Vienna and do not defend it,

comme si vous nous disiez: 'God is with us, and God help you and your capital!' The one general whom we all loved, Schmidt, you place in the path of a bullet, and then you congratulate us upon our victory! Confess that it is impossible to concoct anything more annoying than the news which you bring us. *C'est comme un fait expres*. Besides, even if you gain a brilliant victory, even if Archduke Karl should gain a victory, what difference would that make in the general course of events? It is too late now, since Vienna is occupied by the French troops."

"How do you mean occupied? Is Vienna occupied?"

"Not only occupied, but Bonaparte is at Schönbrunn, and the count, our dear Count Vrbna, goes to him to receive his orders."

Under the influence of his fatigue and the impression produced by the journey and the reception, and especially under the influence of the dinner, Bolkónski felt that he did not understand the whole meaning of the words which he heard.

"This morning Count Lichtenfels was here," continued Bilbin, "and he showed me a letter which gave the details of the French parade at Vienna. *Le Prince Murat et tout le tremblement* — You see that our victory is not very encouraging, and that you cannot be received as a saviour —"

"Really, it is all the same to me!" said Prince Andréy, beginning to comprehend that his news about the battle at Krems had really little value, in view of such events as the occupation of the capital of Austria. "But how was Vienna taken? And the bridge and the famous *tête du pont*, and Prince Auersperg? There were rumours with us that Prince Auersperg was defending Vienna," he said.

"Prince Auersperg is stationed on this side, our side, and is defending us, — I think he is defending us very badly, but still he is defending us. Vienna is on the other side.

No, the bridge is not yet taken, and I hope may not be, because it is mined, and the order has been given to blow it up. If it were not for that, we should long ago have been in the mountains of Bohemia, and you with your army would have passed a bad fifteen minutes between two fires."

"But that does not mean that the campaign is ended," said Prince Andréy.

"I think it is. And thus, I think, reason our big night-caps, but they dare not say so. As I told you in the beginning of the campaign, it will not be your *échauffourée de Durenstein*, not the powder in general that will decide the matter, but those who have invented it," said Bilíbin, repeating one of his pretty sayings, smoothing the skin on his brow, and stopping for awhile. "The only question is what the Berlin meeting of Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia will say. If Prussia enters into an alliance *on forcera la main à l'Autriche*, and there will be war. If not, the question will be to agree on a place in which to compose the preliminary articles of a new Campo Formio."

"What unusual genius!" suddenly exclaimed Prince Andréy, compressing his small hand and striking the table with it. "What luck that man has!"

"Buonaparte?" Bilíbin said, with an interrogative intonation, and a frown, by which he gave to understand that a *mot* was forthcoming. "Buonaparte?" he said, with special emphasis on the *u*. "I think that now that he is prescribing laws to Austria from Schönbrunn, *il faut lui faire grâce de l'u*. I positively make an innovation and call him Bonaparte *tout court*."

"No, joking aside," said Prince Andréy, "do you really think that the campaign is ended?"

"What I think is this: Austria has been fooled, and she is not used to that, so she will pay back. She is fooled, in the first place, because the provinces are ruined

(*on dit l' Orthodox est terrible pour le pillage*), the army is destroyed, the capital taken, and all that *pour les beaux yeux du Sardinian Majesty*. And, therefore, — *entre nous, mon cher*, — I have a presentiment that we are being deceived, I have a presentiment that there are relations with France and projects of a peace, of a secret peace separately concluded."

"That is impossible!" said Prince Andréy. "That would be too base."

"*Qui vivra verra*," said Bilíbin, again smoothing out his skin, in sign of having finished his discourse.

When Prince Andréy came to the room which was prepared for him, and in a clean night-dress lay down on a feather bed and perfumed and warmed pillows, he felt that the battle, of which he brought the news, was far, far removed from him. The alliance with Prussia, the treason of Austria, Bonaparte's new triumph, the appearance at parade, and the reception accorded him by Emperor Francis on the following day interested him. He closed his eyes, but that very moment there again resounded in his ears the cannonade, the fusilade, the rattle of the carriage wheels, and again the musketeers, stretched out in a long line, descended from the mountain, and the French fired, and he felt his heart tremble, and he rode out by the side of Schmidt, and the bullets merrily whistled on all sides, and he experienced that sensation of greatly intensified joy of life, such as he had not experienced since childhood. He awoke —

"Yes, all that has happened!" he said, smiling a happy childish smile, and again falling asleep in a sound, youthful sleep.

XI.

ON the following day he awoke late. He brought back the recollections of the past, and recalled, first of all, that he was on that day to be presented to the emperor; then he recalled the minister of war, the officious Austrian aid-de-camp, and Bilíbin, and the conversation of the previous evening. He dressed himself in full parade uniform, which he had not had on for a long time, to be ready for his drive to the palace, and, looking refreshed, animated, and handsome, entered Bilíbin's cabinet. In the cabinet there were four gentlemen of the diplomatic corps. Bolkónski was acquainted with Prince Ippolít Kurágin, who was secretary of the legation; Bilíbin introduced him to the others.

The gentlemen who visited Bilíbin were rich, jolly young men of the world, who in Vienna and here formed a separate circle, called "ours," *les nôtres*, by Bilíbin, who was its head. This circle, which consisted almost exclusively of diplomatists, apparently had interests of its own that had nothing in common with war and politics: these interests were centred in high life, in relations with certain women, and in the chancery side of their service. These gentlemen evidently were glad to receive Prince Andréy into their circle as one of their own, an honour which they bestowed on but few persons. To be polite, and to start a conversation, a few questions were put to him in regard to the army and the battle, and the conversation soon broke up in inconsequent merry sallies and haphazard criticisms.

"But the best thing is," said one, telling of the failure

of a fellow diplomatist, "the best thing is that the chancellor told him that his appointment to London was a promotion, and that he should look upon it in that light. Do you see his figure at these words?"

"But the worst thing is, gentlemen, that I must denounce this Kurágin: the man is in misfortune, and this Don Juan, this terrible man, profits by his misfortune!"

Prince Ippolít was lying in an easy chair, with his leg over the arm. He laughed.

"*Parlez-moi de ça!*" he said.

"Oh! Don Juan! Oh, serpent!" were heard two or three voices.

"You do not know, Bolkónski," Bilíbin turned to Prince Andréy, "that all the terrors of the French army (I came very near saying of the Russian army) are nothing in comparison with that which this man has done among the women."

"*La femme est la compagne de l'homme,*" said Prince Ippolít, looking through his eye-glasses at his uplifted legs.

Bilíbin and "ours" burst out laughing, looking into Ippolít's eyes. Prince Andréy saw that this Ippolít, of whom, it must be confessed, he was jealous as regards his wife, was the fool of that society.

"Really, I must treat you to Kurágin," Bilíbin softly said to Bolkónski. "He is charming when he talks about politics; you must see his importance."

He sat down by Ippolít's side and, gathering his wrinkles on his brow, began to talk with him about politics. Prince Andréy and the others surrounded them.

"*Le cabinet de Berlin ne peut pas exprimer un sentiment d'alliance,*" began Ippolít, casting an important glance upon all, "*sans exprimer — comme dans sa dernière note — vous comprenez — vous comprenez — et puis si sa Majesté l'Empereur ne déroge pas au principe de notre alliance —*

"*Attendez, je n'ai pas fini,*" he said to Prince Andréy,

grasping his hand. "*Je suppose que l'intervention sera plus forte que la non-intervention. Et —*"

He was silent for awhile.

"*On ne pourra pas imputer à la fin de non-recevoir notre dépêche du 28 novembre. Voilà comment tout cela finira.*"

He dropped Bolkónski's hand, to indicate that now he was entirely through.

"*Demosthènes, je te reconnais au caillou que tu as caché dans ta bouche d'or!*" said Bilíbin, whose head of hair seemed to move about from the pleasure which he was experiencing.

All burst out laughing. Ippolít laughed louder than the rest. He was evidently suffering and choking, but could not hold back his wild laughter, which stretched his ever immovable face.

"Listen, gentlemen," said Bilíbin. "Bolkónski is my guest in the house and here, in Brünn, and I want to treat him as much as I can to all the pleasures of life. If we were in Vienna, it would be an easy matter; but here, *dans ce vilain trou morave*, it is more difficult, and I beg all of you to aid me. *Il faut lui faire les honneurs de Brünn.* You take the theatre, and I will take society; you, Ippolít, naturally will take the women."

"We ought to show him Amélie, she is charming!" said one of "ours," kissing his finger-tips.

"We must all of us together direct this bloodthirsty soldier to more pacific sights," said Bilíbin.

"I shall hardly have a chance of making use of your hospitality, gentlemen, and now it is time for me to go," said Bolkónski, looking at his watch.

"Where?"

"To the emperor."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Well, good-bye, Bolkónski! Good-bye, prince! Come to dinner as early as possible," they said. "We take you into our hands."

“Try to praise up as much as possible the order in furnishing the supplies and designating the routes, when you speak with the emperor,” said Bilíbin, as he took Bolkónski to the antechamber.

“I should like to praise them up, but, so far as I know them, I am unable to do so,” Bolkónski replied, smiling.

“Well, talk as much as possible. His passion is to give audiences, but, as you will see, he does not like to talk himself, nor does he know how.”

XII.

WHEN Emperor Francis came out, he cast a fixed glance at Prince Andréy, who was standing in his appointed place between the Austrian officers, and nodded to him with his long head. But after the exit, the officious aid-de-camp of the previous day informed Bolkónski of the emperor's desire to give him an audience. Emperor Francis received him standing in the middle of the room. Before beginning the conversation, Prince Andréy was struck by the fact that the emperor seemed to be confused, not knowing what to say, and that he blushed.

"Tell me when the battle began," he said to him, hurriedly.

Prince Andréy made a reply. 'After that question followed others, of the same simple contents: "Is Kutúzov well? How long is it since he left Krems?" and so forth. The emperor spoke with an expression as though his only aim was to make a given number of questions. It was evident that he could not be interested in the answers to these questions.

"At what hour did the battle begin?" asked the emperor.

"I cannot inform your Majesty at what hour the battle began at the front, but at Dürenstein, where I was, the army began the attack at six o'clock in the evening," said Bolkónski, becoming animated, and supposing that this gave him an opportunity of giving a true description of what he knew and of what he had seen, just as he had

properly thought out the whole matter. But the emperor smiled and interrupted him.

“How many leagues is it?”

“From where to where, your Majesty?”

“From Dürrenstein to Krems.”

“Three leagues and a half, your Majesty.”

“Have the French departed from the left bank?”

“The spies have reported that the last crossed in the night on rafts.”

“Is there enough forage in Krems?”

“The forage has not been furnished in the quantity —”

The emperor interrupted him.

“At what hour was General Schmidt killed?”

“At seven o'clock, I think.”

“At seven o'clock. It is very sad!”

The emperor told him that he was thankful to him and bowed. Prince Andréy went out and immediately was on all sides surrounded by courtiers. Kind eyes looked at him from all sides, and he heard kind words. The adjutant of the day before reproached him for not having stopped in the palace, and offered him his house. The minister of war went up to him, congratulating him upon receiving the decoration of Maria-Theresa of the third degree, which the emperor had conferred upon him. The chamberlain of the empress invited him to her Majesty. The archduchess, too, wanted to see him. He did not know to whom to reply, and for a few moments was collecting his thoughts. The Russian ambassador took him by his shoulder, led him to the window, and began to speak with him.

In spite of Bilíbin's words, the news which he brought was joyfully received. Order was given to celebrate a *Te Deum*. Kutúzov was rewarded with the grand cross of Maria-Theresa, and the whole army, too, received rewards. Bolkónski was invited on all sides, and had to call all the morning on the high dignitaries of Austria.

It was after four o'clock in the evening when Bolkónski finished all his visits, and on his way home to Bilíbin's he mentally composed a letter to his father, giving the details of the battle and of his journey to Brünn. Near the porch of the house occupied by Bilíbin there stood a half-loaded vehicle, and Franz, Bilíbin's servant, came out of the door, with difficulty dragging a portmanteau to the vehicle.

Before going to Bilíbin's, Prince Andréy had gone to a bookstore to provide himself with books for the expedition, and had stayed quite awhile there.

"What is the matter?" asked Bolkónski.

"*Ach, Erlaucht!*" said Franz, with difficulty throwing the portmanteau into the vehicle. "*Wir ziehen noch weiter. Der Bösewicht ist schon wieder hinter uns her!*"

"What is the matter? What?" asked Prince Andréy.

Bilíbin came out to meet Bolkónski. There was agitation in Bilíbin's ever calm countenance.

"*Non, non, avouez que c'est charmant,*" he said, "*cette histoire du pont de Thabor* (a bridge in Vienna). *Ils l'ont passé sans coup férir.*"

Prince Andréy did not understand what he was saying.

"Where have you been that you do not know what all the coachmen in town know?"

"I was at the archduchess's. I heard nothing of it there."

"Did you not see that people are packing everywhere?"

"I did not. But what is it all about?" impatiently asked Prince Andréy.

"What is it? The French have crossed the bridge, which Auersperg was defending, and the bridge was not blown up, so that Murat is racing on the road to Brünn, and in a day or two he will be here."

"Here? How is it they did not blow up the bridge, since it was mined?"

"That is what I want to know. Nobody knows that, not even Bonaparte."

Bolkónski shrugged his shoulders.

"But if the bridge has been crossed, the army is certainly lost: it will be cut off," he said.

"That is precisely where the trouble is," replied Bilíbin. "Listen! So the French entered Vienna, as I told you before. Very well. On the following day, that is, yesterday, the Marshals Murat, Lannes, and Belliard mounted their horses and went to the bridge. (Notice that all three of them are Gascons.) 'Gentlemen,' said one of them, 'you know that the Tabor Bridge is mined and countermined, and that in front of it are the dangerous *tête du pont* and fifteen thousand soldiers who have been commanded to blow up the bridge and not let us through. But it will please our Emperor Napoleon to see us take the bridge. Let us three ride up and take it!' 'Come!' said the others; and they went and captured the bridge, crossed it, and now are with their whole army on this side of the Danube, advancing against us, against you and your communications."

"Stop jesting!" Prince Andréy said, sadly and seriously.

The news both grieved Prince Andréy and gave him pleasure. The moment he knew that the Russian army was in such a hopeless situation, it occurred to him that he might be instrumental in leading the Russian army out of this situation, that here was his Toulon that would take him out of the series of unknown officers and would open for him the road to glory! As he was listening to Bilíbin, he reflected how, upon coming back to the army, he would at the council of war give an opinion that would save the army, and how the execution of that plan would be entrusted to him alone.

"Stop jesting," he said.

"I am not jesting," continued Bilíbin, "for nothing is

truer and sadder. These gentlemen arrived all alone on the bridge and raised their white handkerchiefs; they said that it was a truce and that they, the marshals, were on their way to a conference with Prince Auersperg. The officer of the day admitted them to the *tête du pont*. They told him a thousand Gascon impossibilities; they said that the war was ended, that Emperor Francis had appointed a meeting with Bonaparte, that they wished to see Prince Auersperg, and so forth, — a thousand gasconades. The officer sent for Auersperg; these gentlemen embraced the officers, jested, sat down on the cannon, while in the meantime a French battalion unnoticed by any one went upon the bridge, threw the bags with the inflammable stuff down into the water, and went up to the *tête du pont*. Finally the lieutenant-general himself, our dear Prince Auersperg von Mautern, made his appearance.

“‘Dear enemy! Flower of the Austrian army, hero of the Turkish wars! The enmity is at an end, we can press each other’s hands — Emperor Napoleon is burning with the desire to meet Prince Auersperg.’

“In short, these gentlemen, who are not Gascons for nothing, kept heaping nice words on Auersperg, and he was so charmed by his intimacy with the French marshals, which was so quickly established, and so blinded by the sight of Murat’s mantle and ostrich feathers, *qu’il n’y voit que du feu, et oublie celui qu’il devait faire, faire sur l’ennemi.*” (In spite of the vivacity with which he spoke, Bilibin did not forget to stop a moment as he uttered this *mot*, in order to give Prince Andréy a chance to appreciate it.) “The French battalion ran up to the *tête du pont*, spiked the guns, and the bridge was taken.

“But what is best of all,” he continued, calming himself in his agitation by the charm of his own recital, “is that the sergeant who was to give the signal with the cannon to fire the mines and blow up the bridge was on

the point of firing when Lannes turned his hand away. The sergeant, who apparently had more sense than the general, ran up to Auersperg and said: 'Prince, you are deceived! Here are the French!' Murat saw that the game was lost if the sergeant had an opportunity to speak, so he—a true Gascon—turned to Auersperg with feigned surprise: 'I do not recognize the much-vaunted Austrian discipline,' he said, 'and do you thus permit the lower ranks to speak with you?'

"*C'est genial. Le Prince d'Auersperg se pique d'honneur et fait mettre le sergent aux arrêts. Non, mais avouez que c'est charmant toute cette histoire du pont de Thabor. Ce n'est ni bêtise, ni lâcheté —*"

"*C'est trahison peut-être,*" said Prince Andréy, vividly imagining the gray overcoats, the wounds, the smoke of the gunpowder, the sounds of the fusilade, and the glory which awaited him.

"*Non plus. Cela met la cour dans de drap de trop mauvais draps,*" continued Bilbin. "*Ce n'est ni trahison, ni lâcheté, ni bêtise; c'est comme à Ulm —*" He seemed to stop, as though trying to find the expression. "*C'est — c'est du Mack. Nous sommes mackés,*" he concluded, feeling that he had said a *mot*, and a fresh *mot* at that, one which would be repeated. The wrinkles which had gathered on his brow rapidly disappeared in sign of his pleasure, and, smiling slightly, he began to examine his nails.

"Where are you going?" he said, suddenly turning to Prince Andréy, who had got up and was walking toward his room.

"I shall depart."

"Whither?"

"To the army."

"But you wanted to stay two days here."

"I shall go at once."

Prince Andréy gave his orders about the journey, and went to his room.

"Do you know, my dear," said Bilíbin, entering his room, "I have been thinking of you. Why are you going?"

In proof of the irrefutableness of his argument, the wrinkles disappeared from his face.

Prince Andréy looked interrogatively at his interlocutor, without making any reply.

"Why are you going? I know: you think that it is your duty to race now to the army, because the army is in danger. I understand that, *mon cher, c'est de l'héroïsme.*"

"Not at all," said Prince Andréy.

"But you are *un philosophe*; be a good one, and look at things from another side, and you will see that it is, on the contrary, your duty to save yourself. Leave to others, who are not good for anything else — You have not been commanded to return, and you have not yet been dismissed from here, consequently you may stay and travel with us, whither our unfortunate fate will take us. They say that they will go to Olmütz, and Olmütz is a charming town. You will calmly travel with me in my vehicle."

"Stop your jests, Bilíbin!" said Bolkónski.

"I am talking sincerely and amicably to you. Think it over! Where will you go now, and for what purpose, when you can stay here? One of two things is in store for you" (the skin over his left temple became wrinkled), "either you will not reach the army, and peace will be established, or there will be defeat and shame with the whole of Kutúzov's army."

Bilíbin again smoothed out his skin, feeling that his dilemma was incontrovertible.

"I am not able to judge as to that," coldly said Prince Andréy, thinking all the while that he was going back to save the army.

"*Mon cher, vous êtes un héros!*" said Bilíbin.

XIII.

AFTER taking leave of the minister of war, Bolkónski that same night started back to the army, without knowing where he would find it, and dreading lest he should be captured by the French on his way to Krems.

In Brünn all the people of the court were packing, and the baggage had already been started on the way to Olmütz. Near Eetzelsdorf, Prince Andréy reached the road over which the Russian army was moving in the greatest haste and disorder. The road was so clogged by carts that it was impossible to make one's way through them in a carriage. Taking a horse and a Cossack from the chief of the Cossacks, Prince Andréy, hungry and weary, made his way through the baggage-train and rode away to find the commander-in-chief and his cart. As he travelled along, the most ominous reports about the position of the army reached his ears, and the aspect of the army flying in disorder confirmed these rumours.

"*Cette armée russe que l'or de l'Angleterre a transportée des extrémités de l'univers, nous allons lui faire éprouver le même sort (le sort de l'armée d'Ulm),*" he recalled the words of Bonaparte's address to his army before the beginning of the campaign, and these words roused in him a feeling of admiration for his sagacious hero, a sentiment of offended pride, and the hope of glory.

"But suppose there is nothing left but to die," he thought. "Well, if it has to be! I will do that no worse than anybody else."

Prince Andréy looked with contempt at all this tangle of commands, carts, parks, artillery, and again carts, carts,

carts, and carts of all possible descriptions, rushing past each other, and, to the depth of three or four rows, clogging the muddy road. On all sides, behind and in front, as far as the ear could hear, there resounded the sounds of the wheels, the creaking of carts and gun-carriages, the tramp of horses, the clicking of whips, the shouts to the horses, the curses of soldiers, orderlies, and officers. At the edges of the road could be constantly seen dead horses, some of them flayed, others not, broken carts, near which sat single soldiers waiting for something, or soldiers who had strayed from their commands and who in groups went to the neighbouring villages, or returned from them, dragging along chickens, sheep, hay, or bags filled with something. At up-hill and down-hill grades the crowds became denser, and there was an uninterrupted din of noises. The soldiers, sinking to their knees in the mud, aided and put their shoulders to the ordnance and the carts. The whips cracked, the hoofs slipped, the traces broke, and the breasts of men were torn with shouting. The officers in charge of the march kept riding to and fro through the train. Their voices were barely audible amidst the deafening roar, and one could see by their faces that they had lost all hope of ever reëstablishing order.

"*Voilà le cher Orthodox army,*" thought Bolkónski, recalling Bilíbin's words.

He rode up to the train, wishing to ask one of the men where the commander-in-chief was. Toward him there was driven a strange one-horse vehicle, apparently constructed by the soldiers from rough material at hand, which represented something intermediate between a cart, a cabriolet, and a calash.

The coachman of this carriage was a soldier, and under a leather top sat, covered with a boot, a woman who was all wrapped in kerchiefs. Prince Andréy rode up to the carriage and was on the point of addressing his question to a soldier, when his attention was attracted by the des-

perate cries of the woman who was sitting in the vehicle. An officer in charge of the train was beating the soldier who was acting as coachman of that carriage because he was trying to get past the others, and the strokes of the officer's whip fell upon the boot. The woman was crying in a piercing voice. Upon noticing Prince Andréy, she stuck her head out from underneath the boot, and, waving her lean arms from underneath the blanket, she cried :

"Adjutant! Mr. Adjutant! For God's sake — defend me — What will happen? — I am the wife of the surgeon of the seventh of chasseurs — they will not let me through, we have fallen behind, have lost our people —"

"I will smash you into a pancake! Turn back!" the furious officer cried to the soldier. "Turn back with your slut!"

"Mr. Adjutant, protect me! What is it?" cried the surgeon's wife.

"Please let this vehicle pass. Do you not see that it is a woman?" said Prince Andréy, riding up to the officer.

The officer glanced at him, and, without making a reply, again turned to the soldier :

"I will show you how to get past — Back!"

"Let them through, I tell you!" Prince Andréy repeated, compressing his lips.

"Who are you, anyway?" the officer suddenly turned to him in drunken rage. "Who are you? Are you a commander, or what? Here I am commander, and not you. Back there, I say," he repeated, "or I will smash you into a pancake!" Apparently the officer had taken a liking for that phrase.

"You have given the little adjutant a fine lesson," was heard a voice behind them.

Prince Andréy saw that the officer was in that drunken fit of groundless fury, when people do not remember what

they say. He saw that his attempt at succouring the surgeon's wife in the vehicle was full of that which he most feared in the world and which is called *le ridicule*, but his instinct told him something quite different. The officer had not yet finished his last words when Prince Andréy, with his face disfigured through rage, rode up to him, and, raising his Cossack whip, said :

“ You — will — let — them — pass ! ”

The officer waved his hand, and rode off.

“ The whole disorder is caused by these men from the staff,” he grumbled. “ Do as you wish.”

Prince Andréy, without raising his eyes, hastened to ride away from the wife of the surgeon, who called him her saviour, and, in disgust recalling the minutest details of this humiliating scene, galloped away to the village where, so he was told, the commander-in-chief could be found.

Upon arriving at the village, he dismounted from his horse and went to the first house he saw, for the purpose of resting for a moment, of eating something, and of bringing order into all the thoughts which offended and vexed him.

“ It is a gang of scoundrels, and not an army,” he thought, as he was walking over to the window of the first house, when a familiar voice called him by name.

He looked back. Nesvítski's handsome face was thrust out from a small window. Nesvítski was chewing something with zest and waving his arms, as he called out :

“ Bolkónski, Bolkónski ! Do you not hear me ? Come quick ! ” he shouted.

Upon entering the house, Prince Andréy saw Nesvítski and another adjutant at a lunch. They hurriedly turned to Bolkónski with a question as to what the news was. Upon their familiar faces Prince Andréy read the expression of alarm and unrest. This expression was particularly noticeable on Nesvítski's ever smiling face.

"Where is the commander-in-chief?" asked Bolkónski.

"Here, in that house," replied the adjutant.

"Well, is it true that there is a peace and a capitulation?" asked Nesvítski.

"I ask you. All I know is that I have had the greatest difficulty in getting here."

"There are terrible things going on here! I am ashamed, my friend, for having laughed at Mack, for we are faring worse now," said Nesvítski. "Sit down and have something to eat!"

"Now, prince, you will find neither carts, nor anything else, and God knows where your Peter is," said the other adjutant.

"Where are the chief quarters?"

"We shall stay overnight at Znaim."

"I have packed everything I need on two horses," said Nesvítski, "and they have made excellent packs for me. I should have no difficulty in getting away through the Bohemian mountains. It is bad, my friend. Are you ill that you shake so?" asked Nesvítski, upon noticing that Prince Andréy twitched as though from the touch of a Leyden jar.

"It is nothing," replied Prince Andréy. He had just happened to recall his conflict with the surgeon's wife and the officer of the train.

"What is the commander-in-chief doing here?" he asked.

"I understand nothing," said Nesvítski.

"But I understand that everything is abominable, abominable, abominable," said Prince Andréy.

He went to the house where the commander-in-chief stopped.

Prince Andréy went past Kutúzov's carriage and the worn-out mounts of the officers of the suite and of the Cossacks, who were speaking aloud to each other, and entered the vestibule. Kutúzov, so Prince Andréy

was told, was in the house with Prince Bagration, and Weyrother. Weyrother was the Austrian general who took the place of Schmidt, who had been killed. In the vestibule, undersized Kozlovski was squatting in front of a scribe. The scribe, having rolled back his sleeves, was writing fast on a vat turned upside down. Kozlovski's face looked emaciated, — apparently he had not been asleep that night. He glanced at Prince Andréy and did not even nod to him.

“Second line — Have you written it?” he continued, dictating to the scribe: “The Kíev regiment of grenadiers, the Podolian —”

“I cannot keep up with your Honour,” replied the scribe, disrespectfully and angrily, looking at Kozlovski.

Behind the door could just then be heard Kutúzov's dissatisfied voice, which was interrupted by another, which was not familiar. Judging from the sound of these voices, from the inattention shown him by Kozlovski, from the disrespectfulness of the exhausted scribe, and from the fact that the scribe and Kozlovski were sitting so near to the commander-in-chief on the floor before a vat, and that the Cossacks, who were holding the horses, were laughing so loud beneath the windows of the house, Prince Andréy knew that something important and unfortunate was about to happen.

Prince Andréy began to press Kozlovski with questions.

“Directly, prince,” said Kozlovski. “There is a disposition to be written up for Bagration.”

“And the capitulation?”

“There is none. We are preparing for battle.”

Prince Andréy walked toward the door, behind which the voices were heard. Just as he was about to open the door, the voices in the room died down, the door opened, and Kutúzov, with his aquiline nose, and his puffed-up face, appeared on the threshold. Prince Andréy was

standing directly opposite Kutúzov; but it was evident from the one sound eye of the commander-in-chief that thoughts and cares so occupied him that they almost veiled his vision. He looked straight at the face of his adjutant without recognizing him.

"Well, is it done?" he turned to Kozlówski.

"This second, your Excellency."

Bagрати́ón, a low-statured, lean, middle-aged man with a firm and immobile face of an Eastern type, followed the commander-in-chief.

"I have the honour of presenting myself," Prince Andréy repeated quite loud, handing him an envelope.

"Ah, from Vienna? All right! Later, later!"

Kutúzov went with Bagрати́ón on the porch.

"Well, prince, good-bye!" he said to Bagрати́ón. "Christ be with you! I bless you for your great exploit."

Kutúzov's face unexpectedly softened, and tears appeared in his eyes. He drew Bagрати́ón toward him with his left hand, and with his right, on which there was a ring, he made the sign of the cross over him with an apparently familiar gesture, and offered him his puffed-up cheek, instead of which Bagрати́ón kissed him in the neck.

"Christ be with you!" repeated Kutúzov, walking up to his carriage. "Sit down with me," he said to Bolkónski.

"Your Excellency, I should like to be useful here. Permit me to remain in the detachment of Prince Bagрати́ón."

"Sit down," said Kutúzov, and, upon noticing Bolkónski's hesitation, he added: "I need myself good officers, I need them myself."

They seated themselves in the carriage and travelled for awhile in silence.

"There is much, very much ahead of us," he said, with an old man's expression of penetration, as though under-

standing everything which was going on in Bolkónski's soul. "If one-tenth of his division returns to-morrow, I will thank God," added Kutúzov, as though speaking to himself.

Prince Andréy glanced at Kutúzov and involuntarily fixed his eyes on the cleanly washed folds of the scar on his temple, there where a bullet at Izmaíl had gone through his head, and at his blind eye, which was but a foot away from him.

"Yes, he has the right to speak so calmly about the loss of these men," thought Bolkónski.

"It is for this reason that I ask you to send me to that detachment," he said.

Kutúzov made no reply. He seemed to have forgotten what he had said, and was sitting lost in thoughts. Five minutes later, as they were gently tossed on the soft springs of the carriage, Kutúzov turned to Prince Andréy. On his face there was not even a trace of agitation. He inquired with fine sarcasm about the details of Prince Andréy's meeting with the emperor, about the remarks made in regard to the Krems engagement, and about a few lady acquaintances that they had in common.

XIV.

ON the 1st of November, Kutúzov received through a spy information which placed the army commanded by him in a hopeless condition. The spy reported that, having crossed the bridge at Vienna, the French were directing enormous forces to intercept Kutúzov's junction with the troops coming from Russia. If Kutúzov had decided to remain at Krems, Napoleon's army of 150,000 men would have cut him off from all communications, would have surrounded his worn-out army of forty thousand men, and he would have been in Mack's position at Ulm. If Kutúzov now decided to leave the road which led to the junction with the troops from Russia, he would have to wander off the roads through the unknown regions of the Bohemian mountains, defending himself against the superior might of the enemy, and abandoning all hope of joining Buxhövdén. If Kutúzov decided, on his way from Krems to Olmütz, to join the troops coming from Russia, he would run the risk of being preceded on that road by the French, who had crossed the bridge at Vienna, and of being compelled to accept battle on the march, with all the baggage and impediments, fighting against an enemy numerically three times as strong, and surrounding him on two sides. Kutúzov chose this latter alternative.

The French, so the spy reported, after having crossed the bridge at Vienna, were advancing by forced marches upon Znaim, which lay on the line of Kutúzov's retreat, more than one hundred versts ahead of him. To reach Znaim before the French meant to obtain a great hope for

the salvation of the army ; to permit the French to anticipate him at Znaim meant to subject the whole army to disgrace, such as had befallen the Austrians at Ulm, or to a universal calamity. But it was impossible with the whole army to get ahead of the French. The road of the French army from Vienna to Znaim was shorter and better than the road of the Russians from Krems to Znaim.

Upon the night when the news was received, Kutúzov sent Bagration's vanguard of four thousand men to the right over the mountains, from the road which led from Krems to Znaim to the one which led from Vienna to Znaim. Bagration was ordered to make this pass without taking any rest, to stop facing toward Vienna and having Znaim at his back, and, if he should succeed in getting ahead of the French, he was to keep them back as long as possible. Kutúzov himself with all his baggage moved toward Znaim.

Having walked forty-five versts through a stormy night and over pathless country with his hungry and ill-apparelled soldiers, and having lost one third of his men, who fell behind on the way, Bagration came out on the Vienna-Znaim road at Hollabrunn, by several hours ahead of the French who were coming up to Hollabrunn from Vienna. Kutúzov had to march another twenty-four hours with his baggage, in order to reach Znaim, and therefore, to save the army, Bagration was compelled with his four thousand hungry and fatigued soldiers to hold back the enemy's army, which he met at Hollabrunn, for the period of twenty-four hours, which was evidently an impossible task. But a strange fate had made the impossible possible.

The success of that deception, which had given the bridge at Vienna into the hands of the French without a battle, incited Murat to attempt to deceive Kutúzov also. Upon meeting Bagration's weak detachment on the Znaim road, he thought that it was the whole of Kutúzov's army.

In order more successfully to crush this army, he waited for the troops from Vienna which were lagging behind on the road and, for this purpose, proposed an armistice for three days, on condition that neither army should change its position or move from the spot. Murat insisted that peace was under discussion, and so he proposed an armistice, in order to avoid a useless shedding of blood. The Austrian general, Count Nostitz, who was doing outpost duty, trusted Murat's words, which were brought him by an officer with a flag of truce, and, falling back, laid open Bagration's detachment. Another officer with the flag of truce rode down to the Russian cordon to announce the news of the peace discussion and to propose a three days' truce to the Russian troops. Bagration replied that he could neither receive nor reject the truce and sent his adjutant to Kutúzov to report the proposed armistice.

The truce was for Kutúzov the only means for gaining time, for giving the exhausted detachment of Bagration a chance to rest, and for gaining at least one day in sending the baggage and the ordnance (the motion of which was concealed from the French) at least one day's march ahead on the way toward Znaim. Upon receiving this information, Kutúzov immediately sent Adjutant-General Wintzingerode, who was with him, into the enemy's camp. Wintzingerode was not only to accept the armistice, but also to propose the conditions of the capitulation; in the meantime Kutúzov sent his adjutants back to hasten as much as possible the movement of the baggage of the whole army on the Krems-Znaim road. Bagration's exhausted and hungry detachment had all alone to cover the movement of the baggage and of the whole army, and to remain motionless in front of an enemy eight times as strong.

Kutúzov's expectations were realized, both in respect to the propositions of the capitulation, which did not bind him to anything and which gave a part of the baggage the time to advance, and also in respect to the fact

that Murat's mistake would soon be discovered. The moment Bonaparte, who was at Schönbrunn, within twenty-five versts from Hollabrunn, received Murat's report and the project of the truce and capitulation, he saw the deception and wrote the following letter to Murat :

“SCHÖNBRUNN, 25th Brumaire, 1805,
“at eight o'clock in the morning.

“TO PRINCE MURAT:—I cannot find the words to express my dissatisfaction to you. You are only commanding my vanguard, and you have no right to make an armistice without my order. You make me lose the fruit of my campaign. Break the truce at once and advance against the enemy. You will declare to him that the general who signed the capitulation had no right to do so, that only the Emperor of Russia has that right.

“However, if the Emperor of Russia will ratify said convention, I will, too; but it is only a ruse. Advance and destroy the Russian army — you are in a position to capture its baggage and its artillery.

“The adjutant of the Emperor of Russia is a ———. The officers are nothing when they have no powers; he had none. The Austrians allowed themselves to be taken in at the passage of the bridge at Vienna, and you allow yourself to be taken in by an adjutant of the Emperor.

“NAPOLEON.”

Bonaparte's adjutant galloped at full speed to bring this letter to Murat. Bonaparte himself did not trust his generals, and with his whole guard moved to the field of battle, being afraid lest he should miss the ready prey, while Bagration's detachment of four thousand men, having merrily started their camp-fires, were drying and warming themselves, and, for the first time in three days, stewing their broth. Not one man of the detachment knew or thought of what was in store for them.

XV.

AT about four o'clock in the evening, Prince Andréy, having obtained his request, arrived at Grunth and appeared before Bagration. Bonaparte's adjutant had not yet come to Murat's detachment, and the battle had not yet begun. In Bagration's detachment they knew nothing of the general course of events and were talking about peace, without believing in its possibility. They spoke of a battle, but equally did not believe in the proximity of the battle. Knowing Bolkónski as a favourite and trusty adjutant, Bagration received him with especial distinction and condescension, explained to him that, no doubt, that very day, or on the next day, there would be a battle, and offered him full liberty to be with him during the battle, or in the rear-guard to look after the order of the retreat, "which, too, was very important."

"However, I suppose there will be no action to-day," said Bagration, as though to allay Prince Andréy's fears.

"If he is one of those common dandies of the staff, who are sent out to receive a decoration, he will receive his reward in the rear-guard; but if he wants to be with me, let him — he will be of some use, if he is a good officer," thought Bagration. Prince Andréy made no reply, but asked the commander's permission to examine the position and to find out the disposition of the troops, in order to know where to go, when asked to do so. The detachment officer of the day, a handsome, foppishly dressed man, with a diamond ring on his index finger, who was fond of speaking French, though it was of a poor quality, offered himself to be Prince Andréy's guide.

On all sides could be seen rain-soaked officers, with gloomy faces, who seemed to be looking for something, and soldiers who were carrying doors, benches, and fences from the village.

"We cannot get rid of these people," said the officer of the staff, pointing to them. "The commanders dismiss them, and they come and sit down here," he pointed to the pitched tent of a camp-follower. "I drove them out this morning, but now it is full again. Let us go, prince, and frighten them. Just one minute."

"Let us go there, and I will buy some cheese and bread of him," said the prince, who had not yet eaten anything.

"Why did you not say so, prince? I should have offered you my hospitality."

They dismounted from their horses and went into the tent of the sutler. Several officers with red and exhausted faces were sitting at tables, eating and drinking.

"How is that, gentlemen?" said the officer of the staff in a tone of reproach, like a man who has several times repeated one and the same thing. "You must not leave your posts. The prince has commanded that no one should be here. Now you, staff-captain," — he turned to a small, dirty, haggard officer of artillery, who had nothing but his stockings on his feet (having given his boots to the sutler to dry), as he rose to salute the newcomers, smiling in an unnatural way.

"Now, Captain Túshin, are you not ashamed?" continued the officer of the staff. "You, as an artillerist, ought to show an example, I think, and there you are without boots. The alarm will be sounded, and you will look nice without your boots." (The staff-captain smiled.) "Please betake yourselves to your posts, gentlemen," he added, in the voice of a superior officer.

Prince Andréy involuntarily smiled as he looked at Staff-Captain Túshin. Túshin, smiling and silent, stepped

from one foot to the other and looked interrogatively with his large, intelligent, and kindly eyes, now at Prince Andréy, and now at the officer of the staff.

"The soldiers say, 'It is more comfortable without your boots,'" said Captain Túshin, evidently wishing to pass from his awkward position into a jocular tone; but before he had finished his sentence, he felt that his joke was not acceptable. He felt embarrassed.

"Please to leave," said the officer of the staff, trying to look serious.

Prince Andréy once more glanced at the little figure of the artillerist. There was in it something peculiar, something entirely unmilitary, somewhat comical, but exceedingly attractive.

The officer of the staff and Prince Andréy mounted their horses and rode on.

After leaving the village and having constantly come abreast or met with soldiers of the various commands, they saw on the left the fortifications in course of construction, which looked red from the freshly dug clay. Several battalions of soldiers, without their coats, in spite of the cold wind, were swarming in these fortifications like white ants; behind the rampart somebody, who could not be seen, kept throwing out shovelfuls of red clay. They rode up to the fortification, examined it, and rode on. Directly after the fortification they fell in with several dozens of soldiers who kept running down from the fortifications, taking each other's places. They had to close their noses and gallop away in order to get out of that pestiferous atmosphere.

"*Voilà l'agrément des camps, monsieur le prince,*" said the staff-officer of the day.

They rode up on the opposite hill. Here they could see the French. Prince Andréy stopped and looked around him.

"Here stands our battery," said the officer of the staff,

pointing to the highest eminence. "It is in command of the odd fellow whom we saw without boots. Everything can be seen from there: let us go there, prince!"

"Very much obliged to you,—I can now ride around myself," said Prince Andréy, wishing to get rid of the officer of the staff, "do not trouble yourself, if you please."

The officer of the staff went back, and Prince Andréy rode off by himself.

The more he advanced, nearer to the enemy, the more orderly and cheerful was the aspect of the troops. The greatest disorder and the most disconsolate chaos had been in the train before Znaim, which Prince Andréy had examined in the morning and which was within ten versts of the enemy. In Grunth there was also felt a certain alarm and dread of something. But the nearer Prince Andréy approached the French cordon, the more self-confident did the aspect of our troops become. The soldiers stood in their ranks, dressed in their overcoats, and the sergeant-major and captain counted the soldiers, by sticking a finger against the breast of each end soldier, and ordering him to raise his hand; soldiers that were scattered over the whole space were dragging up wood and twigs and were building booths, laughing and talking merrily; at the camp-fires sat soldiers in their clothes, and soldiers without them, drying their shirts and their foot-rags, or mending their boots or overcoats, were crowding around the kettles and cooks. In one company the dinner was ready, and the soldiers with eager faces looked at the steaming kettles and were waiting for the result of the test which the officer sitting on a log in front of his booth was making from a wooden dish brought to him by the gun-sergeant.

In another, more fortunate company, for not all had vodka, the soldiers crowded about a pockmarked, broad-shouldered sergeant-major, who, tipping down a keg, was

pouring out the brandy into one canteen top after another. The soldiers carried the canteens to their mouths with a pious expression, tilted them, and, cleaning out their mouths and wiping them with the sleeves of their overcoats, walked away from the sergeant-major with merrier faces. All the faces were as calm as though everything were taking place, not in sight of the enemy, before an action, where at least half the detachment was to remain on the spot, but somewhere at home in expectation of a quiet furlough.

After passing by the regiment of chasseurs Prince Andréy fell in, in the ranks of the Kíev grenadiers, who were fine-looking young men occupied with the same peaceful occupations, with a platoon of grenadiers, near the booth of a commander of a regiment, which differed from the others in size and form. Before the drawn-up platoon lay a man with his clothes stripped off. Two soldiers were holding him, and two others raised flexible rods and in unison struck his bared back. The punished man cried in an unnatural manner. A fat major kept walking up and down in front of the grenadiers and, without paying any attention to the cries, he repeated:

“It is a disgrace for a soldier to steal; a soldier must be honest, noble, and brave; and if he steals from his brother soldier, there is no honesty in him,—he is a scoundrel. More, more!”

And again the flexible strokes and the desperate, but feigned, cries could be heard.

“More, more!” the major kept saying.

A young officer, with an expression of perplexity and suffering upon his face, walked away from the culprit, glancing interrogatively at the adjutant who rode by.

Prince Andréy rode out to the van, and passed down in front of the line. Our cordon and that of the enemy stood on the right and the left flanks, at a distance from each other, but in the middle, where in the morning the

men bearing the flag of truce had passed, the lines had advanced so close to each other that they could see each other's faces and talk with each other. Besides the soldiers who occupied the outposts at this place, there stood many curious people on both sides, laughing and watching the strange and odd enemy.

In spite of the order not to walk up to the outposts, the chiefs had been unable ever since early morning to get rid of the curious. The soldiers who stood in the cordon, being people who had something rare to show, did not look at the French, but made their observations on the newcomers, waiting to be relieved. Prince Andréy stopped to take a look at the French.

"Look there, look!" one soldier said to his companion, pointing to a Russian musketeer who, with an officer, walked over to the cordon and kept talking heatedly with a French grenadier. "Just hear him rattling it off! The Frenchman can't keep up with him. What do you say, Sidórov?"

"Wait, let me listen! He is clever!" replied Sidórov, who was regarded as a great hand at talking French.

The soldier to whom they were pointing was Dólokhov. Prince Andréy recognized him and listened to his conversation. Dólokhov had come up with his captain from the left flank, where their regiment was located.

"Keep it up!" the captain urged him on, bending forward and trying not to lose a single word, though he did not understand. "Please talk more! What does he say?"

Dólokhov made no reply to the captain; he was drawn into a heated discussion with the French grenadier. The Frenchman, getting the Austrians and Russians mixed, tried to prove that the Russians had surrendered and had been running all the way from Ulm. Dólokhov proved to him that the Russians had not surrendered, but had beaten the French.

"If we are ordered to drive you away from here, we will do so," said Dólokhov.

"Look out, or you will be taken prisoners with all your Cossacks," said the French grenadier.

The French audience burst out laughing.

"You will be made to dance, as you danced under Suvórov (*on vous fera danser*)," said Dólokhov.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il chante ?*" asked a Frenchman.

"*De l'histoire ancienne*," said another, guessing that they were talking about old wars. "*L'empereur va lui faire voir à votre Souvara, comme aux autres —*"

"Bonaparte —" began Dólokhov, but the Frenchman interrupted him.

"There is no Bonaparte, there is the Emperor! *Sacré nom —*" he cried, angrily.

"The devil take your Emperor!"

Dólokhov began to curse in Russian, using vile soldier language, and, shouldering his gun, walked away. "Come, Iván Lukích!" he said to the captain.

"Now that is French!" said the soldiers of the cordon. "You try it now, Sidórov!"

Sidórov winked and, turning to the Frenchmen, began to lisp a lot of incomprehensible words: "Kari, mala, tafa, safi, muter, kaska," giving them an impressive intonation of his voice.

"Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! Ugh, ugh!" there burst forth among the soldiers the peals of such a healthy and merry laugh that it involuntarily leaped over the cordon and communicated itself to the French, and it seemed that after that they ought to take out the charges from the guns and blow them up, and go home as fast as possible. But the guns remained charged, the embrasures in the houses and fortifications looked as threatening in front of them, and the unlimbered cannon remained facing each other as before.

XVI.

AFTER having ridden down the whole line of the troops, from the right to the left flank, Prince Andréy rode up to the battery from which, according to the words of the officer of the staff, the whole field could be surveyed. Here he dismounted from his horse and stopped at the outer of the four unlimbered guns. In front of the guns marched an artillerist, doing sentinel duty ; he straightened himself up in the presence of the officer, but, a sign having been made to him, he renewed his even, monotonous walking. Back of the guns stood the limbers, and farther back were the pickets and the camp-fires of the artillerists. On the left, not far away from the outer gun, there was a small wicker booth, from which proceeded animated voices of officers.

Indeed, from the battery there was opened up a vista showing the disposition of nearly the whole of the Russian and the greater part of the enemy's troops. Directly in front of the battery, the village of Schöngraben could be seen outlined against the horizon of the opposite mound. To the left and right of it he could discern in three places, amid the smoke of the camp-fires, the masses of the French troops, the greater number of which were evidently in the village itself and on the other side of the hill. To the left of the village, there appeared, through the smoke, something that resembled a battery, but the naked eye could not make it out well.

Our right flank was stationed on a sufficiently steep eminence which lorded it over the French position. Along this eminence our infantry was stationed, and at

the very edge the dragoons could be seen. In the centre, where was Túshin's battery, from which Prince Andréy was surveying the position, there was the gentlest descent and rise toward the brook which separated us from Schöngraben. On the left, our troops hugged a forest, where rose the smoke from the camp-fires of our infantry, busy cutting wood.

The line of the French army was broader than ours, and it was clear that the French could easily outflank us on either side. Back of our position there was a declivitous and deep ravine, over which it would be hard for the artillery and the cavalry to retreat.

Prince Andréy leaned against the cannon, took out his memorandum, and drew upon it the plan of the disposition of the troops. In two places he made remarks in pencil, intending to communicate them to Bagration. He proposed, in the first place, to concentrate all the artillery in the centre, and, in the second place, to take the cavalry on the other side of the ravine.

Prince Andréy, who was all the time with the commander-in-chief, had followed the movements of the masses and the general dispositions, and, constantly busying himself with the historical descriptions of battles, he involuntarily imagined, in general outline, the future course of the military actions in the impending engagement. These were the eventualities which presented themselves to him:

"If the enemy directs the attack upon the right flank," he said to himself, "the Kíev regiment of grenadiers and the Podólia regiment of chasseurs will have to hold their ground until the reserves of the centre come to their rescue. In that event the dragoons may strike the flank and overthrow them. In case of an attack upon the centre, we shall locate a central battery on this eminence, and under its cover draw in the left flank and retreat to the ravine by echelons," he reflected.

All the time that he was in the battery near the gun, he heard the sounds of the voices of the officers, who were speaking in the booth, without trying to make out what they were saying. Suddenly the sound of the voices from the booth struck him so forcibly by its hearty tone that he involuntarily stopped to listen.

"No, my dear," said a pleasant voice, which Andréy thought familiar, "I say that if it were possible to know what there is after death, none of us would be afraid of death. That's it, my dear."

Another, a more youthful voice, interrupted him:

"It does not make any difference whether you are afraid or not: you cannot escape it."

"And yet one is afraid of it! Oh, you learned men!" said a third, a manly voice, interrupting them both. "You artillerists are very learned because you always have with you vodka and something to eat."

The owner of the masculine voice, apparently an officer of infantry, burst out laughing.

"And yet one is afraid," continued the first, the familiar voice, "one is afraid of the unknown, that's what. Say all you please about the soul's going to heaven — we know too well that there is no heaven, but only atmosphere."

Again the masculine voice interrupted the artillerist.

"Treat us to your herb brandy, Túshin!" said one.

"Ah, that is the same captain who was without boots at the sutler's," thought Prince Andréy, happy to recognize the pleasant voice of the philosopher.

"You may have some herb brandy," said Túshin, "still, to comprehend the future life —" He did not finish his sentence.

Just then a whistling sound was heard in the air. Nearer, nearer, faster and louder, louder and faster, a shell, as though leaving something unsaid, with inhuman force sent splinters flying and struck the ground near the booth with a splash. The earth seemed to groan under

the stroke. At the same moment small Túshin was the first to leap out from the booth. He had a pipe sidewise in his mouth; his kindly, intelligent face was a little pale. After him came the owner of the masculine voice, a dashing officer of infantry. He ran to his company, buttoning his coat on the run.

XVII.

PRINCE ANDRÉY remained sitting on his horse in the battery, looking at the smoke of the gun from which the shell had come. His eyes raced over an extensive expanse. He saw that the heretofore immobile masses of the French came into motion and that on the left there really was a battery. The smoke had not yet disappeared from it. Two French horsemen, apparently adjutants, galloped along the hill. At the foot of the hill a small column of the enemy, clearly discernible in the distance, moved, obviously to strengthen the outposts. The smoke of the first discharge had not yet lifted, when another whiff of smoke was seen, and a shot followed. The battle had begun. Prince Andréy turned his horse around and galloped back to Grunth to find Prince Bagration. He heard the cannonade growing louder and more frequent behind his back. Evidently our troops were beginning to return the fire. Below, in the place where the bearers of the flag of truce had ridden, there were heard rifle-shots.

Lemarrois had just come at a gallop into the presence of Murat with the threatening letter from Napoleon, and Murat, ashamed of his blunder and wishing to correct it, immediately moved his troops to the centre and at the same time deployed around the two flanks, hoping, before evening and before the arrival of the emperor, to crush the insignificant detachment facing him.

"It has begun! Here it is!" thought Prince Andréy, feeling that his blood was rushing ever more strongly to his heart. "But where is it? How will my Toulon be expressed?" he thought.

As he rode past the company, which fifteen minutes before had been eating broth and drinking vodka, he everywhere saw the same hurried motion of soldiers aligning themselves and grasping their weapons, and in all the faces he recognized that feeling of animation which was in his own heart.

"It has begun! Here it is! It is both terrible and gay!" said the face of each soldier and officer.

Before reaching the fortification in process of erection, he saw, in the evening dusk of a gloomy autumn day, some horsemen who were moving in his direction. The one in front, wearing a felt mantle and a lambskin cap, rode on a white horse. It was Prince Bagration. Prince Bagration stopped his horse, and, upon recognizing Prince Andréy, nodded to him. He continued to look in front of him, while Prince Andréy told him what he had seen.

The expression, "It has begun! Here it is!" was also on Prince Bagration's strong face, with its half-closed and dim, as though sleepy, chestnut eyes. Prince Andréy, with restless curiosity, gazed at his immovable face, and he wanted to know whether that man was thinking and feeling, and what it was he was thinking and feeling at that moment.

"Is anything at all there, on that stolid face?" Prince Andréy asked himself, looking at him. Prince Bagration inclined his head in sign of agreement with the words of Prince Andréy, and said, "Well," with an expression which seemed to say that everything which took place, and which he was informed of, was precisely what he had anticipated. Prince Andréy was out of breath from the rapid ride, and spoke hurriedly. Prince Bagration pronounced his words exceedingly slow, in his Eastern accent, as though to impress one that there was no need of being in such a hurry. Still, he spurred on his horse to a gallop in the direction of Túshin's battery. Prince Andréy rode after him, together with the suite. Prince

Bagration was followed by an officer of the suite, the prince's private adjutant, Zhérkov, an orderly, a staff-officer of the day on a handsome bob-tailed horse, and a civil official, an auditor, who out of curiosity had asked permission to be present at a battle. The auditor, a stout man with a plump face, looked about him with a naïve smile of joy, shaking on his horse, and presenting an odd figure in his camlet overcoat, seated on a saddle of the baggage-train, among the hussars, Cossacks, and adjutants.

"He wants to see a battle," Zhérkov said to Bolkónski, pointing to the auditor, "but he has already a pain in the pit of his stomach."

"Don't say it," said the auditor, with a beaming, naïve, and, at the same time, cunning smile, as though he were flattered with being the butt of Zhérkov's jests, and as though he purposely tried to appear more stupid than he really was.

"*Très drôle, mon monsieur prince,*" said the staff-officer of the day. (He remembered that in French the title of a prince was composed of certain words, but he could not recall what they were.)

Just then they all reached Túshin's battery, and a shell struck directly in front of them.

"What is this that has fallen there?" the auditor asked, naïvely smiling.

"French pancakes," said Zhérkov.

"So with that they strike?" asked the auditor. "It is awful!"

He seemed to be melting from enjoyment. He had hardly finished his sentence, when unexpectedly a terrible shriek was again heard, which "swish-sh-sh" suddenly stopped by striking something soft, and a Cossack, who was riding a little to the right and back of the auditor, came down with a crash together with his horse. Zhérkov and the staff-officer of the day bent down on their saddles and turned their horses away. The auditor

stopped opposite the Cossack, looking at him with attentive curiosity. The Cossack was dead; the horse was still struggling.

Prince Bagration half-closed his eyes and looked around. When he saw what the cause of the disturbance was, he quietly turned his face around, as though to say, "It is not worth while busying myself with foolish things." He checked his horse with the mien of an experienced rider, bent over a little, and straightened out the sword which had caught in his felt mantle. The sword was of an ancient pattern, not such as were then worn. Prince Andréy recalled the story of Suvórov's presenting his sword to Bagration in Italy, and this recollection just then gave him pleasure. They rode up to the very battery near which Bolkónski had stood examining the field of battle.

"Whose company is it?" Prince Bagration asked the cannoneer who was standing at the caissons.

He was asking whose company it was, but in reality he meant to ask: "Are you not losing your courage over here?" — and the cannoneer understood him.

"Captain Túshin's, your Excellency," straightening himself up, called out the red-haired, freckled cannoneer, in a merry voice.

"Yes, yes," said Bagration, reflecting upon something. He rode past the limbers to the outer gun. As he was approaching it, a shot rang out from that gun, deafening him and his suite, and in the smoke, which suddenly surrounded the cannon, could be seen the artillerists as they, putting their shoulders to the ordnance and straining themselves, hastened to roll the gun back to its old place. Soldier number one, stepping broadly, jumped to the wheel, with the sponge in his hands. Number two, with trembling hand, was putting the charge into the muzzle of the gun. Undersized, stooping Túshin, stumbling against the trail of the gun-carriage, ran forward, without notice-

ing the general, and, shielding his eyes with his small hand, looked into the distance.

“Add two lines! That will be all right,” he cried, in a thin voice, trying to give it a martial expression, which was not in keeping with his figure. “Second!” he screamed. “Medvyédev, let her go!”

Bagration called the officer, and Túshin walked over to the general with a timid and awkward motion, putting his three fingers to the visor, not as the military salute, but as the priests do when pronouncing a benediction. Although Túshin's ordnance had been intended for the purpose of sweeping the ravine, he was firing bombs upon the village of Schöngraben, visible in the distance, in front of which large masses of the French were moving.

No one had given orders to Túshin where to shoot and what to fire at, but he had taken counsel with his sergeant-major, Zakharchénko, for whom he had great respect, and had decided that it would not be bad to set fire to the village.

“All right!” Bagration said to the officer's report. He began to survey the whole field of battle which lay before him, as though considering something. The French approached nearest on the right. Below the eminence on which stood the Kíev regiment, in the ravine of the little river, there was heard a heartrending crackling of musketry-fire, and a great deal farther to the right, behind the dragoons, the officer of the suite indicated to the prince a column of Frenchmen who were outflanking us. On the left the horizon was closed in by a near-by forest. Prince Bagration ordered two battalions from the centre to go to the reinforcement of the right; the officer of the suite took the liberty of pointing out to the prince that after the departure of these battalions the guns would be left unprotected. Prince Bagration turned around to the officer of the suite and in silence glanced at him with dim eyes. Prince Andréy thought that the remark of the

officer of the suite was just, and that no retort could be really made to it.

Just then an adjutant came galloping from the commander of the regiment which was in the ravine, with the news that enormous numbers of the French were marching through the lowlands, and that the regiment was disorganized and retreating to the position of the Kíev grenadiers. Prince Bagration inclined his head in sign of agreement and consent. He rode at a pace to the right and sent an adjutant to the dragoons with an order to attack the French. But the adjutant sent there returned half an hour later with the information that the commander of the regiments of dragoons had already retreated beyond the ravine because a strong fire was directed against him and he had been losing men for nothing, — so he was trying to get the sharpshooters into the forest.

“All right!” said Bagration. Just as he was riding off from the battery, there was heard a musketry-fire in the forest on the left, and as it was too far to the left flank for Prince Bagration to get there in time, he sent Zhérkov there to tell the senior general, the one whose regiment Kutúzov had inspected at Braunau, that he should retreat as quickly as possible beyond the ravine, as the right flank would, no doubt, not be strong enough to withstand the enemy. In the meantime Túshin and the battalion which was covering him were forgotten.

Prince Andréy carefully listened to the conversations between the chiefs and Prince Bagration and to the orders sent to the chiefs, and to his surprise he discovered that no orders were given, but that Prince Bagration was trying to give an impression that everything, which in reality took place by necessity, by accident, and by the will of the separate chiefs, was done, if not by his command, at least in conformity with his intentions. Prince Andréy noticed that, thanks to the tact displayed by Prince Ba-

gratión, his presence was extremely valuable, in spite of the accidental character of the events and their independence from the will of the commander. The chiefs, who rode up to Prince Bagratión with disturbed countenances, became quiet; soldiers and officers greeted him cheerfully, became more animated in his presence, and obviously tried to make a display of their valour.

XVIII.

HAVING ascended the highest point of our right flank, Prince Bagratión began to ride down-hill toward the place from which proceeded the peals of the fusilade and where nothing could be seen through the smoke. The lower they descended to the ravine, the less they were able to see, but the more palpable became the nearness of the real field of battle. They came across wounded men. Two soldiers were dragging a hatless man with bleeding head, by holding him under his arms. He was spitting out blood and there was a rattle in his throat: apparently he had been shot through his mouth or throat. Another whom they met walked along briskly, without his gun, groaning aloud and waving his arm under the impression of the fresh pain, while blood flowed from his arm upon his overcoat as from a vial. His face looked more frightened than suffering. He had been wounded but a minute before.

After crossing the road, they began to descend a steep incline on which several men were lying; they met a group of soldiers, among whom there were several wounded. The soldiers were going up-hill, breathing heavily, and, in spite of the presence of the general, were speaking loud and waving their arms. In front, the rows of the gray overcoats could be seen through the smoke, and an officer, upon seeing Bagratión, ran with a shout after the soldiers who were walking away, asking them to return.

Bagratión rode up to the ranks, along which here and there crackled discharges, drowning the conversation and

the voices of command. The whole atmosphere was saturated with powder smoke. All the faces of the soldiers were stained by the smoke and looked animated. Some of them were driving the ramrods down their guns; others were putting powder on the pans and getting the cartridges out of their cartridge-boxes; others again were firing their guns off. It was not apparent at whom they were shooting, as the powder smoke hovered about them without being carried away by the wind. Quite frequently one could hear the agreeable sound of something buzzing and whistling. "What can this be?" thought Prince Andréy, as he rode up to that group of soldiers. "It cannot be an attack, because they are not moving, and it cannot be a square, because they are not in proper position for that."

The commander of the regiment, a lean, apparently feeble old man, with a pleasant smile, with his eyelids more than half-closed, thus giving him an aspect of gentleness, rode up to Prince Bagration, whom he received as one receives a dear guest. He reported to Prince Bagration that his regiment had been attacked by the French cavalry, and that the attack had been repulsed with a loss of not less than one-half of his regiment. The commander of the regiment said that attack had been repulsed, inventing that military appellation for that which was taking place in his regiment, though in reality he could not tell what had been happening to the troops entrusted to him within the last half an hour, and though he could not say for sure whether the attack had been repulsed, or whether the regiment had been crushed by the attack. All he actually knew was that in the beginning of the action shells and grenades had begun to reach his regiment and strike down men, and that later somebody shouted, "The cavalry!" and the soldiers began to shoot. And they kept up shooting, not at the cavalry which had disappeared, but at the French infantry, which had made its

appearance in the ravine and kept up a fire on our regiment.

Prince Bagration slightly inclined his head in sign of everything having happened precisely as he had wished and expected. He turned to an adjutant and commanded him to bring down from the hill two battalions of the sixth of chasseurs, past whom they had just ridden. Prince Andréy was at that moment struck by the change which had taken place in the face of Prince Bagration. His countenance expressed that concentrated and happy determination which one sees in a man who on a hot day is ready to leap into the water and is just taking his last run. Those dim, sleepy eyes and that feigned expression of profound thought were gone: his round, firm, hawk eyes, without seemingly resting upon anything in particular, looked ahead of him with solemnity and with a certain disdain, while in his movements there remained the former slowness and reserve.

The commander of the regiment turned to Prince Bagration, begging him to ride back, as it was too perilous there.

"I beg you, your Serenity, for God's sake!" he said, looking for confirmation at the officer of the suite, who turned his face away from him. "You see?" He referred to the bullets that kept whining, singing, and whistling all about them.

He spoke in the same tone of entreaty and reproach in which a carpenter says to a gentleman who takes up his axe: "We are used to it, but you will only blister your hands with it!"

He spoke as though the bullets could not kill him, and his half-closed eyes added a more persuasive expression to his utterances. The officer of the staff joined his entreaties to those of the commander of the regiment, but Bagration made no reply and only ordered the soldiers to stop shooting and arrange themselves in such a way as to make a

road for the two approaching battalions. While he was speaking, the breeze, which had sprung up, as though with an invisible hand lifted from right to left the shroud of the smoke, which had concealed the ravine, and the opposite hill, with the French troops moving upon it, was revealed to view. All eyes were instinctively turned to that French column, which was moving toward us and winding about the rising eminences. They could already see the shaggy caps of the soldiers; they could distinguish the officers from the soldiers; they could see the flag flapping against the staff.

"They are marching in fine order," some one said in Bagration's suite.

The head of the column had already descended into the ravine. The conflict was to take place on this side of the descent —

The remnants of our regiment that had just been in action hastily formed in ranks and retreated a little to the right; behind them, driving away the stragglers, two battalions of the sixth of chasseurs marched down in good order. They were yet a distance behind Bagration, but already could the heavy steps be heard which that mass of men were taking in even measure. On the left flank, nearest to Bagration, was walking the commander of the company, a round-faced, stately man, with a silly and happy expression on his face, the same man who had run out from the booth. He evidently was thinking of nothing at that moment but of marching in a dashing manner past the superior officers.

He stepped lightly with his muscular legs, as though he were swimming along, without the least effort straightening himself up in military self-satisfaction, and by that lightness differing from the soldiers, who with heavy tread were marching in step with him. He carried a thin, unsheathed, bent little sword, which did not resemble a weapon, down his leg, and, looking now at the

superior officers, and now back at the soldiers, without losing step, rapidly turned around his strong body.

“Left — left — left —” he seemed to be saying inwardly with every second step he took, and keeping time with him moved the wall of the soldiers, with their variously stern faces, and burdened with their knapsacks and guns, as though each of those hundreds of soldiers mentally repeated with every second step, “Left — left — left —”

A fat major, puffing and losing step, walked around a bush which was in his way; a soldier, who had fallen behind, was racing after his company, all out of breath and frightened at his irregularity. A shell, compressing the air, flew over the heads of Bagration and his suite and, keeping time with the “Left — left!” of the soldiers, struck into the column.

“Close ranks!” was heard the dashing voice of the commander of the company. The soldiers made a circle around something which was lying in the place where the shell had struck; an old under-officer of the flank, who had remained behind with those who were killed, caught up with his company, with a leap changed his foot and, falling into the step, looked angrily back. “Left — left — left —” one seemed to hear through the ominous silence and the monotonous sound of the soldiers in unison striking the ground with their feet.

“You are a fine lot, boys!” said Prince Bagration.

A deafening response ran down the ranks. A gloomy soldier, who was marching on the left, shouting, looked back at Bagration, with an expression which seemed to say, “We know it ourselves;” another did not look back, as though fearing to have his attention distracted, and only opened his mouth and shouted, as he passed by.

They were ordered to stop and take off their knapsacks.

Bagration rode around the ranks which had just marched past him, and dismounted from his horse. He gave the

lines to a Cossack, took off his felt mantle, which he also gave to the Cossack, straightened out his legs and adjusted his cap. The head of the French column, with the officers in the van, appeared at the foot of the hill.

“God aid you!” said Bagration, in a firm, audible voice; for a moment he turned back to look at the ranks, and, gently swaying his hands, in the unsteady gait of a cavalryman, as though with difficulty, marched ahead over the uneven ground. Prince Andréy felt an insuperable force drawing him on, and he experienced much happiness.¹

The French were already near, and Prince Andréy, who was marching by Bagration’s side, could clearly see the pouch-belts, the red epaulettes, even the faces of the Frenchmen. (He clearly saw an old French officer who, with out-toeing feet and wearing short boots, was climbing the hill with great difficulty.)

Prince Bagration gave no new order and continued to march in silence in front of the ranks. Suddenly a shot rang out from the ranks of the French, and a second, a third — and the disorganized ranks of the enemy were enveloped in smoke, and the fusilade became universal. A few of our men fell, among them the round-faced officer who had been marching so gaily and dashingly. At the same moment that the first shot was fired, Bagration looked back and cried, “Hurrah!”

“Hurrah-ah-ah!” the prolonged shout went down our lines and, outrunning Bagration and each other, our soldiers, in a disorganized but cheerful and animated crowd, ran up-hill after the broken ranks of the French.

¹ Here took place the attack of which Thiers says: “*Les Russes se conduisirent vaillamment, et chose rare à la guerre on vit deux masses d’infanterie marcher résolument l’une contre l’autre sans qu’aucune des deux céda avant d’être abordée;*” and Napoleon on the island of St. Helena said: “*Quelques bataillons Russes montrèrent de l’intrépidité.*” — *Author’s Note.*

XIX.

THE attack of the sixth of chasseurs secured the retreat of the right flank. In the centre, the action of Túshin's forgotten battery, which had succeeded in setting fire to Schönggraben, stopped the movement of the French. The French were busy putting out the fire, which was fanned by the wind, and thus gave ours a chance to retreat. The retreat of the centre across the ravine was hurried and noisy; but, in falling back, the commands did not get mixed up. But the left flank, which was simultaneously attacked and outflanked by the excellent forces of the French under Lannes, and which consisted of the Ázov and Podólia regiments of infantry and of the Pavlográdski regiment of hussars, was disorganized. Bagratión sent Zhérkov to the general of the left flank, ordering him to retreat at once.

Zhérkov, without taking his hand away from his cap, briskly touched his horse and galloped away. But the moment he had left Bagratión his strength failed him. He was overcome by an insuperable terror and was unable to ride into danger.

Upon reaching the troops of the left flank, he did not ride to the front, where the fusilade was going on, but began to look for the general and the chiefs there where they could not be, and so he did not communicate the command.

The command of the left flank belonged by seniority to the commander of the regiment which had been inspected by Kutúzov at Braunau, and in which Dólokhov served

as a soldier. The command of the extreme left flank had been given to the commander of the Pavlográdski regiment in which Rostóv was serving, from which resulted a misunderstanding. Both chiefs were greatly provoked at each other, and while the engagement had long ago begun at the right flank, and the French had started moving forward, the two chiefs were busy with a parley, the purpose of which was to insult each other. At the same time the regiments, both of cavalry and of infantry, were ill-prepared for the impending action. The men of the two regiments, from the soldiers to the generals, were not expecting any battle, and quietly busied themselves with peaceful affairs, — in the cavalry, with feeding their horses, in the infantry, with collecting wood.

“If he is my senior in rank,” said the German colonel of hussars, growing red in his face and turning to the adjutant who had come to see him, “let him do as he pleases. I cannot sacrifice my hussars. Trumpeter! Sound a retreat.”

In the meantime the engagement was in full blast. The cannonade and fusilade, blending, pealed on the right and at the centre, and the French capotes of Lannes’s sharpshooters were already crossing the mill-dam and deploying on this side, within two gun-shots. The colonel of infantry with a quivering motion walked over to his horse and, climbing upon it and becoming very straight and tall, rode off to the commander of the Pavlográdski regiment. The commanders of the regiments met with polite bows and with concealed rage in their hearts.

“However, colonel,” said the general, “I cannot leave half of my men in the forest. I *beg* you, I *beg* you,” he repeated, “to occupy a position and prepare for an attack.”

“I ask you not to meddle with other people’s affairs,” replied the colonel, in a rage. “If you were a cavalryman —”

“I am not a cavalryman, colonel, but a Russian general, and if you do not know that —”

“I know it very well, your Excellency,” the colonel suddenly shouted, spurring his horse and turning purple. “Please come to the outposts, and you will see yourself that that position is no good whatever. I do not want to destroy my regiment for your pleasure.”

“You are forgetting yourself, colonel. I am not attending to my own pleasure, and I will not permit you to tell me that.”

The general accepted the colonel's invitation to the bout of bravery and, expanding his chest and frowning, went with him in the direction of the cordon, as though all their differences were to be decided there, in the cordon, under the bullets. They arrived at the cordon, where a number of bullets flew over them, and they stopped in silence. There was nothing for them to see in the cordon, for from the place where they had been before, it was quite evident that the cavalry could not act between the bushes and in the ravines, and that the French were enveloping their left wing. The general and the colonel looked sternly and significantly at each other, like two cocks getting ready to fight, in vain waiting for expressions of cowardice. Both stood the test. As there was nothing to say, and neither the one nor the other wanted to give the other an opportunity to say that he was the first to get out from under fire, they would have remained there quite awhile, testing each other's prowess, if just then they had not heard, almost at their backs, in the woods, the crackling of guns, and a hollow blending shout. The French had fallen upon the soldiers who were cutting wood in the forest. The hussars no longer could retreat with the infantry. They were cut off from a retreat on the left by the French cordon. Now, however inconvenient the territory was, it became necessary to attack, in order to cut their way through.

The squadron in which Rostóv was serving had just had time to mount and was facing the enemy. Again, as at the bridge at Enns, there was no one between the squadron and the enemy, and between them lay, dividing them, the same terrible line of uncertainty and terror, like a line which separates the living from the dead. All people were conscious of that line, and the question whether they would cross it or not agitated them.

The colonel rode up to the front, angrily replied something to the questions of the officers, and, like a man who desperately insists on something, gave a command. Nobody said anything definite, but the rumour of an attack was carried through the squadron. The command to draw up was given, and the sabres clanked as they were unsheathed! Still no one was moving. The troops of the left flank, both the infantry and the hussars, felt that the authorities themselves did not know what to do, and the indecision of the chiefs communicated itself to them.

"If it only came at once," thought Rostóv, feeling that at last the time had come for experiencing the joy of an attack, of which he had heard so much from his fellow hussars.

"God aid you, boys!" sounded Denísov's voice. "At a trot, march!"

The cruppers of the horses of the first line came in motion. Raven pulled on the bridle and started himself.

At the right, Rostóv saw the first rows of his hussars, and still farther in front there was a dark strip, which he could not make out, but which he took to be the enemy. Shots were heard at a distance.

"Ride faster!" was heard the command, and Rostóv felt his Raven raising his back and passing into a gallop. He guessed his motion in advance, and he kept feeling happier and happier. He noticed a single tree ahead of him. This tree had been before in the middle of that

line which had seemed so terrible. Now they had crossed the line, and there was nothing terrible; on the contrary he felt happier and more animated.

"Oh, how I will whack him," thought Rostóv, clutching the hilt of his sword.

"Hurrah!" shouted the soldiers.

"Just let anybody get in my way," thought Rostóv, giving Raven his spurs and galloping at full speed ahead of the others. The enemy was visible in front. Suddenly a broad besom seemed to be sweeping through the squadron. Rostóv raised his sabre, getting ready to strike, but just then soldier Nikiténko, who was in front of him, was separated from him, and Rostóv felt, as if in sleep, that he was borne onward with furious rapidity and that at the same time he remained in the same spot. Hussar Bandarchúk, who was riding behind, almost ran over him and looked at him in anger. Bandarchúk's horse tottered, and he rode past him.

"How is it I am not moving on? I have fallen, I am killed —" Rostóv asked and replied in the same twinkle. He was now alone in the middle of the field. Instead of the moving horses and backs of the hussars, he saw the motionless earth and the stubbles all around him. Under him there was warm blood.

"No, I am wounded, and my horse is killed."

Raven tried to rise on his fore legs, but fell down again, pinning down the rider's leg. Blood flowed from the horse's head. The horse struggled, but could not get up. Rostóv wanted to rise, and himself fell down, too: his sabretasche caught in the saddle.

"Where are our men? Where are the French?" He did not know. There was nobody near by.

Having freed his leg, he raised himself.

"Where, on which side is now the line which so sharply separated the two armies?" he asked himself and could make no reply. "Has not something bad happened to

me? Are there such cases, and what is to be done then?" he asked himself, getting up, and just then he felt that something superfluous was hanging on his benumbed left arm. The hand felt like something foreign to him. He examined his arm, in vain looking for blood upon it.

"Here are some people," he thought, joyfully, as he saw a few people running up to him. "They will help me!"

In front of these people was one, in a strange shako and in a blue mantle, a swarthy, sunburnt man with an aquiline nose. Two more, and many more after them, were running toward him. One of them said something in a strange language. Among the men farther back, all of them wearing the same shakos, there stood one Russian hussar. They held his arms; behind him somebody was holding his horse.

"No doubt one of ours taken captive— Yes. Will they take me, too? What kind of people are they?" Rostóv kept thinking, without believing his eyes.

"Is it possible it is the French?" He looked at the approaching Frenchmen and, although but a minute ago he had been galloping in order to reach these Frenchmen and cut them to pieces, their proximity now seemed so terrible to him that he did not believe his eyes.

"Who are they? Why are they running? Are they running toward me? Toward me? What for? To kill me? *Me*, whom everybody loves?" He thought of the love of his mother, his family, his friends, and the intention of the enemy to kill him seemed impossible to him.

"And still, maybe they will kill me!" He stood about ten seconds motionless in one spot, without being able to understand his condition. The Frenchman with the aquiline nose, who was in front, ran up so close to him that the expression of his face could be discerned. The strange, excited physiognomy of this man, who, charging with his bayonet, and holding his breath, was running up to him, frightened Rostóv.

He seized his pistol and, instead of firing it, threw it at the Frenchman and started running with all his might toward the bushes. He was not running with that feeling of doubt and struggle, with which he had run on the bridge at Enns, but with the feeling of a rabbit escaping from the hounds. One indivisible feeling of fear for his youthful and happy life took possession of his whole being.

Swiftly leaping over the balks, with the impetuosity with which in his childhood he used to play a catching game, he flew over the field, now and then turning around his pale, kindly, youthful face, and a chill of terror ran up his spine.

"No, I had better not look," he thought, but, upon reaching the bushes, he again turned around. The French had fallen behind, and, just as he turned back, the one who was in front changed his trot to a walking pace and, looking back, said something to his companion behind him. Rostóv stopped.

"I must be mistaken," he thought; "it is not possible that they should wish to kill me."

Meanwhile his left arm was as heavy as though a weight of two puds were attached to it. He could not run any farther. The Frenchman stopped, and aimed at him. Rostóv closed his eyes and stooped. One, two bullets flew whizzing past him. He collected his last strength, took his left arm into his right hand, and ran as far as the brush. In the brush were Russian sharpshooters.

XX.

THE regiments of infantry which were taken unawares in the woods rushed out of the forest, and the companies, mingling with other companies, went away in disorderly crowds. A soldier in his fright pronounced the meaningless words, so ominous in war, "They have cut us off!" and the word, together with the feeling of terror, was communicated to the whole mass.

"They have outflanked us! They have cut us off! We are lost!" cried the running soldiers.

The moment the commander of the regiment heard the fusilade and the shouts behind him, he understood that something terrible had happened to his regiment, and he thought that he, an exemplary officer, who during the many years of his service had not been found guilty of anything, might now be accused by the authorities of criminal negligence, struck him so forcibly that, immediately forgetting the recalcitrant colonel of the cavalry and his dignity as a general, but, above all, completely forgetting the danger and the instinct of self-preservation, he, getting hold of the bow of his saddle and spurring his horse, galloped to his regiment under a hail of bullets which fortunately did him no harm. There was but one thing which he wished, and that was to find out how matters stood and to mend the blunder at all cost, if it was at all his blunder, and not to appear guilty, having for twenty-two years served as an exemplary officer and without ever having received any reprimand.

Having galloped without harm past the French, he

reached the field beyond the forest, where our soldiers were running down-hill, without paying any attention to the command. It was that moment of moral hesitation which decides the fate of battles: the question was whether the disorganized crowds of soldiers would listen to the voice of their commander, or whether they would look back at him and continue running. In spite of the desperate shout of the previously so formidable voice of their commander, in spite of his raving, maddened, purple face, and the furious waving of his sword, the soldiers kept running, talking, shooting into the air, and paying no attention to the word of command. The moral hesitation which decides the fate of battles was apparently in favour of terror.

The general had a coughing fit from his crying and from the powder smoke, and stopped in despair. Everything seemed to be lost; but just then the French, who were moving toward us, suddenly, without any apparent cause, ran back and disappeared from the clearing, while the Russian sharpshooters became visible in the forest. It was Timókhin's company, the only one which had preserved order in the forest, and which, sitting down in a ditch near by in the woods, unexpectedly attacked the French. Timókhin rushed against the French soldiers with such a terrible shout, and, with nothing but his sword, ran against them with such reckless and intoxicated determination, that the French had no time to collect their wits, threw away their guns, and ran away. Dólokhov, who was running by Timókhin's side, shot a Frenchman while almost touching him with his gun, and was the first to grasp an officer who surrendered. The soldiers who were in flight returned, the battalions were collected, and the French, who had separated the troops of the left flank into two parts, were for a moment repulsed.

The reserves had time to collect themselves, and the

fleeing soldiers stopped. The commander of the regiment was standing at the bridge with Major Ekonómov, letting the retreating companies pass by him, when a soldier walked over to him, took hold of his stirrup, and almost leaned against him. The soldier wore a blue cloth mantle; he had no knapsack and no shako; his head was bandaged, and over his shoulder he carried a French cartridge-pouch. In his hand he held an officer's sword. The soldier was pale; his blue eyes looked boldly into the face of the commander of the regiment, and his mouth smiled. Although the commander of the regiment was busy giving orders to Major Ekonómov, he could not help looking at the soldier.

"Your Excellency, here are two trophies!" said Dólokhov, pointing to the French sword and to the cartridge-pouch. "I have captured an officer. I have stopped the company." Dólokhov was breathing heavily from fatigue; he spoke by fits and starts. "The whole company will testify to it. I beg you to make a note of it, your Excellency!"

"All right, all right," said the commander of the regiment, turning to Major Ekonómov. But Dólokhov did not budge; he untied his bandage, pulled it down, and showed the blood clots in his hair.

"A bayonet wound,—and I remained in the ranks. Remember that, your Excellency!"

Túshin's battery was forgotten, and only toward the end of the engagement, still hearing a cannonade in the centre, Prince Bagration sent there the staff-officer of the day and then Prince Andréy, to order the battery to retreat as quickly as possible. The protecting battalions, which had stood near Túshin's guns, had left in the middle of the engagement, somebody having given the order to do so; but the battery continued firing, and had not been taken by the French because the enemy could

not imagine the boldness of firing four guns without having them well protected. On the contrary, from the energetic action of this battery, he supposed that here, in the centre, the chief forces of the Russians were concentrated, and he twice tried to attack that point, but was driven back by the canister-shot of the four undefended cannon standing on that eminence.

Soon after Prince Bagration had left him, Túshin had succeeded in getting Schöngraben on fire.

"I declare they are in a turmoil! It is burning! What a smoke! Elegant! Fine! What a smoke, what a smoke!" said the crew, getting animated.

All the guns fired, without order, in the direction of the burning village. As though urging on the projectiles, the soldiers kept saying with each shot: "This is clever! That's what! I declare, it is fine!"

The fire was fanned by the wind and spread rapidly. The French columns which came out of the village went back again, but, as though to punish the Russians for this failure, the enemy placed ten guns to the right of the village and began to fire upon Túshin.

In their childish joy, which was produced by the conflagration and the successful fire upon the French, our artillerists noticed that battery only after two shells, and soon after four more, had struck between the guns, and one of them had knocked down two horses, while another had torn off a leg from a caisson driver. But the animation, having once been established, did not weaken; it only changed its character. The horses were exchanged for others from the reserve gun-carriage; the wounded were taken away, and the four guns were trained on the ten-gun battery. An officer, Túshin's companion, was killed in the beginning of the action, and during the period of one hour seventeen out of a crew of forty fell out, but the artillerists remained as cheerful and as animated as before. Twice they noticed that the French had appeared

a short distance away, and directly below them, and then they directed canister-shot upon them.

The little man, with the feeble, awkward movements, kept asking his servant for "another pipe for this," as he said, and he ran out, scattering the fire from his pipe, and looked at the French, by shielding his eyes with his little hand.

"Let her go, boys!" he said, himself seizing the guns at the wheels and screwing them up.

Deafened by the eternal discharges, which made him shake, Túshin ran through the smoke from one gun to another, all the time keeping his "nosewarmer" in his mouth; now he aimed, now counted the charges, now looked after the exchange and unharnessing of dead and wounded horses, calling out all the while in his weak, thin, and indecisive voice. His face grew more and more animated. Only when men were wounded or killed, he scowled and, turning away from a killed soldier, angrily shouted to the men who, as always, were slow in picking up a wounded body. The soldiers, for the most part stately fellows (in the companies of the batteries they are generally two heads taller than their officers, and twice as broad), all looked at their commander in difficult situations like children, and the expression which was on his face was invariably reflected on theirs.

On account of that terrible din and noise, and the necessity of being all the time on the watch and active, Túshin did not experience the least unpleasant feeling of terror, and the thought that he might be killed or painfully wounded never occurred to him. On the contrary, he grew ever more cheerful. It seemed to him that it was long ago, almost the day before, that he for the first time saw the enemy and made the first shot, and that the piece of the field on which he was standing had long been his familiar, native place. Although he remembered everything, considered everything, did everything the very best

officer could possibly have done in his place, he was in a condition which resembled a delirium of fever, or the state of an intoxicated man.

Through the deafening sounds of his guns, through the whistling and the thuds of the projectiles of the enemy, through the spectacle of the perspiring, red-faced, hurrying crew at the guns, through the spectacle of the blood of men and horses, through the spectacle of the puffs of the smoke from the enemy on the other side (after each of which a shell came flying and striking the earth, a man, a gun, or a horse),—through the spectacle of all these objects, a fantastic world arose in his mind and at that time gave him much pleasure. The enemy's guns were to his imagination not cannon, but pipes through which an invisible smoker was now and then emitting smoke.

"He has taken another puff," said Túshin, in a whisper, as a whiff of smoke leaped out from the hill and was carried by the wind to the left in the form of a stripe, "and now wait for the ball, and send it back again."

"What do you wish, your Honour?" asked a cannoneer who was standing near him, as he heard him mutter something.

"Nothing, a grenade —" he replied.

"Come now, our Matvyévna!" he said to himself. Matvyévna to his imagination was a large outer gun of an ancient cast. The French at their guns presented themselves to him as ants. The fine-looking drunkard, number one of the second gun, was the "uncle" in his world; Túshin kept looking oftenest at him and enjoyed every motion of his. The sound of the now dying, now increasing, fusilade at the foot of the hill appeared to him like somebody's breathing. He listened attentively to the sinking and to the palpitation of these sounds.

"She is breathing again, she is," he said to himself.

He thought of himself as a man of enormous stature

and tremendous power who with both hands was hurling balls at the French.

"Now, Matvyévna, my darling, do not deceive me!" he said, walking away from the gun, when a strange, unfamiliar sound was heard above his head.

"Captain Túshin! Captain!"

Túshin looked back frightened. It was that officer of the staff who had driven him out at Grunth. He was crying to him out of breath:

"What is the matter with you? Have you lost your senses? You have been twice ordered to retreat, and you —"

"What do they want of me?" Túshin thought, looking in terror at his superior. "I — nothing —" he said, putting his two fingers to the visor of his cap.

"I —"

But the colonel did not finish his sentence. A shell which flew close by made him duck on his horse. He grew silent, then was on the point of saying something again, when another shell stopped him. He turned around his horse and galloped away.

"Retreat! Everybody retreat!" he cried from a distance.

The soldiers laughed. A minute later the adjutant arrived with the same order.

This was Prince Andréy. The first thing he saw, upon riding out upon the place which was occupied by Túshin's guns, was an unhitched horse with a broken leg, which was neighing near the hitched horses. The blood was flowing from its leg as from a spring. Several dead soldiers were lying between the limbers. One projectile after another kept flying over him just as he rode up, and he felt a nervous chill running up his spine. But the mere thought of being afraid again roused him.

"I cannot fear," he thought, slowly dismounting from his horse near the guns. He delivered the order, and did

not leave the battery. He decided that the guns should be taken down in his presence and hauled away. Stepping over the dead bodies and under a terrible fire from the French, he and Túshin began to attend to the dismounting of the guns.

“There has just been here a superior officer, but he has skipped,” a cannoneer said to Prince Andréy. “He was not like your Honour.”

Prince Andréy said nothing to Túshin. They were both so busy that they did not seem to see each other. After putting on the limbers two of the sound guns (one broken cannon and a howitzer were left behind), and starting down-hill, Prince Andréy rode up to Túshin.

“Well, good-bye!” said Prince Andréy, giving him his hand.

“Good-bye, my dear!” said Túshin. “Sweet soul, good-bye!” said Túshin, with tears which for some reason appeared in his eyes.

XXI.

THE wind died down ; black clouds hung low over the place of battle, blending in the horizon with the powder smoke. It was growing dark, and so much more bright appeared the glow of the conflagrations in two spots. The cannonade became weaker, but the crackling of the fusilade behind and to the right could be heard ever more frequently and was getting nearer. As soon as Túshin came out from under the fire, and, passing by or meeting a number of wounded men, descended into the ravine, he was met by superior officers and by adjutants, among whom was also the officer of the staff, and Zhérkov, who had twice been sent to Túshin's battery, which he never reached. All of them, interrupting each other, kept giving and transmitting orders where he was to go and how he was to travel, and rebuked him, and made remarks to him. Túshin gave no orders ; he rode behind in silence on his artillery nag, fearing to say anything lest, not knowing himself why, he should burst out into tears at every word.

Although the wounded were to be abandoned, many of them dragged themselves after the troops and begged to be permitted to sit on the ordnance. The dashing and youthful officer of infantry, who before the battle had leaped out from Túshin's booth, had a bullet in his abdomen and was placed on the gun-carriage of Matvyévna. At the foot of the hill, the pale yunker of hussars, holding his left arm with his right hand, walked over to Túshin and asked his permission to sit down.

"Captain, for God's sake, my arm is bruised," he said, timidly. "For God's sake, I cannot walk. For God's sake!"

It was evident that this yunker had more than once asked permission to ride and had everywhere been refused. He was begging in an indecisive and pitiful voice.

"Permit me to ride, for God's sake!"

"Go, take a seat!" said Túshin. "Uncle, put an overcoat under him," he turned to his favourite soldier. "Where is the wounded officer?"

"They have taken him off, — he is dead," somebody remarked.

"Seat him! Sit down, my dear, sit down! Put an overcoat under him, Antónov!"

That yunker was Rostóv. He held his bruised arm with his hand; he was pale, and his lower jaw shook with a chill. He was placed on the Matvyévna, the gun from which the dead officer was taken down. On the overcoat which was put under him there was some blood, which stained Rostóv's riding-trousers and his hands.

"Are you wounded, my dear?" asked Túshin, walking over to the gun on which Rostóv was sitting.

"No, I am bruised."

"Where does the blood on the cheek of the gun-carriage come from?" asked Túshin.

"The officer has stained it, your Honour," replied an artillerist, wiping off the blood with the sleeve of his overcoat, as though begging pardon for the dirty condition of the gun.

The ordnance was with difficulty pulled up-hill, with the aid of the infantry, and they stopped as soon as they arrived at the village of Gunthersdorf. It had grown so dark that the uniforms of the soldiers could not be distinguished within ten paces, and the fusilade was dying down. Suddenly shouts were again heard on the right, not far away, and the firing began once more. The fires

from the guns lighted up the darkness. It was the last attack of the French, and to it our soldiers who occupied the houses in the village responded. Again all rushed out of the village, but Túshin's ordnance could not move, and the artillerymen, Túshin, and the yunker silently exchanged glances, expecting their fate. The fusilade soon died down, and from a side street issued soldiers who were speaking with animation.

"Are you unharmed, Petrów?" asked one.

"We have heated them up, though. They won't come forward now," said another.

"One can't see a thing. How they did fire on their own! It's awfully dark! Haven't you anything to drink?"

The French were repulsed this last time. Túshin's ordnance, surrounded in the complete darkness by the dinning infantry as though by a frame, again moved onward.

A gloomy, invisible river seemed to be flowing in the darkness, all the time in one direction, roaring with the whispers and talks of the men and the sounds of the hoofs and wheels. Through the general din the groans and the voices of the wounded were most audible in the darkness of the night. Their groans seemed to fill the whole darkness that surrounded the troops. Their groans and the darkness of that night were one and the same thing. After a little while a commotion took place in the moving crowd. Somebody riding a white horse passed by with his suite, saying something as he came by.

"What did he say? Where are we going now? Are we going to stop? Did he express his thanks?" were the eager questions that were heard on all sides, and the whole moving mass began to press on each other (apparently the soldiers in front had stopped), and the rumour was carried down the ranks that the order was given to

stop. All stopped wherever they happened to be, in the middle of the muddy road.

Fires were lighted and the conversation became more audible. Captain Túshin gave his orders to his company, and sent a soldier to find the ambulance or a surgeon for the yunker. He sat down by the fire, which was started by the soldiers in the middle of the road. Rostóv dragged himself over to the fire. A chill, caused by his pain, by the cold, and by the dampness, shook his whole body. He was overcome by an invincible sleep, but he could not fall asleep from the sharp and tormenting pain of his arm, for which he could find no comfortable position. He now closed his eyes and now looked into the fire, which seemed to him to be of a burning red colour, or at Túshin's weak, stooping figure, as he sat near him in Turkish fashion. Túshin's large, kindly, intelligent eyes were directed toward him with sympathy and compassion. He saw that Túshin wished to aid him with all his heart, but was unable to do so.

On all sides could be heard the steps and the conversation of walking or riding men, and of the infantry which was making camp. The sounds of the voices, of the steps, and of the horses' hoofs splashing in the mud, and the near and distant crackling of burning wood, blended into one undulating din.

Now no longer an invisible river flowed in the darkness, but a murky sea palpitating and calming down after a storm. Rostóv looked and listened dully to what took place around him. A foot-soldier came up to the fire, squatted down, put his hands out toward the heat, and turned his face away.

"Is it all right, your Honour?" he said, turning to Túshin, with a questioning look. "I have strayed away from my company, your Honour. I do not know where it is. It is awful!"

Along with the soldier an officer of infantry, with

a tied-up cheek, came up to the fire and, turning to Túshin, asked him to order the guns to be moved a little mite so as to enable him to take a cart by. After this commander of a company, two soldiers rushed against the fire. They were fighting and cursing desperately, pulling at a boot.

"You have picked it up, have you? You are a good one," cried one in a hoarse voice.

Then came up a pale, haggard soldier, his neck tied around with a blood-stained clout; in an angry voice he asked the artillerist for some water.

"Shall I die like a dog?" he asked.

Túshin told them to give him some water. Then there ran up a cheerful soldier who asked for some fire for the infantry.

"Let me have a little burning fire for the infantry! Good-bye, countrymen! Thank you for the fire,— we will repay you with interest," he said, carrying a burning stick somewhere into the darkness.

After him four soldiers, carrying something heavy in a mantle, passed by the camp-fire. One of them stumbled.

"The devils! They have put wood right in the road!" grumbled one of them.

"He is dead, what is the use of carrying him?" said one of them.

"Come now!" and they disappeared in the darkness with their burden.

"Does it hurt?" Túshin asked Rostóv, in a whisper.

"Yes."

"Your Honour, the general asks for you. He is here in the hut," said a cannoneer, walking over to Túshin.

"Directly, my dear."

Túshin rose and, buttoning his overcoat and adjusting his clothes, walked away from the fire.

Not far from the camp-fire of the artillerist, in a house prepared for him, Prince Bagрати́ón was sitting at dinner,

conversing with several chiefs of divisions, who had gathered there. Here was the old man with the half-closed eyes, eagerly gnawing at a bone of mutton, and the reproachless general of twenty-two years standing, who now was red from a wine-glass of brandy and from the dinner, and the officer of the staff with the seal ring, and Zhérkov who restlessly surveyed them all, and Prince Andréy, pale, with compressed lips and feverishly glistening eyes.

In the room a French flag stood leaning against a corner, and the auditor, with his naïve face, kept fingering the woof of the flag and shaking his head in perplexity, perhaps because he was really interested in looking at the flag, or, more likely, because, being hungry, it was hard for him to look at the dinner, at which no cover was set for him. In the adjoining room was a French colonel who had been captured by the dragoons. Our officers were crowding around him and examining him. Prince Bagration thanked the individual chiefs and inquired about the details of the action and about the losses. The commander of the regiment who had been inspected at Braunau reported to the prince that the moment the action had begun, he retreated from the forest, collected the woodcutters, and, allowing them to pass by him, with two battalions charged bayonets and overthrew the French.

"The moment I saw, your Serenity, that the first battalion was disorganized, I stopped in the road and thought, 'I will let these pass, and will meet them with a scathing fire,' and so I did."

The commander of the regiment had been so anxious to do that, and he was so sorry he had not had a chance of doing it, that he thought it really had taken place. Maybe it really did happen? Who could make out in that tangle what did happen and what not?

"I must remark, your Serenity," he continued, recalling Dólokhov's conversation with Kutúzov, and his last meet-

ing with the degraded man, "that the degraded Dólokhov in my sight captured a French officer and distinguished himself very much."

"It was here, your Serenity, that I saw the attack of the Pavlográdski hussars," restlessly looking around, interposed Zhérkov, who on that day had not seen the hussars at all, but had only heard of them from an officer of infantry. "They have crushed two squares, your Serenity!"

At Zhérkov's words some of them smiled, expecting, as always, something funny from him; but when they noticed that that which he said referred to the glory of our arms and of the day, they assumed a serious aspect, although many of them knew full well that that which Zhérkov was saying was a pure, groundless fabrication. Prince Bagратиόν turned to the old colonel.

"I thank you all, gentlemen, — all the different parts have acted heroically, all, the infantry, the cavalry, and the artillery. Why were two guns left in the centre?" he asked, looking for some one with his eyes. (Prince Bagратиόν did not ask about the ordnance of the left flank, for he knew that all the cannon had been abandoned in the beginning of the action.) "It seems to me I asked you to bring them," he turned to the staff-officer of the day.

"One was smashed," replied the staff-officer of the day, "and about the other I do not know. I myself was there at the time and gave orders, and had just left — It was hot there, I must say," he added, modestly.

Somebody remarked that Túshin was camping near the village and that he had been sent for.

"You were there," said Prince Bagратиόν, turning to Prince Andréy.

"Of course, we just missed each other," said the staff-officer of the day, smiling pleasantly at Bolkónski.

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing you," Prince Andréy said, coldly and abruptly.

All were silent.

Túshin appeared on the threshold, timidly making his way between the generals. In trying to keep out of the way of the generals in the small room, Túshin was confused, as always, at the sight of his superiors, and inadvertently stumbled against the flagstaff. Several men began to laugh.

"How is it the ordnance was left?" asked Bagration, frowning, not so much at the captain, as at the laughing men, among whom Zhérkov's voice was loudest.

Only now, in the presence of the stern authorities, did Túshin see all the guilt and disgrace of having lost two pieces of ordnance, while he himself was alive. He was so agitated that he could not think of the reason. The laugh of the officers confused him still more. He stood before Bagration, with his lower jaw all a-tremble, and he said:

"I do not know — your Serenity — there were no men, your Serenity."

"You could have taken them from the protecting battalion."

Túshin did not say that he was not protected, although that was the real truth. He was afraid he would thus get another chief into trouble, and so he looked silently, with motionless eyes, at Bagration's face, as a confused pupil looks into the face of the examining teacher.

The silence lasted quite awhile. Prince Bagration, who evidently did not wish to be severe, could find no words; the others did not dare take part in the conversation. Prince Andréy looked furtively at Túshin, and his fingers twitched nervously.

"Your Serenity," Prince Andréy broke the silence with his sharp voice, "you had deigned to send me to the battery of Captain Túshin. I was there and found two-thirds of the men and horses killed, two guns shattered, and no protection whatever."

Prince Bagration and Túshin looked equally stubbornly at Bolkónski, who spoke with reserve, though in excitement.

"And if your Serenity will permit me to express my opinion," he continued, "I will say that we owe the success of this day above all to the action of this battery and to the heroic persistency of Captain Túshin and his company," said Prince Andréy. Without waiting for any reply, he rose and went away from the table.

Prince Bagration looked at Túshin and, evidently not wishing to express any doubt in respect to Bolkónski's sharp judgment, and, at the same time, not feeling himself able entirely to trust him, he inclined his head and told Túshin that he could go. Prince Andréy followed him out.

"Thank you, my dear! You have rescued me!" Túshin said to him.

Prince Andréy surveyed Túshin and, without saying anything, walked away from him. Prince Andréy felt sad and ill at heart. All that was so terrible, so different from what he had expected.

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"Who are they? What are they for? What do they need? When will it all end?" thought Rostóv, looking at the changing shadows in front of him. The pain in his arm was growing more intolerable. Insuperable sleepiness overcame him; red circles flitted in his eyes, and the impression of these voices and faces and the feeling of loneliness blended with the sensation of pain. It was they, these wounded and sound soldiers, it was they who were choking and weighing him down, and twisting his muscles, and burning his flesh in his broken arm and shoulder. To get rid of them he closed his eyes.

He forgot himself for a moment, but in that short interval of time he saw in his dream an endless number of objects. He saw his mother and her large, white

hand; he saw Sónya's thin shoulders, Natásha's eyes and laughter, Denísov with his voice and moustache, Telyániu, and his whole history with Telyániu and Bogdánych. His whole history was the same as that soldier with the piercing voice, and that history and that soldier, tormenting, kept holding, pressing, and pulling his arm to one side. He tried to get away from them, but they did not let his shoulder move one hair's-breadth. It would not ache, it would be well, if only they did not pull him; but it was impossible to get rid of them.

He opened his eyes and looked up. The black shroud of the night hung three feet above the light of the coal. In this light flew little flakes of falling snow. Túshin was not yet back, and the surgeon had not come. He was alone, and only a soldier was sitting naked on the other side of the fire and warming his lean, yellow body.

"Nobody wants me!" thought Rostóv. "There is nobody to help me, or pity me. And yet there was a time when I was at home, a strong, gay, beloved boy." He sighed and with the sigh gave an involuntary groan.

"Does it hurt?" asked the little soldier, shaking his shirt over the fire, and, without waiting for an answer, he groaned and said: "It is terrible to think what a lot of people have been ruined to-day!"

Rostóv was not listening to the soldier. He was looking at the snowflakes flitting above the fire, and he recalled the Russian winter with a warm, bright house, a shaggy fur coat, swiftly moving sleighs, a healthy body, and all the love and care of the family.

"Why did I come here?" he thought.

On the following day the French did not renew the attack, and the remainder of Bagratióv's army joined Kutúzov.

PART THE THIRD

I.

PRINCE VASÍLI never laid any plans. Still less did he think of doing people harm in order to gain an advantage. He was merely a man of the world, who had had success in the world, and who had made a habit of that success. According to circumstances and his proximity to people, he always formed new plans and combinations, of which he did not render himself any clear account, but which composed the whole interest of his life. Not one or two such plans and combinations were in vogue with him, but dozens at a time ; of these some presented themselves dimly to him, others were being realized, others again were annihilated. For example, he did not say to himself : " This man is now in power, and I must gain his confidence and friendship, and through him obtain some temporary advantage," nor did he say : " Here is Pierre, who is a rich man, so I must entice him to marry my daughter and borrow forty thousand roubles of him, of which I am in need ;" but if a man in power came in his way, his instinct immediately told him that such a man might be useful to him, and Prince Vasíli became closely acquainted with him and, at the first opportunity, without any preparation, simply by instinct, flattered him, became familiar with him, and talked to him of what he needed.

Pierre happened to be near at hand in Moscow, and so Prince Vasíli got him an appointment as page of the chamber, which at that time equalled the rank of Coun-

cillor of State, and insisted that the young man should go with him to St. Petersburg and stop at his house. As though absent-mindedly and, at the same time, with absolute conviction that it must be so, Prince Vasíli did everything that was necessary in order to get Pierre to marry his daughter. If Prince Vasíli had laid his plans in advance, he could not have had such naturalness in his address, and such simplicity and familiarity in his relations with all people who were above him or below him in station. Something drew him constantly to men who were stronger or richer than he, and he was endowed with the rare art of catching the appropriate moment when he could and should make use of people.

Pierre, who had unexpectedly become a rich man and Count Bezúkhi, after the late loneliness and carelessness, was suddenly so surrounded by people and kept busy that only in his bed did he get a chance of being left to himself. He had to sign papers, attend to business in court-houses, of the meaning of which he did not have any clear idea, ask his chief manager about things, journey to his suburban estate at Moscow, and receive a vast number of people, who formerly did not wish to know of his existence, but now would be offended and aggrieved if he did not see them. All these various people, the business men, the relatives, the acquaintances, were equally kindly inclined to the young heir: they were all evidently convinced of Pierre's high deserts.

He constantly heard the words: "With your unusual kindness," or "with your beautiful heart," or "you yourself are so pure, count," or "if he were as wise as you," and so forth, so that he sincerely began to believe in his extraordinary kindness and intelligence, the more so since, in the depth of his heart, he had always thought that he was very good and clever. People who formerly were mean and obviously hostile to him became gentle and kind to him.

The angry eldest princess, with her long waist and her hair combed smooth as a doll, came to Pierre's room after the funeral. Lowering her eyes and blushing, she said to him that she was sorry for the many misunderstandings which had been between them and that now she did not feel she had the right to ask anything but the permission, after the blow which she had received, of staying a few weeks in the house which she loved so much and to which she had brought so many sacrifices. She was unable to control herself at these words and burst out weeping. Touched at seeing the statuesque princess so changed, Pierre took her hand and begged her pardon, not knowing himself what it was he had done wrong. With that day the princess began to knit a striped sash for Pierre and entirely changed in her relations to him.

"Do it for her, *mon cher*! She has suffered so much from the defunct," Prince Vasili said to him as he handed him a document to sign, which was in favour of the princess.

Prince Vasili decided that this bone, a note for thirty thousand roubles, ought to be thrown to the poor princess, so that it should never occur to her to speak about the part Vasili had played in the matter of the mosaic portfolio. Pierre signed the note, and the princess became even kinder to him. The younger sisters also grew kinder to him, especially the youngest, the pretty maiden with the birthmark, who frequently embarrassed Pierre with her smiles and her confusion whenever she saw him.

It seemed so natural to Pierre to be loved by everybody; it seemed so unnatural to him for anybody not to love him, that he could not help believing in the sincerity of the people who surrounded him. Besides, he had no time to ask himself about the sincerity or insincerity of these people. He was always busy, and he constantly felt himself in the condition of a harmless and happy intoxication. He was conscious of being the centre of

some important social movement; he felt that something was always expected of him, that if he did not do what was expected of him, he would grieve many and would deprive them of what they were waiting for; but if he did it, everything would be well,—and so he did what was expected of him, but that well-being remained all the time ahead of him.

During this first period, Prince Vasíli, more than any one else, took possession both of Pierre's affairs and of his person. After the death of Count Bezúkhi, he did not let Pierre out of his hands.

Prince Vasíli had the aspect of a man burdened with affairs, tired, exhausted, but so compassionate as to be unable to abandon to fate and rogues this helpless young man, the son of his friend, and, *après tout*, a young man possessed of so vast a fortune. In the few days which he passed in Moscow after the death of Count Bezúkhi, he called Pierre to his room, or himself went to see him, prescribing to him what to do in such a tone of fatigue and self-confidence, as though he were saying every time:

“Vous savez que je suis accablé d'affaires et que ce n'est que par pure charité que je m'occupe de vous, et puis vous savez bien que ce que je vous propose est la seule chose faisable.”

“Well, my friend, to-morrow, at last, we shall depart,” he once told him, closing his eyes, fingering his elbow, and speaking in a tone as though that which he said had long ago been decided between them and could not be decided otherwise.

“To-morrow we shall depart. I will give you a seat in my carriage. I am very glad. Here everything important has been finished, and I ought to have been back long ago. I have heard from the chancellor. I approached him concerning you, and now you are on the list of the diplomatic corps and a page of the chamber. Now the diplomatic career is open to you.”

In spite of the whole power of the tone of fatigue and self-confidence, with which these words were pronounced, Pierre, who had so long been thinking about his career, wanted to make a reply. But Prince Vasíli interrupted him with that cooing bass voice, which excluded every possibility of an interruption and which was employed by him in cases of extreme need in persuasion.

"*Mais, mon cher*, I did that for you, to ease my conscience, and you need not thank me. No one has ever complained of being loved too much, and you are at liberty to throw it up to-morrow if you want to. You will see it all in St. Petersburg. It is time for you to get away from these terrible recollections." Prince Vasíli heaved a sigh. "Yes, my dear. Let my valet travel in your carriage! Oh, yes, I almost forgot," Prince Vasíli added, "do you know, *mon cher*, I have had some accounts with the defunct; now I have received some money from the Ryazán land, and I will leave it standing: you do not need it. We will square up accounts."

What the prince called "from the Ryazán land" was several thousand roubles of peasant rents which Vasíli had kept for himself.

In St. Petersburg, as at Moscow, an atmosphere of tender, loving people surrounded Pierre. He could not decline the place, or rather calling (for he had nothing whatever to do), which Prince Vasíli had obtained for him, and there were so many acquaintances, calls, and social duties that Pierre, more than in Moscow, experienced a feeling of mistiness, haste, and some approaching, but never accomplished, good.

Of his former bachelor acquaintances many were not in St. Petersburg. The Guards had left for the war, Dólokhov was reduced, Anatól was in the army somewhere in the provinces, Prince Andréy was abroad; thus Pierre had no occasion to pass the nights as he liked to pass them,

nor to unburden his soul now and then in a friendly chat with his respected older friend. All his time was passed at dinners, at balls, and especially in the house of Prince Vasíli, in the company of the fat princess, his wife, and of beautiful Héléne.

Anna Pávlovna Scherer, like all the rest, showed Pierre what a change in the society's view in respect to him had taken place.

Formerly Pierre always felt, in the presence of Anna Pávlovna, that everything which he was saying was indecent, tactless, improper; that the remarks which had seemed to him ingenious as long as he prepared them in his imagination, became stupid, the moment he enunciated them, and that, on the contrary, the most insipid of Ippolít's statements appeared clever and charming. Now everything he said turned out to be *charmant*. Even though Anna Pávlovna did not say so, he saw that she meant to say so, but refrained from doing so out of respect for his modesty.

In the beginning of the winter of the year 1805 to 1806, Pierre received from Anna Pávlovna the customary rose-coloured note of invitation, to which was added: "*Vous trouverez chez moi la belle Héléne qu'on ne se lasse jamais de voir.*"

While reading this passage, Pierre felt for the first time that there was a certain tie between him and Héléne which was recognized by other people, and this thought both frightened him, as though a duty was imposed upon him that he could not fulfil, and pleased him as an amusing proposition.

The soiréé at Anna Pávlovna's was just like the first, but the novelty to which she now treated her guests was not Mortemart, but a diplomatist just fresh from Berlin, bringing with him the latest news about Emperor Alexander's visit to Potsdam and about how the two most august friends there swore in an indestructible alliance to

defend the just cause against the enemy of the human race. Pierre was received by Anna Pávlovna with a shade of sadness, which evidently had reference to the recent loss suffered by the young man, — to the death of Count Bezúkhi (all regarded it as their duty to assure Pierre that he was very much grieved by the death of his father, whom he hardly knew); this sadness was precisely of the same character as that august grief which was expressed at the mention of the Most August Empress Máriya Fédorovna. Pierre felt himself flattered by it.

Anna Pávlovna, with her customary skill, arranged the circles in her drawing-room. A large circle, in which were Prince Vasíli and some generals, monopolized the diplomatist. Another circle was gathered about the tea-table. Pierre wanted to join the first, but Anna Pávlovna, who was in the irritated mood of a general on the field of battle, when thousands of new, brilliant thoughts come to one, which can hardly be put into execution, touched his sleeve with her finger, when she saw him, and said :

“ Attendez, j’ai des vues sur vous pour ce soir.”

She looked at Héléne and smiled at her.

“ Ma belle Héléne, il faut que vous soyez charitable pour ma pauvre tante, qui a une adoration pour vous. Allez lui tenir compagnie pour dix minutes. And in order that it may not be too dull for you, here is the dear count who will not refuse to follow you.”

The beauty started toward the aunt, but Pierre was held back by Anna Pávlovna, who looked as though she had one final arrangement to make.

“ Now is she not delightful ? ” she said to Pierre, pointing to the majestic beauty as she was gliding away. *“ Et quelle tenue !* For such a young girl, what tact, what a masterful manner ! That shows that she has a heart. Happy will be the one who gets her. With her the most unworldly man will involuntarily occupy the

most brilliant place in the world. Is it not so? I only wanted to know your opinion," and Anna Pávlovna dismissed Pierre.

Pierre sincerely replied in the affirmative to Anna Pávlovna's question as to Héléne's art in bearing herself properly. If he ever thought of Héléne, he always thought of her beauty and of her calm and dignified bearing in society.

The aunt received the two young people in her corner, but it seemed that she wished to conceal her admiration for Héléne, and, instead, to express her fear in the presence of Anna Pávlovna. She glanced at her niece as though to ask her what she was to do with these young people. Upon leaving them, Anna Pávlovna again touched Pierre's sleeve with her finger, saying:

"J'espère que vous ne direz plus qu'on s'ennuie chez moi," whereat she looked at Héléne.

Héléne smiled with an expression which said that she did not admit the possibility of anybody seeing her and not being delighted.

The aunt cleared her throat, swallowed, and then said in French that she was very glad to see Héléne; then she turned to Pierre with the same greeting and the same gesture. In the middle of the tedious and halting conversation Héléne looked at Pierre and smiled at him with that clear, beautiful smile with which she smiled at everybody. Pierre was so used to that smile, and it expressed so little to him, that he paid no attention to it. The aunt was at that time speaking of a collection of snuff-boxes which Pierre's late father, Count Bezúkhi, had possessed, and showed her own snuff-box. Princess Héléne asked her to let her look at her husband's portrait which was painted on that snuff-box.

"This is, no doubt, done by Vignesse," said Pierre, mentioning the name of a famous miniaturist, as he bent over the table to take the snuff-box into his hands, and

listened to the conversation which was going on at the other table. He rose, wishing to go around, but the aunt handed the snuff-box straight by H  l  ne, who was back of her. H  l  ne bent forward to make way for him. She wore, as always at evening parties, what according to the fashion of those days was a very d  collet   dress, both in front and behind. Her bust, which had always seemed marblelike to Pierre, was so close to his eyes that, in spite of his near-sightedness, he could discern the living charm of her shoulders and neck, and he was so close to her lips that he had only to bend a little in order to touch them. He felt the warmth of her body, smelled the odour of her perfume, and heard the creaking of her corset as she moved. He saw not her marble beauty, which formed one whole with her garment; he saw and felt the whole charm of her body, which was only veiled by the garment. When he once saw that, he no longer could see otherwise, as we cannot return to a deception which has been explained to us.

“How is it you have not noticed heretofore that I am beautiful?” H  l  ne seemed to say. “Have you not observed that I am a woman? Yes, I am a woman who may belong to anybody, and to you, too,” said her glance.

Just then Pierre felt that H  l  ne not only could, but must be his wife, that it could not be otherwise.

At that moment he knew that as certainly as though he were already standing under the wedding-wreath with her. He did not know how it would happen, or when; he did not even know whether it would be well (he really felt that for some reason it would not be well), but he knew that it would be.

Pierre lowered his eyes, again raised them, and once more wanted to see her as the distant, strange beauty he had seen heretofore; but he was unable to do that. He could not accomplish it, just as a man who, looking

through the mist at a blade of steppe-grass and taking it to be a tree, upon recognizing it to be a blade of steppe-grass, no longer is able to see a tree in it. She was terribly near to him. She already had a power over him. Between him and her there were now no barriers, except the barrier of his own will.

"*Bon, je vous laisse dans votre petit coin. Je vois que vous y êtes très bien,*" said Anna Pávlovna.

Pierre, suddenly becoming alarmed lest he might have committed some impropriety, blushed and looked about him. It seemed to him that all knew as well as he did what had happened to him.

A few minutes later, when he went up to the larger circle, Anna Pávlovna said to him:

"*On dit que vous embellissez votre maison de Pétersbourg.*"

That was true: the architect had told him that that was necessary, and Pierre, not knowing why, was remodeling his house at St. Petersburg.

"*C'est bien, mais ne démenagez pas de chez le Prince Basile. Il est bon d'avoir un ami comme le prince,*" she said, smiling at Prince Vasíli. "*J'en sais quelque chose. N'est-ce pas?* You are yet so young. You need counsel. Don't get angry at me for taking the liberty of an old woman," she said, growing silent, as women do, waiting for something to be said when they mention their age.

"If you get married that would be another matter."

Saying this, she united them by one glance. Pierre was not looking at Hélène, nor she at him, but she was still as terribly near to him. He muttered something and blushed.

Upon returning home, Pierre could not fall asleep for a long time, thinking of what had happened. What had happened to him? Nothing. All he knew was that the woman whom he used to know as a child, of whom he used to say absent-mindedly, "Yes, she is pretty," when-

ever he was told that H  l  ne was a beauty, — all he knew was that that woman could be his own.

“But she is stupid; I myself said that she was stupid,” he thought. “There is something abominable in the feeling which she has roused in me, something forbidden. I was told that her brother Anat  l was in love with her, and that she was in love with him, and that there was a whole story, and that for that reason Anat  l was sent away. Her brother Ippol  t — Her father, Prince Vas  li — It is not good,” he thought, and, at the same time that he was reflecting thus (while these reflections remained unfinished), he caught himself smiling, and he was conscious that another series of reflections was swimming out after the first, and that he simultaneously thought of her insignificance and dreamed of her becoming his wife, of her loving him, of her changing her manner of life, and of how all he had heard and thought about her might be an untruth. And again he saw her, not as a daughter of Prince Vas  li, but as a naked woman who was merely veiled by a gray dress.

“But why did the thought not occur to me before?”

And again he said to himself that it was impossible, that there was something abominable, something unnatural, something dishonest, he thought, in such a marriage. He recalled her former words and Anna P  vlovna’s glances, as she spoke to him about his house; he recalled a thousand such hints made by Prince Vas  li and others, and he was seized by terror, lest he had already bound himself to execute a deed which was evidently bad and which he ought not to do. But just as he was expressing this decision of his, her image, with all her feminine beauty, swam out at the other side of his soul.

II.

IN November of 1805 Prince Vasíli had to leave, in order to inspect four Governments. He managed to get this appointment that he might be able at the same time to visit his ruined estates, and, taking his son Anatól with him from the place where his regiment was located, to visit with him Prince Nikoláy Andréévich Bolkónski, in order to get his son married to the daughter of that rich old man. But, before his departure and before attending to his new affairs, Prince Vasíli had to settle his business with Pierre, who, it was true, had spent his last days at home, that is, at the house of Prince Vasíli, with whom he was living, and who was funny, agitated, and stupid (as a lover ought to be) in the presence of Héléne, but who so far had made no proposition.

“*Tout ça est bel et bon, mais il faut que ça finisse,*” Prince Vasíli said to himself one morning, with a sigh of sadness, being conscious that Pierre, who was under such obligations to him (“Well, God aid him!”), was not acting very well in this particular case. “Youth, frivolity — well, God be with him!” thought Prince Vasíli, thinking with pleasure of his own goodness, “*mais il faut que ça finisse.*” Day after to-morrow is Héléne’s name-day. I will invite a few people, and if he does not understand what he ought to do, I shall see to it. Yes, it is my affair. I am her father!”

Six weeks after the evening at Anna Pávlovna’s and the following sleepless, agitated night, when he decided that marrying Héléne would be a misfortune and that he

must avoid her and leave the city, Pierre did not leave the house of Prince Vasíli, feeling with terror that he every day bound himself more and more to her in the eyes of people, that he could in no way return to his former opinion of her, that he could not tear himself away from her, that it would be terrible, but he would have to unite his fate with hers. It may be that he could have torn himself away, but not a day passed without some evening entertainment at the house of Prince Vasíli (who otherwise rarely received guests), and Pierre had to be present if he did not wish to impair the general pleasure and deceive the expectations of all persons.

In those rare moments when Prince Vasíli was at home, he, when walking past Pierre, pulled his hand downward, absent-mindedly presenting to him his cleanly shaven, wrinkled cheek for a kiss, saying, "Good-bye until tomorrow," or "until dinner, before which time I shall not see you," or "I am staying for your sake," and so forth. And yet, although, when Prince Vasíli stayed at home for Pierre's sake (as he said), he did not exchange two words with him, Pierre felt that he did not have the strength to deceive his expectations. He kept saying to himself every day :

"I must at least try to understand her and render myself an account. Who is she? Was I mistaken before, or am I mistaken now? No, she is not stupid, no, she is a beautiful girl!"

At times he said to himself :

"She never makes any mistakes and has never said anything insipid. She speaks little, but what she says is always simple and clear, consequently she is not stupid. She is never embarrassed, consequently she is not a bad woman!"

Frequently he began to discuss things with her, and every time she answered him with a short but apt sentence, which showed that she was not interested in it, or

by a silent smile and glance, which more clearly than anything else showed him her superiority. She was right to regard all reflections as nonsensical in comparison with that smile.

She always addressed him with a cheerful, confidential smile which was meant specially for him, in which there was something more significant than that which was in her general smile which always adorned her face. Pierre knew that everybody was only waiting for him to say one word and cross the well-known line, and he knew also that sooner or later he would cross that line; but some incomprehensible terror took possession of him at the mere thought of that terrible step. A thousand times during these six weeks, in which he felt himself ever deeper drawn into that awful abyss, Pierre kept saying to himself:

“That will not do! I must have determination; or have I none?”

He wanted to decide something, but felt in terror that in this case he did not have that determination which he thought he possessed and which he really had. Pierre belonged to the number of those men who are only then strong when they feel themselves absolutely pure. From the day that the feeling of desire which he had experienced over the snuff-box at the house of Anna Pávlovna took possession of him, an unconscious feeling of the culpability of such a tendency paralyzed all his resoluteness.

On the name-day of Héléne, a small company of the nearest friends, as the princess said, relatives and friends, were to sup with Prince Vasíli. All these relatives and friends were given to understand that on that day the fate of the girl was to be decided. The guests were at supper. Princess Kurágin, a massive woman, who at one time had been beautiful and imposing, occupied the place of the hostess. At both sides of her sat the more distinguished guests, an old general with his wife and

Anna Pávlovna Scherer; at the end of the table sat the younger and less distinguished guests; there also sat Pierre and Héléne, close together.

Prince Vasíli did not eat. He kept walking around the table, in a happy frame of mind, sitting down now near one of the guests, and now near another. To each he made some casual and pleasant remark, except to Pierre and Héléne, whose presence he did not seem to notice. Prince Vasíli made all feel happy.

The wax candles burnt merrily; the silver and the crystal dishes glistened, and so did the attire of the ladies and the gold and silver of the epaulettes. Around the table rushed servants in red caftans; there was heard the clatter of knives, glasses, plates, and the sounds of the animated conversation of several groups at the table. At one end an old gentleman of the chamber assured an old baroness of his burning love for her, and her laughter could be heard; in another corner somebody told about the failure of some Márya Víktorovna. At the centre of the table Prince Vasíli had a circle of listeners about him. He was telling the ladies, with a jocular smile on his lips, about the last meeting of the Imperial Council, which had taken place on Wednesday, when Sergyéy Kuzmích Vyazmítinov, the new St. Petersburg military governor-general, had received and read the then famous rescript of the Emperor Alexander Pávlovich from the army, in which the emperor, addressing Sergyéy Kuzmích, said that from all sides he had received expressions of the nation's loyalty, and that the expressions of St. Petersburg's were especially pleasing to him, and that he was proud of being at the head of such a nation and would try to be worthy of it. This rescript began with the words:

"Sergyéy Kuzmích! From all sides rumours reach me," and so forth.

"So he did not get beyond 'Sergyéy Kuzmích'?" asked a lady.

"Yes, yes, not a hair's-breadth farther," Prince Vasíli replied, laughing. "Sergyéy Kuzmích — from all sides. From all sides, Sergyéy Kuzmích — Poor Vyazmítinov could not go any farther. Several times he picked up the letter, but the moment he said, 'Sergyéy' — there were tears — 'Kuzmích — from all sides —' was drowned by sobs, and he could not proceed. And again the handkerchief, and again 'Sergyéy Kuzmích, from all sides,' and tears — so that somebody else had to be asked to read it."

"Kuzmích — fróm all sides — and tears —" repeated some one, laughing.

"Don't be so malicious," Anna Pávlovna said from the other end, threatening with her finger, "*c'est un si brave et excellent homme, notre bon Viasmítinoff* —"

All were laughing loud. At the upper end, the place of honour, all seemed to be happy and under the influence of the most varied and animated of moods; only Pierre and Héléne sat silently by each other's side at the lower end of the table; on their faces hung a beaming smile, which had nothing to do with Sergyéy Kuzmích, — it was a smile of bashfulness before their own feelings. No matter what the others were saying or how they were laughing and jesting; no matter with what zest they partook of the Rhine wine, and the sauté, and the ices; no matter how much they avoided looking at the pair; no matter how indifferent and inattentive they seemed to be in regard to them, — it was felt for some reason, from the occasional glances cast at them, that the anecdote about Sergyéy Kuzmích, and the laughter, and the eating were all feigned, and that the attention of the whole company was directed full force toward this one pair, toward Pierre and Héléne.

Prince Vasíli imitated the sobs of Sergyéy Kuzmích and at the same time surveyed his daughter, and while he laughed, the expression of his face said: "Yes, yes, everything is going well. It will be decided to-day." Anna

Pávlovna threatened him for "*notre bon Viasmitinoff*," but in her eyes, which then in passing flashed upon Pierre, Prince Vasíli read a congratulation upon his future son-in-law and upon the happiness of his daughter. The old princess, with a sad sigh, offering her neighbour some wine and angrily glancing at her daughter, seemed to say: "Yes, now nothing is left for you and me to do but drink sweet wine, my dear; it is the time for these young people to be boldly and provokingly happy."

"How stupid is everything I am telling, as though it really interested me," thought the diplomatist, looking at the happy faces of the lovers: "there is happiness!"

Amid these petty, artificial interests, which united this company, there stood out the simple feeling of a mutual attraction between the handsome and healthy young man and young woman. This human sentiment crushed everything else and reigned supreme above all that artificial babbling. The jokes were not merry, the news was uninteresting, the animation was obviously not genuine. Not only they, but the lackeys who served at the table seemed to feel the same, and, looking at beautiful Héléne with her beaming face and at the red, fat, happy, and restless face of Pierre, forgot the order of their service. It seemed as though the candle-lights themselves were concentrated on these two happy faces.

Pierre felt that he was the centre of everything, and this situation both pleased and embarrassed him. He was in the state of a man who is absorbed in some occupation. But rarely, bits of thoughts and impressions of reality unexpectedly flashed upon his soul.

"So it is all ended!" he thought. "And how did it all come about? So quickly! Now I know that *this* must unavoidably happen, not alone for her sake and for mine, but for the sake of all these people. They are all waiting so much for *this*, they are so convinced that it will happen, that I cannot, I cannot deceive them. But

how will it happen? I do not know, but it will happen, I am sure it will!" thought Pierre, looking at her shoulders, which were glistening directly under his eyes.

Suddenly he felt ashamed of something. He felt ill at ease for monopolizing everybody's attention, for being a happy man in the sight of everybody, for being, with his homely face, some kind of a Paris taking possession of Helen.

"No doubt, it is always this way, and it must be so," he consoled himself. "Again, what have I done that this should happen? When did it begin? From Moscow I travelled with Prince Vasíli. There was nothing of it then. Why should I not have stopped at his house after that? Then I played at cards with her and picked up her reticule and went out driving with her. When did it begin? When did it all happen?"

And now he was sitting near her as her affianced, was hearing, seeing, feeling her nearness, her breath, her motions, her beauty. Suddenly it appeared to him that it was not she that was so uncommonly beautiful, but he himself, and that for that reason they were looking so at him, and he, happy to be admired by all, straightened himself up, raised his head, and enjoyed his happiness. Suddenly a voice, somebody's familiar voice, was heard, repeating something said to him. But Pierre was so occupied that he did not understand what they were saying to him.

"I want to know when you received a letter from Bolkónski," Prince Vasíli repeated for the third time. "How absent-minded you are, my dear!"

Prince Vasíli smiled, and Pierre saw that all smiled at him and at Hélène.

"What of it, if you all know?" Pierre said to himself. "What of it? It is the truth," and he himself smiled his meek, childish smile, and Hélène smiled, too.

"When did you receive it? Was it from Olmütz?"

repeated Prince Vasili, who had to know in order to settle a dispute.

"How can they be talking and thinking of such silly things?" thought Pierre.

"Yes, from Olmütz," he replied, with a sigh.

From the supper Pierre led his lady after the others into the drawing-room. The guests began to depart, and some went away without taking leave of Hélène. As though not wishing to take her away from her serious occupation, some came up for a moment and immediately went away from her, forbidding her to see them off. The diplomatist was sadly silent as he left the drawing-room. He thought of all the vanity of his diplomatic career as compared with Pierre's happiness. An old general growled angrily at his wife when she asked him about the state of his leg.

"What a foolish woman!" he thought. "Hélène Vasilevna will be a beauty even at fifty years of age."

"I think I may congratulate you," Anna Pávlovna whispered to the princess, giving her a hug and a kiss. "If it were not for my megrim, I should remain."

The princess did not make any reply; she was tormented with jealousy of her daughter's happiness.

During the departure of the guests, Pierre for a long time remained all alone with Hélène in the small drawing-room where they first took up their seats. He had frequently been left alone with Hélène during the last six weeks, but had never spoken to her about love. Now he felt that that was necessary, and yet he could not make up his mind to that last step. He was ashamed; it seemed to him that here, near Hélène, he occupied somebody else's place.

"This happiness is not for you," an inner voice was telling him. "This happiness is for those who have not that which you have."

But it was necessary to say something, and so he spoke.

He asked her whether she was satisfied with the present evening. She, as always, answered with her customary simplicity that her name-day had been one of the pleasantest she had ever passed.

A few of the nearest relatives had not yet left. They were sitting in the large drawing-room. Prince Vasíli with indolent steps walked over to Pierre. Pierre arose and said that it was already late. Prince Vasíli looked at him with a stern and interrogative glance, as though that which he had said was so strange that it was not possible to make out what he had said. Immediately the expression of austerity vanished, and Prince Vasíli pulled down Pierre's hand, made him sit down, and graciously smiled at him.

"Well, Héléne?" he at once turned to his daughter with that careless tone of customary tenderness, which is acquired by parents who have been caressing their children from early childhood, but which Prince Vasíli had learned through imitating other parents. He again turned to Pierre: "Sergyéy Kuzmích, from all sides," he said, unbuttoning the upper button of his waistcoat.

Pierre smiled, but it was apparent from his smile that he understood that it was not the anecdote about Sergyéy Kuzmích which now interested Prince Vasíli; and Prince Vasíli knew that Pierre knew it. Prince Vasíli suddenly grumbled something and went out. The sight of the embarrassment of that old man of the world touched Pierre; he looked back at Héléne, and she, it seemed, was also embarrassed, and her look said: "Well, it is your own fault!"

"I must take the step by all means, but I cannot, I cannot," thought Pierre. He again spoke of something irrelevant, of Sergyéy Kuzmích, asking what the anecdote consisted in, as he had not heard the whole story.

Héléne replied, with a smile, that she did not know herself.

As Prince Vasili entered the drawing-room, the princess was quietly speaking with an elderly lady about Pierre.

"Of course, *c'est un parti très brillant, mais le bonheur, ma chère* —"

"*Les mariages se font dans les cieux,*" replied the elderly lady.

Prince Vasili seemed not to have heard what the ladies were saying; he went into a distant corner and sat down on a sofa. He closed his eyes, as though dozing. His head fell and he awoke.

"*Aline,*" he said to his wife, "*allez voir ce qu'ils font.*"

The princess went up to the door, passed by it with a dignified, indifferent look, and glanced into the drawing-room. Pierre and Héléne were sitting there and talking.

"Still the same," she answered her husband.

Prince Vasili frowned and twisted his mouth awry; his cheeks leaped about with the disagreeable, coarse expression which was characteristic of him; he shook himself, rose, threw back his head, and with determined steps went into the little drawing-room, past the ladies. He walked over to Pierre with rapid steps, looking happy. The prince's face was so unusually triumphant that Pierre rose in fright as he noticed him.

"Thank God!" he said. "My wife has told me!" He embraced Pierre with one arm, and his daughter with the other. "My dear Héléne! I am very, very happy." His voice trembled. "I loved your father, and she will make you a good wife — May God bless you!" He embraced his daughter, then Pierre once more, and kissed him with his malodorous mouth. "Princess, come here!" he cried.

The princess came in and tears stood in her eyes. The elderly lady, too, was wiping off her tears with a handkerchief. Pierre was kissed, and he several times kissed the hand of beautiful Héléne. After awhile they were again left alone.

"All this had to be, and could not have been otherwise," thought Pierre, "therefore there is no need of asking whether it is good or bad. It is good because it is settled, and there is no longer the former tormenting doubt."

Pierre held the hand of his fiancée in silence, looking at her rising and falling beautiful bosom.

"Hélène!" he said, aloud, and suddenly stopped. "Something special has to be said under these circumstances," he thought, but was absolutely unable to recall what it was that had to be said under these circumstances. He glanced at her face. She came closer to him. Her face was flushed.

"Oh, take them off — these —" she pointed to his spectacles.

Pierre took them off, and his eyes not only had the strange look common to all people who take off their glasses, but they also looked in a frightened and interrogative manner at her. He wanted to bend over her hand and to kiss it; but she, with a rapid and coarse motion of her head, caught his lips and united them with hers. Her face struck Pierre disagreeably by its changed and disagreeable expression of abandon.

"Now it is too late; all is ended, and I love her," thought Pierre.

"*Je vous aime,*" he said, recalling what it was necessary to say under such conditions; but these words had such a wretched sound that he was ashamed of himself.

Six weeks later he was married and settled, as they said, the happy possessor of a beautiful wife and of a fortune of a million, in the large, remodelled St. Petersburg house of the Counts Bezúkhi.

III.

THE old Prince Nikoláy Andréévich Bolkónski received, in December of 1805, a letter from Prince Vasíli, announcing his intended visit with his son.

"I am travelling on a tour of inspection, and, of course, one hundred versts will not keep me from visiting you, my respected benefactor," he wrote. "My Anatól is accompanying me, being on his way to the army, and I hope that you will permit him personally to express that deep respect which he, imitating his father, has for you."

"And so it will not be necessary to take Marie out. The suitors are coming to see us," carelessly said the little princess, when she heard of it.

Prince Nikoláy Andréévich frowned and said nothing.

Two weeks after the receipt of that letter there arrived, first Prince Vasíli's servants, and, on the following day, he himself and his son.

Old Bolkónski never had had a high opinion of Prince Vasíli's character, especially of late, when, under the new reigns of Paul and Alexander, Prince Vasíli had advanced far in ranks and honours. Now that, from the hints contained in the letter, and from the remark made by the little princess, he understood what the matter was, his unfavourable opinion about Prince Vasíli passed in the soul of Prince Nikoláy Andréévich into a feeling of hostile contempt. He snorted every time he spoke of him. On the day when Prince Vasíli was to arrive, Prince Nikoláy Andréévich was especially dissatisfied and out of humour. Whether he was out of humour because Prince Vasíli was

coming, or because he was dissatisfied with his arrival, — he was out of humour, and Tíkhon early in the morning advised the architect not to go with a report to the prince.

“Do you hear him walk?” said Tíkhon, directing the architect’s attention to the sounds of the prince’s steps. “He is stepping with his heel, and we know —”

And yet at nine o’clock the prince came out, as usual, dressed in his velvet fur coat with the sable collar and in a similar cap, to take his customary walk. Snow had fallen on the previous day. The road over which Prince Nikoláy Andréévich walked to his hothouse was cleaned; the traces of the broom could be seen on the swept snow, and the shovel was stuck into one of the soft snow heaps, such as were on both sides of the road. The prince walked gloomily and in silence through his hothouses, through the manor yard and the buildings.

“Can one travel in a sleigh?” he asked his worthy superintendent, who was walking with him toward the house, and who in looks and manners resembled his master.

“The snow is deep, your Serenity. I ordered the snow swept on the avenue.”

The prince bent his head and walked to the porch.

“Thank the Lord!” thought the superintendent, “the storm-cloud has passed!”

“It was difficult to travel, your Serenity,” added the superintendent. “I hear, your Serenity, that a minister is about to visit your Serenity?”

The prince turned to the superintendent and looked at him with a scowl.

“What? A minister? What minister? Who ordered you?” he said in his piercing, harsh voice. “For the princess, my daughter, you did not clean the road, and for a minister you do? I do not know any ministers!”

“Your Serenity, I supposed —”

“You supposed,” cried the prince, pronouncing his

words ever more hurriedly and more disconnectedly. "You supposed — Robbers! Scoundrels! — I will teach you to suppose," and, raising his cane, he swung it so that it would have descended on Alpátych, but the latter instinctively avoided the blow. "You supposed — Scoundrels!" he cried in haste; but, although Alpátych, himself surprised at his boldness in avoiding the blow, came up close to the prince, humbly lowering his bald head before him, or, maybe, for that very reason, the prince continued to cry, "Scoundrels! fill up the road!" and, without raising the cane a second time, ran into the house.

The princess and Mlle. Bourienne, who knew that he was not in a good mood, were standing and waiting for him at dinner; Mlle. Bourienne with a beaming face, which said, "I do not know anything, I am the same that I have always been," and Princess Marie pale, frightened, and with drooping eyes. It was extremely hard for Princess Márya, who knew that under such circumstances it was necessary to act like Mlle. Bourienne, but never could bring herself to do so. It seemed to her like this: "If I act as though I did not notice, he will think that I have no sympathy for him; if I act as though I myself were gloomy and out of humour, he will say, as he has said, that I have hung my nose," and so forth.

The prince looked at the frightened face of his daughter and snorted.

"Good-for-nothing and fool!" he said. "The other one is not here; I suppose they have told her something," he thought of the little princess, who was not in the dining-room.

"Where is the princess? Does she hide herself?"

"She is not quite well," said Mlle. Bourienne, smiling gaily. "She will not come out. This is so natural in her condition."

"Hem! Hem! Kkh! Kkh!" said the prince, seating himself at the table.

The plate did not seem clean to him: he pointed to the spot and threw it. Tíkhon caught it and turned it over to the butler. The little princess was not ill, but she had such an invincible fear of the prince that when she heard that he was in a bad humour, she did not have the courage to come out.

"I am afraid for the child," she said to Mlle. Bourienne. "God knows what might happen from fear."

The little princess lived at Lýsyya Góry under the continual feeling of terror and of antipathy to the old prince. Of the antipathy she was not conscious because the terror so predominated that she could not feel it. There was also an antipathy on the side of the prince, but it was drowned by the contempt which he had for her. The princess, during her stay at Lýsyya Góry, took a special liking for Mlle. Bourienne; she passed whole days with her, asked her to stay with her overnight, and frequently talked with her about her father-in-law, not being afraid to condemn him.

"*Il nous arrive du monde,*" said Mlle. Bourienne, unrolling her white napkin with her rosy fingers. "*Son Excellence le Prince Kouraguine avec son fils, à ce que j'ai entendu dire?*" she said in an interrogative tone.

"Hem! That Excellence is an urchin — It is I who got him an appointment in the ministry," he said, in a tone of offence. "I cannot understand what the son is for. Princess Líza Kárlovna and Princess Márya may know; I do not know what he is bringing his son for. I do not need him." And he looked at his blushing daughter.

"Not well, are you? Is it from the fear of the minister, as that dummy of an Alpátych said?"

"*Non, mon père.*"

Mlle. Bourienne was unfortunate in the choice of a subject for conversation, but having once started, she continued to prattle about the hothouses, and about

a newly budding flower, and the prince softened down a little after the soup.

After dinner he went to see his daughter-in-law. The little princess was sitting at a small table and talking with Másha, the chambermaid. She grew pale, when she saw her father-in-law.

The little princess had changed very much. She was now rather homely than pretty. Her cheeks had fallen, her lip was raised, her eyes were swollen.

"Yes, a heavy weight," she replied to the prince's inquiry about her health.

"Is there anything you need?"

"No, *merci, mon père.*"

"Well, all right, all right!"

He went out and walked over to the officiating-room. Alpátych stood there with drooping head.

"Is the road covered up again?"

"Yes, your Serenity; forgive me, for God's sake, I did it from sheer ignorance."

The prince interrupted him and laughed his unnatural laugh.

"All right, all right."

He stretched out his hand, which Alpátych kissed, and walked on to his cabinet.

In the evening, Prince Vasíli arrived. Coachmen and servants met him in the avenue and with shouts took his sleigh-coach and the sleds to the wing of the manor, over the newly covered road.

Prince Vasíli and Anatól had separate rooms prepared for them.

Anatól was sitting, without his waistcoat and with his hands akimbo, at a table, on the corner of which he fixed his large, beautiful, roving eyes. He looked upon his whole life as an uninterrupted pleasure, which some indefinite person had obliged himself to furnish to him. Even thus he now looked upon his journey to the cross

old man and the rich and homely heiress. All that, according to his opinion, might turn out very good and amusing.

"Why not marry, if she is very rich? That can't hurt," thought Anatól.

He shaved himself, carefully and foppishly perfumed himself, as was his invariable custom, and, with an inately good-hearted and victorious expression, carrying high his handsome head, entered his father's room. Two of Prince Vasíli's valets were busy dressing him; he himself glanced around him with animation and merrily nodded to his son when he entered, as though saying:

"That is right! That is the way I want you to look!"

"No, without jesting, father, is she very homely, eh?" he asked, as though continuing the conversation which they had had more than once during their journey.

"Stop it! Nonsense! The main thing is, try to be respectful and prudent to the old prince."

"If he scolds, I will go away," said Anatól. "I can't bear these old men. Eh?"

"Remember that for you a great deal depends upon it."

At that time they not only knew in the maids' room of the arrival of the minister and his son, but the appearance of both of them had been described in detail. Princess Márya was sitting all alone in her room, in vain trying to overcome her inner agitation.

"Why did they write, and why did Líza tell me about it? It cannot be!" she said to herself, looking in the mirror. "How shall I go out to the drawing-room? Even if I liked him, I could not be myself."

The mere thought of her father's glance inspired her with terror. The little princess and Mlle. Bourienne had received all the necessary information from the maid Másha: she told them what a red-cheeked, black-eyed,

handsome man the minister's son was, and that his father with difficulty dragged his feet up-stairs, while he, taking three steps at a time, strutted after him like an eagle. Having received this information, the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne, whose animated voices could be heard in the corridor, entered the room of Princess Márya.

"*Ils sont arrivés, Marie, you know!*" said the little princess, with difficulty carrying her abdomen and sinking down in an armchair. She no longer wore her morning blouse, but one of her best garments; her hair was carefully dressed, and upon her countenance there was animation, which, however, did not conceal the sunken and deadened features of her face. The attire in which she generally appeared in St. Petersburg made the loss of her good looks more perceptible. In Mlle. Bourienne, too, there appeared some kind of an improvement in her attire which made her fresh and pretty face more attractive.

"*Eh bien, et vous restez comme vous êtes, chère princesse,*" she said. "*On va venir annoncer que ces messieurs sont au salon; il faudra descendre, et vous ne faites pas un petit brin de toilette!*"

The little princess rose from her seat, rang for the chambermaid, and hurriedly and merrily began to select the proper dress for Princess Márya. Princess Márya felt herself offended in dignity because the arrival of the promised suitor agitated her so, and she was still more offended because her two companions did not even suppose that it could be otherwise. To tell them how ashamed she was of herself and of them, would mean betraying her agitation to them; besides, a refusal to put on the attire which they had selected for her would only lead to endless jokes and greater persistence. She blushed; her beautiful eyes grew dim; her face was covered with blotches; and with that homely expression of a readiness to sacrifice herself, which ever more frequently appeared

on her countenance, she surrendered herself to the mercy of Mlle. Bourienne and of Líza.

Both women were quite in earnest about making her beautiful. She was so homely that it never could have occurred to either of them that she would compete with them in beauty; therefore they quite sincerely betook themselves to dressing her up, being convinced, with that naïve and firm conviction of women, that the attire can make beautiful.

"No, really, *ma bonne amie*, this dress is not good," said Líza, looking sidewise at her from a distance. "Let us have another, the peony dress. Really, this is a time when your fate may be decided! This dress is too bright! It does not become you, no, it does not!"

It was not the dress which was not good, but the princess's face and whole figure, but neither Mlle. Bourienne nor the little princess was aware of the fact; they kept thinking that if a blue ribbon were put in her hair combed high, and a blue sash were attached to her peony dress, and so forth, everything would be well. They forgot that it was impossible to change the frightened expression of her face and figure; therefore, no matter how much they modified the encasement and the adornment of the face, the face itself remained miserable and homely. After two or three changes, to which Princess Márya submitted without a murmur, and just as her hair was combed high (a coiffure which entirely changed and spoiled her face), and she had on a blue sash on a peony dress, the little princess made two or three circles around her, with her little hand here adjusted a fold of her dress and there pulled down the sash, and, with bent head, surveyed her now from one side, and now from another.

"No, that will not do," she said, in a decided voice, clasping her hands. "*Non, Marie, décidément ça ne vous va pas. Je vous aime mieux dans votre petite robe grise de tous les jours. Non, de grâce, faites cela pour moi. Kátya,*"

she said to the maid, "bring the princess the gray dress, and you will see, Mlle. Bourienne, how I will manage it," she said, with a smile of anticipated artistic enjoyment.

But when Kátya brought the desired dress, Princess Márya sat motionless before the mirror, looking at her face, and there saw that there were tears in her eyes, and that her mouth was twitching, getting ready to burst out into sobs.

"*Voyons, chère princesse,*" said Mlle. Bourienne, "*encore un petit effort.*"

The little princess took the dress from the maid and went up to Princess Márya with it.

"Now we will do it simply and sweetly," said she.

Her voice and that of Mlle. Bourienne and of Kátya, who was laughing about something, blended in one happy chirrup, resembling the singing of birds.

"*Non, laissez-moi,*" said the princess, and her voice sounded so serious and so distressed that the chirping of the birds immediately stopped. They looked at the large, beautiful eyes that were full of tears and of thought, and that looked clearly and entreatingly at them, and they understood that it was useless and even cruel to insist.

"*Au moins changez de coiffure,*" said the little princess. "*Je vous disais,*" she said, reproachfully, turning to Mlle. Bourienne. "*Marie a une de ces figures, auxquelles ce genre de coiffure ne va pas du tout. Mais du tout. Changez, de grâce!*"

"*Laissez-moi, laissez-moi, tout ça m'est parfaitement égal,*" she replied, in a voice that was with difficulty restrained from bursting out into tears.

Mlle. Bourienne and the little princess had to confess that Princess Márya looked pretty badly in that attire, worse than ever, but it was late. She looked at them with an expression which they knew well; it was an expression of sadness and of melancholy. This expression

did not inspire them with fear for Princess Márya, — such a feeling she never inspired, — but they knew that whenever such an expression appeared in her face she became taciturn and imperturbable in her decisions.

“ *Vous changerez, n'est-ce pas?* ” said Líza, and when Princess Márya made no reply, Líza left the room.

Princess Márya was left all alone. She did not comply with Líza's wish: she not only did not change her coiffure, but did not even take a look at herself in the mirror. Listlessly lowering her eyes and dropping her arms, she sat silently and thought. She was thinking of a husband, a man, a strong, an overwhelming, and incomprehensibly attractive being, who suddenly transferred her into another, a happy world. She was thinking of a child of her own, — such as the day before she had seen with the daughter of her nurse, — suckling at her own breast. Her husband was standing and tenderly looking at her and at the child.

“ No, that is impossible, I am too homely, ” she thought.

“ Please to come to tea. The prince will be there at once, ” a maid called out at the door.

She awoke and was frightened at her own thoughts. Before going down-stairs she rose, went into the room containing the images, and, turning her eyes to the swarthy face of a large image of the Saviour, which was lighted up by the lamp, she stood there for a few minutes with folded hands. In the soul of the princess there was vexatious doubt. Was the joy of love, of an earthly love for a man, possible for her? In her thought of marriage, Princess Márya dreamed of domestic happiness and of children, but her strongest love, her chief, hidden dream was an earthly love. That feeling was the stronger, the more she tried to conceal it from others and from herself.

“ O God, ” she said, “ how can I crush the temptation of the devil within me? How can I for ever renounce the evil thoughts that I may calmly fulfil Thy will? ”

And the moment she put this question, God answered her in her own heart:

“Wish nothing for yourself! Do not seek, nor worry, nor envy! The future of men and your own fate must remain unknown to you; but live so as to be ready for everything. If it will please God to test you in the obligations of marriage, be prepared to do His will.”

With this soothing thought (but still with the hope that her forbidden, earthly dream would be realized), Princess Márya, sighing, made the sign of the cross and went down-stairs, thinking neither of her dress, nor of her coiffure, nor of how she would enter and what she would say. What could all that be in comparison with God's predetermination, without whose will not one hair dropped from a man's head?

IV.

WHEN Princess Márya entered the room, Prince Vasíli and his son were already in the drawing-room, speaking with the little princess and with Mlle. Bourienne. When she entered with her heavy gait, stepping on her heels, the men and Mlle. Bourienne rose, and the little princess, pointing to the princess, said :

“Voilà Marie !”

Princess Marie saw them all, and she saw them distinctly. She saw Prince Vasíli's face, which for a moment looked serious at the sight of the princess and immediately brightened in a smile, and the face of the little princess, who with curiosity was reading on the faces of the guests the impression which Marie was producing upon them. She also saw Mlle. Bourienne with her ribbon and her pretty face more animated than ever and turned toward *him* ; but she could not see *him* ; she only saw something large, bright, and beautiful moving up to her, as she entered the room.

At first Prince Vasíli walked over to her, and she kissed his bald head which was bending over her hand, and replied to his question that indeed she remembered him well. Then Anatól came up to her. She still did not see him. She only felt a soft hand which firmly grasped hers, and she barely touched his white brow, over which lay, smoothly pomaded, his beautiful blond hair. When she looked at him, she was struck by his beauty.

Placing the thumb of his right hand into his buttoned uniform, expanding his breast and leaning back, swaying

his foot, which was thrust forward, and slightly inclining his head, Anatól looked merrily and silently at the princess, apparently without giving her any thought. Anatól was not inventive, nor quick, nor eloquent, but he was possessed of the precious social characteristic of calmness and imperturbable self-confidence. Let a diffident man be silent on first acquaintance, and let him express the impropriety of that silence and a desire to find something to say, and it will not be well; but Anatól was silent, swayed his foot, and merrily surveyed the princess's coiffure. It was evident that he could be thus silent for a long time.

"If this silence does not suit you, you may talk, but I do not feel like talking," his look seemed to say.

Besides, in his treatment of women Anatól had that manner which more than anything else rouses curiosity, fear, and even love in women,—the manner of a disdainful consciousness of his superiority. He seemed to say by his look: "I know you, I do, but what is the use of bothering with you? Though you would be glad enough if I did."

It may be that, upon meeting women, he did not think that (indeed, it is very likely he did not, because he thought very little anyway), but such was his look and his manner. The princess felt that and, as though to show him that she did not even dare to think of entertaining him, turned to the old prince. The conversation was general and animated, thanks to the little voice and to the down-covered upper lip which rose above the white teeth of the little princess. She met Prince Vasíli in that jocular tone which is frequently employed by garrulous people of a merry disposition, and which consists in assuming between the man addressed and oneself certain long-established and merry, partly secret jocular recollections, whereas none such exist, just as there never had been such between the little princess and Prince Vasíli.

Prince Vasíli cheerfully fell in with that tone; the little princess also drew Anatól, whom she hardly knew, into the recollections of these unexisting funny occurrences. Mlle. Bourienne also shared these common memories, and even Princess Márya was happy to feel herself drawn into those gay recollections.

"Now we shall at last make complete use of you, dear prince," said the little princess, of course in French. "It will not be as at our soirées at Annette's, where you always ran away. Do you remember *cette chère Annette*?"

"But don't go and talk politics to me, as Annette does!"

"And our tea-table?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Why were you never at Annette's?" the little princess asked Anatól. "I know, I know," she said, with a wink, "your brother Ippolít told me about your affairs. Oh!" she threatened him with her little finger. "I know of your exploits at Paris."

"And did not Ippolít tell you," said Prince Vasíli (turning to his son and seizing the hand of the princess, as though she wanted to run away, and he held her back), "did he not tell you how he, Ippolít, was dying for the dear princess, and how she *le mettait à la porte*? Oh! *C'est la perle des femmes, princesse!*" he turned to Princess Márya.

At the mention of the word Paris, Mlle. Bourienne did not allow the opportunity to slip of entering into the common conversation of recollections.

She took the liberty of asking how long ago Anatól had left Paris and how he liked that city. Anatól cheerfully answered the Frenchwoman and, smiling and looking at her, talked to her about her country. Upon having seen pretty Bourienne, Anatól decided that it would not be dull here, in Lýsyia Góry.

"Not at all bad," he thought, surveying her, "this *demoiselle de compagnie* is not at all bad. I hope she will

take her along when she marries me," he thought, "*la petite est gentille.*"

The old prince was leisurely dressing in his cabinet, scowling and deliberating what to do. The arrival of the guests annoyed him.

"What do I care for Prince Vasíli and his son? Prince Vasíli is a braggart, an empty-headed fellow, and his son, no doubt, is like him," he mumbled. He was angry because the arrival of these guests raised in his soul the question, which he always kept in abeyance, and in respect to which he always deceived himself. The question was whether he could ever make up his mind to part from Princess Márya and get her married. The prince never had the courage to ask himself that question frankly, knowing in advance that he would answer it in all justice, while the justice contradicted not only his feeling, but the whole possibility of his life. Life without Princess Márya was unthinkable to Prince Nikoláy Andréévich, although he seemed not to value her much.

"Why should she marry?" he thought. "She will certainly be unhappy. There Líza has married Andréy (it seems it would be hard nowadays to find a better husband), but is she satisfied with her lot? And who will marry her for love? She is homely and awkward. They will have her for her connections, for her wealth. And do not women stay unmarried? They are happier thus!"

So thought Prince Nikoláy Andréévich, as he was dressing, and yet the question, so long delayed, demanded immediate solution. Prince Vasíli brought his son with the obvious purpose of suing for her hand and, no doubt, that very day or on the following day would ask for a definite answer. His name and position in society were not bad.

"Well, I am not disinclined," the prince said to himself, "only he must be worthy of her. That is what we must see first."

"That we will see," he said aloud. "That we will see!"

He went, as always, with brisk steps into the drawing-room, rapidly surveyed all present, noticed the change in the dress of the little princess, and Mlle. Bourienne's ribbon, and Princess Márya's monstrous coiffure, and Mlle. Bourienne's and Anatól's smiles, and the loneliness of the princess amidst the general conversation.

"Dressed like a fool!" he thought, casting an angry glance at his daughter. "She has lost all shame, and he does not care for her!"

He went up to Prince Vasíli.

"Well, good day, good day! Glad to see you."

"For a friend seven versts is not a roundabout journey," said Prince Vasíli, as rapidly, as self-confidently, and as familiarly as ever. "This is my second: I beg you to be kind to him."

Prince Nikoláy Andréévich surveyed Anatól.

"A fine fellow, a fine fellow!" he said. "Come and kiss me!" and he offered him his cheek.

Anatól kissed the old man and looked at him with curiosity and with absolute composure, expecting something odd to happen, as his father had told him it would.

Prince Nikoláy Andréévich sat down in his habitual place in the corner of a sofa, moved up an armchair for Prince Vasíli, indicated it to him, and began to inquire about political affairs and about the news. He seemed to be listening attentively to the recital of Prince Vasíli, all the time casting glances upon Princess Márya.

"So they are writing now from Potsdam?" he repeated the last words of Prince Vasíli and, rising suddenly, went up to his daughter.

"Did you dress up that way for the guests, eh?" he said. "You are pretty, very pretty. You have dressed your hair in a new fashion for the sake of the guests, but I tell you in the presence of the guests that you shall not

dare ever again to dress up without getting my permission."

"*Mon père*, it is my fault," the little princess took her part and blushed.

"You are quite at liberty," said Prince Nikoláy Andréevich, shuffling his feet before his daughter-in-law, "but she has no reason to disfigure herself, — she is homely as it is."

He again sat down on his seat, paying no more attention to his daughter, who felt like crying.

"On the contrary, this coiffure is becoming to the princess," said Prince Vasíli.

"Young prince, what is his name?" said Prince Nikoláy Andréevich, turning to Anatól, "come here! We will talk with each other and get acquainted."

"This is where the fun begins," thought Anatól, smiling and seating himself by the side of the old prince.

"Well, you, my dear, were educated abroad, I understand. You have not been taught reading by a sexton, as your father and I were taught. Tell me, my dear, are you now serving in the Horse Guard?" asked the old man, looking closely and fixedly at Anatól.

"No, I have gone over to the army," said Anatól, with difficulty repressing a laugh.

"Ah! That is good. Do you, my dear, wish to serve the emperor and the fatherland? These are days of war. Such a fine fellow must serve, he must. Well, are you going to the front?"

"No, prince. Our regiment has already left. I am attached. What am I attached to, papa?" Anatól turned to his father with a laugh.

"It is fine to serve, it is fine. What am I attached to? Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Prince Nikoláy Andréevich, and Anatól laughed louder still. Suddenly Prince Nikoláy Andréevich frowned. "Go!" he said to Anatól.

Anatól went up to the ladies, smiling.

"So you have educated them abroad, Prince Vasli, eh?" the old prince turned to Prince Vasíli.

"I have done what I could, and I must tell you that the foreign education is much better than ours."

"Yes, nowadays everything is different and new-fangled. He is a fine fellow, a fine fellow! Come to my room!"

He took Prince Vasíli's arm and led him to his cabinet.

Prince Vasíli, upon being left alone with the prince, immediately informed him of his desires and hopes.

"What do you think," angrily said the old prince, "do you suppose that I am keeping her and cannot part from her? That is what they imagine!" he said, angrily. "For my part, she may marry to-morrow! But I must tell you that I want to know my son-in-law better. You know my rules: everything openly! To-morrow I will ask her in your presence whether she wants to, and then let him stay here awhile. Let him stay awhile, and I will see." The prince snorted. "Be it as it may, it makes no difference to me," he cried in that piercing voice in which he cried at the departure of his son.

"I will tell you frankly," said Prince Vasíli, in the tone of a cunning man who has convinced himself of the uselessness of cunning in the presence of a sagacious interlocutor. "You see through people. Anatól is not a genius, but an honest, good fellow, an excellent son and relative."

"Very well, we shall see."

As is always the case with lonely women, who have long lived without the company of men, all three women in the house of Prince Nikoláy Andréévich felt at the appearance of Anatól that their life had not been worth living heretofore. Their powers of thinking, feeling, observing were immediately increased tenfold in all of them, and, as though having heretofore lived in the dark-

ness, their lives were suddenly illuminated by a new light which was full of meaning.

Princess Márya was not thinking of her face and coiffure. The handsome, open face of the man who, perhaps, would be her husband absorbed all her attention. He seemed to her to be good, brave, determined, manly, and magnanimous. She was convinced of that. A thousand dreams of her future domestic life constantly arose in her imagination. She dispelled them and tried to conceal them.

"But am I not too cold to him?" thought Princess Márya. "I am trying to repress myself because in the depth of my heart I already feel myself very close to him; but he does not know all I am thinking about him, and he may imagine that he displeases me."

So Princess Márya tried to be amiable to her new guest, but did not know how to do it.

"*La pauvre fille! Elle est diablement laide,*" Anatól thought of her.

Mlle. Bourienne, who by Anatól's arrival was also roused to a high degree of excitement, was thinking differently. Of course, a pretty young girl, without any definite position in the world, without relatives and friends, or even a country, was not thinking of devoting all her life to the service of Prince Nikoláy Andréévich, to the reading of books to him, and to friendship with Márya. Mlle. Bourienne had long been waiting for that Russian prince who would at once be able to appreciate her superiority over homely, badly dressed, awkward Russian princesses, and who would fall in love with her and take her away. Mlle. Bourienne had a story which she had heard from her aunt, which she herself had elaborated, and which she was fond of repeating in her imagination. It was the story of a seduced girl to whom her poor mother, *sa pauvre mère*, appeared, reproaching her for having given herself up to a man without wedlock. In her imagination, Mlle. Bourienne was fre-

quently touched to tears, telling "*him*" that enticing story. Now this "*he*," the real Russian prince, had made his appearance. He would elope with her, then *ma pauvre mère* would appear, and he would marry her.

All her future history was evolved in her head all the time she was speaking with him about Paris. Mlle. Bourienne was not guided by any designs (she did not even for a minute deliberate over her course of action); all that had long been ready in her and now only grouped itself about the newly appeared Anatól, whom she wished and tried to please as much as possible.

The little princess, like an old army horse when it hears the sound of a trumpet, unconsciously, and forgetting her condition, prepared herself for the habitual gallop of coquetry, without the least design or struggle, but with naïve and frivolous merriment only.

Although Anatól in female society generally assumed the attitude of a man who was sick of all the attentions paid to him by the women, he felt a vain pleasure in seeing his influence upon these three women. Besides, he had already begun to experience that passionate, animal sensation for pretty and provoking Mlle. Bourienne, which attacked him with extraordinary rapidity and which stirred him to the boldest and coarsest of acts.

After tea, the company passed to the sofa-room, and the princess was asked to play on the clavichord. Anatól leaned on his elbows in front of her, close to Mlle. Bourienne, and his laughing and beaming eyes looked at Princess Márya. Princess Márya was conscious of his glance, experiencing a feeling both of vexation and of joy. But although Anatól's glance was directed at her, it was not meant for her, but for the movements of Mlle. Bourienne's little foot, which he was touching with his foot under the clavichord. Mlle. Bourienne was also looking at Princess Márya, and in her beautiful eyes the princess observed an expression of timorous joy and hope.

"How he loves me!" thought Princess Márya. "How happy I am now, and how happy I can be with such a friend and husband! Husband?" she thought, without daring to look at his face, and feeling all the time that his glance was directed at her.

Toward evening, when the company broke up after supper, Anatól kissed the hand of the princess. She did not know herself how she had the courage to do so, but she really looked straight into the beautiful face as it came into range of her near-sighted eyes. After kissing the princess, he went up to Mlle. Bourienne (that was not proper, but he did everything so confidently and so simply), and Mlle. Bourienne blushed and looked in terror at the princess.

"*Quelle délicatesse!*" thought the princess. "Does Amélie" (that was Mlle. Bourienne's name) "think that I can be jealous of her and can misinterpret her pure tenderness and devotion to me?"

She walked over to Mlle. Bourienne and hugged and kissed her. Anatól went up to the hand of the little princess.

"*Non, non, non! Quand votre père n'écrira que vous vous conduisez bien, je vous donnerai ma main à baiser. Pas avant.*"

And giving him her little finger, and smiling, she left the room.

V.

ALL went to their rooms, and none but Anatól, who fell asleep the moment he lay down on his bed, could for a long time fall asleep that night.

"Is he really my husband, he, that strange, beautiful, good, above all, good man?" thought Princess Márya, and terror, such as hardly ever overcame her, took possession of her. She was afraid to look around; it seemed to her that some one was standing in the dark corner, behind the screen. And that some one was he, the devil, and he, that man with the white brow, the black eyebrows, and the ruby lips.

She rang the bell for the maid and asked her to lie down in her room.

Mlle. Bourienne on that evening for a long time walked through the winter garden, vainly waiting for some one and smiling at some one, and being moved to tears by the imaginary words of her *pauvre mère* reproaching her for her fall.

The little princess grumbled at the maid for not having made her bed comfortable. She could lie down neither on her side, nor on her breast. Everything was hard and awkward. Her abdomen was in her way. It was in her way more than ever, particularly on that day, because Anatól's presence transferred her more vividly to another time when that was not the case and she was happy and comfortable. She was sitting in an armchair, in her nightgown and cap. Kátya, sleepy and with dishevelled braid, for the third time turned over and tossed up the heavy feather bed, growling all the time.

"I tell you that it is full of mounds and holes," insisted the little princess. "Nothing would please me better than to fall asleep, so it is not my fault," and her voice trembled as does that of a child getting ready to cry.

Nor could the old prince sleep. Tíkhon in his sleep heard his angry steps and his snorting. It appeared to the old prince that his daughter was the cause of some offence offered him. It was the most painful offence, because it had no reference to him, but to some one else, — to his daughter, whom he loved more than himself. He said to himself that he would consider the matter and that he would certainly find what was right to do under the circumstances, but instead he only grew more irritated.

"The first man that comes along makes her forget her father and everything, and she runs up-stairs, and dresses her hair, and wags her tail, and loses all semblance of herself! She is glad to abandon her father! And she knew that I would notice it. Fr — fr — fr — Do I not see that that fool is looking only at the Bourienne woman? I shall have to send her away! And she has not a bit of pride to see it! If she has no pride for herself, she ought to have it for my sake, at least. I must show her that that blockhead is not thinking of her, but looking only at Bourienne. She has no pride, but I will show her —"

By telling his daughter that she was in error, that Anatól intended to make love to Bourienne, the old prince knew that he would stir up the self-love of Princess Márya, and his cause (the desire not to part from his daughter) would be won, and this idea calmed him. He called Tíkhon and began to undress himself.

"The devil has brought them here!" he thought, while Tíkhon was putting his nightshirt on his wizened old body, which was overgrown on the chest with gray hair.

"I did not call them. They have come to disturb my life. There is not much left of it, anyway. The deuce!" he said, while his head was still covered with his shirt.

Tíkhon knew the prince's habit of expressing his thoughts in a loud voice, and so he with an unchanged countenance met the interrogatively angry glance of the face peering out from the shirt.

"All abed?" asked the prince.

Tíkhon, like all good lackeys, instinctively knew the direction of his master's thoughts. He guessed that the question had reference to Prince Vasíli and to his son.

"They have deigned to retire, and the lights are out, your Serenity."

"What is it for? What is it for?" rapidly said the prince, and, putting his feet into his slippers and his hands into the morning-gown, he went up to the sofa on which he slept.

Although nothing had been said between Anatól and Mlle. Bourienne, they completely understood each other as far as the first part of the romance went, previous to the appearance of the *pauvre mère*; they knew that they had a great deal to tell each other in secret, and so, from the morning on, they were both looking for a chance to meet each other clandestinely. When the princess at the usual hour went to her father, Mlle. Bourienne met Anatól in the winter garden.

Princess Márya on that day approached the door of her father's cabinet with especial trepidation. It seemed to her that, not only did all know that on that day her fate would be decided, but that they also knew that she was thinking of it. She read that expression in Tíkhon's face and in the face of the valet of Prince Vasíli, whom she met in the corridor carrying hot water, and who made a low obeisance to her.

On that morning the prince was exceedingly kind and considerate in the treatment of his daughter. This ex-

pression of considerateness Princess Márya was well acquainted with. It was the same expression that was on his face in those moments when his shrivelled hands were compressed into a fist from annoyance because Princess Márya did not understand an arithmetical problem, when he would get up and, walking away from her, would several times repeat the same words in a calm voice.

He immediately attacked the question and began the conversation, using the distant "you" instead of "thou."

"A proposal has been made to me concerning you," he said, with an unnatural smile. "You have, no doubt, divined," he continued, "that Prince Vasíli has come here, bringing with him his alumnus" (for some reason Prince Nikoláy Andréévich called Anatól an alumnus), "but not for my beautiful eyes. Yesterday a proposal was made to me concerning you. As you well know my rules, I referred them to you."

"How am I to understand you, *mon père*?" the princess said, growing pale and blushing.

"How are you to understand it?" angrily shouted the father. "Prince Vasíli finds you after his taste as a daughter-in-law and proposes to you for his alumnus. That is how you are to understand it! How are you to understand it? That is what I want to know from you."

"I do not know how you think about it, *mon père*," the princess said, in a whisper.

"I? I? What have I to do with it? Do not consider me! It is not I who am going to marry. What you think about it, that is what I should like to know."

The princess saw that her father did not look favourably at the affair, but it suddenly occurred to her that now, or never, the fate of her life was to be decided. She lowered her eyes in order not to see his glance, under the influence of which, she felt, she could not think, but would only obey, as usual, and said:

“I wish for only one thing, and that is to do your will, but if I must express my desire —”

She did not succeed in finishing the sentence, for the prince interrupted her:

“Very well,” he shouted. “He will take you with the dowry, and incidentally he will take Mlle. Bourienne along. She will be his wife, and you —”

The prince stopped. He noticed the impression which these words produced upon his daughter. She lowered her head and was getting ready to weep.

“Well, well, I am jesting, I am jesting,” he said. “Remember this much, princess: I hold the view that a woman has the full right to choose for herself, and I give you that liberty. Remember that on your decision depends the happiness of your life. I have nothing to do with it.”

“But I do not know, *mon père*.”

“What is there to be said? He is commanded to marry, and he does not care whom he marries, but you are at liberty to choose. Go to your room, think it over, and come back to me in an hour and give me your answer in his presence, ‘Yes,’ or ‘No.’ I know that you are going to pray. All right, go and pray. But be sure you think it over well. Go!”

“Yes or no, yes or no, yes or no!” he kept shouting, while the princess, tottering, left the room, as though in a mist. Her fate was being decided in her favour; but what her father had said about Mlle. Bourienne was a terrible hint. Granted even that it was not true, it was nevertheless terrible, and she could not help thinking of it.

She went, absorbed in thought, through the winter garden, seeing and hearing nothing, when suddenly Mlle. Bourienne’s familiar whisper awakened her. She raised her eyes and within two steps of her saw Anatól embracing the Frenchwoman and whispering to her. Anatól looked back at Princess Márya with a terrible expression

on his red face and for a second did not take his arm away from the waist of Mlle. Bourienne, who did not see her.

"Who is there? What for? Wait!" Anatól's face seemed to say. Princess Márya looked silently at them. She could not understand it. Finally Mlle. Bourienne screamed and ran away. Anatól bowed to Princess Márya with a happy smile, as though inviting her to laugh at this strange accident, and, shrugging his shoulders, went through the door which led to his room.

An hour later Tíkhon came to call Princess Márya. He called her to her father's cabinet, adding that Prince Vasíli Sergyéevich was there, too.

As Tíkhon entered, the princess was sitting on the sofa in her room and holding weeping Mlle. Bourienne in her embrace. Princess Márya softly stroked her head. The beautiful eyes of the princess looked with all their former calm and lucidity, and with tender love and compassion at Mlle. Bourienne's pretty face.

"*Non, princesse, je suis perdue pour toujours dans votre cœur,*" said Mlle. Bourienne.

"*Pourquoi? Je vous aime plus que jamais,*" said Princess Márya, "*et je tâcherai de faire tout ce qui est en mon pouvoir pour votre bonheur.*"

"*Mais vous me méprisez, vous si pure, vous ne comprendrez jamais cet égarement de la passion. Ah, ce n'est que ma pauvre mère —*"

"*Je comprends tout,*" replied Princess Márya, with a sad smile. "Calm yourself, my friend! I must go to my father," she said, walking away.

Prince Vasíli, crossing one leg high over the other, with his snuff-box in his hands, as though he were very sentimental, and yet pitied and ridiculed his sentimentality, was, sitting with a meek smile on his face, when Princess Márya entered. He hastened to carry a pinch of snuff to his nose.

"*Ah, ma bonne, ma bonne,*" he said, rising and taking both her hands. He sighed and added: "*Le sort de mon fils est en vos mains. Décidez, ma chère, ma douce Marie, que j'ai toujours aimée comme ma fille.*"

He stepped aside. There was a real tear in his eye.

"Fr — fr —" snorted Prince Nikoláy Andréévich.

"The prince, in the name of his alumnus — his son, makes a proposal to you. Do you wish to become the wife of Prince Anatól Kurágin, or not? Speak: yes, or no?" he shouted. "I reserve my opinion to express later," added Prince Nikoláy Andréévich, turning to Prince Vasíli, in response to his entreating glance. "Yes, or no!"

"It is my desire, *mon père*, never to leave you, never to separate my life from yours. I do not want to get married," she said, with determination, looking with her beautiful eyes at Prince Vasíli and at her father.

"Nonsense, bosh! Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense!" Prince Nikoláy Andréévich shouted, with a scowl.

He took his daughter's hand, drew her toward him, and did not kiss her, but only put his brow to hers, and pressed her hand which he was holding, so that she frowned and screamed. Prince Vasíli rose.

"*Ma chère, je vous dirai que c'est un moment que je n'oublierai jamais, jamais, jamais; ma bonne, est-ce que vous ne nous donnerez pas un peu d'espérance de toucher ce cœur si bon, si généreux? Dites que peut-être — L'avenir est si grand. Dites: peut-être!*"

"Prince, what I said is all that there is in my heart. I thank you for the honour, but I shall never be the wife of your son."

"Well, that ends it, my dear. I am very glad to see you, very glad to see you. Go to your room, princess, go!" said the old prince. "Very, very glad to see you," he repeated, embracing Prince Vasíli.

"Mine is a different calling," thought Princess Márya, "my calling is to be happy with another happiness, the

happiness of love and self-sacrifice. Cost what it may, I will make poor Amélie happy. She loves him so passionately. She is repenting so fervently. I will do everything in my power to arrange this marriage. If he is not rich, I will give her means; I will ask my father, I will ask Andréy. I will be so happy when she is his wife. She is so unhappy, so lonely, so helpless! O God, how passionately she loves, since she was able to so forget herself! Maybe I should have done likewise —" thought Princess Márya.

VI.

THE Rostóvs had long remained without any news from Nikoláy; it was only in the middle of the winter that the count received a letter, in the address of which he recognized his son's handwriting. Upon receiving this, the count was frightened and hastened to run on tiptoe to his cabinet, trying not to be noticed by any one. He shut himself in and began to read. Anna Mikháylovna found out that a letter had been received (she knew everything that was going on in the house), and softly entered the count's cabinet, where she found him with the letter in his hands, sobbing and laughing at the same time.

In spite of the improvement in her affairs, she kept staying at the Rostóvs'.

"*Mon bon ami*," Anna Mikháylovna exclaimed, in an interrogative and sad voice, and ready to express her sympathy.

The count sobbed louder than before.

"Nicoláy — a letter — wounded — was — *ma chère* — wounded — my darling — the countess — promoted to the rank of officer — thank God — how shall I tell it to the countess?"

Anna Mikháylovna sat down by his side, with her handkerchief wiped his tears from his eyes and from the letter, on which they had fallen, and from her own eyes; she read the letter, calmed the count, and decided that by dinner and tea she would prepare the countess, and that after tea she would, with God's aid, tell her everything.

At dinner Anna Mikháylovna spoke of the rumours

from the war and of Nikoláy; she asked twice when the last letter had been received, although she knew herself, and remarked that they might get a letter that very day. Every time when the countess, at these hints, began to grow restless and to look in agitation at the count and at Anna Mikháylovna, Anna Mikháylovna imperceptibly changed the conversation to some insignificant subjects. Natásha, who of the whole family was best endowed with the ability of feeling the shades of intonations, glances, and expressions on people's faces, had pricked up her ears at the beginning of the dinner and knew that there was something between Anna Mikháylovna and her father, and that it was something concerning her brother, and that Anna Mikháylovna was preparing them. In spite of all her boldness (Natásha knew how sensitive her mother was in regard to everything that gave any news of Nikoláy), she did not dare to ask anything at dinner. She was so restless that she did not eat anything and kept whirling around on her chair, paying no attention to the remarks of her governess. After dinner she rushed headlong to catch Anna Mikháylovna, to whose neck she flew the moment she caught her in the sofa-room.

"Aunty, deary, tell me what it is!"

"Nothing, my dear."

"No, my dear, darling, sweet aunty, I will not leave you! I know that you know."

Anna Mikháylovna shook her head.

"*Vous êtes une fine mouche, mon enfant!*" she said.

"A letter from Nikoláy? I am sure it is!" shouted Natásha, as she read an affirmative answer in Anna Mikháylovna's face.

"For God's sake, be careful! You know how that may affect *maman*."

"I will, I will, — tell it to me! You won't? Then I will go and tell her at once."

Anna Mikháylovna in a few words told Natásha the

contents of the letter, on condition that she would not tell it to anybody.

"Upon my word and honour," Natásha said, making the sign of the cross, "I will not tell a soul," and she immediately ran to Sónya.

"Nikoláy — wounded — a letter — " she said, triumphantly and joyfully.

"*Nicolas!*" was all Sónya said, immediately growing pale.

When Natásha saw the impression made on Sónya by this news about Nikoláy's being wounded, she felt for the first time the whole bitter side of this piece of news.

She rushed up to Sónya, embraced her, and burst out weeping.

"He was slightly wounded, but now he is promoted to the rank of officer; he is well now, and he writes himself," she said amidst tears.

"It is evident that you are all women and blubberers," said Pétya, walking up and down the room with determined steps. "I am so glad, so very glad that brother has distinguished himself so. You are all whimperers, — you do not understand a thing."

Natásha smiled through tears.

"Have you not read the letter?" asked Sónya.

"I have not, but she said that it was all past, and he was now an officer —"

"Thank God," said Sónya, making the sign of the cross. "But, perhaps, she has deceived you. Let us go to *maman!*"

Pétya kept pacing up and down in silence.

"If I were in Nikoláy's place, I would have killed more of these Frenchmen," he said. "They are an abominable lot! I would kill such a mass of them as to make a big heap of them," continued Pétya.

"Keep quiet, Pétya! What a fool you are!"

"I am not a fool, but you are, or you would not cry for nothing," said Pétya.

"Do you remember him?" Natásha suddenly asked, after a moment's silence.

Sónya smiled.

"Do I remember *Nicolas*?"

"No, Sónya, but do you remember him so as to remember him well, to remember everything," said Natásha, with a significant gesture, apparently wishing to give her words a very serious meaning. "I, too, remember Niko-láy, I remember him," she said. "But I do not remember Borís. I do not remember him at all —"

"What, you do not remember Borís?" Sónya asked, in surprise.

"I have not exactly forgotten him, — I know how he looks, but I do not remember him so well as I do Niko-láy. I can remember him with my eyes closed, but not Borís." She closed her eyes. "No, I can't!"

"Oh, Natásha!" said Sónya, looking ecstatically and seriously at her companion, as though she did not regard her as worthy of hearing that which she was about to say, and as though she were saying this to somebody else with whom one could not jest. "Once in love with your brother, nothing which might befall him or me could ever make me change my love for him."

Natásha looked at Sónya with surprised and curious eyes and kept silent. She felt that that which Sónya was saying was true, that there was that sort of love of which Sónya was speaking; but Natásha had not yet experienced anything of the kind. She believed in its possibility, but did not comprehend it.

"Will you write to him?" she asked.

Sónya fell to musing. The question how she should write to *Nicolas* and whether she ought to write to him was a tormenting question to her. Now that he was already an officer and a wounded hero, she did not know

whether it would be proper for her to remind him of her existence and of that obligation which he had taken upon himself in respect to her.

"I do not know. If he writes, I will, too," she said, blushing.

"And will you not be ashamed to write to him?"

Sónya smiled.

"No."

"But I shall be ashamed to write to Borís, and so I won't write to him."

"Why should you be ashamed?"

"Because. I do not know why. It is awkward, — I am ashamed."

"I know why she will be ashamed," said Pétya, who was offended by Natásha's first remark. "Because she was in love with that fat fellow with the spectacles" (thus he called his namesake, the new Count Bezúkhi); "now she is in love with that singer" (Pétya was speaking of Natásha's Italian teacher of singing), "and so she is ashamed."

"Pétya, you are stupid," said Natásha.

"Not stupider than you are, my dear," said ten-year-old Pétya, as though he were an old brigadier.

The countess was prepared by Anna Mikháylovna's hints at dinner. Upon coming back to her room, she seated herself in an armchair, where she did not take her eyes off her son's portrait, which was painted on a snuff-box, and tears welled in her eyes. Anna Mikháylovna went with the letter on tiptoe to the room of the countess, where she stopped.

"Don't come in!" she said to the old count who was following her. "Afterwards!" whereupon she closed the door.

The count put his ear to the lock and listened.

At first he heard the sound of an indifferent conversation, then the sound of Anna Mikháylovna's voice,

delivering a long speech, then a scream, then a silence, then again both voices talking together, with joyful intonations, and then steps, and Anna Mikháylovna opened the door for him. Upon Anna Mikháylovna's face there was the proud expression of a surgeon who has just accomplished a difficult amputation and who introduces the public in order that they may judge of his skill.

"*C'est fait!*" she said to the count, pointing with a triumphant gesture to the countess, who was holding the snuff-box with the portrait in one hand, and the letter in the other, pressing her lips now to the one, and now to the other. Upon noticing the count, she extended her hands toward him, embraced his bald head, and over the gray head again glanced at the letter and at the portrait, and again softly pushed away the bald head, in order to press them to her lips.

Vyéra, Natásha, Sónya, and Pétya entered the room, and the reading began. The letter gave a short description of the campaign and of two battles in which Nikoláy had taken part, and told of his promotion; it was also said there that he kissed the hands of *maman* and *papa*, asking their benediction, and kissed Vyéra, Natásha, and Pétya. Besides, he sent his regards to Mr. Shelling and Madame Schoss, and to his nurse, and also asked them to kiss dear Sónya for him, whom he loved just as much as ever, and of whom he thought as much as before. Upon hearing this, Sónya blushed so that the tears came out in her eyes. Being unable to endure all the glances that were directed at her, she ran into the parlour, where she kept whirling around, so that her dress was puffed up like a balloon, and sat down on the floor, blushing and smiling. The countess wept.

"What are you weeping about, *maman*?" said Vyéra. "Everything he writes about gives cause for rejoicing and not for weeping."

That was quite true, and yet the count, the countess, and Natásha looked reproachfully at her.

“I wonder whom she takes after!” thought the countess.

Nikoláy's letter was read a hundred times, and those who were deemed worthy of listening to it had to come to the countess, who did not let it out of her hands. There came the tutors, the nurses, Míténka, a few acquaintances, and the countess read the letter each time with new pleasure, and she each time discovered in this letter new virtues in her son Nikoláy.

How strange, how unusual, how joyful it seemed to her that her son, — that son who twenty years before had stirred within her with his tiny limbs, the son on account of whom she had quarrelled with the count who had been spoiling him, the son who learned to say “pear” first, and “baba” later, — that that son now was there, in a foreign country, amidst foreign surroundings, a manly soldier, where he alone, without help and guidance, was carrying on his manly work. The whole universal experience, which pointed to the fact that, from their cradles, children imperceptibly grow up to be men, did not exist for the countess. The manhood of her son at every stage of his growth was as uncommon to her as though the millions of millions of people who had grown to manhood in the same manner had never existed. Just as she had not believed, twenty years before, that the tiny creature which was living somewhere under her heart would ever cry, and suckle, and talk, thus she did not believe now that that being could be that strong, brave man, a model of sons and men, such as he now appeared to be, to judge from that letter.

“What style! How sweetly he describes!” she said, reading the descriptive part of the letter. “And what a soul! Nothing about himself — nothing! He is talking about some Denísov, while he, no doubt, was braver than

all of them. He writes nothing about his suffering. What a heart! How I recognize him! And how he remembers all! He has not forgotten anybody. I always, always said, when he was no larger than this, I always said — ”

For more than a week, drafts of letters to Nikoláy from everybody were written and copied in the house; under the supervision of the countess, and with the count's care, the necessary trifles and the money for the equipment of the newly created officer were collected.

Anna Mikháylovna, being a practical woman, had managed to get her son a protection in the army even for the purpose of correspondence: she addressed her letters to Grand Duke Konstantín Pávlovich, who was in command of the Guard. The Rostóvs supposed that “The Russian Guard abroad” was a very definite address, and that if a letter would reach the grand duke, in command of the Guard, there was no reason why it should not reach the Pavlográdski regiment, which was somewhere in its neighbourhood; and so it was decided to send the letters and the money by courier to the grand duke for Borís, who would forward it to Nikoláy. The letters were from the old count, the countess, Pétya, Vyéra, Natásha, and Sónya, and there were also six thousand roubles for his equipment, and all kinds of trifles, which the count was sending him.

VII.

ON the 12th of November, Kutúzov's army, which was encamped near Olmütz, was getting ready to be reviewed on the following day by two emperors, the Russian and the Austrian. The Guard, which had just arrived from Russia, bivouacked within fifteen versts of Olmütz, and on the next day, at ten o'clock, appeared on the parade grounds.

Nikoláy Rostóv on that day received a note from Borís that the Izmaíl regiment was bivouacking within fifteen versts of Olmütz, and that he was waiting for him, in order to hand him the letters and the money. Just now that the troops had returned from the campaign and had encamped at Olmütz, Rostóv was in dire need of money, for well-supplied sutlers and Austrian Jews, who overran the camp, offered all kinds of temptations. The Pavlográdians now celebrated one banquet after another in recognition of the rewards received during the campaign, and kept travelling to Olmütz, where Caroline the Hungarian, lately arrived, had opened a restaurant with female attendants.

Rostóv had just celebrated his promotion to the rank of ensign, had bought Bedouin, Denísov's horse, and was deep in debt to his comrades and to the sutlers. Having received the note from Borís, Rostóv with a comrade went to Olmütz, where they dined and drank a bottle of wine, and himself rode to the camp of the Guard to find the companion of his childhood. Rostóv had not yet been able to provide himself with a new uniform. He wore a

faded jacket of a yunker with a soldier cross, dirty, worn-out riding-trousers, and an officer's sword with a tassel; the nag on which he rode was a Don horse bought during the campaign from a Cossack; his crumpled hussar cap was dashingly poised on the back of his head and to one side. As he rode up to the camp of the Izmaíl regiment, he thought of how he would surprise Borís and all his comrades of the Guard by his warlike hussar appearance as the result of having been through the fire.

The Guard had proceeded on the march as though out for pleasure, parading its cleanliness and discipline; the day's marches were short; the knapsacks were carried on wagons; at the expense of the Austrian government excellent dinners were provided to the officers at all the halting places. The regiments entered and left the cities with music, and during the whole march, of which the men of the Guard were proud, the soldiers, by command of the grand duke, kept step, while the officers walked in their respective places.

Borís marched all the time by the side of Berg, who now was a commander of a company. Berg, who was entrusted with a company during the march, by his promptness and accuracy had gained the confidence of the authorities and had arranged his financial affairs very advantageously. Borís during the expedition made many acquaintances with people who could be useful to him, and, through a letter of recommendation given him by Pierre, had made the acquaintance of Prince Andréy Bolkónski, through whom he hoped to get a place on the staff of the commander-in-chief. Berg and Borís, neatly and properly dressed, having rested after their last day's march, were sitting at a round table in the clean lodging assigned to them, playing chess. Berg was holding a smoking pipe between his knees. Borís, with the precision peculiar to him, was building a pyramid of the chessmen, waiting for Berg's move; he was looking at the face

of his partner, obviously thinking of the game, for he always thought of that with which he was occupied.

"Well, how will you get out of it?" he asked.

"We will try," replied Berg, touching a pawn and again taking away his hand.

Just then the door opened.

"There he is at last!" cried Rostóv. "And Berg is here, too! Ah, *petits enfants, allez coucher dormir*," he cried, repeating the words of the nurse, at which he and Borís had so often laughed.

"O Lord! How you have changed!"

Borís rose to meet Rostóv, but, in rising, he did not forget to catch the fallen chessmen and to put them back. He wanted to embrace his friend, but Nikoláy stepped aside. With that special feeling of youth, which is afraid of trodden paths and wants, without imitating others, in its own, new way to express its feelings, so that they shall not resemble those which are expressed by older people and which frequently are only simulated, Nikoláy wanted to do something out of the usual at the sight of his friend: he wanted to pinch or push Borís, only not to kiss him, as everybody did; but Borís, on the contrary, calmly and amicably embraced Rostóv and kissed him three times.

They had not seen each other for nearly six months, and at an age when people make their first steps on the path of life, each found in the other enormous changes and entirely new reflections of those societies in which they had made their first steps in life. Both had changed very much since their last meeting, and each was anxious to show the other the changes that had taken place in them.

"Ah, you accursed floor-cleaners! You look pure and fresh, as though from a pleasure trip, quite differently from us sinful army people," said Rostóv, with a baritone sound in his voice, which was new to Borís, and with army gestures, pointing to his mud-bespattered trousers.

The German landlady looked through the door, upon hearing Rostóv's loud voice.

"Well, is she pretty?" he said, with a wink.

"Don't shout so! You will frighten them," said Borís. "I did not expect you to-day," he added. "It was only yesterday that I sent you the note through an acquaintance of mine, Kutúzov's adjutant, by the name of Bolkónski. I did not think he would reach you so soon — Well, how are you? Been through fire, eh?" asked Borís.

Rostóv made no reply, but dangled his cross of St. George, which was hanging on a cord of his uniform, and, pointing to his bandaged hand, looked smilingly at Berg.

"As you see," he said.

"Oh, yes, yes!" Borís said, smiling. "We, too, have had a fine march. You know, his Highness was all the time with our regiment, so that we had all the comforts and advantages. I can't tell you what receptions, what dinners, what balls we had in Warsaw. The grand duke was very kind to all of us officers."

And both friends told each other, — the one about his carousals with the hussars and his camp life, the other about the pleasure and the advantages of serving under the command of high personages, and so forth.

"Oh, the Guard!" said Rostóv. "Say, send somebody for some wine!"

Borís frowned.

"If you want to, have it by all means," he said. Walking over to the bed, he drew a purse out from underneath the clean pillows and ordered some wine to be brought. "I must give you the letter and the money," he added.

Rostóv took the letter and, throwing the money on the sofa, he leaned with both elbows on the table and began to read. He read a few lines and cast an angry

look at Berg. Upon meeting his glance, Rostóv covered his face with the letter.

"But they have sent you a lot of money!" said Berg, looking at the heavy purse which indented the sofa. "We have to get along with our pay, count! I will tell you about myself —"

"Listen, Berg, my dear," said Rostóv, "if you should get a letter from home and should meet a friend of yours whom you wanted to ask about all kinds of things, and I were present, I should immediately leave, in order not to interfere with you. Listen! Please go somewhere, anywhere — to the devil!" he shouted. He grasped his shoulder and, looking kindly into his eyes, apparently wishing to soften the rudeness of his words, added: "You know, my dear, you must not be angry! I am speaking to you from my heart, as to an old acquaintance."

"Don't mention it, count, I understand very well," said Berg, rising and speaking in a guttural voice.

"Go to the landlord's, they have called you," added Borís.

Berg put on his cleanest, spotless coat, at the looking-glass, puffed up his hair over his temples in the manner in which Emperor Alexander wore it, and, having convinced himself from Rostóv's glance that his coat would be noticed, with a pleasant smile left the room.

"Oh, what a beast I am!" said Rostóv, reading his letter.

"Why?"

"What a swine I am, not to have written them at once, and to have frightened them so. Ah, what a swine!" he repeated, blushing suddenly. "Well, send Gavrílo after some wine! All right, we will have a good time," he said.

In the letters from his relatives there was enclosed a letter of recommendation to Prince Bagратиón, which, with Anna Mikháylvna's advice, the old countess had

received through her acquaintances, and which she sent him, asking him to take it down in person and to make use of it.

"What foolishness! I do not need it," said Rostóv, throwing the letter on the table.

"Why do you throw it down?" asked Borís.

"It is some kind of a letter of recommendation, — the deuce I care for that letter!"

"The deuce you care for this letter?" said Borís, picking it up and reading the address. "This letter is very important for you."

"I do not want anything, and I won't be anybody's adjutant."

"Why not?" asked Borís.

"It is a lackey's duty!"

"You are still the dreamer you have been, I see," Borís said, shaking his head.

"And you are still the same diplomatist. But that is another matter — How are you getting along?" asked Rostóv.

"As you see. So far everything is well; but, I must confess, I should like very much to get an adjutant's place, rather than remain in the ranks."

"Why?"

"Because, having once chosen the military career, one must try to make as brilliant a career as possible."

"Oh, I see!" said Rostóv, evidently thinking of something else.

He was looking fixedly and with an interrogative glance into his friend's eyes, apparently looking in vain for the solution of some question.

Old man Gavrílo brought the wine.

"Had I not better send for Alfóns Kárlych?" said Borís. "He will drink with you, but I can't."

"Send for him, do! How is that Dutchman doing?" said Rostóv, with a contemptuous smile.

“He is a very, very good, honest, and agreeable man,” said Borís.

Rostóv once more cast a fixed glance at Borís and heaved a sigh. Berg came back, and at the bottle of wine the conversation between the three officers became animated. The Guardmen told Rostóv about their march and how they had been fêted in Russia, in Poland, and abroad. They told of the words and acts of their commander, the grand duke, and related some anecdotes about his kindness and his irritability. Berg, as usual, kept silent so long as he personally was not concerned, but when it came to telling the anecdotes about the grand duke’s irritability, he took pleasure in relating how in Galicia he had had an opportunity of speaking with the grand duke, as he was riding around the regiments and complaining of the irregularity of their movements. With an agreeable smile he told of how the grand duke rode up very angrily to him and shouted, “Arnaut !” (Arnaut was the favourite word of the grand duke whenever he was angry) and asked for the commander of the company.

“Will you believe it, count, I was not in the least frightened, because I knew that I was right. Without boasting, count, I may say that I know the army regulations and the manual by heart, like the Lord’s Prayer. For this reason, count, there are no blunders in my company, and my conscience is clear. I made my appearance.”

Berg rose and showed how he went up with his hand to his visor. Indeed, it was hard to imagine more respectfulness and self-satisfaction in his face.

“He raked me over the coals, and sent me to the devil, and called me ‘Arnaut,’ and threatened me with Siberia,” said Berg, with a penetrating smile. “I knew that I was in the right and so I kept silent, — was I not right, count? ‘Are you dumb?’ he shouted. I still made no reply. What do you think, count? On the following day there was no mention of it in the order of the day: that is

what it means not to lose one's head. That's it, count," said Berg, lighting his pipe and emitting smoke rings.

"Yes, that is superb," Rostóv replied, with a smile; but Borís, noticing that Rostóv was getting ready to make fun of Berg, artfully turned the conversation. He asked Rostóv to tell them how and when he had received his wound. Rostóv was only too glad to tell about it, and he grew ever more animated as his story proceeded. He told them his part in the action at Schöngraben precisely as those who have taken part in an engagement always tell about it, that is, as they wish that it happened, as they have heard it from other story-tellers, as it is more beautiful, and not at all as it actually has taken place.

Rostóv was a truthful young man, who would not for anything have told an untruth on purpose. He began to tell, with the full intention of telling things as they had really happened, but imperceptibly, involuntarily, and unavoidably to himself he passed to the untruth. If he had told the truth to his listeners, who, like himself, had a great number of times heard stories of attacks, and who had formed a definite idea about what an attack was, and who, consequently, expected just such a story,—they either would not have believed him, or, what is still worse, they would have believed that it was Rostóv's fault if nothing happened to him of the kind that generally happens to all the other narrators of attacks.

He could not have told them simply that all rode at a trot, that he fell down, wrenched his arm, and ran away from a Frenchman into the woods. Besides, in order to tell everything as it really was, it would have demanded an effort to tell only that which had happened. It is very difficult to tell the truth, and young people are rarely capable of telling it. They expected a story of how he was all enveloped in flames, how, forgetting himself, he flew like a storm against a square, how he cut his way through it, slashing to the right and to the left, how his

sword gluttoned on flesh, how he fell down exhausted, and all such things. And he told them so.

In the middle of this story, just as he was saying, "You cannot imagine what a strange sensation of rage one experiences during an attack," Prince Andréy Bolkónski, whom Borís had been expecting, entered the room.

Prince Andréy, who was fond of protecting young people, who was flattered if people turned to him for protection, and who was favourably inclined to Borís, having formed a good opinion of him on the previous day, wanted to fulfil the wish of the young man. On his way from Kutúzov to the grand duke with some papers, he stopped to see the young man, hoping to find him alone.

As he entered the room and saw a hussar (a class of men whom he could not bear) telling his military exploits, he kindly smiled at Borís, frowned at Rostóv, half-closing his eyes, and, with a slight bow, indolently and wearily let himself down on the sofa. He was displeased at having fallen in with bad company.

Rostóv flared up when he noticed that. But that made no difference to him: he was a strange man. He looked up at Borís and saw that he, too, seemed to be ashamed of a hussar. Notwithstanding the disagreeable and sarcastic tone of Prince Andréy, in spite of the general contempt which Rostóv, from his active military point of view, had for all these little adjutants of the staff, to which number the newly arrived officer apparently belonged, Rostóv felt embarrassed. He blushed and grew silent.

Borís asked what the news was in the staff and immodestly inquired about his case.

"No doubt it will be all right," replied Bolkónski, obviously not wishing to say anything in the presence of others. Berg made good the opportunity by asking, with particular politeness, whether the commanders of the companies would receive, as it was said, double forage. To this Prince Andréy replied, with a smile, that he

could not judge of such important dispositions of the government, and Berg laughed gaily.

"About your affair we shall speak later." Prince Andréy turned to Borís, looking back at Rostóv. "Come to me after the review, and we shall do what we can." Surveying the room, he turned to Rostóv, whose condition of invincible, childish confusion, which was now passing into fury, he did not deign to notice, with the question:

"I think you were telling about the Schöngraben engagement? Were you there?"

"I was there," Rostóv said, in a rage, as though to insult the adjutant with these words.

Bolkónski noticed the condition of the hussar, which to him seemed amusing. He smiled a slight, contemptuous smile.

"Yes, there are many stories current now about that engagement!"

"Yes, there are many stories," Rostóv spoke in a loud voice, looking with furious eyes now at Borís, and now at Bolkónski, "yes, there are many stories, but our stories, the stories of those who were in the very fire of the enemy, our stories have weight, but not the stories of the fine fellows of the staff, who get rewards doing nothing."

"To whom you presume that I belong?" said Prince Andréy, smiling calmly and exceedingly pleasantly.

A strange feeling of rage and a simultaneous feeling of respect for that calm figure were blended in Rostóv's soul.

"I am not speaking of you," he said. "I must confess, I do not know you, and I do not wish to know you. I am speaking in general of the officers of the staff."

"Here is what I will tell you," Prince Andréy interrupted him, with a calm command of his voice. "You want to insult me, and I am ready to concede that that is very easy to do if you have not sufficient respect for yourself; but you must admit that time and place are very badly chosen for that. In a few days we shall all

have to be at a large, more serious duel, and besides, Drubetskóy, who says that he is your old friend, is not in the least to blame because my physiognomy has had the misfortune of displeasing you. However," he said, rising, "you know my name and where to find me; but do not forget," he added, "that I do not consider either myself or you insulted, and it is my advice, as of an older man than you are, to leave this affair without consequences. So on Friday, after the review, I shall be expecting you, Drubetskóy; good-bye," cried Prince Andréy, walking out and bowing to both.

Rostóv recalled what it was he ought to have replied only after Prince Andréy was gone. And he was still more enraged because he had forgotten to say it. Rostóv immediately ordered up his horse and, bidding Borís dryly good-bye, rode back home. Whether he was to ride on the following day to the headquarters in order to challenge that clownish adjutant, or whether indeed he was to leave the matter without consequences was a question which tormented him the whole way. Now he thought with malice of how he would like to see the fright of that small, frail, and proud man when covered by his pistol, now he felt with surprise that of all men whom he knew there was no one whom he would like so much to have as his friend as that hateful adjutant.

VIII.

ON the day following the meeting of Borís and Rostóv there was a review of the Austrian and Russian troops, both of the fresh ones, just arrived from Russia, and of those who had returned from the campaign with Kutúzov. Both emperors, the Russian with the tsarévich, and the Austrian with the archduke, were to review the allied army of eighty thousand men.

The clean and foppishly dressed troops began to move early in the morning, aligning themselves on the field in front of the fortress. Now thousands of feet and bayonets, with unfurled flags, moved and stopped at the command of officers, turned about and drew up in open order, passing by just such masses of infantry, dressed in different uniforms; now the spruce cavalry in blue, red, green, embroidered uniforms, with musicians in embroidered coats in front of them, rode by, with an even thud and clanking, on black, bay, gray horses; now the artillery crept past the infantry and the cavalry, with the brass sound of their burnished, glistening cannon on quivering gun-carriages, and with the odour of linstocks, stretching out and taking their position on the place appointed for them.

Not only the generals in their full parade uniforms, with their tightly laced, stout, or thin waists and with necks appearing red under their stiff collars, wearing sashes and all their decorations; not only the pomaded, dandyish officers, but even all the soldiers, with fresh, cleanly washed and shaven faces, and gleaming in their

bright equipment, all the horses so groomed that their hair shone like velvet, and their wetted manes were evenly combed, — all felt that something out of the ordinary, something significant and solemn, was to take place. Every general and soldier felt his insignificance, recognizing himself to be a grain of sand in this sea of men, and at the same time felt his might, recognizing himself to be a part of that enormous whole.

Intense effort and care had been put forth ever since early morning, and by ten o'clock everything was brought into the desired order. The ranks stood in an enormous field. The whole army was drawn out in three divisions. First came the cavalry, back of it the artillery, and farther back still the infantry.

Between each division of the troops there was an open space, like a street. There were three distinct parts to this army: Kutúzov's fighting army (in which the Pavlográdians occupied the right flank of the first division), the army and Guard regiments newly arrived from Russia, and the Austrian troops. But all stood in the same divisions, under the same command, and in the same order.

Like the wind through the leaves, so the agitated murmur ran through the ranks: "They are coming! They are coming!" Frightened voices were heard, and down all the troops ran the wave of the hurried last preparations.

In front, from the direction of Olmütz, there appeared a moving group. And at the same time, though it was a windless day, a light breeze ran down the army and barely fluttered the pennons of the lances and the unfurled flags, which flapped against their staffs. It seemed as though the army by this light motion expressed its joy at the approach of the emperors.

One voice was heard crying: "Attention!"

Then, like the cockcrows at break of day, the sounds were repeated at the different ends. And all quieted down.



Emperor Alexander I.
Lithograph from the collection of the Emperor.

regimentation, all the horses so procured that their harnesses, harnesses, and their saddles might come evenly suited — all felt that something new of the ordinary, something significant and solemn, was to take place. Some passed and sadder felt his insignificance, recognizing himself as as a grain of sand in this sea of men and at the same time felt his might, comprehending himself as to be a part of that enormous whole.

Evening after evening had been put forth ever since early morning, and by ten o'clock everything was brought into the desired order. The ranks stood in an enormous field. The whole army was drawn out in three divisions. First came the infantry, next the artillery, and further back still the cavalry.

Behind the first division of the infantry were the two squadrons like a sword. There were three divisions more to the right: the cavalry, the artillery, and the two divisions of the infantry, the Grenadier and Guard regiments newly arrived from Russia, and the Austrian troops. For all stood in the same division, under the same command, and in the same order.

Like the wind through the leaves, so the scattered muskets ran through the ranks: "They are coming! They are coming!" The word came with force and down on the troops was the wave of the hundred and preparations. From the direction of Obukovo, there appeared a column of smoke. And at the same time, though it was a distance from the army, the army and barely fifteen minutes yet, the smoke of the hundred and the unfurled flags, which seemed to rise like a cloud. It seemed as though the army to the left were expressing the joy of the approach of the enemies.

One voice was heard crying: "Attention!"

Then, like the look-alikes at break of day, the ranks were repeated at the different ends. And all quailed down.

Emperor Alexander I.

Photogravure from Painting by Krüger



In the dead silence there was heard only the tramp of horses. That was the suite of the emperors. The emperors rode up to the flank, and there resounded the sounds of the trumpeters of the first regiment of the cavalry, playing a fanfare. It seemed as though it was not the trumpeters that were playing it, but as though the whole army, rejoicing at the arrival of the emperors, were naturally emitting these sounds. Through all these sounds could be distinctly heard the youthful, kindly voice of Emperor Alexander. He greeted the army, and the first regiment shouted "Hurrah!" in such deafening, prolonged, and joyful tones that the men themselves were awed at the number and strength of that mass which they formed.

Rostóv, who was standing among the first rows of Kutúzov's army, which was the first to which the emperor rode up, experienced the same sensation as that which each man of that army was experiencing, — the feeling of self-oblivion, of a proud consciousness of might, and of an impassioned attraction for him who was the cause of that solemnity.

He felt that one word from that man would be sufficient to send this whole mass (and him who, a mere insignificant grain of sand, was connected with it), into fire and water, to the commission of a crime, to death, or to the greatest heroism, and so he could not help trembling and feeling his heart sink at the sight of him who was to say that word.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" it thundered on all sides, and one regiment after another received the emperor with the sounds of the fanfare; then "Hurrah!" — a fanfare, and again "Hurrah!" and "Hurrah!" which, growing stronger and coming nearer, blended into one deafening sound.

So long as the emperor did not come near, every regiment in its speechlessness and immobility looked like a

lifeless body ; the moment the emperor came abreast with it, the regiment became animated and thundered, joining the roar of the part which the emperor had just left. Through the terribly deafening sound of these voices, amidst the motionless masses of the army, which seemed to be petrified in rectangles, a hundred riders of the suite moved carelessly, symmetrically, and, above all, freely, and in front of them were the two emperors. It was upon them that was concentrated the undivided, reserved, but impassioned attention of this whole mass of men.

The handsome young Emperor Alexander, dressed in a uniform of the mounted Guard, wearing his three-cornered hat on one side, by his pleasing face and his soft, sonorous voice attracted all the attention.

Rostóv was standing not far from the trumpeters, and with his keen eyes recognized the emperor from a distance and watched his approach. When the emperor came within twenty steps, and Nikoláy could see the handsome, youthful, and happy face of the emperor, down to its minutest details, he experienced a feeling of tenderness and ecstasy, such as he had never before experienced. Everything, every feature, every motion, seemed charming in the emperor.

Stopping in front of the Pavlográdski regiment, the emperor, smiling, said something in French to the Austrian Emperor.

Upon seeing his smile, Rostóv involuntarily began to smile himself, and he felt an even greater attachment for his emperor. He wanted to be able in some way to express his love for him. The emperor called out the commander of the regiment and said a few words to him.

“O Lord, what would have happened to me, if the emperor had addressed me?” thought Rostóv. “I should have died from happiness.”

The emperor addressed also the officers :

“I thank you all, gentlemen, with all my heart.”

Rostóv heard every one of his words, as though they descended from heaven.

How happy Rostóv would have been if he could have died then for his Tsar!

"You have earned the crosses of St. George, and you will be worthy of them."

"If I only could die for him, if I only could die!" thought Rostóv.

The emperor said something else, which Rostóv could not hear, and the soldiers expanded their chests and shouted, "Hurrah!"

Rostóv, too, bending down over his saddle, cried with all his might, wishing to harm himself with that shout, if he only could express his ecstasy for his emperor in that way.

The emperor stood a few seconds in front of the hussars, as though he were undecided.

"How can the emperor be undecided?" thought Rostóv, but later this very indecision, like everything else about the emperor, appeared majestic and enticing to Rostóv.

The emperor's indecision lasted but a second. His foot, in the narrow, sharp toe of his boot, of the kind that was worn at that time, touched the flank of his bob-tailed bay mare, on which he was riding; the emperor's hand, in a white glove, took up the reins, — he moved, accompanied by an unevenly billowing sea of adjutants. Farther and farther away he rode, stopping in front of the other regiments, and finally his white panache alone could be seen by Rostóv through the wall of the suite which surrounded the emperor.

Among the gentlemen of the suite, Rostóv noticed also Bolkónski, who was sitting indolently and carelessly upon his horse. Rostóv recalled his quarrel of the day before, and the question arose whether he ought to challenge him or not.

"Of course not," Rostóv now thought. "And is it

worth while to think and speak of it at such a moment as this? At a moment of such love, ecstasy, and self-reununciation, what are our quarrels and offences? I love all, forgive all now," thought Rostóv.

After the emperor had ridden past all the regiments, the troops began to defile before him, and Rostóv, on Bedouin, the horse he had lately bought of Denísov, passed in the rear of his squadron, that is, all alone, and in full view of the emperor.

Before reaching the emperor, Rostóv, who was an excellent rider, twice pricked his Bedouin and was fortunate enough to spur him up to that maddened trot which he took whenever he was excited. Bending his foaming mouth to his breast, arching his tail, and, as though flying through the air, without touching the ground, gracefully lifting and alternating his legs, Bedouin, himself conscious of the emperor's glance, passed by in beautiful style.

Rostóv himself, throwing back his legs and expanding his chest and feeling himself of one piece with the horse, with a frowning and blissful face, "like a devil," as Denísov would have said, rode past the emperor.

"The Pavlográdians are fine fellows!" said the emperor.

"O God! How happy I would be if he commanded me to rush at once into the fire," thought Rostóv.

When the review was ended, the officers, both those newly arrived and those who had been with Kutúzov, began to gather in groups, and they began to talk about rewards, about the Austrians and their uniforms, about their army, about Bonaparte, and about how ill he would fare, especially if Essen's corps should reach them, and Prussia should take our side.

But the chief subject of conversation in these circles was Emperor Alexander. They mentioned every word and motion of his and went into ecstasies over him.

There was one thing they all wished, and that was under the leadership of the emperor to proceed at once

against the enemy. Under the command of the emperor himself it would be impossible not to vanquish any enemy whatsoever; thus Rostóv and the majority of the officers thought after the review. After the parade they were all surer of victory than if they had gained two victories.

IX.

ON the day after the review, Borís dressed himself in his best uniform and, with the wishes for his success expressed by his comrade Berg, set out for Olmütz to see Bolkónski, for the purpose of using his favour to provide a good place for himself, more especially that of adjutant with some important personage, which to him appeared as the most attractive position in the army.

“It is all well for Rostóv, to whom his father sends ten thousand roubles at a time, to say that he does not wish to bow to any one and to become anybody’s lackey; but I, who have nothing but my head, must make a career for myself and must not allow any chance to slip.”

In Olmütz he on that day did not meet Prince Andréy. But the sight of Olmütz, where the chief quarters and the diplomatic corps were located, and where the two emperors lived with their suites of courtiers and their near relatives, only enhanced his desire to belong to that superior world.

He knew nobody, and, in spite of his foppish uniform of the Guard, all these superior people who flitted through the streets in elegant carriages, displaying their panaches, sashes, and decorations, courtiers and the military, seemed to stand so incomparably higher than he that they not only did not wish, but even could not recognize his existence. In the quarters of the commander-in-chief, where he asked for Bolkónski, all these adjutants and even servants looked at him as though they wished to impress upon him that there were a lot of such officers loafing there and that they were heartily tired of them.

In spite of this, or, perhaps, for that very reason, he on the following day, it being the 15th, again rode to Olmütz, where he went to the house occupied by Kutúzov and asked for Bolkónski. Prince Andréy was at home, and Borís was brought to a large parlour, where apparently balls were once given, but where now stood five beds and a motley lot of furniture: a table, some chairs, and a clavichord. An adjutant, in a Persian morning-gown, was sitting near the door at a table and writing. Another, red and fat Nesvítski, was lying on a bed, with his arms under his head, and laughing with an officer who was sitting on his bed. A third was playing a Viennese waltz on the clavichord; a fourth was lying on this clavichord and humming the waltz. Bolkónski was not there. None of these gentlemen changed their positions upon seeing Borís. The one who was writing and whom Borís addressed, angrily turned back and told him that Bolkónski was the adjutant of the day, and that he should go through a door on the left to a reception-room if he wanted to see him. In the reception-room there were about ten officers and generals.

When Borís entered the room, Prince Andréy, disdainfully shutting his eyes (with that peculiar aspect of politeness and fatigue which clearly said that, if it were not his duty, he would not waste a minute on him), was listening to an old Russian general, wearing his decorations, who was reporting something to Prince Andréy, while standing on tiptoe and straightening himself, and having an expression of soldierly servility on his purple face.

“Very well. Please wait!” he said to the general, in that French accent of his Russian, which he employed whenever he meant to speak contemptuously. Upon noticing Borís, he no longer listened to the general, who imploringly ran after him, begging him to hear all he had still to say, but turned to Borís with a happy smile and with a nod of his head. Borís now clearly understood,

what he had surmised before, that in addition to the subordination and discipline which were prescribed by the code in the army, and which was known in the regiment and which he knew himself, there was another, a more essential subordination, the one which compelled this tightly-laced general with the purple face respectfully to wait for his turn, while a captain, Prince Andréy, found it a greater pleasure and more convenient to talk with Sub-Lieutenant Drubetskóy. Borís decided at once that he would serve not according to the written, but according to this unwritten, subordination. He now felt that the mere fact that he had been recommended to Prince Andréy at once placed him above a general, who, under other circumstances, in the ranks, could annihilate him, a sub-lieutenant of the Guard.

Prince Andréy went over to him and took him by the hand.

"I am very sorry you did not find me in yesterday. I wasted my whole day with the Germans. We went with Weyrother to examine the disposition of the troops. When the Germans are accurate, there is no end to it!"

Borís smiled, as though he understood what it was Prince Andréy hinted at as something universally known. But this was the first time he had heard the name of Weyrother and even the word "disposition."

"Well, my dear, so you want to become an adjutant? I have been thinking of you in the meantime."

"Yes," said Borís, with an instinctive blush, "I thought of asking the commander-in-chief; Prince Kurágin wrote to him about me; I wanted to ask him for the position," he added, as though to excuse himself, "because, I am afraid, the Guard will not be in action."

"All right, all right! we shall talk it all over," said Prince Andréy. "Just permit me to report about that gentleman, and then I shall be at your service."

While Prince Andréy went to report about the purple-

faced general, the general, who obviously did not share Borís's conception about the unwritten subordination, stared so at the bold sub-lieutenant who had interfered in his conversation with the adjutant, that Borís felt ill at ease. He turned aside and impatiently waited for the return of Prince Andréy from the cabinet of the commander-in-chief.

"Now, my dear, I have been thinking about you," said Prince Andréy, when they entered the large hall with the clavichord. "It will do you no good to go to the commander-in-chief," said Prince Andréy, "he will make you a lot of compliments, will tell you to come to dinner with him" ("That would not be so bad according to that unwritten subordination," thought Borís), "but nothing more will come of it; there will soon be a whole battalion of us adjutants and orderlies. But here is what we shall do: I have a good friend, Prince Dolgorúkov, who is an adjutant-general and an excellent man. You may not know it, but the fact is that Kutúzov and we, his staff, have absolutely no standing now: everything centres now about the emperor, so let us go to Dolgorúkov! I have to see him anyway, and I have already told him about you; we shall see whether he will find it possible to find a place for you near his person, or somewhere in the neighbourhood of the sun."

Prince Andréy always grew very much animated whenever he had to guide a young man and aid him to obtain worldly success. Under pretext of aiding others,—his pride would not permit him to accept such aid for himself,—he kept near that circle which offered success and which attracted him to itself. He very cheerfully took Borís under his wing and went with him to Prince Dolgorúkov.

It was late in the evening when they entered the Olmütz palace which was occupied by the emperors and their courts.

On that very day a council of war was held, at which all the members of the Hofkriegsrath and both the emperors were present. At this council it was decided, contrary to the opinion of the old generals, Kutúzov and Prince Schwarzenberg, to advance without delay and give Bonaparte a general battle.

The council of war had just come to a close when Andréy, accompanied by Borís, arrived at the palace in search of Prince Dolgorúkov. All the persons of the headquarters were still under the influence of the victory which the young party had on that day carried away at the council of war. The voices of the cunctators, who had advised delay without taking the offensive, had been so completely drowned and their arguments so overthrown by indubitable proofs of the advantages of taking the offensive that that which had been discussed at the council, the future battle and unquestionable victory, now no longer seemed a matter of the future, but of the past. All the advantages were on our side. The enormous forces, which, without any doubt, surpassed the forces of Napoleon, were massed at one point; the troops were animated by the presence of the emperors and were anxious to go into action; the strategic point on which they would have to act was known down to its minutest details to the Austrian General Weyrother, who was guiding the troops. By a fortunate coincidence, the Austrian troops had the year before been manœuvring in the very fields where now they were to engage the French. The topography in question was known to its minutest details and was marked down on the maps, while Bonaparte, obviously weakened, was not doing anything.

Dolgorúkov, one of the most ardent advocates of the offensive, had just returned from the council, being tired and worn out, but animated and proud of the victory obtained. Prince Andréy introduced to him his protégé, but Prince Dolgorúkov gave Borís a polite and firm pres-

sure of his hand, without saying anything to him. He was evidently unable to restrain himself from expressing those thoughts which at that moment interested him more than anything else, and so he addressed Andréy in French.

“My friend, what a victory we have obtained! May God grant that that which will be its consequence may end as victoriously. Still, my dear,” he spoke disconnectedly and with animation, “I must confess my guilt before the Austrians, and especially before Weyrother. What exactness, what details, what knowledge of the topography, what prevision of all possibilities, all conditions, all minutest details! No, my dear, one could not invent more favourable conditions than those under which we are now. The union of Austrian precision and Russian bravery, — what more do you want?”

“So the attack is definitely decided upon?” asked Bolkónski.

“Really, my dear, it seems to me that Buonaparte has positively lost his common sense. Do you know, the emperor had a letter from him to-day.”

Dolgorúkov smiled significantly.

“Indeed? What does he write?” asked Bolkónski.

“What can he write? Traderidera, and so forth, for the purpose of gaining time. I tell you that he is in our hands: that is certain! But the funniest thing is,” he said, suddenly laughing a good-natured laugh, “that nobody could propose the proper way to address him. If not as the consul, he certainly could not be addressed as the emperor; I thought it ought to be as General Buonaparte.”

“At the same time there is a difference in not recognizing him as emperor and calling him General Buonaparte,” said Bolkónski.

“Precisely,” Prince Dolgorúkov interrupted him, with a laugh. “You know Bilíbin, — he is a very clever man:

he proposed to address the answer to 'The usurper and enemy of the human race.'

Dolgorúkov burst out into a loud guffaw.

"Nothing more?" asked Bolkónski.

"Still, Bilíbin found a serious title for him. He is a clever and an ingenious man."

"What is it?"

"To the head of the French government, *au chef du gouvernement français*," Prince Dolgorúkov said seriously and with an expression of pleasure. "Don't you think it is good?"

"It is good, but he will not like it at all," remarked Bolkónski.

"No, he won't! My brother knows him: he has frequently dined with him, the present emperor, at Paris, and he told me that he never saw a more refined and a more cunning diplomatist, — you know, a combination of French agility and Italian acting? Do you know the anecdotes about him and Count Markóv? Count Markóv was the only one who knew how to treat him. Do you know the story about the handkerchief? It is superb!"

And the garrulous Dolgorúkov, turning now to Borís, and now to Prince Andréy, told them how Napoleon, wishing to test Markóv, our ambassador, purposely dropped his handkerchief in front of him, and, glancing at him, waited for Markóv to lift it up, and how Markóv immediately dropped his own handkerchief which he picked up without touching Bonaparte's handkerchief.

"*Charmant*," said Bolkónski. "But, prince, I come to you to solicit a favour for this young man. Have you anything?"

But before Prince Andréy had a chance of finishing, an adjutant entered the room, asking Prince Dolgorúkov to come to the emperor.

"Oh, how annoying!" said Dolgorúkov, rising hurriedly and pressing the hands of Prince Andréy and of Borís.

“You know I am very glad to do all in my power, both for you and for this young man.” He again pressed Borís’s hand with the expression of a good-natured, sincere, and animated thoughtlessness. “But you see — another time!”

Borís was agitated by the thought of his proximity to that higher power in which he at that moment felt himself to be. He was here conscious of being in contact with those springs which guided the movements of all those enormous masses, of which he, in his regiment, felt himself to be a small, humble, and insignificant part. They followed Prince Dolgorúkov out into the corridor. Here they met an undersized man in citizen’s clothes, who came out of the door leading to the emperor’s room, through which Dolgorúkov disappeared. He had an intelligent face, and was marked by a protruding jaw which, without spoiling his features, gave him an expression of unusual vivacity and mobility. This undersized man nodded to Dolgorúkov as to an old acquaintance, and began to look at Prince Andréy with a cold and fixed glance, apparently expecting that Prince Andréy would bow to him and step aside to let him pass. Prince Andréy did neither the one nor the other; his face expressed malice, and the young man turned aside and passed along the wall of the corridor.

“Who is that?” asked Borís.

“That is one of the most remarkable and, at the same time, to me one of the most disagreeable of men. It is the minister of foreign affairs, Prince Adam Czartoryński. It is these people,” said Bolkónski, with a sigh, which he was unable to suppress, just as they were leaving the palace, “it is these people who decide the fates of nations.”

On the following day the troops started on their march, and Borís had no chance previous to the Battle of Austerlitz of being with Bolkónski or with Dolgorúkov, and so he for a time remained in the Izmaíl regiment.

X.

AT dawn of the 16th, Denísov's squadron, in which Nikoláy served, and which belonged to the detachment of Prince Bagрати́ón, moved from camp into action, as it was said, and, after marching about a verst behind the other columns, was stopped on the highway.

Rostóv saw pass by him, first the Cossacks, the first and second squadron of hussars, the battalions of infantry with the artillery, and then the generals Bagрати́ón and Dolgorúkov with the adjutants. All the terror, which he experienced before the action, as he had on the previous occasion, all the inner struggle, by which he vanquished that terror, all his dreams of how he would distinguish himself in hussar fashion in this engagement, had all been in vain. The squadron was left in reserve, and Nikoláy Rostóv passed a tedious and lonesome day.

At nine o'clock he heard a fusilade in front of him, and shouts of "Hurrah!" He saw wounded soldiers brought back (there were not many of them), and, finally, he saw a whole detachment of French cavalymen taken past, surrounded by a hundred Cossacks. Apparently the action was over: it was apparently not an important, but still a successful, action. The returning soldiers and officers told of a brilliant victory, of the capture of the town of Wischau, and of a whole squadron of French cavalry.

It was a bright, sunlit day, following upon a sharp frost at night, and the radiant splendour of the autumn day coincided with the news of the victory, of which not only the stories of the participants told, but also the radi-

ant expression of the faces of the soldiers, the officers, the generals, and the adjutants, who passed and repassed Rostóv. Rostóv was the more pained since, having in vain experienced all the terror which precedes a battle, he had remained that joyful day in inaction.

“Rostóv, come here! Let us drown our grief!” cried Denísov, sitting down at the edge of the road in front of a flask and a luncheon. The officers surrounded Denísov’s lunch-basket, partaking of his lunch and talking.

“Here they are bringing another fellow!” said one of the officers, pointing to a captive French dragoon, whom two Cossacks were leading on foot. One of them was leading by the line a beautiful, stately French horse which had been taken away from the captive.

“Sell me the horse,” Denísov cried to the Cossack.

“If you please, your Honour —”

The officers rose and surrounded the Cossacks and the captive Frenchman. The dragoon was a young Alsatian, who spoke French with a German accent. He was chok-ing with excitement, his face was red, and, upon hearing French spoken, he at once turned to speak to the officers. He said that he would not have been taken, that it was not his fault, but that of *le caporal*, who had sent him out to get the housings, that he had told him that the Russians were already there. To every sentence he added: “*Mais qu'on ne fasse pas de mal à mon petit cheval!*” caressing his horse. It was evident that he did not quite understand where he was. He now excused himself for being captured, now, imagining that he had his own superiors before him, evinced his eagerness to do his duties as a soldier. He brought with him to the rear-guard, in all its freshness, the atmosphere of the French army, which was so strange to our men.

The Cossacks sold the horse for two gold pieces, and Rostóv, who, having lately received money, was the richest of the officers, bought it.

“*Mais qu'on ne fasse pas de mal à mon petit cheval!*” the Alsatian said good-naturedly to Rostóv, when the horse was turned over to him.

Rostóv, smiling, calmed the dragoon and gave him some money.

“*Allez! Allez!*” said a Cossack, touching the arm of the captive to make him go on.

“The emperor! The emperor!” suddenly was heard the cry among the hussars.

Everybody scampered away, and Rostóv could see, at a distance down the road, several riders with white panaches riding up toward them. In one minute all were in their places in an expectant attitude.

Rostóv did not remember how he had reached his horse and how he had mounted it. In a twinkle his regret at having taken no part in the action vanished; there disappeared the every-day mood that characterized him, in a circle of lounging persons; every thought of himself was gone in a twinkle: he was all absorbed in the sensation of happiness which was produced by the proximity of the emperor. He felt that this proximity alone repaid him for the loss of the day. He was happy, like a lover, at last rewarded by a rendezvous. He did not dare to look down the ranks, but he felt *his* presence with a sensation of ecstasy. He was conscious of it, not only from the sound of the hoofs of the horses in the approaching cavalcade, but also because, in measure as he approached, everything grew brighter, more cheerful, more significant, and more festive all about him. Nearer and nearer this sun approached Rostóv, sending forth all about him beams of a mild and majestic light, and now he felt himself caught in these rays, and he heard his voice,—that kind, calm, majestic, and, at the same time, simple voice. Rostóv felt that a silence must ensue, and it did ensue, and in that silence were heard the sounds of the emperor's voice:

"*Les hussards de Pavlograd?*" he inquired.

"*La réserve, Sire!*" replied another voice, a human voice, following upon this superhuman voice which had said: "*Les hussards de Pavlograd?*"

The emperor came abreast with Rostóv and stopped. Alexander's face was even more beautiful than it had been three days before at the review. It beamed with such merriment and youth, with such innocent youth, that it reminded one of the wantonness of a child of fourteen years, and yet it was the face of a majestic emperor. Accidentally surveying the squadron, the eyes of the emperor met the eyes of Rostóv, resting upon them not more than two seconds. Whether the emperor understood that which was going on in Rostóv's heart, or not (Rostóv thought he understood everything), he looked for about two seconds with his blue eyes into Rostóv's face, and his eyes beamed mildly and softly. Then he suddenly raised his brows, with a sudden motion struck the horse with his left foot, and rode off at a gallop.

The young emperor could not refrain from being present at the battle, and, in spite of all the remonstrances of the court, he at noon separated from the third column, behind which he was riding, and galloped to the vanguard. Before reaching the hussars, several adjutants met him with the news of the happy issue of the action.

The battle, which consisted only in capturing a squadron of French troops, was represented as a brilliant victory over the French, and so the emperor and the whole army, especially while the powder smoke had not yet lifted from the field of battle, believed that the French had been conquered and that they were retreating against their will.

A few minutes after the emperor had passed, a division of the Pavlográdski regiment was ordered to advance. In Wischau, a small German town, Rostóv once more saw the emperor. In the town square, where previous to the arrival of the emperor a sharp musketry-fire had

taken place, there lay a number of dead and wounded soldiers, whom they had had no time to take away. The emperor, surrounded by a suite of military and civil persons, was riding a red bob-tailed mare, not the one he had been riding before. Bending sidewise, and gracefully holding a gold lorgnette to his eyes, he was looking at a soldier who was lying on the ground with his face down and his uncovered head bleeding. The wounded soldier was so soiled, so horrible to look at, that his proximity to the emperor offended him. Rostóv saw that the stooping shoulders of the emperor were convulsed as though from a chill, that his left foot convulsively struck the mare's broad left flank, and that the trained mare looked indifferently around without moving. An adjutant who had dismounted took the soldier under his arms and began to put him on a stretcher which had just been brought. The soldier groaned.

"More softly, more softly, can't you do it more softly?" said the emperor, apparently suffering more than the dying soldier, and riding away.

Rostóv saw the tears which filled the emperor's eyes and heard him saying in French to Czartoryński, as he rode away:

"What a terrible thing war is, what a terrible thing!
Quelle terrible chose que la guerre!"

The troops of the vanguard were stationed before Wischau in sight of the enemy's cordon, which, at the slightest fusilade of the whole day, abandoned the ground to us. The emperor's thanks were announced to the vanguard; rewards were promised; and the people received a double allowance of vodka. The camp-fires crackled more merrily than upon the previous night, and soldier songs resounded everywhere. Denísov on that night celebrated his promotion to the rank of major, and Rostóv, who had imbibed freely, at the end of the celebration proposed to drink the health of the emperor, "not

of the Tsar our emperor, as they say at official dinners," he said, "but the health of the emperor, the good, charming, and great man. Let us drink his health and the certain victory over the French!

"If we fought valiantly," he said, "and gave the French no quarter, as at Schöngraben, what will it be now, when he is before us? We will all die, we will die in raptures for him. Yes, gentlemen? Maybe I am not telling it right, I have had rather too much, but that is the way I feel, and you, too. The health of Alexander the First! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" resounded the animated voices of the officers. And the old Captain Kírsen shouted with as much enthusiasm and sincerity as the twenty-year-old Rostóv.

After the officers had drunk the health and broken their glasses, Kírsen filled other glasses and, wearing nothing but his shirt and trousers, with the glass in his hand, went up to the camp-fires of the soldiers and, in a majestic pose, waving his hand upward, with his long gray moustache and white breast, which could be seen through his unbuttoned shirt, stopped in the light of a camp-fire.

"Boys, to the health of the Tsar, our emperor, to the victory over the enemy, hurrah!" he shouted in his dashing baritone of an old hussar.

The hussars crowded together and cheerfully responded in a loud shout.

Late at night, when all had retired, Denísov, with his short hand, patted his favourite Rostóv on the shoulder.

"There is nobody during the campaign to fall in love with, so he falls in love with the emperor," he said.

"Denísov, don't jest about this," shouted Rostóv, "this is such an exalted, such a beautiful feeling, such —"

"I believe it, I believe it, my friend, and I share it, and approve of it —"

“No, you do not understand it!”

Rostóv got up and started to loaf between the campfires, dreaming of what happiness it would be to die without attempting to save his life (he did not dare think of saving his life), simply to die in the sight of the emperor. He was actually in love with the emperor, and with the glory of the Russian arms, and with the hope of the future triumph. Nor was he alone in experiencing such feelings in those memorable days which preceded the battle at Austerlitz; nine-tenths of the Russian army at that time were in love, though less ecstatically, with their Tsar and the glory of the Russian arms.

XI.

ON the following day the emperor remained at Wischau. Villiers, the physician in ordinary, was several times called to him. In the chief quarters and in the nearest troops the rumour spread that the emperor was not well. He did not eat, and had passed a bad night, so those nearest to him said. The cause of this indisposition lay in the strong impression produced on the sensitive soul of the emperor by the sight of the wounded and the killed.

At dawn of the 17th, the outposts brought to Wischau a French officer, who came under a flag of truce, demanding an interview with the Russian emperor. This officer was Savary. The emperor had just fallen asleep, and Savary had to wait. At noon he was admitted to the emperor, and an hour later he rode back with Prince Dolgorúkov to the outposts of the French army.

It was rumoured that the purpose of Savary's mission was to propose a meeting between Emperor Alexander and Napoleon. The personal meeting, to the great joy and pride of the army, was refused, and instead of the emperor, Prince Dolgorúkov, the victor of Wischau, was sent with Savary to confer with Napoleon, if this conference, against all expectation, should have peace for its aim.

In the evening Dolgorúkov returned and went directly to the emperor. He was long closeted with him.

On the 18th and 19th of November the troops made two marches ahead, while the outposts of the enemy

receded after a short exchange of musketry-fire. In the higher spheres of the army an intensified, feverish activity began at noon of the 19th and lasted until the morning of the 20th, when that memorable battle at Austerlitz was fought.

Up to the 19th, the activity, the animated conversations, the running to and fro, the despatch of adjutants, were confined to the headquarters of the two emperors; after noon of the same day, the activity passed over to the headquarters of Kutúzov and to the staffs of the chiefs of columns. In the evening this activity was carried by adjutants to all the ends and parts of the army, and on the night from the 19th to the 20th, eighty thousand men of the allied army broke camp, with a din, and began to undulate, and moved in an immense strip of ten versts in length.

The concentrated activity, which began in the morning in the headquarters of the emperors and which gave a push to all the following motion, resembled the first motion of the centre wheel of a large tower-clock. A wheel moves slowly; a second, a third, comes into motion, and faster and faster the wheels, the gears, the cogs begin to whirl; the chimes start striking; the figures make their appearance, and the hands move evenly, showing the result of the motion.

As in the mechanism of the clock, so in the mechanism of the army, the first motion imparted to it cannot be arrested before the last result is obtained, and, a moment before the motion is transmitted, the parts of the mechanism not yet reached by the motion are as indifferently immovable. The wheels, catching in the cogs, screech on their axes, the whirling gears hiss in their rapid motion, but the neighbouring wheel is as calm and motionless as though it were ready to stay motionless for a hundred years; but when the proper moment arrives and the lever catches in the cog, the wheel, obedient to the motion,

creaks and turns, uniting in one motion, the result and aim of which is not intelligible to it.

Just as in a clock the result of the endless number of different wheels and gearings is only the slow and even motion of the hand which indicates time, so the result of all these complicated human motions of these 160,000 Russians and Frenchmen, — of all the passions, wishes, regrets, humiliations, sufferings, impulses of pride, terror, enthusiasm of these people, — was only the loss of the battle at Austerlitz, the so-called battle of the three emperors, that is, the slow movement of the hand of universal history on the face of the history of humanity.

Prince Andréy was on that day the officer of the day and was all the time with the commander-in-chief.

At six o'clock in the evening Kutúzov arrived at the headquarters of the emperors and, after a short interview with the emperor, went to the grand marshal of the court, Count Tolstóy.

Bolkónski made use of this time by calling on Dolgorúkov, to find out the details of the engagement. Prince Andréy felt that Kutúzov was annoyed and dissatisfied, and that they were dissatisfied with him at headquarters, and that all the people of the imperial headquarters had the aspect of people who knew something which nobody else knew, and so he wanted to find out about it from Dolgorúkov.

“Good evening, *mon cher*,” said Dolgorúkov, who was sitting at tea with Bilíbin. “There will be a holiday to-morrow. How is your old man? Out of sorts?”

“I sha’n’t say that he is out of sorts, but he looks as though he wished to be heard.”

“He was heard at the council of war, and he will be listened to when he has anything to the point to say. It is impossible to delay now and wait for something when Bonaparte is most afraid to give a general battle.”

“Have you seen him?” said Prince Andréy. “What about Bonaparte? What impression did he produce on you?”

“Yes, I saw him, and I am convinced that he is more afraid of a general battle than of anything else in the world,” repeated Dolgorúkov, apparently priding himself on this general observation which he had taken away from his interview with Napoleon. “If he were not afraid of a battle, why should he demand this meeting, have conferences, and, above all, be ready to retreat, when retreating is so contrary to his method of waging war? Believe me, he is afraid; he is afraid of a general engagement, — his hour has come. That is what I tell you.”

“But tell me something about him,” Prince Andréy asked him again.

“He is a man in a gray coat, who would have liked very much for me to address him as ‘your Majesty,’ but who, to his annoyance, received no title from me. That is the man, and nothing more,” replied Dolgorúkov, looking with a smile at Bilíbin.

“In spite of my fullest respect for old Kutúzov,” he continued, “we should be doing nicely if we were to wait for something, and thus gave him a chance to escape or deceive us, whereas he is certainly in our hands. No, we must not forget Suvórov and his rule, which is, not to place ourselves in the position of being attacked, but to start the attack ourselves. Believe me, in war the energy of young men frequently indicates the path more safely than all the experience of old cunctators.”

“But in what position do we attack him? I was today at the outposts where he is located with his main forces,” said Prince Andréy.

He wanted to tell to Dolgorúkov his own plan of attack.

“That makes no difference,” quickly retorted Dolgorúkov, rising and opening a map on the table. “All the

eventualities have been foreseen. If he stands at Brünn — ”

Prince Dolgorúkov rapidly and indistinctly gave an account of Weyrother's flank movement.

Prince Andréy began to retort and to prove to him the feasibility of his own plan, which might have been fully as good as Weyrother's, but which had the one disadvantage that Weyrother's plan had already been approved. The moment Prince Andréy began to prove the disadvantages of Weyrother's and the advantages of his own plan, Prince Dolgorúkov ceased listening to him, and looked absent-mindedly, not at the map, but at Prince Andréy's face.

“ Prince Kutúzov will have a council of war to-day ; you can unfold your plan there,” said Dolgorúkov.

“ I will do that,” said Prince Andréy, walking away from the map.

“ What are you worrying about, gentlemen ?” said Bilíbin, who heretofore had been listening to their conversation with a merry smile, and who now evidently was getting ready to utter some witticism. “ Whether there will be a victory to-morrow or a defeat, the glory of the Russian arms is insured. Outside of our Kutúzov there is not a single Russian commander of a column. The chiefs are : *Herr Général Wimpfen, le Comte de Langeron, le Prince de Lichtenstein, le Prince de Hohenlohe, et enfin, Prsh — et ainsi de suite, comme tous les noms polonais.*”

“ *Taisez-vous, mauvaise langue,*” said Dolgorúkov. “ It is not true : there are now two Russians, Milorádovich and Dókhturov, and there would be a third, Count Arakchéev, but he has weak nerves.”

“ I think, Mikhaíl Ilariónovich must have come out,” said Prince Andréy. “ I wish you happiness and success, gentlemen,” he added, going out and pressing Dolgorúkov's and Bilíbin's hands.

On his way home, Prince Andréy could not keep from asking taciturn Kutúzov, who was sitting by his side, what he thought of the coming engagement.

Kutúzov looked sternly at his adjutant, and, after a moment of silence, replied :

“ I think that the battle will be lost, and so I told Count Tolstóy, whom I asked to inform the emperor of it. What do you suppose he answered me ? ‘ *Eh, mon cher général, je me mêle de riz et de cotelettes, mêlez-vous des affaires de la guerre.* ’ That was the answer which I received ! ”

XII.

AT ten o'clock in the evening Weyrother came with his plans to Kutúzov's quarters, where the council of war was to take place. All the chiefs of the columns were summoned to the commander-in-chief, and, with the exception of Prince Bagration, who refused to come, all made their appearance at the appointed hour.

Weyrother, who was in full command of the impending battle, by his animation and haste formed a sharp contrast with the dissatisfied and sleepy Kutúzov, who unwillingly played the rôle of the chairman and guide of the council of war. Weyrother evidently was conscious of being at the head of the movement, which now could no longer be restrained. He was like a horse hitched to a wagon going down-hill at full speed. He did not know whether he was leading or being driven, and he was carried down at the highest speed, having no time to consider what this motion would lead him to. Weyrother had on that evening twice gone down to the cordon of the enemy for the purpose of making a personal inspection, had twice called on the emperors, the Russian and the Austrian, to make reports and explanations, and had in his office dictated a German disposition. He now arrived at Kutúzov's exhausted.

He evidently was so preoccupied that he forgot to be civil to the commander-in-chief: he interrupted him, spoke rapidly and indistinctly, without looking at the face of his interlocutor, and without replying to questions; he was smeared with dirt, and had a pitiful, exhausted,

absent-minded, and, at the same time, a self-confident and haughty appearance.

Kutúzov occupied a small castle in the neighbourhood of Ostralitz. In the large drawing-room, which now was the cabinet of the commander-in-chief, there were gathered Kutúzov, Weyrother, and the members of the council of war. They were drinking tea, waiting for Prince Bagration to open the meeting. At eight o'clock there arrived Bagration's orderly with the news that the prince could not be present. Prince Andréy went to report the matter to the commander-in-chief, and, making use of the permission granted him by Kutúzov to be present at the council of war, remained in the room.

"As Prince Bagration will not be here, we may begin," said Weyrother, hurriedly rising from his seat and walking over to the table on which lay an immense map of the surroundings of Brünn.

Kutúzov, in unbuttoned uniform, from which his fat neck seemed to escape above the collar, was sitting in an easy chair, with both his arms on the rest, and almost sleeping. At the sound of Weyrother's voice, he made an effort and opened his only eye.

"Yes, yes, if you please, for it is getting late," he said. He nodded, again lowered his head, and closed his eyes.

If at first the members of the council thought that Kutúzov pretended to be asleep, the sounds which he emitted during the following reading convinced them that at that time there was something more important for the commander-in-chief than the desire to evince his contempt for the disposition or for anything else; he was interested in the satisfaction of an invincible human need, of sleep. He was actually asleep. Weyrother looked at Kutúzov, with the movements of a man who is too busy to lose a single minute, and, having convinced himself that he was asleep, he took up a docu-

ment and in a loud, monotonous voice began to read the disposition of the future battle, under the title, which he also read :

“Disposition of the troops in the attack upon the hostile position behind Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz on November 20, 1805.”

The disposition was complicated and hard to understand. It ran as follows :

“Whereas the enemy with his left wing leans on the wood-covered mountain, and with his right wing extends past Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz behind the ponds in those localities, while we, on the contrary, with our left wing far outflank his right wing, it is advantageous to attack the last mentioned wing of the enemy, especially if we have the villages of Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz in our possession, whereby we are able at once to fall upon the enemy's flank and to pursue him on the plain between Schlapanitz and the Thuerassa forest, by avoiding the defiles of Schlapanitz and Bellowitz, which cover the enemy's front. For this purpose it is necessary — The first column marches — the second column marches — the third column marches ” — and so forth.

The generals did not seem to listen with pleasure to the difficult disposition. The tall, blond General Buxhövdén stood with his back leaning against the wall and, steadily looking at the burning candle, did not seem to be listening, and did not even wish the generals to think that he was listening. Directly opposite Weyrother, fixing his shining open eyes upon him, and in a military attitude, leaning his arms with outwardly arched elbows on his knees, sat ruddy Milorádovich, with upturned moustache and raised shoulders. He was stubbornly silent, looking into Weyrother's face, and took his eyes off only when the Austrian chief of the staff stopped speaking. When that happened, Milorádovich cast a significant glance at the other generals, but it was impossible from that glance to

say whether he was in agreement and satisfied with the disposition or not.

Nearest to Weyrother sat Count de Langeron, who, with the fine smile of a Frenchman of the south of France, which did not leave him during the whole time of the reading, kept looking at his slender fingers in which he was turning a gold snuff-box with a portrait. In the middle of one of the longest periods, he stopped the rotary motion of the snuff-box, raised his head, and, with a disagreeable politeness at the very edges of his thin lips, interrupted Weyrother, wishing to say something; but the Austrian general, without interrupting his reading, scowled and waved his elbows, as though to say: "Later, later you will tell me your ideas, but now please look at the map and listen!" Langeron raised his eyes with an expression of perplexity, gazed at Milorádovich, as though in search of an explanation, but, upon meeting Milorádovich's significant, and yet meaningless, glance, he sadly lowered his eyes and again started the rotary motion of his snuff-box.

"*Une leçon de géographie,*" he said, as though speaking to himself, but loud enough to be heard.

Przebyszéwski, with respectful and dignified politeness, bent his ear with his hand toward Weyrother, having the appearance of a man absorbed in attention. Undersized Dókhurov sat directly opposite Weyrother, with a careful and modest look, and, bending over the open map, was faithfully studying the disposition and the unfamiliar locality. He several times asked Weyrother to repeat indistinctly pronounced words and the difficult names of the villages. Weyrother complied with his wish, and Dókhurov took notes.

When the reading, which lasted an hour, was ended, Langeron again stopped the motion of his snuff-box and, without looking at Weyrother or at anybody in particular, began to say how difficult it was to carry out such a disposition, where the location of the enemy was assumed to

be known, whereas it may be unknown to us, since the enemy was all the time in motion. Langeron's objections were valid, but it was evident that the purpose of these objections consisted chiefly in the desire to let Weyrother know, who had been reading the disposition to them with such self-confidence, as though they were a lot of school-boys, that he was dealing, not with fools, but with men who could teach him a thing or two in military affairs.

When the monotonous sound of Weyrother's voice died down, Kutúzov opened his eyes, like a miller who awakens at the cessation of the soporific sound of the mill-wheels. He listened to what Langeron was saying and, as though saying, "You are still busy with that foolishness!" he hastened to close his eyes again, sinking his head lower than before.

Wishing to offend Weyrother as painfully as possible in his vanity of a military author, Langeron proved to him that Bonaparte could easily attack, instead of being attacked, and thus would make the whole disposition absolutely worthless. Weyrother replied to all objections with a firm, disdainful smile, which had apparently been prepared in advance, independently of what they might say to him.

"If he could attack us, he would have done so to-day," he said.

"So you think that he is powerless," said Langeron.

"I doubt if he has forty thousand men," replied Weyrother, with the smile of a physician, whom a midwife wants to teach how to cure diseases.

"If so, he is marching straight to destruction by waiting for our attack," said Langeron, with a fine ironical smile, again looking at his neighbour, Milorádovich, for confirmation; but Milorádovich was evidently not thinking at all of what the generals were discussing.

"*Ma foi*," he said, "we shall see to-morrow on the field of battle."

Weyrother again smiled with that smile which said that it was ridiculous and strange to him to meet the objections of the Russian generals and to prove to them that of which he himself was sure and of which he had convinced the emperors.

"The enemy has put out the fires, and an uninterrupted noise is heard in his camp," he said. "What does that mean? Either he is retiring, of which alone we are to be afraid, or he is changing his position." He smiled. "But even if he did occupy a position in Thuerassa, he would save us a great deal of trouble, and all the dispositions, down to the minutest details, would remain the same."

"In what way?" said Prince Andréy, who had for a long time been waiting for a chance of expressing his doubts.

Kutúzov awoke, loudly cleared his throat, and surveyed the generals.

"Gentlemen, the disposition for to-morrow, or rather for to-day, for it is past midnight, cannot be changed," he said. "You have heard it, and we will all do our duty. But before a battle nothing is more important" — he was silent for a moment — "than to have a good sleep."

He looked as though he were going to rise. The generals took their leave and went away. It was past midnight. Prince Andréy left the room.

The council of war, at which Prince Andréy did not have a chance to express his opinion, as he had hoped he would, left an indistinct and troubled impression in him. He did not know who was right, whether it was Dolgorúkov with Weyrother, or Kutúzov with Langeron and some others, who did not approve of the plan of attack.

"But could not Kutúzov have expressed his opinion directly to the emperor? Could it not be done otherwise? Is it possible that the personal considerations of the court-

iers should be the cause for risking tens of thousands, and my, *my* life?" he thought.

"Yes, it is very possible that I shall be killed to-morrow," he thought. And suddenly, at this thought of death, a whole series of recollections, of the most distant and the most intimate, arose in his imagination: he recalled his last parting from his father and his wife; he recalled the first time of his love for her, and her pregnancy, and he was sorry for her and for himself. He left the room, where he was staying with Nesvítski in a state of nervous contrition and of agitation, and began to walk up and down in front of the house.

It was a misty night, and the moonlight broke mysteriously through the mist.

"Yes, to-morrow, to-morrow!" he thought. "To-morrow, perhaps, everything will be ended for me; there will be none of these recollections, — these recollections will have no meaning whatever for me. To-morrow, perhaps, no, certainly, I feel it, I shall have to show, at last, for the first time what I can do."

And he imagined the battle, its loss, the concentration of the struggle at one point, and the confusion of all the leading persons. And then that happy moment, that Toulon, for which he had been waiting so long, at last presented itself to him. He firmly and clearly expresses his opinion to Kutúzov, and to Weyrother, and to the emperors. All are struck by the correctness of his combinations, but nobody undertakes to execute them; so he takes a regiment, a division, on condition that no one will interfere with his arrangements, leads his division to the decisive point, and all alone obtains a victory.

"And death and suffering?" says another voice. But Prince Andréy does not make any reply to this voice and continues his successes. The disposition of the following battle is made by him alone. He has the name of an officer of the day in Kutúzov's army, but he does every-

thing himself. Kutúzov is dismissed, he is put in his place —

“Well, and then?” again says the other voice. “And then, if you have not been wounded ten times before, or killed, or betrayed? Well, and then?”

“Well, and then,” Prince Andréy answers himself. “I do not know what will be then; I cannot know, and I do not wish to know; but if I want this, if I want glory, if I want to be known to people, if I want to be loved by them, I am not to blame for wanting it and living for it alone. Yes, for this alone! I shall never say so to any one, but my God! What shall I do, if I love nothing but glory, but human love? Death, wounds, loss of family — nothing is terrible to me. No matter how dear many people are to me, my father, my sister, my wife are the dearest to me; but, however terrible and unnatural this may seem, I would give them all up for a minute of glory, of triumph over people, for the love of men whom I do not know and shall not know, for the love of those men,” he thought, listening to a conversation in the yard of Kutúzov’s house.

In the yard could be heard the voices of the servants who were packing up; one voice, apparently that of the coachman, teasing Kutúzov’s old cook, whom Prince Andréy knew and who was called Tit, said:

“Tit, O Tit!”

“Well?” replied the old man.

“Tit, take the spit,” said the jester.

“Pshaw, to the deuce with you!” was heard his voice, accompanied by the laughter of the servants.

“And yet I love and value only the triumph over all, I value this mysterious glory, the glory which is borne here over my head in the mist!”

XIII.

ROSTÓV passed that night with a platoon in the cordon of the flank, in front of Bagратиόν's detachment. His hussars were scattered by twos along the outpost; he himself rode up and down this cordon, trying to overcome the sleep which was invincible. Back of him could be seen an enormous expanse on which the camp-fires of our army burned dimly in the mist; in front of him was the darkness of the mist. No matter how much Rostóv glanced into this distance, he could not see anything; now it looked gray, and now dark; now he thought he saw the twinkle of fires where the enemy ought to be, and now he thought that it was only a sparkle in his eyes.

His eyes closed themselves, and in his imagination rose now the emperor, now Denísov, now Moscow reminiscences, and he again hastened to open his eyes, and in front of him he saw the head and ears of the horse on which he was sitting, and at times the black figures of the hussars, whenever he came within six paces of them, while in the distance was the same misty darkness.

"Why not? It is quite possible," thought Rostóv, "that the emperor, meeting me, will command me like any officer; he will say: 'Go, find out what there is there!' I have frequently heard it told that he has recognized such officers and has kept them close to his person. Suppose he should have me near his person! Oh, how I would guard him, how I would tell him the whole truth, how I would unmask his deceivers!" In order vividly to portray to himself his love and devotion to his emperor,

Rostóv imagined an enemy or a cheat of a German, whom he not only took pleasure in killing, but whose ears he was boxing in the presence of the emperor.

Suddenly a distant shout awakened Rostóv. He shuddered and opened his eyes.

"Where am I? Yes, in the cordon: the countersign and parole are 'Shaft, Olmütz.' What a pity our squadron will be to-morrow in the reserves," he thought. "I will ask to be allowed to take part in the action. This may be the only chance of seeing the emperor. It is not long before I shall be relieved now. I will ride down the cordon once more, and upon returning I will go to the general and will ask him about it."

He adjusted himself in his saddle and spurred his horse in order to look at his hussars once more. It seemed to him that it was lighter now. On the left he saw an illuminated gentle incline and, opposite to it, a black mound which looked as declivitous as a wall. On that mound there was a white point, which puzzled Rostóv: he did not know whether it was a clearing in the woods, illuminated by the moon, or snow which had not melted, or white houses. He even thought that there was some motion on that white spot.

"That spot must be snow; a spot, *une tache*," thought Rostóv. "No, not *tache* — Natásha, sister, black eyes. Na-tásha (She will be surprised when I tell her that I have seen the emperor!) — Natásha — tásha, take —"

"To the right, your Honour, or you will get into the bushes," said the voice of a hussar past whom Rostóv, falling asleep, was riding.

Rostóv raised his head, which had fallen down to the mane of his horse, and stopped near the hussar. The invincible sleep of childhood took possession of him.

"What was it I was thinking of? I must not forget. How I am going to speak with the emperor? No, not that, — that is to-morrow. Yes, yes! Na-tásha, na-spot

— spot whom? Us, the hussars. The hussars and their moustaches — That hussar with his moustache rode down the Tverskáya Street, I remember him, it was opposite Gúrev's house — Old man Gúrev — Oh, what a fine fellow Denísov is! But that is all nonsense. The main thing is the emperor is here now. How he looked at me and wanted something to say, but did not dare to — No, it was I who did not dare to. But that is nonsense, the main thing is not to forget that I was thinking of something important. That is good."

And his head again fell down on his horse. Suddenly it appeared to him that somebody was shooting at him.

"What? What? Eh! Strike! What?" said Rostóv, waking up.

Just as he opened his eyes, he heard there, where the enemy was, prolonged cries of thousands of voices. His horse and that of the hussar near him pricked their ears, as they heard these sounds. In the spot from which the shouts proceeded, one fire was lit and it went out again, then a second, and fires were lighted on the hill along the whole line of the French troops, and the shouts became louder and louder. Rostóv heard the sounds of French words, but could not make them out. There were too many voices crying together. All he could hear was "aaaaa!" and "rrrr!"

"What is this? What do you think?" Rostóv turned to the hussar standing near him. "That is on the enemy's side."

The hussar made no reply.

"Don't you hear it?" Rostóv asked again, having waited some time in vain for an answer.

"Who knows, your Honour?" the hussar replied, reluctantly.

"To judge from the place, it must be the enemy," Rostóv said once more.

"It may be so, and may not be," said the hussar,

“you can't tell in the night. Stop that!” he cried to his horse, which began to stir.

Rostóv's horse, too, was nervous, pawing the frozen ground, listening to the sounds, and watching the fires.

The shouts grew ever louder and blended in one universal din, which could have been produced only by an army of several thousand men. The fires apparently were lighted along the whole line of the French camp. Rostóv no longer felt like sleeping. The joyous, triumphant shouts in the army of the enemy acted provokingly upon him.

“*Vive l'Empereur, l'Empereur!*” Rostóv now could hear distinctly.

“They are not far from here, probably beyond the brook,” he said to the hussar near him.

The hussar only heaved a sigh, without making any reply, and angrily cleared his throat. Down the line of the hussars could be heard the tramp of a galloping horse, and from the mist of the night there suddenly emerged the figure of an under-officer of hussars, looking as big as an elephant.

“Your Honour, generals are coming!” said the under-officer, riding up to Rostóv.

Rostóv, continuing to look at the fires and to listen to the shouts, rode with the under-officer to meet a few men on horseback, who were riding down the line. One of them was on a white horse. Prince Bagration with Prince Dolgorúkov and some adjutants had come out to see the strange appearance of the fires and to hear the shouts of the enemy's army. Rostóv, riding up to Bagration, reported to him, after which he joined the adjutants, listening to what the generals were saying.

“Believe me,” said Prince Dolgorúkov, turning to Bagration, “it is nothing but a ruse; he is retreating and ordered fires lighted in the rear and a noise made, in order to deceive us.”

"Hardly," said Bagration. "I have seen them on that mound since evening. If they had retired, they would have left that too. Mr. Officer," Prince Bagration turned to Rostov, "are his outposts still standing there?"

"They were there in the evening, but now I cannot tell, your Serenity. If you so order, I will ride down with the hussars to see," said Rostov.

Bagration stopped, and, without replying, was trying to make out Rostov's face in the mist.

"All right, go and see," he said, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, sir."

Rostov gave the spurs to his horse, and, calling with him Under-officer Fadchenko and two other hussars, ordered them to ride with him, and in a trot rode down-hill, in the direction of the protracted cries. Rostov felt both ill at ease and happy to ride alone, with his three hussars, into this mysterious and dangerous misty distance, where no one had been before him. Bagration called out to him from the hill not to ride beyond the brook, but Rostov pretended not to have heard his words, and, without stopping, rode farther and farther, constantly making mistakes, by taking bushes for trees and ditches for men, and constantly explaining the mistakes to himself. After reaching the foot of the hill, he no longer saw our men, nor the fires of the enemy, but he could hear more clearly and louder the shouts of the French. In the ravine below him he saw something that resembled a river, but when he rode up to it, he found that it was a road. Upon reaching the road, he checked his horse in indecision, not knowing whether he had better travel on the road, or whether he ought to cross it and continue riding over the black field up the hill. It was less perilous to travel on the road through the whitening mist, because it was easier to recognize the presence of people.

"Follow me!" he said, crossing the road, and galloping

up the hill, toward the place where, on the evening before, the French pickets had been standing.

"Your Honour, here he is!" said a hussar behind him.

Before Rostóv had a chance to make out the black spot in the mist, a fire flashed, a gun clicked, and a bullet, as though complaining of something, buzzed high in the mist and passed out of hearing. Another gun did not shoot, but the fire flashed in the pan. Rostóv turned his horse around and galloped back. Four more shots were fired at various intervals, and the bullets sang out in different tunes somewhere in the mist. Rostóv checked in his horse, which became as animated as he was from the shots, and rode on at a pace.

"Keep it up! Keep it up!" a merry voice within him said.

But there were no more shots fired.

Only when coming near to Bagрати́ón, Rostóv again started up at a gallop and, holding his hand to his visor, rode up to him.

Dolgorúkov still insisted that the French had retreated and that they had made the fires only to deceive us.

"What does it prove?" he was saying, just as Rostóv came up. "They could have retreated, leaving the pickets."

"Evidently not all have left, prince," said Bagрати́ón. "To-morrow, to-morrow we shall find out everything."

"There is a picket on the hill, your Serenity, in the same spot where it was yesterday," Rostóv reported, leaning forward, holding his hand at the visor, and unable to repress a smile of merriment called forth in him by the ride and, above all, by the sounds of the bullets.

"All right, all right," said Bagрати́ón, "I thank you, Mr. Officer."

"Your Serenity," said Rostóv, "permit me to ask a favour of you."

"What is it?"



Napoleon's bivouac the night before
Austerlitz
An engraving from the *Illustrations of the Campaigns of Napoleon*
by G. Scriver



“Our squadron has been assigned for the reserve for to-morrow, and I wish to ask you to attach me to the first squadron.”

“What is your name?”

“Count Rostóv.”

“Ah, all right. You will be my orderly.”

“Are you the son of Ilyá Andréevich?” asked Dolgorúkov.

But Rostóv made no reply.

“So may I hope, your Serenity?”

“I will order so.”

“To-morrow I may be sent with some order to the emperor,” he thought. “Thank God!”

The shouts and the fires in the army of the enemy were produced by the emperor’s riding in person through his bivouacs, just as his order of the day was being read to the troops. Upon seeing their emperor, the soldiers lighted bundles of straw and ran after him with the cries, “*Vive l’Empereur!*”

The order of the day ran as follows :

“Soldiers! The Russian army is proceeding against you to avenge the Austrian army at Ulm. These are the same battalions which you have beaten at Hollabrunn, and which you have been constantly driving before you up to this place. The positions which we occupy are formidable, and so long as they will march in order to outflank me on the right, they will present their own flank to me. Soldiers! I will personally guide your battalions. I will keep far away from the fire, if you, with your customary bravery, will carry disorder and confusion into the ranks of the enemy; but if victory shall be in doubt for but a minute, you will see your emperor subject himself to the first blows of the enemy, because there can be no hesitation in the victory, especially on the

day when the honour of the French infantry is at stake, which is so necessary for the honour of the whole nation.

“Do not disorganize the ranks under the pretext of taking away the wounded! Let each of you be fully imbued with the idea that it is necessary to conquer these mercenaries of England, who are animated by such hatred for our nation. This victory will end our campaign, and we can return to our winter quarters, where we shall meet new French troops that are now being formed in France; and then the peace which I will conclude will be worthy of my nation, of you, and of me.

“NAPOLEON.”

XIV.

AT five o'clock in the morning it was still very dark. The troops of the centre and of the reserves and Bagration's right flank were still standing motionless, but at the left flank, the columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, which were the first to descend from the eminences, in order to attack the right flank of the French army and to throw it back, according to the disposition, into the Bohemian mountains, had already begun to stir and the soldiers were rising from their bivouacs. The smoke from the camp-fires, into which every superfluous thing was being thrown, stung the eyes. It was cold and dark. The officers hurriedly drank tea and ate breakfast; the soldiers munchedhardtack and beat their feet together, to warm themselves, and gathered around the fires, throwing into them parts of booths, chairs, tables, wheels, vats, everything superfluous which could not be carried along.

The Austrian guides of the columns moved about between the Russian troops and served as harbingers of the coming movement. The moment an Austrian officer appeared near the halting-place of the commander of the regiment, the regiment began to move: the soldiers left the camp-fires, put away their pipes in their boot-legs and their sacks on wagons, and took up their arms, and drew up in ranks. The officers buttoned their coats, put on their swords and knapsacks, and shouted as they inspected the ranks; the soldiers of the baggage-train and the servants of the officers harnessed the horses, packed the

things, and tied them on the wagons. The adjutants, the commanders of battalions and of regiments, mounted their horses, made the signs of the cross, gave their last orders, injunctions, and instructions to the men of the baggage-train who were to stay behind,—and there resounded the monotonous tramp of thousands of feet. The columns began to move, without knowing whither, and without seeing, on account of the mass of men surrounding them, and on account of the smoke and of the thickening mist, either the locality from which they started, or the one toward which they were moving.

A soldier in motion is just as surrounded, limited, and drawn along by his regiment as a sailor is by the ship on which he happens to be. However far he may travel, no matter to what strange, unknown, and perilous latitudes he may go, there are for him, as for the sailor, always and everywhere the same decks, masts, and cables of his ship, always and everywhere the same companions, the same ranks, the same Corporal Iván Mítrich, the same company dog Zhúchka, the same superior officers. A soldier rarely cares to know the latitudes in which his ship is; but on the day of battle, God knows how or whence, there resounds in the moral world of the army one and the same stern note, which portends something decisive and solemn, and calls forth an unusual curiosity in the men. On the days of battle the soldiers excitedly try to come out from the narrow interests of their regiment; they listen and look, and eagerly ask about everything which is taking place all around them.

The mist became so dense that, although it was now daylight, it was not possible to see ten paces ahead. The bushes looked like immense trees, and level places looked like ravines and declivities. Everywhere, on all sides, one might fall in, within ten steps, with the invisible enemy. But the columns walked for a long time through this mist, descending and ascending hills, passing gardens

and orchards, through a new, unintelligible locality, without meeting the enemy. On the contrary, in front, behind, on all sides, the soldiers saw that our Russian columns were all marching in the same general direction. Every soldier felt at ease, knowing that there where he was going, that is, to some unknown place, there were going many, many other soldiers like him.

"I declare the Kursk soldiers have just passed," somebody remarked in the ranks.

"There are an awful lot of our troops here! I looked down in the evening, when the camp-fires were lit, and I could not see the end of them. In short, Moscow was there!"

Although none of the commanders of the columns rode up to the ranks or spoke to the soldiers (the commanders of the columns, as we saw at the council of war, were not in a good humour and were dissatisfied with the present undertaking, and so they only carried out instructions and did not trouble themselves about cheering up the soldiers), the soldiers marched on cheerfully, as always when going into action, particularly when about to make an attack. But, after having marched nearly an hour through the dense mist, the greater part of the army had to stop, and through the ranks was borne the disagreeable consciousness of disorder and confusion. It is very hard to ascertain in what way such a consciousness is communicated; but it is certain that it is transmitted correctly and rapidly, imperceptibly and irresistibly, like water spreading in a ravine. If the Russian army had been alone, without allies, much time might have passed, before this conviction of disorder became a universal conviction; but now the cause of the confusion was most naturally and with especial pleasure ascribed to the senseless Germans, and all were convinced that a dangerous disorder was taking place and that it was due to the sausage-eaters.

"Why did they stop? Is their way barred? Or have they run up against the French?"

"No, you can't hear anything,—they would be firing. They did hurry us to start, and now that we have started they keep us senselessly in the middle of the field: it is the accursed Germans that are getting everything mixed up. Stupid devils! I should have sent them out first. But no, they are pushing from behind. Now we shall have to stay here without eating. How much longer will it last?"

"The cavalry has barred the way, they say," said an officer.

"Oh, those accursed Germans, they do not know their own country!" said another.

"What division are you?" an adjutant, riding up, inquired.

"Eighteenth."

"What, then, are you doing here? You ought to have been in front long ago; now you won't get through before evening."

"What stupid arrangements! Now they do not know themselves what they are doing," said an officer, riding away.

Then a general rode by, saying something angrily in a foreign language.

"Tafa-lafa, but you can't make out what he is mumbling," said a soldier, imitating the general who had just passed. "I should have ordered them all to be shot, rascals that they are!"

"We are commanded to be on the spot at nine o'clock, and we have not yet made half the distance. Fine arrangements these are!" one could hear on all sides, and the feeling of energy, with which the troops had started out into action, was being turned into annoyance and irritation at the senseless provisions and at the Germans.

The cause of all the confusion was due to the fact that

while the Austrian cavalry was marching on the left flank, the higher authorities discovered that our centre was too far away from the right flank, and the whole cavalry was ordered to go over to the right. Several thousands of the cavalry had to move in front of the infantry, and the infantry had to wait.

In front, an altercation took place between an Austrian guide of the column and a Russian general. The Russian general shouted, demanding that the cavalry be stopped; the Austrian proved to him that the fault was not his, but that of the higher authorities. In the meantime the troops stood listless and losing courage. After having been held back for about an hour, the troops moved at last and began to descend a hill. The mist, which was beginning to lift on the heights, was only getting denser in the lowlands, whither the army now descended. In front, in the mist, there was heard a shot, a second, and then other shots, at first irregularly and at varying intervals, "tratta — tat" and then with greater regularity and frequency, and an action was begun near the stream of Goldbach.

Not having counted upon meeting the enemy below, at the brook, and accidentally coming upon him in the mist; not hearing the words of encouragement from the higher authorities, and having a widespread conviction through the army that time had been lost; and, above all, not seeing anybody in front and about them through the mist, the Russian soldiers indolently and slowly returned the enemy's fire, moved forward and again stopped, without receiving in time any orders from the chiefs and their adjutants, who were wandering aimlessly through the mist in an unfamiliar locality, unable to find the respective parts of the army. Thus the action began for the first, second, and third columns, as they were descending. The fourth column, with which Kutúzov himself was, stood on the heights of Pratzen.

In the lowlands, where the action began, the mist was still dense, though it was now bright above, and it was impossible to tell what was taking place in front. Nobody knew up to nine o'clock whether all the forces of the enemy, as we had supposed, were ten versts away from us, or whether they were all here in this strip of the mist.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. The mist lay as one solid sea in the lowlands, but it was quite bright near the village of Schlapanitz, on the eminence where Napoleon stood, surrounded by his marshals. Above him was the clear blue sky, and the enormous orb of the sun undulated, like an enormous, hollow, purple buoy, on the surface of the milky-white sea of the mist.

Neither the French troops, nor Napoleon himself with his staff, were on the other side of the brooks and meadows of the villages of Sokolnitz and Schlapanitz, beyond which we intended to occupy a position and to begin the engagement, but on this side, so close to our troops that Napoleon was able with his naked eye to distinguish the cavalry from the infantry in our army. Napoleon was a little in front of his marshals, on a small gray Arabian steed, wearing a blue mantle, the same in which he had made his Italian campaign. He was looking silently at the hills which seemed to emerge from the mist ocean, and along which the Russian troops moved in the distance, and listening to the sound of the fusilade in the ravine. His face, which at that time was still lean, did not show the play of one muscle; his glistening eyes were immovably directed to one spot.

His suppositions proved true. The Russian troops had partly descended into the ravine, toward the ponds and lakes, and partly were clearing off the Prätzen heights, which he had intended to attack and which he regarded as the key to the position. Through the mist he saw the Russian columns, gleaming with their bayonets, move all the time in one direction toward the ravine, in the inden-

tation formed by two hills near the village of Pratzen, and one after another disappear in the sea of mist. From the information which he had received the day before, from the sounds of the wheels and steps, which had been heard in the night at the outposts, from the disorderly movement of the Russian columns, from all the data, he clearly saw that the allies expected him to be far in advance, that the columns moving near Pratzen formed the centre of the Russian army, and that the centre was sufficiently weakened to be attacked successfully. But he was in no hurry to begin the engagement.

It was a solemn day for him, — the anniversary of his coronation. Toward morning he fell asleep for several hours, and, being healthy, cheerful, and fresh, and in that happy mood when everything seems possible and everything comes to a successful issue, he had mounted his horse and ridden out into the field. He stood motionless, looking at the eminences emerging from the mist, and upon his cold face there was that peculiar shade of self-confident, merited happiness which is on the countenance of a happy young man who is in love. His marshals stood behind him, and did not dare to divert his attention. He was looking at the Pratzen heights and at the sun swimming out from the mist.

When the sun had entirely risen above the mist and with its blinding splendour burst upon the fields and the mist (as though that was what he had been waiting for), he took off the glove from his beautiful, white hand, made with it a sign to his marshals, and gave the order to begin the engagement. The marshals, accompanied by adjutants, galloped away in various directions, and a few minutes later the main forces of the French army moved toward those Pratzen heights which were being entirely cleared of the Russian troops that were descending on the left toward the ravine.

XV.

AT eight o'clock Kutúzov rode out toward Pratzén, at the head of Milorádovich's fourth column, the one which was to occupy the places of the columns of Przebyszéwski and Langeron, who had already descended. He greeted the men of the regiment in the van and gave the order for moving, showing thus that he intended to lead the column in person. Upon reaching the village of Pratzén, he stopped. Prince Andréy was behind him, among an immense throng of men forming the suite of the commander-in-chief. Prince Andréy was agitated, irritated, and yet reserved and calm, as men are at the approach of a long-desired moment. He was firmly convinced that that was the day of his Toulon or of his bridge of Arcole. He did not know how it was to happen, but he was firmly convinced that it would happen. The locality and position of our troops were known to him, as much as they could be known to anybody in our army. His own strategical plan, which obviously it was of no use to consider now, was forgotten by him. He was now making himself familiar with Weyrother's plan, and was deliberating any accidental changes that might occur and was making new combinations, such as might require rapidity of action and determination.

On the left, below in the mist, was heard a fusilade between the invisible armies. There, so Prince Andréy thought, the battle would centre; there the obstacle would be met; "and there I shall be sent," he thought, "with a brigade or a division, and there I will advance

with a flag in my hand and will crush everything that shall be before me."

Prince Andréy could not look with equanimity at the passing battalions. Every time he looked at a flag, he thought: "Maybe that is the very flag with which I shall march at the head of the troops."

In the morning the mist of the night left only a hoarfrost on the heights, and this passed into dew, while in the lowlands it spread out like a milk-white sea. Nothing was to be seen in the ravine on the left, whither our troops had descended, and from which place the sounds of the fusilade reached him. Above the eminences was the dark, clear sky, and on the right was the enormous disk of the sun. In front, far away, on the shore of the misty sea, could be seen rising forest-clad hills, on which was to be the army of the enemy, and where something was visible. On the right, the Guard, with the tramp of horses and rumble of wheels, now and then gleaming with their bayonets, were passing into the sphere of the mist; on the left, beyond the village, similar masses of the cavalry came up and disappeared in the mist ocean. The infantry moved in front and behind. The commander-in-chief stood at the entrance to the village, allowing the troops to pass by him. Kutúzov on that morning looked exhausted and irritated. The infantry which was going past him stopped without being ordered to do so, evidently because something in front held them back.

"Tell them to break up in columns by battalions and to march around the village," Kutúzov said, angrily, to a general who rode up to him. "Can't you understand, Excellency, dear sir, that it is impossible to expand through this defile of a village street, when we are going against the enemy?"

"I intended to draw up beyond the village, your Excellency," replied the general.

Kutúzov laughed a sarcastic smile.

“ You will look nice drawing up in front of the enemy ! You will look nice ! ”

“ The enemy is far away, your Excellency. According to the disposition — ”

“ The disposition ? ” Kutúzov cried, in anger. “ Who told you so ? Do what you are ordered ! ”

“ Yes, sir. ”

“ *Mon cher,* ” Nesvítski said in a whisper to Prince Andréy, “ *le vieux est d'une humeur de chien.* ”

An Austrian officer with green plumage on his hat, wearing a white uniform, galloped up to Kutúzov, asking in the name of the emperor whether the fourth column had entered into action.

Kutúzov turned away from him, without making any reply, and his glance accidentally fell on Prince Andréy, who was near him. Upon noticing Bolkónski, Kutúzov softened the evil and sarcastic expression of his face, as though confessing that his adjutant was not to be blamed for what was taking place. And still giving no answer to the Austrian adjutant, he turned to Bolkónski :

“ *Allez voir, mon cher, si la troisième division a dépassé le village. Dites-lui de s'arrêter et d'attendre mes ordres.* ”

The moment Prince Andréy rode away, he stopped him.

“ *Et demandez-lui si les tirailleurs sont postés,* ” he added. “ *Ce qu'ils font ! Ce qu'ils font !* ” he said to himself, still making no reply to the Austrian.

Prince Andréy galloped away to execute the command.

Riding past all the advancing battalions, he stopped the third division and convinced himself that in front of our columns there really was no cordon of sharpshooters. The commander of the regiment in the van was very much surprised at the order of the commander-in-chief to scatter the sharpshooters. The commander of the regiment stood there in absolute confidence that in front of him were other troops, and that the enemy could not be any nearer than within ten versts. Indeed, in front

nothing could be seen, except a barren descent shrouded in mist. Having delivered the order of the commander-in-chief to correct the oversight, Prince Andréy galloped back. Kutúzov was standing in the same place and, letting his stout body sag heavily in the saddle, was yawning with closed eyes. The troops were no longer moving, but standing at parade rest.

"All right, all right," he said to Prince Andréy. He turned to a general who, with a watch in his hands, was saying that it was time to move because all the columns of the left column had already descended.

"We shall have time, your Excellency," Kutúzov remarked, through a yawn. "We shall have time!" he repeated.

Just then the sounds of the regiments answering to salutes were heard back of Kutúzov, and these voices rapidly approached along the whole line of the advancing Russian columns. Apparently the one to whose salute the soldiers were replying was riding rapidly. When the soldiers of the regiment immediately behind Kutúzov began to shout, he rode a little to one side and looked about him with a frown. On the road from Prätzen there seemed to be galloping a squadron of variegated riders. Two of them were riding together at a fast gallop, in front of the rest. One of them wore a black uniform with a white panache and was riding on a red bob-tailed horse; the other, in a white uniform, was on a black horse. Those were the two emperors with their suites. Kutúzov, with the affectation of a faithful subordinate at the front, commanded "Attention!" to the standing troops, and, saluting, rode up to the emperor. His whole figure and manner was suddenly changed. He assumed the aspect of a subordinate who obeys blindly without reasoning. He rode up with an affectation of respectfulness, which apparently displeased the emperor, and saluted.

The disagreeable impression, like the remainder of a mist on a clear sky, flitted over the youthful and happy face of the emperor, and again disappeared. After his indisposition, he was on that day a little thinner than he had been on the field at Olmütz, where Bolkónski had seen him for the first time abroad; but the same seductive combination of grandeur and mildness was in his beautiful gray eyes, and on his thin lips there was the same possibility of varied expressions, with the predominance of magnanimous, innocent youth.

During the review at Olmütz he had been more majestic, here he was more cheerful and more energetic. He had a little colour in his face, after the gallop of three versts. He stopped his horse, drew a breath of relief, and looked back at the just as youthful and animated faces of his suite. Czartoryzski, and Novosiltsov, and Prince Volkónski, and Stroganóv, and others, all of them richly dressed, merry young men, on handsome, well-groomed, fresh, slightly perspiring horses, talking with each other and smiling, stopped back of the emperor. Emperor Francis, a ruddy, long-faced young man, sat extremely straight on his beautiful black stallion, leisurely casting anxious glances about him. He called up to him one of his white adjutants and asked him something.

“No doubt, what time they left,” thought Prince Andréy, looking at his old acquaintance, with a smile which he could not repress, as he recalled his audience.

In the suite of the emperors there were select young orderlies, both Russian and Austrian, from the regiments of the Guards and of the active army. Mingling with them were attendants leading handsome reserve horses for the emperors, which were caparisoned with embroidered housings.

Just as the fresh air of the field suddenly bursts through the open window into the close room, so a breath of youth, energy, confidence of success, wafted from this

brilliant assembly which had just ridden up, reached the morose staff of Kutúzov.

"Why do you not begin, Mikhaíl Ilariónovich?" Emperor Alexander suddenly turned to Kutúzov, at the same time glancing politely at Emperor Francis.

"I am waiting, your Majesty," replied Kutúzov, respectfully leaning forward.

The emperor bent his ear, frowning slightly and looking as though he had not heard well.

"I am waiting, your Majesty," repeated Kutúzov.

Prince Andréy noticed that Kutúzov's upper lip twitched unnaturally as he was saying this "I am waiting."

"The columns have not all collected yet, your Majesty."

The emperor heard his reply, but he obviously did not like it. He shrugged his slanting shoulders and looked at Novosíltsov, who was near him, as though complaining of Kutúzov with that glance.

"We are not on the Tsarítsyn Field, Mikhaíl Ilariónovich, where parades do not begin until all the regiments have arrived," said the emperor, again looking into the eyes of Emperor Francis, as though inviting him, if not to take his part, at least to listen to what he was saying; but Emperor Francis kept looking around, without paying any attention.

"That is the very reason why I do not begin, emperor," Kutúzov said, in a sonorous voice, as though to be sure that every word was heard, and again something twitched in his face. "I do not begin, emperor, because we are not at parade and not in the Tsarítsyn Field," he spoke clearly and distinctly.

In the suite of the emperor a rebuke was expressed in all the faces that kept looking at each other. "Old though he is, he ought by no means to talk that way," these faces said.

The emperor looked fixedly and attentively into Kutú-

zov's eyes, waiting for him to say something more. But Kutúzov, on his side, respectfully bent his head, also, it seemed, waiting for something. The silence lasted about a minute.

"However, if you command, your Majesty," said Kutúzov, raising his head and again changing his tone to one of a dull, unreasoning, blindly obeying general.

He spurred his horse, and, calling up Milorádovich, the chief of a column, gave him the order to advance.

The army again came into motion, and two battalions of the Nóvgorod regiment and a battalion of the Apsherón regiment started marching past the emperor.

Just as the Apsherón battalion was passing, ruddy Milorádovich, without an overcoat, in full uniform with decorations and a hat with an enormous panache, poised sidewise on the back of his head, galloped out at full speed, and, with a dashing salute, checked his horse in front of the emperor.

"God aid you, general!" the emperor said to him.

"*Ma foi, Sire, nous ferons ce que qui sera dans notre possibilité, Sire,*" he replied, gaily, nevertheless provoking a sarcastic smile in the gentlemen of the emperor's suite by his poor French pronunciation.

Milorádovich sharply turned his horse and stopped a little behind the emperor. The soldiers of the Apsherón regiment, excited by the presence of the emperor, passed by the emperors and their suites with a brisk step, keeping excellent time.

"Boys!" Milorádovich exclaimed in a loud, self-confident and merry voice, apparently so excited by the sound of the fusilade, by the expectancy of the battle, and by the sight of his dashing Apsherón soldiers, his companions under Suvórov, who were briskly passing before the emperors, that he forgot the presence of the Tsar. "Boys, it will not be the first village which you have taken!" he shouted.

“We are ready to serve,” shouted the soldiers.

The emperor's horse staggered from the unexpected shout. This horse, which had carried the emperor at the reviews in Russia, was also carrying her rider here, on the field of Austerlitz, enduring his absent-minded kicks with his left foot, and pricking her ears at the sound of musketry-fire, just as she had done on the Mars Field, without understanding the meaning of these shots, nor the proximity of the black stallion of Emperor Francis, nor all that which he who was riding her was saying, thinking, or feeling on that day.

The emperor, smiling, turned to one of his suite, pointing to the dashing Apsherón soldiers, and saying something to him.

XVI.

KUTÚZOV, accompanied by his adjutants, rode off at a walk behind the carbineers.

Having ridden about half a verst in the rear of the column, he stopped at a lonely, abandoned house, probably once an inn, near the branching off of the road. Both roads went down-hill, and on both troops were marching.

The mist was just lifting, and about two versts away the troops of the enemy could indistinctly be seen on the opposite eminences. On the left, below, the fusilade was becoming more audible. Kutúzov stopped, speaking with an Austrian general. Prince Andréy, who was stationed a little behind, was looking at the enemy and turned to an adjutant, asking him to let him have the field-glass.

"See, see," said the adjutant, looking, not at the distant army, but straight down the hill, in front of him. "Those are the French!"

The two generals and the adjutants began to tear the field-glass out of each other's hands. All the faces were suddenly changed, and on all of them terror was expressed. The French army was supposed to be two versts away, and there it suddenly appeared in front of us.

"Is that the enemy?— No!— Yes, see, he— surely— What is this?" voices were heard.

Prince Andréy saw with his naked eye, below, on the right, a dense column of the French rising toward

the Apscherón regiment, not more than five hundred steps from where Kutúzov was stopping.

"Here, at last, the decisive moment has come! It is my turn now," thought Prince Andréy, and, giving his horse the whip, he rode up to Kutúzov. "The Apscherónians must be stopped, your Excellency!" he shouted.

But that very moment everything was enveloped in smoke, shots were fired near by, and a naïve, frightened voice called out within two steps of Prince Andréy: "Brothers, it is all over with us!"

This voice was like a command. All started to run, in obedience to this voice.

The confused, ever growing masses ran back to the place where, five minutes before, the troops had defiled before the emperors. It was not only difficult to arrest this mass, but it was even impossible not to be carried away by it. All Bolkónski was trying to do was not to fall behind, and he kept looking back, perplexed, and unable to comprehend what was taking place in front of him. Nesvítski, with infuriated red face, beside himself with excitement, shouted to Kutúzov that if he did not ride back he certainly would be made captive. Kutúzov stood in the same spot and, without making any reply, took out his handkerchief. Blood was flowing from his cheek. Prince Andréy pressed his way to him.

"Are you wounded?" he asked, with difficulty keeping his lower jaw from trembling.

"The wound is not here, but here!" said Kutúzov, pressing his handkerchief to his cheek and pointing to the fleeing soldiers.

"Stop them!" he shouted and, at the same time, evidently having convinced himself that it was impossible to stop them, struck his horse and rode off to the right. Again a mass of fleeing soldiers swept over him and dragged him back and carried him along.

The troops ran in such a dense mass that, having once

got into their midst, it was difficult to extricate oneself. Some one cried: "Go, and don't lag behind!" Another turned around and shot into the air! A third struck the horse on which Kutúzov was riding. Having with the greatest difficulty extricated himself from the stream to the left, Kutúzov with his suite, diminished to less than one-half its size, rode in the direction of the cannonade not far away. Having escaped the mass of the fleeing soldiers, Prince Andréy tried not to leave Kutúzov's side. He saw at the incline of the hill a Russian battery which was still firing its guns, and the French running up toward it. Higher up stood the Russian infantry, moving neither forward to succour the battery, nor backward in the direction of the fleeing soldiers. A general on horseback separated himself from that infantry and rode up to Kutúzov. There were only four men left in Kutúzov's suite. All were pale and looked silently at each other.

"Stop these rascals!" Kutúzov said, out of breath, to the commander of the regiment, pointing to the fleeing soldiers; but at the same moment, as though to punish him for these words, bullets, like a swarm of birds, whistled past the heads of the regiment and of Kutúzov's suite. The French were attacking the battery and, upon seeing Kutúzov, were firing at him. At this volley the commander of the regiment grasped his leg; several soldiers fell, and the flag-bearer dropped his flag: it tottered and fell, catching on the guns of the soldiers who were standing near. The soldiers began to shoot without the word of command.

"Oh, oh!" Kutúzov groaned, with an expression of despair, looking around.

"Bolkónski," he whispered, in a voice quivering from the consciousness of the impotence of his old age, "Bolkónski," he whispered, pointing to the disorganized battalion and to the enemy, "what is this?"

But before he had finished his words, Prince Andréy, feeling the tears of shame and anger, which rose in his throat, leaped from his horse and ran toward the flag.

“Boys, forward!” he shouted, in a childishly piercing voice. “Here it is!” thought Prince Andréy, grasping the flagstaff and enjoying the whistle of the bullets which were apparently directed against him. Several soldiers fell.

“Hurrah!” cried Prince Andréy, with difficulty holding the heavy flag in his hands, and running forward with the absolute conviction that the whole battalion would run after him. And indeed, he ran by himself but a few steps. One soldier moved, another, and the whole battalion with the cry of “Hurrah!” ran forward and past him. The under-officer of the battalion ran up and seized the heavy flag which was tottering in the hands of Prince Andréy, but was immediately killed. Prince Andréy again seized the flag and, dragging it by the staff, ran with the battalion. Ahead of him he saw our artillerists, some of whom were fighting, while others were abandoning their cannon and running toward him; he saw also the French infantry seizing the horses and turning the ordnance. Prince Andréy was with the battalion within twenty paces of the cannon. He heard above him the uninterrupted whistle of bullets, and soldiers were all the time groaning and falling on the right and on the left of him. But he was not looking at them: he was gazing only at that which was taking place in front of him, at the battery. He clearly saw the figure of a red-haired artillerist, with his shako smashed sidewise, pulling at a linstock, the other end of which was in the hands of a French soldier. Prince Andréy saw distinctly the confused and, at the same time, infuriated expression on the faces of these two men who evidently did not understand what they were doing.

“What are they doing?” thought Prince Andréy, look-

ing at them. "Why does not the red-haired artillerist run, since he has no cannon? Why does not the Frenchman stab him? Before he has run any distance, the Frenchman will think of his gun and will stab him."

Indeed, another Frenchman ran up to the struggling men with fixed bayonet, and the fate of the red-haired artillerist, who still did not comprehend what was awaiting him, and who triumphantly had pulled away the linstock, was to be decided. But Prince Andréy did not see the end of this. He felt as though some one of the nearest soldiers had struck him on the head with a bludgeon at full swing. It was a little painful, but, above all, it was disagreeable because that pain diverted his attention and prevented his seeing that which he was looking at.

"What is this? Am I falling? My feet totter," he thought, falling on his back. He opened his eyes, hoping to see the end of the struggle of the Frenchmen with the artillerists, and wishing to know whether the red-haired artillerist was killed, and whether the cannon were taken or saved. But he saw nothing. Above him there was nothing but the heaven, the high heaven, not clear, but still immeasurably high, with gray clouds softly creeping along over it.

"How quiet, calm, and solemn! It is different from what it was when I was running," thought Prince Andréy, "different from what it was when we were running, crying, and fighting; quite different from what it was when the Frenchman and the artillerist were with infuriated and frightened faces pulling at the linstock; quite differently the clouds creep over this high, endless heaven. How is it I did not see this high heaven before? How happy I am that at last I know it. Yes, everything is vanity, everything deception, except this endless heaven. There is nothing, nothing but the heaven. But even the heaven is not, there is nothing but quiet and calm. Thank God —"



Prince Bolkoński Władysław
Władysław Bolkoński Władysław

ing at them. "Why does not the wounded artilleryman come to his comrades? Why does not the Frenchman come here? Before he has his hurt done, the Frenchman will bleed of his own and will not bleed!"

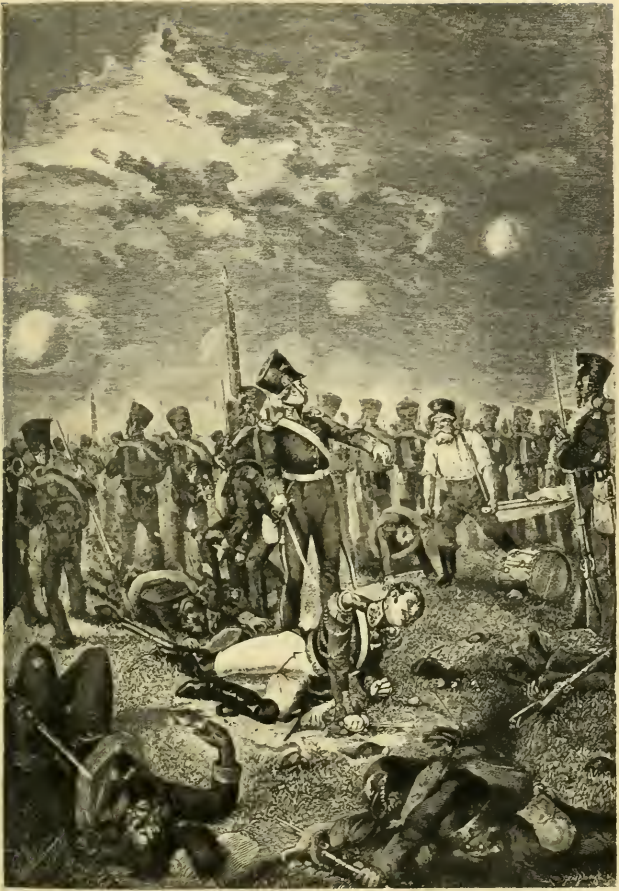
Thrown another glance over his shoulder, the shouting man went back towards the hole of the red-haired artilleryman, who still did not comprehend what was awaiting him, and who unthinkingly had pulled away the limber, not to be accused. The Prince Andrey did not see the end of this. He felt as though some one of the nearest soldiers had hit him on the head with a bridgeon at full swing. It was a sharp painful blow, above all, it was disgraceful because the man behind him advanced and prevented the man from being carried away.

"What is that? Am I wounded? My head aches," he thought, falling on the feet. He hoped to see, hoping to see the end of the struggle of the Frenchman with the artillerymen, and wishing to know whether the wounded artilleryman was killed and whether the cannon were taken or saved. But he saw nothing. Above him there was nothing but the heaven, the high heaven, not clear, but still unnecessarily high, with grey clouds softly creeping along over it.

"How quiet calm and sunny! It is different from what it was when I was running," thought Prince Andrey, "different from those it was when we were running, crying, and fighting—very different from what it was when the Frenchmen and the artillerymen were both infuriated and frightened from pulling at the limber, first differently the whole army was this high, without an end. How is it I did not see that from such a point? How happy I am that at last I know it. The everything is quiet, everything is peaceful, except the cannon firing. There is nothing, nothing but the heaven. Not even the heaven is not, there is nothing but quiet and calm. Thank God—"

Prince Bolkónski Wounded

Photogravure from Drawing by R. Shteyn



XVII.

IN Bagration's right flank the engagement had not yet begun at nine o'clock. Not wishing to agree to Dolgorúkov's demand to begin the action, and wishing to shift the responsibility, Prince Bagration proposed to Dolgorúkov to send for orders to the commander-in-chief. Bagration knew that, in the ten versts which separated one flank from the other, the messenger would either be killed, or, if he should succeed in finding the commander-in-chief, which was extremely difficult, could not be back before evening.

Bagration surveyed his suite with his large, dull, sleepy eyes, and Rostóv's childish face, which instinctively was agog with excitement and hope, was the first his eyes fell upon. He sent him.

"If I should meet his Majesty before seeing the commander-in-chief, your Serenity?" said Rostóv, holding his hand at his visor.

"You may inform his Majesty," said Dolgorúkov, hastening to interrupt Bagration.

After having been relieved at the cordon, Rostóv had been able to sleep several hours before daybreak, and so he felt gay, bold, determined, with that flexibility of motion, that confidence in his good fortune, and that happy disposition, when everything seems easy, cheerful, and possible.

All his wishes were being fulfilled that morning: a great battle was being fought, and he was taking part in it; more than that, — he was orderly to the bravest of gener-

als; more than that, he was riding with instructions to Kutúzov and, probably, to the emperor himself. It was a clear morning, and he rode a good horse. His heart was light and happy. Having received the instruction, he spurred his horse and rode down along the line. At first he rode along the line of Bagрати́ón's troops which had not yet entered into action, and which were standing motionless; then he rode into the space which was occupied by Uvárov's cavalry, and here he observed a commotion and signs of getting ready for action; after passing Uvárov's cavalry he clearly heard the sounds of a cannonade and fusilade ahead of him. The volleys were getting louder and louder.

In the brisk air of the morning there resounded, not in uneven intervals, as before, two or three volleys at a time, and then one or two salvos, but on the sides of the hills in front of Pratzén there were heard the peals of musketry-fire, interrupted by such frequent discharges from the heavy guns that several shots from the cannon could not be told from each other, but blended into one common roar.

One could see the whiffs from the muskets running down and up the slopes of the hills and catching up with each other, and the smoke from the ordnance rose in puffs, and swam along, and blended with the smoke from the other guns. By the gleam of the bayonets one could see, through the smoke, the moving masses of the infantry and the narrow strips of the artillery with the green caissons.

Rostóv for a moment stopped his horse on a mound in order to see what was taking place; but, no matter how much he strained his vision, he was unable to comprehend, or make out what was happening. People were moving there in the smoke, and in front and behind there were long strips of troops, but it was impossible to tell whither they were all tending. This sight and these sounds not

only did not rouse a melancholy or timid feeling, but, on the contrary, only increased his energy and determination.

"More, more, let us have more of it!" he mentally turned to these sounds, and again started galloping along the line, entering deeper and deeper into the sphere of the troops that had entered into action.

"I do not know how it will be there, but it will all be well!" thought Rostóv.

Riding past some Austrian troops, Rostóv noticed that the line immediately following (it was the Guard) was just then entering into action.

"So much the better, — I shall see it at close range," he thought.

He was riding almost along the front line. Several horsemen were galloping toward him. Those were the uhlans of the Guard who were returning from the attack in disorderly ranks. Rostóv rode past them. He involuntarily noticed that one of them was covered with blood, and he galloped ahead.

"That does not concern me!" he thought.

He had not ridden another hundred paces, when to the left of him, at right angles, there appeared along the whole extent of the field an immense mass of cavalymen on black horses, wearing shining white uniforms; they were advancing toward him at a trot. Rostóv spurred his horse on to its fullest speed, so as to get out of the way of these cavalymen, in which he would have succeeded if they had kept at the same pace, but they were riding ever faster, and some of the horses were already going at a gallop. Rostóv could hear ever more audibly the tramp of the horses and the clanking of the weapons, and he could see ever more clearly their horses, their forms, and even their faces. Those were our chevalier-guards, on their way to attack the French cavalry, which was moving toward them.

The chevalier-guards were galloping, but still controlling their horses. Rostóv already could see plainly their faces, and he heard the command, "March! March!" pronounced by an officer who let his blooded horse run at the fullest speed. Rostóv, fearing to be crushed to death, or drawn along to the attack on the French, rode down the line as fast as his horse could carry him, but he was unable to get beyond it.

The outer chevalier-guard, an enormous, pockmarked man, scowled when he saw Rostóv before him, seeing that he could not avoid a collision. This chevalier-guard would certainly have knocked down Rostóv with his Bedouin (Rostóv appeared so small and frail in comparison with these huge men and horses), if it had not suddenly occurred to Rostóv to swing his whip in front of the horse of the chevalier-guard. The huge black horse shied and dropped its ears; but the pockmarked chevalier-guardsman stuck his immense spurs into the sides of the rearing horse, and the horse, arching its tail and stretching its neck, flew more rapidly still. The chevalier-guards had barely passed Rostóv, when he heard their shout, "Hurrah!" and, upon looking back, he saw that their front ranks had already become entangled with some foreign, apparently French, cavalymen in red epaulettes. He could see nothing else, for soon after somebody was firing off large guns, and everything was enveloped in smoke.

Just as the chevalier-guards, riding past him, disappeared in the smoke, Rostóv hesitated whether he had better follow them, or ride on where he had been sent. It was that brilliant attack of the chevalier-guards, which so surprised the French themselves. Rostóv later on felt terribly when he heard that out of this whole mass of tall, fine-looking men, that out of all these brilliant and rich young men, officers and yunkers, who were riding upon horses whose value was in the thousands, there were only eighteen men left after the attack.

“Why should I envy them? My time will come, and I may soon have a chance of seeing the emperor!” thought Rostóv. He galloped ahead.

When coming abreast with the infantry of the Guard, he noticed that projectiles were flying over them and near them, not so much because he heard the sound of the projectiles, but because he saw unrest on the faces of the soldiers, and an unnatural military solemnity on the faces of the officers.

As he was riding back of one of the lines of the Guard regiments, he heard a voice calling him by name, “Rostóv!”

“What?” he replied, not recognizing Borís.

“What do you think of it, — we got into the first line! Our regiment has been in the attack!” said Borís, smiling with that happy smile which one may see upon the faces of young men who for the first time have been under fire.

Rostóv stopped.

“You don’t say?” he said. “Well?”

“Repulsed!” Borís said, with animation, becoming garrulous. “Just think of it —” and Borís began to tell him how the Guard, seeing some troops in front of them, took them for Austrians, and only by the balls which these troops were firing upon them did they discover that they were in the first line and had to advance to an attack.

Rostóv did not wait to hear the end of the story, but touched his horse and rode away.

“Where are you going?” asked Borís.

“To his Majesty, with an order.”

“There he is!” said Borís, who thought that Rostóv meant his Highness, pointing to the grand duke who was within a hundred steps of them. He wore a helmet and the riding-jacket of the chevalier-guards; his shoulders were raised, and he was frowning and shouting something to a pale Austrian officer in white.

"That is the grand duke, and I want the commander-in-chief or the emperor," said Rostóv, touching his horse.

"Count, count!" cried Berg, who ran up from another side and was as agitated as Borís. "Count, I am wounded in my right hand," he said, showing his blood-stained hand bandaged with a handkerchief, "but I have remained in the ranks. Count, I hold my sword with my left hand: count, our whole family of Von Bergs have been knights."

Berg was saying something else, but Rostóv did not wait to hear the end of what he had to say, and rode on.

After leaving the Guard and crossing an unoccupied space, Rostóv, not to get into the first line again, as he had been in the attack of the chevalier-guards, went along the line of the reserves, making a large circuit around the place where the fusilade and the cannonade were hottest. Suddenly he heard a musketry-fire near by, in front of him, and in the rear of our troops where he could least expect the enemy.

"What can that be?" thought Rostóv. "The enemy in our rear? Impossible," he thought, and he was suddenly overcome by terror for himself and for the outcome of the whole battle. "Whatever it may be," he thought, "there is no use now in making a circuit. I must find the commander-in-chief here, and if all is lost, it is my duty to perish with the rest."

The evil presentiment which suddenly dawned on Rostóv was ever more confirmed the more he entered into the space behind the village of Pratzen, which was occupied by a large mass of troops of every description.

"What is it? What is it? At whom are they shooting? Who is shooting?" asked Rostóv, coming abreast with Russian and Austrian soldiers, who were crossing his road in mixed masses.

"The devil knows! He has annihilated everybody! May it all perish!" he received answers in Russian, in German, and in Bohemian from the masses of the fleeing

soldiers, who no more than he comprehended what was taking place.

“Strike the Germans!” cried one.

“The devil take them, the traitors!”

“*Zum Henker diese Russen —*” a German grumbled.

Several wounded men were walking on the road. Curses, shouts, groans, blended in one general roar. The fusilade died down. As Rostóv later learned, the Russian and Austrian soldiers were shooting at each other.

“My God, what is this?” thought Rostóv. “Here where the emperor may see them any moment — No, these are only a handful of scoundrels. This will pass, — this cannot be,” he thought. “I must get past them as soon as possible!”

The thought of defeat and flight could not come to Rostóv’s mind. Although he saw French ordnance and troops on the Pratzen heights, there where he was ordered to find the commander-in-chief, he could not and would not believe it.

XVIII.

Rostóv had been told to find Kutúzov and the emperor near the village of Prätzen. Not only were they not there, but there was not even a single chief there: there were only mixed masses of disorganized troops. He urged on his tired horse in order to pass as quickly as possible by these masses; but the farther he proceeded, the more the masses were disorganized. On the highway, which he now reached, there were crowded carriages of every description, Russian and Austrian soldiers of every description, wounded and not wounded. All these were dinning and swarming under the melancholy sound of the flying projectiles from the French batteries placed on the Prätzen heights.

"Where is the emperor? Where is Kutúzov?" Rostóv asked everybody whom he could stop, but he could receive no answer from anybody.

Finally he took a soldier by the collar and made him give him an answer.

"Oh, my friend! They have escaped long ago!" the soldier said to Rostóv, laughing and tearing himself away.

After letting this soldier go, who evidently was drunk, Rostóv stopped the horse of an attendant of some important person and began to ask questions of him. The attendant informed Rostóv that the emperor had an hour before been taken down that road in a carriage at full speed, and that the emperor was dangerously wounded.

"Impossible," said Rostóv, "it must have been somebody else."

"I saw him myself," said the attendant, with a self-confident smile. "It is about time I should know the emperor: I have seen him often enough at St. Petersburg. He looked pale, very pale in his carriage. He just thundered past us with the four black horses: it is time I should know those horses of the Tsar, and Ilyá Iványch; Ilyá the coachman never drives for anybody but the Tsar, so far as I know."

Rostóv let his horse go, and was on the point of riding away. A wounded officer who happened to pass by addressed him.

"Whom do you wish? The commander-in-chief? He was killed by a cannon-ball, — it struck him in the chest, near our regiment."

"Not killed, but wounded," another officer corrected him.

"Who? Kutúzov?" asked Rostóv.

"No, not Kutúzov, but what do you call him? What is the difference, there are few left alive. Go over there, to that village: all the authorities are collected there," said this officer, pointing to the village of Hostieradek, and walking away.

Rostóv was riding at a walk, without knowing to whom to go, or for what purpose. The emperor was wounded, the battle lost. It was impossible to disbelieve it now. Rostóv rode in the direction pointed out to him, and where a tower and church could be seen in the distance. Why should he be in a hurry? What was he to tell the emperor or Kutúzov now, even if they were alive and not wounded?

"Travel along this road, your Honour, for there you will certainly be killed. You will be killed there!"

"What are you talking about?" said another. "Where shall he go? It is nearer by that road."

Rostóv thought for a moment and rode on in the direction where he was told he certainly would be killed.

“Now it is all the same; why should I now take care of myself, since the emperor is wounded?” he thought.

He rode into the space where the largest number of people who were running from Pratzen had been killed. The Frenchmen had not yet occupied that place, and the Russians, such as were alive or wounded, had long ago abandoned it. In the field ten, fifteen men of killed and wounded lay in heaps, like sheaves on a good, harvested plot. Wounded men crawled together in groups of two and three, and Rostóv heard their disagreeable and, as he thought, at times feigned cries and groans. Rostóv started his horse at a trot, so as not to see all these suffering people, and he felt terribly. He was afraid, not of his life, but for his valour, which he needed and which, he knew, would not endure the sight of these unfortunates.

The French, who had ceased shooting at this field which was sowed with dead and wounded, because no living soul was left upon it, upon seeing the adjutant riding along, trained their guns at him and discharged several shots. The sensation produced by these terrible, whistling sounds and the dead soldiers which surrounded him, blended for Rostóv into one impression of terror and compassion for himself. He recalled his mother's last letter.

“What would she experience,” he thought, “if she now saw me here, in this field, with the guns trained at me?”

In the village of Hostieradek the Russian troops which were coming away from the field of battle were also mingling, but in much better order. The French projectiles did not reach so far, and the sounds of the fusilade seemed distant. Here all clearly saw and admitted that the battle was lost. Although Rostóv turned to many persons, no one was able to tell him where the emperor or where Kutúzov was. Some said that the rumour of the emperor's wound was true; others said that it was not, explaining this false rumour by saying that it was true

that the emperor's carriage had driven past after the battle, but that it was occupied by the pale and frightened grand marshal of the court, Count Tolstóy, who had driven out with the rest in the suite of the emperor. One officer told Rostóv that beyond the village, on the left, he had seen some one of the higher authorities. Rostóv rode in that direction, without any hope of finding anybody, but simply to clear his conscience.

After riding for about three versts and passing the last Russian troops near a garden which was surrounded by a ditch, Rostóv saw two horsemen standing opposite that ditch. One of them, with a white panache on his hat, somehow appeared familiar to Rostóv; the other, an unfamiliar rider, on a beautiful red horse (Rostóv thought that horse was familiar to him), rode up, gave the horse the spurs and, giving it the rein, lightly took the ditch. A little dirt, touched by the horse's hind legs, rolled down the incline. He sharply turned his mount around, again took the ditch, and respectfully turned to the rider with the white panache, apparently asking him to do the same. The rider, whose form seemed familiar to Rostóv and who for some reason attracted his attention, made a negative gesture with his hand and head, and by this gesture Rostóv immediately recognized his lamented, worshipped emperor.

"But it could not be he alone in the middle of an empty field," thought Rostóv. Just then Alexander turned his head, and Rostóv saw vividly the beloved features which were deeply impressed upon his memory. The emperor was pale; his cheeks were sunken and his eyes were deep-set, but there was so much the more charm and mildness in his features. Rostóv was happy, having convinced himself that the rumour of the emperor's wound was not true. He knew that he could, nay, ought to address the emperor at once and transmit the order given him by Dolgorúkov.

But, as a young man who is in love trembles and grows timid, without daring to tell the reveries of the night, and timorously looks around, looking for succour or a chance for delay and flight, when the desired minute arrives, and he is standing all alone with her, so Rostóv, having reached that which he had most wished in the world, did not know now how to approach the emperor, and thousands of combinations occurred to him why it was inconvenient, improper, and impossible.

“What? I seem to be glad because I can profit by his loneliness and dejection. An unfamiliar face may appear disagreeable and oppressive to him in these moments of grief; besides, what shall I be able to tell him, since now, at the mere sight of him, my heart is sinking and my mouth is dry?”

Not one of the numberless speeches which he had composed in his imagination for the occasion of meeting the emperor now occurred to him. Those speeches were intended for entirely different occasions; they were to be delivered mostly in the moment of victory and triumph, more particularly on the point of dying from a mortal wound, just as the emperor would be thanking him for his heroic exploits, and he, dying, would express to him his love of which he had given proof by his deeds.

“Besides, why should I ask the emperor’s orders for the right flank, since it is now four o’clock and the battle is lost? No, really, I must not approach him. I must not intrude upon his melancholy. Better to die a thousand times than to receive his angry look and to earn a bad opinion from him,” decided Rostóv. With sadness and with despair in his heart he rode away, looking all the time back at the emperor who was standing there in an attitude of indecision.

Just as Rostóv was reflecting thus and sadly riding away from the emperor, Captain von Toll accidentally reached that spot. Upon noticing the emperor, he rode

up to him, offered him his services, and helped him to cross the ditch on foot. Wishing to rest himself and feeling unwell, the emperor sat down under an apple-tree, and Von Toll stopped near him. Rostóv saw from a distance with envy and regret that Von Toll was for a long time speaking with warmth to the emperor, and that the emperor, covering his eyes with his hands, apparently was weeping, and that he pressed Von Toll's hand.

"I might have been in his place," Rostóv thought and, making an effort to hold back his tears of compassion for the emperor's lot, rode on in utter despair, without knowing whither he was riding or for what.

His despair was the stronger since he felt that his own weakness was the cause of his sorrow.

He could — he not only could, but he should — ride up to the emperor. This was the only opportunity he had to show the emperor his devotion. And he did not make use of it —

"What have I done?" he thought. He turned back his horse and rode back to the spot where he had seen the emperor; but now there was no one beyond the ditch. Nothing but carts and carriages were coming down the road. From one of the drivers Rostóv learned that Kutúzov's staff was not far away, in the village, toward which the wagons were travelling. Rostóv rode after them.

In front of him was Kutúzov's attendant, leading the horses with their housings. Back of the attendant there was a cart, and behind the cart there walked an old man, a manorial servant, with crooked legs, wearing a large cap and a short fur coat.

"Tit, oh, Tit!" said the attendant.

"What is it?" the old man asked, absent-mindedly.

"Tit, go and take the spit!"

"Oh, you fool, pshaw!" the old man said, spitting out in anger.

The carts moved on in silence for a few minutes, and the joke was again repeated.

At five o'clock in the evening the battle was lost at all points. More than one hundred pieces of ordnance were in the hands of the French.

Przebyszéwski with his corps had laid down their arms. Other columns, having lost about one-half of their men, were retreating in disorderly, mixed up crowds.

The remainders of Langeron's and Dókhurov's troops, mingling, were crowding on the dams and on the shores of the ponds, near the village of Augezd.

At six o'clock a hot cannonade was heard only at the Augezd dam ; it proceeded from the French, who had placed numerous batteries on the slope of Prätzen heights and who were firing on our retreating troops.

In the rear-guard, Dókhurov and others were collecting the battalions and returning the fire of the French cavalry which was pursuing our troops. On the narrow dam at Augezd, where for so many years an old miller in a night-cap had been sitting peacefully with his angling rods, while his grandchild, rolling up his sleeve, played with the quivering silvery fish in the bucket, — on the dam, where for so many years the Moravians, wearing their shaggy caps and blue jackets, peacefully drove their two-horse wagons laden with wheat, and returned white with flour-dust on their whitened wagons, — on that narrow dam men, disfigured by the terror of death, now crowded between carts and ordnance, under the horses and between the wheels, crushing each other, dying, stepping over the dying, and killing each other, only to be killed themselves after having made a few steps.

Every ten seconds, a ball, compressing the air, splashed, or a grenade burst in the middle of this dense mass, killing and bespattering with blood those who stood near. Dólokhov, wounded in his arm, with a dozen of the sol-

diers of his company (he was now again an officer), on foot, and the commander of his regiment on horseback, represented all that there was left of that regiment. Dragged along by the masses, they stood at the entrance of the dam, surrounded on all sides and unable to proceed because in front of them a horse had fallen under a cannon, and the men were trying to drag it out. A ball killed somebody from behind; another struck in front and bespattered Dólokhov with blood. The mass pressed desperately from behind; they moved a few steps in advance, and again stopped.

“If I can make these hundred steps, I shall certainly be saved; if I stand here two minutes longer, I am certainly lost,” thought everybody.

Dólokhov, who was standing in the middle of the mass, made for the edge of the dam, knocking down two soldiers, and ran out on the slippery ice which covered the pond.

“Turn it in!” he shouted, leaping up on the ice which was crackling under his feet. “Turn it in!” he cried to the crew of the ordnance, “it will hold!”

The ice was holding him, but kept bending and crackling, and it was evident that it would collapse not only under the gun, but under him as well. The men looked at him, pressing to the shore, but not daring to step on the ice. The commander of the regiment, who was on horseback at the entrance of the dam, raised his hand and opened his mouth, turning to Dólokhov. Suddenly one of the balls whistled so low above the mass that all bent down. There was a splash in something wet, and the general fell with his horse into a pool of blood. Nobody looked at the general; nobody thought of lifting him up.

“Go on the ice! Go on the ice! Go! Turn around! Don’t you hear? Go!” suddenly, after the ball which struck the general, there were heard an endless number of voices who did not know what they were crying, or why.

One of the guns in the rear, which had just driven on the dam, turned around to go on the ice. Crowds of soldiers began to run down from the dam on the frozen pond. The ice crackled under one of the soldiers in front and one foot dropped into the water; he tried to save himself, and went down to his waist. The soldiers nearest to him hesitated; the driver of the gun stopped his horse, but voices were again heard from behind: "Go on the ice! Don't stop! Go, go!" Cries of terror were heard in the crowd. The soldiers who surrounded the gun waved their hands at the horses and struck them to make them turn sidewise and move on. The horses moved from the shore. The ice, which was holding the men on foot, went down with a crash, and in the large opening thus formed about forty men who were on the ice rushed forward, or backward, drowning each other.

The cannon-balls whistled as evenly and splashed upon the ice into the water, and more frequently against the mass which covered the dam, the ponds, and the shore.

XIX.

ON the Pratzen heights, Prince Andréy Bolkónski lay in the same spot where he had fallen down with the flag-staff. He was losing blood, and, without knowing it himself, kept groaning with soft, pitiful, childish groans.

Toward evening he stopped groaning and grew entirely quiet. He did not know how long that oblivion lasted. Suddenly he again was conscious of being alive and of suffering a burning and gnawing pain in his head.

"Where is it, that high heaven, which I did not know before, and which I saw to-day for the first time?" was his first thought. "I did not know that suffering, either," he thought. "I did not know anything before. But where am I?"

He began to listen, and he heard the sounds of the approaching tramp of horses and the sounds of human voices speaking in French. He opened his eyes. Above him was again that high heaven with floating clouds risen higher still; through the clouds he saw the blue infinity. He did not turn his head and so did not see those who, to judge from the sounds of the hoofs and of the voices, had ridden up to him and had stopped.

The men on horseback were Napoleon and two of his adjutants. Bonaparte was riding over the field of battle, giving his last orders to increase the fire at the batteries which were shooting at the dam at Auhest, and looking at the dead and the wounded who were left on the field of battle.

"*De beaux hommes!*" said Napoleon, looking at a dead Russian grenadier who was lying on his stomach, his face

stuck in the ground, the back of his head looking livid, and one of his stiffened arms thrust out.

"*Les munitions des pièces de position sont épuisées, Sire !*" said an adjutant who had just arrived from the battery that was firing at Auhest.

"*Faites avancer celles de la reserve !*" said Napoleon. Riding a few steps away, he stopped over Prince Andréy, who was lying on his back, with the flagstaff close by him (the flag had long ago been taken away by the Frenchmen as a trophy).

"*Voilà une belle mort !*" said Napoleon, looking at Bolkónski.

Prince Andréy understood that this referred to him and that Napoleon had said this. He heard them call "Sire" the one who had said these words. But he heard these words as if he had heard the buzzing of a fly. He was not interested in them; he even took no notice of them, and soon forgot them. He had a burning pain in his head; he felt that he was losing blood, and he saw above him the distant, high, and eternal heaven. He knew that it was Napoleon, his hero, but at that moment Napoleon appeared to him as such a small and insignificant man, in comparison with that which was now taking place between his soul and this high, endless heaven with the clouds fleeting over it. It made absolutely no difference to him at that moment who was standing over him or what he was saying about him; he was simply glad that people had stopped near him, and wished only that these people might help him and bring him back to life, which seemed so beautiful to him because he now understood it so very differently. He collected all his strength in order to stir and produce some kind of a sound. He feebly moved his leg and emitted a weak, sickly groan which made him have compassion for himself.

"Ah, he is alive," said Napoleon. "Take up this young man, *ce jeune homme*, and carry him to the ambulance!"

Saying this, Napoleon rode away to meet Marshal Lannes, who, taking off his hat, smiling and congratulating upon the victory, rode up to the emperor.

Prince Andréy remembered nothing more: he lost consciousness from his great pain, which was caused by putting him on a stretcher, by the jolts while being carried, and by the probing of the wound at the ambulance. He awoke only at the end of the day, when, together with other Russian wounded and captive officers, he was carried to the hospital. During this transportation he felt himself a little fresher and was able to look around and even to speak.

The first words which he heard, when he awoke, were the words of the French officer of the convoy, who said, hurriedly:

“We must stop here: the emperor will pass soon; it will give him pleasure to see these captive gentlemen.”

“There have been so many taken captive to-day, almost the whole Russian army, that he must be tired looking at them,” said another officer.

“Still! This one, they say, is the commander of the whole Guard of Emperor Alexander,” said the first, pointing to a wounded Russian officer in the white uniform of the chevalier-guard.

Bolkónski recognized Prince Repnín, whom he had met in St. Petersburg society. By his side stood a nineteen-year-old boy, also a wounded officer of the chevalier-guard.

Bonaparte rode up at a gallop and stopped his horse.

“Who is of the highest rank?” he said, upon seeing the captives.

The colonel, Prince Repnín, was named.

“Are you the commander of the chevalier-guard regiment of Emperor Alexander?” asked Napoleon.

“I commanded a squadron,” replied Repnín.

“Your regiment has done its duty well,” said Napoleon.

"The praise of a great general is the best reward of a soldier," said Repnín.

"I gladly concede it to you," said Napoleon.

"Who is this young man by your side?"

Prince Repnín named Lieutenant Súkhtelen.

Looking at him, Napoleon said, smiling:

"*Il est venu bien jeune se froter à nous.*"

"Youth does not prevent one from being brave," Súkhtelen said, in a timorous voice.

"A beautiful answer," said Napoleon. "Young man, you will go far!"

Prince Andréy, who, to swell the trophies of the captives had also been placed in front, so as to catch the emperor's eyes, could not help attracting his attention. Napoleon evidently recalled having seen him on the field of battle and, turning to him, used the same expression of *jeune homme*, under which Bolkónski the first time impressed himself on his memory.

"*Et vous, jeune homme?* And you, young man?" he turned to him, "how do you feel, *mon brave?*"

Although but five minutes before Prince Andréy had been able to say several words to the soldiers who were carrying him, he now kept silent, staring fixedly at Napoleon. All the interest which actuated Napoleon at this moment seemed so insignificant to him, and his hero himself at that moment appeared so petty to him, with his petty vanity and joy of victory, in comparison with that high, just, and good heaven, which he had seen and which he had come to understand, that he was unable to answer him.

Everything seemed so useless and insignificant in comparison with that severe and majestic array of thoughts, which was evoked in him by the enfeebled strength due to the loss of blood, by his suffering, and by the proximity of death. Looking into Napoleon's eyes, Prince Andréy was thinking of the insignificance of life, the meaning of

which nobody could understand, and of the still greater insignificance of death, the meaning of which none of the living could understand or explain.

The emperor, receiving no reply, turned away and, while leaving, addressed one of his chiefs:

“Take care of these gentlemen and have them taken to my bivouac! Let my doctor Larrey investigate their wounds! Good-bye, Prince Repnín,” and, touching his horse, he rode off at a gallop.

On his face there was a gleam of self-satisfaction and happiness.

The soldiers who had brought Prince Andréy and who had taken off the golden image which Princess Márya had hung around her brother's neck, upon seeing the kindness with which the emperor addressed the captives, hastened to return it to him.

Prince Andréy did not see who it was that put it on again nor how it was put on, but he noticed that the image, hanging down from a fine gold chain, was lying on his breast above his uniform.


“It would be well,” thought Prince Andréy, looking at this image, which his sister had hung around his neck with such feeling and piety, “it would be well if everything were as clear and as simple as it appears to Princess Márya. How good it would be to know where to look for succour in this life, and what to expect after it there, beyond the grave! How happy and calm I should be, if I were able to say now, ‘O Lord, have mercy upon me!’ But to whom shall I say it? Either the indefinite, incomprehensible power, which I not only cannot address, but which I even am unable to express in words, is the great All, or nothing,” he said to himself, “or it is this God who is sewn up here, in this talisman by Princess Márya! Nothing, nothing is certain but the insignificance of all that which is comprehensible to me, and the grandeur of something incomprehensible, but very important!”

The stretcher was started. At each jolt he again felt an insufferable pain, his feverish condition was increased, and he grew delirious. His reveries about his father, his wife, his sister, and his future son, and the tender mood which he had experienced on the night preceding the battle, and the figure of the small, insignificant Napoleon, and above all this the high heaven formed the chief foundation for his delirious pictures.

The quiet life and calm domestic happiness at Lýsyva Góry presented itself to him. He was already enjoying this happiness, when suddenly the little Napoleon appeared, with his indifferent, limited view, happy in the misfortune of others, and there began doubts, torments, and only the heaven promised alleviation. Toward morning all the dreams became mixed and blended in chaos and the darkness of oblivion and unconsciousness, which, according to the opinion of Larrey, Napoleon's doctor, was more likely to terminate in death than in recovery.

"*C'est un sujet nerveux et bilieux,*" said Larrey, "*il n'en réchappera pas.*"

Prince Andréy was left, among a number of hopelessly wounded, in the care of the inhabitants.



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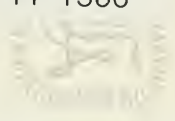
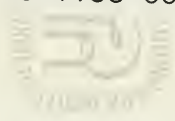
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